

The Oriental Watchman

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

watchman, blow the trumpet! Warn the people!
Eze. 33.1.2.

Vol. 5. }

CALCUTTA, JULY, 1902.

{ No. 7.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

"AND THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME."

I HAVE heard the call to the marriage feast,
I have heard and I must obey;
For the call is sweet to my sin-sick soul,
That bids me haste to the heavenly goal,
Where the sparkling river of life shall roll,—
I have heard and I cannot stay.

Ah! who will be there at the marriage feast?
And where shall the wedding be?
And who shall join in the anthems grand,
That rise and swell in that better land?
And who 'mong the wedding guests shall stand—
Shall stand on the crystal sea?

Ah! the saints shall be there at the marriage
feast,
And the pure in heart, I know;
And sweeter than earth-born melody
Shall the songs of immortal harpers be,
As they pluck the fruit from the fadeless tree
Where the crystal waters flow.

Ah! who is the King at the marriage feast,
The Prince of the city rare?
The Lord of that fadeless clime shall be
The Bridegroom strong in His majesty,
"The chiefest among ten thousand" He,
And "the One altogether fair."

Ah! who is the Bride? and the answer comes,
'Tis the glorious city bright:
The Bride is the New Jerusalem,
She is clothed with light like a diadem,
And the songs of the blest and the seraphim
Are wafted o'er fields of light.

L. D. A. STUTTLE.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

"OUT of the depths have I cried unto
Thee, O Lord."

SURELY it is from the depths that one needs to cry unto the Lord, if from any place. The time to call for help is when one is in the greatest need; yet that is just the time that many feel that it is of no use to call. "I have sinned too greatly, and that too in the face of light, for the Lord to pay any attention to me," is too often the discouraged wail of the sinner. That is a great mistake. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Prov. 17: 17. How much more must this be true of the Father of all.



A STRIKING instance in point is the case of Jonah. He was going directly contrary

to the commandment of the Lord, running away from Him, trying to get entirely out

of his sight, when the Lord arrested him and threw him into the sea, where he was swallowed by a fish. Now indeed he was in the depths. "Then Jonah cried unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, and said:—

"I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and He heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and Thou heardest my voice. For Thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all Thy billows and Thy waves passed over me. . . . The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever." Jonah 2: 2-6.

IT would scarcely be possible for one to be in a worse situation than this. It was most literally from the depths that Jonah cried unto the Lord, and he was heard. And he was in the depths entirely through his own fault, too. Now to see that Jonah was not an exceptional case, but that God just as readily hears all who are in the depths because of their folly, let us read the following words to His praise:—

"He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron; because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High; therefore He brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder." Ps. 107: 9-14.

THAT is just like the Lord, for "the Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works." "The Lord upholds all that fall, and raiseth up all that be bowed down." Ps. 145: 9, 14.

BUT we haven't yet done with Jonah in the depths. Here comes one who always sees the difficulties of the situation, and asks, "How could a man live and preserve his consciousness, and be able to pray in the belly of a fish? If that thing really happened, it must have been an exceptional case, and the Lord must have wrought a miracle to keep him alive."

MOST certainly the Lord wrought a miracle in his case, which was just as real as yours is, and it was not an exceptional one by any means. It was written for our sakes, in order that we might have comfort and hope in similar circumstances. It shows us that God does not forsake us even in the depths, and when we are there as the direct result of sinning against Him. He even works a miracle to keep us alive in the depths, that we may call on Him.

What a blessing that story is to the one who believes it.

IT shows us that no man can get away from the presence of the Lord. Thank God for that. We have all tried it, haven't you? And are you not glad that you did not succeed? Perhaps you think that you have succeeded all too well, and are now sorrowing over it, imagining that you are lost. Don't believe it for a moment. Listen to one who knows: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me." Ps. 139: 7-10.

No; we cannot get away from the presence of the Lord, even by plunging into the depths. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." Jer. 23: 24. Christ has ascended into the heavens, "now to appear in the presence of God for us," but "now that He ascended, what is it but that He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?" Eph. 4: 9. You get down into the very lowest place, and there you find Christ Jesus the Lord, waiting to lift you up and save you.

"For Him no depths can drown."

"FOR the Lord will not cast off for ever." Lam. 3: 31. "But He cast Jonah into the sea, into the depths." Indeed, He did, but it was in order that Jonah might find Him; for bear in mind that God was there first. It was He that delivered up His only begotten Son, casting Him into the depths, yet not casting Him off. He sent Him there, in order that we might be recovered. Then we can with good confidence cry unto Him out of the depths. "In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also." Ps. 95: 4. Every atom of matter even in the lowest parts of the earth is charged with force, which is nothing else than the power of the living Christ, "who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God" for our offences. Go then even into the lowest depths, in your mad attempt to flee from the presence of the Lord, and there you will find the cross of Him who is "mighty to save."

AND He is not there as a detective, on the hunt for evil, and magnifying the smallest thing into the greatest, in order that He may make out a case. "If Thou Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." 2 Cor. 5: 19. Therefore "let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him there is plenteous redemption." Remember it is

hope, not presumption. We must not presume on His mercy, to allow us to continue in sin with impunity; but we must hope in it, that it will deliver us from all our iniquities. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

"BUT I don't know how to pray; I can't express myself." Of course not. The Lord knows that. It is He who has told us that "we know not what we should pray for as we ought." Our wants are too great for us to be able to express them, and His gifts too great for us to be able to comprehend them.

"WHAT then shall we do?"

Well, what ought one to do in a case where he does not know anything?

Evidently the best thing for him to do is to keep still, and listen to some one who does know."

Exactly that. Therefore the best thing for men to do in the matter of praying is to keep still.

"What! do you mean to say that a man should never open his mouth in prayer, and that his voice should never be heard?"

Not by any means. The Lord says, "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord." Hosea 14: 2. By all means use words, nevertheless keep still. "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." Hab. 2: 20. He says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

"BE still." What for? To know that the Lord is God. But if we come to the knowledge that He is God, what will we know about Him?—Just this, that He fills heaven and earth; that there is no place where His Spirit is not. The trouble with us is that we do not keep still long enough to find this out. When we do, then we shall continue to keep still before Him, realizing that since He is everything, we are nothing. "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few."

YES; let your words be few; the fewer the better. Use His words. He says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Keep silent before Him, until you realize that He is "above all, and through all, and in all." Let Him fill you with a sense of His own greatness, and thereby with a sense of your own need. Then allow the Spirit to help your infirmity, making intercession for you. When He thus fills you, your utterance will be but the breathing of the Spirit in you. Why should not your prayers, and everybody's prayers, be inspired of the Holy Spirit, just as much as were the prayers of David? Indeed, they ought to be, for we are told, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." 1 Peter 4: 11. "Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." Then you will always have all confidence in calling upon Him, because "He cannot deny Himself."

E. J. WAGGONER.

Everything in nature goes by law and not luck, and what we sow we reap.



EXACTNESS OF PROPHECY.

To those who earnestly seek for truth, there may be no more satisfactory portion, even of the "sure word of prophecy," than the seventh chapter of Daniel; for in it we find a definiteness that, when placed beside its fulfilment, proves to be very surprising as well as interesting. If we inquire "What do the four beasts represent?" Verse 17 replies: "These great beasts which are four, are four kings which shall arise out of the earth."

The Fourth Beast.

As soon as we say, "What does the fourth beast represent?" Verse 23 replies: "The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall break it in pieces." And so our further inquiries are met with answers equally direct, as follows:—

What do the ten horns represent? Verse 24: "And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise." Every student of history knows that the fourth kingdom, Rome, was divided into ten kingdoms between 356 and 483 A.D. From this point in the chain, the prophecy speaks with an exactness that is so abundantly confirmed by the fulfilment, that no room is left for doubt, and we have only to read the prediction and point to the fulfilment.

The Little Horn.

What was 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." The ten were political rulers, but among them arose one diverse, or different from these, a religious ruler, the Pope of Rome. What does plucking up three horns mean? Verse 24: "He shall subdue three kings." The Heruli, the Vandals and the Ostrogoths were of the Arian faith, and not agreeing with the pope, were subdued that he might be established in power as head over all the churches, clothed with authority by the decree of Justinian, the Emperor, to enforce his religious opinions by law. This decree went into effect in A.D. 538, when the last of those three kings, the Ostrogoths, were driven out of Rome.

We have been taking a brief view of the wonderful picture presented before the mind of the man who "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself;" the man who won the "favor and tender love" of his conquerors; and whose very presence in the den of the hungry roaring lions, could tame their fierce spirits and hush into silence the thunder of their voices; the man in whom all the "presidents and princes" of Persia could not find any error or fault" "For as much as an excellent spirit was in him," and "he was faithful" This man, who was three times, by a messenger from heaven, pronounced "greatly beloved," was given the exalted privilege of looking thru the prophetic telescope down the stream of time, and of beholding the tragical and shifting panorama of the nations as they were to rise, conquer, rule, and fall, as the rolling centuries should bring them upon, and slide them from the stage of action.

Babylon, like a blazing meteor, is seen rising in all its magnificence and dazzling splendor, until it reaches the zenith of its greatness: then how the world is startled by the sudden vanishing of all its fading glory! Then follow Medo-Persia, Grecia, and Rome, each in its turn stepping upon the stage, and repeating the sad tale of the cruelty and injustice of human power, and the vanity of all earthly glory.

The Scene Changes!

After gazing upon the cruel scenes of strife on the great battle-field of earth, with its groaning, dying victims, with "garments rolled in blood," there suddenly appears a rift in the dark clouds that hang above the scene of strife. Behold the mighty telescope is swinging to a higher angle! The prophet looks beyond the clouds, beyond the bounds of our planetary system, beyond all the star-gemmed regions that have ever been explored by modern astronomers with their most powerful telescopes. He is gazing into the third heaven! A scene of surpassing beauty and glory that no pen can picture, and no tongue can tell, is opening before his enraptured vision.

What an honor to our race, that the temple of God is opened in Heaven, and one of the inhabitants of our world is permitted to have a view of "The glory within!"

And this matchless wonder is magnified when it is understood that the view here given is one of the most important scenes in the history of redemption:—

The Opening of the Investigative Judgment.

Now listen! while the prophet, with all the ripened eloquence of his Hebrew and Babylonian learning, tries to describe the scene that is passing before his vision. Let all the earth keep silence, as he tells, first, of the seating of the great Judge: second, of the assembling of His ministers and his audience: and third the opening of the books. Dan. 7:9,10: "I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set and the books were opened."

Daniel had a view of the reign of the four great empires of earth, and a more complete view of the work of Papal Rome to the end of its political power, that was to continue for 1260 years, as seven times foretold in the prophecies, reaching down to 1798; then looking above into the open temple in heaven, he beheld till he witnessed the opening of the judgment, which is shown in the eighth and ninth chapters of Daniel to be at the end of the 2300 days, in 1844.

Then, as the prophetic telescope swung back again to a lower angle, what did Daniel see then at that time, (while that solemn work of deciding the eternal destinies of men would be going on in the heavenly court, since 1844) What did Daniel see the little horn would then be doing on the earth?

Dan. 7:11: "I beheld then because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake: I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed and given to the burning flame." For the fulfilment of this prediction, read the record of the great words spoken by the little horn in the decree of infallibility at the Catholic council in the great Vatican temple at Rome in July 1870: 538 of the delegates from the Catholic countries of the world voting in favor of the infallibility of the Pope, and only two voting against it.

How long was the pope to retain this power? Dan. 7: 25: "Until a time, times and the dividing of time." How many times would that be? Dan. 12: 7: "For a time, times and an half." Rev. 12: 14: "A time, and times, and half a time."

These three and a half times equal how many symbolic years? Dan. 11: 13, margin, "Times even years." These three and a half symbolic years equal how many symbolic months? Rev. 11: 2: "And the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months." Rev. 13: 5: "And power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. These forty-two

symbolic months equal how many symbolic days? Rev. 11: 3: "And they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth." Rev. 12: 6: "And the woman fled into the wilderness where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days." These 1260 symbolic days equal how many literal years? Numbers 14: 34: "Each day for a year." Eze. 4: 6: "Each day for a year." So we find it foretold seven times in the Bible, that the pope was to have power for 1260 years. In each case the time reduced to days, stands 1260; and these days represent 1260 literal years. This is confirmed by the fulfilment; for the pope was established in power in A.D. 538, when the Ostrogoths were driven out of Rome, and just at the end of the 1260 years, in 1798, the pope was taken prisoner by the French general, Berthier, and died in exile. What was this little horn to speak? Dan. 7: 25: "He shall speak great words against the Most High." In fulfilment of this, he has been called "Lord God the Pope," "Christ's vicegerent on earth," etc. "What was he to wear out?" Verse 25: "And shall wear out the saints of the Most High." History records the fulfilment of this prediction also, declaring that "More than fifty millions were martyred during the 1260 years of papal persecution."

"What impossibility was the little horn to think to accomplish?" Verse 25: "and think to change times and laws." In fulfilment of this, the *Roman Decretalia*, (a standard work published by the Catholics), declares that "The pope's will stands for reason;" and that "The pope has power to make wrong right, by correcting and changing laws." The same book declares that the "pope has power to change the laws of God and of men." On the strength of this assumed authority, the Catholic catechisms declare that the Catholic church has changed the fourth commandment of the law of God, and that "This is a change for which there is no Scriptural authority."

Was the nobleman who went into a far country to receive a kingdom before his return?

Luke 19: 12: "A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and return."

The Coronation.

Behold the great telescope is again swinging upward!

As Daniel looks again into the third heaven, another scene of blazing glory is unfolded before his wondering vision; an unvailed view of the Coronation, not of the king of Babylon, nor of the king of the British Empire, but the Coronation of the "KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

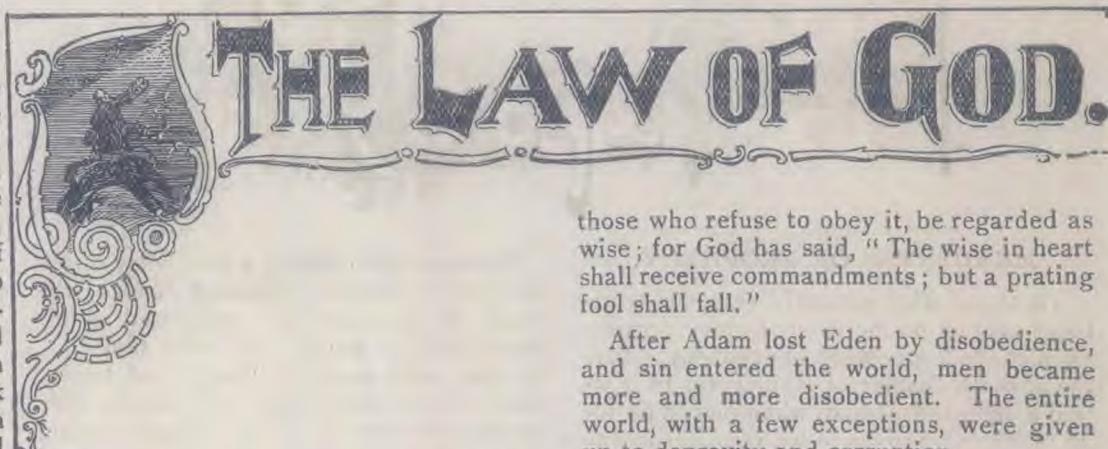
Dan. 7: 13, 14: "And I saw in the night visions, and, behold one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given

him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

Where will this everlasting kingdom be located?

Dan. 7: 27: And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him."

G. K. OWEN.



THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE OBEDIENT AND THE DISOBEDIENT.

GOD'S law is His great moral standard of righteousness. This law is perfect in all its requirements; and God calls upon us to obey it; for by it our cases will be decided in that day when the books of heaven are opened, and the deeds of all come up in review before the Judge of the universe.

But there are, and ever have been, two classes in this world; and the question, "What constitutes the difference between these two classes?" is grave and important. One class love and fear God; the other do not wish to retain Him in their knowledge. One class render obedience to His law; the other disregard and disobey His requirements.

Those who are unwilling to obey God's law declare that it is done away, that God has abolished it. But if this law is perfect, why should God abolish or change it? That which is perfect cannot be improved by any change. An attempt to remodel a perfect enactment only causes imperfection. God has neither abolished nor changed His law. It is the foundation of His government; and it will stand forever, the immutable, unalterable standard which all must reach would they be saved. "Till heaven and earth pass," declared Christ, "one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

"The law of the Lord is perfect, writes the psalmist, "converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is sure, enlightening the eyes. . . . Moreover by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward." How, then, does the God of heaven look upon those who pour contempt upon His law? Let not the words spoken against the law of God by

those who refuse to obey it, be regarded as wise; for God has said, "The wise in heart shall receive commandments; but a prating fool shall fall."

After Adam lost Eden by disobedience, and sin entered the world, men became more and more disobedient. The entire world, with a few exceptions, were given up to depravity and corruption.

"God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and creeping thing and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth Me that I have made them."

And by a flood the Lord swept the earth of its moral corruption.

But even in that age the Lord had His representatives. These men loved God; they obeyed Him; and He gave them light and truth. Christ walked with them, giving them moral power to obey Him, and opening before them the future of this earth's history, and the scenes of His second coming. "Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." Of him Jude writes,

"Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches, which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him."

Noah, too, witnessed for God in that age of wickedness. "These are the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." When God was about to destroy the inhabitants of the earth with a flood, He said to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before Me in this generation."

What constituted the difference between Enoch and Noah, and those who were destroyed by the flood? Enoch and Noah were obedient to the law of God; the others

walked in the imagination of their own hearts and corrupted their ways before the Lord, disregarding all His requirements. By their disobedience they separated themselves from Him, and provoked Him to destroy them. Enoch and Noah were found righteous when tested by the law of God. Had the antediluvians kept the way of God, had they obeyed His commandments, they too would have been found righteous, and would have received the Lord's commendation.

The establishment of ordinances, the giving of his law, the sending of his prophets, the sending of his Son, "that Prophet" greater than all, the gift of his Holy Spirit, and the gifts of the Spirit—all, everything, that has been given, established, or employed by the Lord, has been to bring men to obedience to his law.

In bringing men to his law he is bringing them to himself; for it is written: Thou testifiedst against them, that thou mightest bring them again unto thy law," and "testified against them to turn them to thee." Neh. 9: 29, 26. Read carefully the whole chapter, and see the object of all that he did. Bringing men to his law is only turning them to himself because "God is love," and "this is the love of God that we keep his commandments."

No higher attainment than the love of God can ever be reached by any soul in the wide universe. And since it is the love of God, and only the love of God, "that we keep his commandments," it is the very certainty of truth that no higher attainment than the keeping of the commandments of God can ever be reached by any soul in the wide universe.

Jesus said, "I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love," and "I and my Father are one." There can not possibly be any higher nor any better attainment than oneness with God, than likeness to Christ, who is one with God. And as he kept the Father's commandments and abode in his love, and abode in his love by keeping his commandments, so there is no higher nor better thing that could possibly be attainable than the keeping of the commandments of God.

The greatest gift of God to men is the gift of his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Yet with this wondrous gift to men, even in Christ nothing avails on the part of men "but faith which worketh by love." Faith is the gift of God, and, working by love, works only by the love of God. And "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." Therefore it is certain that the one great object of the very gift of Christ, and of faith in him, is to bring men to the keeping of the commandments of God, to faithful obedience to his law.

The greatest gift God can bestow on men through Jesus Christ, the only means of his gifts to men, is his Holy Spirit. Yet in this gift all that he does, all that he can do, is to cause men to know the love of God; for "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given

unto us." Rom. 5: 5. And since it is "the love of God, that we keep his commandments," and "love is the fulfilling of the law," it is perfectly plain that the one purpose of this greatest gift of God through Christ is the keeping of the commandments of God, faithful allegiance to his law.

All the working of the Spirit of God, through all the diversities of operations, is to bring souls unto charity, the bond of perfectness, which is perfect love, the love of God. And "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." Therefore all the working of the Spirit of God, through his many gifts and operations, is solely to bring men to the keeping of the commandments of God.

By all this therefore it is certain that the keeping of the commandments of God is the greatest blessing, the highest honor, and the richest gift that even God can bestow upon any soul. All other blessings, honors, and gifts are subordinate to this; they are given only to be conducive to this one.

A. T. JONES.

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IMPORTANCE OF OBEDIENCE.

"As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Now, as then, the servers of mammon careless, indifferent, and disobedient, go on, and on, neglecting the great salvation so freely offered to them, failing to recognize God, or to offer Him thanksgiving and praise. The Lord has manifested Himself in His works, which the eye can see and the senses discern, in terms too plain to be misunderstood. He has declared His will in His word. But the disobedient do not see God in the manifold works of creation; they do not hear His voice speaking to them out of His word. The light of truth is offered to them, but they choose sin. They follow their own imaginations, as did the inhabitants of the Noatic world, placing their desires and ambitions above all else.

It is a marvel to the heavenly host that God bears so long with the transgressors of His law. But God is longsuffering, and abundant in mercy. His sun shines upon the evil and upon the good, upon those who are so blinded by the deceiving power of Satan that they deny the existence of Omnipotence, and upon those who strive earnestly to do His will. He gives men richly "all things to enjoy," and though all do not acknowledge Him as worthy of their praise or service, yet he bears patiently with them, and His voice of entreaty is still heard, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" He would have "all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

God ever commends obedience. For their obedience Enoch was translated to heaven, and Noah was saved from the flood that deluged the earth. "Behold," writes the psalmist, "the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in

famine." "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together; the end of the wicked shall be cut off."

Weakened through sin we cannot of ourselves keep the law of God. But Christ came to our world to restore the moral image of God in men, and to bring them back from the path of disobedience to a path of obedience. His mission to the world was to reveal the character of God by living the law, which is the foundation of His government; and those who will accept Him as their personal Saviour, will grow in grace, and in His strength will be enabled to obey the law of God.

When Christ comes in the clouds of heaven, only two classes, the obedient and the disobedient, will meet Him. But only those who, having had the light upon God's requirements, have been obedient to Him can meet Him with joy. Those who have persisted in a course of disobedience will flee in terror, hiding in the dens of the mountains, and saying to the rocks and the mountains, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." But those who have honoured God by their obedience, will look up, and say, "Lo, this is our God: we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord we have waited for Him: we will be glad and rejoiced in His salvation."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

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"IT MUST BE GRAFTED."

"WASTE no time in cultivating the crab-tree; it must be grafted." A Christian Frenchman, whose name is unknown to us, after quoting this, says that it was advice given to him by a successful Christian man, and that as he sees the very disappointing results of honest effort without God, and the continually blighted hopes of those who try to soften down the asperities of the truth of God to make it palatable to the world, this advice is often brought to his mind. He adds some remarks which, we fear, find many illustrations in this country: "The delicately-inclined plane prepared for the world to go up into the church of Christ is almost exclusively used by quondam believers to glide down into the world. A note of warning is sounded here and there concerning the most promising institutions, such as Christian Associations and Endeavour Societies, against such introduction of unregenerated elements as will draw the young believers down this plane."—Selected.

"No man can ever rise above that at which he aims."

"PREJUDICE is opinion without judgment."



THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

(Concluded.)

How blind is a poor, self-righteous sinner, trying to live unto God by his morality! How much blinder still is the poor, self-conceited sinner, trying by "science falsely so-called," to reason out his life in God! How the gospel of blood opens the blinded eyes to the terror and weakness of law, to the futility of all philosophy, however excellent and useful as a rule for the present life! And how, in the very light of all law and philosophy, it brings before them Jesus, "the one altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand!"

Beneath the cross we can discover the exceeding sinfulness of sin, God's vindicative justice satisfied; and we can behold, as contained in the law, but never revealed by it, how he so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to die for it. The very law demands this sacrifice of infinite and eternal love; and in the very sacrifice of love we can behold the dignity and the supremacy of the law. Herein we behold the solution of an otherwise undemonstrated problem,—how God could be just to sin and yet love the sinner, and how he could at the same time justify the ungodly *according to law*.

This fact in the scheme of human redemption, revealed by the gospel, pours the brightest flood of light back upon the significance and value of the divine law, which is the moral transcript of God's will and the moral reflection of God's life. Morality is the essence of God, and is eternal, the spirit and essence of his law; and the gospel reveals that moral guilt can alone be atoned for by the sacrifice of infinite moral dignity. The law typified and foreshadowed this vital and central truth of Christianity, but the gospel makes it luminous and resplendent on Calvary.

In all these things it takes the law first of all to make an intelligent believer of the gospel; but it takes this intelligent believer of the gospel alone to look back upon Sinai and see and acknowledge the supremacy and dignity of God's divine law of life, inexorable when unsatisfied; and yet made potent and living by the atoning blood of Christ when written by the Holy Spirit upon the tablets of the regenerate heart.

Take the ceremonial law with all its symbolic institutions. What wonderful types and shadows of the "good things to come" under a gospel dispensation! Yet

how incomprehensible except under the light of that gospel! The bloody sacrifices of the law would be a horrible and hideous butchery if they did not set forth the altar of Calvary with its sacrifice of Christ, the "propitiation for the sins of the world." No wonder the poor, blinded Ingersollian sees nothing but the shambles, in the sacrifices of the Jewish dispensation. He does not see Christ, and not seeing Christ in all, he cannot comprehend Aaron any more than he can comprehend Moses and his so-called "mistakes."

It is a fearful and awful fact that God can not come short of, nor go beyond, *blood*, to save; because he cannot come short of, nor go beyond, *his law*, to help the sinner. "Without shedding of blood is no remission," said the law; but who could ever have understood this fearful maxim but for the adumbration of the fact in the light of Calvary's cross? Salvation is a legal transaction as well as a moral transformation. There can be no display of divine mercy without the vindication of justice; and it was the part of infinite and eternal love, foreshadowed on Sinai and consummated on Calvary, to step down and out of glory, tread the wine press alone, walk amid the woes of hell, taste the horrors of death, and shed the judicial blood of an atoning sacrifice for sin.

Blood, blood, blood! Awful but glorious display of God's legal supremacy and dignity to the infantile apprehension of the old dispensation; but blessed be God, with one stroke of divine justice, once for all and forever, infinite Innocence died on the cross, closed the holocaust of centuries, and opened up the dim and cloudy past to the midday splendors of the Sun of righteousness, redeeming the world, transforming the centuries, and paving the way to the millenniums of glory.

So we might speak of the types of the priesthood, the temple, and the kingly offices of Israel. How incomprehensible, but for their revelation and fulfilment in Jesus! Aaron and his robes, the altar and the laver, the table of showbread, and the candlestick and the incense altar, the holy and the most holy place, the ark of the covenant, and the Shekinah between the cherubim, the wonderful veil rent in twain at the crucifixion and uncovering the most holy place, the two goats on the great day of atonement,—all these who could have ever understood but for Calvary and its consummation? These things would have been enigmas, glittering and insoluble mysteries without significance, *but for the gospel*. How clear and beautiful and glorious do they kindle now to the believer's eye, and what strong confirmation do they give in proof of Holy Writ and of our glorious Christianity!

So we might speak of prophecy, which is a kindred development of the legal dispensation. The prophets of the Old Testament would be regarded as fanatics and visionaries but for the gospel. Yet how loftily and authoritatively do they speak to all generations when Christ and his apostles

confirm their declarations, and when the gospel and the kingdom of God fulfill their marvelous predictions! David pictures the very crucifixion in all its details, and predicts the very words of Christ's crucial agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Isaiah foretells the Son of God by name—Immanuel, God with us, born of a virgin, and called "Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Daniel portrays the glory of his "everlasting kingdom," counts the very days and years to the time of his crucifixion, when "everlasting righteousness" should be brought in, and when Messiah should "be cut off, but not for himself." Joel blazes forth the pentecostal splendors, and they all conspire to proclaim the establishment, progress, power, and consummation of the church down to the millennium, in minute and unmistakable detail to the intelligent reader and believer of the gospel. How grandly do the prophets point to the cross and the kingdom of Christ! and how resplendently do their predictions and doctrines glow under the interpretation and fulfilment of gospel light!

Hoary seers of the centuries gone by! I see you marching through the obscurity of ages, with stately step and awful form, toward Calvary and the cross, and then I behold you grow radiant and luminous in the light of Christ and his apostles, as did Moses and Elijah, the representatives of the law and the prophets on Tabor's top. Then, as the transfiguration scene passes from my vision, I behold Moses and Elijah gone, and but One left in the midst of his representative apostles, while high Heaven exclaims, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him;" while the everlasting record of God writes, in letters of gold, "JESUS ONLY."

He is the "Alpha and Omega" of both dispensations—the "all and in all" of every age; and in him the law and the gospel, the prophets and the apostles, center as one complete unity, the complement and counterpart of each other. The old points forward to the new, and the new points back to the old, and both the old and the new meet as the two parts of God's divine and eternal indenture, the will of the dead and living Testator, Christ; signed, sealed, delivered, in his own blood; probated in the courts of heaven; and executed, administered, and applied to a perishing world, by the Holy Ghost.

GEO. A. LOFTON.

CLEANSED.

CAST out the buyers, Lord,
The sellers bid depart;
Cleanse me from carnal thought and word,
And purify my heart,
A temple would I be,
Meet for the royal son:
Ye money-changers, fear and flee
Before the sinless One

The love of self o'erthrow;
The love of God bring in,
That ministers to all below,
God's remedy for sin.

Rise up! Thou Living Word,
Thine arm of strength lay bare,
That naught in me henceforth be heard
But voice of praise and prayer.

When thus this robber's home
Becomes a house of prayer
Do Thou with all Thy power come,
And dwell for ever there,—
The hopeless ones to cheer,
And broken hearts make whole;
In me do Thou alone appear
To ev'ry sin-sick soul.

F. E. BELDEN.

—o—
CHRIST OR CREED; WHICH?

WHEN Christ came to this world as the bearer of life and light and love from God to man, he found that the plain teachings of God's Word had been obscured and even made of no effect through the teachings of those who were the leaders of the people; that religion had been made a burden upon the people; and that what God had given as a blessed means of union and communion with Him had been turned into a yoke of bondage. Much of His example and teaching was directed towards changing all this. He taught the people that religion was a life and not a mere form, ceremony or creed; and He presented the plain teaching of the Scripture as the basis of faith and the rule of conduct, even though it should be in open opposition to the customs and traditions of the time. He Himself was the Gospel which He preached; and the word which had already been revealed in language, now "was made flesh" (John 1: 14), and revealed in life. Thus Christ became the embodiment and the interpretation of all God's thought for man as set forth in the Scripture. But this brought Him into continual conflict with the religious teachers of His day, who placed their own traditions above the clearest statements of the Word of God.

To His disciples He said, "Follow Me," and then He lived before them, and taught them by precept, the Scriptures which He Himself had caused to be written (1 Peter 1: 10, 11), "that the man of God may be perfect." 2 Tim. 3: 16, 17. And when those who moulded the religious sentiment of the time asked Him, "Why walk not Thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders?" He replied, "Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition . . . making the Word of God of none effect through your tradition." See Mark 7: 5—13. "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?" was His inquiry. Their ideas of the character of God and of religion, both in form and spirit, had become so distorted that when Jesus appeared among them, "the image of the invisible God," they persecuted Him because He would not conform to their ideas of religion, and even claimed Scripture authority for putting Him to death (John 19: 7), yet being all the time full of zeal for their creed. The experience of Saul, the Pharisee, as told by himself

(Gal. 1: 13, 14), shows how the true spirit of religion may be wholly disregarded in the settled determination to maintain tradition and creed.

This conflict which was waged in Christ's time and against Him has been continued, in one form and another, ever since. In the Acts of the Apostles we have a record of the struggle on the part of the early disciples to establish the truth of the Bible, as lived and taught by Christ, as against the most determined effort on the part of those who professed to be the people of God to maintain the traditions and creed of the Church. Light was refused, and the power of the Holy Ghost was resisted (Acts 7: 51) in the vain effort to put man's idea of religion and man's interpretation of the Scripture in the place of "the truth as it is in Jesus." It was in vain that Paul, the Christian, said: "I continue unto this day, . . . saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come" (Acts 26: 22), "believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets" (Acts 24: 14), since their zeal for their creed was so much greater than their regard for what the Word of God taught.

These same experiences were repeated in the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. The Church had departed from the plain teaching of the Scripture, and had placed the authority of man and the traditions of the Church above the clearest statements of the Word of God. The sole and infallible authority of the Word of God was the primary and fundamental principle of the Reformation. Said the Reformers, as quoted by D'Aubigne:

The Christians receive no other doctrines than those founded on the express words of Jesus Christ, of the apostles, and of the prophets. No man, no assembly of doctors, has a right to prescribe new ones.



When Luther at the Diet of Worms was asked to retract all that he had written contrary to the traditions and the creed of the Church, he appealed to the authority of the Bible, and said:—

For this reason, most serene Emperor, and you most illustrious Princes, and all men of every degree, I conjure you, by the mercy of God, to prove from the writings of the prophets and apostles that I have erred.

But the conflict is not ended, and the platform upon which the Reformers stood is the platform upon which to stand to-day —an appeal to the plain teaching of the

Word of God. All the truth was not seen by Luther and his associates, and their teaching can be safely followed only so far as it is in harmony with the principle which they themselves laid down, the appeal to the Word of God. The principle which is openly avowed by the Roman Catholic Church ("Tradition is to us more clear and safe"—*Catholic Belief*, p. 45) has received altogether too much sanction in some Protestant Churches, and there is need that we "should earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints," and should build only "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone."

Dr. Adolph Saphir has well said:—

"If we have the Spirit's teaching in the Book instead of the Spirit's teaching by the Book, men wish to have it extracted, simplified, reduced to a system, methodized. And then, practically speaking, the creed is above the Bible."

The following statements by Dr. George F. Pentecost are also well worthy of thoughtful consideration at this time:—

The Church at the time of Christ's ministry on the earth had well nigh lost sight of the Scriptures by the accumulation of creeds, glosses, commentaries, and the like, so that they were more given to creeds and traditions and doctrines of men than they were to the Word of God. We are in the same danger now. . . . It is a woeful evil to substitute the authority of creeds and confessions of faith for that of the Word of God, which is the only rule of faith and practice for His people, and the only writing that is of binding authority upon the conscience. . . . Whenever anyone yields obedience to the creeds of the churches, and surrenders the God-given right of personally searching the Scriptures to find out for himself the truth, then he indeed becomes a slave. . . . Never surrender your conscience to any save God, and that on the sole authority of *His Word*.—*In the Volume of the Book*, p. 45.

Let every one heed these words, and follow the example of the "more noble" Bereans (Acts 17: 10, 11), who "searched the Scriptures daily." All teaching is to be subjected to the test of the Word (Isa. 8: 20), and only truth received. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Col. 2: 8. "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked," 1 John 2: 6. "If any man willett to do His will he shall know of the teaching." John 7: 17, R. V. "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" John 8: 12. Are we ready to follow the plain instruction of the Bible, as interpreted by the example and teaching of Christ, even though it be contrary to creed and tradition? This is the test of our Christianity.

W. W. PRESCOTT.

—o—
True Aims of Life.

"To abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
To eradicate Vice by Virtue;
To displace Disease by Health;
To dispel Darkness by Light."

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.—George Eliot.

HEALTH HINTS

THE MAN AND HIS STOMACH.

THE stomach examined its various pits and depressions with great anxiety. Its wrinkles deepened when it discovered the cause of the disturbances which had broken its rest for hours. A mass of decaying and fermenting food was still moving over its lower surface, while millions of germs were dancing about and multiplying at a tremendous rate.

"This is terrible!" groaned the stomach, "but what can I do? My muscular tissues worked as hard as they could for five of six hours, and the gastric juices dissolved every thing possible. It is the imperative business of the pylorus to keep its orifice shut against everything but chyme; certainly this stuff is not ready for the duodenum." And the stomach churned up a long string of connecting tissue and several pieces of wilted celery.

"Good morning," said a peptic gland to a pyloric gland near by.

"Good morning" replied the other, as both began to bestir themselves for the day's work.

"I do hope that our dear stomach will not have so much to do to-day as it did yesterday."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined the second, putting the final touches on a drop of juice. "It was so exhausted last night when the last bit of chyme squeezed through the pylorus, that I am sure it couldn't have contracted another time, no matter what came into it."

"And the worst of it is," continued the peptic gland, there is a wretched residue of indigestible things that could not get through the pylorus at all, and they have been here all night. Those hateful germs are swarming all over the stuff, and are getting disgustingly fat and happy. I did hope that we were going to starve them out, but the chance is evidently gone for the present."

"It's all on account of the chicken salad, olives, coffee, ice-cream, and cake that came rushing down here, pell-mell, late last night, just as we thought we had everything tidy and ready to leave," said the pyloric gland, which was a very domestic and neat little body. "For my part, I think the mouth didn't do just right. It knew very well that the stomach had not had a moment's rest all day, and I think it might have been a little more considerate."

*

"But my dear child," remonstrated the peptic gland which was more of a philosopher, "the mouth could not help it. The poor thing has to do just what the man says, and you know yourself that he is a perfect tyrant."

"But he must be a very wonderful being—

that man," said the little pyloric gland, "to be able to defy and control the laws of nature in the way he does."

"Wonderful, truly!" said the other, dyspeptically; "for my part, I don't believe any more that the man knows a thing. I think he's an imbecile."

"For mercy's sake," exclaimed the pyloric gland, secreting several drops of gastric fluid in its excitement, "what makes you think that?"

But before this question could be answered, the two glands became aware of a hurried rhythmical movement along the esophagus not far away, and suddenly a gulp of hot coffee came plunging into the stomach. Several pieces of half-chewed toast mixed with oatmeal, sugar and cream followed immediately. Then came a large mass of beefsteak, then another and another. These were thickly covered with pepper, butter, and mustard, and accompanied by small, hard pieces of fried potatoes. For several minutes the half-masticated steak and potatoes came tumbling down without an instant's pause; then, after a brief respite, the esophagus swallowed in two buttered pancakes, a quantity of maple syrup, and a doughnut.

The stomach moaned and stirred feebly.

"What better evidence of imbecility do you want than that?"

The stomach, recovering from the shock of the arrival of the meal, began calling for the gastric juices to come to its help. The latter needed no urging, but in numberless little globules ventured out from the tiny ducts, clung timidly for a moment to the edges of the alveoli, and then began to drop off bravely on the nearest mouthfuls; soon a steady stream of digestive fluid enveloped the entire mass of food, while the stomach's muscular layers began to contract, gently churning and mixing every portion of the breakfast.

The mucous lining smoothed out its folds to make more room, and all the blood corpuscles in the neighbourhood crowded close to the transparent membrane. So wonderful are the resources of nature, and so vigorously did the stomach attack its task, that possibly even the heterogeneous conglomeration of incompatibilities collected in this breakfast might have been reconciled and assimilated, had not the man, at this moment, felt thirsty.

The mouth, the pharynx, and the esophagus had been so irritated by the condiments forced against their surfaces that they sent up a lusty cry for water; hence, no sooner had the stomach put its energies in motion than a sudden flood of ice-cold water swept down into it, stopping all the secretions driving the corpuscles back from the walls, and paralyzing every activity.

It was some time before the corpuscles ventured back to their work, and began to warm up the poor little glands that were stiff with cold. By and by a few drops of gastric juice oozed slowly forth and began a desultory work on the saturated food. By degrees the muscular tissues resumed

operations, and the process of digestion was again under way.

The stomach would have begun to ache, had it not learned by experience that if it did the man would send down a pill or a powder that would merely stop the pain and make matters still worse.

It would be tedious to tell of the ice-cold ginger ale that sent a shiver through every cell of the digestive organs; of the luncheon that followed the ginger ale; of the peppery soup that made the salivary glands feel lazy, and tore the lining of the esophagus; of the cold roast pork and the Saratoga chips that sank like lead to the bottom of the soup, of the olives, the jelly, the salad, the pepper-sauce, the ice-cream, the chocolate cake, that made the stomach's afternoon one long Spanish torture; to tell again of the evening dinner, the roast chicken and French potatoes, the cucumbers and vinegar, the tomatoes with mayonnaise dressing, the coffee with green-apple pie and imported cheese. Perhaps it is cruel to mention the Welsh rarebit and the pint of beer that came down about midnight.

Suffice it to say that the man was sick in the night. When a soft, kind tube descended through the gullet to take away its revolting and intractable burden, the heart-broken stomach that had worked so faithfully and conscientiously for forty years heard the man say between groans: "I have a beastly stomach. Were it not for that, I should be a happy man!"

MARY HENRY ROSSITER.

ANTICIGARETTE AGITATION.

THE cigarette habit is one of the most insidious and potent enemies of health and morality indulged in by the young men. It undermines both the health and the morals in a most certain and effective way. Many a young man finds himself as old at twenty or twenty-five years as he ought to be at sixty or seventy. His constitution has evaporated at the end of a cigarette or cigar. His lungs, liver, kidneys, and other internal organs are as completely saturated with smoke as is a ham from a smokehouse. The "bouquet" of such a man has a whiff of perdition in it.

Adam Clarke said on one occasion that if he were going to make a sacrifice to the devil, it should consist of a pig stuffed with tobacco. An old cigarette smoker would certainly be the proper sort of person to officiate as priest on such an occasion. The number of men, and women, too, we are sorry to add, who are burning up their lives along with the tobacco they consume, and the resulting disease, degeneration, and death, are simply appalling.

We are glad to see the good work which is being done by Lucy Page Gaston, and others in opposing the use of cigarettes by boys. If intelligent men and women could be made to appreciate the evil done by the poisonous weed, they would rise *en masse*, and cast away the dirty thing with all its belongings, and would see that the promoters of this awful curse were tried, con-

victed, and sentenced to hard labor at some useful employment for the balance of their lives, as the only proper means of at least partially expiating the crimes they have committed as public poisoners.

J. H. KELLOGG.

—o— A YOUNG MAN OF EIGHTY-ONE.

WALKING into a tradesman's shop at Chatham the other day, I expressed my surprise at seeing the principal still at work, "Oh, I am only a young man," he exclaimed; "I am only eighty-one." I asked the secret. My friend said he was asked that question at the bank the other day, where they told him he was the oldest customer the London and County Bank had in Chatham, having become a customer in 1844. Some of the clerks wanted to know the recipe for his great age and wonderful activity. "I will give it to you," he said. "It is only three things,—no alcohol, no tobacco, and a cold bath every morning."—*Temperance Record.*



THE CRIMES OF ALCOHOL.

The quiet man when alcoholized becomes animated and energetic; the lively nature, dull and morose; the inoffensive spirit is made brutal; the loving and tender mother grows hateful and harsh to her children; purity is transformed into licentiousness; fraud and deceit take the place of the soul of honor; the truthful man becomes a liar; he who has had a strict regard for the rights and property of his fellow man is now a thief; crime in varied forms walks abroad in the shoes of the citizen who was upright and law abiding; the former respecter of life as a sacred trust commits murder and suicide.—*J. W. Grosvenor, M. D., in the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

The prisons of France are inhabited in a great part by descendants of inebriates and degenerates. A total abstainer among criminals is an exception to the rule. While every alcoholic is not a criminal, this is due to accident and the care of friends; for alcohol paralyzes the cerebral functions and annihilates the will; then the field is open to anger, impulsiveness, and bad instincts.—*Laurent.*

Alcoholism is one of the most potent causes of race degeneration. Crime, which is the most powerful factor of alcoholism, never leaves the family or individual their primitive integrity.—*Dr. Folk, in "Criminal France."*

We must not forget to speak of the offspring of the inebriate. His inheritance is a sad one; a tendency to the disease of

the parents is, indeed, as strong as, if not stronger than, that of consumption, cancer, or gout.—*Dr. Willard Parker.*

An important factor in the cause of crime is intemperance. Fully fifty per cent. of the criminals arrested in Chicago are inebriates, and the police reports of New York show about the same proportion.—*Dr. D. R. Brower, Chicago.*

The law of inebriate inheritance is as true as the law of gravitation. In over three thousand cases of chronic alcoholism, I have found one-half with an inebriate ancestry.—*Kerr.*

From fifteen to twenty per cent. of all cases of mental disease may be put down to alcohol as a cause, wholly or in part.—*Clauston.*

—o— THE VEGETARIAN ATHLETIC VICTORY.

A NUMBER of periodicals have of late been publishing accounts of a walking match which took place between vegetarians and meat-eaters in the city of Berlin, on the 26th of June 1899. There were twenty-five competitors—seventeen flesh-eaters, and eight vegetarians. All started off together on a day when the weather was quite unfavourable. The road was good for a few miles, but afterward the route was over poor country roads. The length of the walk was seventy miles. The time was as follows:

(1) Karl Mann, vegetarian, fourteen hours eleven minutes; (2) Emil Makowski, vegetarian, fourteen hours thirty-two minutes; (3) Fritz Badenstein, vegetarian, fifteen hours thirty-four minutes; (4) Wilhelm Damm, vegetarian, fifteen hours fifty-nine minutes; (5) Paul Schirrmeister, vegetarian, seventeen hours six minutes; (6) Hermann Zerndt, vegetarian, seventeen hours; (7) Friedr. Zahrt, flesh-eater, seventeen hours thirty-two minutes.

Of the two vegetarians who retired, one reached fifty-six and the other thirty-seven miles respectively. The failure of the former was caused by defective foot-gear. Eleven of the flesh-eaters retired after they had travelled about thirty-eight miles. It is said that the six vegetarians all came through in good condition. The only flesh-eater who arrived came in a half hour after the last two vegetarians, notwithstanding the fact that they lost their way and went seventy five miles instead of seventy. The six vegetarians are said to have arrived in excellent condition.

As a result of this race, the German army officials have begun an investigation into the value of vegetable food as compared with flesh food for the army. Those in charge of the German army will probably not be slow to appreciate anything which will give their men an advantage over the men of other nations, and it may be that this race will do much toward enlightening the world as to the true value of a non-meat diet.

It may be noted that while there is no standard road record (so far as known) for

seventy miles, the fifty-six mile German record has been beaten by Mr. Mann in this walk by twenty minutes, although this was his first attempt at a walking match.

Mr. Mann has been a vegetarian for five years. His exclusive diet during the walk was fresh fruit, mostly strawberries, with a few lettuce leaves picked by the way.

G. H. HEALD, M.D.

"History affords considerable support to the theory of our vegetarian friends. Napoleon remarked that the hardiest soldiers he had in his terrible Moscow campaign were the Italians, reared entirely on a diet of bread, figs, and raisins. The porters of Constantinople have always been marvels of muscular power, and they never eat meat. The Scotch gillie is the brawniest man in the King's dominions, and he is made of oatmeal.

"When it comes to mental power, Plato distilled his wisdom from a diet of figs, and Plutarch denounced all flesh-eating. Sir Isaac Newton wrote his great 'Principia' on bread and water, and Lord Byron his great poems on biscuits and grape juice. Let it not be forgotten, either, that the clear, cold wisdom of New England is firmly founded on fruit pies, and that Boston claims the mental suzerainty of the earth on brown bread and beans."

—o— TEA AND RHEUMATISM.

THE habitual use of tea as a means of relieving headache is without doubt an efficient cause of rheumatism in numerous ways. The writer has met many persons who could not forego the morning cup of tea or coffee without suffering severely from headache and depression during the day. Haig has shown that a dose of uric acid will cure a headache, by driving the uric acid out of the blood. The day following, however, the reverse condition exists. The amount of uric acid found in the blood is increased, and a new dose must be given to protect the nervous system from the result of the contact of this nerve-poison. The theine, or caffeine, of tea has precisely the same effect as uric acid, and hence has come to be a favorite domestic remedy for headache. When used habitually, however, as will readily appear, the effect must be to cause a storing up in the body of uric acid and urates, thus laying the foundation for chronic rheumatism, and the various allied conditions which have their foundation in the so-called uric-acid diathesis, or lithemia—*Good Health.*

The following warning by Dr. Newsholme in the *Christian* should set moderate drinkers thinking. Those who congratulate themselves on their "moderation" may well become alarmed by the statements of this officer of Health of long experience:

"It is not sufficiently recognized that these evil causes are very commonly produced by the systematic indulgence in an amount of alcoholic drinks that would by most be regarded as moderate, and that those who, while never becoming intoxicated, daily take a considerable amount of spirits (especially if taken apart from meals) are much more likely to suffer in health, and prematurely break down than the labourer who may get drunk once a fortnight, and be a teetotaller in the intervals."



NIGHTFALL.

SOFTLY the sunset gilds the western sky,
The day is dying;
Softly the robin whistles to his mate's low cry,
The breeze is sighing;
Darkly the shadows deepen in the tree-tops near,
The dew is falling;
Father, O bend to earth thy listening ear,
Thy child is calling!
Softly the sound upon the night air swells
Of vesper singing;
Sweetly there comes the chime of evening bells,
A curfew ringing.
Lowly above the nest, that lightly swings,
The old birds hover,
So may Thy love be my retreat; thy wings
My lone head cover!
Brightly the clouds are gilded with the light
So slowly spending;
So may thy glory gild the coming night,
When day is ending.
Calmly thy creatures sink in peaceful rest,
All danger scorning;
So may I find my shelter on thy breast
Until the morning!

RACHEL PINEO.

—o—
PROCRASTINATION.

"Is your butter ready for market this morning, Ellen?"

"No," and the little woman's face reddened with mortification and chagrin.

Mr. Ashburn stared, and used the inelegant, but to him appropriate phrase—"What's loose?"

"The churndasher; that is all," the wife replied smillingly.

"Oh!" and Mr. Ashburn's eyes seemed intent on discovering a rent in the toe of his boot. "I did intend to repair that visible thing before I went away yesterday."

"But you did not, and the cream had already been kept one day over. I called up what little ingenuity I possess and fixed it myself."

"Well?"

"No, it was not well, but just the reverse. I put a bit of ribbon around the staff, and of course the cross-piece stayd on. But you should have seen the butter! There was lint all through it. I melted and strained it, and now it will only do for cooking."

"And butter forty cents a pound!"

Really, it is too bad. Bring the vexatious thing here, and I will attend to it at once; and when that is done, I must go to Mr. Churchill's, and see if I can get some more cabbage plants. That restless cow pushed over a panel of the garden fence last night,

and made a clean sweep of my cabbages, besides trampling over everything. I intended to place some new posts long ago, but have neglected it, and now the garden is utterly ruined. I do believe I have the most mischievous stock in the world. I never know where to find them."

The five minutes' job was completed, and then Mr. Ashburn went out, leaving his wife to ruefully consider the loss of her early peas, tomatoes, and cucumbers, and he to wonder why so many accidents were always happening on their farm. Only a short time before a shed had blown down and killed and maimed 10 sheep. A horse had broken through the stable floor and lamed itself badly—probably would never entirely recover from it. The milk-house, built at considerable expense, was useless because infested with rats.

And was not farming a weariness and vexation of spirit?

But she was a sunny hearted little woman, and soon began to take a more cheerful view of the situation, and to laugh at her own morbid fancies, and finally went gaily about her work, singing cheery little bits of song as she went.

Mr. Ashburn was one of those charming "good fellows" whom every body liked, and his family almost idolized. But, somehow, he was always at the foot of fortune's ladder. He had no success in making money. Indeed, to borrow a phrase that should be Hibernian if it is not, he "progressed backwards" decidedly, and all for the simple reason that he was afflicted with a chronic infirmity of procrastination.

He was never quite ready to do the right thing at the right time. To-morrow he must certainly remove these unsightly bushes from the fence corners; cut down that mammoth thistle sprinkle salt on it, straighten the fence that seemed about going to sleep on duty; drive a few nails on those loose boards in the barn; put a lock on the smoke-house; a hinge on the gate, and a cover on the cistern.

But, alack and alas! to-morrow never comes—at least, is never here.

Perhaps one trait of character possessed by Mr. Ashburn tended as greatly to keep him poor as his neglect of little matters. He was in haste to adopt every new theory in agriculture, and it would take a volume to state all his miserable failures.

He soaked the roots of some choice nursery trees in lye, to destroy imaginary insects, and succeeded so effectually that no insects appeared—nor leaves either; turned brine on young fruit trees, because he had heard it was good for quinces; soaked corn in a poisonous liquid to kill the crows that pulled it, and poisoned all his fowls, that were, of course, "far-fetched and dearly bought;" tied a valuable cow neck and heels to keep her from kicking, and she ended the struggle by breaking her neck; introduced a famous porker among his swine that proved to have an infectious disease, from which nearly his whole herd died.

But the crowning misfortune was the loss of a favourite and valuable horse that he attempted to doctor, because he was afraid to trust him in the hands of a farrier. This calamity staggered him for a while, and he was content to follow in the beaten tract, and be governed by known laws.

A few days after the affair of the lousy butter, Mr. Ashburn said to his wife:

"I am going to the village; would you like to accompany me?"

As is so often the case between husband and wife, Mrs. Ashburn was exactly the opposite of her companion in methodical precision. She could just spare the time and no more.

The first hinderance was a missing whip, the second, a broken strap on the harness, and then, an iron had been mislaid that he was to take to the blacksmith, and thus a good half hour was wasted before they were on their way.

As a natural consequence Mrs. Ashburn felt fretted, and annoyed with the thoughts of duties unperformed, and her ride was a penance instead of a pleasure. But how much more would it have been so could she have known or even suspected what fate had in store for her.

Just after leaving the village, they were met by the hired man, with the startling intelligence that one of the children had fallen into the cistern and was drowned, or nearly so—the unlucky cistern, that Mr. Ashburn had been going to put a stationary cover on for a long time!

When they reached home their worst fears were confirmed. The child was dead. Darling little Nelly! the sunbeam that filled the whole house with warmth and light.

She had been playing around the yard, and when the girl in whose care she had been left missed her, she hurried to the cistern, found the loose board tipped—suspected the truth—and when the alarmed neighbours came—poor little Nelly was brought dripping and lifeless from the water.

Mrs. Ashburn cried out, wept and sobbed as a loving, impulsive mother would do at the loss of her darling, but the father, made of sterner stuff, had received a blow that shook his very soul.

Ten minutes labour, at the right time, would have saved his beautiful child; saved the warm, loving arms for his neck, and the soft, red lips for his kiss. In his heart he called himself a murderer. And, still worse, when the blighted bud was hidden from his sight forever, and he stood, remorseful and silent, beside the couch of his sick wife, and listened to the mournings and wanderings of her grief-stricken brain he knew that she, too-gentle and charitable as she ever was—had written hard things against him.

And what if she should also be taken from him? The thought was agony, and he asked, in all humbleness, that the cup might pass from him.

And when the dark cloud lifted, and health came slowly back to the wasted mother, he

set about performing his vows. It surprised even himself to see how little time it took to bring order out of confusion.

It is not to be supposed that a life-long habit could be broken at one wrench, and he often caught himself tripped. But perseverance is all powerful; and he had but to recall the mute reproach on his dead child's lips and the bitter words of his half unconscious wife, to arouse himself to his duties. And one would hardly believe the wonders the change has wrought.

The farm, from being slovenly and unproductive, is changed to a snug, money-making homestead, and Mr. Ashburn is at the present writing, as remarkable for his promptness as he was five years ago for his miserable habit of procrastination.

MRS. MARY F. AMES.



HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE.

A House Where Men Never Laugh.

How do you think you would like to live fearing every moment to be blown up, none daring to speak aloud to speak anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't; yet hundreds of men live in just that state,—work, receive pay, and live year after year in the very sight of death, as it were—all that the world may have gunpowder. You can easily guess that these men go about quietly and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But, in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the gunpowder mills will go off in an instant, and every vestige of the toil of years will be swept away in a cloud.

But, though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpetre and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself, but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with

its iron bed, it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water-power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut and the machinery is left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough, the mill is stopped, and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and of course it is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this. They are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure not a laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls.

Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in a moment.

The floor of the house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black with the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the other, through which the powder is sifted, and an immense ground and labouring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it in wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent, as in the other houses.

The stoving room is next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing house, where it is put in barrels, kegs, and canisters.

Lastly, through all these houses, it goes to the store house. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the thing safely packed away out of the hands of men in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder house, but you would not think this house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before? Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of these powder-houses is any light ever allowed, except sunlight. The wages are good; the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger, and glad to get away.

American Sportsman.

HIGH hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease and start on some fresh march of faithful service.

WHEN we turn away from some duty, or some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us. We shut out the man, and we shut out the angel who had sent him to open the door.

RULES.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

1. FROM your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
 2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
 3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
 4. If you tell a child to do anything, tell him how to do it, and see that it is done.
 5. Never let them see that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
 6. Never smile at any of their actions at which you do not approve, even though they are somewhat amusing.
 7. If they give way to fretfulness and temper, wait till they are calm, and then quietly reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
 8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a much greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
 9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
 10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances at another.
 11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.
 12. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth.
 13. Never allow of talebearing.
 14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.
 15. Above all things instruct them from the Word of God, taking Jesus for their example of patience, meekness, and love, teaching them to pray as they grow up as the only preservative against error, weakness, and sin—*Selected.*
- o—

RULES FOR MOTHERS.

1. FIRST give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving Him His own.
2. Always prefer virtue to wealth—the honour that comes from God to the honour that comes from men. Do this for yourself; do it for your child.
3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.
4. Give not needless commands; when you command, require prompt obedience.
5. Never indulge your child in cruelty, even to an insect.
6. Cultivate sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.
7. Be sure you never correct your child until you know it deserves correction. Hear it first and fully.
8. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.



TO "OUR LITTLE VOLUNTEERS."

Dear little Volunteers
In the army of the LORD.
Are you fighting still for JESUS,
Armed with the SPIRIT'S sword?
Are you wearing still His shield
Of FAITH so firm and true,
That the fiery darts of Satan
Can never pierce you thru?

Is simple TRUTH the girdle
That Circles you alway?
Is the helmet of SALVATION
Worn by you every day?
Are your little feet e'er shod
With the gospel of his PEACE?
Do not put His armor off,
Till your earthly life shall cease.

Lift high His blood-red banner,
And follow in His wake.
Think whose the blood that dyed it;
Be true then for His sake.
Fight the good fight boldly;
Be brave, and firm, and strong.
To-day—the noise of battle;
To-morrow—Victory's song.

Soon, soon will come the call
To bid your warfare cease:
O warrior then you'll taste
Eternal joy and peace.
Be faithful unto death:
'Tis thus the crown is won.
Be faithful, if you'd hear
Your Captain's glad "well done!"
Miss S. Sorabji.

IDLE HANDS.

"HARRY, do stop pulling that tassel in pieces. You have nearly destroyed it already. Just see!" and aunt Nellie held up the ragged remains of a once handsome curtain tassel.

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry, "I did not mean to do that. I was looking out of the window and wondering if it would ever stop snowing so I could go skating."

"It is owing to idle hands," said Aunt Nellie. "Satan, you know, always finds mischief for such kind of hands; you must find something to do to keep your hands out of mischief."

"I was so in hopes," said Harry, "I should find something for my feet to do; but it does snow so I don't know if it will ever stop, and if it should, the ice will be all covered with snow, so I can't skate. I do feel so miserable with nothing to do."

Harry Hayden was spending the winter with his Aunt Nellie. He went to school, and in the short winter days there was very little time for out-of-door sports.

A holiday was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure. Many a coasting or skating party was planned for such days; and great was the disappointment of all if the rain or snow prevented carrying out their plans.

A week before, Aunt Nellie had said: "Harry, if you have perfect lessons for a week, on your birthday we will ride out and see your cousins, James and Sarah. They live close by a large pond; and you can all go skating in the afternoon, if the ice is all right by that time. That will give you a chance to try your new skates."

Now the long expected morning had come. Harry had been marked perfect for a whole week, and there was nothing to hinder his going,—nothing but a snowstorm, the worst of the whole season.

Harry hoped for a few hours in the morning that the snow would stop and the sun shine; but now he had given that up, and was wandering about, feeling miserable enough.

"Come out into the kitchen and help me" said Aunt Nellie after a while, seeing Harry could not busy himself about anything.

"I don't know what I can do," said Harry.

"We will see. First, you may pare some apples; I shall want a few this morning. Then, you may pick over that rice and those raisins, being careful not to eat more than half of them."

Harry's hands were soon busy, and he began to look more cheerful, and before he knew it, dinner time had come.

After dinner, Aunt Nellie said: "Now, we will go up into the attic and look up a lot of papers that have pictures and stories. You can then make a scrapbook, if you like, this afternoon."

In a short time, Harry was busy with the shears cutting out the pictures that pleased him, and the nicest stories, while Aunt Nellie pasted them into an old ledger.

The hours flew by without his paying any attention. When bedtime came, he said: "I don't know but I have had about as good a time as I should if I had gone skating. I shall believe in having busy hands after this. I will put the rest of the papers away until another stormy holiday, when my hands get idle. By the time the winter is over, the book will be full, and I shall enjoy looking at it and reading the stories. It will remind me that idle hands are of very small account."—N. M. Abbey.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

A FEW days ago while a lady was waiting in a shop, she saw another lady come in to do some shopping. Soon after she entered, a pretty little girl about ten years old came in with another little girl who looked younger. They went up to the counter where the lady was looking at some goods. Soon she turned and spoke to the older girl, and the lady who was waiting was greatly surprised to see her twist her shoulders and make up such a bad face that she did not look pretty at all. Then she knew that the nice-looking lady was her mother.

"But how did she know?" you ask.

Because she would not have treated any other lady that way, especially if she had been a stranger. If some other person had spoken to her, she would have smiled and looked as pleasant as possible.

As her mother turned away to visit another counter in the shop, the lady saw the little girl begin to talk with the child who was with her, and, though she did not hear what she said, she looked so hateful and disobedient that one could not help feeling sorry that she was so naughty. She had pretty eyes and hair, was dressed neatly and comfortably, and carried a music roll in her hand, so it seemed she had been taking her music lesson. Her kind mother seemed to be doing all she could for her comfort, yet she treated her with less respect and more unkindly than though she had been a stranger.

Surely no girl who reads this will ever treat her mother in this way.—*Little Friend.*

—o—

HONOUR.

I HEARD of a boy who went to the head of his spelling class from the foot, because the teacher thought he spelt a word right that all the others had missed. Then the teacher wrote the word on the board that each might see his mistake, but at once that boy raised his hand and said: "Oh, I didn't spell it that way. I spelt it with an *e*." Some of the boys asked him afterwards why he did not let it go, and he said he couldn't afford to dishonour his Master, Jesus Christ, for the sake of being at the head of his class.—*Family Treasury.*

—o—

ONLY HIS MOTHER.

CHARLIE HOLLAND, at your service. A well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you will like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him" is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to post this letter for me? Are you going near the post office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve you, Mrs. Hampstead," says the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie, but I wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh! no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take too minutes to dash around the corner to the office." And as he receives the letter his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister as the window closes. "Always so obliging, he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower and let me whisper a secret in your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother had said to him, "Charlie

can't you run upstairs and get that letter on my bureau, and post it for me?" And Charlie,—what was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go upstairs. Of course, it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and, by making an extra rush, he could get to school in time; but the old lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how he will toss back his handsome head, and say:

"Indeed I do love my mother! She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you; I am only introducing him; you are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?—*Pansy*.

THE NEXT ONE.

"WHY, auntie, I thought you were done."

"So I am, with my work," returned Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on threading her needle. "I'm only trying to smooth the way a little for the next one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will, curiously.

"Well, suppose that, just as papa is starting for business to-morrow morning, he discovers he is about to lose a button from his coat, and can only spare about two minutes in which to have it sewed on; don't you think it would be quite a relief for mamma to find her needle already threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think anyone could find that little bit of an eye at all, if they were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm sure I would have been glad to be your 'next one' then."

"Suppose again, Will, that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar stairs had stopped to pick it up, remembering that some one else would be coming that way soon, wouldn't it have been worth while? Just think how poor Bridget has suffered from her fall, and how the whole household has been inconvenienced."

"Yes, auntie, and if I'd wiped up the water I spilled this noon, sister wouldn't have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but a fellow would have to keep pretty wide-awake to remember every time;" and with a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the gate, leisurely munching a banana as he went.

Reaching the pavement, he threw down the banana skin, and proceeded on his way; but presently he turned and looked

hard at the yellow object lying there upon the pavement, and then quickly retracing his steps, he picked it up and flung it into the road.

Turning toward the house, he saw his aunt watching him from the window, and with a merry laugh he lifted his hat and bowed, while she in turn nodded approvingly.—*Selected.*

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, yet each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Patiently take the minutes of pain;
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste of their sweetness while we stay;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes, use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell;
Who uses minutes has hours to use,
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

—*Selected.*

THE RASCAL RAVEN.

MOST animals are no match at all for the raven's cleverness. There was, states *Little Folks*, once a poor hare that allowed herself to be completely bamboozled. The raven pounced at the leveret—as the baby hare is called—but the mother drove the rascal away. But did the raven cease from troubling? Not a bit of it.

He slowly retreated, encouraging the hare to follow him up, and pretending even that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led the unhappy mother to a considerable distance from her young one, and then, all of a sudden, long before the hare had time to realize the danger of the trick, rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the leveret in its beak, and bore it away.

A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot. But the wicked birds turned sharply round, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicer bits in triumph.

As to the raven's power of speech, the following story will show how aptly it can talk:—A gentleman, while travelling through a wood in the South of England, was suddenly alarmed by hearing a shout of "Fair play, gentlemen! fair play!" uttered very earnestly in loud tones. The cry being repeated presently, the wayfarer thought it must proceed from some one in distress, and at once began to search for him. In due course he came upon a couple of ravens attacking a third in the most brutal manner. He was so struck with the oppressed bird's appeal that he rescued it without delay. It turned out that the ravens' victim was a tame raven belonging to a house in the neighbourhood. Happily, it knew how to use the catch-words that it had so adroitly learned.

—*Selected.*

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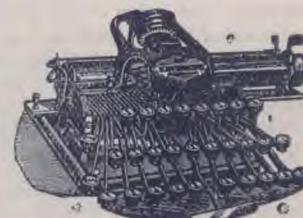
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THE Pope last year figured as legatee in 700 wills. The aggregate amount thus received by him from the faithful was £120,000.

IN addition to the great financial drain caused by the South African war, England has lost 20,949 men, while 5,262 have been discharged as unfit for further service. Surely war is a costly thing.

It is stated that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates now control business interest aggregating more than \$8,500,000,000, about £1,700,000,000. This vast sum represents the capital centered in "trusts" and the financial combinations of modern times.

DIVERS are able to converse under water by placing their helmets, which are invariably made of copper, together and shouting to one another. The sound, they say, is distinctly conveyed.

THERE are now in Europe 40 stations equipped for wireless telegraphy, and 5 in America. About 60 vessels have on board the necessary apparatus.

M. Moissan has already obtained very small diamonds, says *Cosmos*, by heating carbon under very high pressure.

RUSSIA's great Trans-Siberian railway is now practically completed. In labour alone, it has cost over 90,000,000 days' work. Nearly twenty miles of bridges have been thrown across rivers. Over 900,000 immigrants have been attracted to Siberia, as this railway brings them in touch with the world.

THE great forests of the Philippines are estimated to cover at least 20,000,000 and perhaps 40,000,000 acres, and more than 600 species of trees have already been enumerated. Some of the trees attain a height of 150 feet.

NOT until recently have the Japanese bookstores been willing to carry the Bible in stock for fear of offending their Buddhist patrons. Now, however, Bibles are so eagerly sought that they are kept on sale in all the prominent bookstores in Japan.

THREE times France has lowered the standard of health in her armies. Scientific men, who have given the matter careful investigation, declare that the use of tobacco is one of the chief causes of this physical degeneration.

You put a rod of steel in at one end of a machine and a weldless chain comes out of the other. Such is a brief description of the marvellous work done by the Strathern patent weldless chain making machine. The machine is of a massive description, and has been designed to turn out weldless steel chains up to one inch diameter. It is built close to the furnace which heats the bars.

"The Russian Government has decided to rebuild its fortifications on the German and Austrian frontiers, at a cost of 420,000,000 rubles. This action is necessary as the result of Colonel Grimm's betrayal of the plans of the existing Russian forts."

"The great central cone of Mt. Vesuvius has fallen in, and the professor in charge of the Vesuvian Observatory predicts that the collapse will be followed soon by startling volcanic manifestations. Much alarm is felt by the inhabitants of Naples."

"The railway tunnel under the Simplon Pass, between Switzerland and Italy, is to be more than twelve miles in length. It was begun August 1, 1898, and is to be completed May 1, 1904, at a cost of from 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 dol."

"—America is the land of colossal salaries. There are several men in New York who earn from £1,000,000 to £5,000,000 per annum by their business ability. George Gould was allowed by his father £1,000,000 per annum for five years for controlling the family interests of the Goulds. And George earned the money by his judicious, cautious handling of a vast estate."

It is stated that a well-known lion-tamer has introduced electricity in taming his animals. When a wild lion or tiger is to be tamed, electric wires are first rigged up in the cage between the tamer and the animal. After a time the tamer turns his back, and the lion invariably makes a spring at him, but, encountering the charged wires, receives a paralyzing shock sufficient to terrorize it for ever.

The Atlantic steamship trust has effected an understanding with the big German steamship companies for the purpose of eliminating competition in the Atlantic passenger and freight business, and also for the purpose of driving out of the business smaller and less influential companies. The German companies and the steamship trust will then eventually unite under one management, in effect if not in outward form, and monopolize the carrying business of the Atlantic."

DR. Albert T. Clay, curator of the Babylonian Department of the University of Pennsylvania, is authority for the statement that inscriptions recently deciphered are confirmatory of the literal accuracy of Bible history, and show that certain events which are recorded in the Bible and have been made a ground of attack, are distinctly corroborated by the most ancient tablets.—*New York Christian Herald*.

A DANISH engineer has invented a propeller for ships that attempts to imitate the action of a fish's tail, and combines driving with steering power. Experiments are said to have shown that the new apparatus, which is called the "pendulum propeller," gives a greater driving thrust than does the screw propeller, while its steering ability exceeds that attainable with twin-screws and helm together. The great difficulty is with the engine, for, with present forms of engines, the weight of the driving mechanism is too great to be practicable for steamships. The oscillating blade of the pendulum propeller is placed at the stern of the ship, in the position of the ordinary rudder, with its longest axis vertical.

Progress of the Press.

There are now published in the United Kingdom 2,457 newspapers, distributed as follows—

England :—					
London	451	
Provinces	1,407	1,918
Wales	107	
Scotland	236	
Ireland...	176	
Isles	20	

Of these there are—

195	Daily papers published in England.	
7	ditto	Wales.
18	ditto	Scotland.
17	ditto	Ireland.
4	ditto	Isles.

In 1846 there were published in the United Kingdom 551 journals; of these fourteen were issued daily—twelve in England and two in Ireland. We thus find that the Press of the country has nearly quintupled during the last fifty-six years. The increase in daily papers has been remarkable—241 against fourteen in 1846.

Magazine statistics are equally interesting. There are now published in the United Kingdom 2,486 magazines, of which at least 508 are of a decidedly religious character. Comparing 1902 with 1846, it is estimated that in that year there were only 200 of such publications in existence. Almost every branch of science, trade, and thought is now represented.—*Family Herald*.

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"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for Thou art my praise."

IT is a source of consolation to every believing soul, that healing power belongs to the Lord. His power to restore to health is unlimited, and no disease is too hard for Him to cure. In His name the blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. The tendency of the human heart is to forget this, and look to man and his medicines to heal; so strongly has this idea got hold of people that the belief is prevalent that medicine of itself can cure. God has remedial agencies thru which He works for the restoration of health, but these are only the means to an end. As the tools of the silversmith are ineffective apart from the smith, so are curative agents apart from the Great Physician. The salve placed upon the wound does not heal it. It acts its part in moistening the wound and keeping foreign matter and microbes from poisoning it, but the power to build up and make new tissue is of God. Every growth of tissue is made by Him. "In Him we live and move, and have our being." Shall we not then look to the Heavenly Physician more and to His agencies less.

Let us not forget that in Him we live and have our being. We in Him and He in us. Man is the masterpiece of creation's work, and in him are seen the greatest wonders of the hand of God known to man. Day by day he is working in him and renewing his life, eliminating the waste tissues, and building up others in their places. Evolution would seek to teach us that the creation has evolved into its present condition, and that in matter there is inherent power to renew itself, and even to develop into a higher state of perfection. Such teaching as this leads man from his Maker, and causes him to look to the creature rather than the Creator. Nature is placed above Him who made it, and upholds it.

How different is the teaching of God's word: "Do not I fill heaven and earth saith the Lord?" He has not left the earth and its inhabitants to themselves. "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?" So interested is He in him, and so fully is he acquainted with

man's body that He says, "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." How it draws our hearts toward Him to know His great omniscience and marvelous omnipotence!

There are diseases of soul just as surely as there are diseases of body, and it is equally evident that the hope to heal these is in the same power that restores from bodily infirmity. Perhaps no more dangerous malady ever affected ancient Israel than backsliding, and yet He says, "I will heal their backsliding." God is no respecter of persons, and the promises to ancient Israel are the promises of the Christian to-day. The sliding soul who has slidden back from God can have all these backslidings healed. "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed." The constant enemy of the Christian is backsliding, and how often we see the follower of Christ in sorrow retracing his steps from a state of indifference. To all such the promise that He will heal our backsliding comes as a word of encouragement, and if accepted by faith will so renew the life that it will be controlled by a right and constant spirit.

EVOLUTION OR THE BIBLE, WHICH?

A FEW weeks ago, the Presbyterian Church in America refused to license three theological students to preach on the ground that they held the story of Adam to be mythical. We were glad to see this determined stand taken for the whole Bible, but the following from the *Congregationalist* does not give so much room for commendation: "We do not know of a professor of Old Testament literature now teaching in any theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church, who claims that the story of Adam and Eve in the first two chapters of Genesis is literal history." To allege that two chapters of the Bible are not inspired is tantamount to saying, that the Bible as a whole is not the Word of God, and so soon as this is done, the impregnable fortress of the Christian religion is broken down. When the account of creation and the fall of Adam are said to be mythical, then the teaching of Paul, "As in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive," becomes mythical; and if Moses and Paul have recorded myths instead of truth, at once five books in the Old Testament and fourteen in the New are thrown out as uninspired. If it is affirmed that one portion of the writings of these two men is inspired and the other not, it is equivalent to saying that God has chosen men to write the Scriptures who have woven in their own ideas with his sacred Word, and if so, what confidence can we have in their writings or in God's Word as a whole? The Christian is without an anchor for his hope. He is at sea and knows not what to believe.

The first two chapters of Genesis did not collide with Bible teachers until they became entangled in evolution and higher

criticism. Is it not passing strange that God should have allowed these spurious writings to become incorporated in the compilation of the Bible, and that Bible students should not find them out until scientific theorists revealed them?

To keep pace with this growing tendency of higher criticism, the Pope has appointed a commission, whose duty it is to investigate the questions connected with inspiration and higher criticism, and advise as to range to be allowed Catholic faith on these subjects. We are not surprised that Rome is tending toward higher criticism for that church claims the power to cancel and reject portions of Scripture, but when it comes to Protestant churches abrogating parts of the Bible, for which they have stood so long and bravely, are they not following in the steps of Rome and erecting a scientific hierarchy in the place of God?

THE CARNAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

THE acting governor of the province of Batangas, Philippine Islands, states that since the American occupation of the islands one hundred thousand of the inhabitants of that province have perished by war, disease, and starvation. The acting governor of Tayabas province, Major Cornelius Gardner of the American army, states that the American troops have tortured natives, have shown no proper discrimination between friendly and hostile natives, have burned property indiscriminately, and by harsh conduct in general have sown the seeds of hatred and continual insurrection. This governor states that "the political situation in that province is slowly retrograding. The American sentiment is decreasing, and we are daily making permanent enemies."

To those who look to the harsh deeds of war, the cruel business of manslaughter, as the advance agents of civilization and Christianity, we commend this picture of war's work among the Filipinos. The Gospel of Jesus Christ depends upon no such carnal arm for its advancement and support; and civilization does not consist in forcing one people, at the bayonet's point or the cannon's mouth, to adopt the ways and customs of another people. Slaughter-weapons and the knowledge of how to use them are not the characteristics of true civilization. There is more genuine civilization in the hut of the most ignorant peasant who has learned to respect the rights of his neighbor than in the breast of the most pompous knight of war who willingly inflicts pain upon those within his power. There is more genuine Christianity in the home of a single poor cotter who daily kneels with his family at the altar of prayer for God's blessing than in a whole concourse of church dignitaries who depend upon the rifle and bayonet to uphold their station. God has never commissioned any such power to undertake the work of advancing His kingdom in the earth. He has never authorized His representatives to depend upon any such support in their work.—

Signs of the Times.