

The Oriental Watchman.

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

Vol. 4. }

CALCUTTA, MARCH, 1901.

{ No. 3.

Oriental Watchman

PUBLISHED BY

THE INTERNATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY,
CALCUTTA.

"In Thee the long-lost note is found
Which fled from earth's accursed ground.
Thou art the one and only key
By which returns all harmony;
For love alone can tune the heart,
And unison with heaven impart."

THE DIVINE LAW IN MUSIC.

A GLORIOUS vision of angels; a song ineffably sweet; the night air a-quiver with the grandest chorus earth ever heard. Heaven's highest choir serenades the humble shepherds on Judæa's plains. Thus was heralded the tender, sweet story of the lowly birth of the Lord of Heaven in the humble stable at Bethlehem, by "a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Amid all the jarring discords of sin and strife and hate, in a world where man wages war against his Maker, we may still hear the soothing, rhythmic melody, the perfect heavenly harmony, God's own poem set to music by the Divine poet. Yea, we may not only hear, but we may join in the anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Since sin came into Eden, and brought all our woe, and we lost the key note, lost the Divine purity of voice, men have "come short," have sung flat, below pitch, but all, without money and without price may come to the Master Musician of the universe, and take lessons, learning of Him harmony, and the Divine secrets of the "Divine art;" for in music, as in all else that is heavenly and good, "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." All sin is discord; I had almost said, all discord is sin; at least we may be sure there are no discords in heaven. God Himself is the key note. He is the Author of every lovely sound. He is the fountain of melody, the centre, the soul of harmony.

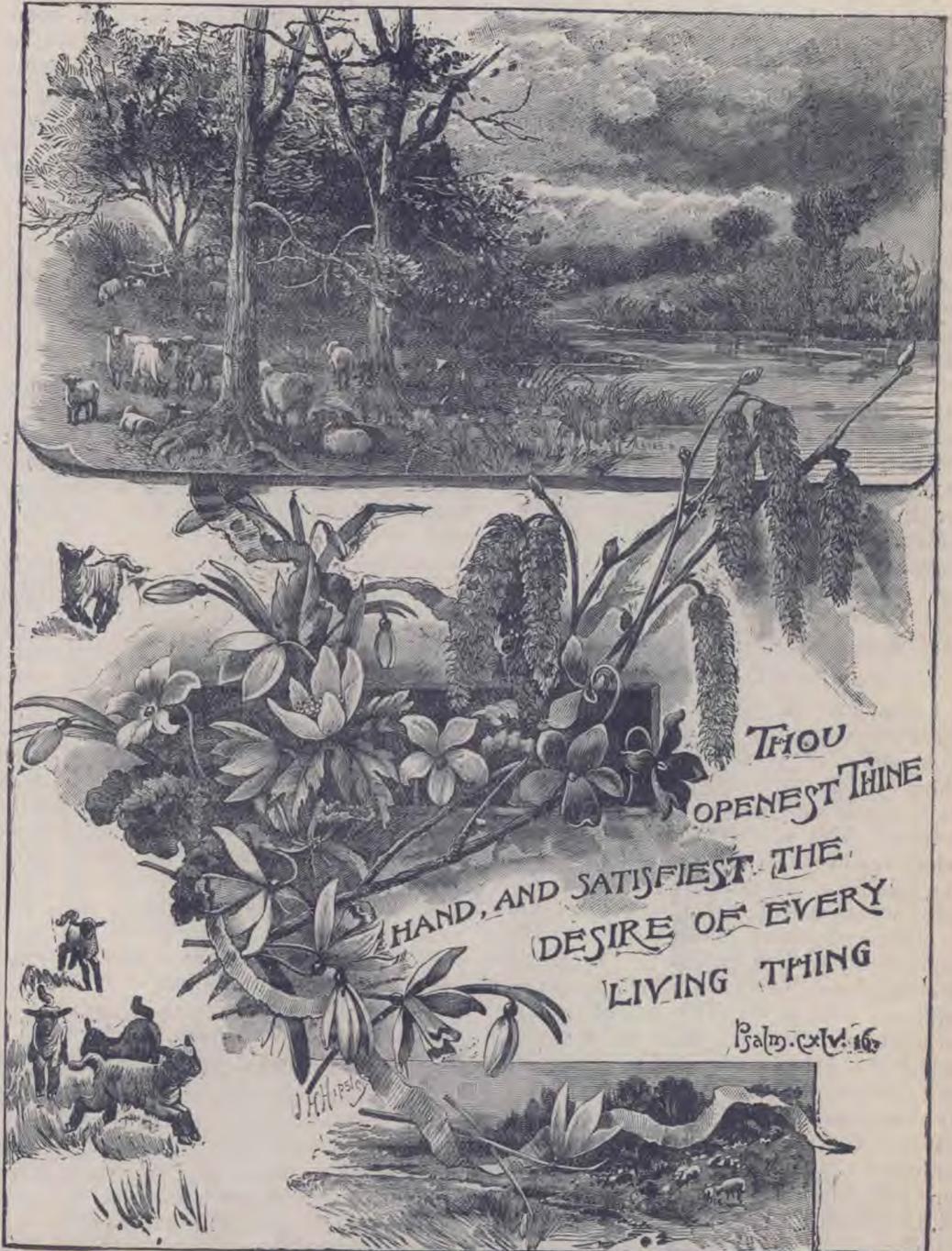
Perfect Mathematical Order.

Music is *order*, noise is *disorder*. Sound is caused by the vibrations of matter in the air. If a body is unequal, imperfect, the vibrations are irregular. The result is noise. If the vibrations are equal and perfectly regular, the result is a musical tone. The more rapid the vibrations, the higher the tone; and conversely, the

slower the vibrations the lower the pitch of the tone.

In the upper C, the note in the third space of the treble clef, there are in stand-

vibrations, 256. In the C an octave below the ordinary bass C, 128. In the very low bass C, 64; an octave below that, 32; in the octave still lower, 16. In tones below



ALL NATURE MAKES MELODY TO GOD.

ard pitch 528 vibrations per second. In what is called by Sir William Herschel the natural pitch, which was adopted in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1830, and is the accepted Continental pitch, there are 512 vibrations in a second. In the C an octave below, there are just half the number of

that the vibrations are so slow that the human ear fails to recognize the tone as music. Above the standard C mentioned at the first, whose vibrations were given as 512, the octave higher has 1,024 vibrations; this is the very high soprano C; an octave higher still, 2,048; then 4,096; 8,192;

16,384; above this our ears cannot distinguish tone; the vibrations are too rapid.

But there is a great difference in ears in this matter; some are able to distinguish tones of a much higher pitch, the shrill sounds produced by insects being plainly audible to them, while the ears of other men will detect no sound at all. Observe the simple, mathematical law, that double the vibrations produces an octave. Surely a Divine hand is here—the hand of Him who has arranged all things in perfect mathematical order. In all the intermediate tones also there is perfect, absolute law, and any departure from it will produce false pitch, discord. God's law can never be changed, and harmony still be preserved. There is a Divine hand in music; no work of chance in this holy art.

I have noted that the human ear is able to perceive about eleven octaves of sounds, but when God restores man to perfection, we shall hear sweetest music now wholly inaudible to human ears, for all of man's powers are limited now. A few years ago if anyone had said that it is possible to see through a wooden box to count the coins in it, to see through the flesh of the hand and count the bones and detect the presence of any foreign body, men would have said, "Impossible." But God has permitted the veil to be drawn aside, and the wonderful X rays have made all this very simple. X stands here as in algebra for the unknown quantity, the unknown power. This unknown power is the "unknown God" of Athens, the Author of light and of sound. Some day we may hear the loveliest, richest harmony where now no sound is audible.

Relation of Colour and Sound.

Colour as well as sound is simply the result of vibrations of different velocity. But while in sound the ear perceives about eleven octaves, the eye perceives only about an octave and one-third in colours. The spectrum is an instrument which resolves a white ray of light into all the colours of the rainbow, and it has been clearly demonstrated that the colours differ in direct proportion to the velocity of their vibrations, just as in music. An instrument has been prepared which produces a different note as the different coloured ray of light falls upon it. The tenor C, 264 vibrations, being taken as the centre, the colours are as follow: G below C is red; G sharp, another tint of red; A, still another tint of red; A sharp, orange red; B, orange; C, yellow; C sharp, green; D, greenish blue; D sharp, cyanogen blue; E, indigo blue; F, violet; F sharp, violet; G, ultra violet; G sharp, another tint ultra violet; A, another tint ultra violet; A sharp, still another tint ultra violet. Thus does the glorious beauty of the rainbow sing aloud an anthem of sweetest melody and loveliest harmony to Him who by His own musical voice called all colour into being. Colour really and literally sings its Divine Author, and when our ears are open we shall hear the rainbow's chorus. Yea,

every lovely flower, the glorious blue heavens, and all the various coloured stars in heaven, shall actually sing to us. Oh, the glorious chorus in which we may all join when is fulfilled this blessed word:

"And every creature [every created thing, R. V.] which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in them, heard I saying Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—Rev. v. 13.

The Word the Cause of all Things.

All things that are came because of the voice of God. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." "For He spake, and it was done, He commanded, and it stood fast."—Ps. xxxiii. 6, 9. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The tones of His voice produced the thing named, and God's tones are all gloriously musical; no discord or mere noise in his voice. Then through all the infinite variety of nature, God Himself hears still sounding each individual note which produced each individual creature. The note still goes on singing the same sweet tone to the Author in every creature where sin has not entered.

This is not sentiment, it is a literal, absolute fact—but what a horrid jargon of discords must come up to God and the angels from this world. But oh, hear His Word: "Be still, and know that I am God." Hear the still, small voice. Listen to the very tone that brought you into being. If you will but hear His voice; if you will but respond again to the touch of the Master Musician, you may be in harmony with Him again.

I well remember when a quartette was singing without the instrument in a room where there was a piano standing unused; when a full strong chord was sung, the piano suddenly answered, as though struck by an invisible hand: the very same chord struck in singing, sounded, and resounded on the piano. This was a revelation to me; we were singing in exactly the piano pitch. We struck the exact chord, and the dumb instrument joyously responded; there was sympathy. Again, I remember hearing a note sung in a hall, which was the exact tone of the hall; the effect was thrilling; the very walls trembled with joyous recognition of unity and harmony.

The Key Note!

THE inanimate structure seemed to respond instantly, yet almost with reverence. The effect was startling. If this be true of instruments of music and structures erected by man, how much more so of every creature of God. How happy is he who has heard God's voice, and who has been willing to respond, "Here am I," as the note is struck. Every man has had, or will have, a special call of God, when the heart is drawn to God, when only a determined resistance will hold him back from an instant and complete response.

How blessed to know the hidden secret of music to be in tune with the Author, the

living key-note that He may strike through us the chord that shall be the very one that will reach the heart of the sinner, that he may hear the tender sweet song of the angel pitched in the very key to which his whole soul responds; and by responding he shall know the unutterable joy of a part in the heavenly choir for evermore, or by resistance know an increasing sorrow and discord, and at last the utter silence of eternal death. Oh the power for good or evil in this blessed gift of music; may it be consecrated with every power of our beings to the Divine Author of "every good and perfect gift."

J. S. WASHBURN.

WILL IT SUIT?

WHEN a certain portion of the truth is brought before a child of God, the flesh enquires, "How will this affect my position among men? If I obey this truth, will it entail self-denial and reproach?"

It is to be feared that these considerations often determine a believer to have nothing at all to do with certain clearly-revealed truths of Scripture. The question with them is *not*, "Does God say I am to do this?" but, "Will it *suit me* to do this?" When subjection to the Lord thus becomes a matter of mere personal convenience with us, we may rest assured that we are entrenching ourselves in our own self-will, and know little of subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ. If our supreme object is to please Him, we shall be ready to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." And, like the psalmist, we shall be found declaring "I made haste, and delayed not, to keep Thy commandments."—*The Believers Treasury*.

"ONE man's religion, I think," says one, "is as good as another; all who believe in a God are trying to get to the same place." It is true, there is equality, and no need for drawing any invidious distinctions. But instead of saying one man's religion is as good as another, it is truer to say that one man's religion is as bad as another. All are equally bad, for "all have sinned." There we get the equality. And now God only is right. There is no comparison to be made. The religion of God stands alone. The only thing for men to do is to take His religion, and His life, and follow Him. And His religion is not designed merely to get men into some place. It saves them from sin, from disobedience, from the evil that is in them and of them. Let no one deceive himself by trusting in any religion but the Lord's

INSTEAD of saying "Daniel had an excellent spirit," the printer made the types say "Daniel had an excellent spine!" This was not much of a mistake. Thank God for Daniel's spine! That printer was quite right. Would to God we had men with excellent spines, men who could stand for truth and God!



HOW WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS INSPIRED.

"How can we know that the Bible is the Word of God? Having accepted it as the Word, how may we know that we have the whole of it?"

THIS is a question that has vexed very many persons, and one with which the enemies of the Bible have delighted to perplex those whose faith was not well established in it; yet it really offers no difficulty whatever, and may be answered by a little child. Indeed, there is nothing else in the world so plain and so easy to be known as that the Bible is the inspired Word of the living God.

The Testimony of the Child.

IF you should ask a little child who, like Timothy of old, has been instructed in the Holy Scriptures, how he knows that the Bible is the true Word of God, he would not be able to give you a categorical answer. Childlike, he might say, "Because it is," and no better answer could be given. To one who, like Timothy, has from his childhood known the Holy Scriptures, it never occurs that there can be any question as to their authenticity. They are their own evidence. To one who knows them, they are self-evidently the Word of God, and it is as impossible to demonstrate the fact to another as it is to demonstrate an axiom in mathematics. There can be no demonstration, except the sight of the eyes, that the whole of a thing is greater than any of its parts; and even so there can be no demonstration of the fact that the Bible is the Word of God, except that of experience. Faith is simply the recognition of things that are. Truth is "that which is," and all we have to do is to get our eyes open to see it.

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." The power of the Word is such that the very first sound of it that is heard carries with it the conviction of its truthfulness. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."—Ps. cxix. 130.

Personal Experience.

MAY I give a little personal experience? It is not necessary to go into the details of how I, having been in my earliest childhood a reader of the Bible, came, through "the deceitfulness of sin," to doubt everything. "So foolish was I and ignorant: I was as

a beast" before the Lord. Having been led captive by Satan, I, of course, had no "mind of my own" (for nobody can have a mind of his own unless he has "the mind of the Lord"—"a man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven"), and therefore I like a simpleton echoed the stale doubts that have been repeated by sceptics for centuries, and fancied that they were original with me.

Well, how did I become convinced of the reality of Divine things, and that the Bible is indeed the Word of God, given by His Spirit? Easily enough, and it took not more than a minute. The method was simple: God Himself spoke to me by His Spirit. He did not enter into any argument to prove to me that He was speaking, or that His Word is true: He simply told me that I was a sinner. He showed me myself and all the deformity of my character; and, although if any person had told me the same things five minutes before, I should have entered into an argument to prove that he was altogether mistaken, it never occurred to me to make the slightest objection to the Voice that then spoke to me. The very first utterance brought into my soul the conviction that this was the word of the Spirit, whose working I had denied, and that I was a guilty, lost sinner. I knew it as well as though I had always known it. It was not fancy; it was positive knowledge. In order to tell the difference between light and darkness, one has only to have eyes, and to have them open; then there is no possible ground for argument; sight carries its own evidence. Well, my eyes were that moment opened, and I saw.

One Voice Throughout.

BUT the Lord did not leave me with the simple knowledge that I was a sinner. That would have been to sink me into the depths of despair. The Spirit first convicts of sin, and then of righteousness. So He revealed to me the fact that God loved me, and that Christ died for me, *for me*, of all people in the world. I needed no assurance that this voice was from heaven; the positive, absolute knowledge came with it. From the time that God spoke to me until this minute, I have known that the Bible is the Word of God, for it agrees from first to last with what God at that time spoke to my heart. I find the same voice everywhere in it. I know the voice, and have no fear of being led astray.

Even though we have wandered in the dark paths of sin, and have lost the simple faith of childhood, the Voice that never ceases speaking will produce the same conviction as though we had never doubted. It is possible for the oldest and most hardened sinner to become as a little child, and to have the simple faith of a child, which leaves no room for doubt or questioning.

Greater Witness Than that of Man.

VOLUMES have been written by learned divines to prove the genuineness and authenticity of the Bible. They may have done good, but not one of them ever converted or ever can convert a single soul. Not one ever produced or ever can produce the certainty in anybody that the Bible is the Word of God. Christ, who is the Word, and from whom the written Word comes, said:—

"I receive not testimony from man."—John v. 34. "I have greater witness than that of John; for the works which the Father hath given Me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of Me, that the Father hath sent Me."—Verse 36. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."—1 John v. 9.

This witness is given to every soul on earth, and whoever accepts it has the witness in himself.

The Councils and the Canon.

PEOPLE will gravely, and with an air of great learning, tell you that it was the Council of Nice that fixed the Sacred Canon as accepted at present, and that we have our Bible only on the authority of the bishops there assembled. It is all the gravest sort of nonsense, and no one needs any surer proof of the falsity of the statement than the records of the early Councils, all of which are accessible to anyone who can read, which contain no evidence whatever that there was any doubt as to what constituted the Bible, or that there was any thought of deciding the matter. Many times since then people have been moved to make a public profession of their faith; many times they have even thought it necessary to pass resolutions declaring their belief; but that settled nothing, and originated nothing. The Scriptures, just as we have them now, were known and accepted by all believers as the Word of God long before the Council of Nice. More than this, unbelievers themselves bore witness to this fact, by attempting to overthrow them, and by bringing against them the very same objections that have been put forth by unbelievers ever since. Since the first century after Christ, when the last of the books of the Bible was written, no new objection to the Bible has ever been invented.

The Evidence of Prophecy.

THERE is another internal evidence of the truthfulness of the Bible—a test which the Bible itself gives us. It is the testimony of prophecy.

The Bible is full of predictions of events to take place, and nearly all of them are of things that are now in the past, so that we may see how exactly every prediction has been fulfilled. This is exactly in line with what I have before said, that the Bible is its own witness.

Each Believer a Witness.

"HE that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself" (1 John v. 10), and thenceforth he himself becomes a witness to the truthfulness of the Word of God. It is upon evidence of this nature that the Lord rests His case. In the controversy as to who is God, He says:—

"Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf people that have ears. Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled: who among them can declare this, and show us former things? let them bring forth their witnesses, that they may be justified; or let them hear, and say, It is truth. Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord; and My Servant whom I have chosen; that ye may know and believe Me, and understand that I am He; before Me there was no god formed, neither shall there be any after Me. I, even I, am the Lord; and beside Me there is no saviour. I have declared, and have saved, and I have showed, when there was no strange god among you; therefore ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God."—Isa xliii. 8-12.

This is the sum of the matter. Sceptics may attempt to unsettle the faith of believers, and may bring learned arguments, and may refer to many books which the believer has never even heard of; but it would be easier to batter down Gibraltar with a pea-shooter than for any of their talk to shake the faith of anyone who has the faith of a child. You may feel very ignorant in the face of all the learned references that infidels will flourish in your face; but such ignorance is truly bliss; and secure in the positiveness of the knowledge which the world calls foolishness you may joyfully sing:—

"I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin;
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him;
But 'I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him against that day."

E. J. WAGGONER.

A SERMON IN A NUTSHELL.

CHARITY, or love, "rejoiceth not in iniquity [lawlessness], but rejoiceth in the truth."—1 Cor. xiii. 6. The opposite of lawlessness is obedience to law. As love rejoiceth in the truth and in obedience to law, it logically follows that charity rejoiceth in obedience to a perfect law. "The law of the Lord is perfect." Ps. xix. 7. "Thy law is the truth."—Ps. cxix. 142. Having found a law which is not only perfect, but true we have found the literal reading of 1 Cor. xiii. 6 to be, Love rejoices not in transgression of the law of God, but in obedience to it.

G. S. HONEYWELL.

"THINE EARS SHALL HEAR A WORD BEHIND THEE."

Of all discouraged men of women born,
The most undone by sorest doubt was I,
And shattered hopes lay 'round me so forlorn,
With Satan, bold, exultant, standing by.
There, wav'ring 'twixt the right and wrong, I stood,
When sudden came a whisper to my ear,
"Thy God who gave the promise still is good;
He shall thy rearward be; then do not fear."
How glorious this heavenly message was!
It strengthened all my senses numb and dazed;
It brought my dark reflections to a pause,
And audibly I murmured, "God be praised."
Yea, "God be praised; His ways are true and good,"
Have proved e'er since a sword for every foe;
No matter what assails, or ever could,
His ways and plans are best for me, I know.

HART HALL.

THE DOOR OF HOPE.

"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt. And it shall be at that day saith the Lord that thou shalt call me Ishi [my husband], and shalt call me no more Baali [my Lord] And I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness.—Hos ii. 14-20.

HERE are some of the most precious promises the Lord could possibly give. He will lead us out and speak comfortably or (as the margin says) friendly to us, and we will sing and rejoice; and we will call Him husband. He takes the closest earthly tie to represent his relationship to His Church. But notice one condition: All that is promised comes through the door of hope, which is the valley of Achor.

Now, the door of hope sounds beautiful, and we all love to think of it. We would delight to pass through these precious portals; but, remember, the Lord gives to us the valley of Achor for a door of hope. We must pass through this valley before we can ever enjoy the blessings and privileges of the door of hope. The valley of Achor takes our memories back to Achan, and the defeat before Ai recorded in the 7th chapter of Joshua.

Achan's sin in taking the wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonish garment, when God had devoted all the spoil to destruction, had brought defeat and disaster upon Israel. The Lord called for an utter separation from the sin, and He pointed out Achan as having brought the accursed thing into the camp of Israel. Therefore Achan was sentenced to death, and they built over him in the valley a heap of stones. "Wherefore the name of that place was called the valley of Achor unto this day."

This is the valley of Achor; this is the door of hope unto all the blessings of the Lord. It means a complete separation from covetousness, from the love of wealth, and Babylonish garments, and all that pertains unto Babylon. When we are willing to make this separation, when we have passed through the valley of Achor, have closely

scrutinized every impulse of the heart, and separated from evil, then we can sing as described in the 2nd chapter of Hosea. Christ has linked eternal truth and complete separation from the world, its vanities, its alluring fashions, with that common object in every house, the door, through which we enter many times each day; and He sets before us the valley of Achor for the door of hope. Who will enter that they may enjoy the peace and joy that awaits those who pass its pure portals?

MRS. S. N. HASKELL.

THE FINAL CALL.

THE spirit of Antichrist is the spirit that has worked all the wickedness in the world since the first temptation in Eden. It is the spirit "that now worketh in the children of disobedience." Away from this the Gospel calls men to the "obedience of faith." The Papacy has stood as the greatest embodiment of the lawless principle, and step by step in successive reformations God has been calling men out into the light of Christ's own life, which is pure Christianity. The final message of Rev. xiv. 6-12 warns against papal corruptions and calls the Lord's people to take their stand on the "commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Is not this the idea that the late George Bowen seems to have caught, as stated in the following paragraph, which we quote from the *Indian Witness*:—

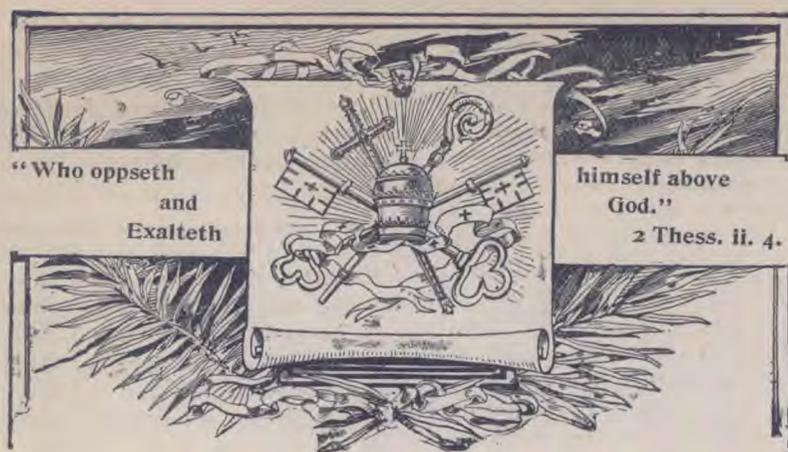
"Antichrist in its greatest embodiment is the Romish Church. But there is something of Antichrist in the Protestant Church, especially in the Churches connected with the state. And there is something, though less, in the Dissenting Churches. And there is something, though still less, in the very purest portions, the most advanced Christians among these. And I think the test indicates that there is to be a body of Christians separated from these, a fourth secession so to speak, the 'creme de la creme,' who shall glorify God in these latter days."

HELP IN CHRIST.

HAVE you been living under condemnation? Then know that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Has your own heart condemned you? Then know that Jesus saves not only from the penalty of sin, but from sinning. "Let him lay hold of My strength, that he may make peace with Me, and he shall make peace with Me," is the divine promise, and most gloriously is it fulfilled to every one who makes a full surrender to the Lord. It was when Jacob ceased to struggle for the supremacy, and, falling upon the angel's neck, humbly plead for a blessing, that he received the assurance that he was forgiven. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good."

C. P. BOLLMAN.

LOVING actions, loving ways, and loving words, bring more sunshine into life than all the riches of a world can supply. He who spends life in blessing others is himself most blessed.



How the Creeds were Made

WARRING FACTIONS.

[Last month we saw how the Council of Milan made Arianism, the orthodox faith, as the Council of Nicæa had condemned it. And now, as the Arians had suffered persecutions at the hands of the Athanasian party when that party was in power, so now they turned the same weapons against Athanasius and his followers. Liberius, Bishop of Rome, was expelled, and Felix, an Arian, put in his place. The Emperor Constantius ordered Athanasius removed from the Archbishopric of Alexandria. The people stood by Athanasius, and it was only with difficulty that he was ejected.]

THE officers immediately began with the greatest possible secrecy to gather the necessary troops into the city. Twenty-three days were thus spent, and a force of five thousand troops held possession of the most important parts of the city. The night before a solemn festival day of the church, Athanasius was conducting the services in the church of St. Theonas. Suddenly, at midnight, there were all about the church the sound of trumpets, the rushing of horses, and the clash of arms; the doors were burst open, and with the discharge of a cloud of arrows, the soldiers, with drawn swords, poured in to arrest Athanasius.

The cries of the wounded, the groans of those who were trampled down in attempting to force their way out through the soldiery, the shouts of the assailants, mingled in wild and melancholy uproar. (Milman.)

In the tumult, Athanasius again escaped.

"Saint" George of England.

ATHANASIUS was gone. The next thing was to install an Arian bishop in his place. Their choice fell this time on George of Cappadocia, who was more savage and cruel than Gregory, the Arian bishop who had been appointed to this place before. George's original occupation was that of "a parasite," by which means he secured the contract for supplying the army with bacon. "His employment was mean; he rendered it infamous. He accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption," which finally became so notorious that he had to flee from justice. The Arian bishop of

Antioch made him a priest and a church member at the same time. Surrounded by armed troops, he was placed on the episcopal throne, "and during at least four months, Alexandria was exposed to the insults of a licentious army, stimulated by the ecclesiastics of a hostile faction." Every kind of violence was committed.

"And the same scenes of violence and scandal which had been exhibited in the capital, were repeated in more than ninety episcopal cities in Egypt. The entrance of the new archbishop was that of a barbarian conqueror; and each moment of his reign was polluted by cruelty and avarice." (Gibbon.)

November 30, A.D. 361, he was murdered by the pagans. In the fifth century—A.D. 494—Pope Gelasius made him a martyr. In the sixth century he was worshipped as a Catholic saint; and since the Crusades, he has been "the renowned Saint George of England, patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the Garter."

How Patronage was Dispensed.

IN A.D. 357 Constantius visited Rome and celebrated a triumph. The leading women of the church determined to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered to present a petition for the recall of Liberius. "Having adorned themselves in the most splendid attire, that their rank might be evident from their appearance" they proceeded to the imperial palace, and declared that Felix was detested and avoided by all, and that none would attend service so long as Liberius was absent. Constantius smiled and said, "If so, you must have Liberius again: I shall without delay despatch the proper orders for his return."

The next day the edict of recall was read in the circus, but it provided that the two bishops should rule jointly. It happened to be the most interesting and decisive moment of a horse-race, but the excited feelings of the multitude were turned in an instant to the more absorbing question of the orthodox faith. Some cried in ridicule that the edict was just, because there were two factions in the circus, and now each one could have its own bishop. Others shouted,

"What, because we have two factions in the circus, are we to have two factions in the church?" Then the whole multitude set up one universal yell, "There is but one God, one Christ, one bishop!" Upon which Theodoret devoutly remarks, "Some time after this Christian people had uttered these pious and just acclamations, the holy Liberius returned, and Felix retired to another city."

It is true that Liberius returned soon after this, but Constantius had made it the condition of his return that he should sign the decisions of the Council of Milan. Two years' sojourn in cold and barbarous Thrace, while a rival bishop was enjoying the splendours of the episcopal office in Rome, exerted a strong tendency to convince Liberius that Athanasius was rightly condemned, and that the Arian doctrine might be true. He therefore signed both the condemnation of Athanasius and the Arian creed of Milan.

But as, in the meantime, the Emperor had changed his views and adopted the Semi-Arian doctrine, he would not allow Liberius to return to Rome unless he would first subscribe to the same. Liberius signed this also, and was allowed to go on his way to Rome. The people poured out through the gates to meet him, and escorted him in triumph to the episcopal palace, August 2, 358.

"The adherents of Felix were inhumanly murdered in the streets, and in the public places, in the baths, and even in the churches; and the face of Rome, upon the return of a Christian bishop, renewed the horrid image of the massacres of Marius and the proscriptions of Sylla."

Tinkering the Creed again.

As stated above, Constantius had again changed his opinions as to the nature of Christ, adopting the Semi-Arian view. The Semi-Arian party was a third one that had grown up between the strictly Arian and the Athanasian, based upon a third mental abstraction as elusive as either of the others. The three doctrines now stood thus:—

The Athanasians declared the Son of God to be of the same substance, the same existence, and the same essence with the Father.

The strict Arians declared the Son to be like the Father, but rather by grace than by nature.

The Semi-Arians declared the Son to be like the Father in nature, in existence, in essence, in substance, and in everything else.

In furtherance of his "visionary" commission to give peace to the church, Constantius determined to have the Semi-Arian doctrine adopted and made orthodox by a council. Two councils were appointed, one at Seleucia for the East, and one at Rimini, in Italy, for the West, to make it more convenient for all to attend. Civil officers were instructed to see that all bishops attended one or the other.

The bishops therefore set out from all parts; the public carriages, roads, and houses were everywhere crowded with them, which gave great offence to the catechumens, and no small diversion to the pagans, who thought it equally strange and ridiculous that men who had been brought up from their infancy in the Christian religion, and whose business it was

to instruct others in that belief, should be constantly hurrying, in their old age, from one place to another, to know what they themselves should believe.—(Bower.)

In the summer of A.D. 359, more than four hundred bishops assembled at Rimini, of whom eighty were Arians. One hundred and sixty assembled at Seleucia, of whom one hundred and five were Semi-Arians; about forty were Arians, while the Catholics were still fewer in number. A civil officer of high rank was appointed to represent the Emperor at each council, and the one appointed to Rimini was directed not to allow any bishop to go home until all "had come to one mind concerning the faith." That there might be as little difficulty as possible in coming to one mind, a creed was drawn up and sent to the council to be signed.

But at Rimini the Catholics took everything into their own hands. They unanimously approved the Nicene Creed, and then declared heretical the creed which had come from the Emperor. They next took up the doctrine of Arianism, and pronounced a curse upon each particular point; denounced by name the bishops who had come from the Emperor as "ignorant and deceitful men, imposters, and heretics; and declared them deposed."

All this they put in writing; every one of them signed it July 21 A.D. 359, and sent it by the ten deputies to the Emperor. But Constantius refused even to see them so much as to receive their report. They were directed to go to Adrianople, and await the Emperor's pleasure, and at the same time he sent a letter to the bishops at Rimini, commanding them to wait there the return of their deputies.

Securing the "Unity of the Faith."

SHORTLY afterwards the deputies were ordered to go to a small town, called Nice, not many miles from Adrianople. This was a trick of the Arians and Semi-Arians, by which they proposed to have their creed signed there, and then pass it off upon the uninitiated, as the original creed of the Council of Nice in Bithynia, in Asia. The deputies were finally forced to sign, and to reverse all the acts and proceedings of the Council of Rimini.

The Emperor was highly pleased at this result, and calling it a good omen of like success with the whole council, gave the ten deputies leave to return to Rimini. At the same time he sent letters to the prefect, commanding him anew not to allow a single bishop to leave until all had signed.

The place of meeting was a disagreeable one, and gradually the bishops began to give way, until but twenty stood out. These were determined not to give way. Nevertheless they were caught by a trick that the veriest tyro ought to have seen. Two bishops in particular, Ursacius and Valens, had charge of the creed, and they pretended in the interests of peace to be willing to make a concession.

They came together, and began to reconstruct the creed: first were inserted some curses against the Arian heresy, then an addition, declaring the Son to be "equal to the Father, without beginning, and before all things." When this was written, Valens proposed that in order to leave no room whatever for any new disputes or any question upon this point, there should be added a clause declaring that "the Son of God is not a creature like other creatures." To this the twenty bishops assented, blindly overlooking the fact that in admitting that the Son was not a creature like other creatures, they did indeed place Him among the creatures, and admitted the very point upon which the Arians had all the time insisted. Thus all were brought to "the unity of the faith." The council broke up, and the bishops departed to their homes.

The council was past, and no sooner did the Arians find themselves secure, than they loudly proclaimed the victory they had gained. Upon examination of the creed, the twenty bishops were obliged to confess that they had been entrapped. They renounced the creed, and publicly retracted "all they had said, done, or signed, repugnant to the truths of the Catholic Church."

Arianism established as Catholic.

THE companion council which was called at Seleucia, met September 27, 359, but as there were three distinct parties, besides individuals who differed from all, there was amongst them such utter confusion, tumult, and bitterness, that after four days of angry debate, in which the prospect became worse and worse, the imperial officer declared that he would have nothing more to do with the council, and told them they could go to the church if they wanted to, and "indulge in this vain babbling there as much as they pleased." The parties then met separately, denounced, condemned, and excommunicated one another, and sent their deputies to Constantius, who spent the whole day and the greater part of the night, December 31, 359, in securing their signatures to the confession of faith which he had approved. The Emperor's confession was then published throughout the whole empire, and all the bishops were commanded to sign it.

"Thus were all the sees throughout the empire filled with Arians, insomuch that in the whole East not an orthodox bishop was left, and in the West but one."—(Bower.)

Thus Constantius had succeeded much more fully than had his father, in establishing "the unity of the faith." That faith was the original Arian. And Arianism was now as entirely orthodox, and, if the accommodated sense of the word be used, as entirely *Catholic*, as the Athanasian had ever been.

Having like his father, by the aid of the bishops, united the world "under one head," and brought the opinions respecting the Deity to a condition of "settled uniformity," the Emperor Constantius died the following year, A.D. 361.

The Emperor Constantius was succeeded by Julian, who restored paganism as the religion of the Emperor and the empire, and exerted his influence, though not his power, in favour of its restoration as the religion of the people.

A Pagan brings Toleration.

JULIAN refused to take any part whatever in the strifes of the church parties, "saying that as he was not so well acquainted with the nature of their disputes as a just and impartial Judge ought to be, he hoped they would excuse him, lest he should be guilty of some injustice." (Bower.) He therefore directed them to settle their differences among themselves. To this end he issued an edict of toleration to all classes of Christians, and recalled from banishment all the bishops and clergy who had been banished by Constantius.

Thus there was restored to the afflicted empire a condition of peace and quietness such as had not been for fifty years. And because of his refusal to allow himself and his authority to be made a tool of the riotous and bigoted church parties—to this more than to any other one thing, is to be attributed the spiteful epithet of the "apostate," which ever since has been affixed to his name. Pagan though he was, if he had like Constantine assumed the hypocritical mask, and had played into the hands of the dominant church party, there is no room for doubt that he might, like Constantine, have been an orthodox Emperor, with the title of "the great."

After a short reign, he died of a wound received in battle against the Persians.

Upon his death, the army in the field elected Jovian Emperor, and returned to Antioch. The Emperor was no sooner arrived at Antioch than the ecclesiastical commotion was again renewed. The leaders of the church parties endeavoured to out-do one another in their eager haste to secure his support:—

"For the heads of each party assiduously paid their court to the Emperor, with a view of obtaining not only protection for themselves, but also power against their opponents."—(Socrates.)

But Jovian declared "that he would not molest anyone on account of his religious sentiments, and that he should love and highly esteem such as would zealously promote the unity of the church." A pagan philosopher, in an oration in honour of the Emperor, rebuked these parties with the observation that such persons worshipped the purple and not the Deity, and resembled the uncertain waves of the sea, sometimes rolling in one direction and again in the very opposite way; and praised the Emperor for his liberality in permitting every one freely to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

THE MORNING COMETH.

"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh." Yet how few realize how near that eternal morn is, when He who is the bright and Morning Star will appear the second time without sin unto salvation. Truly, blessed will be the servant who, when His Master cometh, shall be found so doing. But, alas, to those who are unprepared, it will be a day of gloominess, of clouds, and desolation. Yet none need be overtaken unawares. The Lord has given signs by which we may know that the end is at hand: He said there would be wars, plagues, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, and distress of nations.

1. Everybody living in these days can see how rapidly the war-fever is getting hold of the whole world, scarcely are we out of one bloody affray when we are plunged into another.

2. As to the rapid increase of plague, pestilence, famine and earthquakes the columns of our daily papers testify.

3. Jesus said also that when the Gospel of the kingdom should be preached as a witness to all, then the end would come. In our day we have seen missions sounding the message of the Word to all peoples, nearly. The Bible has been translated into over 350 languages. Verily the day is at hand.

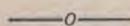
4. And in the same 24th of Matthew, in which these signs are given, the Lord said that the last days were to be as the days of Noah. How went the world then? It was a time of eating and drinking and pleasure-seeking and money-making, and they knew not till the flood came and took them all away.

Do we not find the same conditions now? We know it is so. The perilous times have come, when men generally are lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God. The author of evil is every day devising new ways of serving sin.

Knowing the calamity that overtook the world in the days of the flood, ought not men now to be watchful, lest they be drawn into the mad whirl of last-day pleasure-seeking. These things happened unto the antediluvians for ensamples, and the story is written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come.—1 Cor. x. 11. Let us, then, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light.

Come, for time is quickly fleeting,
Come, without more hesitating,
Come, accept the proffered blessing,
Be at rest.

GEO. GWYTHYR.



A LESSON FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.

A STEADY light from every member of the church should shine forth before the world, so that they shall not be led to inquire, "What do these people more than

others?" Religion is not to be held as a precious treasure, jealously hoarded, and enjoyed only by the possessor. True religion cannot be thus held; for such a spirit is contrary to the Gospel. "Freely ye have received, freely give," are the words of the Master. While Christ is dwelling in the heart by His Spirit, it is impossible for the light of His presence to be concealed or to grow dim. On the contrary, it will grow brighter and brighter, as the mists of selfishness and sin that envelop the soul are dispelled by the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

Christians may learn a lesson from the faithfulness of the lighthouse-keeper. "A gentleman once visited a lighthouse that was placed in a very dangerous position, to warn men of the perils that threaten them on the trackless sea. The keeper was boasting of the brilliancy of his light,



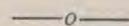
which could be seen ten leagues out at sea, when the visitor said to him: 'You speak with enthusiasm, sir; and that is well. I like to hear men tell what they are sure they know; but what if one of the lights should go out?'

"'Never! never! absurd! impossible!' replied the sensitive watchman, in consternation at the mere supposition of such a thing. 'Why, sir,' he continued, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every port in the world. If, to-night, one of my burners should go out, within six months would come a letter perhaps from India, perhaps from Australia, perhaps from a port I never heard of before—a letter saying that on such a night, at such an hour, at such a minute, the light at such a point burned low and dim; that the watchman neglected his post, and that vessels were constantly put in jeopardy on the high

seas. Ah, sir,' and his face shone with the intensity of his thought, 'sometimes in the dark nights, and in the stormy weather I look out upon the sea and feel as though the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? Burn dim? that flame flicker low, or fail? No sir, never!'

And shall Christians, shining for tempted sinners, allow their light to fail? For, ever out on life's billowy sea are souls we see not, strange sailors in the dark, passing by, struggling, it may be, amid the surges of temptation. Christ is the great light, and Christians are appointed to reflect that light. The ocean is vast, its dangers are many, and the eyes of the far-away voyagers are turned toward the lighthouse—the church of Jesus Christ. If the world intervenes between the church and Christ, its light will burn dim, and souls will be lost because of a lack of that light. Shall it not be the language of every heart, What! let the light that is in me go out or burn dim? Never! Never!

E. G. WHITE.



DR. NANSEN'S CHILDHOOD.

Don't be discouraged with the slow boy. He may have more in him than the clever one. While it is difficult to see what good can come of attempts to reach the North Pole over the shifting ice fields, Dr. Nansen's famous journey made his name familiar as a man of perseverance and skill. Aside from that, also, he has served a useful life as a College Professor. This is the story of his boyhood:—

Nansen was born at Great Frøen, in West Aker, on October 10th, 1861, and his youth was spent in the wild and open country. As a child he was noted for falling into brown studies. Between putting on the first and second stocking of a morning there was often a prolonged interval. Then his brothers and sisters would call out, "There's the duffer at it again! You'll never come to any good, you're such a dawdler." He was always bent on getting to the bottom of everything. He asked so many questions, says one of his older friends, that it made one absolutely ill. "Many a time have I given him a scolding for this everlasting 'Why? Why? Why?'" The arrival of a sewing-machine at Frøen naturally aroused the demon of curiosity in all his virulence. He must find out what kind of animal this was. So he took it all to pieces, and when his mother came home from town the machine was the most disjointed puzzle imaginable. If tradition is to be trusted, however, he did not give in until he had put it all together again.

Not Many Great.—God chooses the poor and simple of this world, "the things that are naught to bring to naught the things that are." The most learned are rarely willing to be made things of naught, fools for Christ's sake, and so are left to their wise folly, and God's work is done by those whom they despise. Says a writer:—

"LIBANIUS has left on record his sneer at the early Christian exhorters who had 'left their tongs, mallets and anvils to preach about the things of heaven.' When SYDNEY SMITH uttered his jibe about the cobblers and tailors from whom WESLEY recruited his lay preachers he might, by the way, have remembered that a heathen philosopher had said almost exactly the same thing of his own ecclesiastical ancestry."

MECHANICAL SKILL A GIFT FROM GOD.

THE best qualification for any kind of work is that which is given by the Holy Spirit. The Lord recognizes no such distinction as the world assumes between religion and business. The Spirit is as well qualified to give a person mental or mechanical skill, as to teach him how to pray.

When the ancient tabernacle was to be reared up, the Lord said to Moses, "See, I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah; and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship." Ex. xxxi. 2-5.

These words reveal to us a general truth. Whoever has wisdom and skill has them as the gift of God; and whoever desires them for any line of lawful human endeavour, whether it be managing a farm, directing a workshop, or preaching the Gospel, should seek them from the Lord. All nature attests the constructive wisdom and skill of the Spirit; for it was the Spirit that in the beginning brooded over chaos and developed from it the marvellous works of creation. And the promise of God is, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."—Jas. i. 5.

It is because men are so slow to realize that all their skill of every kind comes from God, that they so often take the glory to themselves, and make God's gift a means of separation from Him, instead of a bond of union.

THE London *Review of Reviews*, chronicling the events of the last year, month by month, under the head of "The Progress of the World," feels constrained to ask, "Can we, in the face of the events now transpiring, talk reasonably of the progress of the world?" Further on, describing some of the fruits of the war spirit as seen in London, when the mob got out of hand during recent celebrations, this journal says again, "It is not surprising that the hearts of men should fail them for fear."

THE way of salvation is contrary to human nature, it is supernatural. God calls the things that are not as though they were. When a man confesses that he is nothing, God speaks as though he were something, and, lo! he is made something, even the righteousness of God through Jesus Christ. But when any man assumes that he is anything or has any righteousness of his own, at once he has nothing, and is nothing. Thus God gets all the glory. The man who talks of his own holiness and perfection is very far from having a view of God's holi-

ness. The man who is all the time acknowledging his own unholiness may rejoice continually in the holiness of God.

—
Didn't Lose His "ligion."—The *Congregationalist* repeats the story which General W. N. Armstrong tells of a pious negro brother, loud in exhortation, but exceedingly shaky in morals, who was reprimanded with by his employer for various breaches of the law that brought scandal on the establishment. "Yes, boss," said the culprit, I owns squar up; I's done broke ebery one ob de c'mandments; but, bress de Lord, I's nebber lost my 'ligion!" The *Congregationalist* adds: "Unless the signs of the times are deceptive, too many white folks are getting hold of that same religion."

HEAVEN'S RECOMPENSE.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

O WHAT will the songs of heaven be
 To the ears that have never heard
 The sound of earth-born melody
 Or the note of the warbling bird!
 And how will the peans of heaven ring,
 When the loosened tongue of the dumb shall sing!

Yes; how shall the songs of heaven ring
 From lips that have never sung!
 And how shall the notes of glory spring
 From the sad and the speechless tongue!
 Aye, the gladdest music shall have its birth
 In the mute and the silent tongues of earth.
 Ah! how shall the eyes that have never seen
 Rejoice in the fadeless flowers
 And feast on the fields of living green
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers,
 And bask in the smiles of love and grace
 That ever beam from the Saviour's face!

Ah, what will the joys of heaven be
 To the saddened hearts of earth,
 That have only wept 'mid her revelry,
 Nor joined in her hollow mirth?
 How sweet will the bliss of glory seem,
 Like a never-ending, rapturous dream!

O what will the riches of heaven be
 To the wayworn sons of earth,
 Who dwell in the cottage of poverty,
 Where sorrow and want have birth!
 What scenes shall their dazzled eyes behold
 Where the gates are pearl, and the streets are gold!

And what will the love of heaven be
 To the spirit that yearns for love!
 For the cup will be full to eternity
 With the peace that is born above,
 When the saved shall dwell in the mansions fair,
 They shall know what bliss it will "be to be there."

L. D. A. STUTTLE.

Compensation.

AMAZIAH, king of Judah, had hired a hundred thousand men, of the kingdom of Israel, to fight with him against his enemies. The prophet of the Lord warned him that this would weaken rather than strengthen him; for the Lord was not with the men of Israel, because of their wickedness.

'And Amaziah said to the man of God, But what shall we do for the hundred talents which I have given to the army of Israel? And the man of

God answered, The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

Men sometimes say nowadays, But what of my business? What of the capital invested in business which will have to be relinquished if I obey the Lord? What of the loss if I do not fulfil the contract under which I am bound to give my services to my employer?

To all of the excuses which are made for not obeying the voice of the Lord, which put the claims of men or of business investments before the claims of the Lord, the words of the prophet reply, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

God may not always pay in earthly inheritance, but the "much more" is sure in that inheritance, that is incorruptible and cannot pass away, "reserved in heaven for you." Will you accept the compensation?

—
The Object of Education.—In his rectorial address before the Glasgow University, Lord Rosebery suggested that it is hardly to be expected that the old educational institutions will get out of the ruts in which the educational system has run along since mediæval times. He said:—

What if a future philosopher shall say that the best university is a workshop? And yet the latter definition bids fair to be the sounder of the two. The training of our schools and colleges must daily become more and more the training for action, for practical purpose. The question will be asked of the product of our educational system: "Here is a young fellow of twenty; he has passed the best years of acquisition and impression; he has cost so much; what is his value? for what, in all the manifold activities of the world, is he fit?" And if the answer be not satisfactory, if the product be only a sort of learned mummy, the system will be condemned.

FURTHER on he asks:—

Are there not thousands of lads to-day plodding away, or supposed to be plodding away, at the ancient classics who will never make anything of those classics, and who, at the first possible moment, will cast them into space, never to re-open them? Think of the wasted time that that implies; not all wasted perhaps, for something may have been gained in power of application, but entirely wasted so far as available knowledge is concerned.

So much of educational effort is to get the student stuffed ready for an examination that the true aim is often lost sight of—that of fitting the man for life's duties.

—
 A WRITER in the *Contemporary* makes the suggestion that Christian missionaries should take Christ at His word and represent a Kingdom not of this world:—

Those who feel the necessity of preaching Christ among peoples of other creeds, should do so at their own risk, leaving their nationalities behind them, together with the protection which such nationality carries with it. Thus they avoid the double danger of furnishing a *casus belli* to their own Government, and of bringing unmerited punishment on the people whom they wish to benefit.

This, the only consistent position, would separate the missionary from the trader and political agent in lands like China.



THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game, and catch such fish
As suits a sportsman's soul;
For the chiefest game that the forest holds
And the best fish of the brooks
Are never brought down by a rifle-shot,
And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air,
Or fish that swim the seas,
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman I;
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods are made for the hunters,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong,
There are thoughts that moan from the soul
of the pine,

And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the
scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

S. W. Foss.

SURGICAL SKILL OF BIRDS.

RECENTLY a Swiss gentleman, M. Fatio, made some interesting observations before the Physical Society of Geneva, on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds.

On one occasion M. Fatio killed a snipe that had a large dressing of feathers, taken from other parts of the body, securely fixed to the chest by coagulated blood. Twice he observed birds that had interwoven feathers strapped on to broken limbs.

M. Magnin also records a case in which a snipe, observed to fly away with a broken leg, was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, and secured them by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled.

The observers were surprised to notice the application of a kind of flat-leaved grass, which was wound around the leg spirally, and fixed by means of a sort of glue. Other equally wonderful instances of the same kind might be given.

Everywhere in the civilized world, men who call themselves "sportsmen" scatter agony and desolation among the beautiful creatures that God has placed in our earth.

Birds with delicate frames, sweet voices, and lovely plumage, wounded and bleeding perforated with shot, legs and wings broken and splintered, hide away to die in tortures of pain from their wounds, or from the agonies of thirst and starvation. In the trees above and in the grass beneath, nestlings are slowly dying, their cries heard by

heaven alone, because the parent birds have been destroyed by a ruthless hand.

These are some of the accompaniments of the progress of the recreation which, in so-called Christian countries, is known by the name "sport." Well may we regret with Shelley: that, "The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood."

WALTER K. JAMES.

THE NERVE-WING INSECTS.

THE Nerve-wings are so called because they all have nerve-like threads or veins, running through the wings, which make them very strong. The dragon-fly is a well-known member of this family. In some places it is called the "snake-feeder," and in still others the "mosquito-hawk." I think the latter name is the most appropriate; for a large part of its food consists



LARVAL SKIN.

LARVA.

ADULT DRAGON-FLY.

LARVA.

MOULTING.

of mosquitoes. The mosquito-hawk has four large rainbow-tinted wings, so that it is quite a beautiful creature during its aerial life. In its earlier life it is an ugly-looking insect living in the water of some slimy filthy ditch.

The female mosquito-hawk pushes the end of her body down into the water, and glues a bunch of little yellow eggs to the stem or root of some water-plant. In a few weeks these yellow eggs have changed into water-nymphs, the larva. They grow rapidly. Like the young grasshopper, they shed their coats many times. At last some small wings are seen; then they change into the chrysalis, or resting, stage: in a few days they crawl out of the water upon some reed or stem, and the chrysalis bursts open. In a short time the wings are strong, the legs are freed, and the beautiful insect crawls completely out of its larval skin, and sails away to live a happy life in the sunshine and air. The lace-winged butterfly is another beautiful member of the Nerve-wing family; but because its body emits an unpleasant odour, it is not a favourite with naturalists.

It is interesting to study the habits of the insects; but it is much more interesting if we look upon them as creatures that God has made, and to which he has given such wonderful instincts. As these little creatures creep or flit about, we many times forget that it is God's power that causes them to live, move, and enjoy themselves.

M. E. CADY.

THE REMAINS OF THE FIRST INSTINCTS.

WHEN God created animals, before sin entered, all must have reflected the love and tenderness of the Creator. Even after the fall and curse one can see still the force of the kindly nature put in all creation at the first, though, too, one sees even more prominently the "nature, red in tooth and claw," which proclaims the ruin of Satan's rule. Flashes of first instincts come out,

however. In the following paragraphs Sir Edwin Arnold notes the force of the paternal and maternal instincts even in the fiercer animals:—

"I have seen in India the mountain-bear turn in mid flight and, bleeding from more than one wound, fearlessly face the sportsmen to save or avenge her cubs. I have watched the hyena dam playing at the mouth of a cave with her hideous young, as proudly and fondly as any human mother with her twins, and bringing the tit-bits of the carrion to them before she would eat anything herself.

Sometimes it makes you think ferocity lovely, if ever you have watched a tigress licking her cubs bright and smooth in the cradle of the lemon-grass and sometimes it has rendered weakness majestic, as when the cows stand round their calves in the Indian wilderness to keep the tigress at bay. But always, in carnivora and herbivora alike, you find it, and you find it an imperative, dominant moral control, extinguishing selfishness, neutralizing hunger and thirst—a sovereign passion in every breed and genus—the passion to nourish its young and preserve them alive.

AN army officer says that in the extraordinary clearness of the South African air, the observer on a hill could scan with the naked eye a distance of 160 miles.



TRUE LOVE BEGINS AT HOME.

A GROUP of ladies once in great old Rome
 Showed each to each her wealth of jewels rare;
 And one there was within whose humble home
 No jewels were, but wealth of love was there.
 So when they asked where her bright treasures were,
 She pointed to her children at her side,
 And gently said, "These are my treasures fair,"
 And smiled upon them with a mother's pride.
 Home is the door whence our best blessings flow;
 And they who, like that Roman dame of old,
 Prize home's wealth first, they best can feel and know
 How to reach kindly hands into the cold
 Of this great world, and call the wanderer back
 And bear God's message far across the seas,
 Where Arabs cower in the simoon's track,
 Or billows harden in the Arctic breeze.
 True love begins at home. The children dear
 Whom God has sent to cheer our earthly way,
 Clasp tender hands about my nature here,
 And link me fast to others far away.
 What easy lessons God gives first to learn!
 Love father, mother, sister, brother, friend,
 And wife and children; then may we discern
 To love our neighbours to the great earth's end.
 True love begins at home, and, reaching thence,
 Twines sympathetic arms round all our race,
 And fills our interval of time and sense
 With airs from heaven, its native dwelling-place.
 Love's royal banner floats above our heads;
 Beneath its folds majestic do we rest.
 Home's window-star its radiance outward sheds,—
 Come in, lone heart, be thou a welcome guest.
 Swing back, ye cloudy curtains, from the skies,
 And let me see the architecture fine
 Of those transparent palaces that rise
 Where crystal streets in wondrous brilliance shine.
 But little like them can I hope to build,
 And yet in meek resemblance I would raise
 A home with their transmitted lustre filled,
 Whose walls shall echo to Immanuel's praise.
 For home shall be a type of that above,
 Like Israel's desert temple long ago,
 Built of the same grand masonry of love
 As that bright dwelling-place to which we go.

T. R. WILLIAMSON.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

THE world is not in need of so-called great men; it is in need of good men. In the eyes of God, to be truly great upon earth is to be truly good.

In studying the lives of men who have lived in the past who have been really great men, measured by the divine standard, we find that in nearly every case they have had good mothers. Moses, one of the meekest of men, the great leader of Israel's host, was under his mother's care for twelve years. During this time he received an education by

his mother's side which fitted him for the great work he was afterward called upon to do. When called from his mother to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he was not dazzled by court life. After growing to manhood, he had the choice between the throne of Pharaoh and the casting of his lot with the persecuted and despised people of God. He "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."—Heb. xi. 24-26.

It is principally during the first twelve years of life that character building takes place. The bud during this time is in the process of formation. From this age to manhood we merely have an unfolding of this bud. The future of the child can usually be determined by the drill it receives during this period. The hand that rocks the cradle moulds society and rules the world.

Daniel, a captive at Babylon, while receiving his education of the Chaldeans, was commanded to eat at the king's table; but he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's food, nor with his wine. Here again we have the unfolding of a great character. While nothing is said about Daniel's mother, we know that such a character could only be formed by the side of a godly, consistent mother.

Paul, in writing his second epistle to Timothy, said: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice." Here again we have an illustration of the truth, "As is the mother, so is the child."

In the record given of the parents of John the Baptist it is stated that they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Like the potter, the parents have placed in their hands the clay, and it is left with them to mould and fashion it into either a vessel of honour or a vessel of dishonour. If a child is trained in the way it should go, when it is old it will not depart from it.

At birth the little babe's mind is a mere blank; the first face it beholds is that of mother. It looks up, mother smiles; an impression is made upon the mind. Again it looks up, now there is a frown, or an anxious look upon the face of the mother; another impression is made. A little later mother becomes angry, impatient, or scolds; a few new impressions are made. The impressions thus made form the character of the future man. The eyes of the child may be compared to a perfect camera, the brain to the plate, or film, upon which the pictures are formed. The child is continually taking "snap shots." Everything it beholds in life forms a picture upon the brain. The ear may likewise be compared to a phonograph, the brain to the wax cylinder, which receives the impressions. Little hymns that are sung at baby's side are faithfully marked, some day to be reproduced. The hasty, unkind

words spoken while alone with the little one will sometime be proclaimed openly; there is nothing said that will not come to the surface.

DR. D. H. KRESS.

HOW IT IS DONE.

THE academic man must hang his head now a days when the pugilist and balloonist and juggler monopolize the title of "professor." It is an age for high-sounding names. The following clipping from a "funny column" very well hits off the way some simple people take to get up in the world:—

EVOLUTION OF A LEMON.—Chapter I.—"What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher. "Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it was so recorded on the roll. Chapter II.—"What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired. "John Dennis Lemon," replied the big boy. Which was duly entered. Chapter III.—"Your name, sir," said the college dignitary. "J. Denison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith. Chapter IV.—"May I ask your name?" queried the society editor of the *Daily Bread*. "Jean D'Ennice Le Mon," replied the swell personage. And it was duly jotted down.

DON'T NOTICE THE DEFECTS.

THE following advice, given to a young married woman who was visited by another older and more experienced one, may be helpful to some of our readers:—

When the visitor arose to go, the hostess went with her to the door, and out upon the pleasant verandah, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners.

"Oh, dear!" said the young wife, "how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep the verandah thoroughly, and now see how dusty it is."

"Grace," said the older woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them.

"Now, if I had been in your place, and noticed the dirt, I should have said: 'How blue the sky is!' or, 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or, 'How bracing the air is!' Then I should have got you safely down the steps without your seeing the dust.

I WOULD say to all, Use your gentlest voice at home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price; for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song to a hearth at home. It is a light that shines. Train to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.

DIGGING A WELL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IN the story of his life in the New Hebrides John G. Paton tells of the difficulties attending the digging of a well on Aniwa. The natives would not believe it possible to get fresh water—"rain-water," they called it—by digging in the ground.

They watched him as he began, lest in his madness he should attempt to take his life. By a liberal use of fish-hooks he secured help in carrying out the soil as he dug it, until one side caved in during the night, and then no one would go into the well.

The old chief and his best men now came around me more earnestly than ever, says Mr. Paton. He remonstrated with me ver,

Steeping my poor brains over the problem, I became an extemporised engineer. Two trees were searched for, with branches on opposite sides, capable of sustaining a cross-tree betwixt them. I sank them on each side firmly into the ground, passed the beam across them over the centre of the shaft, fastened thereon a rude home-made pulley and block, passed a rope over the wheel, and swung my largest bucket to the end of it.

Thus equipped, I began once more sinking away at the well, but at so wide an angle that the sides might not again fall in. Not a native, however, would enter that hole, and I had to pick and dig away till I was utterly exhausted. But a teacher, in whom I had confidence, took charge above,

see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you! That will be the end of it; death to you and danger to us all."

I still answered, "Come to-morrow. I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send you the rain water up through the earth." At the moment I knew I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given; but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought His glory, not my own.

Next morning, I went down again at daybreak and sank a narrow hole in the centre about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little "tinny" dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! True, it was a little brackish, but nothing to speak of; and no spring in the desert, cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim, ever appeared more worthy of being called a well of God than did that water to me.

The chiefs had assembled with their men near by. They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal in a small way of the Israelites coming around, while Moses struck the rock and called for water. By and by when I had praised the Lord, and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly settled, I filled a jug, which I had taken down empty in the sight of them all, and ascending to the top, called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed around me in haste, and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it and shouted, "Rain! Rain! Yes, it is Rain! But how did you get it?"

I repeated, "Jehovah, my God, gave it out of His own earth in answer to our labours and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves!"

Now, though every man there could climb the highest tree as swiftly and as fearlessly as a squirrel or an opossum, not one of them had courage to walk to the side and gaze down into that well. To them this was miraculous! But they were not without a resource that met the emergency. They agreed to take firm hold of each other by the hand, to place themselves in a long line, the foremost man to lean cautiously forward, gaze into the well, and then pass to the rear, and so on till all had seen "Jehovah's rain" far below. It was somewhat comical, yet far more pathetic, to stand by



A SOUTH-SEA ISLAND SCENE.

gravely. He assured me for the fiftieth time that rain would never be seen coming up through the earth on Aniwa!

"Now," said he, "had you been in that hole last night, you would have been buried, and a man-of-war would have come from Queen' Toria to ask for the Missi that lived here. We would say, 'Down in that hole.' The captain would ask, 'Who killed him and put him down there?' We would have to say, 'He went down there himself' The captain would answer, 'Nonsense! who ever heard of a white man going down into the earth to bury himself? You killed him, you put him there; don't hide your bad conduct with lies!' Then he would bring out his big guns, and shoot us and destroy our island in revenge. You are making your own grave, Missi, and you will make ours too. Give up this mad freak, for no rain will be found by going downwards on Aniwa. Besides, all your fish-hooks cannot tempt my men again to enter that hole; they don't want to be buried with you. Will you not give it up now?"

- I said all that I could to quiet his fears.

managing to hire them with axes, knives, etc., to seize the end of the rope and walk along the ground pulling it till the bucket rose to the surface, and then he himself swung it aside, emptied it, and lowered it down again.

Thus I toiled on from day to day, my heart almost sinking sometimes with the sinking of the well, till we reached a depth of about thirty feet. And the phrase, "living water," "living water," kept chiming through my soul like music from God, as I dug and hammered away.

At this depth the earth and coral began to be soaked with damp. I felt that we were nearing water. My soul had a faith that God would open a spring for us, but side by side with this faith was a strange terror that the water would be salt. So perplexing and mixed are even the highest experiences of the soul; the rose-flower of a perfect faith, set round and round with prickly thorns. One evening I said to the old chief, "I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!" The chief said, "No, Missi, you will never

and watch their faces, as man after man peered down into the mystery, and then looked up at me in blank bewilderment.

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, and yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbour with the story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbour, "sagaciously, 'twould be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman. How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbour. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterward. Everybody should have a supply of this precious oil; for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—*Selected.*

The Astonished Chinaman.

PROFESSOR LEGGE of Oxford reports, in his "Religions of China," the following conversation between himself and the Chinese ambassador at London in 1877: "'You know,' said the Chinaman, 'both England and China. Which country do you say is the better of the two?' I replied, 'England.' He was disappointed, and added, 'I mean, looking at them from a moral standpoint; looked at from the standpoint of benevolence, righteousness, propriety, which country do you say is the better?' After some demur and fencing I again replied, 'England.' I never saw a man more surprised. He pushed his chair back, got on his feet, took a turn across the room, cried out, 'You say that, looked at from the moral standpoint, England is better than China! Then how is it that England insists on our taking her opium?'"

WE often hear of "pidgin" English, spoken in the Chinese ports. "Pidgin" is the Chinese pronunciation of "business."



THE CHILDREN.

THERE are little black children on Africa's sand,
And yellow-skinned babes in the Flowery Land,
And brown in the isles of the sea,
And white ones and brown in this land we call ours;
But they all love the birds, and the trees, and the flowers,
And play the same games as do we.

When Jesus, the Saviour, was here upon earth,
He blessed little children, and taught their true worth—

How precious these little souls be!
"Suffer the children," the dear Saviour said—
And He didn't say yellow, white, black, brown, or red,
But the children—"to come unto Me."

In the streets of the City of cities so fair,
Where sorrow and sin never taint the pure air,
The children will play, large and small.

They'll come from the yellow, red, brown, black,
and white,
For they all are alike in His heart-searching sight,
And He equally loveth them all.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

NEDDIE'S TROUBLE.

"I NEVER can learn to spell all these words!" said Neddie, as he sat pouting in the corner.

"How long have you studied them?" asked his mother.

"I haven't studied them at all, yet."

"Well, then, how do you know you cannot learn them?"

"They look so hard, I know I can't."

"I thought my Neddie was a braver boy than to give up without trying. Just study them carefully once, then tell me if there are any too hard for you to learn."

"I'll go over it once with him," said Julia, as she took her seat by his side.

After a while Neddie looked up, and said cheerfully: "I didn't think they were so easy, mother. Julia showed me how to get them. I can spell half of them now."

"How has Julia helped you so much?"

"I thought they were long words, but she said half of many of the words was easy enough. Plaything looks long, but I can spell play and thing. And horseback is another; I can spell horse and back without studying."—*Little People.*

LITTLE FOXES SPOIL THE VINES.

"TAKE us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."—Cant. ii. 15.

We have two things to think about: (1) Foxes; (2) grapevines.

What is a fox? How many have seen one? How large?

In Palestine, where the Jews lived, there are a great many of these animals. The Bible tells how Samson once caught three hundred foxes. He tied firebrands to their tails and let them loose in the corn fields and vineyards of his enemies. Just think of all those foxes running in all directions with blazing firebrands trailing behind them. What mischief they did! What places do you think foxes like to hide in? Jesus said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests." Foxes have holes. They like to dig in the ground. Even little foxes can dig holes. What does our text say the little foxes do?—Spoil the vines.



GRAPE VINES.

How many have eaten grapes? How many have seen them growing? What do they grow on? How beautiful they look hanging from the vines!

When there is a piece of ground all set out with grapevines, what is it called? It is a vineyard, isn't it? In Palestine there were beautiful vineyards, that bore luscious grapes—great bunches—each separate grape like a plum.

But the land was troubled with foxes. They were a pest. What would a fine vineyard look like if a pack of foxes should enter it, tearing the vines, biting off the luscious bunches, and digging holes among the roots? We would not expect much fruit, would we? Even little foxes could do a great deal of harm.

Now we will think of another kind of vineyard. God tells about it in the Bible (Isa. v. 7): "For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant." The Jewish nation was God's vineyard, but they did not bring forth good fruit. So God turned from them. Now we are His vineyard, each one a vine. Some are large, strong vines, and some are young and tender, just grow-

ing up. He looks for us to bring forth fruit, good fruit. What kind of fruit does He look for? Let us read in Gal. v. 22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." This is the fruit He wants us to bear.

But do foxes come round in God's vineyard? Yes, indeed; not only big ones, but *little* ones, and they spoil His tender vines. If we are the vines, what are the foxes that come to spoil the vines? We will only name the little ones that spoil the tender vines. "I want my own way;" "Cry for it;" "I won't play," are the names of some. Are they not strange names? And there is "Miss Whine" and "Mr. Lazy." They come round when the dishes are dirty and the coal scuttle empty. One little fellow is called "Piece between meals," and another dirty-looking one is called "Bad words." We must keep them out, the mischievous foxes. If they come creeping round, let us lift our hearts to Jesus, and say, "Dear Jesus, come quickly and take care of this little vine."

MRS. J. W. RAMBO.

SLEEP FOR THE CHILDREN.

COME, Charlie, dear, put away your book now; it is time to go to bed."

"Oh, mama, just let me look at this picture a little longer. It is such a pretty one."

"All right, Charlie, and now tell me, what do you go to sleep for?"

"Why, because I am tired, I suppose."

"Yes, just because you are tired, and all the little muscles in your body are worn out with the day's exercise, and all the little particles of strength are used up, and so you feel tired."

"Well, then, mama, how is it we feel all right the next day?"

"Ah, Charlie, that is just the wonder. When we are all worn out and tired with our day's work, we go to sleep, and then Nature begins to work. She builds up all the worn-out tissues, and purifies the blood, and makes the muscles strong and firm, all ready to begin work next day."

"And all this while we are asleep?"

"Yes, dear; and now you see the reason why I put you to bed early, so that Nature will have plenty of time to do all this work, and you will be fresh and strong next day."

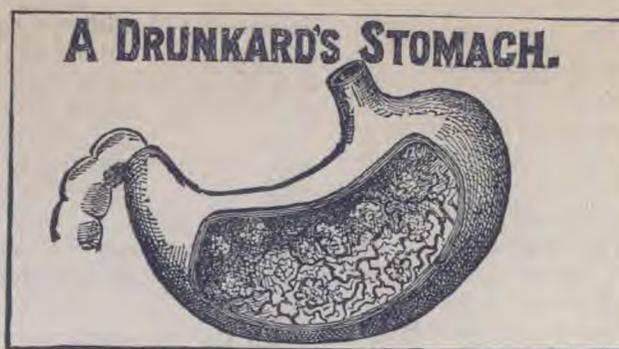
"And how do we know when we have had enough sleep?"

"Why, in the morning, when the light begins to stream through the window, and the birds begin to sing, then you wake up, for Nature has finished her night's work; you rub your eyes, and get up bright, and fresh, and happy for the day."

"I see, mama; I will tell sister Minnie, and we will both grow strong and happy children, won't we?"

"Yes, dear, come, say 'good-night,' and off to bed."

E. PARKINSON.



THE PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT IT.

THE best possible temperance sermon which could be preached to any habitual user of strong drink would be to give him a look at the inside of his own stomach.

It is really not impossible to do this, as a foreign inventor has constructed an ingenious instrument, by the aid of which it is possible to look down into the stomach, and, with an electric light, illuminate its hidden recesses so powerfully that every nook and corner can be subjected to the most careful scrutiny. So if any user of spirits is really curious to be an eye-witness of the destructive effect which has been wrought in his much abused stomach by the blistering liquids which for many years he has poured into it, his desire may be gratified.

It is not necessary, however, to put him to the inconvenience of being choked, gagged and half strangled, by having a long tube thrust down his throat into his stomach, since a more convenient method of examining the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the stomach has been afforded by a strange and painful, but for the world, really a fortunate accident. Something more than half a century ago, a Canadian, employed by a fur company, accidentally received in his side the full charge of a gun loaded with buck-shot, the muzzle of which was but a few feet distant. A large portion of the abdominal wall was torn away, laying open to view the operation of the lungs and a considerable portion of the stomach. An opening was also made into the stomach exposing its inner surface. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Beaumont, the wounded man, known as Alexis St. Martin, after some months quite recovered his health, though the wound healed in such a way as to leave a permanent opening into his stomach.

Dr. Beaumont employed St. Martin as a servant for a number of years, and conducted a long series of experiments for the purpose of determining the effect upon the stomach of various articles of food and drink; among others, the various forms of alcoholic liquors. Dr. Beaumont records that even a small amount of liquor had the effect to cause the mucous lining of the stomach to assume a red appearance, through the distension of the blood-vessels. In other words a state of congestion was induced.

St. Martin was very fond of alcohol, and occasionally broke away from all restraints, and went on a spree for two or three days. When he returned, Dr. Beaumont found on examination that the mucous membrane of the stomach was *highly red and inflamed*, presenting here and there little *ulcerous patches*; and yet, strange to say, St. Martin made no complaint of his stomach, though he complained of headache, and had little appetite, his tongue being heavily coated.

The fact that St. Martin was unconscious of any mischief in his stomach, though it was actually in a state of ulceration, is the best possible evidence that the feelings are not a safe guide as to the amount of mischief which is being brought upon the human body by alcohol or any other harmful agent. The drunkard will always insist that alcohol is necessary to "tone his stomach," to "give him an appetite," to "aid digestion," etc.; but Dr. Beaumont's experiments show conclusively that the work of alcohol in the stomach is that of a mischief-maker.

The coated tongue of the old toper is indubitable evidence of a chronic catarrh, which the continued imbibing of alcoholic liquors has induced in the mucous lining of his stomach. The heaviness at the stomach, sluggish digestion, and various symptoms, which indicate some of the most obstinate forms of dyspepsia, he rarely attributes to alcohol, but answers the demand for total abstinence by an extra dose of the poison, or the addition to it of some still stronger stimulant, which temporarily whips up the flagging energies of his long-abused digestive organs, and deludes him with the idea that a cure is being effected.

The stomach of such a man is in precisely the same condition which Dr. Beaumont found that of his patient to be after he had returned from one of his occasional sprees. This is not a matter of theory, but is based upon known facts; and the examinations, which have been made of the stomachs of habitual drinkers after death, have repeatedly confirmed the observations Dr. Beaumont made during life.

The condition of the stomach of a man suffering the horrors of delirium tremens is scarcely less fearful than the frightful images which haunt his bed-side. The long-continued use of strong liquors, with abstinence from food, produce a highly inflamed and almost gangrenous condition, compar-

able to nothing but the wreck and havoc left in the track of a frightful tornado.

Chronic inflammation and ulceration of the stomach are among the most frequent effects of the use of strong liquors: and numerous cases have been noted, in which that most incurable of maladies, cancer of the stomach, was fairly attributable to the same cause. But we have not yet witnessed all the mischief wrought within the stomach by this potent mischief-maker. Repeated experiments have shown that alcohol lessens the amount of gastric juice secreted by the stomachic glands. When present in a considerable quantity, it also has the effect to harden certain elements of the food, thus rendering them very difficult of digestion, and even incapable of being acted upon by healthy gastric juice in a healthy stomach. As a result, the drunkard becomes subject to every form of indigestion, and to the wide-reaching evils which arise from the impoverished condition of the blood.

The cut which appears at the head of this article shows the inner lining of a drunkard's stomach, which represents instead of the uniform, smooth appearance of health, the rough, jagged, ulcerous and almost sloughing condition of the drunkard's stomach in delirium tremens. Some years ago, in giving a temperance lecture, the writer's attention was arrested by a commotion at the back part of the audience, which he subsequently learned was caused by the fainting of a man who, though then reformed, had previously been intemperate. The gentleman afterwards explained that the facts presented brought up to his mind so vivid a picture of the horrible condition of his stomach when addicted to the use of intoxicants, that an overwhelming terror took possession of him, and he fainted away. If every drunkard could as keenly appreciate the damage wrought by strong drink upon his God-given body, the traffic in alcoholic liquors would speedily cease, even without the aid of prohibitory legislation.

DR. J. H. KELLOGG.

WHEN TO DRINK.

THERE is a time to eat, and a time to drink but both should not come together. Food should be made moist with saliva, and not with a mouthful of tea, coffee, chocolate, coco, or water, for when either of the above are used while we eat, the salivary glands do not secrete the proper amount of saliva, and the saliva that is secreted is so diluted that no strength remains in it to aid in the digestion of starch, or to influence the stomach in secreting gastric juice. We should drink about half an hour before and about two hours after each meal, then drink frequently between the times mentioned, till we have drunk from three to five pints of water in each twenty-four hours.

A large majority of the people do not drink water enough; when it is considered that the body is made up very largely of water, it can readily be understood how

important to health is a constant supply of this pure fluid. Many people have a notion that the drinking of water in any amount beyond that actually necessary to quench thirst is injurious, and, acting on this belief, they endeavour to drink as little as possible. The notion, however, is wide of the truth. Drinking freely of pure water is a most efficacious means not only of preserving health, but often of restoring it when failing.

All the tissues of the body need water, and water in abundance is necessary also for the proper performance of every vital function. Cleanliness of the tissues *within the body* is as necessary to the health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as truly as it does the other. It dissolves the waste material which would otherwise collect in the body, and removes it in the various excretions.

These waste materials are often actual poisons, and many headaches, many rheumatic pains, many sleepless nights and listless days, and many attacks of the "blues," are due solely to the circulation in the blood or deposit in the tissues of these waste materials which cannot be gotten rid of because of an insufficient supply of water.

B. F. RICHARDS.

INCREASE OF CANCER IN ENGLAND.

"IN England four and a half times as many people die now from cancer as half a century ago, and no other disease can show anything like such an immense increase," W. Roger William says in the *Lancet*. "Probably no single factor is more potent in determining the outbreak of cancer in the predisposed than high feeding. There can be no doubt that the greed for food manifested by modern communities is altogether out of proportion to their present requirements. Many indications point to the gluttonous consumption of meat, which is such a characteristic feature of this age, as likely to be especially harmful in this respect. Statistics show that the consumption of meat has for many years been increasing by leaps and bounds, till it now has reached the amazing total of 131 pounds per head per year, which is more than double what it was half a century ago, when the conditions of life were more compatible with high feeding. When excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in those parts of the body where vital processes are still active, such excessive and disorderly cellular proliferation as may eventuate in cancer. No doubt other factors co-operate, and among these I should be especially inclined to name deficient exercise, and probably also deficiency in fresh vegetable food."

WE are answerable not only for what we know, but for what we might know.—*Manning*.



JAPAN has the largest battleship afloat. It was built in England.

The mobs that fill capital cities on great patriotic demonstrations has suggested to many the growth of an unrestrained spirit which could easily make serious trouble in times of discontent.

THE war correspondent of the *London Daily Express* in China says:—

There are things that I must not write, and that you could not print that would seem to show that this Western civilization of ours is merely a veneer over savagery. The actual truth has never been written about any war, and this will be no exception.

THE idea of the modern maxim gun was set forth in 1720 by an English inventor. He also recognized those fine distinctions in the rules of war which puzzle plain people who regard the killing of men as the sin, and not the particular method by which it is accomplished. This old inventor had one style of mechanism for "shooting round bullets against Christians," another style, for "shooting square bullets against Turks."

THE experiments last summer with Count Zappelin's balloon showed that the problem of a navigable balloon was very near solution. The balloon was steered to and fro, up and down, at the will of the operator. Very naturally, as these are warlike times, the value of the invention is estimated according to its probable use in war. The Count is to be assisted in perfecting his balloon, which, says the *London Public Opinion*, "will place in the hands of the German Government a new and terrible weapon in the time of war."

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A type of man that looms masterful in the coming time is the man of keen, prompt, and aggressive force, of indomitable, ungenerous, unideal will, without ethical, historic or imaginative culture, of passionate egotism and insolent speech, of great resource and narrow, vulgar ambitions, of boundless prosperity without and invulnerable self-confidence within, of unscrupulous business, non-moral principles, and unspiritual joys. I speak of a spirit which may find its incarnation in the coming age.



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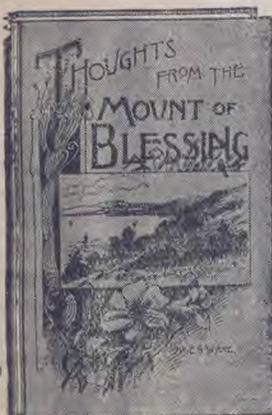
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IN digging a well recently at Easton, Md., a live lobster imbedded in clay was brought to the surface from a depth of 112 feet.

A FIRE broke out in a Petroleum mine in Baku last month, and it is reported that 500 persons have been burnt to death.

A METER for measuring the amount of steam which flows through a steam pipe has been introduced in Berlin.

MR. PHILIP D. ARMOUR, the millionaire meat-packer of Chicago, died January 6, leaving an estate valued at from \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, twenty thousand pounds a year was all that Parliament voted for education; now the annual estimates exceed twelve millions.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne she ruled altogether over 168,000,000 people. The new century saw over 400,000,000 under her sway.

The Vatican is already the largest palace on earth, as it contains 11,000 rooms, but it is to receive an addition, which will bring the number up to 12,000. A large portion of the addition will be used for the lodging of pilgrims to Rome.

In Italy.—According to Signor D' Annunzio, the situation in Italy is most forbidding :—

That which is taking place in Italy at the present day has no counterpart. There have been, in certain historical periods instances of weariness and political hatred, but always limited to a few special classes; now, however, here in Italy the moral discontent is spread everywhere, over every class, in every place. A constant acrimony, a weary vexation, an unspeakable sadness darken and sterilise the entire life of the nation.

Much may be debited to the account of long centuries of papal misrule and present clerical influence. And much to may be charged to the political policy which has burdened the industries of the country in the effort to be one of the Great Powers.

THOSE "FATHERS."

WHEN God's Word is by the *fathers* expounded, construed, and glossed, then, in my judgment, it is even as when one strains milk through a coal sack, which must needs spoil and make the milk black. God's Word of itself is pure, clean, bright, and clear; but through the doctrines, books, and writings of the fathers, it is darkened, falsified, and spoiled.—*Martin Luther.*

Episcopal Thrones.—Even Christ does not yet claim His own throne. He is set down with His Father on the Father's throne, until the work of mediation is finished and the Kingdom is delivered over to the Son. But earthly bishops, patterning after the petty exaltations of the papal system, must needs have "thrones."

JESUS has a word for every one who looks at men, and takes their example or teaching as an excuse for not following Him. When Peter wanted to know about another's duty and obligation, Christ said to him, "What is that to thee? follow thou Me." That is the only safe path.

Madagascar.—A missionary of the L. M. S. pays a compliment to French rule in Madagascar, of which we have heard little of late :—

Great material changes are taking place. Roads and bridges, telegraphs and telephones, are bringing distant parts into closer relation to one another. Postal communication has been greatly facilitated. A good police force has been organized, and the general administration has been much improved. The law courts command the respect and confidence of the natives because of the impartiality of the Judges and the prompt despatch of business; and an admirable system of land registration has been introduced. In brief, we may say that, under its new government, Madagascar has in five years made more rapid advance than could have been hoped for in a century under the sluggish and unprogressive ways of the Hova Government.

The Old Slave Trade.—Describing the cruelties of the old slave trade, when ships lured men aboard at the African West Coast, or bought them, to carry to the West Indies and the American colonies, a writer says that extra decks were run in to pack the live cargo upon. And sometimes a shelf was run round the sides where the space between decks was four or five feet.

And yet even the worst crowding known to those days was to be exceeded when the profits rose above 200 dollars net per head. To stretch the slave on his back was to waste stowage room then. Instead of placing the slaves on their backs with feet to the side of the ship, they were compelled to sit in rows, back to the ship's side. A row having been placed on deck or gallery, shoulder to shoulder, and back to the wall, another row was seated before them. A third row before these, and so on until deck and gallery were covered with a solid mass of human beings in a sitting posture, unable to move bodies or limbs, and barely able to wag their heads, or move their arms over the shoulders of those in front; nor was there any extra space allowed between gallery and deck,

The Sum of Mohammedanism.—According to Mr. Oskar Mann, the Moslem propaganda meets with success among the African tribes because it is so simple in its requirements. He thus summarizes its creed :—

"There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." The convert need only believe these two sentences, and he is at once a Muslim. After learning this simple confession of faith, he then needs only to fulfil the following five practical duties: (1.) Recital of the Creed; (2.) Observance of the five appointed times of prayer; (3.) Payment of the legal alms; (4.) Fasting during the month of Ramadhan; (5.) The pilgrimage to Mecca. And every convert has equal rights with all other members of the great community. In regard to the faith there are no distinctions; for did not even the Nubian, Muhammed Ahmed, rise to be the Mahdi, the Messiah of the Mohammedans?

The Christian religion is not a creed to be learned and repeated, but a life to be lived in crucifixion of the flesh and its lusts.

Russia in China.—Captain Gambier says in the *Fortnightly* :—

When Russia obtained the right to construct the Manchurian Railway and to form the Russian-Chinese Bank, this treaty practically signed the fate of China. The Russian Railway Concessions, by a cleverly introduced clause, have obtained what no other nation in the world has—that is, the right to work mines, not only in and near the railway, but all over China.

TWO inventors of Boston have constructed delicate instruments with which signals can be transmitted for several miles under the sea. With this instrument it is claimed that the workings of a submarine torpedo-boat can be heard or detected through the water, when the vessel is yet several miles away.

The Land of Ophir.—Arguing for the theory that the ancient golden land of Ophir, from which Solomon's ships brought him gold and silver and ivory and apes, was the present-day region along the Zambesi River, Dr. Carl Peters, the African explorer, says :—

Fura means in the language of the natives today the same as "Afer" meant in the ancient times: "hole" or "mine." Fura is nothing but a native corruption of the old Semitic word "Afer" or "Ophir." Well, this would be remarkable in any case, and combined with the discoveries I made last year on the spot, it is of convincing importance.

When the Portuguese arrived in the sixteenth century in South-east Africa, Arab traders told them that this "Afer" or "Fura" was indeed the "Fura" of King Solomon's time. Now, these Arabs were the natural descendants of the ancient conquistadores themselves. Trade had been going on since the olden times uninterruptedly in these quarters of the world, although unnoticed by the white race in Europe. Why should not these descendants know where the "Afer" of their forefathers was situated?

The remains of ancient gold mines and other ruins in Mashonaland lend colour to the contention that this region was indeed the Ophir of olden time.