

The Oriental Watchman.

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

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GOD'S PATIENCE.

PATIENCE is Godlike. Doth not God each hour
Wait as the centuries drag their weight of ill
To its last goal, albeit he hath the power
To sweep the face of earth clean? and yet still
He waits the final working out of sin. The nations
fill their cup of sin so deep—
Fill to the brim, albeit it doth grieve
The heart of infinite Love to see men weep,
And angels mourn, desiring to relieve.
They weep to see sin brush the bloom from life,
And long to sweep the destroyer to his doom,
To put an end to all earth's weary strife,
And see the Conquerer burst the
noisome tomb.

Yet in the sanctuary's place they see
The face of infinite Patience looking
on,
And drop their wings that raised impetuously,
And hush their murmurs till God's
will is done,
Saying, God waits, and till he waits
no more,
Let us be patient who are finite still,
Stand veiled before his throne, love to
adore,
And wait submissive to the All-
wise will.

O human heart that lives so brief a
span,
Wait, all is well; for Love completes
the plan.
Gaze on the Majesty of patience still,
Be patient also; God completes his
will.

FANNIE BOLTON.

"BEHOLD, we count them
happy which endure. Ye have
heard of the patience of Job."

YES; we all have heard of it. Job's
patience has been proverbial for thirty
centuries or more.

BUT we have heard of something else
also. Indeed, we never should have heard
of Job's patience if we had not heard of
Job's trials.

MANY who wish they had Job's patience
forget how he got it. "Tribulation work-
eth patience."—Rom. v. 3. When we
pray for patience, let us remember what
it is that works this Divine grace, and then
we shall not be surprised if in answer to
the prayer the trial comes which is to de-
velop the grace in our souls.

SOME are very apt to talk as though
they would be examples of marvellous
patience if it were not for the trials they
have to endure. It is the trial that makes
them hasty of temper and impatient.
What a misreading of human experience!
It is the trial that works the patience.

IN the life of Jesus we have the Divine
example of patience—the highest degree of
patience wrought out by the sorest trials
that humanity ever bore. We are exhort-
ed to "consider Him that endured such
contradiction of sinners against Himself,
lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."
It is only by considering His patience that
we can be patient.



JOB AND HIS THREE FRIENDS.

It is important to remember this: that,
as all the faith that we have is of Him—
"the faith of Jesus,"—so all patience is
His. And as His patience comes only by
tribulation, it necessarily follows that He
bears the trial every time one of His chil-
dren is called upon to pass through tribu-
lation. The suffering works that sweet
grace of patience because Jesus Himself
shares in the suffering, bears the infirmity,
and His all-sufficient grace bestows upon
the tried one His own patience.

KNOWING this, we can heartily and joy-
fully "glory in tribulations also." We
know then that they are not against us,
but for us; that in this experience God is
giving us patience, and Jesus is proving

His fellowship with us in suffering. When
Job suffered affliction, it was just as true
that Jesus suffered with him and strength-
ened him to patiently endure, as it was
that when Israel suffered in the wilderness,
"In all their affliction He was afflicted."
Those who hastily conclude that God suf-
fered affliction to come to Job, and harshly
left him to bear it alone, fail to see "the
end of the Lord; that the Lord is very
pitiful, and of tender mercy."—Jas. v. 11.

THE fellowship of Christ's sufferings in
these last days is to give patience to con-
tinue steadfast in the pathway of obedience
to the end; for of the Lord's people who
wait for the coming of Jesus in the clouds
of heaven, it is said; "Here is
the patience and the faith of
the saints. Here are they that
keep the commandments of God
and the faith of Jesus."—Rev.
xiv. 12.

SHUTTING THE EYES.

THE ostrich, when in danger,
it is said, sometimes hides its
head in the sand so that it can-
not see its foes, and imagines
itself secure. This is thought
to be very stupid; but it is no
more so than the course of
people who shut their eyes to
the truth and think to pass on
in security. We can no more
escape truth by shutting our
eyes to it than we can delay
time by turning back the hands
of a clock.

Many persons pursue this
course with reference to the
truths of God's Word. They
find some of those truths very
unpleasant; or it may be they are afraid they
will find unpleasant truths if they investi-
gate; so they shut their eyes, refusing to
look at what God's Word presents, think-
ing that somehow it will come out all right
in the end. But the Lord has never sanc-
tioned wilful ignorance.

What they should do is to open their eyes
wider instead of shutting them, and inves-
tigate fully the truths which come to them
out of God's Word, and then they would see
that those are not unpleasant truths, as they
had thought, but are really "good tidings
of great joy." They are each a part of the
Gospel, which is the "good news" sent
from God to man, the news that He has un-
dertaken to redeem fallen man, restore to
him his innocence and purity, and his home

in paradise. All the truths of God's Word which relate to man's duty here are pleasant truths to the one who will believe them.

Doubtless there were some people in Noah's day who shut their eyes to the truth of a coming flood, after the conviction had come to them that Noah was preaching the truth. But while they thus "knew not" (Matt. xxiv. 39), the flood came, and they miserably perished. Their example is surely not one to be imitated. It is in love and mercy that God shows us truth, whatever truth it may be. It is only a token that He is going forward in His good plan of saving us, and we should receive it as such, and gladly go forward with Him.

THE SNAKE AMONG THE BOOKS.

NOR long ago I read of a military officer in India, who one day went to his library to get a book which he found wedged in between two large books. In moving one of these, he felt a slight pain, like a pin-prick in one of his fingers. As he turned the book around, to examine it, a small snake was dislodged from its hiding-place. With one dash of his military boot, the snake was killed, and the incident was forgotten until, a few hours later, the officer felt a slight pain in his arm, and noticed that his finger was beginning to swell. In two days he was dead.

There are many snakes among books. They are coiled within the leaves of the pleasing story-book; they are lurking in books for girls, for boys, and for older readers. At first one may not realize that he has taken poison into his mind; but it will make itself felt. Do not think that because a book has a taking title or a pretty cover, it will do you no harm. Too often a poisonous snake lies coiled within, ready to sting. The serpents of infidelity, discontent, disobedience, Sabbath-breaking, and many others, lie coiled between the covers of fictitious books. There are many more good books than you can ever read; then why waste the time given you in reading that which will finally destroy both soul and body?

MRS. MARIETTA CARPENTER.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is sometimes said, when persons are asked to give something to advance the Lord's work, "Well, I can't give much, only the widow's mite." Such seem to think that the "widow's mite" is a small sum, but this is not the case. Few have ever made so great a donation to the cause of God as this poor widow. "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."—Mark xii. 42-44.

Those who were rich had cast in much,

but she had given more. They cast in what they could spare as well as not; she gave what she *could not spare*—all her living. In imagination I see her. Her face is sorrowful, for she has buried her husband; and is left, perhaps, with several children to support. Thinly clad, and perhaps hungry, accompanied by her children, she shyly approaches the Jewish treasury, and casts in her two mites. Notice, there were *two* of them. She might have said, "I will put in one for the Lord, and keep the other to buy bread for myself and family." But she dropped them *both* in; and when she had made her donation to the cause of God, she had *nothing left*. This, and this only, is the widow's mite. It is all that we have.

Now, as then, the Saviour is watching all, both rich and poor, as they cast their gifts into His treasury. He notes those who give, and those who withhold. We look into the treasury to see how much each person gave. He looks into our bank-books, purses, at our farms, cattle, etc., *to see how much we have left*. Yea, God looks at the heart. It is not the amount we give, but the sacrifice involved in giving, which counts with Him. When He looked to see how much the widow had left, He found she had nothing. "She of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her *living*." Her trust was in the Lord, and I am sure that He who was watching the treasury ever supplied all her need in this life, and that a rich reward awaits her in the world to come.

G. B. THOMPSON.

CLEANSING POWER.

LAKE TITICACA, in South America, has the peculiar quality that prevents metal from rusting in its waters. A chain or an anchor or any article of ordinary iron can be thrown into it and remain for weeks, and when it is hauled up it will be as clean and bright as when it came from the foundry. And, what is stranger still, rust that has been formed upon metallic objects elsewhere will peel off when immersed in its waters. This is frequently noticed by railway and steamship men. Rusty car wheels and rails, and even machinery, can be brightened by soaking them in the waters of this lake. There is a fountain that has the power to cleanse the stains of sin and guilt from the human heart. Cowper sings about it in his famous hymn:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

—Selected.

MECHANICAL CONFESSION.

ONE who has a true view of his sin knows that no penance can wipe out the heart-stain. But the Catholic doctrine is based on a low idea of sin, sets up an artificial standard in place of the law of God, and in the confessional further supplies an invention which fosters a purely mechanical idea of getting rid of sin. The sincere Catholic may, in spite of the system, look beyond

to God and open the heart to Him; but the fact remains that the natural tendency of the system is to set men to juggling with sin, balancing off the desire to sin against the repugnance to doing penance.

A young man, until lately a Roman Catholic, tells of devices resorted to very commonly amongst clever youth in the confessional. The priest would say these devices were an abuse of the system, but back of all that is the fundamental teaching of the Catholic Church which gives the utterly false view of sin and the way of salvation.

For example, the priest asks if meat has been eaten on a Friday.

"Yes, I did eat some," confesses the penitent.

"Did you do it intentionally?" says the priest, suggesting the way out of it.

"No, I didn't think," and the artificially created offence of eating meat on Friday is covered by a falsehood.

But now how about getting rid of this actual sin? It is simple enough. At the end of the confession the number of untruths the penitent fears he may have uttered is named, and he adds one for the lie just told, and the poor fellow is deceived with the thought that by his periodic visit to the confessional he is in some way bettering his case.

HAD THE "WRONG BOOK."

A METHODIST minister so the story is, having many years ago been sent as missionary to the American Indians, found an old, very old Indian, who could read, to whom he gave a copy of the New Testament. After the noble red man had read it through, he expressed a wish to be baptized. The missionary accordingly procured a bowl of water, and was about to baptize him, when the noble red man asked, "What are you going to do with that?"

"Baptize you," replied the minister.

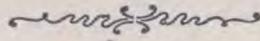
"No deep enough for Indian: take 'em to river."

The minister explained that "that is not our practice;" to which the noble red person replied:—

"You give me wrong book, then; me read 'em through."

The ceremony was postponed.

The word to the Believer.—The incorruptible Word is the power by which sinners are born again into the kingdom of grace, and as the new life is begun so it continues, the Word feeding and nourishing the soul and causing it to grow. It is Bible study all the time in the Christian life. And it is a blessed thing to have the Lord talking to us in His Word continually. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life."—Prov. vi. 22, 23.



HOW PHARAOH'S HEART WAS HARDENED.

WHEN mild measures failed to cause Pharaoh to acknowledge the power of God, judgments were sent. God, who knows the end from the beginning, had said that Pharaoh's heart would be hardened, and even that He Himself would harden it; and so it was. Yet it must not be supposed that God set about deliberately to harden Pharaoh's heart against His will, so that he could not have relented if he had wished. God sends strong delusion, that men should believe a lie, only upon those who have rejected the truth, and who love a lie. Every one has just what he most desires. If any man wishes to do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine; but to him who rejects truth, there is nothing left but darkness and deception.

It is interesting to note that it was the manifestation of the mercy of God that hardened Pharaoh's heart. The simple request of the Lord was denied with mocking. Then the plagues began to come, yet not immediately, but with interval enough to allow Pharaoh to think. But while the power of the magicians appeared to be as great as that exercised by Moses and Aaron, Pharaoh would not yield. Then it became manifest that there was a power greater than that with his magicians. They brought up frogs from the land, but they could not drive them away.

"Then Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, Intreat the Lord, that He may take away the frogs from me and from my people; and I will let the people go, that they may do sacrifice unto the Lord."—Ex. viii. 8.

He had already learned enough of the Lord to call Him by His name.

"And Moses and Aaron went out from Pharaoh; and Moses cried unto the Lord because of the frogs which He had brought against Pharaoh. And the Lord did according to the word of Moses; and the frogs died out of the houses, out of the villages, and out of the field. And they gathered them together upon heaps; and the land stank. But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said."—Verses 12—15.

"Let favour be shown to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord."—Isa. xxvi. 10. Thus it was with Pharaoh. The judgment of God caused his haughty purpose to weaken; but "when he saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart."

Again there came swarms of flies, at the command of the Lord, and Pharaoh said,—

"I will let you go, that you may sacrifice to the

Lord your God in the wilderness; only ye shall not go very far away; intreat for me... And the Lord did according to the word of Moses; and He removed the swarms of flies from Pharaoh and from his servants, and from his people; there remained not one. And Pharaoh hardened his heart at this time also, neither would he let the people go."—Ex. viii. 28—32.

And so it went on throughout the plagues. We are not given all the steps in each case, but we see that it was the long-suffering and mercy of God that hardened Pharaoh's heart. The same preaching that comforted the hearts of many in the days of Jesus, made others more bitter against Him. The Judgment will reveal the fact that every one who has in hardness of heart rejected the Lord, has done so in the face of the revelation of His mercy.

GOD'S PURPOSE WITH PHARAOH.

"AND the Lord said unto Moses, Rise up early in the morning, and stand before Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord, the God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve Me. For I will this time send all my plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people; that thou mayest know that there is none like Me in all the earth. For now I had put forth My hand, and smitten thee and thy people with pestilence, and thou hadst been cut off from the earth; but in very deed for this cause have I made thee to stand, for to show thee My power, and that My name may be declared throughout all the earth."—Ex. ix. 13—16, R. V.

The still more literal rendering of the Hebrew by Dr. Kalisch, reads thus:—

"For now I might have stretched forth My hand, and might have smitten thee and thy people with pestilence; and thou wouldst have been cut off from the earth. But only for this cause have I let thee exist, in order to show thee My power, and that My name may be acknowledged throughout all the earth."

A close comparison will show that this idea is expressed in the Revised Version, as quoted above, but not so clearly.

It is not, as is too often lightly supposed, that God brought Pharaoh into existence for the express purpose of wreaking His vengeance upon him. Such an idea is most dishonouring to the character of the Lord. But the true idea is that God might have cut Pharaoh off at the very first, and so have delivered His people without any delay. That, however, would not have been in keeping with the Lord's invariable course, which is to give every man ample opportunity to repent. God had borne long with Pharaoh's stubbornness, and now proposed to send severer judgments; yet He gives him fair warning, that even yet he may turn from his wickedness.

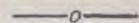
God had kept Pharaoh alive, and had delayed to send His severest judgments

upon him, to cut him off, in order that He might show unto him His power. But the power of God was being manifested at that time for the salvation of His people, and the power of God unto salvation is the Gospel. Therefore God was keeping Pharaoh alive, in spite of his stubbornness, to give him ample opportunity to learn the Gospel. That Gospel was as powerful to save Pharaoh as it was to save the Israelites.

God's purpose was that His name should be declared throughout all the earth. This is what was done, for we read that forty years later the people of Canaan were terrified at the approach of the Israelites, because they remembered what God had done in delivering them from Egypt. But the purpose of God would have been accomplished just the same if Pharaoh had yielded to the wishes of the Lord. Suppose that Pharaoh had acknowledged the Lord, and had accepted the Gospel that was preached to him; what would have been the result? He would have done as Moses did, and have exchanged the throne of Egypt for the reproach of Christ, and a place in the everlasting inheritance. And so he would have been a most powerful agent in declaring the name of the Lord. Sad to say, he did not know the day of his visitation.

Take particular notice of the fact that the purpose of God was that *His name should be declared throughout all the earth*. This affair was not to be done in a corner. The deliverance from Egypt was not something that concerned only a few people in one portion of the earth. It was to "be to all people." In accordance with the promise to Abraham, God was delivering the children of Israel from bondage; but the deliverance was not for their sakes alone. Through their deliverance His name and power was to be made known to the uttermost parts of the earth. The children of Israel were God's chosen agents to perform this work. Around them, as the nucleus, the kingdom of God was to centre. That they proved unfaithful to their trust, only delayed, but did not change God's plan. Although they failed to proclaim the name of the Lord, and even apostatised, God said, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

E. J. WAGGONER.



IN 2 Cor. xi. 24-33 the Apostle Paul gives the catalogue of his extraordinary perils and experiences of hardship. In another place he calls these things but "light afflictions." Of course he meant what he said. They were light because in the scale with them was the "eternal weight of glory." Paul's epistles are brimful of joy and courage. When one lets go of self and the world and enters the service of the Lord with the whole heart he is not walking with heavy feet a painful way: no matter what comes of hardness and affliction and weakness, he can glory in it all because the power of Christ and the joy of the Lord are more than sufficient to make the highway of holiness a delightful one.



BABYLON—WHAT SHE IS.

WHILE the last great message to this earth must fully reveal the Creator and Redeemer, and make known the sign of His authority, it should also describe the apostate power and expose its deceptive workings. This God has done.

The power against which the warning is given is named BABYLON. But when the name is associated with its fullest significance and development, it is called, "MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH."—Rev. xvii. 5.

The term Babylon is first mentioned by Moses in describing the works of Nimrod, the grandson of Ham and great-grandson of Noah.

"And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel [Babylon], and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar."—Gen. x. 10.

The word "Babylon" means "*confusion*," but before this name was given, it seems to have been called the *gate* of Bel, or gate of God. *Babylon* is the Greek mode of spelling what is in the Hebrew, *Babel*.

The origin of the confusion, and consequently of the name Babylon, is traced through the history of Nimrod back to Ham. In him idolatry and all its associate abominations this side of the flood originated. Those who were disposed to follow the word of the Lord, seem to have advised mankind to scatter abroad over the earth according to the original plan.—Gen. i. 28; ix. 1. But the depraved, the pleasure going, and the ambitious naturally sought each other with a view to colonising and building cities.

"And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." "And they said one to another, . . . Let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."—Gen. xi. 2-4.

We discover in these propositions a desire for fame and renown. These are the people described in the first chapter of Romans, who did not like to retain God in their knowledge: "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness; . . . haters of God, despite-

ful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things." Thus it became necessary for this people to organise civil government, and appoint magistrates to protect society from the violence and robbery which had arisen among themselves. Their own course brought upon the world a demand for earthly kingdoms. Satan managed through this condition of things to have idolatrous rites and services incorporated into law and protected as a policy of the State.

Associated with the plan of Babylon was the mighty tower which was afterward named *Babel*. The builders desired a great name, and a safe retreat from a possible flood, besides an immense temple for the worship of their false gods. The scheme also included the idea of a universal and perpetual kingdom which would uphold and propagate idolatry throughout the world. They had matters well matured for success.

"And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth."—Gen. xi. 6-8.

Through this means sinners have been kept from forming a universal confederacy in opposition to their Maker. The tower was called *Babel* after the confusion, because the name so fully expressed the outcome of their foolishness. As a result they were compelled to do that which they were endeavouring to avoid.

THE MODERN BABYLON.

But in scattering they carried with them the principles of idolatry. And that which was united under a beautiful name ("the gate of God") to do an evil work before the confusion of tongues, became Babylon in a general sense when they scattered abroad.

In this confused, dispersed condition the idolatry of Babylon was introduced into every nation, kindred, tongue, and people of the earth. It is evident, therefore, that the warning message in exposing Babylon must be as wide in extent as the confusion of tongues into which the tribes of earth have been divided,—"*to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.*"

The seed for all this Babylonish crop of evil was sown by Satan, in his first proposition to Eve, in which he stated that disobedience would not bring death, but that it would result in transforming her into a god.—Gen. iii. 4, 5. It was this teaching which prepared the way for the deifying of the dead. And so sun-worship, the adoration of images, sacrifices to the dead, the doctrine of natural immortality, ancestral worship in all its forms, the invocation of saints, and hundreds of other things by which Christ is denied and the Gospel made void, are all the legitimate offspring of this parent falsehood of Satan.

Babylon in her fullest development is apostate religion incorporated into law. From this consideration she is called "that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth."—Rev. xvii. 18. In the judgment she will have to answer for all the martyrdom which has ever been inflicted upon the people of God; for "in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints and of all that were slain upon the earth."—Rev. xviii. 24.

It includes paganism and the Papacy, controlling the nations in the interest of her ecclesiastical laws and her errors received from paganism, and also fallen Protestantism, following in the traditions of Rome and grasping for earthly power. This unholy trio composes the great Babylon against which the world is now being warned. But the strongest of these is the Papacy, because it is the most fully organised, and blends its diversified idolatry with the most deceptive and pleasing forms.

WM. COVERT.

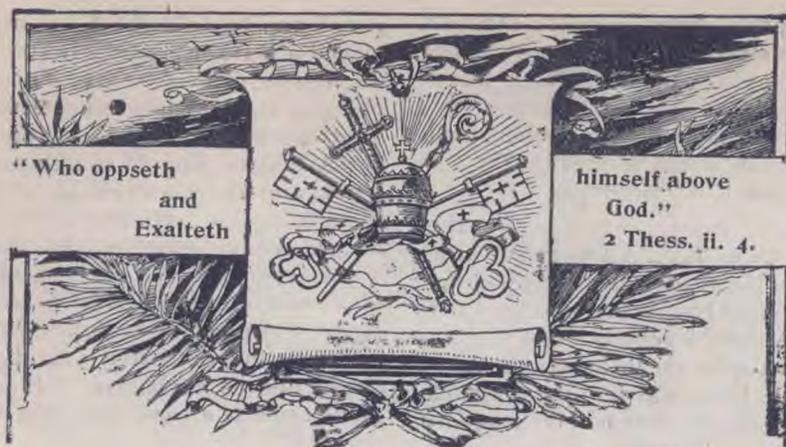
A WARNING EXAMPLE.

THE time of the greatest responsibility for the Jewish people was when Christ was among them. And had they but known it, this was also the time of their greatest privilege and blessing. But they refused every overture of mercy, and rejected the Son of God, and thus made themselves guilty of the greatest of all sins.

Jerusalem was lost because of its obstinate refusal to acknowledge the truth. This the world is doing to-day. Men refuse to see the truth that is plainly revealed in the Word of God. A "Thus saith the Lord" is regarded as of no account, while the words of men are given great authority. And as the inhabitants of Jerusalem were punished, so will those be punished who refuse to receive truth. God would have us realise that by the city of Jerusalem a world is represented. Christ's utterances regarding the destruction of Jerusalem are ever to be connected with the more terrible destruction of the world.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"BE strong in the Lord." Literally, as the Revision gives it in the margin of Eph. vi. 10, it is "Be made strong." All the Lord asks is that we shall be willing to be made strong. He supplies the strength according to His almighty power.



How the Creeds were Made.

ANOTHER HISTORIC WAR OF WORDS BEGUN.

It having been decided that the Virgin Mary was the Mother of God, out of that decision there now arose another question involving the nature of Christ. That question was: How was the Divine nature related to the human so that Mary could truly be called the Mother of God? That is, Did the Divine nature become human? or was the Divine nature only joined to the human? In other words: Were there two natures in Christ? or was there but one?

PROMOTERS OF THE EUTYCHIAN CONTROVERSY.

It was now A.D. 448, and the Eutylian Controversy began. For a clear understanding of the case, it will be best formally to introduce the leading characters.

Theodosius II. was still Emperor of the East; Valentinian III. was Emperor of the West.

Eutyches was the abbot, or superior, of a monastery close to Constantinople. He had been the chief leader of the monks in the contest against Nestorius.

"At his bidding the swarms of monks had thronged into the streets, defied the civil power, terrified the emperor, and contributed more than any other cause, to the final overthrow of Nestorius.—He had grown old in the war against heresy." (Milman.)

Flavianus was now the occupant of the episcopal seat of Constantinople.

Chrysaphius was another eunuch, who had risen to the place of chief minister of Theodosius II., and was also the godson of Eutyches. He hoped to place Eutyches on the episcopal throne of Constantinople.

Dioscorus was now archbishop of Alexandria. In this place it will be sufficient description of him simply to remark that he was a second Cyril, and leave it to the progress of the narrative to reveal him exactly as he was.

Leo I., "the Great," was Bishop of Rome, and regarded Dioscorus as "a prelate adorned with many virtues, and enriched with the gifts of the Holy Ghost."

Eusebius was Bishop of Doryleum, to which post he had been appointed from a civil office. He also had been an early, ardent, and persistent adversary of Nestorius. This Eusebius now stood forth as the accuser of Eutyches.

At a small synod which had been called for another purpose at Constantinople, November 8, A.D. 448, Eusebius presented a written complaint against Eutyches, and asked that it be read. The complaint was to the effect that Eutyches had accused of Nestorianism orthodox teachers—even Eusebius himself.

As for Eusebius himself, he announced that he was ready to prove that Eutyches had "no right to the name of Catholic," and that he was "far from the true faith."

The synod met again, November 12, and Eusebius renewed his complaint, with the addition that by conversations and discussions, Eutyches had misled many others.

Eutyches refused to come to the synod. After a few sessions he sent word that he would give assent to the declarations which he was accused of having denied. Still Eusebius declared that it was for past heresy that he accused him. At last he consented to appear.

At the appointed time, Eutyches came; but he did not come alone. He came accompanied by a messenger of the emperor's privy council, and escorted by a great crowd composed of soldiers and servants of the prætorian prefect, and "a rout of turbulent monks." The emperor's representative bore a letter to the synod, in which the emperor said:—

I wish the peace of the church and the maintenance of the orthodox faith, which was asserted by the Fathers at Nicæa and Ephesus; and because I know that the patrician Florentius is orthodox, and proved in the faith, therefore it is my will that he be present at the sessions of the synod, as the faith is in question.

At this the bishops cried out:—

Many years to the emperor, his faith is great! Many years to the pious, orthodox, high-priestly emperor!

Then the emperor's commissioner took his place, and Eusebius and Eutyches, the

accuser and the accused, placed themselves in the midst. The first thing was to read the proceedings from the beginning up to this point, the vital part of which was the declarations to which they had demanded that Eutyches should give his assent. The reader read the Nicene Creed, and there was no dissent. He read the first of Cyril's letters, yet there was no dissent. He read the decision of the Council of Ephesus, and still there was no dissent. Then he began the second of Cyril's letters.

At this point Eusebius broke in. Seeing the reading was nearly finished with no sign of dissent, he was afraid that Eutyches would actually approve all the declarations, which doubtless he would have done. He therefore interrupted the reading, with the exclamation.

"Certainly such is not confessed by this man here; he has never believed this, but the contrary, and so he has taught every one who has come to him."

Florentius asked that Eutyches might be given a chance to say for himself "whether he agreed with what had been read." To this Eusebius vehemently objected, for the reason, said he, "If Eutyches agrees to it, then I must appear as having been lightly a slanderer, and shall LOSE MY OFFICE!!"

Flavianus and Eusebius, therefore, in order to save themselves from defeat and perhaps deposition, if the matter should come to a general council, determined, if possible, to entrap Eutyches in some statement which they could condemn,

A SPECIMEN OF FIFTH-CENTURY CONTROVERSIALISM.

Questioned by the bishops Flavianus, Florentius, and others, Eutyches accepted the form of statement which they considered opposed to his teaching; but as he found the statement neither in the Scriptures nor the Fathers, he asked to be excused from pronouncing a curse upon the non-acceptance of the question, because he would be cursing the Fathers who knew nothing of it.

All together (springing to their feet).—"Let him be accursed!"

Flavianus.—"What does this man deserve who does not confess the right faith, but persists in his perverseness?"

Eutyches.—"I will now, indeed, accept the required manner of speaking in accordance with the will of the synod, but cannot pronounce the curse."

Florentius.—"Dost thou confess two natures in Christ, and His unity of substance with us?"

Eutyches.—"I read the writings of St. Cyril and St. Athanasius: before the union they speak of two natures, but after the union only of one."

Florentius.—"Dost thou confess two natures even after the union? If not, thou wilt be condemned."

Eutyches.—"Let the writings of Cyril and Athanasius be read."

Basil of Seleucia.—"If thou dost not acknowledge two natures after the union also, then thou acceptest a mingling and confusion."

Florentius.—"He who does not say 'of two natures,' and who does not acknowledge two natures has not the right faith."

All together.—"And he who accepts anything only by compulsion does not believe in it. Long live the emperors!"

Flavianus, announcing the sentence.—"Eutyches a priest and archimandrite, has, by previous statements, and even now by his own confessions, shown himself to be entangled in the perversity of Valentinus and Apollinaris, without allowing himself to be

won back to the genuine dogmas by our exhortation and instruction; therefore we, bewailing his complete perversity, have decreed, for the sake of Christ whom he has reviled, that he be deposed from every priestly office, expelled from our communion, and deprived of his headship over the convent. And all who henceforth hold communion with him, and have recourse to him, must know that they too are liable to the penalty of excommunication."

As in every other dispute, the decree of the Council settled nothing.

As soon as the action of the synod had been announced, Dioscorus, of Alexandria, with all his powers, espoused the cause of Eutyches. Through Chrysaphius the Eunuch, Eutyches was already powerful at court, and added to this the disfavour in which Flavianus was already held by the emperor, the war assumed powerful proportions at the start.

The next step was, of course, for both parties to appeal to the Bishop of Rome. Eutyches felt perfectly safe in appealing to Leo, because he had the words of Julius, former Bishop of Rome, saying, "It must not be said that there are two natures in Christ after their union; for as the body and soul form but one nature in man, so the Divinity and humanity form but one nature in Christ." This being precisely the view of Eutyches, he felt perfectly confident in his appeal to Leo, for he could not suppose that Leo would contradict Julius. He shortly found that such a hope was altogether vain, for Leo took strong ground against him not even waiting for the council to act, thus asserting the authority of the Bishop of Rome over the council.

All hoping to win by a council, pressed the Emperor of the East to call one. But Theodosius, after his experience with the council at Ephesus, dreaded to have anything to do with another one, and sought to ward off another calamity of the kind. But there was no remedy; the thing had to come. Accordingly the two emperors announced that "doubts and controversies" had arisen respecting "the right faith" and appointed a general council to meet at Ephesus, August 1, 449—to decide again what they believed.

SECOND GENERAL COUNCIL OF EPHESUS.

Dioscorus, who presided, sided with Eutyches, and after proceedings were opened covertly announced what was expected of the council. He said:—

"At Nicæa and at Ephesus the true faith has already been proclaimed; but although there have been two synods, the faith is but one." In response to this there were loud shouts from the assembly, "No one dare add anything or take anything away. A great guardian of the faith is Dioscorus. Accursed be he who still discusses the faith; the Holy Ghost speaks by Dioscorus."

Eutyches then explained his faith, handing to the secretary a statement in which he repeated the Nicene Creed, indorsed the acts of the Council of Ephesus and the doctrine of the Holy Father Cyril, and cursed all heretics from Nestorius clear back to Simon Magus, who had been rebuked by the Apostle Peter. He then gave an account of the proceedings against himself. When this had been read, Flavianus demanded that Eusebius should be heard;

but the imperial commissioners stopped him with the statement that they were not called together to judge Eutyches anew, but to judge those who had judged him, and that therefore the only legitimate business of the council was to examine the acts of the Synod of Constantinople.

Accordingly the proceedings of that synod were taken up. All went smoothly enough until the reader came to the point where the synod had demanded of Eutyches that he should acknowledge two natures in Christ after the incarnation. When this was read, there was an uproar against it in the council, as there had been against the statement of Eutyches in the synod, only the uproar here was as much greater than there, as the council was greater than the synod. The council cried with one voice, "Away with Eusebius! banish Eusebius! let him be burned alive! As he cuts asunder the two natures in Christ, so be he cut asunder!"

Dioscorus asked: "Is the doctrine that there are two natures after the incarnation to be tolerated?" Aloud the council replied: "Accursed be he who says so." Again Dioscorus cried: "I have your voices I must have your hands. He that cannot cry loud enough to be heard, let him lift up his hands." Then with uplifted hands the council unanimously bellowed: "Whoever admits the two natures, let him be accursed; let him be driven out, torn in pieces, massacred."

Eutyches was then unanimously pronounced orthodox and declared restored to the communion of the church, to the government of his monastery, and to all his former privileges.

SECURING "UNITY" WITH THE HELP OF TROOPS.

DIOSCORUS having everything in his own power, now determined to visit vengeance upon the Archbishop of Constantinople. Under the pretence that it was for the instruction of his colleagues, he directed that the acts of the previous Council of Ephesus concerning the Nicene Creed, etc., should be read. As soon as the reading was finished, he said:—

"You have now heard that the first Synod of Ephesus threatens every one who teaches otherwise than the Nicene Creed, or makes alterations in it, and raises new or further questions. Every one must now give his opinion in writing as to whether those who, in their theological inquiries, go beyond the Nicene Creed, are to be punished or not."

This was aimed directly at Flavianus and Eusebius, as they had expressed the wish that the expression "two natures" might be inserted in the Nicene Creed. To the statement of Dioscorus, several bishops responded at once: "Whoever goes beyond the Nicene Creed is not to be received as a Catholic." Then Dioscorus pronounced the deposition of Flavianus and Dioscorus.

Flavianus replied: "I except against

you," and to take time by the forelock placed a written appeal in the hands of the legates of Leo. Several of the friends of Flavianus left their seats, and prostrating themselves before the throne of Dioscorus, begged him not to inflict such a sentence, and above all that he would not ask them to sign it. He replied, "Though my tongue were to be cut out, I would not alter a single syllable of it." Trembling for their own fate if they should refuse to subscribe, the pleading bishops now embraced his knees, and entreated him to spare them; but he angrily exclaimed: "What! do you think to raise a tumult? Where are the counts?"

At this the counts ordered the doors to be thrown open, and the proconsul of Asia entered with a strong body of armed troops, followed by a confused multitude of furious monks, armed with chains, and clubs, and stones. Then there was a general scramble of the "holy bishops" to find a refuge. Some took shelter behind the throne of Dioscorus, others crawled under the benches—all concealed themselves as best they could. Dioscorus declared: "The sentence must be signed. If anyone objects to it, let him take care; for it is with me he has to deal." The bishops, when they found that they were not to be massacred at once, crept out from under the benches and from other places of concealment, and returned trembling to their seats.

PEACE IS DECLARED RESTORED.

Then Dioscorus took a blank paper, and accompanied by the Bishop of Jerusalem, and attended by an armed guard, passed through the assembly and had each bishop in succession to sign it. All signed but the legates of the Bishop of Rome. Then the blank was filled up by Dioscorus with a charge of heresy against Flavianus, and with the sentence which he had just pronounced upon Flavianus and Eusebius.

When the sentence was written, Flavianus again said: "I except against you;" upon which Dioscorus with some other bishops rushed upon him, and with Barsumas crying out, "Strike him! strike him dead!" they beat him and banged him about, and then threw him down and kicked him and tramped upon him until he was nearly dead; then sent him off immediately to prison, and the next morning ordered him into exile. At the end of the second day's journey he died of the ill usage he had received in the council.

All these proceedings, up to the murder of Flavianus, were carried out on the first day. The council continued three days longer, during which Dioscorus secured the condemnation and deposition of Domnus of Antioch, and several other principal bishops, although they had signed his blank paper, for having formerly opposed Cyril and Eutyches. He then put an end to the council, and returned to Alexandria.

The Emperor Theodosius, whom Leo Bishop of Rome had praised as having the heart of a priest, issued an edict in which he approved and confirmed the decrees of

the council and commanded that all the bishops of the empire should immediately subscribe to the Nicene Creed.

As the doctrine which the council had established was contrary to that which Leo had published in his letter, he denounced the Council as a "synod of robbers," refused to recognise it at all, and called for another general council. But in every respect this council was just as legitimate and orthodox as any other one that had been held from the Council of Nice to that day. It was regularly called; it was regularly opened; *the proceedings were all perfectly regular*; and when it was over, the proceedings were regularly approved and confirmed by the imperial authority. In short, there is no element lacking to make the second Council of Ephesus as thoroughly regular and orthodox as the first Council of Ephesus, which is held by the Church of Rome to be entirely orthodox, or even as orthodox as the Council of Nice itself.

A. T. JONES.

THE TRUE REFORMATION SPIRIT.

WRITING of Martin Luther, and the mighty reformation of which he was the instrument through his preaching of the truth that "the just shall live by faith," Prof. Adolf Harnack, of Berlin, says:—

But we must not forget that it was four hundred years ago when Luther taught. The convenient belief that he thought out everything for us, and that we can rest on his teaching, is a foolish one. The greatest hero is always only a *finisher* for the past; as regards the future he is but a *beginner*. He who does not understand Luther so that he learns from him the spirit with which to solve new problems and lessons, and so that he endeavours to continue the Reformer's work, understands him falsely. The prophets have been given to us, not that we should build their graves, but that we should inflame our hearts through their faith and their courage.

And the same is true of every reformer. The best of men are fallible; therefore he who copies any man, is sure to fall into error. Luther was a reformer only as he preached the Word. The true followers of the reformers are those who are loyal to that Word, even though it lead them as far in advance of the reformers as the reformers were in advance of the mass of men in their day.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

WE are living in an age when the law of God is made void. The faith once delivered to the saints is lost sight of, and error is substituted for the Word of God. The great sacrifice made by the world's Redeemer, and the claims of God upon humanity, are not appreciated.

Christ is the Light of the world; the Sun of Righteousness. The world was made by Him; but when He came unto His own, they knew Him not. The darkness of their sinful hearts could not comprehend the blessedness of the light from above. But to His true followers Christ says, "Ye are the light of the world." Through them light from Him has shone to humanity.

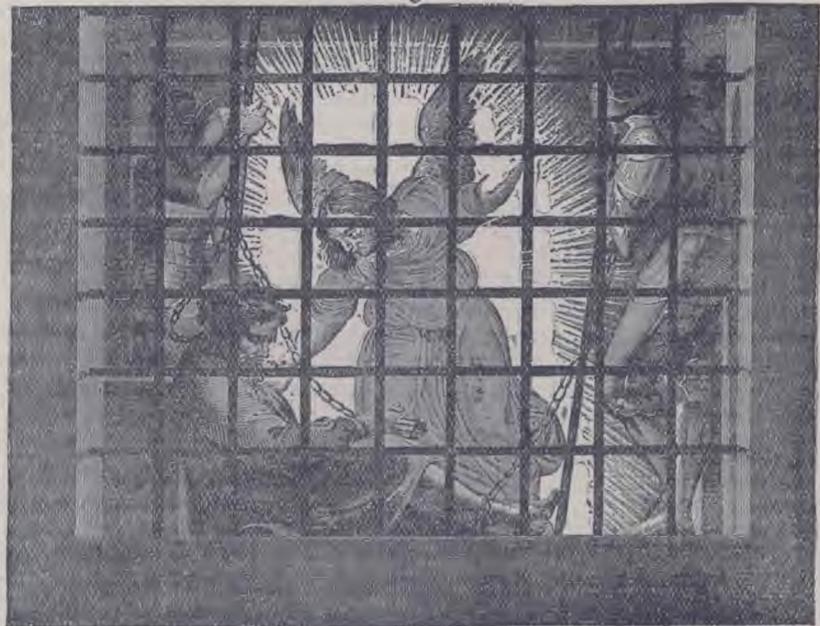
In all ages the Lord has had a people who, while holding communion with God, have by word and character called the attention of their fellow-men to the grand themes that are of eternal interest to humanity. Saints and martyrs of former ages, and the disciples who were privileged to hear the lessons from the lips of Jesus, were holy and self-denying. They were beloved and honoured of God above many who in our day profess to be disciples of Christ and teachers of the people,—not because God is a respecter of persons; not because a clearer, brighter light shone upon them, but because they steadfastly believed the truth, and practised it in the daily life.

These men faithfully improved their talents, and God registered them among His profitable servants. They were acknowledged and honoured by God because they

of our day to occupy the position of our fathers, to do as they did, and stop there. In order for us to be blessed as were our fathers, we must improve our increased light as they improved theirs. We are to act as our fathers would have done had they lived in our day, and been blessed with the privileges granted to us.

FOLLOWING CHRIST ON THE HIGHWAY.

Every soul is responsible for the talents entrusted to him: and in order for each to meet his individual responsibility, he must advance step by step as Christ leads the way. He must stand on the high and holy ground which the progress of continually revealed truth has for ages and centuries been preparing for him. Accumulated light from Christ now shines amid the moral darkness of superstition and heresies that are flooding the world, and Christ's followers are to come



HOW GOD DELIVERED A DISCIPLE WHO FOLLOWED THE LIGHT.

were faithful to the light which shone upon them. To those around them they reflected that light received from the Light of the world. By their close connection with heaven, their pure and holy conversation, they became channels of light and blessing to the world. They walked humbly with their God, rejoicing, not in the favour and praise of men, but in the light of truth.

PRESENT LIGHT AND PRESENT DUTY.

For this time light is shining from the throne of God upon His people, and He sends His messengers to give that light to the world. All the light given in different ages to the children of men—in promises, in prophecies, in warnings, and example—all has been handed down to this generation by Him in whom are hid "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." But from this source new light is constantly received by the Christian. To those who will not see the light, who refuse to walk in the path it reveals, the light becomes darkness.

To those who accept every ray of light the Lord sends light in ever-increasing brightness. It is impossible for Christians

behind in no good thing, but to possess and reveal to the world, in character and in works, that light which is appropriate for the age in which we live.

The path of holiness does not lie on a level with the world. It is "cast up;" and whosoever will look up from the sordid, unsatisfying things of this life, and seek diligently the Way, the Truth, and the Life, determined to follow Jesus, bearing His cross, will have the happiness of walking in this path, filled with the joy and rejoicing of the just. To those who follow this path, who walk in the way of God's commandments, it will be as a "shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Our first work must be personal. The heart must be cleansed from every defilement, and sanctified by the truth. The love of Christ must burn upon the altar of the soul. Then and then only, can we commend to others the things which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life. And

when we have done all in our power to dispel the darkness of error and doubt, of unbelief, and infidelity, in the world, we must trust in God to do the rest. We must leave the issue in God's hands, nor allow our interest and love to grow cold because iniquity abounds.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THEORY AGAINST FACT.

EXPLAINING the ecclesiastical fiction of baptismal regeneration, Cannon Hammond says:—

Starting from the recognition, that every child—not certain unfortunates—has a bias to sin, the first step taken in the formation of the Christian life is Holy Baptism, which confers on the child nothing short of a new birth. Recognising that the child is by nature born in sin, it is hereby made the child of grace. The taint of heredity is removed. . . . Here is a Boanerges, a son of Thunder, who might have grown up cruel, intolerant, revengeful; his power of being deeply stirred is turned into a right resentment and judicial discipline. Here is one naturally soft and easy, he might have been a libertine; answering to grace of Baptism, he has become a tender and loving saint. Here is a man who might have been a Judas, he is a skilful banker in the kingdom of God.

Now, Canon Hammond, not as a theologian, but as a sensible man, must know that the facts altogether prove this theory false. He will find that most of the criminals in England have been sprinkled and christened as babes.

DO YOU THINK IT? OR DO YOU KNOW IT?

HOW often we read, with reference to something pertaining to the Bible and religion, "Dr.—thinks that this is," &c.; and what the doctor *thinks* is by many considered as final, until he "thinks" again, or until somebody else "thinks" something else.

"Then you would have us ignore the opinions and ideas of other men, and each one simply follow his own thoughts?"—Not by any means; our own thoughts are no better than other people's, and often not so good. I would have you follow, not what you or anybody else *thinks*, but what you *know*. When you absolutely know a certain thing, you accept it, not on anybody's authority, but for its own sake. Then you are sure of where you stand.

"Ah, but what conceit for a man to assume that he *knows* the truth, in a case where more learned men confess their ignorance!"—Yes, indeed it is, if you *assume* that you know the truth. Don't assume anything; and when you are not sure that you know, don't be ashamed to say that you don't know. But what is there strange in a person's knowing what the Lord tells him, and being sure that he knows it? In such a case it is sin not to know. Jesus says, "If ye continue in my word, . . . ye shall *know* the truth." The word of God is sure; and whoever believes it may be sure.

—London Present Truth.

THE CLOUDLESS MORN.

WHILE twilight gilds with gold the cloudless morn,
On eastern sky an artist's hands, unseen,
The brightening dome with richest tints adorn,
While sparkling dewdrops bright, o'er fields of green,

Respond to lights above in silver sheen:
Sweet blithesome birds sing out their welcome lay,
O'er smiling glen and vernal glade serene;
The lovely flowers a fragrant tribute pay;
All nature joins in greetings to returning day.

But there is yet a morn with fairer skies,
No gathering clouds can e'er obscure its light;
In noontide splendour shall its sun arise,
And shine o'er smiling land that knows no night,

Whose fragrance more than Ceylon's isle invites
To fields where roses bloom in every glade,
And hills where springs gush forth in glad delight.

No blight nor wintry blasts that land invade,
Through endless day the morning grandeur ne'er shall fade.

O blissful, cloudless morn, I long for thee,
Thy dawn shall dissipate the darkest gloom,
Thy golden beams bring immortality,
The thunder of Thy trump unbolt the tomb,
Then joy shall banish cares, all tears consume
The morning star hangs high in azure dome,
O'er eastern sky soon will appear thy bloom;
And though in exile o'er earth's plains I roam,
My joy becomes ecstatic, for I'm almost home.

JONATHAN SPENCE.

DRIFTING.

A CERTAIN ship's crew in mid-ocean beheld a vessel drifting in the distance without masts and without helm. Steering toward it, they shouted,

"Whither bound?"

Faintly the answer came, "No-whither."

"Where are your masts and sails?"

"We need none."

"Where are your charts, your compass, your chronometer?"

"We have none, we need none."

"Why do you not need them?"

"Oh, we don't know which way to steer, and so one port is as good as another to us, or no port at all, for that matter."

"Surely they are mad!" cries the captain as he sails away.

Out on the sea of mortality, is that your bark without sails, or rudder, or compass, or destined end in view?

Do something. Do the best you can. Anything but aimless drifting. Steer toward goodness, spread your sails to catch the winds of opportunity, and press for the port of Heaven.—S. S. Classmate.

LIFELESS FORMS.

A WRITER in the *spectator* comments on the power of ritual to hold people to the forms of religious service. One who knows India intimately says, for example:—

A Brahmin who has lost all faith in the supernatural, will yet stand neck-deep in the Ganges water twice a day, going through an elaborate ceremonial, not that his neighbours may see, but because it is his habit.

One need not come to India to see the same truth illustrated. A great mass of professors make of Christianity but a round of ritual, having no idea that the religion

of Christ is a life of right doing. There is the habit of church-going, the habit of performing this or that religious ceremony, and as a door swings upon its hinges, they follow the forms which training and habit have made a part of their lives, without ever giving intelligent earnest thought as to whether they really mean anything by it, or whether there is any actual life and power in the service.

"THY WORD IS A LAMP."

THE Bible is compared with a number of practical everyday things in order that we may understand its importance and use. It is a Hammer to break us, a Fire to purify us, a Sword to pierce us, and a Lamp to guide us. As there are different uses for the lamp, so the Bible is manifold in its light and blessing.

THE BIBLE IS LIKE—

1. A Policeman's Lamp
With a Search Light—Ps. cxix. 139.
2. A Guard's Lamp
With a Signal Light—Ps. xix. 11.
3. A Watchman's Lamp
With a Protecting Light—Ps. cxix. 11.
4. A Traveller's Lamp
With a Guiding Light—Ps. cxix. 105.
5. A Miner's Lamp
With a Safety Light—Prov. vi. 23.
6. A Home Lamp
With a Useful Light—Prov. xiii. 9.

The Search Light touches our conscience, and shows us our sin. The Signal Light touches our souls, and shows us our danger. The Protecting Light touches our hearts, and shows us our safety. The Guiding Light touches our path, and shows us our way. The Safety Light touches our life, and shows us its value. The Useful Light touches our service, and shows us its power.

HE EVER LIVETH.

LUTHER was once found, at a moment of peril and fear, when he had need to grasp unseen strength, sitting in an abstracted mood, tracing on the table with his finger the words, "Vivit! vivit!"—"He lives! He lives!" It is our hope for ourselves, and for His truth, and for mankind. Men come and go; leaders, teachers, thinkers, speak and work for a season, and then fall silent and impotent. He abides. They die, but He lives. They are lights kindled, and therefore sooner or later quenched, but He is the true light from which they draw all their brightness, and He shines for evermore. Other men are left behind, and as the world glides forward, are wrapped in ever thickening folds of oblivion, through which they shine feebly for a little while, like lamps in a fog, and then are muffled in invisibility. We honour other names, and the coming generations will forget them, but "His name shall endure for ever, His name shall continue as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed."—Alex. Maclaren.



God's Voice upon the Waters.

THE WIDE, WIDE SEA.

O boundless, trackless, restless sea,
Far, far below where breakers roar,
Where lies the wondrous mystery
Of all thy wealth—a boundless store—
Is there no calm, no peaceful tide,
Below thy foaming crest of pride?

O boundless, trackless, restless sea,
Where are the faithful tested brave—
The life-boat heroes strong and free,
Who lived the broken wrecks to save?
How oft have mortals left this shore,
To perish 'mid the tempest's roar?

O boundless, trackless, restless sea,
Speak from the bosom of the deep,
And tell of broken ties that be,
That broken hearts may cease to weep.
Why hold the mariner a slave
Within a cold, unyielding grave?

O boundless, trackless, restless sea,
Boundless by man, but bound by God,
Who spake and thus commanded thee,
"Thus far;" now not a single rod
Is thine to roam against His will;
Thou shalt His firm decree fulfil.

O boundless, trackless, restless sea
A little while when time has fled,
The voice of God shall say to thee,
"O troubled sea, give up thy dead."
Then shall all souls that in thee sleep,
Rise from the bosom of the deep.

HARRY ARMSTRONG.

IN HIS HAND.

NOTHING else gives one the sense of vastness as the sea. On the deck of a ship, with nothing in sight save the rolling, heaving, billows, coming in from—where?—rolling on—whither?—One can understand why God so often refers to the sea to teach His infinite power. When He has so impressed us with the vastness of the deep, He tells us He has "measured the waters in the hollow of His Hand." The voyager is always within the Hand that bears all nature up. The sense of loneliness that comes over the traveller looking out over the waters, is banished by the loving Father's reminder that the whole wide sea is held in the palm of the Hand that was pierced for us.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

WHEN the Psalmist calls to praise because the Lord is coming, "for He cometh to judge the earth," he said, "Let the sea roar; and the fulness thereof." The sea sings the praise of God day and night. One who has listened to the music of the sea has written:—

I was born by the sea. I was brought up by the sea. A mile or two inland, in the dead of night, when all else was quiet, I used to hear the sea singing a lullaby to the fisher children on the shore beneath the moon and all her family of stars.

Some people call the great world God's cathedral. Well, one of its organs is the sea. Oh, it is a great organ, the sea! It can play as sweet and soft as a flute. But it can also roar and thunder to terrify the bravest.

It is awful to hear the sea rolling in like mountains upon a shore of rocks and caves, and rousing echoes that are heard far inland as if many giants were roaring into many tuns. I suppose it is very silent at the bottom of the sea. The fishes and the shells may know nothing of all the concert amid which they live. But we can hear it, though we can hardly tell the words it sings. We can hear its music, so strange, mysterious, magical, and mighty.

There are some hearts it can speak to, and they know what it says. They listen, and they are soothed; or they listen, and they feel something like rapture; or as they listen they feel something like terror, but always they love as they listen to the many sounds and the one great voice.

For the sounds are many that make the music of the sea. It may seem to you one great sound, but it is made up of many. As you lie by the sea on a breezy day, you see the little white waves out there like sheep in a green field, or like cloudlets in the sky. Each one of them is making a little whisper as it runs along and breaks; and the sum of all their whispers must be something considerable, like the singing of a forest of little birds.

Then there is the sound of every wave that tumbles on the shingle or the sand.

Then there is the rush of it as it runs along the beach. Then there is the hiss of it as it draws back. And there is the rattle of the pebbles one upon another which it carries back with it. Then there is the little clash as it meets another upcoming wave, and the pebbles are driven up again.

Then there must be the sound of the tidal wave as it rises for hours and sinks for hours away. Then, streams are flowing with their own sound into the sea, or falling over cliffs with a trickle, or a splash, or a thud. Then children are paddling and splashing on the edge, and bathers are shouting and calling to each other. And you can hear the thump, thump of the steamer a mile off, and you can catch the creaking of the oars in that row-boat.

And the ship yonder with all her sail set is hissing through the water, while her cordage creaks, and her mate shouts to the wheel, and the cabin-boy is squabbling with the captain's dog. And the winds are piping in many keys, and the sea birds are shrieking with wild, swift joy. And all these things are many sounds, which, perhaps, you do not separately hear, but they make up the one mysterious voice and music of the sea—a voice as rich and a music as unfathomable as the great ocean deeps themselves.

THE MAN WHO MARS.

THIS evening, while walking home from the office, we saw a little curly-headed boy, about nine years old, standing in an alleyway, between two old carts, crying bitterly. No one was near him. He was sobbing as though his heart was tortured with grief.

"What is the matter, little fellow?"

"Please—please—please, sir, I don't want to tell!"

"Why not?"

"I'm—I'm ashamed to."

"Ashamed to? It can't be that a little fellow with such a good face as yours has done something you are ashamed of."

"It's my father, sir. He scolds me all the time. He does not love me, and always speaks cross to me. The boy who lives next door is never scolded by his father, and he's no bigger than I am, and no better than I try to be."

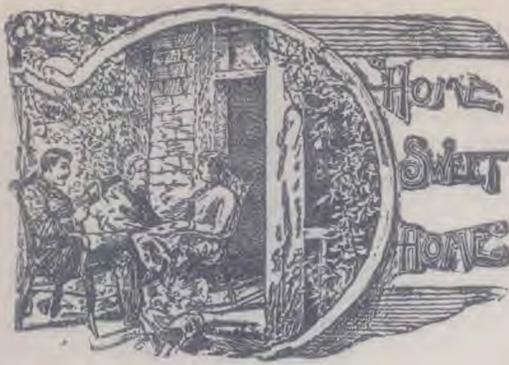
"What does your mother say?"

"She is good to me, but father scolds her, too. He doesn't love any of us, and I'm ashamed to live. Indeed I am, sir."

The world is only too full of such children and such fathers. Men who mar the beautiful!—*Selected.*

RICHARD BAXTER'S RULE.

"MY rule has been to study to need as little as possible for myself; to lay out nothing on need notes; to live frugally on little; to serve God on what He allowed me, so that what I took for myself might be as good, and work for the common good, as that which I gave to others, and then to do all the good I could with the rest."



"TO-MORROW" AND "OH, WAIT."

That loving word for which a heart is breaking
Must needs be spoken now;
That kind caress for which a soul is waking
With throbbing brow
Should fall in tenderness; that deed
To ease a desperate strait of woe or need
Should now be done, or it will come too late.
What voice invites delay, crying, "Oh, wait,"
To hinder thee from ministry to sorrow,—
Crying, "Oh, wait," and yet again, "To-morrow"?

That fair resolve should have a swift fulfilling,
Or it will waste.
Lo! sin that comes so bright to make thee willing,
Comes on in haste;
For evil has no urgent voice to say,
"Wait," and "to-morrow;" nay, it says, "To-day."
Why yield to evil, then, and good belate,
Harkening to siren singing, "Wait, oh, wait,"
Like bankrupt men who from some lender borrow,
And promise pay or penalty to-morrow?

That prayer in silence in a sweet communion,
Strengthening within,
Shall knit thy soul in so divine a union
Thou shalt not sin.
Then wilt thou dally, hesitating, slow,
Till the fair angels, disappointed, go;
While thou shalt heed a voice of bitter fate,—
"To-morrow, pray, but for to-day, oh, wait?"
O sophistry of hell, that works but sorrow!
He does no good who waits a coming morrow.

The word of God, unopened, lieth there
Beside thy hand,
There waits a thought within to ease thy care,
And make thee stand;
Some word for weary, laden soul, may be,
Waiteth to pour its gold of love through thee.
Aside wilt turn, and leave the gold for dross,
Heeding the whisper, "Wait," and know but
loss?

Oh, how the memory of neglect will harrow
The soul who finds at last there is no morrow!
O devilish chains—"to-morrow" and "oh, wait!"
They bind by stealth,
Knitting in habit bands as strong as fate
To wheels of death.
Some day the heavens will be as parted scroll,
And thou shalt see, perchance, a ruined soul,
Lost from an uninherited estate,
Cheated by words "to-morrow" and "oh, wait."
God grant it be not mine nor thine, this sorrow,
To reap the harvest of a lost to-morrow.

Nay, let these words arouse to better things!
Repent; return;
Redeem the time as one who taketh wings;
And pray and yearn;
Lavish thy love; pray as thou hast not prayed;
Fill up the measure empty and delayed;
And claim thy heritage and thy estate,
Spurning the voice "to-morrow" and "oh, wait;"
So shall the future hold for thee no sorrow,
Sowing to-day what thou shalt reap to-morrow.

HOPE ONSLOW.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

"ONE OF THE STEWARDESSES."

THERE were two women travelling alone, and it was their first voyage across the Atlantic. The passage was stormy, and seasickness and fear caused them to cling desperately, as to their only friend, to the little stewardess who nursed them.

She was a gentle Scotch woman, past middle age, and being lonely, too, in the huge, noisy steamer, her tongue was loosened by their kindness. They very soon knew all about the sweater's shop for which she had worked for twenty years in Glasgow, and how some wonderful good luck had brought her the chance of this place, and how, if she could keep it for two years longer, she would have saved enough to go back to her old mother in Peebles, and live on their cotter's patch in peace to the end of their days.

"She is hoping for it, too. It will be a great comfort," she said, ending her story, her grave eyes shining. "I will bring your tea now."

But a strange woman brought the tea.

"Where is Jean?" they asked impatiently.

"The chief steward has ordered her to another part of the ship," was the reply. "Two passengers are ill, and she is to nurse them."

"They cannot need her as much as we do!" the passengers grumbled; but Jean did not come again.

On her way for the tea the head steward had met her. "Two women" he said, "are seized with what the doctor hopes is only measles. They must be isolated with one stewardess to attend them. I have chosen you. Get what is necessary and come at once."

"Must I go?" Jean faltered.

"You are single, and the other women have children depending on them. The disease may be malignant." The man hesitated, looking at her.

"I can't force you to do it," he said, gently, "but somebody must go."

Jean stood a minute. She saw the old mother at the door of the little cottage. So many years she had worked for her—

"Yes, I will go," she said quietly.

A few minutes later she passed into the hospital room, carrying a bundle, and the heavy oak door closed behind her.

The fact that two patients were isolated was kept secret in the ship, in order that the passengers should not be alarmed. They recovered sufficiently before the vessel reached port for her to escape quarantine.

"There were no other patients?" the examining physician demanded.

"But one," replied the captain. "Their nurse. She was not strong, and succumbed at once."

"You are fortunate, I can pass you."

Days before the ship reached harbour,

a plain wooden box was brought on deck one evening, and after a brief, hurried service, slid into the sea.

"Who is dead?" asked a startled passenger.

"Only one of the stewardesses," was the reply.

The world loses every day nameless heroes who die for duty with as high purpose as any who perished in the flames of Smithfield. God alone keeps their names and record.—*Selected.*

OPPORTUNITIES.

THE Bible tells us we should be redeeming the time. The Revision renders it "buying up the opportunity." The opportunity slips by so swiftly we must watch for it constantly. The story goes:—

In one of the Grecian cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now; but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it; and as we read the words we can discover the lesson which those old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveller and the statue:—

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed, I cannot be caught."

IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

IT was a cold winter evening, and they were all tired—father, mother, and two little ones. They had just arrived at a large railway junction, and had many hours to ride before reaching their destination, with a tedious wait after the transfer was made from one station to another.

A long distance had to be traversed along a crowded platform, through the gates and the big station, and across another long platform, before their hack was reached. The little mother carried the baby in her arms, while at her side, clinging with one chubby hand to her skirts, trudged a child about two years old. As they passed through the gates, the little fellow stumbled and fell. The father was a distance ahead, and did not notice the accident. The mother

stopped, and with reassuring words tried to encourage the little man to rise to his feet again, but aside from this she was powerless to assist him.

Just then a pleasant-faced young woman stepped forward; and to the weary mother her voice seemed like that of an angel as she gently asked, "Mayn't I help the dear little one? Do you suppose he will let me carry him?" Unresisting, he was lifted into her strong young arms. When he was finally placed by his mother's side in the carriage, she noticed for the first time that the young woman wore a little badge pinned on her breast; but before she could determine the exact nature of it, or half express her appreciation of the assistance given, wearer and badge had disappeared in the crowd.

The cold ride was scarcely noticed, so warm was the glow that had been kindled in that mother's heart. The aching arms seemed not so tired, nor the little babe so restless, nor the wait in the station so tedious, all because of the cheerful words and assistance given by the kind-hearted young woman. Whatever the order to which she belonged, there is no doubt that she was following in the steps of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," and His blessing must surely accompany her.

ELIZABETH M. PATTON.

EXAMPLE THE TEACHER.

WE teach our children more by our example than by word. As we deal with them in gentleness and patience and firmness so will they learn patience and kindness and firmness for the right. An educational journal prints a conversation which illustrates the point.

"A mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son. From being rough, noisy, and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that the change was somehow due to his teacher's instruction.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite?" she remarked, in a tone of interrogation.

"No," said the boy, "she never says a word about it."

"The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupils lessons in good breeding.

"Well, then," the mother asked, finally, "if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?"

"She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She just walks about, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—as anything."

That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.

THE SEVENFOLD SUNSHINE.

IT had been raining all the day. Aunt Ruth had exhausted all her treasure-house of stories, and the children were on the verge of complaining, when suddenly, through a splendid cloud rift, shone forth the cheering rays of the setting sun.

The rain was still falling, like a shower of gold lit up by the mellow sunlight, when the children followed Aunt Ruth to the east verandah, that they might look at the magnificent rainbow which arched the sky, spanning a beautiful valley with its blended colour.

The children gazed with awe, while Aunt Ruth murmured, "The bow of the covenant; praise God!" Edith crept to auntie, and whispered: "O Aunt Ruth, could the rainbow about God's throne be more beautiful than this?"

"Children, I had purposed giving you a lesson on colour, and here it is, painted on the sky in hues of heavenly light. Walter, take your pencil and write down the colours of that arch while Edith names them in order.

"I can hardly tell where it begins," said Edith, "but I think the first faint tint is green. The next, I'm sure, is yellow, then orange, red, purple, indigo, blue, and violet-blue, and then green again, and I see a tint of yellow beyond."

"Right, Edith. Have you noted them, Walter?"

"Yes, aunt, and I can see every one of those tints in that second arch above the rainbow, which looks like its shadow."

"That is reflected colour. Now, children, come in. The beauty is fading, and I want to make use of the sunshine before it is all gone. I think you understand the rudiments of colour, but I will ask Edith to tell us what are the three primary colours, from which all colour has its origin."

"The three primary colours are red, yellow, and blue," answered Edith precisely.

"And, Walter, what are the secondary colours, which are made by combining these three?"

"The secondary colours are orange, green, and purple," answered Walter quickly.

"That is right. Red and yellow combined make what?"

"Orange."

"Yellow and blue?"

"Green."

"Blue and red?"

"Purple," chorused the children.

"Now we have six colours, and the seventh is the deeper blue, or indigo. Now, Walter, look at your memoranda, and tell me how, the primary and secondary colours are arranged, and what relation they bear to each other."

Walter scrutinized his tablet with an expression of shrewd philosophical inspection that made Aunt Ruth smile, and declared:

"I find that the primary and secondary colours alternate, with one exception,—the two blues."

"Now, Edith, dear, tell me what relation the secondary colours bear to the primary colours on either side of them."

"O Aunt Ruth, they are the very colours that make them. There is the orange between the yellow and red, and the purple between the red and blue, and there is the green between the blue and yellow."

"Yes, Edith, you have found it. Did you not notice in the beautiful bow how the primary colours seemed to overlap one another, and produce those delicate half-tone shades of the secondary colours between?"

"Now, children, I think that you know that that exquisite bow of seven colours was in some wonderful way born of the sunshine and the sun shower, but how can the sun shining through the rain produce those seven colours on the sky?"

"O auntie, I would so like to know," cried Edith.

"I will show you, dear, as well as I can, but we must hasten if we have a sunshine lesson. Here is a piece of glass with three plane sides, or surfaces, and two ends. This is a prism, and because of its three faces and three-cornered ends, it is called a triangular prism. This will analyze the sunshine for us."



A PRISM.

As she spoke, Aunt Ruth held the glass prism in the window; and as the level rays of the setting sun touched the sharp edge of the crystal prism, a broad fan-like expansion of seven beautiful colour-rays was produced on the shadow side. The children burst into ecstatic "oh's" at the splendid sight.

"There," said Aunt Ruth, "is the analysis of the sunshine. Though it looks only golden to our sight, these are the colours that compose it. You see the glass prism breaks each sun-ray up into its seven colours, and scatters them in widely divergent lines or directions. Name them, and see if they are the same as we found in the rainbow."

"Green, yellow, orange, red, purple, indigo, violet," the children replied.

"Now the little rain-drops, like this crystal prism, break the sunbeams into their seven colours, and cast that beautiful reflection on the sky."

But, Aunt Ruth, a rain-drop is not a triangular prism. It is a globe, a sphere," objected Walter.

"Neither is its reflection a fan of colour-rays, but a sphere, is it not, Walter?"

"Only a hemisphere, aunt. It is only half a circle."

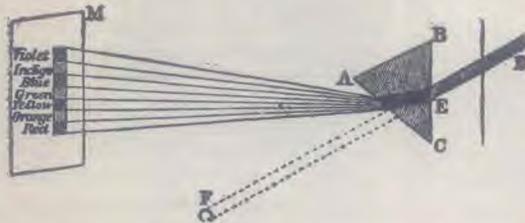
"No, Walter, it is a complete circle, if we could see it on the ground as we do in the sky. On a bright, sunny day, a circle of the rainbow can be seen in the falling spray of some waterfalls. You can make the rainbow with the spray pump any bright morning or evening."

"I do not yet understand how those colours are thrown on to the sky in a great arch like the rainbow," said Walter, with an unsatisfied gesture.

"Walter, have you ever seen the engine of a locomotive come into the station on a foggy or dark night? Have you noticed what a widely spread shaft of light expands from the concave lens of the bull's-eye head-light? Can you not see that if that light were powerful enough to reach to the clouds, what a vast circle of light it would make? You have seen what a large circle of light the small lens of the magic lantern, or stereopticon, throws on the curtain; and the farther away you remove the lantern, the larger and dimmer the circle becomes."

"O Aunt Ruth, I begin to see," smiled Walter.

"Now imagine one rain-drop suspended in air. It is a double convex lens of great refracting power. As the sun-rays enter the convex side, they are all gathered to a focus in the centre of the drop, from which they are scattered, by the concave lens of the opposite side, in every direction within a half circle, in widely spreading lines, which continue to expand and widen, fan-like, in



THE COLOURS OF LIGHT SEEN THROUGH A PRISM.

every direction, till they reach the reflector, the clouds, where the reflection is seen as a circle of light. And not only is the bundle of sun-rays focused and scattered, but each individual ray is broken up, or separated, into its seven colours. Hence their reflection on the sky. Of course one rain-drop would not produce a reflection that we could detect at so great a distance; but when many of them are falling, each producing exactly the same reflection at nearly the same distance, the millionfold reflection becomes clear and distinct. Is that more clear to you now, Walter?"

"Yes, indeed, aunt. I have seen that bright focal spot in the centre of a large glass marble, but I did not understand what a double-acting lens a crystal globe is before. Thank you for explaining it to us."

"O Aunt Ruth, it is all so wonderful!" cried Edith. "I will never forget what we have seen and learned this day."

"God grant it, my child. And remember that if you will open your heart to the sunlight of God's love, you will find that the light of the Sun of Righteousness is sevenfold

also, and that you may be, like the pure, clear rain-drops, not only a receiver but a reflector of the glory of God, which is his glorious sevenfold character. I will leave you with this thought. Good night, and God bless you."

RUTH GARDENER.



GUILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me home at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan.

BERNARD PALISSY, THE HUGUE- NOT POTTER.

IN a quiet little town in the south of France, more than three hundred and fifty years ago, was passed the early life of Bernard Palissy. His parents were poor, and he had no school advantages; but he was a bright, active boy, and by some means he learned to read and write, and also to paint portraits on glass, and to measure land.

When a youth he left his home, and after travelling through different parts of France he settled in the town of Saintes. Here he advertised himself as a painter and land-surveyor, but obtained little employment, and remained very poor.

One day he chanced to see some specimens of ancient pottery, among which was an enameled cup of great beauty. He looked at it with admiration. No man in France could make the enamel to which that cup owed its beauty. Palissy knew nothing of pottery, but he determined to discover the secret of the wonderful enamel.

He immediately began to make experiments, and for seven long years continued his efforts, in the midst of privation, hardships, and repeated failures. At length he succeeded in producing the enamel, and, after eight years more, he established a pottery which became famous throughout France.

From childhood, Palissy had studied the beautiful things of the woods and fields, and now he delighted in reproducing leaves and flowers, birds, butterflies, and even reptiles, in all their brightness of colour and elegance of form. His work was highly prized, and he was often employed by the

nobility in making various ornaments for the decoration of their palaces.

Palissy was a Protestant, in France called a Huguenot. He loved the word of God, and endeavoured to obey its teachings. An inn-keeper named Victor was also a Protestant, and the two friends met every week to study the Scriptures together. After a while they invited their neighbours to join them, and many gladly listened to the message of divine truth.

But they were not long to enjoy these privileges. A new king, Francis II., had ascended the throne, and one of his first edicts commanded that all should be burned at the stake who would not give up their precious Bibles and return to the Catholic church. Palissy continued to preach, and openly to declare himself a Protestant, but for a time his genius secured him from persecution. Finally he was arrested and committed to prison. His captors determined to remove him secretly to Bordeaux, where he would be beyond the protection of his powerful friends.

Victor, the inn-keeper, suspecting this design, was waiting near the prison door at evening when he heard the sound of hoofs, and saw a small troop of horsemen approach the gate. It was opened, and a muffled form led out. Victor sang with a careless air a tune which they had often sung together. He was answered by a shrill whistle. Then he knew that they were taking his friend to Brodeaux, and that no earthly power could save him but the king of France.

Victor hastened to the nobleman who had befriended Palissy. The nobleman hastened to the queen. She was about to build a new palace, and being informed of the good potter's skill she obtained his release.

He soon after went to Paris, where for some years his life was one of great prosperity. Here he made important discoveries, and published several scientific books. At the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Palissy, then upwards of eighty years of age, was sent to the Bastille, from which he hourly expected to be led to the scaffold or the stake. The king was unwilling to see him put to death, and tried to induce him to renounce his faith, but in vain. His answer was, "I am ready to yield up my life for the glory of God. Those who compel you, a king, have no power over me; for I know how to die." But he was not put to death. Four years he remained in the gloomy prison, and then God Himself released him. He had been faithful to his Master here, and a glorious reward awaits him hereafter.

Though not faultless, the character of Bernard Palissy was a noble one. We think the secret of his greatness may be found in these cardinal principles of his life: To persevere in his undertakings, and overcome difficulties, instead of yielding to them; to make use of every opportunity for improvement; to do his best in everything, no matter how insignificant the work might be; and, most important of all, to be true to

his convictions of right at all times, and under all circumstances.

MARIAN A. DAVIS.

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

SHE sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You need not look at me, Moon," she said. "You don't know about it; you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there; you were upstairs."

Her loud noise awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird," said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now!"

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't!"

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "pur-r-r-r pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but it sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, most a whole pie, and then—I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it,—but she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—*Little Men and Women.*

ALL FOR HIM.

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear his word,
Two little feet to walk in his ways,
Two hands to work for him all my days,
One little tongue to speak his truth,
One little heart for him now in my youth;
Take them, Lord Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to thee."



THE FACTS ABOUT TOBACCO.

CHEMISTS, botanists, and physicians unite in pronouncing tobacco one of the most deadly poisons known. No other poisons, with the exception of prussic acid, will cause death so quickly, only three or four minutes being required for a fatal dose to produce its full effect. It is botanically known as *nicotiana tabacum*, and belongs to a class of plants known as the *volanaceæ*, which includes the most poisonous of all species of plants, among which are *henbane* and *belladonna*. There are more than forty different varieties of the plant, all of which possess the same general properties, though varying in the degree of poisonous character.

Nicotine.—The active principle of tobacco, that is, that to which its narcotic and poisonous properties are due, is nicotine, a heavy, oily substance, which may be separated from the dried leaf of the plant by distillation or infusion. The proportion of nicotine varies from two to eight per cent. Kentucky and Virginia tobacco usually containing six or seven per cent. A pound of tobacco contains, on an average, three hundred and eighty grains of this deadly poison, of which one-tenth of a grain will kill a dog in ten minutes. A case is on record in which a man was killed in thirty seconds by this poison.

A Pound of Tobacco will kill Three Hundred Men.—The poison contained in a single pound of tobacco is sufficient, to kill three hundred men, if taken in such a way as to secure its full effect. A single cigar contains poison enough to extinguish two human lives, if taken at once.

The essential oil has been used for homicidal purposes. Nearly fifty years ago, it was employed by the Count Bocarme to murder his brother-in-law, for the purpose of securing his property.

Hottentots use the oil of tobacco to kill snakes, a single minute drop causing death as quickly as a lightning stroke. It is much used by gardeners and keepers of green-houses to destroy grubs and noxious insects.

A number of instances are recorded in which death has been produced by applying a little of the oil from the stem or bowl of an old pipe to a sore upon the head or face of a small child.

Poisoning through the Skin.—The poison of tobacco is so potent and violent in

its action, that even the external application of the moist leaves to the skin is sufficient to produce most serious symptoms. If a cigar be unrolled, and the leaves composing it be applied over the stomach, great nausea will be produced in a very short time. This method has been used to induce vomiting. Cowardly soldiers have been known to place tobacco leaves under their arms just before going to battle, for the purpose of producing sickness.

Some years ago a man was detected in an attempt to smuggle a quantity of tobacco by placing the leaves next to his skin. The nearly fatal symptoms which followed, led to the discovery of the smuggler.

Deadly Vapour.—If tobacco is poisonous when applied to the skin, it is doubly so when inhaled. The smoke of tobacco contains, in addition to nicotine, several other poisons, the chief of which are *pyridine*, *picoline*, *sulphuretted hydrogen*, *carbon di-oxide*, *carbonous oxide*, and *prussic acid*, all of which are fatal poisons when received into the system in any other than the most minute quantities. Thus it is not to nicotine alone that the evil effects of smoking are due, but to all of these poisons combined.

Birds, frogs, and other small animals die when exposed to the fumes of tobacco in a confined space. Cheese-mites, bees, and other insects may be quickly killed by directing upon them a stream of tobacco smoke from an ordinary pipe.

Poisoning through the Lungs.—Inhalation is the most speedy way of getting any volatile poison into the system. The reason of this is obvious when the fact is made known that the lungs present a mucous surface fourteen hundred square feet in extent, every inch of which is in the highest degree capable of absorbing gaseous substances brought in contact with it. This membrane is of the most marvelously delicate character, being of such exceeding thinness that it forms scarcely any obstacle to the passage of gases which enter the lungs by respiration. Just underneath this delicate membrane passes all the blood in the body, or an amount equivalent to the whole quantity of the blood, once every three minutes. The vapoury poison inhaled by the tobacco smoker is not simply taken into the mouth and then expelled, but it penetrates to the remotest air-cells and spreads itself out over the whole of the immense extent of membrane stated. Thus it is plain that the blood of the smoker is

literally bathed in the narcotic fumes drawn from his pipe or cigar.

So readily does the system receive the poison of tobacco in this way, that it has repeatedly been observed as a fact that persons who are engaged in the manufacture of cigars often suffer much from the characteristic effects of nicotine poisoning, even when not using the weed.

When tobacco is applied to the mucous membrane, as in chewing and snuff-taking, its poisonous elements are absorbed in essentially the same manner as when it is applied to the skin, but much more rapidly. In chewing, considerable quantities are also absorbed through the stomach, being swallowed with the saliva.

Nature's Resistance.—The giddiness, nausea, and deathly sickness which follow the first attempt to use the drug, are indubitable evidence of the poisonous character of tobacco, which evidence is confirmed by the difficulty, in many cases very great, experienced in becoming addicted to its use. In severe cases of poisoning, violent vomiting and purging, vertigo, deathly pallor, dilatation of the pupil, a staggering gait, disturbed action of the heart, interference with respiration, and, in extreme cases, insensibility and syncope, are commonly observed. Only a very small quantity is necessary to produce these symptoms in a person not accustomed to its use; but in persons who have habituated their systems to the poison, a much larger quantity is required.

Persons not accustomed to the use of tobacco often show symptoms of poisoning from taking a very small quantity of the drug, as by inhaling its fumes in a smoking-car or a bar-room. Infants are often sickened by inhaling the air of a sitting-room which is poisoned by a smoking father.

The fact is established beyond the possibility of successful controversy, that tobacco is a poison, deadly in large doses, pernicious and harmful in all doses. It taints the breath, ruins the digestion, obliterates taste and smell, spoils the blood, oppresses the brain, depresses the heart, irritates the nerves, wastes the muscles, obstructs the liver, dims the vision, stains the skin, and deteriorates and contaminates every organ and tissue with which it comes in contact in the body. Its influence is to lessen vitality, to benumb the sensibilities, to shorten life, *to kill*.

Dr. J. H. KELLOGG.

TOBACCO is more deadly than alcohol; the latter is doing a greater injury to the innocent portion of the public, but the former is more deadly on its own victims. While the fire of alcohol burns with a mighty blaze, tobacco burns long and deep in the fountain of life. The one soon exhausts itself; the other stealthily eats away by imperceptible degrees the cords of life of its victim, until in time he dies in his sleep or falls dead in the street.—*Dr. Cole.*

THERE is a general belief that alcoholic liquors tend to give greater bodily vitality, but I do not believe that there is a greater superstition than to suppose that these liquors can give men a greater capacity for bodily or mental exertion, and in this I am supported by the highest medical testimony.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

* *

"It is a mistake to think," says a medical writer, "that the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become."

* *

FOR vinegar on lettuce and greens substitute lemon juice.

* *

THE sweet nutty flavour of wholemeal bread, after it has been thoroughly masticated, is missed by the person who eats hastily and washes his food down with tea or other drink.

HOME may not be grand or luxurious in its appointments, but it may be made the best and most sacred place on earth by the thoughtful display of kindly words and kindly actions. These are within the reach of all.

WHAT HE DRANK.

"MR. BARTENDER," said Speeler, "give me a glass of water."

"What? W-a-t-e-r?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, boys, I'll admit, and it's a scarce article around here, I expect. But let me tell you about it. A few days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine share of whisky along, and had a jolly time. Along toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whisky and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they left me out there drunk, and told it around town with a big laugh.

"My son got hold of the report and told it at home. I lay under that tree all night, and when I woke up in the morning, my wife sot right there side of me. She said nothing when I woke, but turned her head away, and I could see she was cryin'.

"'I wish I had suthin' to drink,' said I. Then she took a cup what she had fetched with her, and went to a spring that was near, and fetched it full.

"Jest as she was handin' it to me, she leant over to hide her eyes, and I saw a tear drop into the cup. I tuk and drank, and raisin' my hand to heaven I vowed, God helpin' me, I'd never drink my wife's tears again, as I had been doin' for the last twenty years, and that I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You all was in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Barkeeper."—*Searchlight.*

"THE best remedy for doubt and the best recipe for faith is obedience."



A REPORT has been received in Copenhagen of the discovery at Nordfjord on the east coast of Iceland of a large coal bed. The coal is said to be of excellent quality.

A RISE in the level of the Dead Sea has been noticed, and a broad lagoon has formed on the northern side of the delta of the Jordan. It is believed that volcanic action has raised the bed of the lake.

IN the Bombay Street-tram, those who smoke are requested to sit in one of the three seats at the rear. This enables the non-smoker to enjoy his,—or her,—ride without being compelled to inhale the poisonous fumes of burning tobacco.

"STATISTICS show," says an American journal, "that the people of the United States spend five times as much for intoxicating liquors as for education. They spend £40,000,000 for education, but the drink bill of the nation is £200,000,000."

IT is estimated that of the 200,000,000 Africans, 50,000,000 are slaves. The great army of slaves is recruited not only by the Arab slave raiders, but in many parts debtors and criminals are sold by the tribes, and parents sell their children to the dealers in human flesh.

A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN on going away from home to his work in the morning, leaves his door unfastened, and puts upon it a notice that "the Christian good book" is lying on the table, and any one is welcome to go in and read it.—*Sel.*

MR. NIKOLA TESLA asserts that before the end of the present year he will have annihilated space for the commercial world, and rendered it possible to telegraph from New York to London, Paris, or Calcutta without any connecting wire, as easily as the feat is now accomplished between two places a few miles apart.

AMONGST Nonconformists there has recently been a movement toward more elaborate ritual, and a tendency to subordinate the authority of the Bible to that of churches and councils and pulpits. This together with the general tendency in the direction of employing political power to the advancement of religion, as in the educational question, impresses the keen perceptions of Rome with the idea that a favourable time for her to approach them is drawing on.

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Dr. Andrews, in a lecture in the University of Colorado.—"If the Battle Creek Sanitarium had done nothing else than to produce their Health Foods, their names should live for ever."

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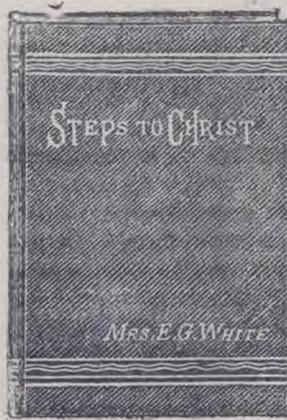
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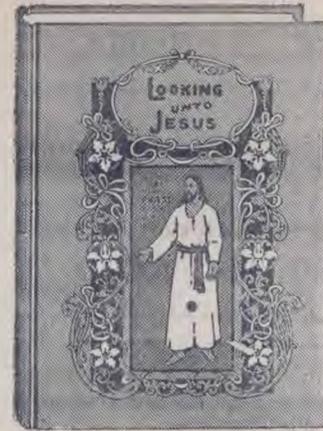
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MILITARISM is unchristian, and so long as it is in vogue there can be no true christianity or peace on earth.—*Harbinger.*

IF subscribers to the ORIENTAL WATCHMAN, when compelled to change their address, would let us know of such change, it will insure their getting the paper regularly, and without delay.

When sending to us the change of address, it is desirable that the former address should be stated clearly as well as the new address. Thus confusion with others who may bear the same name in our list, will be avoided.

BOUND VOLUMES.—We can supply the first, second, or third volume of the ORIENTAL WATCHMAN (1898, 1899, or 1900) bound, at Rs. 2 each, post-free.

"THE State may coerce," said the Pope recently, "but the Church can persuade." But the trouble has been that very often, when the "Church" failed to persuade the individual, it has persuaded the State to coerce him.

WE have received from the AGRA MEDICAL MISSIONARY TRAINING COLLEGE the announcement of their coming class which commences July 1st 1901.

The *Principal*, DR. COLIN S. VALENTINE, L. L. D., F. R. C. S. E., M. R. A. S.—is doing a good and much needed work, by training young Christian lads for service in Medical Missions. Many have already been trained, and are doing excellent work in connection with the Missions where they have been placed.

Dr. Valentine says that he is unable to supply the many applications for assistants from Medical Missionary brethren in various parts of the country. His announcement however gives us to understand that he is prepared to give scholarships to Christian lads who are sent to the College for tuition.

For information respecting qualifications of would-be students, and the regulations and rules of the College, all enquiries should be addressed to the *Principal* :—

Dr. Colin S. Valentine
28 Drummond Road,
Agra, N.-W. P.

"THE Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens; and His kingdom ruleth over all."

"BLESS the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His Word."

"BLESS ye the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure. Bless the Lord all His works in all places of His dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. ciii. 19-22.

THIS is the Lord's call to all to recognise His sovereignty. From the angels that excel in strength to the humblest soul in His dominion, all have reason to bless Him and serve Him. And only service can honour Him. His will is to be done in earth even as the angels do it in heaven.

THE one part of God's dominion where His will is not done is this rebellious earth, under the temporary rule of "the prince of this world." Out from this rebellion God is calling men by His Gospel. They are called to join the angels in doing His commandments and hearkening to the voice of His Word. The world likes not to listen to that voice. It does not minister to ambition and pomp and pride. And yet it calls to fellowship with God and the angels!

What Salvation Is.—The one trouble in the world is sin, which is "the transgression of the law." The one object of Christ's Gospel is to bring men back to obedience, and He has power to do it. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." There is another gospel being industriously preached nowadays, which insists that so far from saving men from transgressing God's law, Christ's work is actually to make men free to transgress it with impunity. This was Satan's gospel in the beginning, and is characteristic of this latter time when the "man of sin," the "mystery of lawlessness" is to be revealed in all deceiving power to mislead all who receive not the love of the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness. But every one who wants salvation from sin may know that the Father of our Lord Jesus has "sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."—Acts iii. 26.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" But is God for us? In Christ He gave His life for us. He gives us life and breath to-day. Business may be bad and the struggle hard, but God is for us. Illness may come, or friends may forsake, but God is for us. That is the truth that sweeps back all the tide of discouragement and evil, and makes strong and courageous every heart that believes it, even though in heaviness through manifold temptations.

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on, pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone;
Pass it on, pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears;
Pass it on, pass it on!"

"THE man who always feels neglected is destined to have a hard time in life. Such a feeling is compounded largely of selfishness. A good way to get rid of the neglected feeling is to hunt up some one who has been really neglected, and tell him of the Saviour's love."

"If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us." The more, then, that we know of His Word, in which is the revelation of His will, the more intelligently can we pray. Prayer is not asking that our will may be done, but a seeking of, and a submitting to, God's will.

"THE world, one feels it more and more," says Dean Farrar, "is an amalgamation of falsities, hypocrisies, and prejudices; it still swaggers on in amicable alliance with the nominal Church, arm in arm with the flesh and the devil."—True words; and God calls to every soul to come out from the world and be separate from all its spirit and ways.

No one is naturally enthusiastic to learn that some one is coming to see him whose presence is no particular pleasure to him. But if it is a dear friend his heart warms, and he anticipates his coming with pleasure. What, then, does it indicate, when the thought of the second coming of Christ and of the nearness of that event is not a pleasing one but the reverse? To believers it is "the blessed hope."

TO the family of Spiritualism belong all the different theosophical cults. The natural superstition of the heart that does not know God leaves it a prey to the deceptions of Satan, who is clearly reviving the accompaniments of the ancient pagan worship. For instance, a modern follower of the magical arts told an interviewer a little time ago:—

It is a common mistake that only servant girls and ignorant people want their fortunes told. Among my clients are some of the best-educated and most cultivated people in London. A well-known politician comes always during a political crisis or situation.

"Are the educated as much impressed as are the ignorant?"

Education and training are only skin-deep, prick the surface and the natural man appears. If I were only enough of a humbug I could make my fortune out of love-philters and charms, for which I am constantly asked.

The world lies in darkness and only those who walk in the light of Christ's life are safe against the multiform deceptions that increase on every side.