

The Oriental Watchman.

"Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh."

Vol. 1., No. 8. }

CALCUTTA, DECEMBER, 1898.

} Two annas.

THE Oriental Watchman

PUBLISHED BY
THE INTERNATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY,
CALCUTTA.

Christ's Entrance Into Jerusalem.

He sat upon the ass's colt and rode
Toward Jerusalem. Beside Him walked,
Closely and silently, the faithful twelve,
And on before Him went a multitude
Shouting hosannas, and with eager hands
Strewing their garments thickly in the way.
Th' unbroken foal beneath Him gently stepped,
Tame as its patient dam; and as the song
Of "Welcome to the Son of David" burst
Forth from a thousand children, and the leaves
Of the waving branches touched its silken ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then, subdued by an invisible hand,
Meekly trod onward with its slender feet.

The dew's last sparkle from the grass had gone
As He rode up Mount Olivet. The woods
Threw their cool shadows directly to the west;
And the light foal, with quick and toiling step,
And head bent low, kept up its unslackened way
Till its soft mane was lifted by the wind
Sent o'er the mount from Jordan. As He reached
The summit's breezy pitch, the Saviour raised
His calm blue eye;—there stood Jerusalem!
Eagerly He bent forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wont slightness of His perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fulness of His heart.

There stood Jerusalem! How fair she looked—
The silver sun on all her palaces,
And her fair daughters 'mid the golden spires
Tending their terrace flowers; and Kedron's stream,
Lacing the meadows with its silver band
And wreathing its mist-mantle on the sky
With the morn's exhalations. There she stood,
Jerusalem, the city of His love,
Chosen from all the earth: Jerusalem,
That knew Him not, and had rejected Him:
Jerusalem for whom He came to die!

The shouts redoubled from a thousand lips
At the fair sight; the children leaped and sang
Louder hosannas; the clear air was filled
With odour from the trampled olive leaves—
But "Jesus wept!" The loved disciple saw
His Master's tear, and closer to His side
He came with yearning looks, and on his neck
The Saviour leaned with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned, "How oft, Jerusalem! would I
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings—but ye would not!"

He thought not of the death that He should die—
He thought not of the thorns He knew must pierce
His forehead—of the buffet on the cheek—
The scourge, the mocking homage, the foul scorn!
Gethsemane stood out beneath His eye
Clear in the morning sun; and there, He knew,
While they who "could not watch with Him one
hour"
Were sleeping, He should sweat great drops of
blood,
Praying the cup might pass; And Golgotha
Stood bare and desert by the city wall;

And in the midst, to His prophetic eye
Rose the rough cross, and its keen agonies
Were numbered all—the nails were in His feet—

Jerusalem—the chosen—the loved—the lost!
He only felt that for her sake His life
Was vainly given, and in His pitying love



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Th' insulting sponge was pressing on His lips—
The blood and water gushed from His side—
The dizzy faintness swimming in His brain—
And, while His own disciples fled in fear,
A world's death-agonies all mixed in His!

Ah!—He forgot all this. He only saw

The sufferings that would clothe the heavens in black
Were quite forgotten.

Was there ever love,
In earth or heaven, equal unto this?

—Nathaniel P. Willis.



“Written for Our Learning”

ZION REJECTS ITS KING.

WHEN the procession arrived at the summit of the hill, and was about to descend into the city, Jesus halted, and all the multitude with him. Jerusalem in all its glory lay before them, bathed in the light of the declining sun. The temple attracted all eyes. In stately grandeur it towered above all else, seeming to point toward Heaven as if directing the people upward to the only true and living God. This temple, in its splendid majesty, had long been the pride and glory of the Jewish nation.

Sorrowing over Unrepentant Formalism.

JESUS gazes upon the enchanting scene before Him, and the vast multitude hush their shouts, spell-bound by this sudden vision of beauty. All eyes turn instinctively upon the Saviour, expecting to see in His countenance the admiration which they themselves feel. But, instead of this, they behold a cloud of sorrow gathering upon His countenance. They are surprised and disappointed to see the eyes of the Saviour fill with tears, and His body rock to and fro like a tree before the tempest, while a wail of anguish bursts from his quivering lips as if from the depths of a broken heart. What a sight was this for angels to behold! Their loved Commander in an agony of tears! What a sight was this for that glad throng who had accompanied Him with shouts of triumph and waving of palm-branches to that summit overlooking that glorious city where they fondly hoped He would reign! Their acclamations were now silenced, while many tears flowed in sympathy with the grief they could not comprehend.

Jesus had wept at the grave of Lazarus, but it was in a God-like grief in harmony with the occasion. But this sudden sorrow is like a note of wailing in a grand triumphal chorus. In the midst of a scene of rejoicing, where all were paying Him homage, Israel's king was in tears; not silent tears of gladness, but tears and groans of insuppressible agony. The multitude are struck with a sudden gloom while they look upon this grief which is incomprehensible to them.

The tears of Jesus were not in anticipa-

tion of physical suffering as He contemplated His crucifixion, though just before Him was the garden of Gethsemane where He knew that soon the horror of a great darkness would overshadow Him. The sheep-gate was also in sight, through which for centuries the beasts for sacrificial offerings had been conducted. This gate was soon to open for Him, the great Antitype toward whose sacrifice for the sins of the world all these offerings had pointed. Near by was Calvary, the scene of His approaching agony.

Yet it is not because of these reminders of His cruel death that the Redeemer weeps and groans in anguish of spirit. His is no selfish sorrow. The thought of physical pain does not intimidate that noble, self-sacrificing soul. It is the sight of Jerusalem that pierces the heart of Jesus with anguish,—Jerusalem that had rejected the Son of God, and scorned His love, who refused to be convinced by His mighty miracles, and is about to take His life. He sees what she is in her guilt of rejecting her Redeemer, and what she might have been had she accepted Him who alone could heal her wound. He had come to save her; how can He give up the child of His care!

He raised His hand—that had so often blessed the sick and suffering—and waving it toward the doomed city, in broken utterances of grief exclaimed: “If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace—” Here the Saviour paused and left unsaid what might have been the condition of Jerusalem had she accepted the only help that God could give her.

The Time of Her Visitation.

If Jerusalem had known what it was her privilege to know, and had acted according to the light bestowed upon her by God, she might have stood forth in the pride of prosperity, the queen of kingdoms, free in the strength of her God-given power. There would then have been no armed soldiers waiting at her gates, no Roman banners waving from her walls. The glorious destiny which might have blessed Jerusalem, had she accepted her Redeemer, rose before the Son of God. He saw that she might through Him have been healed of her grievous malady, liberated from bondage, and established as the mighty metropolis of the earth. From her walls the dove of peace

would have gone forth to all nations. She would have been the world's diadem of glory.

But the bright picture of what Jerusalem might have been had she accepted the Son of God fades from the Saviour's sight as He realizes what she is under the oppressive Roman yoke, bearing the frown of God, doomed to His retributive justice. He takes up the broken thread of His lamentations: “But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.”

Christ came to save Jerusalem with her children from the consequences of her former sins; but the unholy expectations of the Pharisees were not answered in the manner of His appearing. Pharisaical pride, hypocrisy, jealousy, and malice had prevented Him from accomplishing His purpose. Jesus knew the terrible retribution which would be visited upon the doomed city. He sees Jerusalem encompassed with armies, the besieged inhabitants driven to starvation and death, mothers making a repast on the dead bodies of their own children, and both parents and children snatching the last morsel of food from one another, natural affection being destroyed through the gnawing pangs of hunger.

Destroyed by Stubbornness and Prejudice.

HE sees that the stubbornness of the Jews, as evinced in their rejection of His salvation, will also lead them to refuse their only remaining chance of safety, submission to the invading armies. He sees the wretched inhabitants suffering torture on the rack, and crucifixion, the beautiful palaces destroyed, the temple where God had revealed His glory in ruins, and of all its pure and spotless walls, decorated with lofty pillars and gilded devices, not one stone left upon another, while the city is ploughed like a field. Well may the Saviour weep in agony in view of such a fearful picture!

Jerusalem had been the child of His care, and as a tender father mourns over a wayward son, so Jesus wept over Jerusalem. How can I give thee up! How can I see thee devoted to destruction and desolation! Must I let thee go to fill up the cup of thine iniquity! One soul is of such value that, in comparison with it, worlds sink into insignificance; but here was a whole nation to be lost. When the fast westering sun should pass from sight in the heavens, Jerusalem's day of grace would be at an end. While that vast procession was halting on the brow of Olivet, it was yet not too late for Jerusalem to repent and be saved. The Angel of Mercy was then folding her wings to step down from the golden throne, and give place to justice and swift-coming judgment.

But Christ's great heart of love still pleads for Jerusalem, which had scorned all His

mercies, despised His warnings, and was about to finish her iniquitous work by imbruing her hands in His blood. If Jerusalem would but repent, it is not yet too late. While the last rays of the setting sun are lingering on temple, tower, and flashing minaret, will not some good angel lead her to the Saviour's love, and avert the fearful doom that awaits her! Beautiful and unholy city, that had stoned the prophets, that had rejected the Son of God, that was locking herself, by her impenitence, in fetters of bondage—thy day of mercy is almost spent!

Here had lived a favoured people; God made their temple His habitation; it was "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." The record of more than a thousand years of Christ's guardian care and tender love, such as a father bears his only child, was there. In that temple had the prophets uttered their solemn warnings. There had the burning censers waved, while incense, mingled with the prayers of the worshippers, had ascended to God. There the blood of beasts had flowed, typical of the blood of Christ. There Jehovah had manifested His glory above the mercy-seat. There the priests had officiated in flowing robes and jewelled breast-plates, and the pomp of symbol and ceremony had gone on for ages. But all this must have an end; for Jerusalem has sealed her own doom, and her destruction is at hand.

The Christ of the Prophets.

CONTEMPLATING the fate of the city He had loved, the soul of Jesus yearned over the child of His care. Unrequited love broke the heart of the Son of God. Little did the multitude know of the grief that weighed upon the Spirit of Him whom they worshipped. They saw his tears and heard His groans, and for a brief space a mysterious awe interrupted their joyful demonstrations; but they could not understand the meaning of His lamentation over Jerusalem. Meanwhile, reports were brought to the rulers that Jesus was approaching the city attended by a great concourse of people. In trepidation they go out to meet Him, hoping to disperse the crowd by means of their authority.

As the procession is about to descend the Mount of Olives, it is intercepted by the rulers. They inquire who and what is the cause of all this tumultuous rejoicing. As they, with much authority, repeat their question,—Who is this? the disciples, filled with a spirit of inspiration, are heard above all the noise of the crowd, repeating in eloquent strains the prophecies which answered this question:—

Adam will tell you, It is the seed of the woman that shall bruise the serpent's head. Ask Abraham, he will tell you, It is Melchisedek, King of Salem, King of Peace. Jacob will tell you, He is Shiloh of the tribe of Judah. Isaiah will tell you, Immanuel, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Jeremiah will tell you, The Branch of David, the Lord, our righteousness. Daniel will

tell you, He is the Messiah. Hosea will tell you, He is the Lord God of Hosts, the Lord is His memorial. John the Baptist will tell you, He is the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. The great Jehovah has proclaimed from His throne, This is My beloved Son. We, His disciples, declare, This is Jesus, the Messiah, the Prince of Life, the Redeemer of the world. And even the prince of the powers of darkness acknowledges Him, saying, "I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

TWO WAYS.

IN a small cottage, on a wind-swept lea,
A woman dwelt, in want and misery;
Her hearth was fireless, and her cupboard bare;
Her heart was cheerless—love nor hope were there.
A shadow fell athwart the threshold low;
A stranger entered that abode of woe.
She brought her raiment, and wherewith to feed
The hungry little mouths that cried for bread.
She lit a fire upon the cheerless grate,
But none within the soul so desolate.
Her duty done, she passed out through the door—
She simply gave an alms, and nothing more.

Another came one wintry eventide,
Who brought substantial aid, and much beside.
She gave the bread that perisheth, and bread
That comes from heaven, with which the soul is fed.
She clasped the hand of that poor widow there,
And wept with her, and shared her load of care.
She told her of the God who dwells above,
Who chastens not in anger, but in love;
And, when at last she went away, it seemed
A light from heaven o'er the lone dwelling streamed.
The Spirit of the Christ she bore within,
A subtle fragrance left where she had been.

VIOLA E. SMITH.

HOW GOD WORKS.

HE Who created all things, and Who upholds "all things by the Word of His power," still works in our world by means of that same all-powerful Word. Far mightier is the power of one Word of God than all the efforts of Satan combined with all the forces of evil; because sin and all its fruits are to be destroyed, and "affliction shall not rise up the second time" Nah. i. 9.) Yes, the author of evil awaits destruction (Heb. ii. 14), and the day is coming when the declaration of the prophet—"And never shalt thou be any more"—will be fulfilled in the complete ruin of the great deceiver. "But the Word of our God shall stand for ever."

As silently as seed sown in the earth springs up and bears fruit, so does the Word of God spring and grow in human hearts, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. The only condition of the growth of the Word in the heart is its reception; for he who receives "with meekness the engrafted Word" will be saved, because the Word works effectually in all who believe it.

David declares "that power belongeth unto God," and the angel informed Mary that "no Word from God shall be void of power."

Whatever God does He accomplishes by His Word. "By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. For He spake and it was; He commanded and it stood

fast (Psa. xxxiii. 6, 9). And when darkness covered the face of the abyss, God's Word was heard saying, "Let there be light; and there was light." So all the forces of nature that we behold—the shifting cloud, the raging tempest, the drenching rain, the roaring thunder, and the lightning's glare—all are but visible manifestations of the power that still inheres in the Word of God. For "Behold God is great, and we know Him not, neither can the number of His years be searched out. For He maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain according to the vapour thereof." "With clouds He covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt." "Also by watering He wearie the thick cloud: He scattereth His bright cloud; and it is turned round about by His counsels; that they may do whatsoever He commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth" (Job xxxvi. 26, 27, 32; xxxvii. 11, 12). "He sendeth forth His commandment upon earth; His word runneth very swiftly. He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who can stand before His cold? He sendeth out His Word and melteth them; He causeth His wind to blow and the waters flow" (Psa. cxlvii. 15-18).

And that Word at the behest of which the rain falls, the tempest rages, and the thunder roars, brings the calm when it comes in the form of "Peace, be still." Nature does not resist the Word of God, but man can do so if he chooses thus to do. He who does not resist will have wrought out in his heart and life by the power of the Word all that God desires. O, then let us permit that Word which is able to build us up and to hold us up to work in us freely, fully, and unobstructed by our unbelief, to bring us into harmony with all the Divine Will. Then will we be able to say, "Thy Words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart" (Jer. xv. 16).

D. A. R.

A RICH MAN'S DREAM.

A MINISTER, some time ago, told this story in his sermon:—

"A prosperous member of a church in Scotland was often besought by his pastor to give to the work of evangelising the poor in Glasgow, but would always reply, 'Na, I need it for mysel'. One night he dreamed that he was at the gate of heaven, which was only a few inches ajar. He tried to get in, but could not, and was in agony at his poor prospect. The face of his minister appeared, who said, 'Sandy, why stand ye glowering there? Why don't ye gae in?' 'I can't; I'm too large, and my purse sticks out whichever way I turn.' 'Sandy, think how mean ye have been to the Lord's poor, and ye will be small enough to go through the eye of a needle.' He awoke and began to reduce both his purse and his carnality by giving to Christ's cause."

God loves a cheerful giver because giving is God-like.



How Christianity was Corrupted.

IN THREE PARTS.—No. 3.

EXALTATION OF THE BISHOPRIC.

THE Scripture was fulfilled; there had, as shown in these columns last month, come a falling away.

But that there should come a falling away, was not all the prophecy—through that falling there was to be revealed “that man of sin,” “the son of perdition,” “the mystery of iniquity,” “that wicked,” who would oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; and who, when he did appear, would continue even till that great and notable event—the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Self-Exaltation.

REFERRING again to 2 Thess. ii. 5, it is seen that *self-exaltation* is the spring of the development of this power. As that Scripture expresses it, he “opposeth and exalteth himself.” Or, as another Scripture gives it, “He shall magnify himself in his heart.” And another, “He magnified himself even to the Prince of the host”—the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet another, “He shall also stand up against the Prince of princes.” That is, he shall reign, or assert authority above, and in opposition to, the authority of Christ; or, as the thought is developed by Paul, this power would oppose and exalt itself above all that is called God or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple—the place of worship—of God, showing himself that he is God.

Referring also again to the instruction of Paul to the elders who met him at Miletus, there is seen a prophecy of this same spirit of self-exaltation—a wish to gain disciples to themselves instead of to Christ. They would prefer themselves to Christ, thus at once putting themselves above Him, in opposition to Him. And this would be developed from among the bishops. “Of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.”

This spirit of self-exaltation was actively manifested in opposition to the Apostle

John while he was yet alive, for he says: “I wrote unto the church; but Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not.”—3 John 9. This assertion of pre-eminence was shown in prating against the apostle with malicious words, and not only rejecting him, but casting out of the church those members who would receive him. It was but a little while after the living authority of the apostles was gone, before this was carried to yet further extremes.

According to the word of Christ, there is no such thing as pre-eminence, or mastery, or sovereignty of position, among men in the church. There was once an argument among His disciples as to who should be counted the greatest, and Jesus called them unto Him and said: “Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister: and whosoever among you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.”—Mark x. 42-45.

And in warning His disciples of all times against the practices of the scribes and Pharisees of that time, who were but the popes of their day, He says they “love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. . . . Neither be ye called masters: for one is your master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.”—Matt. xxiii. 6-12.

Order in the Church of Christ.

IN the church each member has the same rights as any other member; but for the good of all and the mutual benefit of all

concerned, as well as better to carry on His work in the world, the Lord has established His church, and with it a system of church order in which certain ones are chosen to exercise certain functions for the mutual benefit of all in the organisation. These officers are chosen from among the membership by the voice of the membership. Of these officers there are two classes, and two only—bishops and deacons. This is shown by Paul's letter to the Philippians—“Paul and Timotheus, the servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons.”—Chap. i. 1.

Bishops are sometimes called elders; but the same office is always signified. When Paul gave directions to Titus in this matter, he said: “For this cause left I thee in Crete that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city, as I had appointed thee: if any be blameless. . . . For a bishop must be blameless, as the steward of God.”—Titus i. 5-7. This is further shown in Acts xx., to which we have before referred; when Paul had called unto him to Miletus “the elders of the church” of Ephesus, among other things he said to them: “Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers,” *episkopoi*—bishops.

Peter also writes to the same effect: “The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed: feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock.” 1 Peter v. 1-3.

This text not only shows that the terms “elder” and “bishop” refer to the same identical office, but it shows that Peter counted himself as one among them; and that not only by his precept, but by his example, he showed that in this office, although overseers, they were not overrulers or lords.

Such is the order in the church of Christ, and as every Christian is God's freeman and Christ's servant, it follows, as has been well stated, that “monarchy in spiritual things does not harmonise with the spirit of Christianity.”

How the Divine Order was Perverted.

YET this order was not suffered long to remain. A distinction was very soon asserted between the bishop and the elder, and the bishop assumed a precedence and authority over the elder, who was now distinguished from the bishop by the title of “presbyter” only. This was easily and very naturally accomplished.

For instance, a church would be established in a certain city. Soon, perhaps, another church or churches would be established in that same city, or near to it in

the country. These other churches would look naturally to the original church as to a mother, and the elders of the original church would naturally have a care for the others as they arose. It was only proper to show Christian respect and deference to these; but this respect and deference was soon *demande*d, and authority to require it was asserted by those who were bishops first.

Again: as churches multiplied, and with them also elders multiplied, it was necessary, in carrying forward the work of the Gospel, for the officers of the church often to have meetings for consultation. On these occasions it was but natural and proper for the seniors to preside; but, instead of allowing this to remain still a matter of choice in the conducting of each successive meeting or assembly, it was claimed as a right that the one originally chosen should hold that position for life.

Thus was that distinction established between the elders or presbyters and the bishops. Those who usurped this permanent authority and office took to themselves exclusively the title of "bishop," and all the others were still to retain the title of "presbyter." The presbyters in turn assumed over the deacons a supremacy and authority which did not belong to them, and all together—bishops, presbyters, and deacons—held themselves to be superior orders in the church over the general membership, and assumed to themselves the title of "clergy," while, upon the general membership, the term "laity" was conferred.

In support of these three orders among the "clergy," it was claimed that they came in proper succession from the high priests, the priests, and the Levites of the Levitical law. "Accordingly, the bishops considered themselves as invested with a rank and character similar to those of the high priest among the Jews, while the presbyters represented the priests, and the deacons the Levites."

These distinctions were established as early as the middle of the second century. This led to a further and most wicked invention. As they were now priests and Levites after the order of the priesthood of the former dispensation, it was necessary that they also should have a sacrifice to offer. Accordingly, the Lord's Supper was turned into "the unbloody sacrifice." Thus arose that which is still in the Roman Catholic Church the daily "sacrifice" of the mass. With this also came a splendour in dress, copied from that of the former real priesthood.

The estimate in which the bishop was now held may be gathered from the following words of Ignatius in the second century:—

It is manifest, therefore, that we should look upon the bishop even as we would upon the Lord Himself. It is well to reverence both God and the bishop. He who honours the bishop has been honoured of God; he who does anything without the knowledge of the bishop, does (in reality) serve the devil.

The Bishop of Rome claims Supremacy.

THE next step was for certain bishops to assert authority over other bishops; and the plea upon which this was claimed as a right was that the bishops of those churches which had been established by the apostles were of right to be considered as superior to all others. As Rome was the capital of the empire, and as the church there claimed direct descent, not only from one, but from *two*, apostles, it soon came to pass that the Church of Rome claimed to be the source of true doctrine, and the bishop of that church to be supreme over all other bishops. In the latter part of the second century, during the episcopate of Eleutherius, A.D. 176 to 192, the absolute authority of the Church of Rome in matters of doctrine was plainly asserted in the following words:—

It is incumbent to obey the presbyters who are in the church—those who, as I have shown, possess the succession from the apostles; those who, together with the succession of the episcopate, have received the certain gift of truth, according to the good pleasure of the Father. Since, however, it would be very tedious, in such a volume as this, to reckon up the successions of all the churches, we do put to confusion all those who, in whatever manner, whether by an evil self-pleasing, by vainglory, or by blindness and perverse opinion, assemble in unauthorised meetings; (we do this, I say) by indicating that tradition derived from the apostles, of the very great, the very ancient, and universally-known church founded and organised at Rome by the two most glorious apostles, Peter and Paul; as also (by pointing out) the faith preached to men, which comes down to our time by means of the succession of the bishops. For it is a matter of necessity that every church should agree with this church on account of its pre-eminent authority. . . . Since, therefore, we have such proofs, it is not necessary to seek the truth among others which it is easy to obtain from the church: since the apostles, like a rich man depositing his money in a bank, lodged in her hands most copiously all things pertaining to the truth: so that every man, whosoever will, can draw from her the water of life. For she is the entrance to life; all others are thieves and robbers.

When this unwarranted authority was asserted during the bishopric of Eleutherius, it is not at all strange that his immediate successor, Victor, A.D. 192 to 202, should attempt to carry into practice the authority thus claimed for him.

The occasion of it was the question of the celebration of what is now called Easter. The practice of the Eastern churches was to celebrate it on the 14th of the first month, as the Passover was celebrated. But Rome had adopted the practice of celebrating it on the Sunday, and the Bishop of Rome claimed the right to demand that all the churches should follow the rule laid down at Rome. When the Eastern churches replied that they would follow the custom received from their ancestors, "the thunder of excommunication began to roar," says Mosheim. This action of Victor is pronounced by Bower "the first essay of papal usurpation." Thus early did Rome not only claim supremacy, but attempt to enforce her claim of supremacy over all other churches. Such was the arrogance of the Bishops of Rome at the beginning of the third century.

This character of the bishopric, in A.D. 250, is clearly seen by the words of Cyprian:—

Not a few bishops who ought to furnish both exhortation and example to others, despising their Divine charge, became agents in secular business, forsook their throne, deserted their people, wandered about over foreign provinces, hunted the markets for gainful merchandise, while brethren were starving in the church. They sought to possess money in hoards, they seized estates by crafty deceits, they increased their gains by multiplying usuries.

As the bishopric became more exalted and arrogated to itself more authority, the office became an object of unworthy ambition and unholy aspiration. Arrogance characterised those who were in power, and envy those who were not. And whenever a vacancy occurred, unseemly, and wholly unchristian strife arose among rival presbyters for the vacant seat. Mosheim says: "The deacons, beholding the presbyters thus deserting their functions, boldly invaded their rights and privileges: and the effects of a corrupt ambition were spread through every rank of the sacred order."

These discussions gave an opportunity for the further assertion of the dignity and authority of the bishopric. Cyprian, "the representative of the episcopal system," as Neander relates, declared that—

The church is founded upon the bishops, and every act of the church is controlled by these same rulers. . . . Whence you ought to know that the bishop is in the church, and the church in the bishop; and if anyone be not with the bishop, that he is not in the church.

He insisted that God made the bishops, and the bishops made the deacons, and argued thus:—

But if we (bishops) may dare anything against God who makes bishops, deacons may also dare against us by whom they are made.

Not long afterward, there arose another subject of controversy which caused much contention with far-reaching consequences. As the bishops arrogated to themselves more and more authority, both in discipline and doctrine, "heretics" increased. Whosoever might disagree with the bishop was at once branded as a heretic, and was cut off from his communion, as Diotrephes had counted as a heretic even the Apostle John. Upon this point Cyprian, the representative of the episcopal system, further declared:—

Neither have heresies arisen, nor have schisms originated, from any other source than from this, that God's priest is not obeyed; nor do they consider that there is one person for the time priest in the church, and for the time judge in the stead of Christ; whom, if, according to Divine teaching, the whole fraternity should obey, no one would stir up anything against the college of priests; no one, after the Divine judgment, after the suffrage of the people, after the consent of the co-bishops, would make himself a judge, not now of the bishop, but of God. No one would rend the church by a division of the unity of Christ.

He therefore argued that, if any person was outside of this system of episcopal unity, and was not obedient to the bishop, this was all the evidence necessary to demonstrate that he was a heretic. Consequently he declared that no one ought "even to be inquisitive as to *what*" any one "teaches, so long as he teaches out of the pale of *unity*." In this way the truth itself could easily be made heresy.

Of the condition of the bishopric in 302,

when the Diocletian persecution began, Eusebius says: "They were sunk in negligence and sloth, one envying and reviling another in different ways, and were almost on the point of taking up arms against each other, and were assailing each other with words as with darts and spears, prelates inveighing against prelates, and people rising up against people, and hypocrisy and dissimulation had arisen to the greatest height of malignity." Also some who appeared to be pastors were inflamed against each other with mutual strifes, only accumulating quarrels and threats, rivalry, hostility, and hatred to each other, only anxious to assert the government as a kind of sovereignty for themselves.

The scripture was indeed fulfilled. There had come a falling away; there was a self-exaltation of the bishopric; and THE TIME WAS COME WHEN THE MAN OF SIN, THE PAPACY, SHOULD BE REVEALED—2 Thess. ii. 3.

A. T. JONES.

WHICH POPE?

Of what use is it to reject one pope merely to accept another? The man who says that he will be bound by no man's opinions or dictum is to be praised, provided he is consistent; but too often he is as zealous a papist as any Romanist. For, while he fiercely declaims against being bound by the ideas of a mere man, he is in that very position, in that he resolutely follows his own opinions. He is his own pope. We submit that he has not improved matters at all. There is probably no man in the world who would be more of a success as a pope than Leo XIII. If I were to have a pope, I should choose him, for I think that he fills the position far more successfully than I could, having had more experience.

"What would you have a man do? Shall he have no mind at all? Whom shall he trust, or shall he trust nobody?" Trust the Lord. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Thus saith the Lord, cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." And the curse rests upon him just as much if he trusts in himself as if he trusted in some other man. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."—Jer. xvii. 5, 7. "He that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool."—Prov. xxviii. 26. Why should a man trust to his own foolish heart when Christ, the wisdom of God, is given him.—*Present Truth.*

THE DIVINE DESCRIPTION OF MAN APART FROM GOD.

His Head.—"The whole head is sick," full of "putrefying sores."—Isa. 1: 5, 6.

His Mind.—"Reprobate," "defiled."—Rom. 1: 28; Titus 1: 15.

His Thoughts.—"Thoughts of iniquity."—Isa. 59: 7.

His Conscience.—"Seared with a hot iron," "defiled."—1 Tim. 4: 2; Titus 1: 15.

His Understanding.—"Darkened."—Eph. 4: 18.

His Eyes.—"An evil eye," "that cannot cease from sin."—2 Peter 2: 14.

His Lips.—"Unclean," "the poison of asps," "adders' poison."—Isa. 6: 5; Rom. 3: 13; Ps. 140: 3.

His Throat.—"An open sepulcher."—Rom. 3: 13.

His Tongue.—"Deadly poison," "deceit."—James 3: 8; Rom. 3: 13.

His Mouth.—"Full of cursing and bitterness."—Rom. 3: 14.

His Ears.—"Dull of hearing."—Matt. 13: 15.

His Neck.—"Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart."—Acts 7: 51.

His Heart.—"Is full of 'evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness.'"—Mark 7: 20-23.

His Hands.—"Full of blood," "the act of violence is in their hands."—Isa. 1: 15; 59: 6.

His Body.—"A 'body of death.'"—Rom. 7: 24.

His Feelings.—"Past feeling."—Eph. 4: 19.

His Bones.—"Full of the sin of his youth."—Job 20: 11.

His Feet.—"Are swift to shed blood."—Rom. 3: 15.

J. N. COLE.

ZIONIST CONGRESS IN SWITZERLAND.

A SIGNIFICANT meeting has recently closed in this city; it is the second international congress of Zionists, a movement on the part of the Jews to secure the return of the nation to Palestine. The first congress was held in this city a year ago; this year the attendance was more general and larger, there being nearly six hundred delegates present, double the number of last year. The congress was opened with more earnestness and enthusiasm.

Dr. Herzl, of Berlin, the leader of the movement, presided. On the platform with him were many jurists and journalists of note; in a corner on the background were a number of rabbis in long frocks and black cowls. In the galleries were some five hundred visitors and journalists.

In his opening address the president specially emphasized the new interest manifested by the powers in Asia. Palestine being on the highway to the East, Zionists expect to reap advantages from this movement. Another factor in the elements of success is the fact that everywhere the Jew is hated as an element that will not amalgamate with the nations, and hence he is considered a menace to the solidity of governments, an element of disloyalty and dismemberment. This is an alleged reason why the Jews are everywhere persecuted and driven out; an effort at colonization would, therefore, be welcomed and furthered by the nations as a peaceable means of ridding themselves of the despised element.

One of the first steps toward the settlement of Palestine would be an understanding with the Ottoman Empire. At present

Jews are not permitted to enter Palestine, though a few succeed in smuggling themselves in; but Zionists desire to enter honourably, with full rights of colonization. They expect to receive the desired permission, as they believe that the Turks are convinced of the loyalty of their movement.

Last year a delegate was sent to Palestine to study the general situation in detail. His report showed there are 50,000 Jews in all Palestine, 28,000 being in Jerusalem, and the remainder in other cities and colonies.

The opening address was followed by a speech by Dr. Max Nordau, on the condition of the Jews the past year. He told us that the situation has grown darker. Oppression of the Jews in the East has increased, especially in Russia, Galicia, and Rumania. Anti-Semitism continues to grow in Germany; but the most remarkable outbreak was in France, the case of Dreyfus serving as pretext for a general crusade against the Jews. In Algeria, Jews were plundered by the wholesale, and some murdered. England is also mildly joining the general concert in anti-Jewish legislation. The same spirit is seen in America, where some hotels refuse to receive Jews.

Throughout the congress there was greater unanimity and solidity than last year. It was evident that the movement is rapidly taking form and gaining strength. Zionism is more national than religious in character.

During the congress, no reference was made to the Bible reasons for the dispersion and persecution of the Jews, nor to God's promises to Israel. From the human standpoint, the movement is being well organized and promises success.

This movement is a significant sign of the times. It is God's design that Israel shall come to Zion; the special work of the last days will be the gathering of Israel from all nations. Zionism appears to be doing precisely what the prophetic Word indicates will take place; and thousands of Christians hail it with joy as a token of the dawning millennium. But how far from the truth!

The Word shows that not Israel according to the flesh—"He is not a Jew which is one outwardly"—but true Israel, the sons of Abraham, the children of faith, who are Christ's, are heirs of the promise; these will come to Zion, but not to "Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children," but to "Jerusalem which is above," which is free, the city for which Abraham looked, the city in which Christ prepares a place for His children, the city which will come "down from God out of heaven."

In the light of the Scriptures, what a melancholy and pathetic movement Zionism is! How sad its error! While Zionists manifest such zeal in their efforts to stir up the people to return to earthly Palestine, O, let those who know the Scripture doctrine of the true return to the heavenly Zion redouble their efforts to proclaim the message of the Lord to every people!

H. P. HOLSER.

Basel, Switzerland.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING.

CHRIST'S promise when here on earth was, "I will come again" (John xiv. 3); and we may know from the Scriptures that He has given unmistakable signs that those who desire to understand these things may know when His coming is "near, even at the doors" (Matt. xxiv. 33). But, in spite of His plainest warnings and instruction concerning His return to this earth, although He has set the history of the nations for a sign, and has put "signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars," and has indicated, in the clearest manner, what would be the condition of society and of many of His professed followers in the time just preceding His second coming, yet many will reject all these evidences, and upon them "the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."—1 Thess. v. 2, 3.

Why was He rejected at His First Advent?

WE may learn an important lesson concerning these things by a study of the circumstances attending the first advent. Observe how minutely this event had been described in the prophecies. The Messiah was to be the seed of the woman (Gen. iii. 15); His mother was to be a virgin (Isa. vii. 14; Matt. i. 23); He was to be born in Bethlehem (Micah v. 2); the definite time of His manifestation to the world had been fixed (Dan. ix. 25); a messenger was to prepare the way for His coming (Isa. xl. 3-5; John i. 22, 23); the nature of His work was set forth (Isa. lxi. 1, 2; Luke iv. 16-31); His treatment, His death, and the manner of His death, were all in the prophecy (Isa. liii.); even the price for which He was sold into the hands of His persecutors had been mentioned (Zech. xi. 12); and His resurrection and ascension had been declared beforehand (compare Ps. xvi. 10; cx. 1, with Acts ii. 24-27, 32-35). But, notwithstanding all this light, "He came to His own, and His own received Him not."—John i. 11.

It is plain that the people of that day were looking for a Messiah, but it is also plain that they were looking for a temporal Messiah, who should deliver them from the Roman yoke, and exalt them again to their

place among the nations. In the light of this ambition they read and interpreted all the prophecies, and deliberately shut their eyes to every statement of the Scripture which was not in harmony with their own desires. The true spirit of religion had been lost in a meaningless round of ceremonies, and the true meaning of the Scriptures had been lost in the multitude of their traditions, which had been exalted above the written Word of God. So Christ Himself said to them, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God."—Matt. xxii. 29. Their ideas of the character of God had become so distorted, that when Jesus Christ, "the image of God," appeared among them, they did not recognise Him. This was because they were not willing to open their hearts to the "wisdom of God;" "for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory."—1 Cor. ii. 8.

This Lesson is for Us.

THERE are no less than ten independent lines of prophecy which deal with the second coming of Christ, besides the numerous scriptures which speak of special events or circumstances and conditions, all of which may be clearly understood. These prophecies cover the ground in the most minute way, and shed the plainest light upon the time, manner, and purpose of our Saviour's return to this earth; and yet all this teaching is rejected by many who profess to believe the Bible, simply because they have theories of their own, in the light of which they interpret all these plain teachings of the Word.

It is the concurrent fulfilment of all the prophecies relating to the last days which forces upon the mind the firm conviction that the end of all things is at hand, and that the King is near, "even at the doors." The more closely the question is studied, the more clearly will it appear that "the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began," are just upon us.

"Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence." "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all

kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, sound an alarm in My holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." "The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly." "But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?" "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, which have wrought His judgment; seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger."

Preparation for His Coming.

THE only preparation to receive Christ with joy when He "shall come in His glory" is to receive Him now while He stands at the door of the heart knocking for admittance. God "hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained," and a character in the likeness of Christ is the only one which will pass the searching test of that great day. Only those will be justified in that day who are day by day "being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

True religion is for the home, for the family, for the neighbourhood, in all the relations of the daily life. It is not a garment which is to be worn on the outside for one day in the week, but is a constant experience of the ordinary life. "Righteousness within is testified to by righteousness without. He who is righteous within is not hard-hearted and unsympathetic, but day by day he grows into the image Christ, going on from strength to strength. He who is being sanctified by the truth will be self-controlled, and will follow in the footsteps of Christ until grace is lost in glory. The righteousness by which we are justified is imputed; the righteousness by which we are sanctified is imparted. The first is our title to heaven, the second is our fitness for heaven."

This is the preparation needed for "the arrival of the King." God offers it freely to all through the grace which is in Christ Jesus. Oh, that His love may draw all hearts to Him! Oh, that his goodness may lead all to repentance! Oh, that all might be ready to hail His coming with joy! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

W. W. PRESCOTT.

PURGE OUT THE OLD LEAVEN.

THE Lord would have us bring none of the world over into our Christian life. Let the convert from heathen religions leave the customs that are vain behind him, as some one has said:—

"It is written of the Israelites that they carried with them none of the leaven of Egypt. If any one partook of leaven during the great feast, from the first until the seventh day, he was cut off from Israel. It

was the custom to go about the tents with a lighted lamp searching for leaven in every nook and cranny. Leaven was an emblem of the life of old Egypt—the worship of Apis and Osiris. In the Scriptures it is ever a type of sin; so says Paul to the Corinthians, 'Purge out the old leaven, for Christ is made a sacrifice for us for ever. Let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.'"

SETTLE THE QUESTION RIGHT.

"A question is never settled
Unless it is settled right."

WHEN Eve listened to the tempter, and decided that God did not mean just what He said, she settled the question wrong.

When God told Noah a flood of waters was coming, and Noah believed it, and began to build an ark, he settled the question right.

When Moses forsook his heirship to the throne of Egypt, and chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, he settled the question right.

When Joshua told Israel to choose whom they would serve, but said that, as for him and his house, they would serve the Lord, he settled the question right.

Whenever any one decides to do just as the Lord has said, he settles the question right.

W. A. COLCORD.

THAT LITTLE MEMBER.

A MOHAMMEDAN, it is said, prays for his ears and eyes, never for his mouth; and the reason is, he says, because the ears hear and the eyes see things they do not want to, but the mouth need not speak unless it so desires. Very true; but what we know of this unruly member teaches us that it needs as much praying for as those others.

"Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about the whole body. Behold, also, the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members. . . . For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." David acknowledged the unchangeable lawlessness of this member, and with him we pray: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—Ps. cxli. 3.

There is a pertinent hint in the fact that we have two ears, and but one tongue. Let us, therefore, hear more and speak less. For, "If any man among you seem to be

religious, and bridleth not his tongue, . . . this man's religion is vain." "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be *swift* to hear, *slow* to speak."

P. GIDDINGS.

THE WAY OF ACCESS.

"Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." "No man cometh unto the Father, But by Me."

If thou wouldst God the Father see,

And life and truth possess'd of be,
Make Jesus Christ the way;

'Tis only He the Father knows,
His blood access to Him bestows,
Eternal love reveals.

What tho' thy sins as scarlet be
A ransom He has found for thee,
Yea He is all in all;

Though weak and frail thyself dost feel,
He is the Truth, and will unveil
Eternal Light to thee.

Thus wisdom He to thee is made,
Redemption in Him is displayed,
Uniting God to Man;

Then righteous Thou in Him shalt stand,
He holds thee in his sovereign hand,

And sanctifies to God.

Nay more than conqueror thou shalt be,
Death is destroyed, the victory

Thy Jesus hath achieved;

How, say ye then, the Father show?

E'en who the Son the Father know,

Life, life, eternal have.

Incarnate God, mysterious Word,
Fountain of Life, our Gracious Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine.

Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Hosannahs ever will we bring,
Saviour, Redeemer, Lord.

Rodborough.

J. L. G.

OLD-ENGLISH.

A LONDON journal gives the Lord's Prayer in the English of former times. The various readings show the evolution of the language:—

A.D. 1258.—Fader ure in heune, haleeweide beeth thi neune, cumen thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The euerych dawe bried gif ous thilk dawe. And worzif ure dettes as vi vorzifen ure dettours. And lene ous nought into temptation, bot delvvor of uvel. Amen.

A.D. 1300.—Fadir our in hevene, Halewyd by thi name, thi kingdom come, Thi wille be done as in hevene and in erthe. Oure urche dayes bred give us to-day. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive our dettours. And lede us not into temptation, Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

A.D. 1582.—Ovr father which art in heaven, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven in earth also. Giue vs today our

super substantial bread. And lead vs not into temptation. But deliuer vs from evil. Amen.

A.D. 1611.—Our father which is in heauen, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heauen. Giue vs this day our dayly bread. And forgieue vs our debts as we forgieue our debtors. And lede vs not into temptation, but deliuer vs from evil. For thine is the kingdome, and the power and the glory for euer. Amen.

A SANITARIUM AND TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE first and main health institution established by our Society in America is the Battle Creek Sanitarium, which has recently celebrated its 32nd anniversary. As a training school in medical missionary lines, India has begun to receive help from it, and we look for increasing help from it in coming years. At the recent anniversary the Canadian Minister of Education was one of the guests, and, as one having 10,000 teachers under his direction, he paid high tribute to the educational influence of such an institution, aside from its splendid equipment for the scientific treatment of disease.

In one of the American magazines, Mrs. Marion Baxter, a well-known W. C. T. U. Worker, gives an account of life at the Sanitarium, which, we believe, will interest our readers. She says:—

"If my memory serves me correctly, it is thirteen years since I first made the acquaintance of this Sanitarium and its management, and once again I am under this hospitable roof. Nor is there any lack of companionship; there are at least five hundred other guests, all of them in pursuit of health—and most of them find it. Many of them are in wheel-chairs with attendants; others swing from hammocks under the tall old oaks, or wander over the wide-stretching lawns, bravely striving to forget that they are ill. And somehow it has seemed to me that there is an unspoken creed which obtains here more than at almost any other place I know, and it is this:—

"Scatter seeds of sunshine while you may."

DIETARY.

"Very naturally the interest of the newly arrived visitor or patient centres on the menu, for it is widely understood that foods and drink enter largely into the treatment here. To the initiated, the word 'diet' brings no terror. If one desires meat, he may have it; for this is the place to find the best that can be secured. But it often comes to pass, as in my case, that, after several days at these bountiful tables, the desire for flesh food passes away.

"There is such a variety of dishes made from these health foods, such an abundance of fruits and nuts, such healthful drinks—pure juice of the grape, milk from their own herd, caramel-cereal, rich in flavour, and the best substitute for coffee on the

market—that I forget all about meat. And speaking of the health foods, I have incidentally learned that the profits from the sale of them and the cereal coffee go directly into the missionary fund, and that in all this institution there are no high-salaried men or women."

After speaking of the Orphan's Home, founded and placed under the direction of the managers of the Sanitarium by Mrs. Haskell, of Chicago, the same lady who has founded the Haskell Lectureship in India, the writer goes on to say:—

"One day, drawn by very strong ties, I found myself in the gallery of the

OPERATING ROOM

[of the hospital, looking down upon a strangely solemn scene. Nurses and physicians, capped, slippered, and gowned all in purest white, moved softly about the place. Not a spoken word, save that of



MAIN BUILDING AND HOSPITAL OF THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM.

the surgeon-in-chief. Just for a moment he paused, as if in prayer, before a glass-topped table on which lay a young woman in a sleep very much like death; and then, with tender deftness, he let fall the shining blade that was to send her back to health again. And still she slept on. In and out among the delicate muscles moved the skilled fingers—with not so much as a moan from the sleeper. Others came in like manner, and in like manner passed out; and as I looked out upon this awesome scene, it did seem to me that God was manifest there in power.

"As I write, I look out upon the lawn and see five young women from as many different States, who graduated into the hospital, and on the same day, two weeks later, graduated out of it in a way to astonish all who know about it. Very pleasant it is to hear their merry voices, to see their smiles, and to know that once again they climb the hill of health, and that once again Hope sits in her place and wings and sings. Little wonder is it that physicians come from remote portions of the country to look on the skill that makes this hospital famous. Say of it what you will, and explain it as you may, some who have attended the prayer services held by the nurses and physicians just before they enter this operating-room will always think that God is not far from the place.

THE RELIGION OF THE BODY.

"Time and space forbid details touching the labyrinth of bath, the swimming pool, the laboratory, the electrical appliances, the cooking-school and its ideal kitchen, hygienic dressmaking quarters, etc. As to the gymnasium, it is one of the largest and best equipped in the country. In this place they teach the value of every bone and nerve and sinew, constantly emphasizing the fact that the body is the temple of God, and that to sin against the body is to sin against Him. Pretty good religion this—and the more there is of it the better.

"There is an unwritten law over this place, not unlike the story of the Good Samaritan, which sends the workers out to look after the lowly and the helpless, and leads them, first of all, to seek the kingdom of God in its righteousness—and perhaps this is why all other things are added.

wretched men have come over the threshold of that home and awakened to better things. Rescue homes for women have been started; homes for helpless children and aged people opened. Forty-eight doctors have been sent forth to teach the new truths of the relation of the body to the spirit, and to heal the sick; two hundred and eighty-three medical missionaries have gone out in the name of the Master into the highways and by-ways; and I find that during these three years this Medical Missionary Association has met the needs of nearly half a million sick people, and that more than half of these have been charity patients.

"This is indeed a bit of blessed history running on like a sweet, sweet story, and over it all, and through it all, is the shine of the Master's face."

WHEREVER souls are being tried, in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars of His temple.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Bible Reading.

CHRIST IN CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

1. JESUS was one associated with the Father in the beginning.

Gen. 1: 26: "And God said, Let *Us* make man in *Our* image, after *Our* likeness."

2. Christ was with God before creation.

John 17: 5: "And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee *before the world was.*"

3. Work of creation by Christ.

Eph. 3: 9: "And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which, from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." Also Heb. 1: 2: 10.

4. Our Creator is our Redeemer.

Isa. 43: 1: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."

5. Our Redeemer because our Creator.

Col. 1: 14, 16: "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." "For by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him, and for Him."

6. Redemption is creation.

Eph. 2: 1, 10: "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins;" "for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

7. We become new creatures.

2 Cor. 5: 17: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

8. This is what availeth.

Gal. 6: 15: "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

E. BATTERSON.

Among the seven hundred helpers who come and go, I have heard no arguments on theological questions.

"They believe in the Bible, and study it carefully. Nurses and helpers are often seen with the Book of books in their hands; they are deeply in earnest, and practise and love more than they preach; and I have come to think that it is what we do, more than what we say, that counts. The religion they believe in, they live. This religion sends them out to the highways and by-ways, among the sick and the poor, in the great cities, and wherever the field stretches away; and the record runs that Jesus went about doing the same thing.

A BIT OF BLESSED HISTORY.

"The Battle Creek Sanitarium opened thirty years ago in a little house where now stands one of the largest and best equipped institutions of the kind in the world. The Medical Missionary Association organized in 1893 became the International Medical Missionary Society in 1897, with an active Board at its head. There has been no noise or fuss, or blowing of trumpets; but, during the past three years, ten new Sanitariums have been opened in various portions of the earth. Custom House Place, one of the darkest nooks in Chicago, has seen a great light, and thousands of dreary, sick, downhearted, and



THE LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you ;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your house with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For, though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt ;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt,
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight,
To the little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

—Selected.

LETTING THE SUNSHINE IN.

ANDREW LEE had come home from the shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits—come home to his wife, who was also out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband. There was invitation in the word only—none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop and the home-made bread nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inner man if there had been only a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their breakfast-room with his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets and his chin almost touching his breast. After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover

over the table, and, placing a freshly-trimmed lamp on it, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He drew a deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then, drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and began to read. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather increased the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the page and read on:—

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered: "Oh! yes, that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough; but praise her for what? For being sullen and making your home the most disagreeable spot in the world?" His eyes fell again on the paper:—

"She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, food agreeable. For pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good, for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written for him, and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it to be a rebuke. He read no further, for thought became too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice to his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable as her hands could make it, and had he offered the slight return of praise for the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and, sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them; but he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression on his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill nature, and with ill nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper spread out before him, and he read the sentence:—

"A kind cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer; his own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold of

the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said in a voice carefully modulated with kindness, "You are doing this work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that the motion of the needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness; she did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little toward him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was a light in it and a light in the eye, but there was something in the expression of her countenance that puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew, standing up and going round to the side of the table where she was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her. "Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer. "How strange that you should ask me!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good."

Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

A strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given his wife even the smallest reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul and made light all around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, and what he considered moodiness and ill nature took possession of her heart!

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife; I am proud of you, I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh! if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"These are precious words to me, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling through her tears, into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming in and flooding the home with joy and beauty.—*Popular Monthly Magazine.*

THE NOBLEMAN'S TREASURE.

AFTER the death of a certain nobleman, among his effects was discovered a chest carefully locked and marked, "To be re-

moved first in case of fire." After his death, his friends opened this chest, thinking to find valuable documents, deeds of property, rich jewellery, or costly plate; but in it they found only the toys of his little child, who had died before him.

The wealth of the world, the treasures which men prize, are not the richest of our possessions. We may have wealth without having love or joy or peace; but the tender affections which twine about our hearts have a value which cannot be computed by arithmetic, or measured by any earthly value.—*Selected.*

THE FARMER AND THE OXFORD DON.

A WRITER in the *Cornhill Magazine* tells some stories showing how men who were learned in some departments of knowledge have been found woefully lacking in others. He says, for instance, of the late Professor Jowett:—

The Professor, during his connection with Balliol College, had occasion to visit some of the farms belonging to the college in the North. One of the leading tenants was deputed to take him round. A long tramp they had, in the course of which Dr. Jowett uttered not a word, while the farmer was too much stricken with awe to venture a remark. But, when the walk was almost done, the Professor was roused to speech. Looking over a stone wall to a goodly field of vivid green, he abruptly said, "Fine potatoes." Quoth the farmer: "Yon's turnmuts." Not a word more was spoken between them.

ACCIDENT VERSUS DISOBEDIENCE.

"DIDN'T you see that child tumble?"
 "Oh, yes; but she didn't hurt herself!"
 "Are you going to take no notice of it?"
 "Notice of it? Why, she didn't hurt herself one particle!"
 "Do you mean to say you are not going to punish her at all? She was very awkward. Don't you think you ought to break her of it?"

"The idea of punishing a child for getting a fall! She is no more awkward than other children. Every child has its bumps. They are so close to the ground that little falls don't hurt them."

"But for the child's good you surely will take some notice of it. She ought to be taught to look where she is stepping, and this habit of falling be broken up. Don't you think you ought to send her to bed, or not let her go out driving this afternoon, or at least go and shake her? I think it is dreadful for her to be so careless."

"I don't understand you. How could I be so unjust? Shake my baby, and punish her because her precious little feet have walked the earth too short a time to take firm steps! You have strange ideas of right, and it is very evident you do not know a mother's heart."

"Hum!—yes—but yesterday afternoon your baby fell and you shook her, and called her a naughty, naughty girl, and kept her at home from the little tea party, and sent her out of the room in disgrace! Why was she naughty yesterday, and not to-day?"

"It was not for falling yesterday that I punished her, you know very well, but because she was disobedient, and had broken my lovely jar that I had told her not to touch."

"Then you punished her because she disobeyed you, and not because she was so unlucky as to fall and break the jar?"

"Certainly I did. I cannot and will not have a disobedient child."

"My dear, you are mistaken. You told her not to take anything on that table. She took that box off, and you saw her take it, and told her to put it back. She took that book, and you let her have it. Then she started to take your handsome jar, and when you called, she turned and fell, and broke the jar, and you know what followed. If she had put it back on the table in safety, would you have punished her for disobedience? She was no more disobedient in touching the jar than the box or book. Baby eyes don't gauge obedience by money-value. Honestly, did you punish her for disobedience, or for an accident? For all the handsome jars you own, I would not have a child feel me so unjust as yours must you, for I heard the sobbing lips say, 'I didn't mean to break it, I slipped.' Children understand justice well and, alas for us and them! injustice as well."

Does the little incident need location or names? Could its location never have been your home? Could the mother never have borne your name, the child that of your little one? No? Happy mother and blessed child!—*Home Maker.*

THE TEST OF THE HEART.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows by like a song,
 But the man worth while is the one who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.
 For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years;
 And the smile that is worth the praises of earth,
 Is the smile that shines through tears.
 —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

RIDICULING AN INVENTOR.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the celebrated engineer, used, says a writer, to speak with indignation of how the "Parliament men" badgered and baffled him with their book learning when he proposed to build a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester.

"The smoke from the engine," said these book-learned men, "will kill all the birds, and the sparks will set fire to the fields and houses. The passengers will be made sea-sick; the noise will frighten away the game, and thousands of coachmen and inn-keepers will be thrown out of employment."

The fast mail coaches were driven at the rate of ten miles an hour. When Stephenson asserted that his steam coaches would attain a much more rapid rate of speed, he was laughed at and called a crack-brained enthusiast.

"You must not claim a speed of over fifteen miles an hour," said the nervous counsel of the promoters of the railroad to

Stephenson, just as he was about to appear before a parliamentary committee.

A member of the committee, opposed to the proposed railroad, thought he could make the simple-hearted engineer assert an absurdity that would kill the project.

"Well, Mr. Stephenson," he asked, "perhaps you could go seventeen miles an hour?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps twenty miles an hour?"

"Certainly."

"Twenty-five, I dare say. You do not think it impossible?"

"Not at all impossible."

"Dangerous, though?"

"Certainly not."

"Now tell me, Mr. Stephenson; will you say that you can go thirty miles an hour?"

"Certainly."

The fish was hooked to an absurdity, so every member of the committee thought, and they all leaned back in their chairs, and roared with laughter.

Their sons now ride sixty miles in sixty minutes.

AN ACCOMMODATING EMPRESS.

THE late Empress of Austria loved to mingle with the people, without the courtly show and trappings which so often make the life of those in high places a burden. Going about unattended in this way, she had many interesting experiences, though, at the last, it gave the assassin opportunity to strike the fatal blow. In Vienna, which was her home, there lives a celebrated specialist, Dr. Metzger, who has but one waiting-room for his patients, whatever their rank and condition. Every patient is a "case" for the application of his skill in relief, and as disease is no respecter of persons, but assails the rich and poor alike, so he gives his best skill to all who are willing to take their turn in waiting. The following story is told of an occurrence in the waiting-room:—

A poor woman who happened to be there turned to her neighbour, a lady of distinguished appearance, notwithstanding the simplicity of her attire, and said:—

"How long we have to wait, to be sure! I dare say you have got a little child at home, too?"

"No."

"But, when you get back, you will have to sweep out your rooms?"

"No; I have folks to do that for me."

"Indeed, but you'll want to get dinner ready?"

"Not even that, for I dine at the hotel."

"Very well, as you have nothing particular to do, you might let me have your turn."

"Very willingly," replied the lady, who was the Empress of Austria.

HE who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unravelled.

HEALTH HINTS

BUILT WITH BLOOD.

SOME time ago the writer, in passing through a large city, saw a magnificent palace, the home of a liquor-dealer. The building was scarcely finished when it was discovered that some one had engraved on one of its corner-stones the words: "BUILT WITH BLOOD."

I see a marble palace,
Magnificent and fair;
Its towers rise to meet the skies,
In graceful beauty rare.
It stands in royal splendor,
While in its halls of state
Proud beauty meets, and, smiling, greets
The high-born and the great.
There lords and ladies banquet,
And sip the ruby wine;
And flowers rare perfume the air,
And costly diamonds shine.
Its massive wall defies
The tempest and the flood;
But ah! that wall shall shake and fall!
For it was built with blood.
Who reared that marble palace?
Who laid its corner-stone?
Who paid the price in sin and vice,
In shame and bitter moan?
The victim of the wine-cup
The fearful price has paid.
By harpies built, in blood and guilt
The corner stone was laid.

I see a tender mother,
Whose form is bent with pain;
Her first-born son—her only one—
Hearth her plea in vain.
His lip has touched the wine-cup;
His brain is mad with strife;
With frenzied eye and fiendish cry,
He takes that mother's life.
I see a loving father,
With broad and noble brow;
But love has flown, and wine alone
Is king within him now.
He also builds the palace,
With priceless blood so red;
And now I hear, with shrinking ear,
His children cry for bread.
The wine-cup! O, the wine-cup!
It sparkles rich and red;
It takes the sweet love and heaven above,
And leaves but woe instead,
What, though it builds fair towers,
Which reach the very sky?
For every one beneath the sun,
Ten thousand victims die.

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

WHY ALL MILK SHOULD BE BOILED.

THE Royal Commission appointed in England to inquire into the prevalence of tuberculosis in cattle, in relation to the spread of the disease among human kind, made its report not long ago. They found the disease so general among cattle that, it is said, had they ruled out as unfit for food all cattle having traces of tuberculosis, over eighty per cent. would have been condemned. In the interests of the meat trade it was decided to recommend the prohibition of the sale of the flesh of such cattle only as showed actual breaking down of tissue by the progress of the disease. This shuts

out about one-third—that is, if the inspectors are able to examine every carcass, which, of course, they are not.

One portion of the report relating to milk from tuberculous cows emphasizes the importance of boiling the milk before using it. Sir Herbert Maxwell says in the *Nineteenth Century Review*:—

The Commissioners are at one with their predecessors in believing that "no doubt the largest part of the tuberculosis which man obtains through his food is by means of milk containing tuberculous matter." The reason for this, in the United Kingdom at least, is pretty obvious. Our people are in the habit, which, for practical purposes, may be treated as inveterate, of drinking uncooked milk. Children, especially, are seldom given boiled milk.

From a British point of view, then, it is a serious matter to find that the tuberculosis is far more prevalent among dairy cows than among bullocks, heifers, or any other class of agricultural stock. Not only is milk, as we use it, the form of food most likely to convey infection to the consumer, but the cows whence the milk is drawn are more subject to the disease than any other domestic animal.

It is, no doubt, equally the case in India. Consumption, "the great white plague," is far more destructive in the world than the bubonic plague, yet multitudes neglect, through sheer carelessness and stupidity, to take the suggested precautions against it.

THE EXCESSIVE USE OF SWEETS.

A CAUSE OF LIVER DISORDERS.

THE liver is a long-suffering organ, and seldom undergoes derangement of any sort except from abuses heaped upon it through dietetic errors, its relations with the digestive tract being such that it is compelled to perform an immense amount of unnecessary labour as the result of any disturbance of digestion.

The cheapness of sugar and its various products, and the consequent increase of the use of sweets of various sorts, including confections, jellies, syrup, etc., must be held largely accountable for the enormous increase in frequency of this disorder within the last two decades.

Especially to be deprecated is the custom of adding syrups, sugar, and other sweets to farinaceous articles of food, such as porridge, breakfast cakes, etc. Farinaceous foods are fully one-half starch, and this starch is converted into sugar in the process of digestion; hence to add syrup or sugar to porridge is simply adding sugar to sugar. It should be remembered also that cane-sugar is not naturally adapted to the human digestive apparatus.

Starch, when cooked, begins to undergo digestion as soon as it is received into the mouth. The conversion of this element continues for half to three-quarters of an hour after the food enters the stomach, and may extend so far as to convert almost the entire amount of starch taken, when conditions are favourable. The writer has found as high as 14 per cent. of sugar after a test-meal consisting of water and one and one-half ounces of dried bread which contained no sugar. Cane-sugar is not acted upon by the saliva, and undergoes no change until the intestines are reached, when, coming in

contact with the intestinal fluid, it is transformed into a sugar which is capable of assimilation. Cane-sugar is, however, capable of fermentation while remaining in the stomach.

It is thus apparent that cane-sugar, while not itself readily digested, also interferes with the digestion of other foods. When taken in large quantities, it must impose an enormous amount of extra labour upon the liver.—*J. H. Kellogg, M.D., Good Health Magazine.*

LABOUR NEEDFUL TO HEALTH.

IN a clinical lecture in the London Hospital, the late Sir Andrew Clark once gave a very excellent prescription for health.

"Labour," he said, "is the life of life. And especially is it the life of life to the delicate. And when any organ is sick, it is then truer than in health that even in sickness and delicacy it is better for the organ to do what work of its own it can, providing it can do it without injury. And from a considerable experience of tuberculous and pulmonary disease, I can say with perfect confidence that those who have done the best have usually been those who have occupied themselves the most. I never knew my own parents. They both died of phthisis. At the age of twenty-one I myself went to Maderia to die of phthisis. But I did not die, and on coming back, I had the good luck to get into this great hospital, and in those days they were not very well pleased to have the Scotchmen coming to London to occupy such appointments. The members of the staff had heard that I had tubercle, and they wagered one hundred to one that I would only have the appointment six months at most. The reason given for that was that I did not eat and worked too hard. I got the appointment. Thirty-eight or thirty-nine years have gone since that time, and all the other doctors are gone. Only I am left here on the staff—an old man—not dead yet."

STEWING, boiling, or steaming are the best methods of cooking foods. Frying is not to be recommended, as fat is rendered indigestible by cooking, and food encased in fried fat is very difficult of digestion.

* *

THOSE who drink stimulants think they need something to "brace up their nerves," forgetting that the man who does not drink has no weakened and paralysed nerves, ordinarily speaking, to be braced up. If he had, he would find something that would give him strength, rather than a stimulant that would whip the nerves into a state of excitement only to be still weaker when the effect wears off.

* *

MUCH of the nutriment in green peas is lost if the water in which they are stewed is drained off. Serve without draining, season with salt, add milk to make them as juicy as desired, and, if preferred, thicken the juice with a little flour.



Somebody Else.

"Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know.
Does he live at the North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see,
Whose name is in every one's mouth?
For Meg says, "Somebody Else will sing,"
Or, "Somebody Else can play;"
And Jack says, "Please, let Somebody Else
Do some of the errands to-day."
If there's any hard or unpleasant task
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody Else—
Now, isn't this very true?
But, if some fruit or a pleasant trip
Is offered to Dick or Jess,
We hear not a word about Somebody Else—
Why? I will leave you to guess.
The words of cheer for a stranger lad,
This Somebody Else will speak;
And the poor and helpless who need a friend
Good Somebody Else must seek.
The cup of cold water in Jesus' name,
Oh! Somebody Else will offer;
And cords of love for a broken heart,
Brave Somebody Else will proffer.
There are battles in life we only can fight,
And victories, too, to win;
And Somebody Else cannot take our place
When we shall have "entered in;"
But, if Somebody Else has done his work,
While we, for our ease, have striven,
'Twill be only fair if the blessed reward
To Somebody Else is given.

—Union Signal.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD.

THE following story, which comes from Germany, we believe, has a moral for those who leave it for "somebody else" to take all the pains and trouble:—

A long time ago there lived a king who took great delight in teaching the people good habits. "Bad luck comes only to the lazy and the careless," said he, "but to the busy workers God gives the good things of this life."

One night he put a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace, and then watched to see what the people who passed that way would do.

Early in the morning a sturdy old farmer, named Peter, came along with his heavy ox-cart loaded with corn.

"Oh! those lazy people," he cried, driving his oxen to one side of the road. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it."

And he went on his way scolding about the laziness of other people, but never thinking of touching the stone himself.

Then came a young soldier, singing a merry song as he walked along. A gay feather was stuck in his hat, and a big sword hung at his side; and he was fond of telling great stories of what he had done in the war. He held his head so high that

he did not see the stone, but stumbled over it, and fell flat into the dust.

This put an end to his merry song; and, as he rose to his feet, he began to storm at the country people.

"Silly drones," he said, "to have no more sense than to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road!"

Then he passed on; but he did not sing any more.

An hour later there came down the road six merchants with their goods on pack-horses, going to a fair that was to be held near the village. When they reached the stone, the road was so narrow that they could hardly drive their horses between it and the wall.

"Did anyone ever see the like?" they said. "There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in the country but that is too lazy to move it!"

And so the stone lay there for three weeks; it was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for somebody else to move.

Then the king sent word to all his people to meet together on a certain day near his palace, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road. Old Peter, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier.

"I hope the king will not find out what a lazy set of people he has round him," said Peter.

And then the sound of the horn was heard, and the king was seen coming toward them. He rode up to the stone, got down from the horse, and said:—

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you; and yet every one has left it just where it was, and scolded his neighbour for not moving it out of the way."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Underneath the stone was a round hollow place, in which was a small iron box. The king held up the box so that all the people might see what was written on the piece of paper fastened to it.

These were the words:—

"For him who lifts the stone."

He opened the box, turned it upside down, and out of it fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins.

Then every one wished that he had only thought of moving the stone instead of going round it and finding fault with his neighbour.

There are many people who still lose prizes because they think it easier to find fault than to do the work which lies before them. Such people do not usually blame themselves, but think it is all on account of bad luck and hard times.

SHE KNEW WHAT TO DO.

A LITTLE girl of eight, who had been trained what to do in case of fire, was so unfortunate as to drop a match on her cotton apron. Almost immediately the blaze flashed up in her face. Without a cry or pause she threw herself face down-

ward on the floor, clapped her hands over her mouth and nose, closed her eyes, and rolled over and over on the thick rug. Hearing the unusual noise, her father hurried upstairs in time to put out the smouldering fire. The child's apron was in ashes, the front of her dress badly scorched; but beyond a few slight burns on her hands, the brave girl was uninjured.

When questioned about her conduct, she said, "Mamma has told me over and over to lie down on the blaze, and stop my mouth, so as not to swallow the smoke, should I catch fire. I knew I should be burned up if I started to run."—Selected.

A LOVING HEART.

YEARS ago a little baby boy lay in his cradle, and the face of his loving mother smiled above him. Very tenderly she loved him, and very earnestly she prayed for her baby. Her one constant request of God was that her boy might be given a *loving heart*. She did not ask God to make him a great man, nor a brave man, nor even a wise man, but over and over she prayed, "Father, give him a *loving heart*."

The baby grew to boyhood, a winsome sweet-tempered boy. At school his lessons were always well learned, not because he was so much brighter than other children, but because he loved his teacher, and he knew that in no other way could he so show his love as by faithful study of the lessons.

At home he was a perfect little sunbeam, because of his loving, thoughtful ways. Very early he gave his heart to God, because the pitiful story of the life and cruel death of our loving Saviour went straight to his own loving little heart.

The poor blessed him for his kindness; the dumb animals *looked* their love for him because of his mercy; strangers wondered at receiving kindnesses at his hand. Wherever he went, he scattered the blessings of love—all because of the gift of a loving heart. A heart filled with love is God's own gift—a part of Himself—which He gladly gives to every one who seeks it.

When grown to manhood, this boy became an honor to his parents, was loved and respected by his friends, and blessed by those whom his kind and tender ways had led to the Saviour. "God is love," and from Him alone can come the blessings of a loving heart.

JESSIE ROGERS.

ARMOUR-PLATED BOYS.

PAUL tells us in the sixth chapter of Ephesians just what armour the Christian needs in his fight against Satan. He must be clad in armour from head to foot if he would quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. He must have on his head a helmet, on his breast a breastplate, on his feet sandals; he must carry on his arm a shield, and in his hand a sword. If you will turn to the chapter, and read it carefully, you will find out what Paul means by these figures of speech.

We believe that it is highly important in

these days that our boys should be armoured. A boy needs to be ironclad on:—

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.
His ears—against impure words.
His hands—against wrong-doing.
His heart—against irreverence and doubt.
His feet—against going with bad company.

His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

His pocket—against dishonest money.
His tongue—against evil-speaking.

This is necessary if the character is kept clean and sweet and pure. May God help the boys to put all the armour on.—*The Children's Visitor*.



GREAT BRITAIN'S alcoholic drink bill is £400,000 per day, it is said. It is not to be wondered at that most of the brewers get wealthy, and that many find a place at last in the House of Lords.

IN London, we are told, the heat generated by the street gas-lamps, which has heretofore gone to waste, is hereafter to be utilized by means of a contrivance which will enable the poor to drop a penny in the slot, and draw a gallon of boiling water.

Mosquitoes and Malaria.—The scientific world is now thoroughly convinced that the mosquito carries the germ of malarial fever in its body. One foreign journal says:—

Koch's theory, that mosquitoes are the agents in the spread of malaria, is not a new doctrine, but has been taught for many years by Italian and East Indian physicians. In the Roman Campagna it has long been known that one might live there with comparative safety by sleeping in the upper storeys of the houses, where mosquitoes and gnats seldom come. English physicians in India have discovered the germ of malaria in the body of the mosquito, and have seen the disease occur in people after they had been bitten by numbers of these germ-infested insects. There are probably other ways of getting malaria, but undoubtedly a mosquito net is one indispensable means of protection in a malarious district where the pests usually abound.

Imperial America.—The press and the public generally in the United States are urging that the country shall push on along the path of Imperialism which opens before it. But here and there, among the more thoughtful, warning voices are raised. Recently in New York, Bishop Potter solemnly warned the country of the perils of the way, with political corruption and industrial discontent increasing at home. But, as the *London Graphic* said recently—

When war broke out between the United States and Spain, even the most *Chauvinist* Americans did not clamour for anything beyond the emancipation of Cuba. Gradually, however, the lust

of conquest swept away all other considerations, and the great Republic now has on its hands, not one, but several, white elephants.

And in the Forum, Professor Macdonald, of Bowdoin College, says of the present outlook in America:—

In all probability, we have for the present seen an end to the payment of the national debt, and the beginning of heavier internal taxation.

A LITTLE time ago a famous Dutch pianist, Siveking by name, was arrested in an Austrian town, and imprisoned for three days for—"the offence of neglecting to take off his hat when he met a priest carrying the viaticum through the streets."

Not for Peace.—Not for years has the war spirit run so high in England as now. The *Statesman* said the other day in its leader:—

The CZAR'S eloquent appeal for universal peace has not led for a single moment to a cessation in Russia's preparations for war. It is rather, however, the love of conquest than the love of war that drives the Russian Government forward. Against these ambitions we have to set the remarkable growth of the true war spirit in England, the spirit that makes men wish for war for the sake of war. When such a spirit has taken hold of a nation, it is well for her neighbours to be careful how they provoke her.

Voices that are Silent.—Mr. McCarthy, M.P., says of the need of the hour in England:—

We are sadly in want of some strong commanding voice to speak out for a peace policy in England; we have no one now who even tries to play the part which was once performed by Cobden and Bright; nor have I heard that from the pulpits of England has come any general appeal in favour of a policy of peace. The idea seems to have gone out of fashion somehow; and I am strongly inclined to believe that the Minister who first gets us into a war with some Foreign Power will be, for a time at least, the most popular Minister England has lately known. I am sorry for it.

During the last two or three years the pulpits of England have so often been actually stirring up the war spirit, directing it against Turkey, that it is not strange that now they have little influence to restrain. The fighting spirit is more easily roused than directed or quelled.

The Usual Story.—The stern realities of gold-hunting in the Arctic regions have subdued the gold-fever which raged a year or two ago. A press correspondent who went in with the crowd catalogues the results in a paper which is thus summarized:—

He calculates that 100,000 men started for Dawson City, each of whom spent on an average in the attempt to get there £100; i.e., the rush to Klondike entailed an expenditure of £10,000,000 sterling. Of the 100,000, only 30,000 arrived. Those who arrived had to scramble with those who were already there for a total output of £2,000,000 sterling. To spend £10,000,000 for the chance of a share of £2,000,000—that is the way in which the Klondike boom turned out this year. The experience has been bitter, but the lesson has been learned. Klondike is no Eldorado, where fortunes can be picked up like blackberries; Klondike is no place in which to make a fortune in a great hurry. Most of the pilgrims started for home, sadder and wiser men, to seek their old vocations.

A CATHOLIC priest of Buffalo, says an American exchange, recently distinguished himself creditably by writing a book attacking the practice of some Dominican monks in Pennsylvania who were running a brewery in connection with their monastery, the book being entitled "Monks and Their Decline." Now the papal authorities have placed his work upon the "Index" of proscribed books.

THE Pope has sprung a surprise upon the promoters of the Czar's universal peace congress. Two Italian journals published in Rome, speaking for the Vatican, have pronounced as follows:—

Disarmament implies peace; but how can continued peace in Europe be guaranteed so long as the question of the Pope's temporal power is left open?

Sure enough! How could it be expected that the Pope would consent to continue a "prisoner" in the Vatican just for the sake of universal peace? Statesmen should have thought of this before. The Pope must be restored to temporal power, or there will be no peace. The light in which the Pope by this act has placed himself is indicated by the *Tribuna*, in calling attention to the "dreadful fact," that, "while all the powers of Europe are dreaming of universal peace, the chief of the Catholic Church, who claims to represent Christ on earth, alone preaches war."—*American Sentinel*.

The German Workmen.—The fruit of German rationalism and criticism of the Bible and of a church and state connection which has made religion but a branch of politics is shown by the following paragraph from an exchange:—

DR. RADE, of Germany, has been investigating the social condition of the German working men and their attitude toward the church and religion, and his report is anything but assuring. Many of the social democratic working men consider the work a hindrance to true culture and progress, and a means in the hand of priest and pastor for the benefit of the privileged classes; that church rites or ceremonies are "perfectly useless," and are only "dead ceremonies;" that the Christ of history is not the Christ of the church, and that, "if He were living to-day, He would belong to their party; that many of the German working men know nothing about Luther; that by many God is regarded as an impossibility; nature is god." Many seem to be infidel, all skeptical, and the most religious at sea. And that is about the case with working men in England and America.

THE Doukhabortsi, a Russian sect, are the Quakers of Russia, being resolutely determined not to take up arms to kill their fellowmen. A few years ago attention was prominently called to them when a troop of Cossack cavalry were sent to ride down a crowd of these defenceless people who had refused the arms proffered them. Since then they have been harried and persecuted bitterly. They have now begun to emigrate, and a London journal says that many are going to England, purposing to form a colony in Essex. Nowadays the greatest offence that can be offered in the great military countries is to refuse to worship Mars, the god of war.



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THE solemn charge to every Christian is, "Preach the Word." It was the Word that wrought all things in creation, and it only can work the recreation of men and the earth.

GOD says : "I have put My words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of Mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art My people."—Isa. li. 16.

THUS it is that, with self out of sight covered by the shadow of God's hand, the Christian worker is simply to hold forth the Word of life. All preaching and all publishing should be merely to get the people to go to the Word to learn for themselves what God says.

So, wherever the Word of God is being lived and given to the people, there the coming of the Lord and of "the times of restitution of all things" are being hastened. All the power and all the authority are in the Word, not in the worker, nor in any society. We partake of Christ by feeding upon the Word, and every day that passes should bring to the believer a greater fulness of the life of the Word. The way to receive more is to yield to what we know. "Turn you at My reproof: behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known My words unto you."—Prov. i. 23.

SOMEONE says, "How am I to know what is truth? One man says a Scripture means one thing, another man says it means something else." But it is not what any man thinks the Lord means, but what the Lord says, that will do anybody any good. "Consider what I say," is the Lord's command. He means what He says. No one can lean upon any man's opinion about the Word, and it is not the teacher's business to feed the people on his opinions about what God says. Every man must come face to face with what God says to him, and must have a "Thus saith the Lord" beneath his feet if he would stand. No man is answerable to any other man for his faith or unbelief, but to God who speaks: "He that rejecteth Me, and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."—Jno. xii. 48.

THE new Bishop of Bombay has brought with him a "pectoral cross" of solid gold set with diamonds. That is not the kind of cross which the apostles preached in the demonstration of the power of God. He also has a "pastoral staff" of silver and

ebony. The Bombay *Guardian* well says:—

What kind of Christianity are these gewgaws likely to spread in India? Jewels that vie with those on the Hindu idols, promenaded in a Christian Church! We fear that there are still blind leaders of the blind, even in this nineteenth century.

PERU is one of the darkest of the South American States, and we are glad to learn by a report from our brethren in Chile that six self-supporting workers from the latter country have just been sent to Peru.

The Week.—The week rests upon no natural division of time. The day, month, and year are marked off by the heavenly bodies, our earth's great time-keepers. But the weekly cycle comes direct from the creation week, when God wrought the six days, and rested the seventh. Thus He set apart the week as a time measure. And, however far peoples have drifted from the knowledge of God, some idea of the weekly division of time has almost universally been preserved. Thus, through all the course of time, this cycle has been a striking monument to the great facts of creation week. Wherever men recognize the week, the only rational explanation they can give of its origin is to acknowledge the Divine direction in giving it to the human race, as recorded in Genesis.

The Weekly Calendar.—As every Bible reader will remember the days of the week were originally numbered, having no name, save the last, which was both numbered and named, "Sabbath." Being thus distinguished in name and nature, it naturally came that the last of the seven stood for the week. An ancient calendar illustrating this is given by Dr. Horne in his "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures," speaking of the universality of the weekly cycle among the descendants of Noah, he says:—

This is evident from the word sabbat or sabbata, denoting a week among the Syrians, Arabians, Christian Persians, and Ethiopians, as in the following ancient Syriac calendar, expressed in Hebrew characters (taken from Bishop Marsh's Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament):—

One of the sabbath or week Sunday
Two of the sabbath Monday
Three of the sabbath Tuesday
Four of the sabbath Wednesday
Five of the sabbath Thursday
Eye of the sabbath Friday
The Sabbath Saturday

The high antiquity of this calendar is evinced by the use of the cardinal numbers, one, two, three, &c., instead of the ordinals, first, second, third, &c., following the Hebrew idiom; as in the account of the creation, where we read in the original, "one day—two day—three day." It is remarkable that all of the evangelists follow the Syriac calendar, both in the word *sabbata*, used for "a week," and also in retaining the cardinal number *mia sabbaton*, "one of the week," to express the day of the resurrection (Matt. xxviii. 1; Mark xvi. 2; Luke xxiv. 1; John xx. 1).

They merely followed the current usage of their time, and the fact of such usage is unerringly preserved to us in both living and dead languages, so that there is no chance whatever for questioning in the matter. We were reminded of this testi-

mony of the languages to the weekly cycle by hearing an address the other day in which the speaker, evidently unaware of the facts, blamed the translators for giving us the phrase, "first day of the week." But the translators knew perfectly well that it was the only honest translation they could give of the text.

A FEW days ago we received a contribution of about Rs. 70 from Russia for our work in India. It was of special interest to us, as coming from our Russian brethren who have much to endure from a worldly church in possession of civil power, but who nevertheless evidently have thoughts for the work in other lands as well. The message of the coming of the Lord and the preparation to meet Him goes forward in Russia, "for the Word of God is not bound." A report just received of our Society's work in Russia says:—

In Russia believers suffer hunger, cold, banishment, and death. Families are broken up and children left desolate. Our ministers flee from place to place to avoid arrest. Open preaching is impossible, yet, within the last few years, more than one thousand persons have accepted present truth.

DURING the winter the Bible addresses at Dalhousie Institute will deal specially with the subjects of the second advent, the rise of the Papacy, its work as outlined in prophecy and history, and God's call to reformation in these last days. We live in stirring times and God has given stirring truths for the times. The addresses are given at the Institute every Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock.

Renewals.—This number of the WATCHMAN closes our first volume. We invite all who have subscribed for this volume only to renew their subscription for the next year. The yearly subscription price is Re. 1-8. The amount may be remitted by money-order, or in stamps if more convenient. Address all subscriptions to International Tract Society, 154, Bow Bazar Street, Calcutta.

Next Year.—The same general lines of Bible study and reading matter for the home will be followed during the next year as have been presented in the past eight months. The study of the prophecies in the light of history and current events, the signs of the times, the coming of the Lord, and the Lord's message to prepare the people for His coming, the work of the Holy Spirit, the power of the Word, and the privileges of the Christian life—these lines of study will fill our space. In the January Number we expect to begin a series of articles on the great historic prophecy of Dan. vii.

WE find that among about a thousand names, such as we have on our Calcutta list, changes of residence are more or less frequent, and often we are unable to secure the delivery of the paper on this account. Please notify us of any change of address, as we desire every subscriber to get the paper promptly.