

THE Present Truth

"Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy Word is truth."—John xvii. 17.

Vol. 12.

LONDON, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896.

No. 18.

The Present Truth.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE
International Tract Society, Ltd.,
59, Paternoster Row, E. C.

Annual Subscription, By Post, 6s. 6d.
Make all Orders and Cheques payable to the International
Tract Society, Limited, 451, Holloway Road, London, N.

GIVING PRAISE.

THE Divine injunction is, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Ps. cl. 6.

THIS is without qualification. Rich and poor, high and low, the prosperous and the afflicted, the good and the bad,—all are called upon to praise the Lord.

THERE is no reason in the world why all men should not praise Him. "He is good;" and "His mercy endureth for ever." Ps. cxxxvii. 1. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." Ps. xxxiii. 5. "He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." Luke vi. 35. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Rom. v. 8.

BUT some will say, "I don't see how it is possible for the wicked to praise the Lord; for when I am conscious of having sinned, my mouth is closed, and I cannot praise Him." There are very many professed Christians whose experience is the same. They praise the Lord when they feel in good case, and not otherwise.

THAT which such ones call praising the Lord is really praise of themselves. The Pharisee doubtless thought he was praising the Lord when he said, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." He had no consciousness of sin, he felt good, and so he praised

—himself. The fact that so many persons do not think that they can praise the Lord except when they feel

TRUE praise to God is that which arises solely from a sense of His goodness. The highest angel in heaven



"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne."

in the best condition, is evidence that their praise is not for what the Lord is but for what they are, or what they think they are.

would find nothing for which to praise the Lord, if he looked to himself. We can praise only the object that we are looking at and thinking about. Praise

to God is for what He is, and not for what we are. Now God is always the same, no matter what our condition. Therefore He is always worthy of praise. Out of the depths we may praise the Lord, and thereby be lifted up into the presence of His glory; for He says, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth Me." If the wicked would begin to praise the Lord, they would cease to be wicked. In our greatest sinfulness we may praise the Lord for His love and mercy to sinners. The goodness of God leads to repentance, and the continual recognition of that goodness keeps the soul in dependence upon it. So let all say in sincerity: "I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever."

ESSAYING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

"WITHOUT all contradiction the less is blessed of the better," says the Scripture. That is the reason why the greatest human intellect is misdirected when it essays to defend or vindicate the Bible. The Word of God requires no vindication. No great man can do anything for the Word, save to speak it, and to believe it.

The other day a newspaper described an introduction which Mr. Gladstone has written for a new Bible History, as "a masterpiece of vindication." The notion that the Bible is a book which a great man and a scholar can vindicate springs from the impression that it is more or less a product of human thought, capable of being strengthened by superior human intellect. Hence it is not surprising that the reviewer quotes, as worthy "to be written up in letters of gold":—

It is not the Bible that produced religion and morals, but religion and morals that produced the Bible.

Every one knows that Mr. Gladstone thinks to commend the Bible, and he says many things in a beautiful way of it, but when the finite attempts to measure the infinite and apologise for God's own Word, the result is sure to be a pitiful failure. So subtle is the spirit of scepticism that the work of tearing down the foundations of belief goes on even in literature professing to speak for the Bible. It is because Mr. Gladstone rejects—by interpreting—the matter-of-fact statements of the creation, and is willing

to submit other portions to "critical and corrective judgment" that a newspaper that is always reviewing with favour the work of the most advanced "higher critics" hails his contribution as a "masterpiece of vindication." But "the foundation of God standeth sure."

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

POLITENESS and courtesy should be the habit of our lives. Tenderness, thoughtfulness, kindness, should so invariably characterise every thought and word and act as to leave no room for a suspicion of roughness, thoughtlessness, or unkindness.

There is an unlimited breadth of consideration for others in the injunction: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The surly question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the impulsive reply elicited by the preliminary examination in the first murder trial.

Was it not a certain lawyer who asked the Master what he should do to inherit eternal life?—and the Master replied by asking him how he read the law, and what he found written there. He answered that he found there the injunction to love God, and to love his neighbour as himself. But when he was commended for this he asked again,—“And who is my neighbour?”

Yes, who is my brother and neighbour? Who is this man to whom I should ever be polite, and courteous, tender, thoughtful, and kind, whom I should love as myself? Who is he indeed, and how shall I be able always to recognise him? Shall I know him by his fair skin and the cut of his clothing,—because he is dressed in a scarlet uniform, and carries a sabre or a Maxim gun? Who is my neighbour and my brother? "But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?" Did the question justify him? Did Christ's answer justify him? If not, then we are not justified in our caste prejudice, or our racial favouritisms.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the Evangelist, has expressed himself with characteristic plainness upon some of the race and caste animosities which have come within his own experience and observation:—

Down South you tell a white man that the negro is his neighbour and his brother, and he has got through all dealings with you. You cannot preach to him any more. It is the same in California. It will not do to tell the white man in California that the Chinaman is his neighbour

and brother, or he will get mad at you. I was going down a street in San Francisco when a white hoodlum rushed out and seized a Chinaman by the queue and pulled him over flat on the walk. I interfered on behalf of the Chinaman; the hoodlum was mad at me, said he didn't think so much of me as he did of the Chinaman; he drew a knife, and I came near losing my life, just because I didn't want to see the Chinaman abused.

We are no better than the Jews who despised the Samaritans. We are a mean lot, the whole of us. It is so easy to be a priest or a Levite. Tell a high-toned man that the reeling drunkard in the city streets is his neighbour, and he will be indignant at you. We do not get acquainted with ourselves. If we did we should come closer to the knowledge of who our neighbour is.

We should become acquainted with Christ and He will show us ourselves.

The time is past in which we can have any doubt as to who is our neighbour and our brother, and as to what our duty is toward him. We know that to love the Lord, and thy neighbour as thyself, is written in the law, and that the reply of Jesus to the lawyer was, "This do and thou shalt live."

ON THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

MOSES AND ELIAS.

WHEN Christ comes on His throne of glory, with a cloud of angels, to give reward to the righteous, there will be two great classes of them: those who shall be translated without seeing death, and those who shall be raised from the dead. These, when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, shall also appear with Him in glory. Col. iii. 4. Now representatives of these two classes were with Him on the mount of transfiguration. If they had not been, it would not have been a true representation of the "power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," as Peter says it was. All Bible readers are familiar with the fact that Elijah (the Hebrew form of the name which in Greek is Elias) was translated without seeing death. See 2 Kings ii. 1-11. The record says that as he and Elisha went on, and talked, "behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder: and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." So Elijah was there with Christ in the mount, as a representative of those who, when Christ comes, shall be caught up to meet the Lord without tasting death.

Concerning Moses, we have the record: "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He [the Lord] buried him in a

valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deut. xxxiv. 5, 6. Turn now to Jude 9, where we read: "Yet Michael the Archangel, when contending with the devil He disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." What could cause a dispute between Christ (who is Michael) and the devil, concerning the body of Moses? Only this one thing, that the devil has the power of death (Heb. ii. 14); he brought sin into the world, and death comes by sin; those who die he considers his lawful prey, and he refuses to open the house of his prisoners (Isa. xiv. 16, 17), which is the grave. He is the strong man keeping guard over his house; but Christ is the stronger than he, who has entered into his house, overpowering him (Luke xi. 21, 22), and who now has the keys of death and the grave. Rev. i. 18.

This power Christ gained by virtue of His death (Heb. ii. 14); but long before His death and resurrection He had this power through the promise and the oath of God, which were the surety that He would be offered. Knowing these facts, and reading that Christ contended with the devil over the body of Moses, we are forced to the conclusion that their dispute was concerning the resurrection of Moses, Satan claiming that Christ had no right to take him. But in every contest with Satan, Christ has come off victorious, and so Moses was raised from the dead, and appeared with Christ on the holy mount, as the representative of those who, at the second coming of Christ, shall be brought from their graves to ever be with the Lord.

If there should still be a lingering doubt in the minds of any that Moses was really raised from the dead, and they should think that it was only his disembodied spirit that appeared on the mount, we will state (1) that the transfiguration is expressly declared by Peter to have been a representation of "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," and that at that time he and James and John were "eye-witnesses of His majesty," which shows that it was a view of Christ in His kingly glory; (2) it is absolutely certain that when Christ comes there will be no such thing as disembodied spirits, because, says Paul, He "shall change our vile body that it may be

fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21), and this change is performed for both the living and the dead. 1 Cor. xv. 51. When the saints are caught up to meet the Lord in the air, it is with their own bodies glorified like the body of Christ. Therefore, (3) since the transfiguration was a representation, on a small scale, of this glorious event, it is certain that Moses must have been there in person, and not in shadow.

CHRIST THE LAWGIVER.

"For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He will save us." Isa. xxxiii. 22.

IN Num. xx. 4-6, we have the partial record of an incident that took place while the children of Israel were in the wilderness:—

"And they journeyed from Mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom; and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died."

The people spoke against God and against Moses, saying, Why have ye brought us up into the wilderness? They found fault with their Leader. This is why they were destroyed by serpents. Now read the words of the Apostle Paul concerning this same event: "Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents." 1 Cor. x. 9.

What does this prove? That the Leader against whom they were murmuring was Christ. This is further proved by the fact that, when Moses cast in his lot with Israel, refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Heb. xi. 26. Paul says that the fathers "did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 4. And in the third of Hebrews it is again shown that it was Christ who was "grieved forty years" in the wilderness. So, then, Christ was the Leader of Israel from Egypt. Moses, the visible leader, "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Now read Ex. xx. 1-3:—

"And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord Thy God, which have brought thee out

of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

Who spoke these words? The One who brought them from Egypt. And who was the Leader of Israel from Egypt? It was Christ. Then who spoke the law from Mount Sinai? It was Christ, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person, who is the manifestation of God to man. It was the Creator of all created things, and the One to whom all judgment has been committed.

THE VOICE THAT SPAKE THE LAW.

THIS point may be proved in another way. When the Lord comes, it will be with a shout (1 Thess. iv. 16), which will pierce the tombs and arouse the dead. John v. 28, 29. "The Lord shall roar from on high, and utter His voice from His holy habitation; He shall mightily roar upon His habitation; He shall give a shout, as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth. A noise shall come even to the ends of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations, He will plead with all flesh; He will give them that are wicked to the sword, saith the Lord." Jer. xxv. 30, 31. Comparing this with Rev. xix. 11-21, where Christ, as the Leader of the armies of heaven, the Word of God, King of kings, and Lord of lords, goes forth to tread the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God, destroying all the wicked, we find that it is Christ who roars from His habitation against all the inhabitants of the earth, when He has His controversy with the nations. Joel adds another point, when he says, "The Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter His voice from Jerusalem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake." Joel iii. 16.

From these texts, to which others might be added, we learn that, in connection with the coming of the Lord to deliver His people, He speaks with a voice that shakes the earth and the heavens,— "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage" (Isa. xxiv. 20), and "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise." 2 Pet. iii. 10. Now read Heb. xii. 25, 26:—

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven: whose voice then shook the earth: but

now He hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven."

The time when the Voice speaking on earth shook the earth was when the law was spoken from Sinai (Ex. xix. 18-20; Heb. xii. 18-20), an event that for awfulness has never had a parallel, and never will have until the Lord comes, with all the angels of heaven, to save His people. But note: the same Voice that then shook the earth will, in the coming time, shake not only earth, but heaven also; and we have seen that it is the voice of Christ that will sound with such volume as to shake heaven and earth, when He has His controversy with the nations. Therefore it is demonstrated that it was the voice of Christ that was heard from Sinai, proclaiming the ten commandments.

Is it asked how Christ could be the Mediator between God and man, and also the Lawgiver? We have not to explain how it can be, but only to accept the Scripture record that it is so; and the fact that it is so is that which gives strength to the doctrine of the atonement. The sinner's surety of full and free pardon lies in the fact that the Lawgiver Himself, the One against whom he has rebelled and whom he has defied, is the One who gave Himself for us. How is it possible for anyone to doubt the honesty of God's purpose, or His perfect goodwill to men, when He gave Himself for their redemption? For let it not be imagined that the Father and the Son were separated in this transaction: They were one in this, as in everything else. The counsel of peace was between them both (Zech. vi. 12, 13); and, even while here on earth, the only begotten Son was in the bosom of the Father.

What a wonderful manifestation of love! The innocent suffered for the guilty; the Just, for the unjust; the Creator, for the creature; the Maker of the law, for the transgressor of the law; the King, for His rebellious subjects. Since God spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all; since Christ voluntarily gave Himself for us,—how shall He not with Him freely give us all things? Infinite love could find no greater manifestation of itself. Well may the Lord say, "What could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done in it?"

"Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed."



THE COMING KING.

"And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon Him was called Faithful and True. . . . And on His head were many crowns. . . . And His name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed Him." Rev. xix. 11-14.

JESUS rides forth as a mighty conqueror. Not now a "man of sorrows," to drink the bitter cup of shame and woe, He comes, victor in Heaven and earth, to judge the living and the dead. With anthems of celestial melody the holy angels, a vast, unnumbered throng, attend Him on His way. The firmament seems filled with radiant forms,—"ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." No human pen can portray the scene, no mortal mind is adequate to conceive its splendour. "His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light." Hab. iii. 3, 4. As the living cloud comes still nearer, every eye beholds the Prince of life. No crown of thorns now mars that sacred head, but a diadem of glory rests on His holy brow. His countenance outshines the dazzling brightness of the noonday sun. "And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords."

The King of kings descends upon the cloud, wrapped in flaming fire. The heavens are rolled together as a scroll, the earth trembles before Him, and every mountain and island is moved out of its place. "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before Him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him. He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people." Ps. 1 3, 4.

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men,

and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" Rev. vi. 15-17.

The derisive jests have ceased. Lying lips are hushed into silence. The clash of arms, the tumult of battle, "with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood" (Isa. ix. 5), is stilled. Naught now is heard but the voice of prayer and the sound of weeping and lamentation. The cry bursts forth from lips so lately scoffing, "The great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" The wicked pray to be buried beneath the rocks of the mountains, rather than meet the face of Him whom they have despised and rejected.

That voice which penetrates the ear of the dead, they know. How often have its plaintive, tender tones called them to repentance. How often has it been heard in the touching entreaties of a friend, a brother, a Redeemer. To the rejecters of His grace, no other could be so full of condemnation, so burdened with denunciation, as that voice which has so long pleaded, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Eze. xxxiii. 11. Oh, that it were to them the voice of a stranger! Says Jesus: "I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded. But ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof." Prov. i. 24, 25. That voice awakens memories which they would fain blot out,—warnings despised, invitations refused, privileges slighted.

In the lives of all who reject truth,

there are moments when conscience awakens, when memory presents the torturing recollection of a life of hypocrisy, and the soul is harassed with vain regrets. But what are these compared with the remorse of that day when "fear cometh as desolation," when "destruction cometh as a whirlwind!" Those who would have destroyed Christ and His faithful people, now witness the glory which rests upon them. In the midst of their terror they hear the voices of the saints in joyful strains exclaiming, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Isa. xxv. 9.

Amid the reeling of the earth, the flash of lightning, and the roar of thunder, the voice of the Son of God calls forth the sleeping saints. Throughout the length and breadth of the earth, the dead shall hear that voice; and they that hear shall live. And the whole earth shall ring with the tread of the exceeding great army of every nation, kindred, tongue and people. From the prison-house of death they come, clothed with immortal glory, crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And the living righteous and the risen saints unite their voices in a long, glad shout of victory.

All arise with the freshness and vigour of eternal youth. In the beginning, man was created in the likeness of God, not only in character, but in form and feature. Sin defaced and almost obliterated the Divine image; but Christ came to restore that which had been lost. He will change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto His glorious body. Oh, wonderful redemption! long talked of, long hoped for, contemplated with eager anticipation, but never fully understood.

The living righteous are changed "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." At the voice of God they were glorified; now they are made immortal, and with the risen saints are caught up to meet their Lord in the air. Angels "gather together the elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." Little children are borne by holy angels to their mothers' arms. Friends long separated by death are united, nevermore to part, and with songs of gladness ascend together to the city of God.

Now is fulfilled the Saviour's prayer for His disciples, "I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." "Faultless before

the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24), Christ presents to the Father the purchase of His blood, declaring, "Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given Me." "Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept." Oh, the wonders of redeeming love! the rapture of that hour when the Infinite Father, looking upon the ransomed, shall behold His image, sin's discord banished, its blight removed, and the human once more in harmony with the Divine!

With unutterable love, Jesus welcomes His faithful ones to the "joy of their Lord." The Saviour's joy is in seeing, in the kingdom of glory, the souls that have been saved by His agony and humiliation. And the redeemed will be sharers in this joy, as they behold among the blessed, those who have been won to Christ through their prayers, their labours and loving sacrifice. As they gather about the great white throne, gladness unspeakable will fill their hearts, when they behold those whom they have won for Christ, and see that one has gained others, and these still others, all brought into the haven of rest, there to lay their crowns at Jesus' feet, and praise Him through the endless cycles of eternity.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

THE CHILD-MIRROR.

IN the *National Review* is a paper on the sayings of children, showing the quaint philosophy of childhood. The writer says:—

Very charming in this way are the naïf disclosures of the natural egoism in the first attempt at politeness and kindness. A wee maiden who was enjoying a swing cast a half pitiful glance at her unlucky comrade who was standing and looking on with big admiring eyes, and observed, "I wish I wasn't so fond of swinging, then I would get out and let you swing." With this may be compared the following *mal apropos*. A little girl on taking her toy from another child who was playing with it said, by way of explanation, "You know we can't both enjoy it."

Grown-up selfishness may see itself as in a mirror here. Though experience and pride may teach the adult not to avow the selfishness so frankly, how often he uses the same infantile logic to excuse his faults. Thus one excuses his irritation by pleading an irritable disposition; it is "his way." But this is precisely the difficulty. Like the child who thought she wished to let her playmate swing, many people say they wish they were rid of bad habits and yet cling to them. The fact is, we can do as we wish. If we

wish to drop the sin that besets us, there is strength enough from heaven to enable us to be free. If we cling to the sin and selfishness it is because we love it. It is important that we should recognise this fact. The Lord is no more deceived by the reasoning with which we are prone to satisfy conscience for having our own way than we are by the transparent excuses of these very natural little girls.

AN "EASTER SYMPOSIUM."

IN its Easter number the *New York Independent* publishes twenty-four columns from twelve different writers, prominent in religion, literature, and education, upon the subject of Easter day and immortality. This is a religious subject; the *Independent* is a religious paper, the majority of the writers' contributing to this "Easter Symposium," belong to the ministerial profession; the question is one upon which the Bible is the only sufficient authority,—yet, in the whole twenty-four columns, containing nearly twenty-seven thousand words, there are to be found but twelve references to Scripture texts, while even these are not all relevant to the subject,—certainly not as understood by the writer,—and all are to be found in three of the articles, leaving nine without even an attempt at Scriptural substantiation of the views presented, or expression of Biblical foundation for the thoughts they embody. The treatment accorded the subject of the day, Easter, and its celebration, is superficial and purely sentimental,—scarcely excepting, even, one historical article entitled, "Easter Holidays in Old England," in which the author in one of his first paragraphs destroys the religious significance of the festival, to those who profess Christianity, by the source from which he draws the origin of the day and its observance. He says:—

The celebration of Easter is of very ancient origin. Some authorities derive the name from the Saxon *Oster* (to rise). Others trace it to *Eoster*, or *Easter*, a Saxon goddess, whose rites were kept at the opening of spring. Sloane suggests that the Saxon *Eoster*, the English *Star* and the Hebrew *Ashtaroth*, all came from a long-forgotten original—perhaps Phœnician—signifying fire.

A very old English Easter custom was the extinguishing of all the household fires toward the end of Passion Week, to be relit on Easter Even from consecrated flints preserved in the churches especially for the purpose; from regard to the popular belief that holy fire thus obtained would avert the evil effects of tempests, thunder-storms, etc.—the flint signifying Christ and the fire the Holy Ghost. In this connection was the invari-

able custom of extinguishing the fires in the old baronial halls.

The Festival, a publication dating as far back as 1511, says of the latter domestic usage:

"This day [Easter] is called in many places *Goddess Sunday*; ye know well that it is the manner at this daye to do the fyre out of the hall, and the black Wynter brandes, and all thynges that is foule with fume and smoke shall be done awaye, and there the fyre was, shall be gayly arrayed with fayer flowers, and strewed with grene rysshes all aboute."

The article makes reference to various ancient customs more or less puerile and ridiculous and illustrates them by antiquarian excerpts from records in the Tower and writings of early English Churchmen, and closes with a reference to the poetry of Easter, giving several quotations from Dean Milman, Matthew Bridges, Mrs. Hemans, and others.

All this, from the standpoint of literary interest and curiosity is quite interesting and delightful. The same thing can be said of the columns of dissertation upon the subject of "Immortality" when viewed as an exhibition of able and subtle intellectual gymnastics, the futility of which is so well understood that there is no attempt on the part of the reader to take it seriously. Yet the thoughtful reader, who possesses a true Biblical intelligence upon these subjects, cannot but be impressed with a profound sadness at so much earnest feeling, capacity of thought and expression, and mental ability dissipated upon things which, so far as the eternities are concerned, are more baseless than the fabric of a dream.

Is it not time to call a halt on such investigations in the realm of theory and philosophy so called, however beautifully rounded the phrases, and powerful the rhetoric in which they are embodied, when the result is nothing more assuring than such statements as this:—

On every side, from beginning to end, this subject is beset with difficulties; but altogether I am of the opinion that there is scientific warrant for the assertion of post-mortem personal self-consciousness in identity with ante-mortem self-consciousness.

Or this from another article:—

There is no conclusive evidence of the truth of the doctrine of immortality. . . . There is no conclusive evidence that the doctrine of immortality is false. We must then deal with the doctrine as an unverified hypothesis.

Or this from yet another, which clearly expresses the error into which the religious mind must fall when it gives itself to the guidance of human philosophy on this subject.

Death, then, is the transition from a life in

God here to a better and purer life in God. It is birth rather than death.

So philosophy ever reverses Biblical teaching, continually reiterating in varied form that early falsehood of the father of lies, "Thou shalt not surely die." Through belief in this came sin, sorrow, and death into the world. An error which has been fraught with such results is not, then, likely to be harmless now.

A very few scriptures decide the question,—and decide it fully, definitely, without leaving room for quibble or question.

Immortality can only come from its possessor, Him "who only hath immortality" (1 Tim. vi. 16); it is the gift of God, and man can attain to it only through Christ: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." 1 John v. 12.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits: afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." 1 Cor. xv. 22, 23.

"Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: . . . So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." Verses 52-54.

WHO CANNOT BE SAYED?

THE Chaldeans in the time of Abraham were idolaters. Abraham's own father served "other gods than the Lord." Joshua xxiv. 14, 15. Thus Abraham was born and grew up among idolatrous influences; yet from the midst of this idolatry, and in spite of all these idolatrous influences, Abraham found the one true God, and worshipped Him, and was recognised by the Lord as His friend.

This demonstrates that every other person, though he be born of idolatrous parents, and grow up amidst idolatrous influences, can also find the one true God. Abraham is a witness to all the world that all the heathen can find God, and worship Him truly and be accepted of Him. Every one who seeks God truly will find Him truly. For to every one who calls, God answers; every one who feels after Him, finds Him (Acts xvii. 27); and

to every one who finds God's existence, He reveals His character.

It is written: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" It is intended that the first of these questions shall be answered by "yes." It is only by its being answered "yes" that there can be any place for the second question. It would be meaningless to ask, "Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" if He cannot be found out at all. Therefore to the question, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" every man must answer, "Yes;" for even "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse" who do not search and find Him out.

The second question must be answered by "no" as certainly as the first one must be answered by "yes." No man can, even by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection, because man himself is sadly imperfect, and imperfection attaches also to all that is before him; but God does not leave mankind here: He reveals Himself in His perfection, and gives eternal life to all who will receive it, that they may spend eternity in finding out God in all His glorious perfection.

Thus it is true that every one who will find God's existence, to him God will reveal His character. So it was with Abraham. So it was with Cornelius; to him who had found out God's existence, the Lord even sent an angel to tell him where to send for a man to make known to him God's character. So also it was with the Greeks of Athens, so overwhelmingly sunken in idolatry—"art," it is called now. They had idolised, had made gods of, all things that they could imagine, till they were brought at last to the contemplation of something of which they did not know what to think or to imagine, and therefore they set up an altar, and inscribed upon it, "To the Unknown God." And even to this faint call the Lord answered. Though they had discovered but a faint glimmer of His existence, even to this He gladly responded; and His apostle stood before them in their highest official place, and said to them all, "The Unknown God, . . . Him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He

is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; . . . He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; *that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.*"

Thus it is to all men everywhere and in all ages. They that seek Him, they that even *feel* after Him, find Him. And so easy is it to find Him; so quickly does He respond to the feeblest call; so fully does He reveal Himself upon the faintest glimmer that is recognised of His existence, that when His wondrous work is finished, there is found standing before His throne, ascribing to Him their salvation, a great multitude that no man could number; and this vast host is composed of people "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." These who are there "out of" every kindred and tongue and people and nation, are living and eternal witnesses that *every one* of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, *who is not there*, might just as well be there as these. The fact that one individual is there, of any single kindred or tongue or people or nation that was ever on the earth, is indisputable evidence that all the individuals of every kindred and tongue and people and nation could just as certainly and just as easily be there, as that this one is there; and the fact that *one* is there demonstrates that all the others are without excuse for not being there.

Oh, it is not hard to find the Lord! for He is not far from every one of us; He is so near that but to feel after Him is to find Him. It is not hard to be saved; for "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God." By doubts, and queries, and unbelief generally, people make it hard to be saved; but in the Lord's way it is not hard. "My yoke is easy." Take it upon you.

Abraham is evidence that every heathen can find the Lord. Abraham, and that great multitude out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and even Jesus Christ Himself,—the second Adam,—are all witnesses that God saves human beings—who-

ever puts his trust in Him, whosoever is "willing" to be saved—with the salvation of the Lord. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Who can refuse?

A. T. JONES.

A SCANDINAVIAN SCHOOL.

THE need of providing better facilities for training workers in the Scandinavian countries—better than could be provided in local church schools—led our friends in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark to build and equip a school in Frederikshavn, Denmark. The school has been running nearly two years and is filling a deeply felt want, enjoying a patronage nearly equal to its capacity to accommodate.

The following statement by one who has visited the place will interest those

the seashore, only a few rods from the waters of the Cattegat. There is a garden and grove of small trees in the rear of the school, and tastefully-laid-out grounds in front.

"The faculty is composed largely of persons who have studied at the University of Copenhagen, and who are thus well qualified to do thorough work in their respective branches. Considerable stress is laid upon Bible and history, and the courses in the Scandinavian languages are thorough and satisfactory."

A CHINESE PROTESTANT.

A BAPTIST missionary in China writes to the *Missionary Herald* the following account of a native preacher, Han Meng Pas by name, showing how the simple Word of inspiration is able to make one wise unto salvation, and



THE FREDERIKSHAVN HIGH SCHOOL.

who are interested in seeing the Gospel of the Kingdom making progress in Northern Europe; for the special work of the Frederikshavn institute is, under God, to qualify labourers for the various branches of Gospel work carried forward by Seventh-day Adventists:—

"Frederikshavn is situated on the northern point of Denmark, and has good steamer connections with both Norway and Sweden. This makes it a favourable point for the location of a school which looks for its patronage to all three Scandinavian countries. Of the five thousand or more inhabitants of Frederikshavn, the largest number look to the sea for their living, and the harbour usually presents a scene of considerable activity. However, the outlying district forms a good farming community, and along the smooth, hard roads, which branch out in various directions as they leave the city, are many well-tilled farms and substantial farm buildings.

"A brisk walk of ten or twelve minutes from the post-office brings one to the High School, which is built on

able to withstand all the subtleties of error:—

The Roman Catholics, as if by design, generally manage to meet with those who come about us and show any interest. They met with Han. We preach Christ, and do not discuss the various religious systems any more than we are compelled. The proclamation of the grandly certain facts of redemption is our concern. So Han had received no warning against the errors of Roman Catholicism, nor been put upon his guard against the wiles of its adherents. The Word of God, though, was for him the sole standard of truth—the touchstone to which all opinions must be brought. Well, the Roman Catholics fell in with Han, and began at once about the insufficiency of Protestant teaching for the salvation of the soul, and said that the ignorance of the pastors and others could only hurt those who followed them. Han readily admitted that human teachers, whether Catholic or Protestant, might err, but urged that, since we have the Word of God as our

guide, there was no need for anybody to be led astray.

"Very good," said they, "but there are things vital to salvation which are not contained in the Bible, and which the Church's Emperor (*i.e.*, the Pope) can alone tell us, for he knows the mind of God."

"What things are they?"

"Well, there is purgatory."

"Purgatory, whatever is that?"

"There you are, you see, your Bible does not tell you about it. It is a place of trial and torment where believers receive the punishment of their sins before they enter heaven. Whoever enters hell is utterly without hope, but from purgatory, as they are cleansed from sin, believers are passing into heaven."

"That cannot be," broke in Han, "because God could not have said one thing at one time and a quite different thing at another. The Bible tells us that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin!' and that He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him! Why, the Bible is full of Christ's power to save, readiness to save, and death to save; yet, though our sinless Lord suffered for our sin, you want me to believe that man has still to bear some part of the punishment of it because Christ's was not enough. God may have spoken, that I do not know, but I know He could not say in the Bible that Christ did it *all*, and afterwards say Christ only did a part of it. No, I cannot believe what you say about purgatory."

"Well, you are a long way from the truth. Of course, Christ did not do it *all*. His mother, the Holy Virgin, who is equal with her Son in honour, did a great deal of it."

"Ai Ya, what are you saying? Christ was God's Son, and therefore Divine; Mary was only human like ourselves!"

"What! You Protestants surely worship the Holy Mother?"

"Certainly not."

"Was she not the mother of Jesus?"

"Yes."

"Then she ought to receive equal worship with Jesus, for Jesus could not be greater than His mother." (The descendant is not greater than his ancestor—a Chinese argument.)

"Indeed! What was the name of Mary's mother?"

"That we do not know."

"Who was her grandmother?"

"We have not heard."

"But you surely worship them?"

"No, we do not."

"How is that? If Mary must be worshipped because she was the mother of Jesus, then Mary's mother must be worshipped because she was the mother of Mary who is worshipped, and similarly her grandmother and other ancestors."

The Roman Catholics began to get ruffled, and as the discussion went on got downright angry, for Han kept showing their statements to be contrary to God's Word as contained in the Bible, and held strongly to the position he had at first taken up, that it was possible God might speak, but He could never contradict what He had already given us in the Bible. That is, Han took the stand of a Protestant, without being specially drilled into doing so.

Even thus do simple-minded Christians in England, when the Roman Catholic dogma of Sunday sacredness is urged upon them. They simply ask, Where is it to be found in the Bible? That declares that "the seventh day is the Sabbath," and God, having once spoken, cannot contradict Himself. The Word of God is a safe and sufficient guide in all parts of the world, and under all circumstances. It is as good to discover the fallacy of the Sunday Sabbath as of purgatory.

OUR ETERNAL HOME.

JOHN xiv. 1, 2.

LET not your heart be troubled,
Nor wear that look of care;
Ye trust in God, then also trust in Me.
A little while I leave you,
But only to prepare
A home for you, where many mansions be.

The mansion bright and fair,
Which now I go to seek,
Will open stand alike for rich and poor.
A broken contrite spirit,
A lowly heart and meek,
Alone will count for heaven's golden store.

I will not go away
To leave you comfortless;
My Holy Spirit shall to you be given,
To guide you in the way.
Of truth and righteousness—
The way that leads from earth to home and
heaven. HARRY ARMSTRONG.

IN THE BEGINNING.

"*In the beginning God*"—open your Bible and read only four words, then stop and ponder—"In the beginning God," "*In the beginning God*." In the beginning of the day when you rise in the morning, when suddenly the day with its multitude of duties, its burden of cares and responsibilities, rushes upon you till already you begin to feel the heart throbs quicken and unconsciously and unprepared you are being drawn into the resistless current of hurry and worry,—wait a moment and reflect,—"*In the beginning God*." Just then, in the beginning of the day, make your offering of first fruits to God. A few moments spent in communion with God at the beginning of the day may save hours of fruitless toil ere its close, and prove a safeguard against those bunglings and blunders that are often so fatal in their consequences. "In the morning lay all

your plans at His feet, to be given up or carried out as He shall direct."

Are you a teacher in the Sabbath school, an overseer to feed the flock of God? Then for Christ's sake never for one moment forget these words, "*In the beginning God*." Let God be the beginning of all your plans and all your efforts, His love the main-spring of all your life.

In the beginning, know that you can do nothing without God. In the *beginning* know that you can do all things through Christ that strengthens you.

He who was in the beginning, at creation, was the absolute power till all the work was finished; and when completed so faultlessly perfect was it in every detail that the great Master Himself said, as He viewed it with infinite and Divine satisfaction, "Behold, it is very good." So too it is now that God would be in our lives, not only the Alpha—for this too is He—but also the Omega; not the first only, but the last also. And thus shall the life of each be bound together with the life of God, and His power and life so pervade it all that there shall be "one God and Father of all who is above all, and *through* all, and *in you all*." EMMA THOMPSON.

HER BIBLE.

WOULD that we could all feel the value of the Bible as did a poor old woman, who, on being asked if she had a Bible, said: "What should I do without my Bible? It was the guide of my youth, and it is the staff of my old age. It wounded me, and it healed me; it condemned me, and it acquitted me. It showed me I was a sinner, and it led me to the Saviour; it has given me comfort through life, and I trust it will give me hope in death." —Selected.

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN from my window on the seashore I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little barque moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is that when the tide rises it rises, and when it ebbs again it sinks, but advances not. Why is this?—It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord, scarcely visible, enchains it, and will not let it go.

Stationary Christians, see here your state—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go; but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go;

ministers come and go; means, privileges, and sermons move them not—yes, they move them; a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward heavenward movement. They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest; this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. If it be so, make one desperate effort, in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks; and pray for the Spirit of all grace to fill your every sail, and waft you onward over the ocean of this life to the haven of everlasting life.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

AN INDIAN LAD'S WORK FOR CHRIST.

A MISSIONARY tells the following anecdote: A little boy who lived in one of those great forests in India went to live at the home of a medical missionary. After he had been there about two years, he became a Christian. The boy came to the doctor one morning, and asked permission to return home. The doctor told him he might return at the close of his school year. When the patients had been attended to, the doctor saw the boy still waiting, and said: "I told you to return to school. Why did you not do it?" And the boy answered: "Oh, sir, I have a father and mother, two brothers and three sisters who never heard of Christ. Can I not go and tell them of the Saviour?" The doctor could not say "no" then, and the boy went. In about three weeks he returned. The doctor said: "Did you see your parents?" He answered, "Yes, and they are both Christians;" and, standing very straight, he said: "I taught my mother how to pray."

That boy is now an earnest worker for Christ, and the entire family are Christians.—*Selected.*

"THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut." Matt. xxv. 10.

THAT closed door means security, perpetuity and untold blessedness. But it means exclusion too. The piteous reiterated call of the shut-out maidens roused too late, and so suddenly, from songs and laughter to vain cries, evokes a stern answer, through which shines the awful reality veiled in the parable. . . . "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." The wedding bell has become a funeral knell. They were not the enemies of the Bridegroom, they thought themselves His friends. They let life ebb without securing the one thing need-

ful, and the neglect was irremediable. There is a tragedy underlying many a life of outward religiousness and inward emptiness, and a dreadful discovery will flare in upon such, when they have to say to themselves,—

"This might have been once,
And we missed it, lost it for ever."

—*Alexander Maclaren, D D.*

HE KNOWS.

"He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job. xxiii. 10.

"He knoweth the way that I take;"
Glad thought for the weary child;
He knoweth the way, by night or by day,
Through the calm or the desert wild.

"He knoweth the way that I take;"
The way and its trials for me;
And with hand Divine, He embraces mine
In the love of eternity.

"He knoweth the way that I take;"
And down from the sapphire throne,
With a glance of love that lifts above,
Sends the angels to guard His own.

"He knoweth the way that I take;"
Along through the vale of tears,
And with gentle touch, that forgiveth much,
He leads through the changing years.

"He knoweth the way that I take;"
When it leads by the fields of delight;
And with voice Divine He calls, "Child of Mine,
Make haste; for there cometh the night."

"He knoweth the way that I take;"
And gladly I follow His will.
In the shadows I rest, where He leads is best;
For His presence will comfort me still.

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
And sometime—Oh, list, soul of mine—
From earth's weary loss and its cankering dross,
I will rise in the image Divine.

ROBERT HARE.

A HINDU DEVOTEE.

A WRITER in the *Christian* quotes the following description of a visit to the famous monkey temple in Benares:—

"The sights and sounds of this the Hindu city of salvation, are enough to appal the most hardened traveler. Benares, the sacred city, is a pit of filth and superstition of the grossest description. The famous monkey temple is one of the dirtiest places in which I have ever stood. The groups of chattering, eating, grinning, or screaming animals, are addressed by the pious worshippers, as though they were gods; the sight would be grotesque were it not so pitifully sad. I observed one man touch the wall, or a stone in the wall, and then turn round.

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"Ah, I worship Kali," he said.

"Do you think that by doing that you obtain remission of sins?" I asked again.

"You are, perhaps, a sinner," said the man who was of high caste, 'but I and mine cannot sin. Sins? Bah! in all my life I never sinned, nor have any of my family.'

"He kept as far from me as he

could while speaking, lest I should pollute or defile him, and I doubt if he would have answered me at all had I not been accompanied by a native gentleman whom he knew well."

FORGET.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbour's fault. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all histories of personal quarrels that you have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Bolt out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things that are lovely and lovable.—*Lutheran Observer.*

HOW TO WALK STRAIGHT.

THE only way a person can walk in a straight line in an open field, is by fixing the eye on some distant object, and walking directly toward that. So it is in the religious life. The only way possible for any one to walk straight in this world is to keep the eye fixed on Jesus, and walk directly toward Him. In this way, and in this way only, can we make straight paths for our feet. Heb. xii. 13; Isa. lxx. 8.—*Bible Echo.*

THE TRIUMPHS OF CHRIST.

PSALM CX.

God to our risen Lord hath said,
Sit Thou at My right hand,
Till to Thy feet My hand hath led
Thy foes from ev'ry land.

God's mighty rod shall all subdue,
Till Jesus reigns supreme;
Who will not for salvation sue
Shall perish like a dream.

Changed to Thine image, in the day
That sees Thy might revealed,
Thy saints shall hail Thy blessed sway
In fadeless vigour sealed.

In ancient days Jehovah swore
What naught can change or wreck—
Christ is a priest for evermore,
Like blest Melchisedec.

Christ in His righteous wrath shall smite
Earth's monarchs to the dust,
And cast into eternal night
The willing slaves of lust.

From Satan's grip to set man free,
Christ drank of death's dread stream;
For this He shall exalted be,
For evermore supreme.

H. RATHBONE HANSON.



AT THE HOME.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the sound
Of wheels that go always and always round;
They have never stopped since the world began,
And good and evil was given man.

Go where you will, you can find no spot
Where the sound of the Loom of Life is not,
As Time, the weaver, with patient hands,
Unwinds the tangle of life's snarled strands.

Busily, steadily goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late
As the woof is wound in the web of fate.

Click, clack! and a thread of love goes in,
Click, clack! and another of wrong and sin.
What a chequered thing will this life-web be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

When will this wonderful web be done
That was thousands of years ago begun?
When shall the wheels of the loom stand still
With no more weaving of good and ill?

When? Ah, who knoweth? Not you or I!
The wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.
So shall they move for a year, a day,
Or a thousand cycles. Who shall say?

"We are spinners of woof for this web," they say,
"We furnish the weaver a thread each day."
It were better, then, if we sought to spin
A thread of love than a thread of sin.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

I AM going to tell you of a girl who, from being one of the most careless girls it was possible to meet, became a gentle follower of Christ, and, as her mother often said, "an angel in the house." A friend and I were staying at a little village by the sea, and in the house next to where we were lodged lived a mother and her daughter, of whom we heard the following:—

The mother, a widow, was very delicate, but she worked for her child from morning till night. Before she left for school in the morning, Bessie would go to her mother and say: "I don't like the way you have done my hair; you must do it over again." Then she would pull off the ribbon

and tangle her hair, and worry her mother until it was to her liking.

She would play on her way from school, and reach home at the last minute, late for dinner. Then she would call out: "O mother, I must have my dinner this minute, or I shall be late for afternoon school! What is there for dinner?" And if it was not what she fancied, she would put herself into a terrible temper, and go to school dinnerless.

I cannot repeat the many ways in which she proved to be a trouble rather than a blessing to her invalid mother, whose failing health made her unable to cope with the ill-temper of her self-willed child. At last, just after Bessie's fifteenth birthday, when her chief thoughts were of going out, reading, and dressing, the doctor called her aside, and spoke seriously to her: "For years," he said, "your mother has waited on you, and in this way she has increased her illness. she will never walk again, and it is your turn—you wait on her. There is One whom your mother knows and loves, who will take all you do for her as done for Him; it is the highest service; are you prepared to enter it?"

Bessie was ashamed. In a moment her heart was touched. "Oh! I see how wilful and selfish I have been!" she cried. "O Dr. Blair, is it true what you say of my mother?"

"Every word of it," was the reply. "Just ponder on it."

Bessie crept up-stairs weeping, with a feeling in her heart that the world had somehow suddenly come to an end.

She listened outside her mother's door, and she heard her praying: "Dear Father, who lovest my child more and better than I can ever love her, soften her young heart, and help her to bear this burden. O Jesus,

open Thine arms very wide, that I may more closely lean upon Thee, for I need Thee in my helplessness more than ever."

Bessie heard, and, rushing into the room, she fell at her mother's bedside, and in a fit of remorse, exclaimed: "O mother, my heart is broken! Forgive me all the past, and by God's help I will devote myself to you every hour."

Mother and daughter became united in the sweetest bonds, for Jesus was their Saviour and Comforter, and it was beautiful and touching to see them together in the days of the mother's dependence on her daughter—the elder leaning on the younger.

"What first touched you most?" we asked Bessie.

"Mother's gentle trust in God, and the way she prayed for me," was the reply. "I had often heard her pray before, but the doctor's words, 'She will never walk again,' seemed to break my heart, and I felt as if God had put her into my idle arms to fill them."

We used to watch Bessie wheel her mother into the sunshine, and the mother's happy smile would follow her as she went in and out, and waited upon and cheered the invalid every hour of the day.

A letter came one day from an uncle in America, asking Bessie to go out to him and his wife, and they would make her heir to all they had, for they were childless. Bessie wrote: "I have a most blessed charge in a sick mother, whom I would not leave for all the wealth in the world. For fifteen years she spent her life for me, and God had to lay her aside before I could be brought to see the evil of my heart and ways, and the selfishness and uselessness of my robust health."

This so stirred up the uncle and aunt that they came to England to see the widow and Bessie, and the perfect unity and sweet Christian life of mother and daughter won them both for Christ.

Bessie's is a bright example. Many careless daughters have seen Christ in her so really that they have been caught by the beautiful likeness, and in the desire to be like Him, have been "transformed by the renewing of their minds."—*The Christian*.

DON'T THROW AWAY THE BITS.

IT is astonishing how much waste goes on from one year's end to another, just through thoughtlessness, in homes that have to be kept up on a very limited income. People will finish a piece of work, perhaps a little frock for the baby, and throw away all the pieces indiscriminately, when some little bit of the velveteen or silk might have been worked up into a pretty mat with some lace stitched round it,

or it would have been just the thing to re-cover a pincushion that looks the worse for wear. It is a good idea to keep any oddments you may have, small pieces of lace, ribbons, etc., for some few months, to see if they do not come in handily some time, ribbons may often be used for re-trimming a hat, even if there should only be a short length of a bright-hued ribbon, it may just give the little touch that is needed to brighten the whole attire.

And not in dress alone may these small economies be practised, but also in our cookery. Crusts of bread may be grated into crumbs that will do quite well for a plain everyday pudding. The small piece of cold meat that does not look inviting enough to bring to table may be shaped into tempting "rissoles" with a few of the bread crumbs and seasoning. A good cook is never as extravagant as a bad one, she knows that while she is putting the yolks of the eggs into her milk-pudding she will presently beat up the whites into a lovely foamy mixture to bake on top of the stewed fruit; she remembers to keep the orange-peel that is left at dessert, and dries it in the oven, knowing its magic properties in helping to light a fire.

Perhaps money is as much wasted at the annual shop "sales" as at any time. Some women will buy heaps of things whether they need them or not, simply because they were such "bargains," and often do they turn out to be but sorry bargains too.

It is the girl who will practise careflessness over trifles that will make the best wife and will make the most of a husband's limited income, and not the one who thinks she has not time to bother about all these little things.—*Selected.*

A SCHOLAR IN DISGUISE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Canada Presbyterian*, who was a student in Scotland in 1865, tells a story of the late Prof. John Stuart Blackie which well illustrates the way in which this famous teacher, who could sometimes be very severe, could also be cordial when he came in contact with serious students.

The correspondent was preparing for his degree in classics, and was spending a little time at Braemar. He had gone up to a great rock called the Lion's Face, and was lying beside a path reading the third book of Virgil's "Æneid" aloud. Suddenly he felt the touch of a stick on his shoulder, and turning about, saw a man by his side.

It was a tall, lean man, with a shepherd's plaid thrown loosely around his shoulders. In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook, and on his head was a "wide-awake" hat, almost as wide of brim as the cowboy hat of the American plains.

"Ye're reading Virgil, laddie," said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear ye translate this," he continued; and in a wonderful way he rolled off a dozen lines of the poet, chosen at random.

The young man did his best to render it into English, and then parsed and scanned the lines, in a faulty way, he thought. But the unknown man in the guise of a shepherd was pleased to commend the student's effort.

Then the two walked together down to Castleton, the stranger talking eloquently and most instructively of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. When their ways parted the man said:—

"I suppose you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir," answered the student.

"Well, I am Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. I dare say you have heard of me."

"Oh, very often indeed!"

"Aye, aye," said the professor, slowly and thoughtfully. "And I dare say ye've heard that many folk think I'm a wee bit cracked," tapping his forehead with his finger; "but never forget, laddie, that, as Tam Chalmers once said, a crack often lets in the light!"—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO CURE SLEEPLESSNESS.

THE following, which we take from a medical journal, suggests a method by which many have acquired the art of falling to sleep quickly. The secret of it is to refuse to think—to resist the completion of any line of thought that comes into the mind:—

The majority of persons will probably be astonished to find that any art should be required to perform one of the most simple of Nature's laws, since they themselves assuredly belong to that happy class to whom sleep comes something in the same manner as swimming to a young duck. But there are others—and it is to these we write—who will welcome such an art as one of the greatest boons that could be conferred on them.

It is a well-known fact that certain people possess the faculty of falling asleep at any moment of the day or night, and under the most adverse and unlikely circumstances.

I myself now find it possible to fall asleep within two or three minutes of laying my head on the pillow; and I propose to give a few hints how this useful faculty may be acquired, sufficient to prevent a continuance of those long and weary hours of sleeplessness which so many of us have experienced.

The fittest way would perhaps be to

detail my own experiences and the measures I adopted.

I began to find that sleeplessness was steadily growing on me, and in place of retiring to rest with my usual happy contentment, I did so with the utmost reluctance. It seemed as though my mind, although oppressed with the utmost weariness, had begun to assume each night an alertness which it was impossible to put off; and hour after hour have I tossed wearily about, waiting in vain for a visit from "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

On such occasions I have resorted to all manner of expedients, and the harder I have tried to sleep, the more wakeful I generally became. Remedies which have been declared infallible by their authors I have given honest and lengthy trials. I have steadily counted, as advised, to two or three hundreds; nay, I have proceeded further and reached thousands in my vain trust, until my mind has arrived at such a state that I have stopped in fear lest I should be overcome with idiocy.

I have ticked off mentally a number of sheep passing through an imaginary gate, till I have had a flock that would have gladdened the hearts of some of the earlier patriarchs. I have repeated a simple sentence so many times that I have at last understood its meaning about as much as a parrot or cockatoo might have done. I have risen and walked round the room not twice but twenty times in my night-gown. I have washed my hands till cleanliness became no longer a virtue, but something I could never escape; and at the conclusion of these efforts I have been more wide awake than ever any owl at midnight.

At last I recognised the important fact that it was always during a pause in my thoughts that I fell asleep; when perhaps I had followed some train of thought to its final issues, and the mind halted, as it were, for a moment before allowing its activity to seize on another subject. So, after careful consideration, I determined if possible to banish all thought from my mind. "I will," I said, "cease to think; there is the secret of the whole thing. The man who can immediately by forcible will-power stop the current of his thoughts is, in short, the man who has learned to fall asleep."

The next night I retired to rest with my mind, as usual, busy on the events of the day; but I lay down with a glow of determination, insomuch that I feared I should keep awake till sunrise.

However, I endeavoured to adhere to my resolution; the moment I found my ideas arranging themselves in any degree of order on a certain subject I immediately banished it. It was difficult, but I obstinately persisted. I did not attempt to replace it by an-

other, but strove, if the reader understands me, to arrest all sequence or movement of ideas. No one who has not tried can realise how difficult it is not to think—how eternally busy the waking mind is. No sooner had I arrested my meditations on this point than I found myself thinking again: how that I had dismissed the idea, and whether it would recur or not. Then I at once saw this was a thought also, and equally pernicious in its occupying effects as the other, so this must be arrested, too. "There!" I mentally asserted, "I discovered quickly the danger of that thought, which was on me before I knew it. Now, if I had not——." But this I feel is another mental movement stealing insidiously into my mind, "and if I am not careful—but this, too, is another, here already; and, it is next to impossible not to think of——, but, but, but——, not to think——, not to think——, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing——, no, no, no——."

This was something like my method, and I must have fallen asleep that night within ten minutes of retiring.

The next morning I felt I had obtained something like a victory. I persevered, and each night stubbornly combated my overcrowding thoughts, until in a very short time I felt such an easy certainty of succeeding that I had reduced the thing to an art—an art, however, which had become so natural that there was little art in it. Call it what you like, art, faculty, power, skill, it was simply a good habit I had acquired. I had learned the lesson that bed was the place for sleep, and not for thought.

BATHING the chest in cold water and rubbing it vigorously every morning will help to develop and strengthen it.

* *

GREASE may be removed from the leaves of a book by sponging the part with ether or benzine, and then placing it between two sheets of blotting-paper, and quickly and lightly passing a hot flat-iron over it.

* *

BEE SWAX and salt will make rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag; when the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a cloth sprinkled with salt.

* *

TO CLEAN enamelled baths, bowls, etc., make a paste of whiting and water, and apply briskly with a flannel cloth.

* *

YELLOW soap and whiting, mixed with water into a thick paste, will stop a leakage temporarily, as well as solder.



IN THE HIGH ALPS.

A WRITER who describes the famous Hospice of St. Bernard says that the number of travellers lost in the snows of the high Alps is much less now than formerly. He writes of men and dogs and things at the Hospice as follows:—

We have all loved, as children, the dogs of St. Bernard, and longed to caress them. But they do not lend themselves to caresses, nor are they precisely the lovable beasts we imagine. The St. Bernard of the Hospice attends strictly to business, and his business is to aid in rescue, to guide travellers, and to re-discover snow-hidden paths. You must not ask more of him. If you do he shows his teeth, and they are formidable. He is not familiar, and his social qualities are strictly limited to the requirements of his work. He commands admiration rather than wins love.

The dogs are of Basque origin, but they degenerate at the Hospice. First of all their coats bleach, and in order to preserve the race it has frequently to be crossed with those of other stations. The two cows kept at the Hospice have to be replaced every year. The stables are dark with snow for months. The monks have to be replaced, too. The strongest of them cannot stand the climate more than five or six years at the outside. The rare atmosphere tells immediately on the visitor, and there are very few who do not experience respiratory troubles. The night passed there is often a sleepless one.

Hares and partridges are white, and the crows that caw about the roof are grey. The Tarn is covered with ice for ten months of the year. In July and August occasional shoals of fish, the largest not a couple of inches long, appear; but, ere September, they have vanished into the depths. The passage of migratory birds is registered in the journal of the weather, as well as the

first opening of the Alpine flowers. They have been found in sunny spots in March. But there are entries which tell of snow showers in June and of the Tarn being frozen over on the 4th September.

AT THE FOOT OF THE HIMALAYAS.

ONE of our friends in Calcutta, who recently visited Darjeeling, on the southern foothills of the Himalayan range, writes:—

Darjeeling is a wonderful town, and the picture grows more wonderful the more one studies it. Situated, as it is, over seven thousand feet above the sea, with its miles and miles of graded, zigzag paths supported in many places around the hills by immense solid masonry; with its grand and varied views of huge forest jungle; its picturesque tea-gardens spread out on some of the hillsides like a mantle of green; its numerous limpid streams, oozing as if from the very rocks; its frightful gorges and consequent intervening mountain projections on all sides; its houses and villas, rising terrace above terrace; its wailing jackals at night; its Sunday bazaar, with a perfect babel of tongues, and with costumes grotesque and hideous; and then that picture so grand, sublime, awful—the Himalayan peaks towering nearly thirty thousand feet heavenward, covered with eternal snows, speaking in silent eloquence of Him who weigheth "the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,"—these all make the place one never to be forgotten by any one who is at all observing.

The governor of Bengal, with his staff, removes to Darjeeling from Calcutta, where they remain during the summer months, and then return again in the autumn. My visit to this place at the request of the Board was to ascertain what prospect there is for opening a health institution in Darjeeling, or some of these hill towns.



THE "GOODEST" MOTHER.

EVENING was falling cold and dark,
And people hurried along the way,
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small,
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly-poly boy,
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the sweet of the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day,
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;
I knew by her weary footfall's way
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was comfort, children dear,
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have here,
The mother dear in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,
In talk or play, for a moment's pause,
And tell her, in a sweet and winning way,
"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."
—M. E. Sangster.

WATCH.

EVERYBODY knows what a watchman is. He has the care of a house when everybody is away, or at night when all are asleep. It is his duty to keep wide awake, and see that no harm comes to the premises or the inmates. He must have his eyes and ears open.

In the Scriptures we are admonished to watch lest we be overthrown by the enemy. "Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." 1 Peter iv. 7. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. xvi. 13. Faith, with watching and prayer, is able to overcome every difficulty. But in regard to what should we watch?

1. *Watch Against Temptation.*—Satan is always going about seeking whom he may devour. 1 Peter v. 8. He puts bad thoughts into the minds of the young, and seeks to lead them into sin.

2. *Watch Against Your Temper.*—Many boys and girls so easily lose their temper. A very little causes them to show passion. It requires but a small offence to arouse the temper, and then wicked words are said and wicked actions take place.

3. *Watch Against Your Tongue.*—The tongue is a little member, which causes much mischief. (See James iii. 2-10) The Psalmist said, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Ps. cxli. 3.

4. *Watch Against Your Own Heart.*—It "is deceitful above all things." "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. iv. 23. If the life is evil, it is an indication that the heart is evil. (See Mark vii. 21-23; Matt. xii. 35.)

5. *Watch for the Coming of the Lord.*—His coming will be sudden and unexpected. Matt. xxiv. 44; Mark xiv. 35-37. J. H. DURLAND.

A DREADED TASK.

A TASK never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a good many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and a cloud immediately overspreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said his father one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Ah," whined Billy, "there are so many of them I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."
"I hate to begin."
"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"
"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."
His father walked away, and I heard

Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress:—

"Plague on those old potatoes! It makes me sick to think about them!"

"Why do you think about them, then?" I asked, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long now, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe potatoes."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I—I—" Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said, "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.—*Golden Days.*

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"WHEN I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie, one day.

"What is a preacher?" questioned grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. "Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is the man that tells people what the Bible means."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy, eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm 'fraid not," said Eddie, after a few minutes of thought, "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes, you can," said grandma. "Here is a good text for you to explain: 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain 'bout that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week? Why, grandma, I can't."

"Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful. "Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching."

"You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to

whisper in school," said Eddie, the next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either;" and he hurried home from school.

"It's not being kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it.

The end of the week came. "How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I think everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—*The Mayflower.*



RECIPES.

POTATO SOUP.—For each quart of soup required, cook a pint of sliced potatoes in sufficient water to cover them. When tender, rub through a colander. Return to the fire, and add enough rich, sweet milk, part cream if it can be afforded, to make a quart in all, and a little salt. Let the soup come to a boil, and add a teaspoonful of flour or corn-flour rubbed to a paste with a little water; boil a few minutes, and serve. A cup and a half of cold mashed potato or a pint of sliced baked potato can be used instead of fresh material; in which case add the milk and heat before rubbing through the colander. A slice of onion or a stalk of celery may be simmered in the soup for a few minutes to flavour it, and then removed with a skimmer or spoon.

* *

EGGS POACHED IN TOMATOES.—Take a pint of stewed tomatoes, cooked until they are homogeneous or which have been rubbed through a colander; season with salt, and heat. When just beginning to boil, slip in gently a half dozen eggs, the shells of which have been so carefully broken that the yolks are intact. Keep the tomato just below the boiling point

until the eggs are cooked. Lift the whites carefully with a fork as they cook, until they are firm, then prick them and let the yellow mix with the tomato and the whites. The whole should be quite soft when done, but showing the red of the tomatoes and the white and yellow of the eggs quite distinctly. Serve on toast. If the flavour is agreeable, a little onion minced very finely may be cooked with the tomatoes.

* *

MASHED HARICOT BEANS.—Soak over night in cold water, a quart of nice white haricot beans. When ready to cook, drain, put into boiling water, and boil till perfectly tender, and the water nearly evaporated. Take up, rub through a colander to remove the skins, season with salt and a half cup of cream, or rich milk, put in a shallow pudding dish, smooth the top with a spoon, and brown in the oven.—*"Science in the Kitchen,"* by Mrs. Kellogg.

ONE CAUSE OF CANCER.

DR. W. ALLAN JAMIESON, Physician at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, in calling attention to the marked increase in the prevalence of cancer during the last fifty years, expresses the belief that it is due to the growing consumption of butcher's meat. Dr. Burney Yeo also says, "Among other evils attending an animal dietary, one is that it favours the tendency, when it exists, to the development of cancer." London physicians have already called attention to the fact that the Jews, living in no wise differently from their neighbours, except in their abstinence from pork, and eating meat only when slaughtered according to Mosaic directions, were surprisingly free from cancerous taint. Indeed some time ago an item gained circulation, credited to the *Lancet*, which said that no Jew was ever known to suffer from cancer.

To MAKE boiled potatoes white let them lie after they have been pared, in cold water for two or three hours previous to cooking.

* *

GOOD cooking is the basis of health, happiness, and success in the home-life. One may thoroughly understand art, music, and philosophy, be familiar with politics and literature, yet if the chemistry of a loaf of bread has been neglected, the education is sadly incomplete, so far as the "house mother" is concerned.



—Great Britain's territory in Africa amounts to 2,570,000 square miles.

—The combined capital of the Rothschilds is estimated at two hundred millions sterling.

—The Dutch are having hard fighting with native rebels in one of their East Indian possessions.

—Korea is said to be trying to negotiate a loan in Russia, offering as security one of its largest provinces.

—It is estimated that not less than 180,000,000 African slaves have perished to glut the avarice of slave-traders.

—Japan has sixty-one cotton mills in operation, and manufacturing plants of many kinds are being established in the island.

—The German army corps are each to have a portable crematory, looking like a large oven, for the cremation of the dead after a battle.

—Since the Franco-Prussian war, twenty-five years ago, Germany has added 11,000,000 to her population, while France has added but 2,000,000.

—Great Britain's African territories are supposed to have a population of 30,000,000. Closely following comes the French possessions, and then the Portuguese.

—Travellers may now go round the world from London, by way of Suez, Bombay, Yokohama, and New York, in sixty-four days, travelling by the regular lines.

—The Emperor of Abyssinia has made overtures for peace after his triumph over the Italian army, but the Italians are not at all for peace, and the preparations for war continue.

—It is said that the war in Cuba is costing Spain twelve million dollars monthly. One can see from this what a crushing expense a great war would be under modern conditions.

—Operations have begun in Dover for mining coal. It is expected that paying coal seams abound in Kent, and so great changes are regarded as likely to take place in the county.

—The Far North is not so unhealthful as we might suppose. Lung diseases are said to be rare in the Arctic regions, and in Greenland infectious diseases are said to be unknown. Disease germs do not thrive in those high latitudes.

—A German paper shows that in ten years the debts of European States have increased by £850,000,000. England, Spain, Denmark, and Luxemburg have reduced their debts. Militarism is mainly responsible for all of these debts.

—In a fight between the Arabs and the Sudanese composing the body-guard of the Kalifa, several hundreds were killed, it is said. While dissension is thus breaking out among the dervishes, the Egyptian force is advancing. The railway up the Nile is being laid at the rate of 800 yards per day.

Steps to Christ.

ILLUSTRATED.

THIS work has now reached its FIFTH EDITION, and is being sold faster than ever. Numerous letters have been received by the publishers speaking in the

HIGHEST POSSIBLE TERMS

of the value of "STEPS TO CHRIST" as a guide to enquirers and believers.

It contains chapters on

**REPENTANCE, CONSECRATION,
WHAT TO DO WITH DOUBT,
REJOICING IN THE LORD,**
and kindred topics.

SEVERAL ILLUSTRATIONS

have been added to the last edition, but the price remains the same. No one should be without a copy, and as a gift book it is the best of its kind.

Can also be had in the Welsh language.
157 pp. in neat cloth binding.

SUNDAY:

**THE ORIGIN OF ITS OBSERVANCE
IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,**

Traces the institution from the earliest times, and states concisely the circumstances of its introduction into the Church. Only Protestant historians and writers are quoted. 102 pp.

Price 6d., postpaid.

HIS GLORIOUS APPEARING

A BOOKLET OF 96 PAGES

With 20 Full-page Illustrations,

devoted to the exposition of Christ's great prophecy regarding His own

RETURN TO THIS EARTH,
as given in the 24th Chapter of Matthew.

The SIGNS of the TIMES

and their significance are clearly pointed out, and the

PRESENT STATE of AFFAIRS
throughout the world shown to be an exact fulfilment of the warnings of Christ and the prophets.

Just the Book for the Times.

Attractive Interesting,
Proutable.

Paper Covers, 9 d. Board Covers, 1s.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

AN interesting pamphlet, holding up Christ as the only source of righteousness for man, and showing why it can be found alone in Him. 102 pp.

Price 6d., postpaid.

**REWARD TICKETS, BOOKLETS,
CALENDARS,
FRAMED TEXTS** Tastefully Designed;
Bibles, New Testaments,
Oxford, Pilgrim's
Cambridge, Progress,
British & Foreign, Etc., Etc.

The above can be procured at our CITY OFFICE, 59 Paternoster Row, (near Cheapside) in all Styles, and at all prices.

Hand painted Cards on Ivorine for Birthdays and Weddings @ 6d. 1/- and 2/6.

Framed Texts, tastefully designed, White Enamel, Oak, and Ornamental, in four styles of Frames from 1/9 to 4/-.

Stationery Requisites of all kinds, Note Paper Cabinets, Fountain Pens, Pocket Books, Pen and Pencil Pockets, Pens, Pencils, Inks, Purses, etc.

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Beautifully illuminated in gold and several colours.

Size of sheet 22 x 17 inches.

Price, 4d. Postpaid, 5d.

LIST OF TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS

Issued and sold by the International Tract Society, Limited

Baptism: Its Significance,..... 1d.
Bible Election,..... 1½d.
Bible Questions and Answers Concerning Man, 1d.
Can We Keep the Sabbath?..... 1d.
Change of the Sabbath, 218 pp.,..... 10d.
Christ and the Sabbath,..... 2½d.
Christ or Peter—Which?..... ½d.
Civil Government and Religion, 176 pp.,..... 1/-
Coming of the Lord,*..... ½d.
Consecration,..... ½d.
Eastern Question, Illustrated,..... 1d.
Free as a Bird, Illustrated,*..... ½d.
Full Assurance of Faith,..... 1d.
Immortality of the Soul,..... 2d.
Inheritance of the Saints, 82 pp.,..... 5d.
Is Sunday the Sabbath?..... ½d.

Justice and Mercy,..... 1d.
Law and Gospel,..... 1½d.
Literal Week,..... ½d.
Living by Faith,..... 1d.
Man's Nature and Destiny, 332 pp.,..... 2/-
Ministration of Angels, 144 pp.,..... 10d.
Origin of Sunday Laws, Illustrated,..... 1d.
Power of Forgiveness *..... ½d.
Righteousness,..... ½d.
Rome's Challenge—Why Do Protestants Keep Sunday?..... 2d.
Second Coming of Christ,..... 1d.
Seven Pillars,..... 1½d.
Sinner's Need of Christ,..... ½d.
Sin of Witchcraft, Illustrated,..... 2d.
Statement and Appeal, "..... 1d.
Sufferings of Christ, "..... 1d.
Sure Foundation,..... 1d.
Testimony of the Centuries, Illustrated, 16 pp., 1d.
Truth Found, 108 pp.,..... 7½d.
What to Do with Doubt,*..... 1d.
Which Day do you Keep? and Why?..... ½d.

Those marked thus * can also be had in Welsh at the same prices.

The following Leaflets are put up in packages of 200 pages, at Sixpence per packet:

Defending the Faith, 2 pp.
Seventh or One Seventh, 4 pp.
Spiritualism, 2 pp.
Wicked Cruelty, 2 pp.
Sunday Authority, 2/6 per 1,000.

CHRIST AND THE SABBATH.

A THOROUGH presentation of the SABBATH as related to the Christian, showing

**WHAT IS TRUE SABBATH-KEEPING,
WHY THE SABBATH WAS GIVEN,
—AND—
WHEREIN ITS BLESSING CONSISTS.**

Being the distinctive sign of the power of God, it has always been the special object of Satan's attacks, and thus becomes

THE TEST OF OBEDIENCE.

It reveals God to man as Creator and Redeemer, and, by making known the Rest of the Lord, connects the Believer with the New Creation and the Inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled. 48 Pages. Price 2½d.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

The well known engraving by Munkacsy, original of which was sold for £25,000. Price 1/6.

Orders by post promptly attended to.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE TO
INTERNATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY, LTD.,
59, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Present Truth.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." "And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

LONDON, APRIL 30, 1896.

FOR TERMS SEE FIRST PAGE.

THE PRESENT TRUTH may be obtained in South Africa through the International Tract Society, 28a Roeland-street, Cape Town.

THE organ of the Bible Society says that it is fair to assume that the Bible in whole or in part, is now translated into 400 languages and dialects.

BUILD your house airy and roomy and bright,—and then dwell there. Conceive your ideals fair, and large, and beautiful,—and then live them.

THE sceptic is a man who closes the windows of his soul, and then either denies that there is a world outside of himself, or else blames his Creator because he has no spiritual outlook.

SINCE the beginning of the year, the *Speaker* says, it has been made "increasingly evident that the country is suffering from a violent recrudescence of the war feeling." This is true not only of this country but of every nation, and the feeling is a striking sign of the times.

ACCORDING to well-informed German papers the Vatican was strongly in favour of the Italian campaign against the Abyssinians, who lean toward the Greek Church and have for years resisted the efforts of Rome to bring them over. The Vatican, it is said, had a large number of Roman Catholic missionaries ready to follow the Italian army if the latter had been victorious.

The Flowing Tide.—Sacerdotalism is sweeping over the Church of England like a flowing tide. "As each year revolves," says the *English Churchman*, "we are able to mark a distinct growth in the development of the theatrical and sensational aspects of Anglican Romanism in our parish churches. . . The decay of spiritual religion may be calculated as being in inverse ratio to the increase of ecclesiastical display and priestly officialism." The standard to be lifted up, "when the enemy comes in like a flood," is the Word of God. Let our Protestant friends in the Establishment forsake political

effort and appeals to human laws, ecclesiastical or political, and hold forth the Word alone, and follow where it leads; it is the one rallying point in the conflict.

IN British Guiana the Anglican and the Scotch churches are concurrently endowed, each having a territorial status, while the Roman Catholic and Wesleyan churches are also assisted by grants from the public purse.

An Aged Bible Student.—The French organ of our Society, *Les Signes des Temps*, of Basel, publishes the following item:—

One of our brethren in the United States writes that he has had the privilege of holding Bible studies with a lady of one hundred and twenty-two years of age. She appreciates the present truth and esteems herself fortunate to be able to walk in its light. The youngest of her children, a daughter, is now more than seventy years of age. This is a case of longevity sufficiently rare to merit special mention, particularly when one takes into consideration the fact that she is yet in the full enjoyment of her faculties.

Such an incident as this is a happy illustration of the fact that great age should be and need be no barrier to the appreciation and full acceptance of Divine truth.

WHEN plague or war sweeps away thousands suddenly the calamity is impressed upon the public mind; but all the time the drink curse and the allied evils are sweeping men away day after day. The opium curse in the East is as bad as the drink demon in the West. Anti-opium workers are reviving the agitation against the State fostering of the evil in the Indian Empire. At a meeting the other day the Rev. F. B. Meyer aptly said:—

We have been lifting our hands in pious horror at the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. Let us look at home, and consider how many Chinamen are being continually done to death through our national action in supplying them with the fatal drug.

A REPORT of the Registrar General of the Army in the East Indies, made many years ago, showed that of the military who abstained entirely from intoxicating liquors but three per cent. had been on the sick list during the course of a year, while of men of the same regiments, subjected to the same duties and to precisely the same mode of life with only the addition of the regular rations of alcoholic drinks, an average of more than ten per cent. were on the sick list in the same time.

Similar observations in other tropical countries have shown the same thing to be true elsewhere.

"THERE is a lesson," says a Transatlantic journal, "in the show-window of a St. Louis druggist. The window is advertised as containing nothing but poisons. Among its contents are paris green, arsenic, morphine, laudanum, face-powder, playing-cards, cigarettes and whisky."

CHARACTER is what a man is; reputation is what others think he is. The man who, like the Apostle Paul, is zealous always to maintain a conscience void of offence toward God and man, may be and must be content, though he has no reputation at all. Such a man has no time to think about his reputation. But the man whose great ambition is to maintain a good reputation, must of necessity be more or less of a hypocrite; because while he is zealous to maintain a good outward appearance, he neglects to preserve his heart right with God.

THE Odessa correspondent of a newspaper says:—

The South Russian Press is again urging the Government to take speedy measures to prevent the growth of Stundism in the southern and western provinces. It is stated that this great movement among the peasants has not been destroyed by the severe enactments directed against it, that the efforts of its leaders have been only diverted into secret channels, and that unless instant steps are taken to counteract it the movement is certain to spread to the large towns, and to Great Russia, where it will be almost impossible to grapple with it.

Stundism stands for Protestantism and Bible study, and by it a Reformation is going forward in Russia which no human power can suppress.

ONE of the great religious journals has been printing a series of papers from representative men on "The Bible and the Child." The general tone of them has been that the child cannot understand Genesis, and other portions, as he is unable to understand the arguments by which it is the fashion now to show that Moses did not know what he was writing about. That is the reason why children can learn more of the things of God than the learned critics. The child can believe what God says, while too many who pride themselves in their wisdom are unwilling to receive the Word of the Kingdom "as a little child."