

A HARBINGER OF THE ADVENT

THE
CARIBBEAN WATCHMAN



"LET THEM GIVE GLORY UNTO THE LORD, AND DECLARE HIS PRAISE IN THE ISLANDS." ISA. 42:12

Vol. 3—No. 10.]

Port-of-Spain, October, 1905.

[Price 3 Cents



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"Abide with Me."
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Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I ask, nor passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power:
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Henry F. Lyle.



The Caribbean Watchman

FOR NOVEMBER

The CARIBBEAN WATCHMAN for November will contain among its many articles of merit the following specially interesting and timely contributions.

"In Remembrance of Me," by Mrs. E. G. White. An excellent short treatise on the celebration of "Communion or the Lord's Supper." It will bring this sacred and solemn ceremony home to your heart.

"The Gospel Church," a treatise on the twelfth chapter of Revelation by J. A. Strickland of Jamaica.

"The Prophetic Gift." Bringing to bear the Scripture evidences of the presence of this Gift of the Spirit in the remnant church.

A Visit Among the Aboriginal Indians of Demerara. Their Need of the Gospel. Our Duty to them.

These together with many others of equal merit and several short stories in the "Home" and "Young Folk" Departments will make the November issue one you should not miss. Ask for it.

December Special Issue

Beautiful Cover Design in White on Magenta Cover Paper. Artistic and worthy of a place on the wall of your dwelling.

New and pleasing illustrations on the inside pages as well. Altogether the best illustrated number for the year. You should be sure it reaches you by placing your order with the WATCHMAN Agent of your district NOW.

It will contain many interesting articles drawing your attention to the Coming of Christ as the "World's Redeemer" and as the "King of Glory." Among these will be the following of special interest:

1. "Unto You a Saviour; The Babe of Bethlehem.
2. "The King of Glory;" Christ Our Lord.

The above will depict in parallel columns His first and his second comings. Illustrated. "When He Comes." A Christmas story of strange and moving power.

"The Message of Preparation," and many other articles of special interest and merit.

Yearly Subscribers

To all who send us a yearly subscription at two shillings before January 1st, 1906 we will send a free copy of the *Watchman Calendar* for 1906.

Its front contains a half-tone picture of a mission church of the Arawak Indians, Essequibo, British Guiana, So. America, and it contains the sunsets, postal information and mission scripture for each month. Sabbaths in red. Calendar printed in four colours.

International Tract Society,

31 Dundonald Street,



Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

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The Sun had set on Syria's Plain

The sun had set on Syria's plain,
The night had bloomed with stars again,
When, as his fateful hour drew nigh,
The Saviour knew that he must die.

As still drew nigh that hour of dread,
Wait his disciples pale and sad,
When he, with love's compassion sweet,
Knelt lowly down and washed their feet.

Draw near to us, O Lord, we pray;
We follow in thy steps to-day;
Here with thy saints 'tis joy to meet,
And bow, and humbly wash their feet.

O thou bright King, within whose hand
The ages glide like grains of sand,
Now hear us pray that we may be
All lowly, meek, and pure, like thee.

And when that glorious morn shall break,
And at thy voice each sleeper wake,
Remember us, O Lord, we pray;
Roll from our grave the stone away!

Toria A. Buck.

A SERVANT OF SERVANTS

In the upper chamber of a dwelling at Jerusalem, Christ was sitting at table with His disciples. They had gathered to celebrate the Passover. The Saviour desired to keep this feast alone with the twelve. He knew that His hour was come; He Himself was the true paschal lamb, and on the day the Passover was eaten, He was to be sacrificed. He was about to drink the cup of wrath; He must soon receive the final baptism of suffering. But a few quiet hours yet remained to Him, and these were to be spent for the benefit of His beloved disciples.

The whole life of Christ had been a life of unselfish service. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," had been the lesson of His every act. But not yet had the disciples learned the lesson. At this last Passover supper, Jesus repeated His teaching by an illustration that impressed it forever on their minds and hearts.

The interviews between Jesus and His disciples were usually seasons of calm joy, highly prized by them all. The Passover suppers had been scenes of special interest; but upon this occasion Jesus was troubled. His heart was burdened, and a shadow rested upon His countenance. As He met the disciples in the upper chamber, they perceived that something weighed heavily upon His mind, and although they knew not its cause, they sympathized with His grief.

As they were gathered about table, He said in tones of touching sadness, "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer; for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves; for I say unto you

I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come."

Another cause of dissension had arisen. At a feast it was customary for a servant to wash the feet of the guests, and on this occasion preparation had been made for the service. The pitcher, the basin, and the towel were there, in readiness for the feet-washing; but no servant was present, and it was the disciples' part to perform it. But each of the disciples yielding to wounded pride, determined not to act the part of a servant. All manifested a social unconcern, seeming unconscious that there was anything for them to do. By their silence they refused to humble themselves.

How was Christ to bring these souls where Satan would not gain over them a victory? How could He show that a mere profession of discipleship did not make them disciples or insure them a place in His kingdom? How could He show that it is loving service, true humanity, which constitutes real greatness? How was He to kindle love in their hearts, and enable them to comprehend what He longed to tell them?

The disciples made no move toward serving one another. Jesus waited for a time to see what they would do. Then He, the divine Teacher, rose from the table. Laying aside the outer garment that would have impeded His movements, He took a towel, and girded Himself. With surprised interest the disciples looked on, and in silence waited to see what was to follow. "After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." This action opened the eyes of the disciples. Bitter shame and humiliation filled their hearts. They understood the unspoken re-

buke, and saw themselves in altogether a new light.

So Christ expressed His love for His disciples. Their selfish spirit filled Him with sorrow, but He entered into no controversy with them regarding their difficulty. Instead He gave them an example they would never forget. His love for them was not easily disturbed or quenched. He knew that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He came from God, and went to God. He had a full consciousness of His divinity; but He had laid aside His royal crown and kingly robes, and had taken the form of a servant. One of the last acts of His life on earth was to gird Himself as a servant, and perform a servant's part.

Judas, in choosing his position at the table, had tried to place himself first, and Christ as a servant served him first. John, toward whom Judas had felt so much bitterness, was left till the last. But John did not take this as a rebuke or slight. As the disciples watched Christ's action, they were greatly moved. When Peter's turn came, he exclaimed with astonishment, "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?" Christ's condescension broke his heart. He was filled with shame to think that one of the disciples was not performing this service. "What I do," Christ said, "thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Peter could not bear to see his Lord, whom he believed to be the Son of God, acting the part of a servant. His whole soul rose up against this humiliation. He did not realize that for this Christ came into the world. With great emphasis he exclaimed, "Thou shalt never wash my feet."

Solemnly Christ said to Peter, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me." The service which Peter refused was the type of a higher cleansing. Christ had come to wash the heart from the stain of sin. In refusing to allow Christ to wash his feet, Peter was refusing the higher cleansing included in the lower. He was really rejecting his Lord. It is not humiliating to the Master to allow Him to work for our purification. The truest humility is to receive with thankful heart any provision made in our behalf, and with earnestness do service for Christ.

At the words, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me," Peter surrendered his pride and self-will. He could not endure the thought of separation from Christ; that would have been death to him. "Not my feet only," he said, "but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit."

After Christ had washed the disciples' feet, and had taken His garments and sat down again, He said to them, "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call Me Master and Lord, and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord

and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet; for I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him."

MUSIC

"Abide with Me"

Not often does Shelley's declaration of poets, "They learn in suffering what they teach in song," find such complete verification as in the case of Henry Francis Lyte (1793—1847) and his matchless composition. "Abide with me."

On the eastern coast of Devonshire, England, is the ancient little seaport town of Brixham, built on the sunny cliffs of Tobay, with magnificent vistas of the English Channel widening to the Atlantic. Of its surroundings, the Rev. S. W. Christophers has the following description:

"One finds here, within the limits of a few days' ramble, the richest interminglings of balmy air and bright blue sea, of hill and dale, copsy knoll and ferny hollow, villa-crowned heights and cottages in dells, noble cliffs, terraced gardens, mountain paths and quiet sparkling beaches, weedy rocks, and whispering caverns, ever-varying, ever-harmonizing scenes, amid which, above, beneath, around and everywhere, grandeur is melting into beauty."

It was amid such scenes as these that "Abide with Me" was written, and will not be surprised to learn that only a few miles away, in the town of Torquay, where the country and coast are almost identical, Charlotte Elliott gave to humanity another great hymn, "Just As I Am." The town of Brixham, though carrying on extensive fishing and coasting trade, grows but little, and is much as it was in 1688 when William of Orange landed there on his first memorable visit to England. The stone on which he stepped is still preserved as a relic in an obelisk at the head of the quaint little pier, and it was on this same stone that William IV., a century and a half later, also stepped when paying a visit to Brixham, where, in connection with other ceremonies, he was met by Mr. Lyte with a surpliced choir. It is not, however, these monarchs of the realm that have made Brixham famous.

It seemed a singular chance that placed this frail, sensitive minister over a parish composed largely of hardy fisher-folk, with here and there a sprinkling of more refined and cultured people. There were also soldiers in the barracks, and visitors who came to enjoy the salt-water bathing. It was evidently a place for a great soul to do a noble mission, and Mr. Lyte was the Heaven-sent messenger who for twenty years knew

"Their lives, their hearts,
Their thoughts, their feelings, and
their dreams
Their joys and sorrows, and their
smiles and tears."

All the while he himself was suffering

from consumption, which was destined at last to remove him from these scenes in which he so faithfully labored for his beloved people. The time came, while he was still in the prime of life, when he felt that his work would soon be over, and with the deepest longings he desired that he might be permitted to do something which would have its influence for good upon humanity after he had gone to his rest.

The story of this desire found such signal fulfilment in the production of "Abide with me" has been preserved. Mr. Lyte was living at the time in his beautiful home in the Berry Head House, a gift from William IV., who remembered with pleasure the kindly attention of Mr. Lyte during his visit to Brixham. In the autumn of 1847 his physicians informed Mr. Lyte that it would be necessary for him to relinquish his work and spend the winter in Italy.

When the last Sabbath of his stay in England (September 5, 1847) arrived, he determined to preach once more to his little flock and to celebrate with them the Lord's Supper. In spite of the protest of friends, he carried out his intentions, although scarcely able to stand in the chancel. In words of melting tenderness he pleaded with his people to live holy lives, and when he took his leave of them, there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. The day had been well-nigh perfect, and in the late afternoon, recovering somewhat from the strain of the service in the church, he walked slowly and feebly down the terraced walk to the water he loved so well and which he was about to leave forever. The benediction of Autumn rested upon land and sea, and God's smile was over all.

The spell of the hour was upon the minister. While the bright sunset colors faded into the sober grays of twilight, he slowly made his way back to the house in prayerful silence and went to his room. When he joined his family a little later, he bore in his hand the words that were destined to move thousands. His prayer had been answered. His last evening in his old home had produced that which will be a blessing so long as the heart turns to its Maker for help in times of need.

The next day Mr. Lyte started for Italy, but he was not permitted to reach it. When near Nice, France, the spirit of the gentle sufferer returned unto God who gave it.

Allan Sutherland;
In Delineator.

A HARBINGER OF THE ADVENT

Are there any signs now fulfilling which tell us that the coming of our Redeemer is drawing nigh? Let us see. According to the Word of God, there was to come, at a certain period in the history of the church, "a falling away." Here is the announcement:

"That day [the day of Christ's coming] shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." 2 Thess. 2: 3.

That falling away was to occur prior to the second coming of Christ. Let us examine the situation. The chief trend of pulpit teaching now is along the line of "civic righteousness," whatever that may mean, and farther and farther away from the soul stirring teachings of the true evangelist, the burden of whose heart is the salvation of souls.

Sit down to-day in the luxuriously-appointed church, and listen to the words that roll from the tongue of the polished speaker, and it is not difficult to determine that you are not listening to the expression of Christ's yearning pleading for the souls of men, but to the cold, comfortless philosophies of human wisdom.

What is the result of this, and what is the cause?—The result; the cold formalism of the pulpit philosophy finds its echo in the lives of those who drink it in from week to week, until the vitality of their Christianity is quenched at the fountain, dies out of the heart, and leaves a form of clay, where should have been the living, moving, burden bearing, man of God, a harvester, a shepherd. Then, in the field where such an one should have carried on his work, weeds are growing, wolves are ravaging, and souls are perishing; while in many cases the house dedicated to the service of God has been given over frequently and regularly to feasting and pleasure. Dancing clubs and boxing clubs have been organized in church edifices, and the dance, the card game, and the boxing bout have been carried on within its dedicated walls. While many have not gone to this extent, the influence that has made these things possible has worked upon them also, lowering the tone of their spiritual vitality, and hindering the work they might otherwise have done.

A great religious body has decided to abolish the prohibition which had stood so long against card-playing and dancing, and theater-going, and permit its

members everywhere to indulge in these things, and this at the very time when the evils of the dance, the degradation to which it leads, have been faithfully set before the people by converted dancing masters. A great, popular religious journal declares editorially that the restriction against these pastimes never ought to have been adopted.

In the conduct of the individual member there is coming in more and more the idea of going with the world as far as we can, "in order to win them;" but the prime essential of keeping as close to Christ as possible assumes, with such ones, a secondary place, and finally is covered up entirely by the policy of the world. Following this policy, we hear

Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Luke 18: 8. The very question indicates that faith will not be plentiful at that time. The evidence now accumulating before us is indicative of the same thing. The great mass of Christendom seems to have lost its hold upon the arm of the Infinite, and to be leaning more and more heavily on the arm of the world.

Even in theological schools, where young men are supposed to be fitted for the ministry, that bane of the world, the secret society, is fostered; and evolution, the contradiction of God's Word, is publicly espoused. Thus warm love for God and the salvation of souls is dying out. A chill is falling over the popular church, like the chill that follows sunset. Evolution is usurping the place of the Creator, and man is being taught to usurp the place of Christ, and become his own saviour. We are in the time of the last great falling away, which was to take place prior to the second coming of Christ; and these fulfilling signs are to us a harbinger of that nearing event.

C. M. SNOW.

Soul-Searching Questions

Have you time to sit and read the newspaper for an hour or more every day, but no time to read your Bible? Have you time to attend the concert hall, the ballroom, or lecture, but no time to attend the missionary meeting or the house of prayer? Have you time to talk about all the news of the day, both home and foreign, but no time to speak of Christ or His love to your fellow-men? Have you time to wash and scrub, to make your house clean, but no time to pray that God may make your heart clean? Have you time to spend days, and weeks, and months, and years in a business that will soon end, but no time to give to the business of salvation that will never end? Have you time to think and plan for the preparation of daily food, but no time to give to the question of heavenly manna? Have you a whole life-energy to devote to the service of self and the world, but no time to spend in the service of God? "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—*Selected.*

"Faith forms the handle to every tool of truth in the divine worship."

Christ is Coming

Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

John R. Macduff.

of a clergyman dining with a fashionable club, and telling its members that "clergymen are too highly specialized nowadays—so highly that a glass of wine or a cigar is denied them." It was plainly evident that other remarks made by this clergyman at this banquet that he had not denied himself in the matter of the wine at least. Pleasure-loving church members are patterning closely after the ways of "society;" following after pleasures that are wholly carnal; and thus is being accelerated that race away from God and into the pleasures and pitfalls of Satan. It is no wonder that our Lord, looking down through the ages to the time when He should come back to this earth, was led to ask, "Nevertheless when the Son of

The Abiding Witness

"And he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him. And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." 1 John 3: 24.

The first lesson which these words convey is the dignity not only of the state of the saint, but also of the evidence by which he is assured of it. This state consists in the abiding presence of God, and this not only above us, tho this is true, not only around us, tho this is true, but in us. We must neither pare down the literal fact of this indwelling, nor must we forget the majesty of the Indweller. God Himself dwells within the saints. He dwells, not flashing a ray of His glory now and then, breaking the natural darkness of the soul for a moment and then leaving it again darker than before, but *abiding* there, dwelling like the sun in the heavens. with his beams hidden, it may be, sometimes with earthly clouds and mist, but, like the sun behind the clouds, filling the soul, as in ancient times He filled the material temple with the glory of His presence.

With the dignity we must combine the definite clearness of the test which proves our possession of it; for we might otherwise find great difficulty. By keeping His commandments, we know. We have great cause to bless God for thus resting our hopes on our obedience, which every honest mind can see and recognize. The lesson draws close, and tight, and indissoluble the connection between faith and holiness, the heart and the life, the religion and the character and conduct. It makes Christianity to be a real, practical, working power. 1. The obedience, which is the proof of the Spirit's presence, is not a holiness finished or perfect; otherwise it would belong to none of us this side of heaven. 2. It is a holiness not complete, but progressive. 3. It is not partial. Christian obedience accepts and follows the whole law.

The words express the infinite blessedness both of the state and of the evidence. God is the source of life, and when He dwells within the soul, He dwells as the spring of life, and every pulse of that life is love, and every thrill of it joy.—*E Garbett.*

Patience

PATIENCE is the finishing touch of Christlike character and service. It is the perfecting of all good traits. There is a patience of faith in God which brings conquering power and unspeakable peace. There is a patience of love which is peculiarly divine and wonderful, and there is a patience of hope full of mighty inspiration. This patience is born of mighty tribulations and struggles and is so precious that no cost is extravagant for it.

Patience must be at every point of character building. This we get in trials and exercises. We learn to hold still in the hottest fire, and to acquire by practise a patient attitude towards all things. The terrible wear and tear of incessant irritability and ebullition of temper is no longer allowed. Great disappointments, bitter injuries and wrongs, no longer fire our passions, nor little annoyances fill our rest with thorns. We bring faith up to unwavering patience toward God and His exceeding great and precious promises; we develop courage until it is a steady fire and not a flash for the moment; we secure a hope which does not watch every cloud nor die with every thunder gust. To every point of character we give the foundation and polish of patience. And, letting patience have her perfect work, we may indeed become perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Patience is power in working for God. We sow to-day and are delighted if we may reap to-morrow, but will not weary even if we reap not for years. Peter had three thousand souls saved after his great sermon full of the Holy Ghost but Stephen, just as wonderfully baptized, had no immediate result except to be stoned to death. But Stephen had Saul of Tarsus for successor, and it is easy to read between the lines how marvelously he influenced Saul, tho it seemed not at all at the time. To win a soul for Christ is sometimes the work of years, and it is worth the toil of a lifetime. Fruit can not be unduly hurried without serious injury to it, and if it be too early gathered may be utterly worthless.

Patience in work, however, is simply continued and most persistent work. We are not idly waiting when we have Christlike patience. Patience is pluck, push, perseverance in perpetual motion. It is not a restraint upon activity but a powerful inspiration to more. It is not "down brakes," but "open throttle more." Christ is our sublime example in His ministry of such patience.

Patience is the right attitude under strange providences. What God does now we understand not, yet we will not believe it anything but supremely wise and right and good. We say to our bleeding hearts, "Patience!" and to our impulsive complaints, "Hush!" Our God is wholly good and wise. How He leads we may not discern, but that it is upward to light and power we patiently believe. What He has for us in life we see not, but that it is worthy of divine love we know.

Patience under persecutions. We have the prophets and apostles as glorious examples. How strange and cruel their reception by men! How dark their pathway for weary years! And how fierce the flames of their sufferings! But see their heroic patience. Here in the hustling, nervous nineteenth cen-

tury there is greater need than ever of this beautiful and perpetual patience.—
Dr. Charles Roads.

Counterfeit Christians

Looks don't count. Many a deception these days. Men and women alike are counterfeit.

I handled a queer five-dollar bill the other day. It had done a heap of good—paid the widow's rent, bought food for the hungry, squared up three or four bad accounts that had been worse than cancers for worry, made a church treasurer happy when he found it on the plate, and made the sexton happier when his back salary was partly paid by it; but, in due course of time, it came to the bank whose name it bore, and lo! the teller threw it out.

"What's wrong?" asked the depositor. "Counterfeit."

All its good deeds did not make it pass the bank, where its real character was discovered.

I'm thinking of another day that is yet to come. It may be that some have done a heap of good, plenty of people pass them on for genuine Christians. They looked all right; sat in the pew like saints; scattered dollars like dew; but they have no God. He does not dwell in their heart. They have His name, but not Him.

There are counterfeit Christians, just as there are counterfeit bills, both are bad, in spite of looks.—*C. H. Yatman.*

Watchman, What of the Night?

From Orient lands and islands fair
Long shrouded with the gloom of night,
Breathes, through the dark and silent air,
The cry of longing for the light.
O Watchman, who on Zion's hill
Dost search the skies with eyes intent,
What of the night, so long and chill?
When will the weary hours be spent?

What of the night of sin and grief,
The night of ignorance and fear?
Is there no dawning of relief?
Doth not some morning-star appear?
O, yes; lift up your longing eyes!
The morning cometh swiftly on;
The Sun of Righteousness doth rise;
The shades of night will soon be gone.

But, soul, thou must thyself awake,
And welcome His first dawning ray;
Else will the light thy heart forsake,
And leave thee to thy darkening way.
And, Christian, thou must not forget
To send afar the Gospel light,
Lest, tho "the morning cometh" yet
Of thee be said—"and also night."

As long as a man does not invoice himself for more than he is worth, he is safe in every undertaking; but when he places an artificial value on himself, and waters the original stock, and assumes false positions, possessions, he fails, and he deserves to fail for his dishonesty.

—*Herald of Light.*

"Why Didn't You Tell Me?"

A Young man accepted the position of organist in one of the principal churches of a Texas city. He was a fine musician, but being blind, was unable to read in the faces of his audience the great pleasure his music was giving. He was master of the organ, and his caressing touch on the keyboard sent out through its great pipes the songs of this soul—his cry to his kind.

They listened enchanted, and would talk to each other about the beauty of his harmonies, the uplifting influence of his symphonies. At first he played as one sure of himself. There was no hesitation in his touch: Then there pealed forth splendid pæans of praise, and cadences of majestic sweetness and power. As he played Sabbath after Sabbath they noticed that the erstwhile triumphant strains of voluntaries and recessionals had given place to delicate, sorrowful improvisations and to plaintive minor fugues.

The people listened in rapture, and

often the sweetness of the harmonies sent tears adown the furrowed cheeks of those who had lived and suffered—who by the blind man's music were comforted. But alas! they never thought to tell the player; they did not know for what his heart was longing. One morning it was announced that he would play no more after that service; that his decision was final, and another organist must be secured.

After the service, a lady who had enjoyed all his music thoroughly went up to him, and said, very earnestly: "I am sorry you will not play for us longer. I have enjoyed your music so much. It has helped me greatly; it has soothed and comforted me when I sorrowed.

I have thought many times I would tell you what an inspiration I have received through your music. I thank you for it."

The young man's voice faltered, and the tears rushed to his sightless eyes, as he whispered, "O! why didn't you tell me? I, too needed comfort and inspiration."—*Baltimore Methodist.*

Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified." Rev. 11: 7, 8.

Atheistical France began to make war on the two witnesses just as they were finishing their testimony, clothed in sackcloth. France like Egypt denied the being of God, "and Pharaoh said, who is the Lord that I should obey his voice." Ex. 5: 2. Like Sodom, France gave full rein to licentiousness. "Spiritually the place was where our Lord was crucified. Was this true of France? It was in more senses than one. A plot was laid in France to destroy all the pious Huguenots; and in one night (August 24, 1575) fifty thousand of them were murdered in cold blood, and the streets of Paris literally ran with blood. Thus our Lord was "spiritually crucified" in his members. Again, the watchword and motto of the French infidels was, "CRUSH THE WRETCH" meaning Christ. Thus it may be truly said, where our Lord was crucified."

The very spirit of the bottomless pit was poured out in that wicked nation. But did France make war on the Bible? She did; and in 1793 a decree passed the French Assembly forbidding the Bible; and under that decree, the Bibles were gathered and burned, and every possible mark of contempt was heaped upon them, and all the institutions of the Bible were abolished; the weekly rest day was blotted out, and every tenth day substituted, for mirth and profanity. Baptism and the communion were abolished. The being of God was denied, and death pronounced an eternal sleep. The Goddess of Reason, in the person of a vile woman, was set up and publicly worshiped."—*Thoughts on Revelation.*

"And they of the people and kindred and tongues, shall see their dead bodies three days and a half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves. And they that dwell on the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth. And after three days and a half the Spirit of life from God entered into them and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud: and their enemies beheld them." Rev. 11: 9-12.

The other nations would not join with France in making war on the Bible, so the "Witnesses" could not be buried or put out of sight. For awhile there was great rejoicing among those who hated the Bible: and those who had been tormented by it made merry and were glad, because they thought the voices of "the two witnesses" that condemned their sins were silenced forever. Three years after the French Assembly passed the decree suppressing the Bible, a resolution was introduced into the Assembly that gave toleration to the Scriptures. That resolution lay on the table for six months and was then unanimously adopted. Thus in just three years and a half the Witnesses stood upon their feet. The Bible was then exalted and given a circulation never dreamed of before. In 1804 the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized, followed by the American Bible Society in 1817. Since then the Bible has been translated into over four hundred languages and scattered broadcast over almost the whole earth. One vessel brought out from England fifty nine tons of Bibles for the West Indies. The Bible is the cheapest and most numerous book in the world today; it is respected by almost every one whether saint or sinner, and may truly be said to be exalted to heaven.

With trumpet voices "the witnesses" are now proclaiming God's last Message to the world. It is a message of love and warning. A message that is to prepare us to meet the Soon Coming Christ. Reader, are you heeding the Message God is giving you, or are you following the voice of strangers who are leading you

(Continued on page 12)

THE BIBLE CLASS

The Two Witnesses

And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth. These are the two olive trees and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth." Rev. 11: 3, 4.

A witness is one who gives testimony. Jesus says of the Old Testament Scriptures, "They are they which testify of me." John 5: 39. And of the New Testament which contains a record of his life and teachings, he says, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24: 14.

The Old and New Testaments are therefore Christ's two witnesses. The prophet Zechariah saw them as olive trees and lamps. Zech. 4: 2-6. The Psalmist says, "The entrance of thy word giveth light," and, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psa. 119: 105, 130. A day in prophecy denotes a year. Num. 14: 34. Eze. 4: 6. The one thousand two hundred and threescore days in which the two witnesses are clothed in sackcloth, signifies the twelve hundred and sixty years of papal supremacy which began with the establishment of the Papacy in A. D. 538 and ended when the pope lost his temporal power in A. D. 1798.

During the Dark Ages, the enemy sought to silence the witnesses by burning the Word and persecuting those who loved its sacred pages. "But the word of the Lord endureth forever." 1 Pet. 1: 25. Persecution is powerless to cause its overthrow; it has survived every storm that surrounded it; it flourishes in flame and flood; and the fiercest conflicts that have ever been waged against it, have resulted in creating conditions favourable for the spread of its precious truths.

"And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies, and if any man will hurt them he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut heaven that it rain not in the

days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues as often as they will." Rev. 11: 5, 6.

To hurt God's word is to deny it, oppose, belittle, or pervert it, and turn people away from it. We are living in an age when the plainest statements of Scripture are often ridiculed, scorned and rejected, and by men who stand high in the social scale, and who occupy exalted seats in the assemblies of the world by wise ones. Some seem to take a singular delight in disputing God's holy word. One will deny the truth of the Bible declaration that the world was created in six days, and claim that God could not have done it in less than a few millions of years. Another says the plagues of Egypt never did actually occur, and that the story of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea is a myth: others find fault with the Scriptural account of Jonah and the great fish, and dispute the miracles of Christ. Many laugh to scorn the Scriptures that proclaim the second coming of Christ. Multitudes more strike out the fourth commandment, that says, "The seventh day is the Sabbath," and teach men to observe the first day of the week in preference to the day that God rested on, blessed, sanctified and commanded men to keep holy. Gen. 2: 2, 3; Ex. 20: 8-11; Mark 2: 27.

Warnings, judgments and fire are pronounced against those who hurt Christ's witnesses by adding to, taking from, opposing or perverting his word. Rev. 22: 18, 19. There is power in the word of God: by it the heavens were closed that it rained not for three years and a half in the days of Elijah. 1 Kings 17: 1. By it the waters of Egypt were turned to blood and terrible plagues were poured upon the people. By it also, the great affliction of the seven last plagues will soon come upon the earth."

"And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and overcome them and kill them. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city which spiritually is called Sodom and



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Blessed Peace

After the every-day perplexities of life, when the turmoil and strife of life's whirl are over, how blessed, how unalterably happy is he who can take himself away from it all into the haunts of quietness and peace and there rest himself while his soul goes out in admiration for the things of nature, and of nature's Creator.

After all is said and done; after we have toiled and slaved to attain a certain goal in this life's journey, and we are even nearing the end of the way that leads unto it, the things which have been most worth while to us have been the hours spent in peaceful meditation, quiet admiration and inward communion as we beheld the natural creations of the earth and reveled among them.

Go back over the days of life; they are short, and memory holds much when she can't up the pleasant things, so you cannot but remember. What it is that most held you in those past years? Was it not the hours, the days spent within the domain of nature? Was it not when you were roaming the broad country-side, sailing upon the briny deep, rambling through broad fields, or sitting quietly in the shade of a spreading tree in silent meditation. Think about it soberly and among all your pleasures have there been any more beneficial, more full of memories than these?

If it has been otherwise in your life, then something has gone amiss therein. Somewhere, either before or in your time there has been a departure from God's first plan, and you are on the wrong track, going in the wrong direction. God designed that we should all be lovers of the things that he has made. He designed that we should find in them that which would constantly remind us of Him, and when we miss from our lives the love of His created works, we miss the most perfect pleasure this world affords as well as the communion with God which He designed.

None can more fully appreciate nature than the Christian. To love nature is to draw nearer to Christ who is its Creator. To understand nature is to better understand Him. He is revealed in nature, and nature without Christ is like a motor without the current,—useless.

Of course the created things are not what they were. God created all things perfect, very good. Sin has to a large extent changed its aspect, and yet it has much, very much to attract the eye, to enlighten the mind, and to fix one's attention on Him who made and upholds it all.

One has written, "Upon all nature is seen the impress of God. A mysterious life pervades all nature, a life that sustains the unnumbered worlds throughout immensity; that lives in the insect atom which floats in the summer breeze; that wings the flight of the birds; that brings the bud to flower, and the flower to fruit."

The same writer again says, "The great teacher brought his hearers in contact with nature, that they might listen to the voice which speaks in all created things; and as their hearts became tender and their minds receptive, He helped them to interpret the spiritual teaching of the scenes upon which their eyes rested. The parables by which he loved to teach lessons of truth show how open His spirit was to the influence of nature and how he delighted to

gather the spiritual teachings from the surroundings of every-day life."

Go when or where you will, if you but go to the haunts of nature, there to learn her lessons of truth, and you will find inscribed the loving-kindness of an Almighty Father. You will find written on every hillside, over every plain, in every leaf, flower, tree or living organism, the story of God's love to man.

If in past days you have not found the peace, rest, and enjoyment of which we speak, in these things, perhaps you have been in nature's haunts as a casual observer only, lending them only a passing acquaintance. But let the past go, it cannot be recalled, and leaving the turmoil go out to the study, of the eternal and peace-giving lessons of the natural world. Your life will be a more contented one; your aims will be higher; your aspirations loftier; and your soul will be brought closer to the teacher of all truth to be of Him consoled and comforted.

w.

The Parting of the Ways

There is in the life of human souls, from time to time a coming to the parting of the ways, a coming up to the point of decision, made compulsory by the conditions. Before lie the paths which lead forward to some goal in the distance, to the end of the journey; and the question is, which way shall we turn; shall we go this way or that? Upon our decision depends the reaching of our destination.

The goal of the Christian's journey, in fact the place to which all mankind is looking, is the heavenly land, the paradise of God. But upon the way as the road leads to the eternal city are found paths leading apparently thru' a pleasant country and as we see them, they look to be the main road, so broad and well worn are they. Matt. 7: 13.

Our hearts voice the question, which way? Our minds ponder and reiterate the thought, What path shall I follow? If wisdom has been our teacher, before starting out we will have provided ourselves with the guide book showing the direction, making plain the way, leading to our destination. With it we shall be enabled to go directly forward to the journey's end. But if we have come upon the journey expecting to have some one guide us, we can expect to be oftentimes misdirected.

The writer remembers once being a traveller in one of the West Indian islands, (and his experience can be duplicated by many another's), on a road unknown to him. Hour by hour the road was left behind until he came to a parting of the ways, two roads leading in almost the same direction, demanding a decision. No one had given directions as to which way to turn and it became necessary to inquire the way. This was done with the result that several miles of weary travelling had to be done to make good the following of a wrong path. Ofttimes upon the same journey was the question put, how much farther is it to M? and as many answers given, most of them incorrect. If however a guide-book had been carried or the directions obtained from some one who was familiar with the way all would have been well.

So in the Christian pathway. You perhaps have started on the journey to the Celestial City. Before you go farther let us ask you the question, Have you the guide book with you? Are you depending upon it for help? If not, upon whom are you depending? Is it some chance traveller or some one met with in the journey? If so you will lose the way. It is a natural consequence of not knowing and going at a thing blindly.

Fellowman do not try that way. Get your guide book, the Bible, and before you start out, search its sacred pages: Do not join a church, (start on the journey) just because you see others doing it; just because it is popular so to do, or because you can have more friends by so doing. Get your Bible and start on the right track. "Search the

Scriptures." . . . for they are they that testify of me. "I am the way of life." With the book before you and an earnest desire to reach the journey's end, start out. Keep the guide book with you. Continue to search it when you need its aid; at each parting of the ways, at each flower bestrewn path that leads aside. "Those at Berea were more noble than those of Thessalonica" in that they searched the word daily whether these things (ways) were so; and so do you, knowing your way as you journey.

Some day as you travel on, you, like Christian in Pilgrim's Progress, will meet with those who are ready with advice as to the way, professedly fellow-travellers with you; but be careful. Let each advice they give be tested by the book, and set your face as a flint, Zionward.

Mayhap the advice will be good. It may be that one, Hopeful will join you in the journey and be steadfast to the end; but more likely, (because more numerous are they) it will be Pride, Deceit, Worldly-Wisdom, Avarice, or even Giant Despair. Weary not; be not turned aside; let not the parting of the ways, the ill-timed or hasty advice of some erstwhile friend turn you from your object. Turn to the Book, learn the way, and go forward. He who wrote the Guide-Book stands watching the conflict, and is aiding as seems for your best good. Only do thou follow it closely and someday, (thank God that day is nearing) you will be beyond the parting of the ways—within the Holy City.

w.

Did the Roman Catholic Church Ever Persecute

The question is often discussed, many times with considerable show of animosity and acrimony on both sides, Did Roman Catholicism ever persecute? A discussion of this kind has for some time been fermenting in the public press of this city, in the course of which unpleasant things, unnecessary things have been said by both parties. But this is neither where nor how. What we desire to place before our readers, that they may be clear upon the point, are a few short selections from the pens of Roman Catholic writers and church historians; and we believe that they and they alone, will decide the issue without bringing to bear any of the multitude of authorities both Protestant and infidel outside.

We quote first from the decree of the Lateran Council of 1179, *De Cormenin*.

"The church, as the holy Leo saith, whilst it rejects bloody executions from its code of morals, does not omit them in practice, because the fear of corporal punishments sometimes causes sinners to recur to spiritual remedies. Thus the heretics who are called Catharins, Patarins, or Publicans, are so strongly fortified in Gascony, among the Albigenes, and in the territory of Toulouse, that they no longer conceal themselves, but openly teach their errors; it is on that account we anathematize them as well as those who grant them an asylum or protection; and if they die in their sin, we prohibit oblations being made for them, or sepulture being granted to them. As for the Brabancons, Arragoneses, Navarese, Basques, Cotterels, Triabehins, who respect neither churches nor monasteries, who spare neither widow nor orphan, nor age nor sex, and who pillage plains and cities, we also order those who shall receive, protect, or lodge them to be denounced and excommunicated in all the churches at the solemn feasts; nor do we permit them to be absolved, until after they shall have taken up arms against these abominable Albigenes. We also declare, the faithful who are bound to them by any treaties, to be entirely free from their oaths; and we enjoin on them for the remission of their sin, to be wanting in faith to these execrable heretics, to confiscate their goods, reduce them to slavery, and put to death all who are unwilling to be converted. We grant to all Christians who

shall take up arms against the Catharins, the same indulgences as to the faithful who take the cross for the holy sepulchre."

De Cormenin again says, in his *History of the Popes*, pp. 135, 136.

"To the Church this state of affairs was unbearable. It has always held the toleration of others to be persecution of itself. By the very law of its being it can brook no rivalry in its domination over the human soul; and, in the present case, as toleration was slowly but surely leading to its destruction it was bound by the sense of duty no less than of self-preservation, to put an end to a situation so abhorrent. Yet, before it could resort effectually to force, it was compelled to make what efforts it could at persuasion—not of heretics, indeed, but of their protectors."

The following description of the result of these decrees will be of interest. The crusade against the Albigenses was at its height and the papal army was before Béziers. The commander had demanded the delivery of all heretics with the result that a negative answer was returned.

"This unexpected answer stirred the legate to such wrath that he swore to destroy the place with fire and sword—to spare neither age nor sex, not leaving one stone upon another. While the chiefs of the army were debating as to the next step, suddenly the camp followers, a vile and unarmed folk, as the legates reported, inspired by God, made a rush for the walls and carried them, without orders from the leaders and without their knowledge. The army followed, and the legate's oath was fulfilled by a massacre almost without parallel in European history. From infancy in arms, to tottering age, not one was spared—seven thousand, it is said, were slaughtered in the church of Mary Magdalene, to which they had fled for asylum—and the total number slain is set down by the legates at nearly twenty thousand, which is more probable than the sixty thousand, or one hundred thousand, reported by less trustworthy chroniclers. A fervent Cistercian contemporary informs us that when Arnaud was asked whether the Catholics should be spared, he said he feared the heretics would escape by feigning orthodoxy, and fiercely replied, 'Kill them all, for God knows His own!' In the mad carnage and pillage the town was set on fire, and the sun of that awful July day closed on a mass of smouldering ruins and blackened corpses."—*History of the Inquisition, Lea*.

Although, by the above, the question is answered in a clear way, it does not dispense with the fact that altho Rome has persecuted, others have been equally guilty. Nor would we condemn her alone. The principle of all persecution, all interference with the religious convictions of any man, other than by mental persuasion, is wrong, entirely wrong. No power of this earth however great or powerful either religious or civil, is authorized of God to coerce the minds of mankind in religious matters. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," is as true to-day as when spoken. And so equally is the scripture true, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, the powers that be are ordained of God." In the light of the first scripture our statement is true that those powers, ordained of God, have no authority to compel obedience to commands which God has given to the individual soul in its relation to Him. Its only authority lies in governing in the relations of man with man. In this God commands, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." "Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour."

If our readers desire to read farther we would refer them to *Ecclesiastical Empire, Jones*.

w.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never right to be contented with what we are.—*James Mackintosh*.

Health and Temperance

Food Drunkenness

Thomas A. Edison is not only a wizard in matters scientific, but he has a keen instinct into dietetics.

He said the other day that he ate anything he wanted, but in small quantity, adding that most people eat too much. "I know men and women who are food drunk all the time," he declared.

"Food drunk" is a happy invention to describe a notorious condition. Mr. Edison is not the only one who knows people who are continually gorged with food, with the result that their intellects are beclouded as truly as if the excess had been liquid instead of solid. Everyone has experienced the mental disturbance produced by occasional overeating. It is easy to see that the man who is continually gorged is continually off his mental balance. He is "food drunk," as the sage of Menlo Park puts it—non compos mentis—rendered unstable in his head by the overwork which he forces upon his stomach.

It is a common enough saying that if you want a favour from a man you should approach him just after he has a good meal. The philosophy of the advice is apparent enough. This man who has his stomach full of food is more or less stupefied. He is in the primary stage of the condition which is fully exemplified by the gorged snake. His faculties are blunted. Hence, he is likely to accede to requests which he would promptly refuse were he in full possession of his judgment. He is "food drunk."

Mr. Edison is right, and his theory is shared by a good many shrewd physicians nowadays. A man can fuddle himself with the contents of a beef platter as well as by emptying a wine bottle.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

The Lump in His Side

A man long noted for his intemperate habits was induced by Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it, but near the end of the year he again appeared at the temperance meeting without once having touched a drop.

"Are you going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes," replied he, "if I can do it in my way," and according he wrote, "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years."

A few days after this he called upon

the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"O landlord!" said the man, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my left side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking," said the landlord; "you won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take that lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink, you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together," and he poured out two glasses of whisky.

"I think I won't drink," said the former inebriate; "especially if keeping the pledge will bring on another lump. This one isn't very hard to bear after all." With this he drew out the lump—a bag of money—from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his own reflections.—*Selected*.

A Famous Russian

The vegetarian principles of the greatest of the Russians, Count Leo Tolstoy, are well known. Another eminent Russian, the well-known sculptor, Prince Troubetskoi, who recently visited Paris, is even more stringent in the matter of diet, and considers meat-eaters as little better than cannibals. He taboos every kind of animal food, including eggs and milk, and lives on salads, fruits, and bread. At his home in St Petersburg he keeps a number of animals, including a bear, two wolves, and nine dogs, none of which are flesh eaters.

If all Russians, like Tolstoy and Troubetskoi, subsisted upon a natural diet, it is possible that some recent history would read differently. It is quite clear to all thinking people that the Japanese are superior in endurance, as well as alertness and tactics, to their antagonists. We shall hear no more of the antiquated argument that meat-eating is necessary to develop fighting quality in a nation. The Japanese, it must be admitted, are on record as the greatest warriors of all time.—*Selected*.

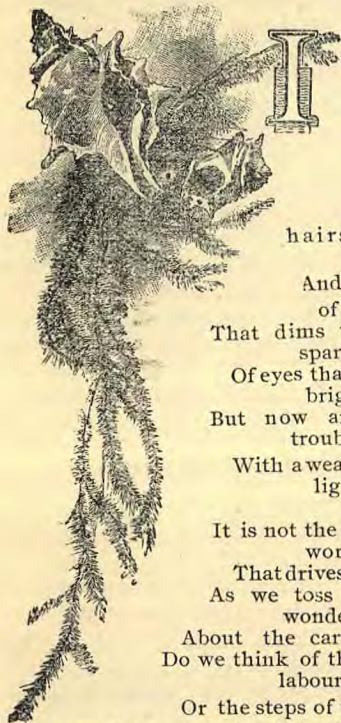
A physician found one of his patients sitting in the bath and swallowing a dose of medicine. "What are you doing there, instead of being in bed?" inquired the astonished practitioner, and the patient quickly responded:—

"Well, you told me to take the medicine in water, and that's what I'm doing;"—*Gazette*.

Drink is at the bottom of almost every crime committed in Dublin.—*Mr Baron Dowse, in a charge to a jury, 1881*.

OUR YOUNG FOLK

It is not Work but Worry



It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face;
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the luster and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled,
With a weary despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labour,

Or the steps of the tired feet?

Ah! no, but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad;
That makes us narrow and sordid,
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue;
The scent of the roses is tainted;
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old;
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven,
And the wisdom of God's great plan,
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.

—Inez May Fell.

A Single Soul

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell-Ringers on Wednesday night. Can you go?" Alice said to a friend at her gate.

"It is prayer-meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer-meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert—and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly, and against her convictions, Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an

angel in shining raiment stood before her, and asked, gently, "Where are you going to-morrow night?"

And she answered, "I thought I would go to the concert."

Then the angel said, sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

She decided she must take back her promise to attend the concert, and go to the prayer-meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:—

Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing stream abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternity."

As the music ceased, the young girl sprang impulsively to her feet.

"I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers to-night," she said, "but I decided I would rather come to prayer-meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert; and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward.

As he waited in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended, a friend came to Ruth and said; "The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished, the girl went to receive an introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you," the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a Christian to-night to your testimony. I have not been inside a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for prayer-meeting, and no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," I thought to myself, "There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it." So, I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home to-night a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand, and pressed gratefully that of her new friend.

She knew now the meaning of the angel's message.

"I thank you for telling me this," she answered; "I shall never forget it."

Yet she little guessed what cause she would have to always remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound. Looking from the window, she could see where the midnight express and the 11:30 freight had collided. The cries of the frightened and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thought of self, and calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

And the first face that looked into hers as she stood beside the burning train was that of Mrs. Walters. Pale and peaceful it was, though showing how intensely she suffered. She was extracted and borne to Ruth's home. The power of speech was almost gone. She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch. Taking her hand and pressing it to her lips, she whispered feebly: "Child, I am going—it was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her father to always do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of a single soul.—*Christian and Missionary Alliance.*

Life's Devotions

I wish I could persuade every young girl at the outset of her life to spend a little while morning and evening in purely devotional reading. A silent time is set apart in some schools so that each girl, in her own room, may have a space for the morning watch before the day begins, and for the evening hush at its close. We are best prepared for the duties and pleasures of the day by quiet thought and prayer before we meet and talk with others. Our Saviour should be the first whom we greet and praise in the freshness and renewed strength that follow restful sleep. We do not know what is before us in any day, of joy or sorrow, of accident or danger, of temptation or pain. Let us ask Jesus Christ to go with us where we go, and stay with us where we stay. And when the day has ended, and we have had its opportunities and performed its tasks and known its sweetness, shall we not spend a little while in thoughts of our dearest Friend? Prayer is not to be all an asking for what we desire; some of it is a quiet listening to hear God's voice, and some of it is communion.

—Margaret E Sangster.



The Power of a Mother's Voice

A MOTHER sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above,
Sang it as only a woman sings
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came,
He heard the sound of that low, sweet
song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice that made him start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,
He fell; for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

—Charles S. Carter.

The Best Version

In a Bible class recently the teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellencies. He spoke of Jerome's Vulgate, of Luther's German Bible, of our own King James' Version, and of the Revised Version, and how it was made. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James' Version for my part," said he, "though, of course the Revised Version is more scholarly."

His friend smiled

"I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it," said Fred. "She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Her every-day life is a translation of God's word that a child can read, and that St. Jerome could not better. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

Happy the boy or girl whose mother's life is such a transcript—a living epistle known and read of all men.—*Selected.*

Known by His Berries

In a terrible flood in Kansas one man's bravery and skill in rescue work made him distinguished above other men. His heroism was to be long remembered.

This man raised fruits for the market. The year after the flood many of the women in the town bought their berries from him, with a definite belief that only honest measure of fruit would be sent from his place.

"His fruits," said one housekeeper, "are almost more remarkable than his work last year. They came to me absolutely perfect. Hardly a single berry could be found with even the slightest blemish on it—the largest, sweetest, most perfectly packed berries I ever saw. Such honest berries I never had before. They say he was known by his fruit long before ever the floodtime gave him a chance to show the hero in him."

The berries were, in fact, as actual a revelation of the man's character as was his heroism in the flood. And they gave in part an explanation of his bravery in time of peril. This man aimed at perfection in his daily work. He gave the best measure on principle. When the crisis came he gave the same measure, the best measure that he could possibly give, for he offered even his life if that were required. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—*The Wellspring.*

The Caterpillar and the Engineer

As a business man was walking with a young locomotive engineer, a chance acquaintance, he saw a caterpillar on the walk near them—one of those fuzzy, velvety brown creatures that are so numerous on sunny autumn days—and touched it gently with the edge of his shoe to see it roll itself into a circle.

The young engineer noticed the movement, and said to his companion: "I had an odd little experience with one of those caterpillars the other day. I was at a station with my engine, all ready to pull out, but waiting for my orders, which were a little delayed.

"While I waited, I looked down at the track ahead of the engine, and caught sight of a caterpillar crawling on one of the ties. He soon reached the rail, and tried to climb it, but failed time after time. I thought of Bruce

and the spider, and grew fascinated in watching him. Again and again he tried to mount the smooth steel, and after each attempt he failed.

"But at last his patience and persistence were rewarded, and he gained the top of the rail right in front of the engine, and—just then my orders came! But do you think I could start her up then? No, sir," and his tanned cheek took on a tinge of red, and his voice held a note of embarrassment as he continued, "I had to jump down and help that little fellow off the rail, and then I let her go."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Faraday's Lost Cup

A minister once, in replying to the charge of credulity made by an objector against those who believe that God will raise the dead from their graves, gave the following beautiful illustration:—

A workman of Faraday, the celebrated chemist, one day by accident knocked a beautiful silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a little while it disappeared, being dissolved in the acid as sugar is in water, and so seemed utterly lost, and the question came up: "Could it ever be found again?" One said it could, but another replied that, being dissolved and held in solution by the acid, there was no possibility of recovering it. But the great chemist, standing by, put some chemical mixture into the jar, and in a little while every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom, and he took it out, now a shapeless mass, and sent it to a silver-smith and the cup was soon restored to the same size and shape as before.

If Faraday could so easily precipitate that silver, and restore its scattered and invisible particles into the cup they had before formed, how easily can God restore our sleeping and scattered dust, and change our decayed bodies into the likeness of the glorious body of Christ!—*Canadian Churchman.*

When Miss Alice Roosevelt was a little girl she uttered a complaint that must surely find an echo in the heart of every wilful lawbreaker whose case has fallen into the hands of America's President. Her teacher at school had been inquiring for Mrs. Roosevelt who was ill, and Alice answered, plaintively: "She isn't much better, yet. Yes its pretty hard. Papa stays at home most all the time, you see, and that makes it dreadfully inconvenient." "Why how is that?" "Oh don't you see? He doesn't understand, like mamma. When mamma tells me to be home at four o'clock, and I get there at half-past, she understands; but when papa says four, and I get there at even quarter past—he doesn't understand at all!"—*Selected.*

The man who never makes mistakes, never makes anything. Many chips, broken instruments, cuts, and bruises, belong to the history of any beautiful statue. Persist in spite of anything.—*McD. Babcock, D. D.*



Missions



Easily Given

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night
Like morning light
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched above,
Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a kindly word,
And a word that was lightly spoken,
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a fate beset by fears
And groping blindly through mists of tears
For light to brighten the coming years,
Altho it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasps were warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angels' wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden spring
And pointed the way to higher things,
Tho it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given,
Yet one may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily each is given!

Sel.

The Power of the Book

A shopkeeper in Hwang Shih kang purchased a Gospel, but left the book unread on the counter, where it was seen by one of his customers, a scholarly herbalist from a neighbouring village,—Chia K'un Shan, a man of strange spiritual history. His father had grown up a Chinese agnostic, and he, in turn, followed suit. But his heart hungered for an object to worship till at length he decided to worship the sun, that being the highest, grandest object he could choose. So each morning he stood in the door of his house worshipping the great orb of day as it rose above the hill. Such was the spiritual state of Mr. Chia when he entered the shop.

While waiting for the goods after giving his order, he picked up the gospel from the counter. He read the title, "Ma Ko Fu Yin" ("Gospel according to Mark"), and said to the shopman, "What book is this? I never met with it before."

"Oh!" was the answer, a "missionary passed the shop selling books, and I bought one. It is of no interest to me; I beg you to take it with you."

"Profound thanks," said the herbalist, and place the book in his pocket.

That same evening he commenced to read the beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ the son of God." Ere he had read half the book Chia said to himself, "This is what I want—a Gospel which tells of the forgiveness of sin." He finished the volume, and for the first time in his life heard of Calvary.

He returned to the town in search of the missionary, but found that he had journeyed on. He left word that he was to be summoned when Mr. Miles next came, and the shopkeeper in due course fulfilled his promise. So inquirer and missionary met on the boat, and the latter was amazed to find how Chia had grasped the facts of our Saviour's life. The single gospel was supplemented by the gift of a complete Testament, and the inquirer was taught how to pray. Thus equipped with spiritual weapons, he went to his home to announce that he intended to follow Christ the King.

Persecution commenced immediately. His brother and his second son reminded him that there was no Christian in that county, and declared that he should not be the first. They watched and annoyed him, so that he could get no quiet for prayer and reading.

Persecution soon reached its climax when the civil official, under whom Chia held a small post, took away his appointment. Thus Chia sacrificed (and never regained) one half of his income for the sake of his faith.

Holding steadfastly on his way, the herbalist was baptized in June, 1891. For twelve years he witnessed for Jesus, during which time he lived down persecution. In many a village around his home he won men to the Saviour. He gave two sons and a grandson to Gospel work, and they are still engaged in that glorious task. But his crowning joy was that in his own village, the scene of his persecutions, sixty men, woman and children had, ere he died, accepted the son of God as their Saviour.

When the old man found that the end of life was drawing near, he asked one of his sons to read to him. The young man questioned his father what he should read, and the reply was, "Why of course, the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John's Gospel." The reading ended, the young man prayed with his father. The family gathered round the bed, and, as he noticed them, the dying saint whispered, "I cannot talk, but am meditating about my Saviour."

—*Selected.*

The East Indians of the West Indies

A Missionary Problem

For many years, in fact almost from the days when slavery was abolished in these islands, there has been in operation a form of contract or indentured labour on the estates. These labourers have been for the most part supplied by the far East, and for all these years a stream of immigration has kept flowing into the several islands until now there are within the circle of the West Indies, nearly 400,000 of the inhabitants of the East, mostly from India.

The system is so arranged that a labourer may return to his home land if he so desires, and many thousands of them have done so and are doing so year by year but many thousands more have remained, taken up government lands, established homes and permanently settled here in the Western world.

Jamaica has among its six hundred thousand many East Indians. But little mission work has been done among them tho in a few instances efforts have been made to reach the sin darkened minds of these poor heathen immigrants. Trinidad's population is over one third Indian and it is rapidly growing. Here the Canadian Presbyterian Church is doing good work among them but even it is but little among the many thousands. In Demerara, where one hundred and fifty thousand of this people dwell, several denominations have attempted a little but the work accomplished has not been entirely encouraging.

In many of the smaller islands a great many more Indians are settled, such as Grenada, St. Lucia, and the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe. Here some work in a small way has also been carried on.

The Indian population is sober, industrious and thrifty, and is rapidly implanting itself upon the unoccupied lands of these colonies. They are in heathen darkness except where gospel light has been carried in the few places mentioned. The not too clean life of the men who often have them in charge on the estates and thieves and bad example of many professed Christians around them often make it hard to reach the heart but when reached they are faithful.

Their religions are two or more. Some are Hindoos, some Mohammedan, and still others are Budhists. All stand in darkest ignorance of the love of God and his dear son, Jesus Christ. Many long to find something better. Something to hope for, to rest happy in, when the turmoil of this weary life presses down. And you and I, dear reader know by experience just what is needed in such a case. Is it not a Master who is able to save? And will not the knowledge of His coming soon be an additional light to draw them home?

And this is the missionary problem. Here are those who demand the gospel of Christ; who's very darkness is a call of itself; and they are at our door. There are no thousands of miles of sea to traverse, into a strange land. More of the privations of pioneer missionary labour, but right around us, within easy reach, are a people who demand the Gospel as surely as do any people in the world. Who in Christ's name call for help as verily as did they of Macedonia, in Paul's day.

Many ways and means have been tried of reaching these sin darkened minds. One successful means has been the schools established for them. And many of the younger generation have thus been led to the better way, and a saving influence cast upon their homes and their parents. The printed page

has been used with good effect, the preacher and the house to house calls of missionary workers, have all had their share in bringing the few from the many thousands into the gospel light. And this is the problem which we have been and are trying to solve, and in which we desire to enlist your sympathy and your help. There is great need, any man can see it. There is a definite call, and definite results, behold them. And we who are connected with this faith carry a definite commission, (Matt. 28: 19, 20.) demanding that we do our duty toward this people as toward the remainder of the world.

Already a number of the East Indian people are rejoicing in the hope of a soon-coming Saviour and are obeying God in all things. We have provided two native East Indian workers among them, one in Trinidad and one in Georgetown, Demerara who are accomplishing good results. But in doing this little are we fulfilling the commission given us? Are we not but touching with our finger tips our known duty? Does not the darkness demand more light bearers; and does not the helpless and hopeless condition of the many thousands of these members of the great human family, come home with a compelling force to your heart's attention?

Most of our readers are acquainted with the condition of these estate labourers. They know of the too often poor, not to say wretched barracks, the some times brutal overseers, and the condition of almost temporary slavery which they endure. Yet many come out of this to become peaceable, useful citizens and to the saving knowledge of Christ. We cannot enter into the conditions or describe them here for lack of space, but as they are known to many, if not most of our readers, we are sure we shall be understood.

It is our desire to see this work taken up more energetically, to see some one set aside to this work who can oversee it all, plan for a broader work among this needy people, carrying to them the eternal principles which this denomination and this paper represent, and accomplishing for them what has been accomplished in the hearts of the thousands who are in this message heart and soul, from other nationalities.

In putting such an effort into tangible form we desire your interest enlisted. We want your prayers, and we desire also your thank-offerings. We feel sure that there are thousands among our readers who desire to aid in thus establishing the work among the East Indian people on a firm foundation. Believing thus, we leave it to you and your desire of fulfilling every known duty, how and in what way you will help this work.

Surely the work is ours to do. The days of opportunity are fast passing. What we do should be done at once. If you are interested in helping on a worthy cause, (and we know you agree that this is such) we shall be pleased to hear from you either as to your interested prayers in its behalf, or in donations, for its financial aid.

All donations may be sent either to the office of this paper, or to Pastor Geo. F. Enoch, Bridgetown, Barbados, W. I. Shall we not all have a part of some kind in doing this duty?

v.

Our Work and Workers

Pastor W. A. Sweany at last accounts was still suffering from fever. Our sympathies go out to both himself and family and we pray for a speedy recovery.

Pastor H. C. Goodrich of Br. Honduras writes us that the yellow fever has been interfering with the work in his field. However at French Harbour, Ruatan, Bay Is., they dedicated a little church, with 22 members, on July 9th. The church was free from debt, and has a nice little organ also free from incumbrance.

Bro. R. N. Batson of Grenzda who has for

several years been canvassing in that island, goes this month to commence work in the island of St. Lucia. We trust that the same and even a greater degree of success may attend him in his new field of labour as in his past work.

Pastor D. E. Wellman left Trinidad on Sept. 13th for Antigua. He expects to spend two or three weeks there and then go on to St. Thomas to finish the church building in Charlotte Amelie, afterwards returning to Trinidad.

The work on the WATCHMAN office is now



MARCH OF EVENTS

Korea

For the first time in the history of the Korean Empire, the Emperor has entertained a party of ladies at the palace. This was on the occasion of the visit of Miss Alice Roosevelt while traveling recently in the East.

The War

Practically speaking the war is over. However the armies face each other in Manchuria and the navies of the two countries are on the alert but an armistice has been arranged by both armies' and navies, and neutral zones established pending the ratification of the peace treaties by the respective governments.

Peace

The Treaty of Peace concluded Sept 13th at Plymouth, New Hampshire, U. S. A. between Russia and Japan does not seem to have met with an entirely favourable reception in either country. In Russia there is complaint that their ambassadors gave too much, while in Japan some rioting has occurred and many public protests, the general idea being that they have not received the full fruits of victory.

The treaty provides that Japan's suzerainty over Korea shall be recognized; that both nations surrender to China the entire of Manchuria; that Russia surrender to Japan, Port Arthur and the Liao-Tung peninsula with its fortifications, etc.; that Russia give Japan the Railway from Karfin south to Port Arthur; the remainder of the Manchurian railway be under International control and Chinese police be substituted for Russian; that Russia surrender the southern half of Saghalien Isl. to Japan and that both nations maintain no fortification thereon; and that Japan have fishing rights and privileges along the Siberian coast.

No indemnity is paid; and the interned warships remain Russian. However Japan has come out of the war with a much larger fleet than when she entered; she has raised herself to a place among the greatest powers and made her future secure from the plottings of the western world.

The Hague Tribunal

The Czar of Russia has again summoned the Hague Peace Tribunal to discuss the world conditions of to-day. What the exact programme will be is not yet announced.

Venezuela

During the month past the trouble between the Venezuelan government and the French Cable Company operating in that country came to a crisis, and the manager of the Cable Coy. was sent out of the country by General Castro's orders. A French naval demonstration is said to be on the boards.

Air-Ships

Two successful trials of air-ships have been made during the month past, one in New York

practically completed and we are in a roomy and adequate building for the first time since the WATCHMAN was started. We thank God for this and are pressing hard the work that it may bear His signet and approval.

Korea is at last to have a worker, Eld. W. R. Smith and wife of the Upper Columbia Conference, U. S. A. having been asked to make that country their field of labour.

Bro. T. T. Ramsey of Trinidad is looking after the interest of the work in Tobago during the absence in Barbados of Pastor T. L. M. Spencer.

and the other in Portland, Oregon. In both instances the air-ships remained in the air for some time, and both were said to be under perfect control.

In the Congo Free State

A missionary, the Rev. J. H. Harris, writing from the Upper Congo, gives a terrible picture of the treatment meted out to the unfortunate natives of the Congo State. He writes:—

"The bitter irony of the whole thing is that we are told the method pursued is for the 'moral and material regeneration of the Congo native. Moral and material, indeed! Come into a village and see it. Look at the brutal sentries whipping the despairing natives into the forests in order to get rubber; go with these poor fellows, suffer hunger with them; live on leaves, roots, and nuts—at the same time climb enormous heights in order to obtain the latter; suffer all the dangers from wild forest animals, from cold and rain, from swamp and fevers. After this bring the precious basket of rubber to the sentries, then visit your home—what a home!—think yourself fortunate if it is not burnt down, your wife ravished, or your little ones lying stark and cold; look round for your possessions, and find that they have all been stolen by the sentries or their retinue.

"Next morning accompany the sentries to the white man with your basket of rubber, face his anger if your basket is not full, and then let comrades carry away your fainting and quivering body, after the flesh has been lacerated with hippo whips. Get back again, into the village, sleep to-night, for to-morrow you must start again to look for 'more rubber,' week in, week out—no rest, no pay. This is called administration!

"See this village. It has had 20 per cent. of its people—men, women and little children—murdered for rubber; another, 15 per cent.; another 10 per cent. and so on. The name given to this is 'moral and material regeneration.'

"If you could visit the district you would see and hear of mutilated and murdered fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and little ones, some of whom have survived their brutal treatment. Look at them sightless, handless and footless, living in caves made in the ground and under trees; anywhere and everywhere you would hear enough to melt a heart of granite. The chimpanzee living in its twig hut in the tree tops is safer and better off than the rubber-working native of the Congo. This is what passes for administration. Administration forsooth! It is a veritable hell! This is strong language, but could you have been with me during the last few months you would probably employ stronger language still.

"May God himself interpose and put a stop to this unparalleled tragedy should be the prayer of Christendom."



Devoted to the proclamation of the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

October 1, 1905.

"The reforms that reach the uttermost places rise in the heart."

"The day of the right will not be brought about by dreaming about it."

"He who would destroy the foes of men must know how to make friends of men."

"We live happily if we obey the laws of happiness. We are healthy if we obey the rules of health."

"Men miss the best of life if they do not at some time or other in the day go out and take a long look at Nature busy in her workshop."

"A man misses a part of life's enjoyment if he misses the chance of helping some poor fellow mortal fighting his way along life's dusty highway."

"If he lies down at night, feeling that the day has been lost. Better get up at once and go out and search until they find their opportunity to redeem the hour which has not yet swung into eternity."

"Do not fall into the habit of trying to place the blame on someone else. If you make a mistake, do all you can to make right the error, do not hide it."

A mob of about a thousand Buddhists recently attached a French Catholic Church in China, and killed eighteen priests. The French Government is demanding the punishment of the guilty.

Reports from New Orleans indicate a general decrease in the number of yellow-fever patients. The total number of deaths to date has been 226. New cases continue to develop, but the spread of the disease seems to be under control.

A report from New York states that the New York Post Graduate Hospital announces the discovery of a vegetable fluid which has been accepted as a positive cure for consumption. It is stated that every tuberculosis patient treated by the vegetable compound has recovered. If this be authentic, there is no doubt but that it will become a matter of general knowledge before many weeks, unless the secret of the ingredients become the property of some rapacious trust.

"A skilled Physician investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys between the ages of nine and fifteen who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven showed distinct symptoms of nicotine poisoning. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drink. In three there was heart affection; in eight, decided deterioration of the blood; in twelve frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; and four ulceration of the mouth."

One of the most pathetic instances of the yearning of the human for the Divine is that elated by the late Dr. Whipple, the Bishop Minnesota. "Some years ago," he said, "an Indian stood at my door; and, as I open the door, he knelt at my feet. Of course, I bade him not to kneel." He said, "My father, I only kneel because my heart is warm to the man that pitied the Red Man. I am a wild man. My home is 500 miles from here. I knew that all the Indians to the East of the Mississippi had perished, and I never looked into the faces of my children that my heart was not sad. My father had told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out in the woods and tried to talk to Him." Then he said so sadly, as he looked in my face, "You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark, and reached out your hand, and could not take hold of anything. And I heard one day that you had brought to the Red Man a wonderful story of the Son of the Great Spirit." That man sat as child, and he heard anew the story of the love of Jesus. And when we met again, he looked in my face, and he said, as he laid his hand on his heart, "It is not dark; it laughs all the while."

Young People—Attention!

We are authorized to announce the publication, about October 15th, of a volume of "Addresses for Young People," by President Charles C. Lewis, of Union College. It will consist of ten addresses, given on various occasions during the past fifteen years, principally before audiences of young people. Just the book to save young people from skepticism, and inspire them to seek an education and lead pure and noble lives. The book will contain about 300 pages, and will be durably and handsomely bound. It will form an appropriate and valuable present for any young person, and may turn the current of his life into broader channels. Price 1.00 per copy, postpaid. Orders received at once and filled with first copies from press. Send for descriptive pamphlet, giving sample pages, and telling how to secure a copy free. Address correspondence, and make orders payable to UNION COLLEGE PRESS, College View, Nebraska. U. S. A.

The following words originally culled from the *Church Times* and quoted in the *Diocesan Magazine*, Trinidad speak strongly of the abuses of modern "Christianity" as emphasized in various ways by the individual churches. If the churches could but be convinced as was the Bishop of Brechin, and the prelates would but have the courage to stand by the right they might hope for reform. But when a church has come to the place where, as a whole, it is seeking these popular amusements and making them a part of its yearly programme, there is little hope of the reformation needed short of a calling out, a banding together of those who stand by principle.

"A few days before the address of the Bishop of St. Andrew's, another Northern Prelate, the Bishop of Brechin, at a sale of work in aid of the fund of St. Mary's Church, Arbroath, seems to have had a difference of opinion with certain ladies on the subject of raffling. Bishop Robberds said he had become a convert to non-raffling—the expression is somewhat significant, for we do not think an English diocesan would have to speak upon this subject in so apologetic a tone. He was doubtful of the legality of this form of quasi-ecclesiastical gambling, but in any case he was sure that many scrupulous, or, if they like, prejudiced, consciences were hurt by it. We see that the *Dumfries Advertiser* has been defending raffles; but it quotes a Greenock magistrate as having said, a fortnight ago, that if lotteries at Church bazaars were brought before him he would deal with those who held them under the Gaming Act. We are not disposed to take so serious a

legal view of the matter, though a Bill was introduced in the House of Lords only last week by the Lord Chancellor to make raffles illegal. But we object to the mixing of silly and frivolous amusements—to give the most charitable name to usual accompaniments of bazaars—with religious devotion. Tetzels methods of raising funds for building St. Peter's were not more objectionable in principle than the clairvoyante and banjo business by which organs are now supplied and choirs clothed in white. There must be hundreds of parishes in England where the bills are scarcely yet taken down from hoarding and shop windows which through the latter part of Lent and all through Holy Week announced post-Pascal theatricals, comic songs, and what not for some ecclesiastical purpose. And it is well if the young gentlemen and ladies of the rectory and their friends did not practise the Easter anthem and decorate the House of God in the intervals of learning their parts, and preparing their costumes, for the histrionic triumphs of the schoolroom or parish hall. "How else are we to raise the money for the choir excursion, or the new heating apparatus?" remonstrates the steward of Divine mysteries, or the daughters to whom he has weakly given in. Yet neither he nor they would push the doctrine that means are sanctified by the end to the point of a universal *non olet*. We are glad to see the Bishop of Newcastle has been speaking strongly on this matter.

"The truth is that when once people are habituated to expect some amusement or mild excitement in return for what they give, they lose the real giving instinct altogether. Appealed to to help a good cause, even rich persons will at once reply, "Why not get up an entertainment?" and, being told that there is to be an entertainment, every one at once asks, What is it for? Whereas the only true method of giving to God is that systematic method which the Apostle connects with the first day of the week; the only Christian spirit of giving is that which broke at Bethany the costly vase of ointment, or which placed the two mites in the Temple treasury. If the Church of England were stripped of her property to-morrow, could she rely even on her communicants to give steadily and regularly for the necessities of her spiritual work?"

Bible Class, Continued

away from the commandments of God. The Witnesses warn us of danger, and invite us to the Old Path of faith and obedience now: but soon the time of warning and invitation will be passed forever, and we shall stand before heaven's tribunal, and there the testimony of the "two witnesses" will seal our eternal destiny, for life everlasting in the Courts of Glory, if we love God and keep his commandments, but if we have followed our own will and walked our own way, We shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord: and from the glory of his power." 2 Thess. 1: 9; John 12: 48 Ecc. 12: 13, 14.

J. A. STRICKLAND.

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Throat, and similar affections.

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INSTRUCTIVE PAMPHLETS.

LAST DAY TOKENS.

"Fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven." All are more or less familiar with the accounts of the darkening of the sun and moon, and the falling stars, but how many ever saw a full moon in four quarters, each a different color; or a large red cross in the heavens with the letters J.K.S. under it; a Greek cross on the moon; light shooting off from the moon and forming the appearance of a man; a great army in the sky, clothed in red, fighting each other until all were dead, a bright sun two hours after sunset, surrounded by seven stars, the latter finally disappearing into the sun; after which is vanished from sight. These are only a few of the many wonders described in this book and reproduced in their natural colors. Besides these strikingly interesting features, the book contains a complete outline of the Gospel message for our day. It contains 200 pages and the price is only 25 cents.

MIRACULOUS POWERS.

A pamphlet giving account of a large number of extraordinary incidents and experiences, carefully compiled from various sources, showing the mighty miracle-working power of God in the latter days, and establishing the truth of the scripture which says, "These signs shall follow them that believe." Here are a few remarkable incidents given. —John Wesley Delivered from a Mob, Fed by a Bird, A Storm Averted, An Engineer's Premonition of Danger, A Heavenly Horseman, Was it an Angel, Saved from Savages, A Supernatural Voice. A work calculated to inspire confidence in God as a protector and mighty helper. 128 pages. Price 15 cents.

MODERN MYSTERIES.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy, and vain deceit after the tradition of men after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." To aid you in following the advice of this scripture we have published a pamphlet under the above title, dealing with some of the latter-day deceptions, such as Hypnotism, Clairvoyance, Telepathy, Theosophy, New thought and Pantheism. 115 pages. Price 15 cents.

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