

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD
HOLY BIBLE
AND PREACH THE GOSPEL

PRESENT TRUTH

Sanctify them through thy truth
Thy word is truth

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(John x. 1-16.)*

THE central thought in this lesson is that contained in verse 11, the Golden Text, "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." But the shepherd cannot be considered apart from the flock, and therefore we will first pay a little attention to the sheep that are the objects of the good Shepherd's care.

When the Apostle Paul had assembled the elders of the church at Ephesus, and was giving them his last charge, he said, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." Acts xx. 28. Here we see that the church of God is the flock.

In harmony with this, the Apostle Peter says: "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the suffer-

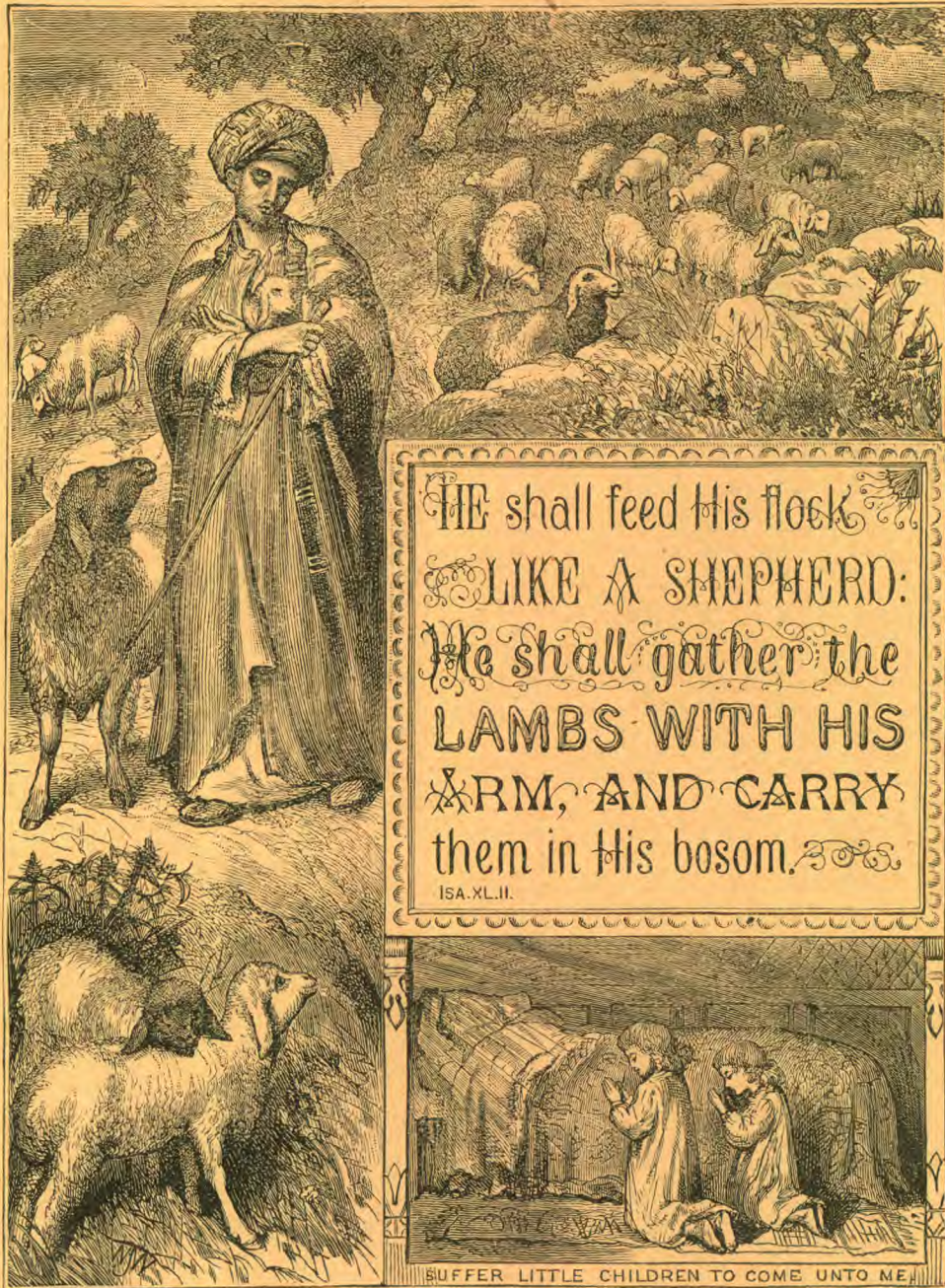
ings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed: Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint,

appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." 1 Peter v. 1-4.]

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, stands and

calls to His flock. His voice sounds through all the world, and He calls "whosoever will," to come. He says, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me." John x. 27. The whole human family are rightly the flock of God. "Know ye that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, and we are His; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture." Ps. c. 3. "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand. To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Ps. xc. 6, 7. But we are lost sheep, for "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every

one to his own way." Isa. liii. 6. Therefore it is that the Lord stands and calls to all the world. "The lost sheep of the house of Israel" are all who are wander-



*International Sunday-school Lesson for Aug. 26.

ing in sin. Jesus showed this, when He said, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and immediately afterwards granted the request of the poor, heathen woman. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10), and He came to save the world. John. iii. 17. The whole world therefore composes the rightful flock of the Lord; but whether they will continue to be really His sheep or not depends on whether or not they will hear His voice, and follow Him. "I will feed My flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. I will seek that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick; but I will destroy the fat and the strong; I will feed them with judgment. And as for you, O My flock, thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I judge between cattle and cattle, between the rams and the he goats."

The word "church" in the New Testament is from a compound Greek word which means called out. It is not a translation of that word, but is the word by which the translators concealed the force of the text. We have read that the church and the flock of God are identical. We have also read that the good Shepherd stands and calls, and that those who hear His voice, and come to Him, constitute His real flock. They are "the called out." They are the congregation of the Lord, and this is the word that should be used instead of the word "church." All who heed the voice of the good Shepherd, come to Him; but as they all come to Him, they must necessarily flock together. So here we have the Shepherd and His flock.

AND now as to the character of the good Shepherd. "The good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." It is not necessary to quote the remainder of this familiar psalm. But contrast with this description of the good Shepherd the course of the unfaithful shepherds, the under shepherds whom the Chief Shepherd has placed as watchers for the welfare of the flock: "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away,

neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and cruelty have ye ruled them." Eze. xxxiv. 2-4. The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep, but the unfaithful shepherd, the hireling, not only runs away and leaves the flock, when he sees the wolf coming, but he himself eats up the flock. God does not devour His sheep, but feeds them with His own body.

THE characteristic of a true shepherd is gentleness and unselfish devotion. David, the type of Christ, said: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep; and when there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth." 1 Samuel xvii. 34, 35. But if the shepherd protected the sheep from the beast of prey, only that he might have them to eat for himself, where is the unselfishness? Wherein is he then better than the beast of prey? Taking the matter in its most literal sense, we see that God has placed all the lower creation under the power of man, not that he should live from them, but that he should care for them, and protect the weak. The course of the Model Shepherd with His flock shows us that all that are placed within our power, whether it be man or beast, are to be protected and benefited by us, and not to be subjected to our selfish desires. In placing man at the head of creation, and placing everything in subjection to him,—“all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field,”—God has taken man into partnership with Himself, and given him the opportunity of developing Divine characteristics. To care for the feeble, to protect the weak, is the work of God, and just to the extent that man becomes God-like will he do the same to every living creature.

THIS is not at all apart from the subject of the lesson; for although we are the sheep of the Lord's pasture, we are also in our turn to be shepherds. Christ, the Chief Shepherd, is the Lamb of God, that beareth the sin of the world. Therefore it is not at all incongruous that the members of the flock should also be under shepherds. Indeed, He chooses out of the flock some to be under shepherds of the remainder of the flock; for the elders or bishops of the congregation are members of the congregation. Now the quality of mercy is not strained. The kind and tender shepherd is not partial in the exercise of his goodness. "The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works." Ps.

cxlv. 9. "The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." Ps. ciii. 6. "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Matt. v. 45. "He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." Luke vi. 35. "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; Thy judgments are a great deep; O Lord, Thou preservest man and beast." Ps. xxxvi. 6. Here we see that the saving mercy of the Lord to man is coupled with His mercy to the beasts. His care for the dumb animals, and for the birds, is given as proof of His solicitude for us. In like manner, therefore, the people who have that real mercy in their hearts, which will lead them to be benefactors of their fellow-men, will be kind to every creature that God has made. It is this characteristic that shows our union with the Divine. "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." "For even Christ pleased not Himself." Rom. xv. 1, 3. The goodness of a man is not shown by his attitude towards the strong and agreeable, but towards the weak and disagreeable. He who is fitted to be one of the Lord's under shepherds, will therefore be gentle to all, even to the most insignificant creature.

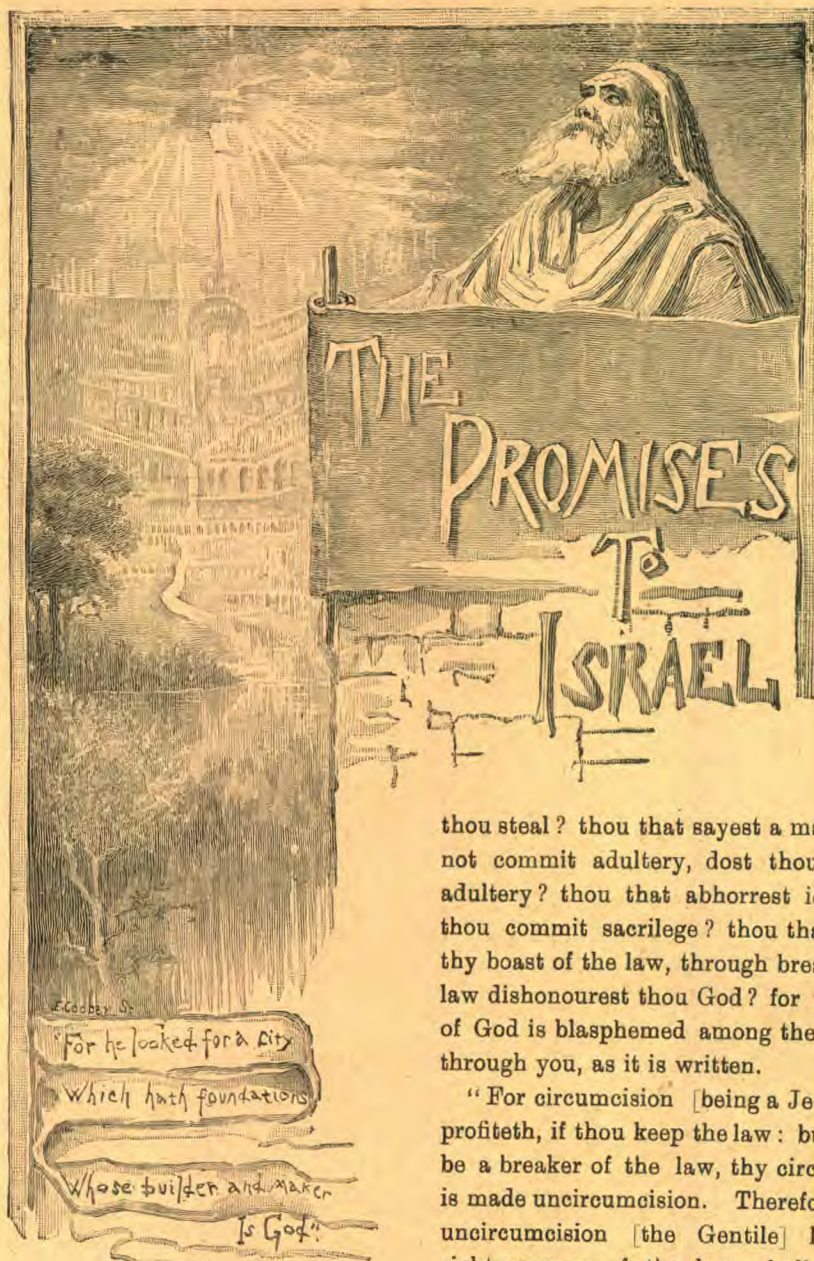
Christ is the good Shepherd, and He is an example to the flock, just as the under shepherds are exhorted to be. He gave Himself for the flock; therefore all His flock are to give themselves for others. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." 1 John iv. 16. But it is not alone for those who are recognised as our brethren, that we are to give our service. Just as God chooses some out of His flock, to be shepherds over the rest, so He has set the whole flock,—all who have heard His voice, and have come out,—to act in the capacity of those who have not yet heard and obeyed. He has still other sheep that are not yet of this flock, and them must He bring; and to this end He commissions every one who has received the word of reconciliation. The Gospel is not one-sided. It is not merely for *our* salvation; but God makes known His love to us, in order that we may in turn make it known to others.

There is power in the love of the Lord. He is great, and He is love, so that His greatness is the measure of His love and

gentleness. When He comes to deliver His people from the roaring lion that walks about, seeking whom he may devour, it is with such power that the heavens and the earth are shaken, and moved from their place; yet that mighty exhibition of power is but the manifestation of His tender love. "Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Isa. xl. 10, 11. But the oldest person on earth is in comparison with the Lord but an infant, and so the Lord says: "Hearken unto Me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by Me from the belly, which are carried from the womb; and even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry, and I will deliver." Isa. xlv. 3, 4. There is hope and comfort for all in Him who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be
borne."

Self-Control Divine Control.—Self-control, if it be genuine, is nothing else than control of self by the Spirit of God. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Man is but dust, with no power in himself. The attempt to take the reins of government into one's own hands always results in confusion, disorder, and shame. God alone has power, and He alone can rightly rule. This is acknowledged by every one who says, "Thine is the kingdom." Do not imagine that this means the giving up of one's manhood. Far from it; it is just the reverse; for the indwelling of God's Spirit is necessary to true manhood. Only in Christ is there a perfect man. The possession of the Divine Spirit, being made partaker of the Divine nature, is that which makes one really a man—that which God can recognise as a man. We are creatures of God, and are made to be instruments of His will, and only as His will is done in us as it is done in heaven do we meet the object of our existence. The greatest measure of power is therefore experienced in perfect submission.



THE "RETURN OF THE JEWS."

FOR there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek."

It will be of interest to notice the Scriptures which discuss the great truth that there is no difference between the Jew and the Gentile. Here is one passage of divine argument as to the relative standing, and the true standing, of the Jews and the Gentiles:—

"Behold, thou art called a Jew, and retest in the law, and makest thy boast of God, and knowest His will, and approvest the things that are more excellent, being instructed out of the law; and art confident that thou thyself art a guide of the blind, a light of them which are in darkness, an instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes, which hast the form of knowledge and of the truth in the law.

"Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost

thou steal? thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonourest thou God? for the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written.

"For circumcision [being a Jew] verily profiteth, if thou keep the law: but if thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision. Therefore if the uncircumcision [the Gentile] keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision? And shall not uncircumcision [the Gentile] which is by nature, if it fulfil the law, judge thee [the Jew], who by the letter and circumcision dost transgress the law?

"For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." Rom. ii. 17-29.

Now, how would it be possible more forcibly to show that there is not, and cannot be, any sort of difference between Jew and Gentile; for the whole question of the relation of either to God, turns upon character. "There is no respect of persons with God:" there is respect of character. And the sole standard of character is the righteousness of God, which is expressed in His law. And when a Jew disregards the law of God, in character he is a Gentile, and in person he is as a Gentile.

And when a Gentile keeps the righteousness of the law, and so fulfils the law, he becomes in character a true Jew, and in person is as a Jew. This because being truly a Jew consists altogether in character, in the true circumcision "of the heart, in the spirit," which is, indeed, "the putting off of the body of the sins of the flesh," and having the love of God shed abroad in the heart, which love is manifested in the keeping of His commandments.

Since, then, when a Jew according to the flesh, wanders from God, and by transgression of the law of God his circumcision is made uncircumcision, and he becomes a Gentile in character, and as a Gentile in person; and when a Gentile comes to God, and his uncircumcision becomes circumcision, and he becomes in character truly a Jew, and in person is as a Jew, what is this but a return—a true return—of the Jew?

And even so says the Scripture, in another place: "They are not all Israel, which are of Israel: neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children: but, In Isaac shall thy seed be called.

"That is, They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God: but the children of the promise are counted for the seed." Rom. ix. 6-8. And, "WE, brethren [Galatians—Gentiles], as Isaac was, are the children of promise.

"But as then he that was born after the flesh, persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now. Nevertheless what saith the Scripture? Cast out the bondwoman and her son: for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the freewoman." Gal. iv. 28-30. And when the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the freewoman, how much less shall he be heir above the son of the freewoman, as the theory of the "Return of the Jews" represents him!

And all this is simply to say again that the only way of return for the Jews is the way of the faith of Jesus Christ, the way of the truth of the one Gospel of Christ, the way of return of all sinners alike: even as is demonstrated over and over in the books of Galatians, Romans, and Hebrews especially, as it is also in the other books of the New Testament, as well as in the very essence of the whole plan of the Gospel itself.

A. T. JONES.

(To be continued).



SINNING WILFULLY.

IF we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Heb. x. 26, 27.

How much trouble many sincere souls have unnecessarily made themselves over these words. By what perverseness of humanity so many are determined to make out the worst case possible for themselves, and not to hope in the Lord until hope is forced upon them, we cannot understand; for it seems as though a perishing soul would always seize eagerly upon even the slightest thing that offered support. It is said that a drowning man will catch at a straw, and therefore it must be that many who mournfully bewail their sins do not have a real sense of sinking into the bottomless pit, or else they would not pass by the abundance of "exceeding great and precious promises," by which they may become partakers of the Divine nature, to dwell upon some text which can be made to sound as though it told that God had wearied of mercy.

The very common idea of this text is that if anybody commits sin, knowing that it is sin, he can have no hope of pardon. If that were true it would cut off all men from salvation; for there is no person in the world, who has come to years of understanding, who has not at some time done that which he knew was not right. How many there are who have long fought with conviction, resisting the movings of the Holy Spirit, until at last they have yielded, and have found peace in believing. It must not be thought that it is a light matter to resist the strivings of the Spirit of God, or that one can go on in sin at pleasure, trusting to some future time to find a more convenient season for repentance; but we must set before every soul the exceeding great goodness and long-

suffering of our God, even though some take advantage of it to their ruin. Only the goodness of God can lead men to repentance.

The Bible is full of instances of God's mercy to the very worst offenders. Take the history of the children of Israel. "Their heart was not right with Him, neither were they steadfast in His covenant. But He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not; yea, many a time turned He His anger away, and did not stir up all His wrath. For He remembered that they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again." Ps. lxxviii. 37-39. A thousand cases could not make any more plain the fact that God forgives people again and again for the same sin.

Did not Peter know that it was wrong to curse and swear? Moreover, did he not know that it was wrong to lie, and above all to deny his Lord? Yet he found forgiveness.

The third chapter of Jeremiah recounts the repeated transgressions of Israel in the face of God's manifested presence, yet in the same connection we read: "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause Mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger for ever." Verse 12.

Read the entire book of Hosea. It is simply one record of apostasy and departure from God. No language is too strong to describe the abominable idolatries of the people who had seen the glory of God in the sanctuary, yet the book closes with the most tender appeals to them to return and be saved. "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord; say unto Him, take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously;" and the promise is, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for Mine anger is turned away

from him." What more could the Lord say than that?

On one occasion Peter came to the Lord, and said, "Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven." Matt. xviii. 21, 22. Still more: "Take heed to yourselves; if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him." Luke xvii. 3, 4. Mind, it does not say if the brother is deeply repentant; with that we have nothing to do; we may not inquire into motives; but if he merely says, "I repent," no matter how lightly the words may be spoken, we must forgive him. And do you think that the Master expects mortals to be better than their Lord? Nay, for it is only by the grace and mercy of the Lord bestowed upon us, that we are able to forgive anybody who trespasses against us. Therefore we know that no matter how often we have sinned against God, He will freely forgive us; and even if we have committed the same sin seven times in a day, we may turn to Him the seventh time, sure of finding His loving arms open to receive us. What a merciful Father is our God! "The longsuffering of our God is salvation."

But what shall we say of the verse with which we started? It stands just the same as before, in spite of all the things that we have read elsewhere. True enough; but it does not contradict what God has said as to His longsuffering, and His forbearance with sinners. The trouble is that those who read Heb. x. 26, 27 do not read farther. Read the verses first quoted, and then continue: "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace?" Heb. x. 28, 29. Here we have an explanation of what is meant by sinning wilfully. It is not the commission of an ordinary sin,—it is, indeed, not the commission of any particular act of sin,—but it is the deliberate and wilful rejection of the means of salvation from sin. It is this act by one who knows what he is doing. It is the turning away from God, by one who has been sanctified

through the truth, and who has therefore known it thoroughly; it is the deliberate rejection of the Saviour by one who has had communion with Him, and who has tasted the blessedness of the fellowship of the Spirit. After all this, he turns from it all, tramples the Son of God under foot, counts the precious blood of Christ an unholy thing, and denies its power to save, and boldly chooses sin instead of righteousness. How can there be for him any more sacrifice for sin? God has no other Son to offer for sinners, for He has given His only begotten Son, and in Him has given Himself. All heaven was emptied in that gift, and he who deliberately and with set purpose rejects it, especially after having known all about it, has nothing to look forward to but everlasting destruction. It is a fearful thing to contemplate.

It is not for any mortal to say when that fatal step has been taken. We are never justified in saying that any person has committed the unpardonable sin. We can never say that a person has had all the light that God is willing to give him. We may have presented the truth to him as faithfully as we knew how, and yet we may not be the instruments through whom the clear knowledge of the truth can come to that one. Our words may have been to him empty sounds, and may have fallen upon dazed ears; afterwards some other person may come with a very simple tale, and the light may flash upon him. Or it may be that the words that we have spoken may come to him later on with force that they did not have when we uttered them. Therefore we are never to despair of anybody nor to give them up as hopelessly lost. If we had lived in the days of Saul of Tarsus we should doubtless have said that he was incorrigible, since he had heard Stephen's dying testimony when full of the Spirit; but God had not given Saul up, although he was fighting against Him.

But there is more for us in the text we are studying. There is infinite comfort in it. What does it teach us?—Simply this: that there is no sin that cannot be pardoned if we are willing to be pardoned. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. x. 13. There is no exception. No matter what sin one has committed, nor how often it has been repeated, if he will but call upon the name of the Lord, salvation is his. The only condition of forgiveness is to accept it; what more could anybody ask; forgiveness is impossible only for him who deliberately refuses it. What more could

God say to sinners of every class and degree than He has said?

We are not afraid that this teaching will lead men to continue in their sins. Its natural effect is exactly the opposite. When one sees Christ crucified for him, and knows that the gracious sacrifice was for him alone, the depths of his sinful nature are broken up, and he can but love the One who has so loved him, and, loving Him, he will henceforth dread above all things to grieve Him. If he falls into sin, he knows that "He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself," and the everlasting love of the Redeemer draws him back. Only in deliberately turning away, and refusing to be drawn back to Him who is lifted up, is there no more sacrifice for sin. That is, there is no more sacrifice only when the one sacrifice is despised and rejected.

"Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear, loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me."

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me, even me!" are not you?

HOW TO GAIN A KNOWLEDGE OF THE BIBLE.

A GAIN and again the writer is met with the request, "Tell me how to study the Bible." Unfortunately this request too often really means, "Tell me how to get a knowledge of the Bible without study," and as the thing cannot be done, the enquirers make no advancement.

The first and most essential requisite to acquiring a knowledge of the Bible is an intense, burning desire to know what it contains, and to understand it. With this, anybody can get a knowledge of the Bible, without being told how; for the Lord has said: "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." But "wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?"

It is absolutely impossible for anybody to become a Bible student, unless he feels that he *must* understand it. If one has lighted on a portion of Scripture which baffles him, and yet which he is sure contains a treasure of great value to him, and his desire to understand it will give him

no rest, the problem is half solved. Let him hold that portion continually in his mind. Look at it from all sides. Get perfectly familiar with every event that is even remotely referred to in it and with every other portion of Scripture which is suggested by it, so that the mind's eye can take in all at a glance. Dwell upon every word, examining it minutely to see why it was written, and how it is related to every other word. Study the verses in their order until they are as indelibly impressed upon your mind as is the way to your place of business. You will know them so well that you could say them without thinking; but since you have got that familiarity with them only by thinking and not by parrot-like repetition, you will not be able to repeat them without being made to think. Think of them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, and as you walk or ride by the way.

If you read any other language than the English, by all means use that as well. Read the text in every language that you possibly can, and make use of every reliable translation, so that you get and combine in one view all the possible shades of meaning of each word. Do this with earnest, humble prayer to Him who gives wisdom to those who lack, and the result will exceed your highest expectations. Not all at once will the knowledge come; but at intervals as long as you live, light will flash forth from the text which once seemed so dull and uninteresting, and you will never wonder whether it was worth all the trouble.

CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH.

An editorial writer in the *English Churchman* says:—

I give it as my own opinion that if we are to defeat the Romanising conspiracy of this time, Protestant Churchmen must make a "bigger row" than ever they have done before. Our religion is "first pure, then peaceable," and he who thinks we are going to win without a "big row" is labouring under a grave delusion. We are going forward to times of war, not of peace. The dread of "a row" has hitherto been one of the greatest curses of the Evangelical party, and the sooner we get rid of that dread the better it will be. We must contend earnestly for the faith, no matter what disturbances may arise. The way to lasting peace is often through wars.

There are too many who have this mistaken idea of what it means to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," thinking that it means quarrel over dogmas. But "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints" does not consist of dogmas, but is the life of Jesus, by which the world is

overcome and the only contention that we can possibly have in order to maintain it is against the devil. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places." The idea that "the faith" can be preserved by any warlike proceedings whatever, is purely Papal. Nobody can preserve anybody else's faith, and he cannot preserve his own by fighting, or engaging in controversy. There may often be war before peace, but peace is never the result of war. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," but "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God," and so where there is no peace there is no righteousness. "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men."

PEACE.

ON ocean's surface storms arise,
And angry surges threat the skies.
And many a vessel, tempest tost,
Amid the waves is wrecked and lost,
While deep within His mighty breast
The quiet waters are at rest,
For in the regions far below
No storms His silent caverns know.
So on the sea of human life
Arise the waves of care and strife;
And griefs and troubles often sweep
Across the surface of life's deep,
While in the constant soul resides
A peace untouched by sorrow's tides,
A steadfast peace, an inward joy,
Which nothing earthly can destroy,—
The boon a gracious heaven imparts
To faithful souls and willing hearts.

—J. H. Smith.

PRINCIPLE NEVER TO BE SACRIFICED FOR PEACE.

IT is impossible for anyone to become a true follower of Jesus Christ, without distinguishing himself from the worldly mass of unbelievers. If the world would accept of Jesus, then there would be no sword of dissension; for all would be disciples of Christ and in fellowship one with another, and their unity would be unbroken. But this is not the case. Here and there an individual member of a family is true to the convictions of his conscience, and is compelled to stand alone in his family or in the church to which he belongs, and is finally compelled, because of the course of those with whom he associates, to separate himself from their companionship. The line of demarcation is made distinct. One stands upon the Word of

God, the others upon the traditions and sayings of men.

In one of His confidential talks with His disciples, a short time before His crucifixion, Jesus bequeathed to His followers His legacy of peace. He said: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The peace that Christ gave to His disciples, and for which we pray, is the peace that is born of truth, a peace that is not to be quenched because of division. Without may be wars and fightings, jealousies, envies, hatred, strife; but the peace of Christ is not that which the world giveth or taketh away. It could endure amid the hunting of spies and the fiercest opposition of His enemies. His peace was that which was born of love toward those who were plotting for His death. His deep love did not lead Him to cry, Peace and safety, when there was no peace for the sinner. Christ did not for an instant seek to purchase peace by a betrayal of sacred trusts. Peace could not be made by a compromise of principles; and His followers must often proclaim a message that is directly in opposition to the people's sins, prejudices, and customs. They will be called upon to reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. The heart of Jesus was overflowing with love to every human being that He had made, and this love should have been discerned by those He came to save, inasmuch as He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. Christ understands the strength of Satan's temptations; for He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. But He never lessened the guilt of sin. He was the Saviour, the Redeemer, and came to save His people from their sins.

Jesus could have been at peace with the world only by leaving the transgressors of the law unreprieved, unrebuked. This He could not do; for He was to take away the sins of the world. Those who are faithful sentinels will be charged by the world as being the disturbers of its peace, they will be charged with stirring up strife and with creating divisions. But they will only be bearing the reproach that fell on Christ. Christ denounced unrighteousness, and His very presence was a rebuke to sin. The atmosphere that surrounded His soul was so pure, so elevated, that it placed the hypocritical rabbis, priests, and rulers in their true position, and revealed them in their true character as claiming sanctity and at the same time misrepresenting God and His truth. In the rich loveliness of the character of Christ, zeal for God was always apparent. His righteousness went before Him, and the glory of the Lord was His rearward. He hated one thing only, and that was sin. But the world loved sin and hated righteousness, and this was the cause of the hostility of the world to

Jesus. If Christ had given license to men to exercise their evil passions, they would have hailed this great miracle-worker with shouts of applause; but when He reproved sin, made open war upon selfishness, oppression, hypoërisy, pride, covetousness, and lust, they said, Away with this fellow, and give us Barabbas.

Jesus has said: "The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept My saying, they will keep yours also." There will never be any true unity between or with those who stand under the banner of Satan. The followers of Christ may follow the things that make for peace, they may earnestly desire to overcome the spirit of discord with the spirit of kindness and love, but the enemy will stir up his agents to bring about strife and division. It is a grave mistake on the part of those who are children of God to seek to bridge the gulf that separates the children of light from the children of darkness by yielding principle, by compromising the truth. It would be surrendering the peace of Christ in order to make peace or fraternise with the world. The sacrifice is too costly to be made by the children of God to make peace with the world by giving up the principles of truth. Those who have the mind of Christ will let that light shine forth to the world in good works, but that light will bring about a division. Shall the light, therefore, be hid under a bed or under a bushel, because it will mark a distinction between the followers of Christ and the world? It was the purity of the character of Christ that stirred up the enmity of a profligate world. His spotless righteousness was a continual rebuke to their sin and uncleanness; but no principle of truth was compromised by Christ to win the favour of the world. Then let the followers of Christ settle it in their minds that they will never compromise truth, never yield one iota of principle for the favour of the world. Let them hold to the peace of Christ.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

AIMING AND SHOOTING.

A MAN may have noble aims and yet be a very poor shot," says a shrewd paragraph writer. Selecting a good mark is one thing, but acquiring the skill that enables one to hit it is a different and much more toilsome matter. Many persons seem to think that if only they have chosen a target which is above criticism, any amount of poor marksmanship may be condoned. "I aim to do about right," is a phrase frequently heard from persons whose careless, self-filled days seem to be flying very much at random.

A purposeless life is a life without value, but to have a worthy aim means far more than having some hazy ideas of goodness

and usefulness, and firing an occasional arrow of effort in their direction. The marksman gains his skill by patient, tireless practice and we need not flatter ourselves that we are really aiming at anything which we are not resolutely determined to reach—which we are not willing to give earnest effort to attain. We accomplish nothing by boasting of our target while we are indolently content to be "poor shots."—*Selected.*

A PRAYER OF TRUST.

O LORD, I call on Thee when sore dismayed,
And Thou wilt hear my voice and lend me aid,
Nor shall I be of myriads afraid,
For Thou wilt ever be
The portion of my lot—Thou savest me.

In troubled times Thy mercy's plenteous store
Is full to overflowing evermore,
And when in straitness I my plaint outpour,
With words entreating Thee,
Then with enlargement Thou dost answer me.

Make known Thy love to those that trust and pray,
To those who hold Thy name their keep and stay,
Waiting for Thy salvation day by day.
Yea, who, O Lord, but Thee,
Shall make me glad, who else deliver me?

Do Thou from heavenly heights my pain behold,
And lead me back unto Thy sheltering fold,
That I may answer scorners as of old;
Yea, though my dwelling be
In darkest night, God is a light to me.

—From the Hebrew, translated by
Mrs. Henry Lucas.

WEALTH vs HAPPINESS.

WE are all tempted to think that if we could spend our lives as we like, if we had enormous riches, if we could be millionaires, and could rise to heights of power, and do exactly as we like, and grasp all the pleasure of the world we should be happy. That has been the state of man, and not one has been happy. As an instance I will give you a Roman emperor, who was emperor when our Lord was crucified. Tiberius had every single thing the world could give him, he was emperor of the greatest empire in the world, and not a single one of his millions of subjects ventured to question his commands on anything. He had absolute rule over all the civilised world, and he had command over every single pleasure, innocent or guilty, that the world could give; was he happy? A celebrated Roman historian who knew him said he was notoriously the most miserable of mankind, and he wrote to his own senate, corresponding to our Houses of Parliament, that all the gods and goddesses (or he was a Pagan), were daily destroying him. Though he had every single thing which the world could give he was essentially wretched. Why? Because he was essentially a bad

man, cruel, suspicious, depraved, and altogether a violator of the laws of God.

I will now give you an instance of another kind. A young missionary who lived at Selbourne, went, long before missions to the heathen were common, to India, and moved about among the heathen population. He was in constant poverty and danger, he was surrounded by hardships, he had nowhere to lay his head, he wandered from place to place, and yet this young nobleman gave up everything to preach Christ to the heathen. What was his state of life? was he happy or not? He says in one of his letters his happiness was so intense and so continual that he almost felt tempted to ask God not to pour upon his soul such a flood of happiness, lest it be too much for him. There was a specimen of one who kept innocency, and did the thing that was right, and yet among suffering and hardship he was happy. This is only a single example out of hundreds of thousands.—*Dean Farrar.*

PRAYER.

PRAYER is more than simple petition. The purpose in prayer is not just to win something for ourselves, but to worship God for Himself. Prayer may be communion, companionship, converse, the breathing of a sigh, the upward glancing of an eye, as it were the pressure of an unseen hand in the darkness.

There are prayers that do not need to be prayed, and that would spoil by being prayed, just as there are songs without words, and there may be love without a token.

Such an intimacy of a worshipful divine communion was that enjoyed by the godly Bengel, whose devotion one night before retiring, after long study of God's Word, consisted simply in his laying his head upon his folded arms and murmuring: "O Lord Thou knowest me. We are on the same old terms."—*New York Observer.*

A Belated Appointment.—The Papal authorities have just issued a decree declaring the Venerable Bede to be a Doctor of the Universal Church. As the Venerable Bede died nearly thirteen hundred years ago, it looks to the onlooker as though the honour comes too late to be of any practical benefit, and might as well have been omitted altogether. And yet the degree will do him just as much good now as it could possibly have done him if bestowed in his lifetime. The granting of degrees, by which one is authorised to write two or more letters after his name, is one of the trifles with which learned men amuse themselves and show that they are but children of a larger growth.



EMPLOY the gift thou hast,
Whate'er it be, with true and earnest care ;
And this endeavour shall not be the last :
Each good performed another shall prepare.
—Mrs. Guernsey.

THE SECRET OF USEFULNESS.

IN the early days of Mr. Moody's evangelistic work, he made the following memorable reply to one who criticised his grammar :—

"I know I make a great many mistakes, and I lack a great many things ; but I am doing the best I can with what I've got." And then he carried war into the enemy's country : "Look here, friend, you've got grammar enough—what are you doing with it for the Master ?"

In his answer we have the secret of growth and power and usefulness. Are you doing "the best you can with what you have" ? Do not wait for perfection, nor sigh for great gifts and brilliant talents, but day by day do faithfully what you can with what you already have, and the result will be continually increasing efficiency. Consecrate the little that you have, and so give the Lord a chance to multiply it, ten, twenty, or an hundredfold, according to the service required of you.

"Said one unto himself : I would
That I might wield some power for good ;
That I some wondrous tongue could learn,
To speak the thoughts and words that burn ;
That I could marvellous colours mix,
Wherewith on sacred walls to fix
The glimpse of heaven, the holy dream,
That should from sin men's thoughts redeem ;
And oh that some rare gem were mine
Whereon to carve the face Divine !

"Another took the selfsame words
We use each day,—
The words wherewith we chide or bless,
We curse or pray,—
And with them sang a song that through
The wide world rings ;
And slumbering souls that hear it, wake
To nobler things."

"It is a wise thing to win a soul, because of the rapidity with which soul-saving accumulates. Sow a seed in the ground, and it will bear thirty ; each of those will bear thirty ; and each of those thirty, so that in three generations you can almost count a million."

THE "OLD COLONEL."

IN February of the present year an old man died in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Thousands knew him as the "Old Colonel." His story is briefly this :—

The "Old Colonel" was born of one of the best families in Ohio. He was reared in a wealthy Christian home, and after leaving college he studied in the law office of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's great War Secretary. He married and began the practice of law. But in college he had fallen into intemperate habits. When the Civil War began he enlisted as a private soldier. At the end of the war he was mustered out a colonel of cavalry—and a confirmed drunkard.

He struggled against his fatal habit, but it finally ruined him. Home was gone, and wife and children followed. Bereft of everything, he left his own city, and after months of wandering, entered New York under an assumed name. For over a quarter of a century he led the life of a drunken vagrant and beggar, notorious as one of the most loathsome of his class.

One night, while half-intoxicated, he entered the Bowery Mission, and during the service rose and prayed most unctuously. After the meeting he said he was "converted," and asked for a quarter of a dollar. This the leader gave him, and begged him not to return too soon.

The next night he came reeling in, and prayed once more, and tried to put his arms about the leader's neck. He was vigorously repulsed, and the door was pointed out to him.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, quivering.

"If you stay much longer you'll see if I mean it!" was the harsh reply.

The old man went out, cursing the mission and everybody connected with it. Two weeks later there was an up-town monthly meeting of the rescue-workers, and the young man who had turned the old beggar out told the story, and expressed his sorrow for his severity. He said that he had not been able to sleep since, or to pray, save for the man whom he had so rudely repulsed.

The company, having heard their fellow-worker's confession, knelt and prayed for the "Old Colonel," who was perhaps starving or freezing upon the street.

At the close of the meeting the penitent

slum-worker hastened up to the "elevated," and took the first train for his down-town mission. As he hurried in, he saw a familiar, ragged figure shivering upon the back bench. This time he did not threaten the intruder, but put his arms about the old tramp's neck and burst into tears. When the meeting was over he took charge of him, gave him a dinner, a shave, clean clothes and a bath ; and when the outcast emerged from this treatment, behold ! he was transformed into a gentleman.

At the same time his whole being seemed to be pleading that his heart might be made as clean as his body. For six days he prayed earnestly : "O Lord, forgive and restore me !"

At the end of the sixth day a beautiful smile transfigured his sin-scarred face. He turned to his preserver and said :

"O brother, I am saved !"

"I believe you," was the solemn reply.

From that instant the old tramp was a changed being. His craving for liquor was gone. His intellect was restored. Even lost youth seemed to revisit that wasted frame. The besotted outcast became a dignified Christian man.

Thirteen years he lived, and died happy in the knowledge that he had influenced for good many lives once as seemingly hopeless as his own had been.

The first miracle in the work of uplifting the depraved is the miracle of patience, and that is possible only when faith and love are strong enough to conquer loathing. In many a repulsive instance like the one just told, a sublime opportunity would have been wasted if natural feeling instead of Christian pity and kindness had had its way.—*Youth's Companion*.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

IN the "Story of the China Inland Mission" this account is given of the way in which a Chinese literary gentleman found his way into the light :—

Finding the Scriptures dry and unintelligible he had given up reading them. Careless and sceptical as to spiritual things, he considered prayer absurd.

"If there be any God," he would say, "which is more than doubtful, of course He must be far too great a Being, and too distantly removed from contact with men, to take any interest in the little affairs of our daily life."

One summer day he met Mr. Stevenson, who at the close of a long and serious conversation, felt greatly drawn to the man, and yet pained at his open infidelity.

"Let me freely confess it, teacher," concluded Ning Sien-seng ; "I do not believe the doctrines taught by you foreigners."

With an earnestness which surprised the Confucianist, the missionary replied—

"I shall remember you constantly in prayer to the true and living God."

Ning Sien-seng went away, but could not forget the sentence.

"Here," thought he, "is a foreigner, a perfect stranger to me, and yet so concerned about my soul that he will pray for me; and I do not even pray for myself!"

The next thought was not far off, "What if I should begin?"

But prayer such as the missionary had urged seemed impossible to the Confucianist.

"And yet," he thought, "the experiment is worth trying."

Thus, doubtingly but earnestly, a cry went up from that heathen heart to the Unknown:—

"O God, if there be a God, give me light, if light is to be had!"

Again he turned to the Bible, and this time it seemed an entirely new revelation, while the scholar, to his surprise, found in himself, too, a change for which he could not account.

The book so interested him that he read far into the night. The study of the Word became his great delight. He was led to believe its truths, and to trust the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour.

"Prayer has saved me; could it not also save my relatives?" Ning Sien-seng began to ask.

His wife, like himself, had been a rigid Confucianist, and he greatly feared to confess to her his new faith. At last he summoned up courage to call her into his study one evening, when, the family having gone to bed, he thought the scene that must inevitably ensue might be less noticed.

She sat down opposite to him, across the room, as is proper for Chinese wives, and waited in silence. But his courage failed him, and he could not speak. Finally his wife remarked—

"You have something to say to me."

It had to come at last, and he poured out his story: "Wife, I have found that there is a Father in heaven."

The ex-Confucianist was probably never more surprised than by her ready answer—
"How glad I am!"

Hers, too, had been a waiting soul. All unknown to her husband, she had been longing for light, and to his confession added her own:—

"For years I have felt that our doctrines and idols were nothing. When the rebels came to the town, they sacked the temples and took away the gods. Of course, I knew that if they could not save themselves, they certainly could not save me. When the soldiers came to our house I got into the clothes-press to hide, in dreadful fear, and there I prayed. I thought there might be somewhere a real God and I called to Him—'Venerable, Heavenly Father, keep me!' He did keep me, for the rebels came into the room and

ransacked all about, but did not open the cupboard where I was hiding. I have thought ever since, there must be some Great Spirit that we do not know. Can it be true that you have found Him?"

Ere long, to Ning Sien-seng's joy, his wife also confessed her faith in the Saviour.

OUR BABY.



OUR Clara is a treasure,
She gives us joy and pleasure,
She's worth all the work that she
makes every day;
With childish faith unbroken,
She is a living token
Of how we should trust Him who
leads all our way.

She knows no fear or sorrow,
She fears no coming morrow,
She takes all the blessings that reach her with
delight;
She grows by thus receiving
The blessings God is giving,
Her cheeks glow with health, and her eyes beam
with light.

Her little feet oft stumble,
And she gets many a tumble,
But quickly rises up and toddles to her play;
Or if sometimes the smart
Makes the briny tear-drops start,
The smiles that quickly come drive the briny tears
away.

Oh, may the little creature,
Who is a constant teacher,
And also an example, by Christ appointed so;
While teaching us of meekness,
And how to trust in weakness,
In wisdom and in knowledge and favour with God
grow.

JENNIE MCCLELLAND.

NEVER MIND.

TODDLING Nell, the darling of the house, suddenly caught a fall in her race across the parlour.

"Never mind," said mamma; "get up and try it over again."

One sat by who had caught a fall in the life race. The sweet words, so full of courage, fell on her ears like an authoritative command: "Never mind. Get up and try it over again."

Our losses, our falls, can have no power over us if we will not yield to them. If the baby should persist in remaining where she fell, too discouraged to make any further effort, there her career would end; but if she will put forth her will, and use such ability as she possesses, she will gain strength for the difficulties in the way.

This is the word for every discouraged man and woman: "Get up and try it over again." The energy may seem to be all gone; but that which is really used up is the will to take hold of the stores of energy

always ready for human use. The energy is never used up, any more than the sun is used up by shining. The power is yours, O despairing one! because it is God's. Believe in it, use it.

Every moment spent in discouragement is a greater waste than if you should throw away gold-dust. After every fall, one must at some time get up and go on. The power to rise lessens as the effort is postponed. Unused abilities rust and corrode. Especially does an unused will rapidly lose grip. It is better not to fall. But once down, "never mind. Get up and try it over again."—*Christian Endeavour World*.

PRESS on! if once or twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try.

—Park Benjamin.

NO SUNSTROKE IN JAPAN.

IT is said that sunstroke is rarely if ever heard of among the Japanese. Yet from the time they are born the sun has every possible chance to kill them. They are taken out before a single hair can be detected on their tiny, bobbing heads, and, with no covering, are trotted about on the backs of nurses, only just big enough to walk, and, like their infant charges, bare-headed. The principal occupation of these baiya, as they are called, is playing hopscotch. This they do all summer long, the infants on their backs being of secondary consideration. The babe's head rolls round on its own and its bearer's shoulders, while the rays from the sun pour down with no more effect, apparently, than to develop a healthy-looking brown complexion. The wearing of hats is a new fashion to the Japanese, which has quite taken hold of the cities.—*Selected*.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

	£	s.	d.
P. T. Readers, per Mr. Chapman, Portsmouth,	2	0	
" " per Mrs. Etheridge, Portsmouth,	3	0	
" " per A. Howell, Ulceby, ..	3	0	
G. R. Drew,	5	0	
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G. F. C., East Ham,	3	0	
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Walter, Nellie, Olive and Dora, with 6d. added by Mother,	1	6	
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Mrs. Loal,	1	0	
Mrs. Bradley, per J. Heide,	1	6	
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Anonymous, Handsworth	2	6	
Amount previously acknowledged,	56	11	2



STORY OF A BIRD'S NEST.

FAR away in the beautiful land of Brazil,
Where the birds are all singing o'er valley and
hill,
Two little children walked under the trees,
Talking in musical Portuguese;
And if you will listen to what I now say,
I will tell you in English their words that day.

"Sister," said Manuel, "often I've heard
That the trees scarce have room for the nest of
each bird;
For this is the land of the beautiful things,
And the air seems alive with their songs and
their wings.
I'm quite sure that I know of a little bird
breast
Which was puzzled to find a good place for a
nest."

"Now, brother," said Lena, "don't tell me a
word,
Let me hunt for the nest of this crowded-out
bird."

So away they went roving o'er hill and through
dell;
Of the nests that they found 'twould take hours
to tell.
There were nests in the orange trees, blossoming
white;
There were nests in the coffee trees, glossy and
bright;
There were nests in the hedges, the bushes and
grass,
In the dark, hanging vines, by each road-side
and pass.
There were blue eggs and spotted eggs, brown
eggs and white,
And yellow throats opening with chirpings of
fright.

"Search no longer," said Manuel, "in bushes and
trees;
'Tis a stranger place, sister, than any of these."

"I give up, then," said Lena, as she drew down
her brow;

"Come, hasten, dear brother, I'll follow you now."

Then away to the garden the children then
sped,
And he showed her the nest in a big cabbage
head.

—Anna R. Henderson.

"No matter how dark the weather,
No matter how rain might fall,
I'd be like a bit of sunshine,
To brighten and cheer you all,"

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

WHILE Ted and baby were taking
their midday nap, five-year-old
Tom went into the garden for a walk with
mamma. It was the end of June, and the
red raspberries were just beginning to turn
colour: yes, here was a ripe one; and
there was another, and another. By the
time they had gone the length of the two
rows, they had found eight beautiful, bright
berries.

"Take them in, Tom," said mamma,
"and divide them among you. I must
get some lettuce for dinner."

When she came in, a few minutes later,
there were two neat little groups of berries
on the table,—three for Ted, three for
baby. Tom had eaten his two berries and
returned to his play. He was only a little
fellow, and did not know much about
arithmetic; but he could divide eight
berries among three children, and have no
remainder. Can you?—*Youth's Instructor.*

A TOAD STORY.

ONE day my father, sister, and I were
out in the garden, watching a little
toad.

My father took a little stick, and very,
very gently scratched one side of the toad
and then the other. The toad seemed to
like it; for when he was scratched, he
would roll from side to side and blink.

I was so interested that when they went
in, I took the stick, and did as my father
had done. I thought, If he rolls from side
to side as I touch him, what will he do if I
run the stick down his back?

I did so, and what do you think hap-
pened?—His skin, which was thin and
dirty, parted in a neat little seam. There
was a bright new coat under it.

Then my quiet little toad showed how
wise he was. He gently and carefully
pulled off his outer skin. He took it off
the body and legs first; and then, blinking
it over his eyes, till—where had it gone?—
He had rolled it into a ball and swallowed
it.—*Adapted from Our Dumb Animals.*

A LITTLE COWARD.

ELSIE and Dick were on their way to
meet some of their schoolmates, who
were going to the woods to hunt for
ferns.

Elsie had started first, because it would
take her longer to get there than it would
Dick. It was quite a little walk to the
place of meeting. It would not have been
so far if Elsie had taken a short cut like
most little country girls and boys; but
there was a very large field in the way,
which Elsie always went round.

Now, if I tell you why Elsie did this,
some of you will think that she was a very
silly little girl; and perhaps some little
boys and girls will call her a coward, as her
brother Dick did.

Elsie was very much afraid of cows.
Even of gentle old Brindle, whom she had
known all her life, she was somewhat
afraid, and she would go a long way out of
her path to avoid meeting a strange cow.
You will not wonder, then, why Elsie did
not go through the field when I tell you
that there were always several cows in it,
some of which had the reputation of being
bad-tempered. One big black cow, with
ugly-looking horns, Elsie was particularly
afraid of, and a loud moo-oo would send
her scampering past the field as fast as her
feet could carry her. She had just passed
this part of her walk when she heard Dick
calling.

"Hello, Elsie! wait a minute," and
looking back, she saw him running right
through the field among those dreadful
cows, without the least sign of fear.

"O Dick! how can you come through
that field?" exclaimed Elsie, with a sigh
of relief as he jumped over the fence, and
stood safely beside her.

"I'm not afraid like you," answered
Dick, scornfully. "I'm not such a baby as
to be afraid of a few cows."

Elsie did not resent being called a
coward; she was quite used to it by this
time.

"Let's stop, and rest a while under
this big tree; it's so hot," she said.

"All right," answered Dick, throwing
himself on the grass. "We've lots of time.
I say, Elsie," he exclaimed, as he looked
up into the green branches waving over
his head, "do you see that nest up there?
Tom Read said yesterday that he would
bet any money that I don't dare go up
and get it. Now, I will just get it down,
and show it to him this morning," and he
sprang up and took off his coat.

"O Dick, please don't!" cried Elsie.
"Perhaps there are little birds in it."

"No, there are not," answered Dick,
"for it's an old nest, and has been there
two or three years," and in another mo-
ment he had reached one of the lower
limbs, and was making his way upward.

The bird that had built the nest had eye-

dently intended that it should be beyond the reach of any boy; for she had selected the end of a long and not very strong limb to build upon, and her home had hitherto been undisturbed, for no boy had cared enough about the nest to venture after it.

Elsie stood looking up into the tree. She could hear Dick rustling among the leaves as he went up higher and higher, although she could only now and then catch a glimpse of him.

"Dick!" she cried, as she saw him venturing cautiously out on a limb. "Dick, please don't go any farther. I am sure that branch will break with you. Don't go out on it."

Dick paused, irresolute. He knew that he would be running a great risk if he ventured any farther out on that slender limb; and he half determined to please Elsie and come down again, without making any further effort to get the nest.

Then he thought of what the boys would say if they should hear he had been up the tree, and was afraid to get the nest.

Afraid! At the mere thought of such a taunt, Dick's face flushed, and he resolved to get the nest, even at the risk of breaking his neck.

"This branch is safe enough, Elsie," he called down to her. "Don't you wish you were up here too?" and he rocked backward and forward on the swaying limb.

"I see Aunt May coming round the corner," he said, presently. "I must hurry and get the nest before she comes. Here's my hat," and he threw his broad-brimmed straw hat down on the grass that it might not be in his way.

"Dick, Dick, don't," pleaded Elsie, almost crying with terror, as she saw the branch bending beneath his weight.

"Stop your noise, Elsie," commanded Dick, a little roughly, it must be confessed. He was nervous himself, although he wouldn't have owned up to it for anything in the world.

Elsie stood still, her hands clasped together, scarcely breathing in her anxiety. Dick was crawling cautiously along, and he had almost reached the nest, and with his hands outstretched to grasp it, had "Hurrah" on the tip of his tongue, when there was a crackling noise, and Elsie uttered a scream of terror as the limb broke off, and Dick came crashing through the branches. One of the lower limbs broke his fall, and he hung on it for a moment and then fell to the ground.

"Dick, Dick, are you dead?" cried Elsie, as he lay white and unconscious. "O Aunt May, Dick is killed."

Aunt May bent over him with face as white as Elsie's own.

"No, he isn't dead, Elsie," she said, as she could hear a faint breathing. "Run home as fast as you can for your father, Elsie. I will stay here with him."

Elsie hardly waited for her auntie's words to start off. Her little feet fairly flew over the ground. When she reached the field where the cows were, she paused just a moment. Could she go through it? Could she pass those terrible cows? She was only a little girl, you know, and it required almost as much courage to think of going among them as it would if they had been bears. Only a moment she paused; then one thought of Dick lying white and motionless under the trees, decided her. With a very earnest little prayer in her heart, Elsie climbed over the fence. Every moment was so precious. Perhaps Dick might die before her father could get to him. She ran bravely on, trembling as the cows raised their heads and looked at her in mild-eyed wonder, and as the black cow uttered a low "moo-oo-oo," it seemed as if her feet would refuse to carry her another step. At last she reached the fence, and clambered over it, scarcely believing that she had really crossed the field unhurt. It took only a few moments for her father to harness up the horse and drive back with her to where she had left Dick. He was sitting up now, leaning against Aunt May, a little colour returning to his white cheeks, the nest closely held in his right hand, while his left arm hung helplessly at his side.

He had really escaped with only a broken arm and a slight bruise, wonderful as it seemed, considering the height of his fall. The hardest thing would be to keep him quiet while his arm was getting well again. For a few days the pain made him so weak that he was glad enough to stay in bed and have the window darkened so that the light would not make his head ache. When he was able to sit up, then indeed it was a hard matter to keep him quiet. He was irritable, and it took everybody's best efforts to keep him in a good humour.

"O Dick, I wish you had not climbed up after that nest, and hurt yourself," said Elsie one morning, when it seemed impossible to please him.

"I don't then," said Dick. "I am not a coward. I would rather get hurt than be afraid to do a thing because there is a little danger in it. You're only a girl, and girls are always afraid to do anything."

Aunt May heard this speech.

"Do you really think you're braver than Elsie?" she asked, quietly.

"Of course I am," answered Dick, in surprise. "Do you think Elsie would have dared to climb the tree after that nest?"

"Do you know, Dick, it seemed to me that day as if Elsie was the brave one and you were the coward," said Aunt May.

"Why, auntie!" exclaimed both the children, in surprise.

"I mean just what I say," said Aunt May, smiling at their surprise. "Tell me, Dick, why did you want to get that particular nest so much?"

"Tom Reed dared me to get it," answered Dick, promptly. "I didn't want the nest itself; but I wanted to get it because it was so far out that no other fellow would dare to go after it."

"Oh!" said Aunt May, "then you went because you were afraid not to go,—afraid to be thought a coward; and that fear made you hazard your life. I should call that being very much of a coward indeed. Now, I will tell you how my little Elsie proved her bravery," she added, putting her arms around the little girl, and drawing her to her side. "Dick, you know how afraid Elsie is of cows?"

"Yes, she's more afraid of a cow than I am of a bear," said Dick, wondering how Aunt May was going to prove Elsie's bravery.

"Don't you think it would take a good deal of courage for her to go through a field full of them? I don't say that it would have been brave for either you or me, but don't you think it would be a pretty hard thing for Elsie to do?"

"That's just what she never will do," exclaimed Dick, triumphantly. "I've seen Elsie walk all the way round that field a hundred times."

"Yes, I know you have," answered Aunt May; "but the other day, when you were lying under the tree, and Elsie thought you were dying, she went right through the field, because she wanted to bring your father to you as soon as possible. She was afraid to go, but her love for you led her to conquer her fears, and go bravely through among the cows. Wasn't that true bravery, Dick?"

"You're a brick, Elsie," said Dick, warmly. "I didn't think anything in the world would make you go past black Daisy."

"There is a difference, you see, Dick," said Aunt May, "between daring and courage. It was a daring thing in you to go out on that branch, when you knew yourself that it was dangerous; but your daring came from a sort of cowardice after all, while Elsie didn't put herself in danger from a desire to prove that she was brave, but her courage came to her when she needed it to do what she thought was right for her to do. Boys don't often stop to think about this in the right way, I know, Dick; but don't you think it is better sometimes to be thought a coward than really to be one? I am going to fasten this nest up in the corner of your room so it will remind you sometimes of my little lecture. Shall I?"

"Yes, if you like," said Dick, rather doubtfully.

I think it was a reminder to him sometimes of the difference between daring and courage. Of course, like most boys, he sometimes got them sadly mixed, but I don't think he ever risked his life again to show he was not afraid.—Minnie E. Kenney.



POWER OF A HORSE'S SCENT.

THERE is one perception which a horse possesses to which little attention has been paid, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is as acute as with the dog; and for the benefit of those who drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles on dark nights; and in consideration of this power of scent this is my simple advice: Never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you safely and expeditiously. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours.—*Tait*.

THE HORSE UNDER FIRE.

THE horse on the battle-field is subject to precisely the same emotions as its rider. A similar state of nervousness is apparent when in the presence of an unknown foe and before the danger has been located; the same fearless disregard of peril when dashing down on the enemy in the full fury of a cavalry charge.

When injured, horses behave similarly to wounded men. Some suffer in silence, allowing no trace of the pain they are undergoing to become visible except by the drawn appearance of the eyes; others plunge madly about and give way to agonising cries which have often compelled their riders during a conflict to delay a moment in order to put their sufferings to an end.

A cavalry horse is trained to step over a prostrate man should he have the presence of mind to lie still, and, although accidents must occur in the heat of a charge, if a wounded man has dropped from the first or second ranks, it will be noticed that the horses behind exercise no small amount of care in order to avoid trampling upon him.

The return of riderless horses to camp is an almost certain sign of defeat. When

a cavalry charge is successful the horses will, as I have said, all keep up together, even though they have lost their riders, but when a force is routed the first news of ill-omen to those in the rear will be the return of the horses with empty saddles and stirrups dangling free. No more sorry sight can be imagined.—*Pearson's*.

THE MOLE.

IN appearance the mole is merely a flattened, oblong ball of very fine and soft, shimmering grey fur, pointed and footed at both ends. *St. Nicholas* gives an interesting account of this curious little animal. From the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail he measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and his naked little pinky-white tail looks like an angle-worm, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. His nose projects half-an-inch beyond his mouth, and it feels as hard as if it had a bone in it. It terminates in a broad, flattened point, shaped for all the world like a rock-drill—and the way in which it can bore through the earth is astonishing. But his forefeet! They are three-quarters of an inch wide, but less than one inch in length, including the claws, the longest of which measures nearly half-an-inch. Each foot is a miniature spade, armed with very sharp and powerful claws, formed like chisels, for cutting earth. The forelegs have no length whatever, the feet being set on to the body edgewise, close beside the jaws, with the soles outward. The ends of the claws point as far forward as the nose. The instant he touches the earth down goes his nose, feeling nervously here and there for a place to start his drill. In about one second he has found a suitable spot. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a bradawl, with a half-boring, half-pushing motion, and in an instant half your mole's head is buried from view. Now, watch sharply or he will be out of sight before you see how he does it. Up comes his powerful right foot, sliding close along the side of his head, straight forward, edgewise, to the end of his nose. His five-pointed chisel cuts the earth vertically until it reaches as far forward as his short reach will let it go; then, with a

quick motion, he pries the earth sidewise from his nose, and so makes quite an opening. Instantly the left foot does the same thing on the other side, and meanwhile the gimlet-pointed nose has gone right on boring. In five seconds, by the watch, his body is entirely out of sight.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS OF ANIMALS.

WASPS are paper makers. Bees are skilful geometers. They construct the cells in which they store their honey, so that with the greatest economy of material, they utilise their space to the best advantage. Ants are labourers; some of them are herdsmen and stock-raisers, while some varieties are soldiers, and maintain great standing armies. The mole is a military and civil engineer, and constructs a well-defended fort, with numerous avenues of escape in case of siege, as his residence. The nautilus is a sailor and navigator; he raises and lowers his sails, casts anchor, and otherwise acts the part of a practical seaman.

The beaver is an architect, a builder, a wood-cutter; he cuts down trees, puts up houses, and constructs dams. The marmot is also an architect and civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but provides them with aqueducts and drains to keep them dry, making a complete system of drainage and sewerage, so that he might be said to be a sanitary engineer as well.

Some birds are tailors, and sew deftly; all are expert builders of their own homes, and many are marvels as musicians. Caterpillars are silk-spinners; so are spiders.

Lions, tigers, dogs, cats, wolves, jackals, foxes, and other animals are great hunters, and very expert at their business. The monkey might be said to be a pantomimist and a mimic. The black bear, the heron, the kingfisher, the fishhawk, etc., are fishers.

These are a few of the trades and professions of the animals, with examples of those that practise them. A little thought would suggest many more.

W. H. MCKEE.

"WOUNDED elephants," writes Sir Samuel Baker, "have a marvellous power of recovery when in their wild state, although they have no gifts of surgical knowledge, their simple system being confined to plastering their wounds with mud, or blowing dust upon the surface. Dust and mud comprise the entire pharmacopœia of the elephant, and this is applied upon the most trivial, as well as upon the most serious occasions. . . . I have seen them when in a tank plaster up a bullet wound with mud taken from the bottom."



MIND DISEASE.

THOUSANDS are sick and dying around us who might get well and live if they only would; but their imagination holds them. They fear that they will be made worse if they labour or exercise, when this is just the change they need to make them well. Without this they can never improve. They should exercise the power of the will, rise above their aches and debility, engage in useful employment, and forget that they have aching backs, sides, lungs, and heads. Neglecting to exercise the entire body, or a portion of it, will bring on morbid conditions. Inaction of any of the organs of the body will be followed by a decrease in size and strength of the muscles, and will cause the blood to flow sluggishly through the blood-vessels.

There are domestic duties to be done which many think it impossible for them to perform, and so they depend upon others. Sometimes it is exceedingly inconvenient for them to obtain the help they need; they frequently expend double the strength required to perform the task in planning and searching for some one to do the work for them. If they would only bring their mind to do these little acts and family duties themselves, they would be blessed and strengthened in it. God placed Adam and Eve in Paradise, and surrounded them with everything that was useful and lovely. He planted them a beautiful garden. No herb, nor flower, nor tree was wanting which would be for use or ornament. The Creator of man knew that the workmanship of His hands could not be happy without employment. Paradise delighted their souls, but this was not enough; they must have labour to call into exercise the wonderful machinery of the body. The Lord had made the organs for use. Had happiness consisted in doing nothing, man, in his state of holy innocence, would have been left unemployed. But He who formed man knew what would be for his best happiness, and He no sooner made him than He gave him his appointed work. In order to be happy, he must labour.

God has given us all something to do.

In the discharge of the various duties which we are to perform, which lie in our pathway, our lives will be made useful, and we shall be blest. Not only will the organs of the body be strengthened by exercise, but the mind also will acquire strength and knowledge through the action of those organs. The exercise of one muscle, while others are left with nothing to do, will not strengthen the inactive ones any more than the continual exercise of one of the organs of the mind will develop and strengthen the organs not brought into use. Each faculty of the mind and each muscle has its distinctive office, and all require to be exercised in order to become properly developed and retain healthful vigour. Each organ and muscle has its work to do in the living organism. Every wheel in the machinery must be a living, active, working wheel. Nature's fine and wonderful works need to be kept in active motion in order to accomplish the object for which they are designed. Each faculty has a bearing upon the others, and all need to be exercised in order to be properly developed. If one muscle of the body is exercised more than another, the one used will become much the larger, and will destroy the harmony and beauty of the development of the system. A variety of exercise will call into use all the muscles of the body.

Those who are feeble and indolent should not yield to their inclination to be inactive, thus depriving themselves of air and sunlight, but should practise exercising out-of-doors in walking or working in the garden. They will become very much fatigued, but this will not injure them; rest will be sweeter after it. Inaction weakens the organs that are not exercised, and when those organs are used, pain and weariness are experienced, because the muscles have become feeble. It is not good policy to give up the use of certain muscles because pain is felt when they are exercised. The pain is frequently caused by the effort of nature to give life and vigour to those parts that have become partially lifeless through inaction. The motion of these long-disused muscles will cause pain, because nature is awakening them to life.

Thousands of women are suffering for want of useful employment that would give them vigorous, physical exercise. Their breathing is not full and deep. They do not go out enough in the open air and expand their lungs and exercise their limbs. The arms and chest need to be used. When people will study to know the laws of health, and how to prevent sickness, with one-half the interest with which they study the fashion-plates, and will obey the light which shines upon them in regard to health reform, there will be fewer invalids and far more happiness and true religion.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

WATER-DRINKING.

HOW much water should one drink in hot weather?—It depends upon how much he perspires. Of course he must drink enough to make up what he loses by sweating. One should drink all the water that his appetite calls for, and sometimes more. In cases of uric-acid poisoning, rheumatism, and similar troubles, one must drink because he ought to drink. The reason for this is that the blood becomes too saline and too thick. It has a high specific gravity, and drinking dilutes it, and also washes out poisonous matters. If a person eats salt, it thickens the blood so that he is thirsty. One might smoke tobacco and thus poison his system and not be thirsty, or drink tea and coffee without feeling thirsty, and yet the poisons taken into the system might be more damaging than salt. So one should have a systematic plan of drinking. Just as he applies water systematically to the hands and face to cleanse them, so water should be applied methodically to the interior of the body for the same purpose.

When is the best time to drink?—Just before going to bed at night. Why?—Because during the night the tendency of kidney-action is to diminish; hence poisons accumulate in the body during the night. If one drinks just before going to bed, it will wash out poisons and dilute the blood, and this tends to increase the activity of the kidneys. So it is important to drink water at bedtime.

It is also important to drink first thing on arising in the morning. Stomach action will be stimulated, the appetite awakened, and the food will be digested better. Then about three or four hours after eating is another good time for drinking. If water is taken copiously at this time, it will help the stomach to unload itself at the proper time, and the movement of the food will be hastened through the intestines. Have four times for drinking during the day,—on going to bed, the first thing in the morning, and three or four hours after breakfast and dinner. If one has been taking exercise and is thirsty,

drink again: it is best to drink when one is thirsty, except with meals.

Should one drink hot water or cold?—That depends upon the condition of the stomach. If there is gastric catarrh, one should drink hot water quite freely,—one or two glasses at a time, an hour or so before eating; in very bad cases, half to three quarters of an hour before eating. If there is hypopepsia, take half a glassful of cold water half an hour before a meal. For hyperpepsia take half a glass of very hot water half an hour before a meal. If one is fat, he should drink a good deal of water so as to keep up perspiration. Do not be afraid of increasing your weight by drinking water, because you can quickly sweat it out by exercise. Thin people should drink freely, for water is good for both fat and lean people.

Water is a great regulator of nutrition. By taking an extra supply of water, we may increase nutrition if that is needed; or we may increase the tearing down of the body and the elimination of waste matters, if there is an excessive accumulation of those substances. Take from half a glass to a glass at a time; in a few minutes more, drink again. It is not well to drink glass after glass of water at once, until there is a feeling as of a great load in the stomach.

The use of ice water in hot weather is injurious, because it has a very depressing effect upon the stomach. Hot drinks in large quantities, unless especially required by some diseased condition, are also to be avoided, because they have a tendency to depress rather than stimulate the digestive functions. Very cold water and very hot water are both depressing. Water at about 70° is the most wholesome.

J. H. KELLOGG, M.D.

TOO LONG TO WAIT.

THE Japanese, as is generally known, are mainly vegetarians, their diet consisting for the most part of rice and a few simple vegetables.

While they are a healthy and happy people, they are undersized as compared with the meat-eaters of Europe and America, and it was seriously recommended, a few years ago, by advisers of the emperor, that he should encourage his subjects to adopt a diet of flesh, with a view to increasing the average Japanese stature.

An American who was visiting in Japan tells of a Jinrikisha man with whom he became acquainted, who, although able to trot forty miles a day without fatigue, was vexed because of his small size and had begun to eat meat. He asked his American friend one day, in the best English at his command, how long a time would be required, on an animal diet, to make the Japanese a larger race.

"I should say a hundred years, at least," replied the American.

The "rickshaw" man went back to his rice.—*Selected.*

THERE is something more than sarcasm in the following note which the *Oxford Magazine* says was recently received by the Vice-Chancellor of the University:—

"How much would I have to pay for the education of my son in your University? Let me know if I shall have to pay more in case my son, besides rowing, should wish to learn to read and write."

It is a lamentable fact that the ability to read and write their own language correctly is altogether too rare an accomplishment among college-trained men. There are comparatively few men of that class who could write an article for a paper, that could be printed without considerable editing. The fault is not in the men, but in the system of education.



—Twenty-five people were killed in an eruption of Mount Adsuma, in Japan, recently.

—The total casualties in the race riots in New Orleans, U.S.A., are thirteen killed and sixty-one wounded.

—The manipulation of infected raw cotton is believed to have caused the outbreak of smallpox at Blackburn.

—The weekly mortality in Paris, which in normal times is 950, rose during the recent hot weather to 1,547.

—A building site at Finsbury Circus, having an area of 18,230 feet, has been leased for eighty years at £9,500 per annum.

—The North German Lloyd steamer *Main*, which was severely damaged and sunk in the great dock fire at Hoboken, has been raised.

—The Central London Railway, which runs from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, is the most expensive railway in the world, its construction having cost £10 an inch.

—During the last six months 16,389 tons of tomatoes, valued at £331,302, have been imported to this country. That is a little less than two-pence farthing a pound.

—During the hot weather the Metropolitan hospitals have had numerous cases of blood-poisoning caused by the over-heated body absorbing the dye from brightly-coloured stockings.

—A Japanese Christian minister, writing of the divorces in Japan during a recent year, says there were 358,389 marriages and 116,775 divorces. This is roughly one divorce to every three marriages.

—Owing to a signalman's mistake, two trains proceeding in opposite directions ran into each other at Dozule, near Caen, France, July 29, and eight carriages were smashed to pieces. Many passengers were injured, but none were killed.

—The Central London Railway (electric underground) was opened Monday, July 30. The journey from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush is to take twenty-five minutes, and a uniform fare of 2d. is charged for all distances. There is but one class for all travellers.

—The China Inland Mission have received a telegram, dated July 27, stating that all their missionaries in Paoting-fu have been murdered.

—All the English railways have now agreed to carry 150lb. of luggage for each first-class passenger free of charge, 120lb. second-class, and 100lb. third-class, instead of 120lb., 100lb. and 80lb. respectively as previously.

—There are 767 Chinese in England, of whom 302 live in London. Only three counties, Hereford, Rutland and Westmoreland were, at the last enumeration, devoid of a single Chinaman. There are 75 Chinese women to every 100 Chinamen.

—At their recent quadrennial conference general, the Methodists of America abolished their time limit for the clergy, so that in future a Methodist minister instead of being sent elsewhere at the close of a ministry of five years, may if he so choose and his flock desire it, remain in charge of the same church for life.

—New South Wales, it is calculated, spent last year on strong drink £4,403,913, or £3 5s. 5d. per head of the population. This represents an increase of 1s. 3d. per head on the figures for 1898, and 2s. 10d. on those for 1897. The expenditure on drink is equal to about one-fourth of the total amount spent on food and non-intoxicants.

—In addressing the troops about to depart for China, the Emperor told them to give no quarter and take no prisoners, and so to use their weapons that for the next thousand years no Chinaman would dare beard a German. At the same time it is reported that the Chinese General Li-Ho-Keh has ordered the soldiers under his command to kill all the Christians (Europeans) they find.

—A placard has been posted in Peking, which professes to be the will of heaven, in which the "Great Yu Ti" (God of the unseen world) in person calls upon the people to "exterminate all foreign devils, and so turn aside the wrath of heaven. This shall be accounted unto you for well-doing; and on the day when it is done the wind and rain shall be according to your desire."

—The number of passengers on the railways in the United Kingdom, exclusive of season-ticket holders, was 1,000,000,000 in 1897; last year the number was 1,106,691,991. In 1897 the receipts from all descriptions of passenger traffic, including the mails, was £43,734,399; last year the sum produced by all descriptions of railway traffic was £101,677,065; which is only about £18,000,000 below the gross public income of the United Kingdom.

—The first telegraph cable has just been opened for the transmission of direct messages between Germany and the United States. It is 4,366 knots in length. It was built by a British company, but was taken over by the German Atlantic Telegraph Company on payment of a sum of nearly two millions sterling. The German government will subsidise the new undertaking by an annual payment of £140,000 for forty years on condition that another cable is laid, should the Government consider this advisable. The price per word to New York will be a small fraction over one shilling.

—Following are the closing words of the German Emperor's speech to the soldiers, in which he told them to give no quarter: "The blessing of the Lord be with you. The prayers of the whole people accompany you in all your ways. My best wishes for yourselves, for the success of your arms, will ever follow you. Give proofs of your courage, no matter where. May the blessing of God rest on your banners, and may He vouchsafe to you to find a path for Christianity in that far-off country. For this you have pledged yourself to me with your oath to the colours. I wish you Godspeed. Adieu, comrades." Strange things may now be looked for in the name of Christianity.

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THE *Christian* truly says: "The most successful missionaries have been those who have renounced even their country for Christ's sake, and become one with the people whom they have sought to evangelise."

An effort is being made to induce owners and drivers of horses to cease the foolish and cruel custom of using the bearing rein, but it is stated that women are more often offenders in this respect than men are, as they wish their horses to present a "smart" appearance. To this it is pertinently asked, "When they will torture themselves by tight-lacing, unduly pinching shoes, etc., for appearance, how can you expect them to have a thought for the poor horses?"

THIS is the counsel of a Roman Catholic priest concerning the Ritualistic movement in the Church of England: "Breathe no word against the movement which is turning the mind of this country towards the faith and rites of the Catholic Church." A Catholic priest is surely a good judge in such a matter; therefore since Ritualism dominates the Church of England, it may be considered that the Church is a vast feeder for the Papacy.

THE murder of the King of Italy was another one of the dastardly and meaningless crimes that have made the name of Anarchist abhorred and feared. There is no possible ground for such an act, except that of insane hatred of authority in whatever form. Wrongs there are most surely in every human government, but the rulers are responsible for few if any of them in these days; and even if they were, no wrong is ever righted by the commission of another wrong. Strangely enough, too, the anarchist assassin usually strikes his blow at those rulers and royal personages who are the greatest friends of the people. It cannot be doubted that the way the would-be murderer of the Prince of Wales was defended, and his deed

applauded by the Belgian authorities and people, has had some influence upon the murderer of King Humbert. No man living can remember a time of such anxiety and uncertainty as the present, yet few give each succeeding item of terrible news more than a passing thought. The murder of a king and the massacre of missionaries are forgotten in the reports of the results of the last racing, which occupies an equally prominent position in the contents bill of the newspapers.

THE *Glasgow Evening News* has the following:—

Statistics show that Scotland as a nation grows madder year by year, and the Local Government report now bluntly tells us that our unpatriotic desertion of porridge is one of the principal causes. Matters have indeed come to a sad pass when Scotland, whose stalwart sons have advertised by their appearance the virtues of porridge in all parts of the globe, is now stigmatised in a Government report as a nation of intemperate tea-drinkers!

This is not a piece of newspaper chaff, but is worthy of serious consideration. While porridge is by no means the best form in which to take any grain, there cannot be the slightest doubt but that any considerable substitution of tea for it must inevitably be followed by national degeneration.

Profitable Scripture.—Beware of a fallacy that is now being circulated even by some Bible teachers that think themselves wholly opposed to the scepticism of the "higher criticism," namely that "all Scripture is profitable, but all Scripture is not equally profitable." That is only another way of saying that all Scripture is inspired, but not all equally inspired; and when one thus presumes to sit in judgment upon the Holy Scriptures it is but a short step to the position that some Scripture is not inspired and is not profitable. Whenever anyone says that one portion of Scripture is not so profitable as another, he is talking of what he knows nothing of. He is making his ignorance instead of his knowledge, a standard of judgment, which is a very common failing. The most that anybody can say with truth is that he has not profited so much by one portion of Scripture as by some other; but another person may have found the greatest profit in that slighted portion. So such statements are equivalent to saying that what one has not experienced cannot exist; that what one does not know is not knowledge. The Bible has really no absolute authority with those who hold that there are degrees of inspiration and profit, be-

cause they are always ready to reject as of no weight that which does not suit their ideas. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Whoever sits in judgment upon the relative value of different portions of Scripture, constitutes himself a judge of perfection; because that which makes a man perfect must itself be perfect. Such an one in reality claims that his mind is capable of measuring perfection. This is the Papacy, and is as dangerous and as much to be shunned as any that proceeds from the Vatican.

Political Priests in China.—According to the Rev. W. O. Ellerich, of Chefoo, "It is an opinion that wherever Roman Catholics are found in China, there, sooner or later, disturbances are sure to arise. The only parts of this province which have been exempt from disturbances are those sections where there are no Roman Catholics." The reason for this is the fact that the Roman Catholic priests have the rank of viceroys, so that they have authority that consuls have not, and they use it to further the interests of their church. "Their business is really to look after lawsuits," and to see that the case of a convert is decided in his favour, and to set forth the political advantages of becoming members of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE *Catholic Times* refers to these charges, and does not deny them, but says to the Protestants, "You would do the same if you had the chance." We are sure that this is not unqualifiedly true, and we would gladly believe that there are some sincere Christians among Roman Catholic missionaries; but the facts show the evils of political Christianity, if it is allowable to use such a term. True Christianity knows nothing of politics, and whenever there is an attempt to combine it with politics, the result is and always has been the wickedest, cruellest, and most corrupt thing on earth. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" It is not at all to be wondered at that the Chinese hate this so-called Christianity. It is a sad thing that many innocent have to suffer, but the saddest of all is the false impression of Christianity that is made upon the heathen mind.