

# The Oriental Watchman

Watchman, blow the trumpet: warn the people: Eze. 33. 1, 2.

O earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord. Jer. 22. 29.

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## THE CLOSING YEAR.

Prentice.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell  
Of the departed year. No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred  
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,  
That floats so still and placidly thru heaven,  
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,  
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solem  
form,

And Winter with his aged locks, and breathe,  
In mournful cadences, that come abroad  
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,  
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
Gone from the earth forever.

Tis a time,  
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,  
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,  
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions that have passed away,  
And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHRIST.

Christmas and New Year will soon be here, and what plans are we making in reference to them? How shall we employ them so that we may be workers together with God? The people in general celebrate the professed anniversary of the Saviour's birth, by feasting and merriment, and by making gifts to earthly friends. Time, thought, and money are devoted to these things, and Christ and his cause are neglected. The very day chosen to honour Christ is devoted by the many to honouring and pleasing themselves. Appointed to keep the Saviour in remembrance, it is spent in causing him to be forgotten.

The Christian should pursue a course the opposite of this. At these seasons God's grace is brought before us in a special manner. We are bidden not only to recall the manifold blessings of the year, the rich gifts which Providence has so bounteously bestowed, but above all to remember the priceless gift of God's dear son. Here is an exhaustless theme for thought. The perfection of our Saviour's character awakens the



admiration of angels. The brightest and most exalted of the sons of the morning heralded his glory at creation, and with songs of gladness announced his birth. They veil their faces before him as he sits upon his throne; they cast their crowns at his feet, and sing his triumphs as they behold his resplendent glory. Yet this glorious

Being loved the poor sinner, and took upon him the form of a servant, that he might suffer and die in man's behalf. Jesus might have remained at the Father's right hand, wearing the kingly crown and royal robes; but he chose to exchange all the riches, honour, and the glory of heaven for the poverty of humanity, and his station of high

command for the anguish of Gethsemane, and the humiliation and agony of Calvary.

Oh, the mysteries of redemption! How dark and selfish is the human heart that can turn away from such incomparable love, and set itself upon the vain things of this world! Our souls are cold and dull because we do not dwell upon the matchless charms of our Redeemer. If we occupy our thoughts in contemplating his love and mercy, we shall reflect the same in our life and character; for by beholding we become changed. Only by exalting Jesus and abasing self can we celebrate aright the birth of the Son of God.

God's purposes of grace toward us are measureless. Rich and glorious beyond our power to express or to conceive are the blessings of redemption. Yet God has not left us to the enjoyment of these without requiring returns on our part. He calls us to become co-labourers with Christ in the great plan of salvation. All who receive his grace are to communicate the precious gift to others. It was by a sacrifice that redemption was purchased for us, and we, in our turn are to sacrifice, to make known to others the unsearchable riches of Christ.

When selfishness is striving for the victory, let us look to our Exemplar. The cross of Calvary appeals to every follower of Jesus to unite with the Saviour in seeking that which was lost. The wounded hands, the pierced sides, the marred feet, plead for the sinner whose redemption was purchased at such a cost.

If we keep Christmas at all, we should show that we understand its significance. Instead of saying by our actions that we are putting Christ out of our minds and hearts, let us testify to men, to angels, and to God, that we remember our Redeemer, by following his example of self-denial for others' good.

The end of all things is at hand. "The great day of the Lord is near, and hasteth greatly." The people of the world are to be warned. Are we doing what we might and should do to diffuse the precious light of truth? You see the truth, you understand the claims of God's law, you know that no wilful transgressor can enter into life; and yet you see that law made void in the world. What is your duty? You are not to ask, "What is convenient for me?" What is agreeable? but, "What can I do to save souls?"

All around us, on the right hand and on the left, lies our work; everywhere are souls to be won for Jesus. The men and women whom we daily meet are judgment-bound. They are either to live to offer praise to God and the Lamb through ceaseless ages, or they will perish with the wicked. Christ suffered and died that they might enjoy a blissful eternity. What sacrifice are we willing to make for their salvation?

The banner of truth is to be unfurled in far-distant countries. The great and testing truths which God has committed to us are to be given to all nations, tongues, and peoples. We invite all men, women, and children, at the coming Christmas to do all that they possibly can do to aid in the accomplishment of this work. Let us

throughout our churches unitedly resolve not to make the holidays a time of feasting and selfish gratification. Let us excuse the members of our household from making presents to us. Our time, our money, belongs to God. Every hour, every moment is precious. Even pennies should be treasured up to aid in bringing souls to Christ and the truth. Shall not every needless ornament, every extravagance, every selfish indulgence, be given up, and all these little outgoes, these tiny streams, flow into the Lord's treasury?

Let your Christmas tree be dedicated to God, and let its boughs be laden with offerings for Christ. Do not give as though it were a task, doling out your donations with a niggardly hand. Good works are no drudgery. In giving to us his Son, God has poured out to us all heaven in one gift. Let us with an overflowing heart, with gratitude and joy because of Christ's matchless love, bring him our offerings. Teach your children by your own example the blessedness of doing for Christ. Train them to go on errands of love for him, and in all their gifts to remember the gracious Giver.

If there are any who are in need of food or comfortable clothing, they should be remembered; we are not to neglect Christ in the person of his saints. But let us be constantly seeking to make God and his cause first in our thoughts and plans.

Many hardly know as yet what self-denial is, or what it is to suffer for the truth's sake; but none will enter Heaven without making a sacrifice. Yet self-denial will not make us joyless; it will not cast a shadow upon our holidays. It is not what we have, not the abundance of the things of this life, that will make us happy. Our happiness depends upon the relation we sustain to God. An approving conscience, a contented spirit, sweet communion with Jesus, will make us the happiest beings in the world.

God marks and remembers every act of liberality performed by his people. Every effort we make for Christ will be rewarded by him. If the means intrusted to our keeping be employed for his glory, to save souls, he will give more into our hands. Every ray of light shed upon others will be reflected upon our own hearts. Every act performed, every gift bestowed, with an eye single to the glory of God, will result in blessings to the giver. No joy can equal the assurance of being an instrument in the hands of God of saving souls.

I pray God that those who profess to be followers of Christ may in truth follow in his steps; that they may be rivals in their missionary efforts; that they may be temperate in all things; that they may run with patience the race for the incorruptible reward; that when the judgment shall sit and the books shall be opened, all may receive the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them at that day.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### TRUSTING MAN AND CHRIST.

The foreman of a factory became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge, but it seemed without result. At last his master wrote him a note, asking him to come to him at his office.

When he came into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and, holding up the note, said: "The letter! You sent for me, sir."

"Oh," said his master, "you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once?"

"Surely, sir," replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sending for you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture on it.

James took the paper, and began to read slowly: "Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that—labour,—and—are—heavy laden,—and—I—will—give—you—rest." His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and likely to choke with emotion, he grasped his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired, "Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined his master. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night.—*Sel.*

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#### THE ASTRONOMER AND THE ATHEIST.

There is a charming story told of an old astronomer called Athenasius Kirchner, who had a friend professing to be an atheist, and he determined to convince his atheistic friend of his mistake. Accordingly he constructed, with great care, an orrery, or image of the planets moving round the sun, and he placed the ingenious toy in the observatory when his friend was calling. Directly his friend entered, his attention was directed to the orrery. He came and examined it with great delight, and then he said to the astronomer, "This is beautifully made; who made it?" Kirchner answered, "No one made it." "What do you mean?" said the man. "Oh" said Kirchner, "it came by chance." "But" said the man, "you are trifling with me. Tell me who made it. It is impossible that it should come by chance." "Is it impossible?" said Kirchner; "I thought you told me that the planetary system, of which this is but a very imperfect and trivial copy, came by chance. Why not the copy?" And that searching question has come home to every human mind, and the man who thinks he is an atheist is only an atheist because he does not think; he cannot steadily inquire into the origin of an ordered world without the great discovery that there is a God behind the world.—*Dr. Horton.*



## Bible Studies in Christian Life.

### THE POWER OF GRACE

There is power in grace as certainly as there is power in sin. And there is "much more" power in grace than there is in sin. For "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

We have found that there is power in sin to reign over man, and hold him under its dominion. And just as certainly there is power in grace to reign over sin, and hold man under the dominion of grace against all the power of sin. For "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that [in order that] as sin hath reigned, . . . even so might grace reign."

The word "reign" here applied to grace, is the same word precisely that is applied to sin. It means as to grace precisely what it means as to sin. The definition of "reign" is just as true when referring to grace as when applied to sin: "To hold and exercise sovereign power; to exercise commanding influence; to dominate; to prevail irresistibly; exist widely, or to the exclusion of something else."

All this is true of grace as certainly as it is true of sin. As certainly as sin holds and exercises sovereign power, and prevails irresistibly to the exclusion of every thing else where it reigns, so certainly grace will hold and exercise sovereign power, and will prevail irresistibly to the exclusion of sin, where it is allowed to reign. For "as sin hath reigned, . . . even so might grace reign." "As" and "even so"—think of these expressions. "As" and "even so"—what do these words mean?—They have no other meaning than "to the same extent or degree; in the same way; like as; even as; just as." Like as sin hath reigned,—just as sin hath reigned,—to just that same degree it is intended that grace shall reign, and to that degree grace will reign wherever it is allowed to do so.

These expressions emphasize the necessity, before pointed out, that the reign of sin shall be recognized as absolute. The reign of grace must be absolute, or else its purpose will be frustrated. But the reign of sin must be recognized as absolute, or else the reign of grace cannot be so; for just as sin reigned, *even so* grace. Therefore it is perfectly plain that *not* to recognize the power and reign of sin as absolute, is to

frustrate the grace of God.

This is why it is that the Scriptures insist so strongly upon the fact of the power and reign of sin over men. This is why the Lord wants that fact recognized and ever held in mind. The Lord wants men to be absolutely free from sin, and to be the servants of righteousness. But this cannot be, so long as men fail fully to recognize the power and reign of sin. Therefore He tells men over and over and always insists that of themselves they have no power at all against sin; that they are slaves to a power which keeps them from doing the good that they would, and compels them to do the evil which they hate. This the Lord tells to men because it is all true; and He wants men to believe what He tells them as to the power and reign of sin, so that they may know the power and reign of grace.

For grace is to reign as fully as ever sin did. The power of sin is to be so broken that the slave is free, and no more serves sin. "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Men have served sin; they do serve sin. But God has provided that henceforth they shall not serve sin; that they shall be free from sin, and the servants of righteousness only, as formerly they were free from righteousness and the servants of sin only. "For sin shall *not* have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that *as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

It is therefore perfectly plain that to obtain the reign of grace in our behalf, it is essential that we confess the reign of sin. To know the power of grace, it is essential to confess the power of sin. And to insure the continued power and reign of grace, it is essential that there be a continued confession of the power of sin. To insure the absolute reign of grace, it is essential that we continually confess our absolute weakness and helplessness in the presence of the power of sin; to confess that in us "dwells no good thing;" and that we have "no confidence in the flesh."

Then the way is clear for grace to manifest itself. And there being nothing to hinder the power of grace, its reign will be complete.

We are constantly to *confess* our weakness, our absolute helplessness; but we are *not* to deplore it. Just here is where many miss the right way. They do feel their weakness, they confess that they do; but they do this only to deplore it and fairly to work themselves into discouragement and even despair over it. This is all wrong; this is to take the wrong road entirely. It is right, yea, it is essential, that we confess always our weakness, our absolute helplessness. This is the key of the whole situation. But instead of deploring it, thank God for it; for Christ says: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Instead of being discouraged by your weakness, glory in it; for it is written, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." So long as we feel that we have any strength to cope with sin, we depend upon this instead of upon grace, and so we are defeated; we depend upon ourselves instead of upon the Lord, and so we fail. But when we constantly confess our absolute weakness, and recognize the fixed fact that there is no power, no help, no good thing, in us against the power of sin, then we shall depend wholly upon the Lord: all our hope will be in grace. And the way being thus fully opened and held unhindered to the work of grace, grace will fully occupy the place, and will reign against all the power of sin. And then "sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

Thus it is that "when I am weak, then am I strong." It is only when we are weak, that we can possibly be strong. No Christian wants to feel any other way than weak, because then he knows that the way is open for grace to reign; and thus when he is weak, then he is strong—"strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." When you feel strong, you are certainly weak; for strength is not of yourself that you can *feel* it, but of the Lord that you may *believe* it. When you feel strong, you think you can stand; but "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." But when you feel weak and know that you cannot stand, then "he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand." Thank the Lord that you do feel your weakness, and even then believe that your weakness is greater than you feel. And then *believe* in the Lord's strength for you, and in His abiding grace to impart this strength to your life, and reign there over all the power of sin—reigning through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Then as it is the truth of God that "as sin hath reigned, . . . even so might grace reign," and "sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are . . . under grace,"—then, under the reign of grace, it will be found just as easy to do right, as under the reign of sin.

it was easy to do wrong. Then it will be found, indeed, that His yoke is easy, and His burden is light.

A. T. JONES.

### THE BIBLE PLAN OF SUPPORTING GOSPEL LABOURERS.

#### Man's Devices.

The renting of seats, taxing of membership, church festivals and fairs, with their attending evils, and other methods, are all more or less subject to criticism. The Bible promises to thoroughly furnish us in every good work.—2 Tim. 3: 10, 17.

#### God's Plan.

1. 1 Cor. 9: 13, 14. God has ordained that gospel labourers shall live of the gospel, the same as the priests did anciently at the temple service.

2. Num. 18: 20. The priests anciently were not to have any inheritance among their brethren or any secular occupation.

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

4. Num. 18: 20. The priests were to look to God for their support.

5. Luke 10: 1, 8; 9: 1, 6. Gospel labourers are to look to God for their support.

6. Num. 18: 21, 24. The Lord supported His ministers by giving them His own portion.

7. Gen. 14: 18, 20. The custom of paying the Lord's tithe to His priests was observed by Abraham, so did not originate with Moses, and is not Jewish.

8. Heb. 7: 1, 10. Abraham paid tithes to Melchisedec, who was greater than himself.

9. Heb. 5: 6, 10; 6: 20; 7: 17. Melchisedec represented Christ.

10. Gal. 3: 7, 29. Abraham is said to be the father and representative of Christians.

11. John 8: 39. Jesus says if we are truly Abraham's children, we "will do his works."

12. If Melchisedec represents Christ, and Abraham Christians, then Christians should pay tithes to Christ.

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

14. 1 Tim. 6: 7. Man starts in life with nothing.

15. Ps. 24: 1; 50: 10, 12; Hag. 2: 8. God is the rightful owner of everything,—land, cattle, and money.

16. Matt. 25: 14; Luke 16: 1, 2. We sustain the relations of stewards to God's property.

17. Lev. 27: 32. God reserves one-tenth as His share. This we pay over to God. We do not give tithes.

18. Mal. 3: 8, 9. The man who fails to pay a tithe, the Lord says, robs Him, and brings a curse upon himself.

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

19. Hag. 1: 5, 11. Withholding God's tithe unfavourably affects all the remainder.

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

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

22. Num. 18: 26, 27. Ministers and all gospel workers should pay a tithe.

23. Mal. 3: 8. Offerings should be given from our own portion.

24. Matt. 6: 1, 4. Alms to the poor should be given unostentatiously.

25. 2 Cor. 9: 6, 15. Those who pay their tithes and give liberally do not grow poor, but God increases their ability to continue giving.—Luke 6: 38.

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

#### Earth to Earth.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."  
Here the evil and the just,  
Here the youthful and the old,  
Here the fearful and the bold,  
Here the matron and the maid,  
In their silent beds are laid;  
Here the vassal and the king  
Side by side lie withering;  
Here the sword and sceptre rust—  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Age on age has rolled along  
O'er this pale and mighty throng;  
Those that wept them, those that weep,  
Soon shall with these sleepers sleep.  
Brothers, sisters, of the worm,  
Summer's sun or winter's storm,  
Song of peace or battle's roar,  
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:  
Death shall keep his solemn trust—  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

But a day is coming fast,  
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!  
It shall come in fear and wonder,  
Heralded with trump and thunder;  
It shall come in strife and toil;  
It shall come in blood and spoil;  
It shall come in empires' groans,  
Burning temples, trampled thrones:  
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust,—  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Soon shall come the Judgment sign;  
In the east the King shall shine.  
Flashing from the golden gate,  
Thousand thousands on Him wait,—  
Ransomed ones with crown and plume,  
Rescued from the sullen tomb.  
Heaven shall open on their sight,  
And shall glow with living light,  
Welcoming the ransomed just,  
Now redeemed from earth and dust.

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,  
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;  
Then shall in this city rise  
Fruits of more than paradise;  
Heaven by human feet be trod—  
Ransomed kings and priests of God,—  
Till are dried the martyr's tears  
Through a thousand glorious years.  
Now in hope of Him we trust,  
Who redeems from earth and dust,

#### SECOND INTERVIEW.

*Adams visits Brown again the next morning.*

*Mr. Adams.*—"Good morning, Brother Brown."

*Mr. Brown.*—"Good morning, Brother Adams. I am glad to see you. Thank you for remembering your appointment."

*Mr. Adams.*—"The subject of our conversation yesterday morning has been the leading theme of my thoughts during my waking hours, and has almost robbed me of sleep. I thought I was interested in the subject before, but my study, during the past twenty-four hours, has so intensified my interest, that many of my former views have vanished like shadows of the lightest vapor.

A careful analysis of those four points, and the two resolutions, has impressed my mind with the thought that your logic is as solid as the adamant that upholds the eternal mountains.

Christ said to the Sadducees: "Ye do greatly err not knowing the scriptures." The Pharisees heard that "Christ had put the Sadducees to silence." On these two points I was revealed as a Sadducee, yesterday morning. Your surprise at my being so suddenly put to silence; may have been no greater than mine; but I had previously learned that silence is the "better part of valor," when I find my theories confronted with facts. I know not what is to be the outcome of this strange experience that seems to tell me that I may be in the eve of one of the greatest revolutions of my life; and yet right in the midst of this tumult of contending influences, something speaks peace to my soul; and a gentle spirit seems to whisper:

"And in His hottest fire hold still!"

*Mr. Brown.*—"Some of my own experience in the past has prepared me to clearly understand you. There is a sympathy connected with similar experiences, that reveals more than can be expressed by words."

*Mr. Adams.*—"There is one feature of this experiences, that reminds me of the sudden check that Paul received, as he was riding in his haste and burning zeal, on his way to Damascus.

I, too, have been 'very zealous for the law.' No, not for the law, but for a law; that is for a Sunday law. My ambition for some time has been earnestly enlisted in the 'Sunday-law movement,' that is rapidly becoming so popular. But in the first premise of your syllogism: 'It is a better plan for all to keep the same day,' I find a thought that 'gives me pause;' and pausing, I find time to think what disrespect and dishonor we have been casting upon the Divine Law and its Author, in assuming that 'it makes no difference what day we keep;' from which it would follow that in making His law He failed to see what we so clearly see; that 'It is a better plan for all to keep the same day;' which would be virtually saying that 'He is not even as wise as we are, and would be equivalent to a denial of the premises and the conclusion

in your syllogism; and would leave only that disgraceful resolution that we tabled, and which I now declare without hesitation to be as directly opposite from the truth, as light is from darkness.

In my study yesterday, I discovered farther abominations into which the devil was leading me; and from which I now recoil, as from the open mouth of a hissing serpent. His plan seemed to be to lead us to show disregard for the moral law and its Author by dodging obedience, on the ground of our claim that it did not mean that we must keep the day of the week that it commands us to keep, but any other day of the week that we may choose: and as soon as we have indorsed this position, he would lead us on to enact a human law enforcing the keeping of the definite first day of the week. And then, should there be left on earth, any Christians so honest and simple hearted as to show respect to the Divine law by keeping the definite seventh day, and should they also show disrespect for the human law by assuming that it did not mean any definite day, but only a seventh part of time, then the plan seemed to be for us to be ready with a heavy penalty; and, wherever we should find such honest Christians, whether in Damascus, or in any other city, or in the country, we should bring them bound to the prison; and there deprive them of their liberty, until they have learned to show more respect for human laws, than their persecutors do for the Divine law; that all men may be convinced that human laws mean what they say; and that the moral law may be construed to suit the most popular fashion. Where is the Scripture, Brother Brown, that speaks of some power exalting itself above God?"

*Mr. Brown.*—"It is in 2 Thess. 2. 3, 4. 'Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God! In what relation was this Scripture brought to your mind. Brother Adams?"

*Mr. Adams.*—"The very nature of the work of the Sunday-law movement (exalting human authority above that of the Creator, by demanding greater respect for human law than for Divine law,) looks to me now, very much like a fulfilment of that prophecy.

There is one question on which you may be prepared to give me a little light. 'How has this custom of keeping the first day of the week been established and become so popular?'"

*Mr. Brown.*—"If such be your pleasure we can take the time now to let the Bible answer a few questions that will give you light on that point. Please open your Bible to Daniel 7. 1-7, where you find a description of four beasts that Daniel saw come up from the sea. What do these four beasts represent? Please read the an-

swer in verse 17: 'These great beasts which are four are four kings which shall arise out of the earth.'"

*Mr. Adams.*—"I see them: Babylon, Medo-Persia, Grecia, and Rome."

*Mr. Brown.*—"What does the fourth beast represent? Verse 23.—'The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon the earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and shall break it in pieces.'"

*Mr. Adams.*—"Yes; that spells Rome, in plain characters."

*Mr. Brown.*—"What do the ten horns on the fourth beast represent? Verse 24: 'And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise.'"

*Mr. Adams.*—"Was that the number of the divisions of the Roman empire?"

*Mr. Brown.*—"Yes; the Huns, the Ostrogoths, the Visigoths, the Franks, the Vandals, the Suevi, the Burgundians, the Heruli, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Lombards."

"What is meant by the little horn that arose among the ten? Verse 24: 'And another shall arise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first.'"

"What would he subdue? Verse 24: 'He shall subdue three kings.'"

*Mr. Adams.*—"The little horn must represent the Pope of Rome: but what three kings did he subdue?"

*Mr. Brown.*—"The Heruli, the Vandals, and the Ostrogoths, were of the Arian faith, and were subdued, because they stood in the way of the pope's being established as head of all the churches according to the decree of Justinian. When the last of these three kings, (the Ostrogoths) were driven out of Rome in A. D. 538, that decree went into effect; and the pope was then established in power.

How long was he to have power? Find the answer in seven different places in the Bible: Dan. 7. 25; 12. 7; Rev. 11. 2, 3; 12. 6, 14; 13. 5. The time, in each case, reduced to days, would be 1260 prophetic days, which, according to Num. 14. 34 and Eze. 4. 6, would be 1260 literal years. The pope was established in power in the year 538 A. D. when the Ostrogoths were driven out of Rome. The 1260 years would reach down to 1798. In that very year the pope lost his power.

What was he to speak? Dan. 7. 25: 'He shall speak great words against the Most High.'

What was he to wear out? Verse 25: 'And shall wear out the saint of the Most High.'

*Mr. Adams.*—"This certainly fully identifies the Pope of Rome as the 'little horn.' He arose among the ten kingdoms of Rome; he subdued three kings; he spoke great words against the Most High; he wore out the saints of the Most High; and held power 1260 years.

*Mr. Brown.*—"And now we come to something that he could only 'think to do.' Verse 25: 'He shall think to change times and laws.' For proof of the fulfilment of this

prophecy, we have only to read some of the great words that the papacy has spoken against the Most High, in one of their standard books, called the 'Roman Decretalia.' It says: 'The pope can dispense above the law; and of wrong make right, by correcting and changing laws; and has power to change times, to abrogate laws, and to dispense with all things, even the precepts of Christ. He can pronounce sentence in contradiction to the rights of nations, and to the laws of God and man.' The facts briefly stated, and of which there is abundant proof, are these: The heathen nations in general, as far back as history reveals, kept the first day of the week in honor of their chief god, the sun; and Rome still held on to that popular heathen custom, after that nation professed to become a Christian nation. When the Protestants came out of the Catholic church they started a reformation; renouncing many papal errors that they saw were unscriptural; but still holding to that ancient Roman custom of observing the 'Venerable day of the sun.' Since the time when the reformation commenced, the "Protestants have divided up into many churches, still holding on to the custom of Sunday keeping that they brought out with them from the Roman Catholic church. Should you desire anything to read on this subject I shall be pleased to furnish it."

*Mr. Adams.*—"Whatever you have that will give light on the subject, will be appreciated. I shall continue to investigate with the greatest interest. But I can assure you that, with the light that I now have, I can no longer honor the authority of the pope by keeping the first day of the week; nor shall I dare to insult my Creator by offering such a pagan substitute, and refusing to keep the seventh day as the Sabbath according to His unchangeable law."

*Mr. Brown.*—"Here in an article in the *Oriental-Watchman* for October, that will interest you. It is on the question:—

'Is the Bible capable of self-defence?' and may be continued in future numbers."

*Mr. Adams.*—"What is the subscription price of this paper?"

*Mr. Brown.*—"Re. 1-8 per annum."

*Mr. Adams.*—"Please order it for me for one year."

G. K. OWEN.

#### THE TWO FORCES.

**Mr. Spurgeon** said some good things concerning the power by which truth is advanced. Of the effort of the Puritans in the days of the Commonwealth to establish righteousness by force, he said:—

The fight was won by carnal weapons, and therefore it has to be fought over again in the Lord's own way, by the sword of the Spirit and the force of conviction. This historical experience should be a warning to us. Let us every one remember that every inch of ground which we gain by other than truthful, persuasive, justifiable force is a yard lost, to be regained at much more cost than would have been required had we disdained to fight unfairly. We purchase present success at a fearful price when we tamper with eternal principles.

Now the usual method is to hover about legislative halls, or to beg of the administrative authorities to make regulations which may tend to press people into acting a religion, which they do not voluntarily assert. This rejection of the Gospel as "the power of God" has always left men and the world weaker than ever. Mr. Spurgeon added:—

In religion it is virtuous to persuade, but vicious to compel. Bribes and fines are ready weapons, but they ensure defeat to those who use them. Power can create hypocrites, but persuasion must win converts. The devil deludes many good men into short cuts to success, and these are generally trespasses. The arch-fiend has a cunning way of getting up a cry for casting out devils by Beelzebub, and all with the intent that the aforesaid Beelzebub may have a longer lease of power. Let us be warned by the past, and never do evil that good may come, nor deny any man his right, because we fear that he will make a wrong use of it. Laying down the forbidden weapon, let us grasp that which our Captain supplies, and spread the truth by every means in our power.

### FRUITFULNESS.

"I AM the vine and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean thru the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."

Now these words themselves suggest to us many thoughts of our relation to each other, to Christ, and to the Father. Christ is the true vine, and we, his disciples, sustain that relation to him that the branches sustain to the natural vine. The Father is the husbandman; the Father is the one that cultivates the vine, and the branches sustain a relation to the vine; and if they do sustain that relation to the vine which they should, they will bear fruit. It is not fruit that they bear independently of the vine; but they will bear fruit because they are connected with the vine.

There is the closest union that can be imagined here brought to view. It is not that all will feel alike. We never shall *feel* alike, but we shall think alike. We shall bear the same kind of fruit; and the fruit that is borne by those that are connected with Christ will of itself give its own credentials. So if there is no fruit borne, or if the fruit borne is not of the nature of the vine, then it is because they are not properly related to the vine. That is the lesson

that is taught here.

More than this, Jesus says, So shall ye be my disciples, if ye bear much fruit. If we are related to the vine, there is no question about the fruit. We shall bear fruit anyway; we cannot live without bearing fruit, because the same sap and nourishment that sustain the vine will sustain the branches. There is nothing else that will sustain them. And when they are sustained by that same nourishment that sustains the vine, there will be a union, there will be a variety. There are no two branches of the vine that are just alike; so there will be no two individuals who will work in precisely the same way, but the fruit they bear will be of precisely the same character.

I do not know what words to use; but I will try to illustrate what I mean by various texts of Scripture. The union will be the closest union in the world, and at the same time each individual will bear his own individuality in the work of God. He will

will bear fruit.

I wish I could repeat that in a manner that would make an impression upon every mind. If we are connected with Christ, we shall bear fruit. We shall not live a useless life in this world. We shall bear fruit, and that fruit will be found attached to the branches, which are sustained by the vine.

God does not save any soul in this world independently of other souls; for each is related to some other soul. There never will be a soul saved in glory on an independent line. Individuals cannot grow up of themselves, independently of other individuals, any more than the different sprigs in a branch can live independently of the branch in which they grow. God has so united the human family that, finally, in the kingdom of glory, there will be one universal joy, and that joy will be in seeing souls saved in the kingdom of God; and the nearest relation of individuals to one another



have ways of his own, just as we have brought to view in the Bible. Every prophet has his own peculiarities; every apostle had his own peculiarities; and yet they all bore the same fruit. They all told the same story. They were all connected with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and consequently there could be no division among them, no war, or one branch withered, because they came of the same stock. God would have his people connected with our Lord Jesus Christ in such a way that they

in the kingdom of God will be shown by the interest they had for those individuals in this world. That will be the bond that binds them in the kingdom of glory; and their joy will be the joy of our Lord, the True Vine, who gave them nourishment in this world.

Now I will read a few verses from the sixteenth of John. That I think will set that thought before us. You know that the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John were among the last words that the

Saviour spoke to his disciples before he entered the garden and was taken to be crucified. The seventh verse of the sixteenth chapter says: "Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."

Years ago these words troubled me considerably. I could not think why it was that it was necessary for Christ to go away from the disciples, in order for them to receive the Holy Spirit. But as long as he was with them, and they saw him, they associated with his personal appearance a literal king in Jerusalem, and they could not think of anything else. That was according to their ideas, and whenever Jesus wrought a miracle, it confirmed in their minds the idea that he was the Messiah, and that he was not only the Messiah, but was just the man to be a king in Jerusalem. It became necessary, therefore, for Christ to go away from them, to leave them; and when he had left them, and ascended to heaven, they did not behold him visibly, but by faith they could reach him as he was in the heavenly courts. And as their faith took hold upon him who was out of their sight, and they still believed his word and believed in him as he was there in heaven, they could trust him because he had spoken the word.

He had said this, and so they believed it; and by believing the word and resting on the word, they received strength and help, light and understanding, that they could not receive when their minds were centered on Christ as he appeared in their midst.

I read further: "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now."

What do you suppose the Saviour wanted to open to the understanding of his disciples? He longed to open to them more clearly the nature of his mission, his crucifixion, and how he would be taken from them. But he could not do it. Why could he not do this? He had told them that he was going away; why could he not at once say to them that he would be crucified, and give them the particulars right there? Because they could not understand it; and if he had said that, they would have begun to question as to what he meant. They would have talked the matter over, and there would have been division; and the bond of influence that should exist between himself and them was of greater importance. He was not leading one individual independently; but he was leading all his disciples. So he spoke to them words which they could bear, and led them along together, that they might understand what he was about to reveal. In the next verse we read how the Spirit was to come: "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide

you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come."

We can add no words that will make that statement any clearer than it is given here. The Spirit himself will take the Word, and open the understanding of individuals, bringing to them a knowledge of light and truth that the Saviour himself could not tell them so that they could understand it. Then where should their minds be directed to receive the Spirit of God?—They should be directed to the Word of God itself. Then the Spirit of God will take that Word, and so open the understanding that they will sustain the right relation to each other and to God.

If the Saviour had desired to impart to his disciples knowledge, if that was of more consequence to Christ than simply to have them united, he would have unfolded to them the very thing he wanted to unfold to them. But he could not tell them that, and they appreciated it. He left that for the Holy Spirit to do. And when he left them upon the earth, and ascended to heaven, their prayers and faith in an invisible Saviour, reached up to the heavenly courts where Christ was; and because they believed the word which connected them with Christ, God would give his Spirit to enlighten their understanding, and to unite them in their relation to each other, and also in their relation to our Lord Jesus Christ. Then they would also be united to the Father, the heavenly husbandman.

S. N. HASKELL.

### Humbug Religion.

"Some students one day disjointed ten or a dozen bugs of different kinds," says Dr. Munhall, "and then artistically constructed one bug out of parts of all the others. The professor of natural history in the university was old and quite near-sighted. They placed their bug on a table, and calling him in, said, 'Professor, we have made a most extraordinary find! Here is a bug, the like of which we have never seen or heard about. Can you tell us what it is?'"

"The professor, adjusting his glasses, took a look, and then said, 'Young gentlemen, this is a humbug.'"

"But now, some professors who claim to be very learned specialists have, from many sources, gathered numerous theories which they declare are wonderful improvements upon the religion of the Bible, and when these theories are adjusted, we have the most striking and peculiar creature the world has ever seen. And this creature the professors are trying to palm off on their students as an evolution of the religion of the Bible, and a great improvement of the same, and in order to make it popular, they call it 'the twentieth century religion.' But I call it humbug."—*Religious Review of Reviews.*

### The Loom of Life.

ALL day, all night, I hear the jar  
Of the loom of life, and near and far  
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,  
As tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom,  
In the light of day and midnight gloom;  
The wheels are turning early and late,  
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in;  
Click, clack! another of wrong and sin!  
What a chequered thing this life will be  
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time with a face like mystery,  
And hands as busy as hands can be,  
Sits at the loom with arms outspread,  
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?  
In a hundred years, perhaps in one,  
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I;  
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weavers, the years are slow,  
But each one is nearer the end, I know;  
Some day the last thread shall be woven in—  
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool in this life-web—say?  
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?  
It were better, then, O my friend, to spin  
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin!

—Selected.

### A SHORT CATECHISM.

INFIDELS hate hypocrisy, and find great fault with hypocrites in the church. Here is a short catechism for them, with answers:—

"Did you ever see a counterfeit bank-note?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because the genuine note was worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it was not worth counterfeiting?"

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeiting."

"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?"

"Of course not."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"Why, no."

"Why not?"

—Selected.

"COUNT it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations"—not when you *run* into them—*Sel.*

"WHEREFORE take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."

# HEALTH HINTS

## WHAT IS HEALING POWER?<sup>1</sup>

Morning by morning as I look out and see the buds and leaves unfolding, I think what a wonderful object lesson we have before us of the power there is in nature,—life, energy, and power manifested in every bud, leaf, and flower. What is it in these trees that causes them to put forth buds and leaves? Where does all this energy come from?

Talking with my little boys the other day, I asked them if a tree could make leaves. "Oh, no," was the answer. "Where do they come from, then?"—"God makes them." "But did they not come from the tree?"—"Yes." "Where, then, is God at work making the leaves?"—"In the tree," answered every child. A new idea seemed to dawn upon them, that God must be in the tree, for the leaves were made by his power, and they came out of the tree.

Now while it is important to know that God is in all the living world about us, how much more important it is to know that God dwells *in us*. The apostle says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you?" So our bodies are temples, as well as the trees, but a far more beautiful and wonderful temple. In Gen. 1: 26 we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." In the next chapter it is said that the Lord God "breathed into his [man's] nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." That is when God made man a temple, then he put himself into him, and he has been living in him ever since.

Men frequently study the columns of newspapers in the hope of finding some panacea or cure that will antidote their bad habits and cure them of their illnesses. The only thing that will bring relief or cure is to relate ourselves properly to God and to nature's laws.

We ought not to think of God as being far removed from us, looking down upon the world from an immeasurable distance, but as close by, in the trees and all the beautiful flowers, and, best of all, in us,—in our own bodies, manifesting himself through us in most wonderful ways.

Talking once with a man who was suffering from deep discouragement and who had begun to doubt the reality of the future immortal life, I said, "You are sometimes hungry, are you not? What does that signify?" "That I want something to eat," he answered. "It means more than that," I rejoined. "It means that somewhere there is food to eat." There could be no such thing as hunger if there were no food, for

hunger is simply an instinct within us to reach out for food, and if there were no such thing as food, then that instinct would be disappointed. We might apply this principle to all the instincts which lead to the supplying of our daily wants, for each one of these indicates a want to be supplied, and a supply to meet the want.

The instinct within which leads us to reach out for life is something which each man shares in common with all the animal kingdom. It is the most imperative of all the instincts. Man has the dominion over all the animals, but he has in common with them this instinctive desire for life. But in this one point he differs from them—he has a desire for a future life. Job asks, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Job 14: 14. To that question there is something in man which answers, "Yes, he will live again." Why?—Because there is something in man that has the power of an endless life.

Now I want you to see the bearing of this thought in the case of every man who is sick. There is in every human being the power of an endless life, so we ought not to be afraid when we see disease approaching, because this power which is in us is greater than disease. The power that is manifested in the volcano, the earthquake, is simply a force which is also in man, maintaining his life and all its functions. We see all the forces of nature at work in the body, and all working automatically.

Every motion that is made by the hand comes in response to an order from the brain. The brain says, "Strike," and the hand strikes. It would not move if it were not ordered by the brain. So every beat of the heart is in response to an order from a power that commands it to beat. Now there is a will that is issuing these commands. But it is not *my* will that can make my heart beat, and I can not make it stop one beat, or vary its beating in the slightest degree. But there is a will controlling my heart.

There is also a power within that controls us when asleep, so that we awaken in the morning. When I am asleep, why do I not remain so? Why do I waken? The wisest physiologists in the world cannot answer this question. It is one of the simplest of the daily occurrences of life, and yet I believe there is no work on physiology that explains why a man wakes up in the morning.

At night I am wearied, and the accumulated poisons in my body paralyze my brain, so I fall asleep, but what wakens me in the morning? The prophet Isaiah knew, for he says, "He wakeneth morning by morning." Isa. 50: 4. Is not that a beautiful thought,—that God wakens us in the morning? We go to sleep at night, and there is One who stands by us all the time, whose will keeps our hearts beating, and who wakens us in the morning. There is one Will that never rests; there is a Mind that never sleeps. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord

is thy keeper." Ps. 121: 4, 5. That Mind and Will dwell in man, and keep the machinery of life going even while we are asleep, and awaken us when we have slept enough.

I am not talking theology or religion; I am telling you physiological and scientific truth. It is a fact generally recognized by scientists that, as Herbert Spencer says, "we are obliged to admit that behind all and beneath all, there is an Infinite Intelligence eternally at work." Now the Infinite Intelligence dwelling in us is the power that heals, for it takes the same power to heal as to create. The power within us that makes for health, that brings us from disease back to health again, is the creative power. The healing process is a creative process.

It is a great and encouraging thought, especially for the sick man, that he does not have to depend upon the doctors to heal him. There is within him a power far beyond that of the doctor, and that power is doing the healing work. The physician, I repeat, has no power to heal. People often ask me, "Doctor, can you cure me?" And I always have to reply, "No, I cannot cure you." How many people there are who are travelling about to find some all-healing spring. Ever since sin and sickness and death entered the world, people have been searching for some rejuvenating spring into which they might dip from time to time and renew their youth, but there is no such thing on the face of the earth,—there is no spring whose waters can heal.

Now in order that we may be made well, it is necessary that we co-operate with the Creator—that we work in harmony with him. Here is a man who is sick. He had to work hard to get sick. Colonel Ingersoll once said that if he had been consulted by the Creator when he made man, he would have suggested to the Lord that health instead of disease should be made contagious and easy to contract. That is a good illustration of the superficial nature of Ingersoll's reasoning. He had not looked deeply enough into this question to see that we have to work hard to get disease. One can get dyspepsia at the dinner table, but it takes a long time for a healthy person to do it. Mr. Ingersoll thought it was easier to catch disease than health; but all a man has to do to catch health is to open his lungs and breathe it in. Health is all about us; the sunlight and the air are full of it, and good, wholesome food is full of health and life and energy. When we take pure food into our bodies, we get life from it; and when we take disease into our bodies in the shape of unwholesome foods, we get disease as the result. So we catch disease by cultivating it, and we may catch health in the same way. Health comes involuntarily. When we go to bed, we can breathe it in all night, if we will leave the windows open. We can climb mountains, and take exercise in a variety of ways, and be drinking in health all the time, absorbing it from the sunlight and air all about us. Disease hides away from us, lurking in the dark

<sup>1</sup> From a lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg at the Sanitarium.

corners, but health is seeking for us. If we open the windows, and let the light shine into our rooms, it will destroy the germs and the mould, and vitalize the house. There is no life in a mineral spring; there is no life in a bottle of medicine; and there is no living power in man that he can impart to some one else, but there is abounding life in nature all around us—and where does it come from?—It comes from the sunshine. The sun is the great source of life in the solar system. It is sending out life and energy in every beam, and its light, shining upon the plants, flowers, and trees, awakens them to new life.

There is a power within us that makes for health, and that power is working for us all the time to make us well, and the principal thing we have to do is to co-operate with that power. There is power in the simple things that God gives us; they are so simple that people ignore them. Sunlight is so cheap that we do not appreciate it, but we pull down the curtains and shut it out; and so of water,—we have plenty of it at home, but we do not appreciate it as we should. Hoffman, whose authority commands universal respect, declared water to be more a panacea for all human ills than any other known agent.

So people are looking in the wrong direction. We must not look to doctors to heal; we must not look to medicines to heal; we must not look to mineral springs to heal; but we must look for healing to the same Power that causes the trees to bring out bud and leaf and blossom in the spring. And that power works through natural agents. The same Power that makes the flowers bloom in the garden is capable of making the roses bloom in our cheeks.

I believe there is no one who might not have at least a fair share of health by proper attention to the laws of health and the use of nature's simple remedies. Many people never get what they might of health; we are satisfied with too little. It is not so with the acquisition of gold. The more one gets, the more the appetite for gold increases. Would we might see such a mania get hold of people in regard to health.

I want to fix your attention upon this great principle—that we should get life from the great Source of life. God is all about us, and he is life. He dwells within us, and is seeking to heal us, to arouse our native, inborn instincts, so they will lead us back to the true life again. When a man is sick, he reaches out for life, for that is what he needs; and there is life for him, all the life he needs; he has only to reach out and take it.

But there are certain conditions on which we may take this life; we must co-operate with this healing power; we must comply with the laws of life; we must eat pure food; we must breathe pure air; we must drink pure water; we must do those things which make for life and health. What does the Bible say? "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Labor earnest-

ly to cultivate health. If men would work as hard to cultivate health as they do to bring disease upon themselves, there are very few who would not have a reasonable share of it.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

#### THE QUESTION OF HEALTH.

From a medical standpoint, 2 Kings 8: 9—15 is of extreme interest, as it pictures the experience of so many invalids. The king of Syria sent his servant to the man of God to inquire of him what his physical prospects were, "Shall I recover of this disease?" Elisha promptly returned this answer, "Thou mayest certainly recover," but volunteered this further information to the servant who was to carry the message, "Howbeit the Lord hath showed me that he shall surely die." Here was a man who had most excellent prospects for recovery, yet on account of certain conditions which would be brought to bear upon him, he was sure to die. The servant delivered the message to his master in the following words: "He said to me that thou couldst surely recover" (V. 14, Jewish Translation). But the next day some one took a thick cloth, soaked it so full of water that the air could not pass through it, and "spread it on his face, so that he died."

There are thousands of invalids to-day to whom God is saying, "Thou couldst surely recover," but just as the thick wet cloth smothered the king, so vile patent medicines and irrational methods are destroying their last remnant of hope. They are perishing for want of God-given remedies that would co-operate with nature's forces and allow them to live.

A man has Bright's disease, which means that the kidneys have become so crippled that they can no longer carry off the abnormal poisons forced upon them. Kind but ignorant friends perhaps exhort the patient to drink beef tea, which is nothing but the waste products of beef. This treatment is merely another way of spreading a thick cloth over the invalid's face. He is unable to carry off his own waste products without aid, and yet he must undertake to carry off a portion of the waste of another animal.

Under ordinary circumstances, twenty-five per cent. of all who contract pneumonia die. But statistics gathered by Dr. Mays, of Philadelphia, covering several thousand cases treated by cold compresses to the chest, and by such other rational remedies as hot applications to the limbs, fomentations to the back, etc., instead of by whisky, brandy, and other things that will cripple a healthy person, much more one who is already disabled, show that the death-rate in this disease under this form of treatment has been lowered to nearly five per cent.

Years ago, about thirty out of every hundred cases of typhoid fever died. But Dr. Brand, a German physician discarded the ordinary medical treatment, and used instead cool baths. He treated eight thousand cases in the German military hospitals, and only four out of every hundred died. His

plan is now being adopted by intelligent physicians everywhere.

A prominent physician in one of our large insane asylums, believing that the use of flesh foods tends to increase epilepsy, placed a large number of epileptic patients upon a non-flesh diet for a stated period. He found that during this time, on an average, the number of attacks was reduced to one-half.

These are but a few of the many instances that might be cited to show how God is saying to the average invalid, "Thou mayest certainly recover," but somebody is around with a "thick cloth," as it were, working against nature. When the cultivation of health becomes as important an object as cultivating business, and when natural methods of maintaining health receive as much prominence in our common schools as is given to other subjects then, and not till then, may we hope that nature will have an opportunity to exert its influence for the restoration of health and the lives of many, now doomed to death may be saved.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

#### VITALITY OF DEADLY GERMS.

Disease germs are often very tenacious of life. It is known that many of them will survive freezing, and even immersion in liquid air, and it appears also that some varieties will survive almost indefinitely in places that seem in no way adapted to their propagation; as, for example, upon the surface of children's toys. Toys that have come in contact with a child sick with a contagious disease would better be destroyed, if they will not survive thorough sterilization. The New York *Sun* calls attention to a case in which diphtheria germs proved to be alive and of deadly virility, fifteen years after the occurrence of the sickness from which they took their origin. We quote:—

"Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 26.—Irene Keck, daughter of Bert Keck, of Marion, is ill of diphtheria, and a playmate of the same age was taken with the disease at the same time, and neither is expected to live. In the investigation which was made to discover in what manner the disease was contracted, it developed that the two children had made their way to an attic, and had there opened an old trunk and played with toys that belonged to a child who had died of diphtheria fifteen years ago.

There was no other way in which the disease could have been contracted, and the local health authorities are convinced that the diphtheria germs have existed in the toys for fifteen years, and that the two children contracted the disease by playing with them."

Thy Words were found and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart; for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of Hosts.—*Jeremiah.*



### ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night,  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, oh mother, my heart longs for you,  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded our faces between;  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again;  
Come from the silence, so long and so deep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother love ever was thrown;  
No other worship abides and endures—  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;  
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;  
For with its sunny edged shadows once more,  
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

—Selected

### MIRIAM'S MIGHT.

Miriam Hale had just returned from prayer-meeting. She had taken off her gloves, and sat before the fire looking intently at her hands. So absorbed in her thoughts was she that she did not hear her sister Kate enter the room, until a merry voice exclaimed,—

"They are very pretty, Mirry; quite comely, as the old English hath it. But who would ever have thought our Mirry was so vain of her hands!"

Miriam laughed too, and then blushed as she answered,—

"You know, Kate, I was not admiring my hands. I am glad to hear they are rather comely, but I was thinking of Mr. Henry's lecture, and about doing with our might what our hands find to do. I think the Bible is a most encouraging book; for whatever intelligence or talent people may lack, nearly every lady has the use of her hands."

"So you are going to work with your might, are you? Do you intend to sew for

the dear Alaska Indians—but they wear furs, don't they? Or will you offer your hands to the next soup-house, and dish up for the interesting poor? Or do you propose to become another Sister Dora? She had pretty hands, by the way."

"I think I need go no further than home to busy my hands with all my might," answered Miriam quickly, though a flush stole over her cheek.

"A home missionary, then," said Kate, throwing herself on the lounge. "I am not quite sure but you are a little sarcastic, Mirry. Perhaps you will undertake to keep buttons on my boots and gloves, and look after my many stray belongings. I am sure that would come well under the head of home missions. For you know it takes all my might to keep tidy, and mamma says I don't always compass it then."

"I'll put away my things, Kate," said Miriam, "before I decide on any special mission."

"And take mine up too, will you? That will be a good beginning," laughed Kate.

Miriam, without answering, took her sister's cloak and hat, and left the room.

"I wish Kate wouldn't tease and trifle so," said she, as she went up stairs.

"One thing I must do with all my might (though my hands have nothing to do with it), and that is, to be patient and try to answer pleasantly. But I'm afraid it will take all my might to do it."

Miriam Hale was a thoughtful girl, and the earnest words of her pastor that night had fallen into her heart as into good soil, and the Spirit of God was quickening the work He had several months before begun, when Miriam had publicly professed her faith in Christ.

As Miriam opened her Bible the next morning for her usual reading, she lingered long over the text which had so impressed her the previous evening. "With thy might," she murmured. "But my might at best is so feeble." But as Miriam herself had already said, the Bible is a most encouraging book, and few ever linger over one scripture passage without finding another to shed new light on the first. So to Miriam's mind came the grand words: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only."

"Mamma," said Miriam after breakfast, as she and her mother were alone in the dining-room, "did I not hear you say that Miss Field had disappointed you about the plain sewing?"

"Yes, she is obliged to give up some of her engagements, on account of her sister's failing health. Why do you ask?"

"Do you think, mamma, I could do it well enough? I should like to help," said Miriam, blushing.

"Why, certainly, dear, it would be a great help to me, and good practice for you. But will you really like to devote one or two hours every morning to the machine? You will have calls, you know, and other engagements."

"I will do it, mamma. I have nothing important to do in the morning."

"Well, you can begin on Ethel's underclothes. And I shall be much obliged for your help."

Later in the morning, Kate sauntered into the sewing-room. Miriam was busy at the machine, and little Ethel, imitating her sister, was making doll's clothes.

"So you've begun your mission work, dear Dorcas," said Kate. "Is it coats and garments for the widows, or the beginning of a box for one of your brother missionaries on the border?"

"I told you, Kate," said Miriam, smiling, "that I should confine my work to the home field, until I gain more experience, at least. The present 'garments' are for the little sister near you."

"Do you want some one to baste for you?" said Kate, abruptly turning away, and fumbling in a workbasket, really to hide some tears in her eyes; for Kate's feelings were as quick as her tongue, and Miriam's gentleness both touched and made the elder sister feel ashamed.

"Yes, thank you," said Miriam, looking up in surprise. "That will be very kind of you, Kate."

"There goes Nellie Stanton," said Kate, glancing from the window, "with a book in her hand, you may be sure. Did you ever notice her when passing a bookstore, Miriam? There's a positive hunger in her face. She is not able to buy books."

"Is she such a book-lover?" asked Miriam, with interest. "I knew she read a great deal, but never knew it was 'knowledge under difficulties.'"

"Oh, yes," said Kate, lightly. "She's one of the kind Lamb describes in. 'The boy who could not get books, and wished he'd never learned to read.'"

Miriam stitched on in silence, but had already planned how a bundle of papers and magazines, laid aside, should that very evening go to Nellie Stanton. And they did go; and how they brightened many days and evenings for the studious girl, who, as Kate said, hungered for books and learning, Nellie's little note of thanks could only feebly tell Miriam. But out of this small, kindly act grew others like to it. Miriam began to lay aside from the abundant supply of literature which came to her home, and send abroad to one place and another where she thought reading might be needed, and would be appreciated. And when the plain sewing for mother was finished, very quietly and modestly Miriam began to look round for some outside work her hands might do. Sometimes it was on one of her own dresses altered over for a needy child; sometimes only a little stitching done for some hurried neighbour whose means did not allow of a seamstress. Then, too, she sought out Miss Field and her dying sister, and found many small things her hands could do for the comfort of both.

We need not picture in detail Miriam's daily life. She was only a young girl, just

like some whose eyes may rest upon this little story, but she had humbly resolved with her Lord's help to do with her might what her hand found to do. And she found, as will all of us, that the nameless small acts of everyday life, the unnoticed self-denials of word and deed, were the things heart and hand find most often to do. Yet she went on from day to day in the strength of her Lord, doing with her might even the stitching of a seam, the lending of a book, or the gift of a bright-coloured card to some one whose home lacked beauty.

There was help to be rendered father or mother; self-denying kindness and attention to the little ones, forbearance toward her elder sister. Miriam never faltered in her course. Though there were often failures and yieldings to self and sin, she was endeavouring for Jesus' sake to do His will. And it was not strange, though it filled Miriam's heart with glad surprise, that one night, several months after that prayer-meeting lecture which had sown such seed in the young girl's heart, Kate should throw her arms about her sister and sob,—

"O Mirry, do forgive my teasing ways, and show me how to work for Christ with my might, too, as you are doing."—*Lucy Randolph Flemming.*

#### TWO COLLEGE BOYS.

Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out, he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go in and leave your address."

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new man getting on?"

"O," said the boss, "he did his work so

well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang!"

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harnesses and carriages.—*Selected.*

#### HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

WHAT care I, as the days go by,  
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?  
What care I what the weather may be?  
Cold or warm, 'tis the same to me.  
For my dear home skies, they are always blue,  
And my dear home weather the glad days through  
Is beautiful summer, from morn to night,  
And my feet walk ever in love's true light,  
And why? Well, here is my baby sweet,  
Following me round on his restless feet,  
Smiling on me through his soft, blue eyes,  
And gladdening and brightening my indoor skies.  
And baby's father, with fond true heart  
(To baby and me, home's better part),  
His face is sunshine, and we rejoice  
In the music heard in his loving voice.  
So, why should we heed, as the days go by,  
The gloom or the light of the weather and sky  
Of the outside world, when we're busy all day  
Manufacturing sunshine which fades not away?  
With smiles with kisses, with peace and with joy.  
Father and mother, and baby boy,  
We are living each day in the sunshine we make,  
And God keep us and guide us for love's dear sake —*Selected.*

#### Rich Towards God.

Old Mr. Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question: "Are you happy?" "Happy," he answered, "when just as you are going to dinner, you have a letter placed in your hand saying, 'If you don't lend me five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out!' Happy when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow! No, indeed! I am not happy?"

Mr. Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered. "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't buy off death." And so, it was plain to see, he was not happy.

But I went once to see a poor, lame and aged woman by the name of Lydia Jones. She lived in one small room, and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest, she had to depend upon the kindness of others. I asked her the same question: "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face; "I am just as full as I can be. I don't believe I could hold another drop of joy." "But why?" I asked. "You are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon." "But have you not read?" said she, pointing to the Bible, "'all things are yours: and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?'" And again, "'Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full?'"

—*Home Magazine.*

#### THE RESCUE.

Several years ago, a ship was burned near the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Among the passengers were a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter, not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire, and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued and taken back to Liverpool, but the mother and her infant were crowded overboard, and, unnoticed by those who were doing all in their power to save the sufferers still on the ship, they drifted out of the channel with the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck with her little one clasped to her breast.

Late in the afternoon of that day, a vessel bound from Newport, Wales, to Boston, was moving slowly along on her course. There was only a slight breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck, when his attention was called to some object in the water. The crew watched it for some time, and as no vessel was near from which they could have fallen overboard, they thought it impossible that this could be a human being. But as their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat and row to the object.

The boat was accordingly lowered and manned. It was watched with considerable interest by those who remained on board, and they noticed, as it drew near to the drifting speck, the rowers rested on their oars for two or three minutes, then moved forward, took in the person or thing, they knew not which, and returned to the ship. When the boat's crew came on board, they brought with them this mother and her child, alive and well, and the sailors said that, as they came near, they heard a female voice sweetly singing; as with a common impulse the men ceased rowing and listened. And then the words of that beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian, all unconscious that deliverance was near, came over the waves to their ears:—

"Jesus lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the waters near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is passed  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh receive my soul at last."

In due time the vessel arrived at Boston; the mother wrote to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of the safety of his wife and child, and, in about four months from the time of their separation, they were happily reunited.

What a beautiful illustration this incident affords of the truth that God never forsakes those that love Him. A child of His may be placed in circumstances of great trial, suffering with pain and sickness, lost in the desert, in peril at sea, drifting away, as it may seem, from all earthly help as were the mother and her babe out upon the deep; but one who had trusted in Him is never out of His sight.—*Home Magazine.*



## LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little dewdrop  
Brightens up the flower,  
Growing by the wayside  
Or in shady bower;  
Just one little songster,  
Singing in the tree,  
Makes the place around him  
Ring with melody;  
Just a little candle,  
Shining in the dark,  
Drives away the shadows  
With each tiny spark.

So each little effort,  
Though 'tis small and weak;  
Will be blessed of Jesus,  
If His aid we seek;  
Just one cup of water,  
Given in His name,  
Just a song of praises,  
Just a little flame,  
Shown to those about you  
In some word or deed,  
To the great Light-giver,  
Will some other lead.

—Selected.

## PRAYING CHILDREN.

I remember a man who enlisted in the war, and left a wife and two children, and the wife was not in good health. One cold day in November, in the first year of the war, the news came that he was shot in battle, and the mother was in great sorrow. Soon after, the landlord came round for his rent, and she told him her trouble, and said she would not be able to pay the rent so regularly as before, as she had only her needle by which she could obtain a livelihood; sewing machines were just coming in then, but as she could not buy one, she had a very poor chance. The man was a heartless wretch, and he said that if she did not pay the rent regularly he would turn her out. After he went away the mother began to weep. Her little child, not quite five, came up to her and said:

"Mamma, is not God very rich?"

"Yes, my child."

"Can't God take care of us?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you cry? Mayn't I go and ask Him?"

"The mother said she might, if she liked. The little child knelt at her cradle-bed, where the mother taught her to pray; and the mother told me the child never looked so sweet. She stood weeping over her misfortunes, and the little child knelt down and said, 'O Lord, you have given and have taken away my dear father, and the landlord says he will turn us out of doors, and my mamma has no money; won't you please lend us a little house to live in?'"

And then she came out to her mother, and said, "Mamma, don't weep. Jesus will

take care of us. I know He will, for I have asked Him."

It is upwards of twenty years ago, and that mother has never paid any rent from that day to this. A beautiful cottage was provided for her and her two children, and she has lived there without paying any rent. When the fire swept over Chicago and burnt up her house, a second little home was put up for her, and there she is.

Another incident connected with the same family. They heard I was going to the army a few weeks after they were provided for, and the mother came to me with her two little children, and they brought down all the money they had, some pennies which they had been putting away in a little bank, or at least the elder one, and it was like the widow's mite. I thought at first I could not take the money; but then I thought it is God who has prompted them to give it. They wanted me to take it down into the army and buy a Bible, and give it to a soldier; and to tell the soldier who got it that the children who gave it were going to pray for him as they used to pray for their father. They wanted some soldier to pray for—God bless such children! I bought two Bibles, and one night I was preaching, and had a lot of men hearing me, and I told them this story, and holding one of the Bibles, I said, "If there is a man here who has the courage, the moral courage, who is not a Christian, to rise and take this Bible, and have the prayers of these two fatherless children to follow him through the war, let him step forward."

To my surprise sixteen men sprang to their feet, moved forward, and knelt around me, and it seemed as if heaven and earth came together. The prayers of those little children had followed the Bibles. I am so thankful that we have a God who hears and answers prayer.—*D. L. Moody.*

## LEARNING AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for, after the excitement had passed away. "I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done cannot be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong—forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that.

"It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it, I'm a coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him, because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing, when it was presented to him in the light of duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right, for right's sake, as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.—*Observer.*

## A LESSON OF LOVE.

Harry had been very ill. For weeks he had hovered between life and death. But now the crisis was past, and although weak and pale, he could sit up, bolstered in bed with plenty of pillows.

It seemed hard to the restless little fellow that he could not run about as he used to do. Aunt Bessie had made him a big scrapbook of pictures, and he found great delight in looking it over. Usually Harry was very patient, but one Thursday morning he was very cross. Mamma was quite tired out with her many weeks of care, yet she had not a trace of vexation in voice and words as she tried to amuse him. Presently he came to a picture in his book of a nest full of little birds, and the mother bird supplying their wants. It held Harry's attention for some time. Presently he said:—

"Mamma, that picture makes me think of you, and the way you take care of me. Only you have only one little sick birdie in your nest."

"Yes, darling, and I am so glad I can take care of my one nestling. But I want the picture to tell you a higher story. Who takes care of us all?"

"God," said the child reverently. "This world is His big nest, isn't it? Well, I am going to try to be good and pleasant, with so much to be thankful for."

"I am glad to hear you say that, my darling," answered mamma, giving him a warm embrace. "Remember God's love broods over us all, just as the mother love guards each little home nest."—*Children's Record.*

## THE BABY'S NURSE.

Mr. Hillier, who was once in India with the English army, tells of seeing an elephant that was used to taking care of children.

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

"Well, he did take care of them. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I met him, he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in an officer's yard, and his little child was playing about. She kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would get his great clumsy foot on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to

pick her up, and the next thing I knew I was flat on the ground. The elephant had hit me with his trunk.

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

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

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

#### BECAUSE HE SUNG SO.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on a bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous-neighbour.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, whose throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it," etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position, and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him, and taken him home." The little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and, with an expression half shame, half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't, 'cos he sung so."—*Kindergarten Magazine*.

#### CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window of their hotel.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now. You can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts, are written in the book of God. The record is a sad one. You can't rub it out.

But, glorious news! What is written in God's book can be blotted out. You can't rub it out, but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry, and will ask Him.

Go, then, O sinful child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God.—*Selected*.

#### "A DREADFUL THING."

A little girl said to me one day, "Please sir, may I speak to you a minute?" I saw that she was in trouble, so took her by the hand and said:—

"Certainly, my dear; what do you want?"

"Please, sir," she said, as her lips quivered and tears filled her eyes, "it's a dreadful thing, but I don't love Jesus."

"And how are you going to love Him?"

"I don't know; please, sir, I want you to tell me." She spoke sadly, as if it were something she never could do.

"Well, the Apostle John, who loved the Lord as much as anyone else did, says that 'we love Him because He first loved us. Now, if you go home to-night saying in your heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I think that to-morrow you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears, and said very softly:

"Jesus loves me."

Then she began to think about it as well as to say it—about His life and His death on the cross—and began to feel it, too.

The next evening she came to me, and, putting both her hands into mine, she said, with a very happy face:—

"O, sir, I love Jesus to-night, for He loves me so much!"—*The Baptist Argus*.

—:o:—

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

A Little boy, who in the course of some conversation of his elders, heard a good deal of talk about the progress of civilization, approached his grandfather, who was taking no part in the talk.

"Grandpa," said the child, "what is the difference between civilization and barbarism?"

"Barbarism, my boy," answered the old man, "is killing your enemy with a hatchet at a distance of a step, and civilization is killing him with a bombshell twelve miles away!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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Eleven million tons of shipping is reported to pass through the Suez Canal annually. Of these, 8 millions are British.

Some beautiful statues, supposed to date back to the fourth century B.C., have been discovered lying half buried at the bottom of the Greek Sea. They evidently formed part of the cargo of a wrecked ship, and were accidentally found by pearl divers. They are being recovered from their long resting-place in the bed of the sea.

"The England has abolished open slave-dealing in Egypt, the traffic is said to be still carried on there clandestinely. In the neighbouring Turkish and Arabian dominions, slave-trading is openly carried on. Consul Long, who is stationed at Jiddah, quotes the prices of the slaves in the markets there, and also at Medina and Mecca

"—Siberia has long been sending butter to England, but the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway has made it a far more formidable competitor than it formerly was. Last year the imports of Siberian butter were valued at £1,400,000, and this year it is estimated that they will reach the value of £2,500,000."

WHEN the victorious Japanese troops returned to Japan from China, their people watched them march through the streets in silence. Thus, and not by boisterous lawlessness, they say they show their feelings. It is certainly a better way than that of the London mob. And Australian papers show that when colonial troops returned from Africa to their homes, the Melbourne mob rivalled the London one. The chief of the Melbourne police advises that in future soldiers should line the streets to keep the crowds in order at great functions, and as main cross-streets he suggests artillery to hold the crowd in check. The lawlessness foretold in Luke 21, 25, 26. On the side of the world everything is ready. But one thing delays the final crisis. The Gospel of Christ's coming Kingdom is to be preached in all the world as a witness. God is hastening this work on, and soon must the Kingdom come.

SPEAKING of the work involved in musical composition, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan said:—

You must remember that a piece of music which will only take two minutes in actual performance—quick time—may necessitate two or three days' hard work in the mere manual labour of orchestration, apart from the question of composition.

The literary man can avoid sheer manual labour in a number of ways, but you cannot dictate musical notation to a secretary. Every note must be written in your own hand.

#### CONVICTS OF INDIA.

At the present time there are over 12,000 of the inhabitants of the Indian Empire serving their sentences for various crimes, on the Andaman Islands 590 geographical miles from the Hooghly mouth of the Ganges. About two-thirds of these are murderers, and the other third is composed of poisoners, thieves and other criminals, whose offences do not admit of classification.

They are given various sorts of work to occupy their time, and are employed as clerk, cooks, gardeners, servants, etc. After ten years of good conduct they are given a portion of ground which they clear and occupy at a small rent. They are allowed to send for their wives and children, or, if not married, they may marry and settle down as though they were not miscreants, though, of course, they are held upon the Islands, and are only left in semi-free state on conditions of good behaviour. Those who do not care to become farmers and wish to work at a trade are allowed to do so. Most of those sent to the islands have gone to serve a life sentence, but in nearly all cases freedom has been granted after twenty years, and they are allowed to stay or return to their homes according to their desire.

By this system of allowing convicts to till the soil, since 1858 on Viper Island alone no less than 20,000 acres of land have been cleared and cultivated; and it is estimated that 1,100 acres are cleared and cultivated every year.

This system is one that commends itself to every one interested in the elevation of humanity, instead of being housed up in prison walls with no employment to lead their minds to higher thoughts, the Government has wisely provided this plan, which places within the reach of every man, a means of making a change in his life and becoming a blessing to humanity in place of a curse.

#### DEADLIEST GUN ON EARTH.

In our last issue we mentioned the United States rapid firing gun as a monstrous engine of destruction, but the following from the Pictorial Magazine gives a description of a still more deadly weapon, supposed to be the most powerful gun in the world:—

New York is now defended by the most powerful gun in the world, known as the Gathmann gun. It weighs 126 tons, has a 16-inch bore, and hurls a steel shell weighing 2370 lbs. a distance of twenty-one miles. This shell is five feet four inches in length, and is driven by a powder charge of 1,060 lbs. Each shot fired will cost £175. If trained to send its projectile to its extreme range, the shell will rise to a height of five miles above the earth's surface. The first of these giant guns is mounted on a steel turret on Romer Shoal to defend New York Harbour. Some idea of its enormous size will be gained from the fact that its actual length is forty-nine feet six inches, and it has cost with its turret half a million of money.

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"MY soul followeth hard after Thee," said the Psalmist. Some follow at such a distance that the path seems very dark. Jesus is the light, and He that follows hard after Him "shall not walk in darkness."

There are two classes of witnesses for Christ. One bear a testimony of what they have seen or heard; the other of what they have experienced in their own lives. The first tell the experience of some one else, and what God has done for others while the second tell of what has been done for them, and their testimony is the revelation of the power of God, as manifested in their own lives. Paul the apostle was of this latter sort, and he never tired telling of his remarkable conversion and the various ways in which God had wrought through him for the salvation of souls. When brought before King Agrippa on the memorable occasion of his examination before that Roman ruler, his defence was the simple story of how he had been led from darkness into the light; and so mightily did the spirit witness to his words, that the King exclaimed at the close of Paul's defence,—“Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” The inward knowledge of the working of the Holy Spirit, gives the witness of Jesus Christ a fearlessness in proclaiming his name, and the testimony which he bears strikes conviction to his hearers.

The great effect of telling an individual experience was shown when Christ went into the country of the Gadarenes. Upon his first visit the people besought him to depart from them. Just before this He had cast the devil out of a wild man of the tombs. As Christ was leaving, this man wanted to go with him, but Jesus said unto him,—“Return to thine own house and show what great things God hath done unto thee.” The man did as he was told. “And he went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him.” The effect of telling what the Lord had done for him is shown in the following verse. “And it came to pass, that, when Jesus was returned, the people gladly received him for they were all waiting for him.” The same people, who, a short time before, besought the Saviour to depart out of their midst, were now all of them waiting for his return. We do not suppose it was the

winning oratory of this man or his great learning, that changed the minds of all these people, but it was the spirit witnessing through him of what God had done.

We have not been left alone to witness: for our own testimony has only the power of men except the spirit witness through us. “It is the spirit that beareth witness, because the spirit is truth.” Finite man is liable to witness to that which is not truth, but the testimony of the spirit can be relied upon,—“the spirit is truth,” and it cannot witness with power to the false statements of any man. When filled with the spirit there is an intensified desire to witness for Christ. Peter at the time of the out pouring of the Holy Ghost was called in question by the high priest, and he replied that “we cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard.” He had given himself up to the working of the spirit, and he could not refrain from telling what he as an eye witness had seen and heard.

**The Book of Daniel.**—There is an aversion, on the part of some people, to study the book of Daniel, especially the prophecies, because they are hard to understand. Do these same people know that there is abundant proof showing clearly that the book of Daniel is for our time, and that it has been sealed up waiting for this generation? “Thou, O, Daniel *shut up* the words, and seal the book, even to the *time of the end*: many shall run to and fro, and

knowledge shall be increased.” “Has not the time come when men run to and fro?” Was there ever a time when people travelled about, as during the last fifty years? And farther, has there ever been a century, since the time of Daniel, that knowledge of all kinds has made such rapid strides, as during the one just past?

Christ has referred us to the book of Daniel, as a guide for the times in which we are living; and he has promised us that we may understand it. When the disciples asked him, “What shall be the sign of thy coming and the end of the world? He called their attention to Daniel's prophecy, as an answer to their question. When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, (*whose readeth, let him understand.*)” The book of Daniel is but a history of abominations, and we have been referred to this book to learn of the time of Christ's coming and the end of the world. No less than five different times was Daniel told by the angel that his prophecy dealt with events to transpire in the latter days, and with the many signs, which show that we have reached that place in the history of the world, how important it is that every one make a study of this book, which has been “shut up” waiting for our day.

A DRUNKEN man once came up to Rowland Hill and said, “I am one of your converts, Mr. Hill.” “I dare say you are,” replied that shrewd and witty preacher, “but you are not one of the Lord's converts, or you would not be drunk.”

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