

The Oriental Watchman.

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

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THE Oriental Watchman

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WILL YOU RECEIVE HIM?

SUPPOSE some day unto your door
A friend should come so very poor,
And he should ask for bread,
What would you do? Ah, you would say,
"Come in, my friend? for you, this day,
Shall, at my house, be fed."

Suppose, again, a little child
Should come to you with face so mild,
And plead your tender care,
What would you do? Ah, you would say,
"Come in, my child, for you, this day,
My home and love, shall share."

And now suppose that Jesus came
Unto your heart so full of shame,
To cleanse it from all sin,
What would you do? Ah, would
you say,

"Come in, Lord Jesus, and to-day
Thy holy work begin"?

Or would you coldly from Him turn,
And all His tender mercies spurn,
And closer shut the door?

O, if thy heart could only see
Its need, methinks 't would be for
thee

His mercy to implore.

Remember, when, by Adam's fall,
The sentence "death" was passed
on all,

He came and took your place;
And now to-day He humbly stands,
Inviting you, with outstretched
hands.

Will you receive His grace?

HARRY ARMSTRONG.

THE TIME OF JERUSALEM'S VISITATION.

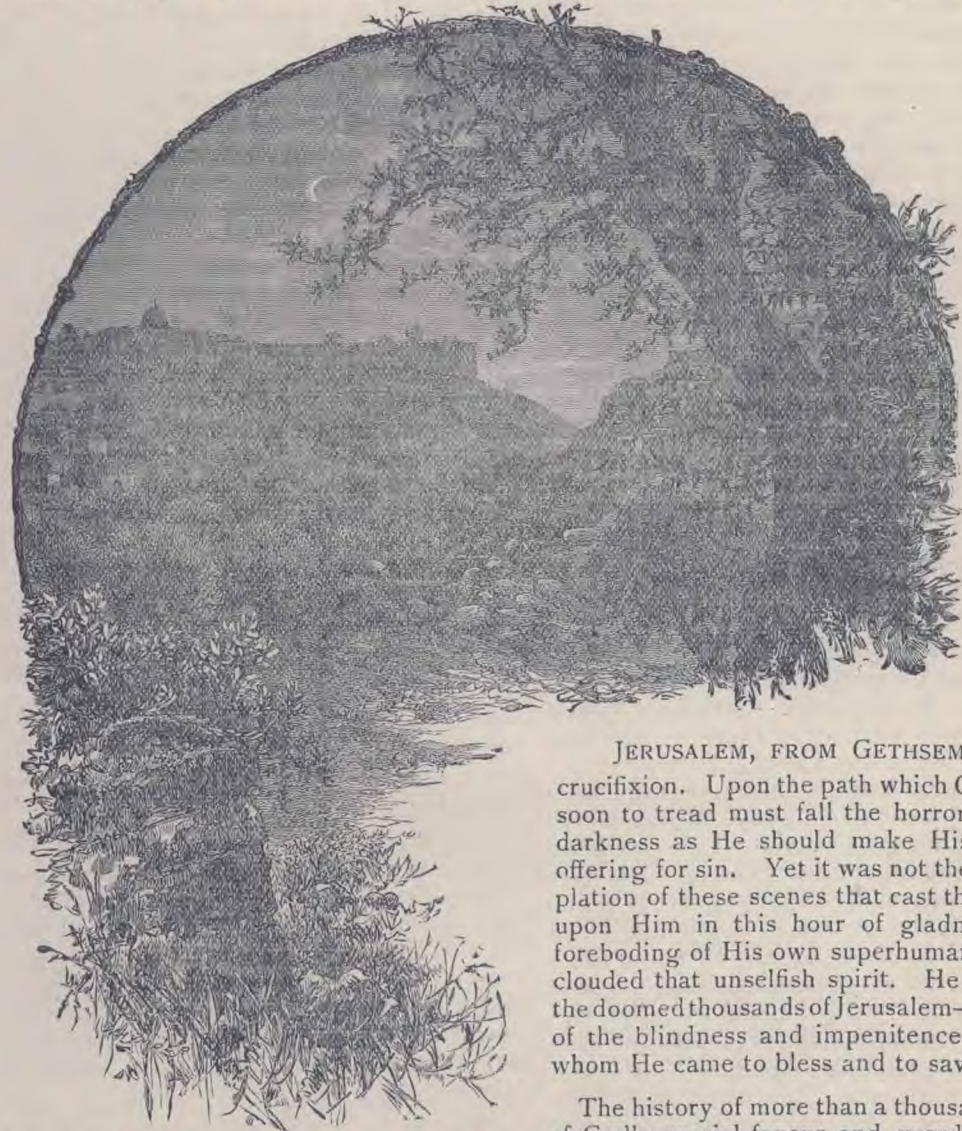
ITS LESSON FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! 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."
—Luke xix. 42—44.

From the crest of Olivet, Jesus looked upon Jerusalem. Fair and peaceful was the scene spread out before Him. It was the season of the Passover, and from all lands the children of Jacob had gathered there to celebrate the great national festival. In the midst of gardens and vineyards, and green slopes studded with pilgrims' tents, rose the terraced hills, the stately palaces, and massive bulwarks of Israel's capital. The daugh-

ter of Zion seemed in her pride to say, "I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow;" as lovely then, and deeming herself as secure in Heaven's favour, as when, ages before, the royal minstrel sung, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount

His approaching agony. The sheep gate also was in sight, through which, for centuries, the victims for sacrifice had been led, and which was to open for Him when He should be "brought as a lamb to the slaughter." Not far distant was Calvary, the place of



JERUSALEM, FROM GETHSEMANE.

crucifixion. Upon the path which Christ was soon to tread must fall the horror of great darkness as He should make His soul an offering for sin. Yet it was not the contemplation of these scenes that cast the shadow upon Him in this hour of gladness. No foreboding of His own superhuman anguish clouded that unselfish spirit. He wept for the doomed thousands of Jerusalem—because of the blindness and impenitence of those whom He came to bless and to save.

Zion," "the city of the great King." In full view were the magnificent buildings of the temple. The rays of the setting sun lighted up the snowy whiteness of its marble walls, and gleamed from golden gate and tower and pinnacle. "The perfection of beauty" it stood, the pride of the Jewish nation. What child of Israel could gaze upon the scene without a thrill of joy and admiration! But far other thoughts occupied the mind of Jesus. "When He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it."

His tears were not for Himself, though He well knew whither His feet were tending. Before Him lay Gethsemane, the scene of

The history of more than a thousand years of God's special favour and guardian care, manifested to the chosen people, was open to the eye of Jesus. There was Mount Moriah, where the son of promise, an unresisting victim, had been bound to the altar—emblem of the offering of the Son of God. There, the covenant of blessing, the glorious Messianic promise, had been confirmed to the father of the faithful. There the flames of the sacrifice ascending to heaven from the threshing floor of Ornan had turned aside the sword of the destroying angel—fitting symbol of the Saviour's sacrifice and mediation for guilty men. Jerusalem had been honoured of God above all the earth. The Lord had "chosen Zion," He had "de-

sired it for His habitation." There, for ages, holy prophets had uttered their messages of warning.

Although Israel had "mocked the messengers of God, and despised His words, and misused his prophets," He had still manifested Himself to them, as "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth;" notwithstanding repeated rejections, His mercy had continued its pleadings. With more than a father's pitying love for the son of His care, God had "sent to them by His messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because He had compassion on His people, and on His dwelling-place." When remonstrance, entreaty, and rebuke had failed, He sent to them the best gift of Heaven; nay, He poured out all Heaven in that one gift.

For three years the Lord of light and glory had gone in and out among His people. "He went about doing good," "healing all that were oppressed of the devil," binding up the broken-hearted, setting at liberty them that were bound, restoring sight to the blind, causing the lame to walk and the deaf to hear, cleansing the lepers, raising the dead, and preaching the Gospel to the poor. To all classes alike was addressed the gracious call, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Though rewarded with evil for good, and hatred for His love, He had steadfastly pursued His mission. The waves of mercy, beaten back by those stubborn hearts, returned in a stronger tide of pitying, inexpressible love. But Israel had turned from her best friend and only helper. The pleadings of His love had been despised, His counsels spurned, His warnings ridiculed.

Prophets had wept over the apostasy of Israel, and the terrible desolations by which their sins were visited. Jeremiah wished that his eyes were a fountain of tears, that he might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of his people, for the Lord's flock that was carried away captive. What, then, was the grief of Him whose prophetic glance took in, not years, but ages! He beheld the destroying angel with sword uplifted against the city which had so long been Jehovah's dwelling-place. From the ridge of Olivet, the very spot afterward occupied by Titus and his army, He looked across the valley upon the sacred courts and porticoes, and with tear-dimmed eyes He saw, in awful perspective, the walls surrounded by alien hosts. He heard the tread of armies marshalling for war. He heard the voice of mothers and children crying for bread in the besieged city. He saw her holy and beautiful house, her palaces and towers, given to the flames, and where once they stood, only a heap of smouldering ruins.

Looking down the ages, He saw the covenant people scattered in every land, "like wrecks on a desert shore." In the temporal retribution about to fall upon her children, He saw but the first draught from that cup of wrath which, at the final Judgment, she must drain to its dregs. Divine pity, yearning love, found utterance in the mournful words: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou

that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

STUBBORN JERUSALEM A SYMBOL OF LATTER-DAY APOSTASY.

Christ saw in Jerusalem a symbol of the world hardened in unbelief and rebellion, and hastening on to meet the retributive judgments of God. The woes of a fallen race, pressing upon His soul, forced from His lips that exceeding bitter cry. He saw the record of sin traced in human misery, tears, and blood; His heart was moved with infinite pity for the afflicted and suffering ones of earth; He yearned to relieve them all. But even His hand might not turn back the tide of human woe; few would seek their only source of help. He was willing to pour out His soul unto death, to bring salvation within their reach; but few would come to Him that they might have life.

The Majesty of heaven in tears! the Son of the infinite God troubled in spirit, bowed down with anguish? The scene filled all heaven with wonder. That scene reveals to us the exceeding sinfulness of sin; it shows how hard a task it is, even for infinite power, to save the guilty from the consequences of transgressing the law of God. Jesus, looking down to the last generation, saw the world involved in a deception similar to that which caused the destruction of Jerusalem. The great sin of the Jews was their rejection of Christ; the great sin of the Christian world would be their rejection of the law of God, the foundation of His government in heaven and earth. The precepts of Jehovah would be despised and set at naught. Millions in bondage to sin, slaves to Satan, doomed to suffer the second death, would refuse to listen to the words of truth in their day of visitation. Terrible blindness! strange infatuation!

Let men beware lest they neglect the lesson conveyed to them in the words of Christ. As He warned His disciples of Jerusalem's destruction, giving them a sign of the approaching ruin, that they might make their escape, so He has warned the world of the day of final destruction, and has given them tokens of its approach that all who will may flee from the wrath to come.

The world is no more ready to credit the message for this time than were the Jews to receive the Saviour's warning concerning Jerusalem. Come when it may, the day of God will come unawares to the ungodly. When life is going on in its unvarying round; when men are absorbed in pleasure, in business, in traffic, in money-making; when religious leaders are magnifying the world's progress and enlightenment, and the people are lulled in a false security, then, as the midnight thief steals within the unguarded dwelling, so shall sudden destruction come upon the careless and the ungodly, "and they shall not escape."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

AS GOD IS.

"GOD was in Christ." Jesus manifested the Father. When Jesus went about among the lowly homes of Judea and Galilee, associating with the simple people who loved Him for His kindness and homeliness, He was showing what God is. There was no barrier of reserve or haughtiness to repel, but an air of gentle refinement that drew the common people to him. Even the children felt no timidity in coming to Him, and He found time to give attention to the simplest details of the life of the people.

This was showing what God was. And what He was He is—the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. To-day, then, God finds delight in drawing the humblest to Himself. There is no barrier on His side to make any afraid of trusting and confiding in Him as a friend. What Jesus was, He is, the Friend of those who need Him, gentle, patient, finding joy in companionship with the lowly and the humble. He was all that before Jesus came in the flesh (Isa. lxvi. 1, 2); but when we see it in the life of Jesus, we can see it as in other ages it "was not made known unto the sons of men." God wants us to know Him, and in Jesus we see Him as He is.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

It is by our lives that we confess or deny Christ. To confess Christ is to confess that He is the Saviour of the world, and specifically that He is our individual Saviour; and this can only be done by manifesting that He is our Saviour, in the fact that we are saved by Him from our sins. Anything less than this would afford no evidence that Jesus is the Saviour of men.

When we choose our own way in preference to His, that is, when we do not let Him have His way in us, we deny that He is our Saviour, for we thereby virtually say that our way is better than His; and if that were true He would not be our Saviour, for we could better save ourselves. So it is by our life, and not by empty words, that we confess or deny Him, and determine whether He, before His Father and the angels, will confess or deny us.

LESSONS LEARNED IN THE TIME OF TRIAL.

GOD cannot show us the stars while the sun shines in the heaven; and He cannot make known to us the precious things of love which He has prepared for our nights while it is yet day about us.

Christ says to us then, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

We could not understand them. But bye and bye when we come into places of need, of sorrow, of weakness, of human failure, of loneliness, of sickness, of old age, then He will tell us these other things, these long-withheld things, and they will be full of joy for our hearts.

When night comes, He will show us the stars.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*



Studies in a Great Historic Prophecy.

THE SEVENTH OF DANIEL.—PART III.

THE FOURTH UNIVERSAL EMPIRE.

"AFTER this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth, it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns. I considered the horns, and, behold, there came up among them another little horn, before whom there were three of the first horns plucked up by the roots; and, behold, in this horn were eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things."—Dan. vii. 7, 8.

Since the four beasts represented the four universal empires of earth (Dan. vii. 17, 18), it follows that the fourth beast represents the fourth kingdom. Babylon, Medo-Persia, and Greece, we have found, are the three kingdoms with which the prophecy has already dealt.

The name of this fourth kingdom is not given, but we have the data by which it is easily ascertained. The four universal kingdoms, with the kingdoms into which the fourth was to be divided, cover the history of the world until the end of time, when the God of Heaven shall set up a kingdom.—Dan. vii. 26, 27; ii. 44. Now, since there are but four universal monarchies from the days of Nebuchadnezzar till the end of time, and we have the names of three of them, it is evident that, if anywhere in history we find any mention of a universal kingdom other than one of those already found, it will be the one sought—the one represented by the dreadful and terrible beast. Here, as in the case of each of the other kingdoms, the Bible furnishes us with what we want. It says:—

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that *all the world* should be taxed."—Luke ii. 1.

One needs only to hear the words "Cæsar" and "Augustus" to have Rome brought to his mind,—

"Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world."

Rome, then, is the fourth universal monarchy.

After the death of Alexander, the first king of Grecia, his empire was ultimately

divided into four parts, namely, Macedon, Thrace, Syria, and Egypt. The history of these divisions of the Grecian Empire, for the next two hundred years, is one of continual warfare for the supremacy. All this time Rome was developing, and enlarging her borders. The year 171 B.C. found Rome engaged in war with Perseus, king of the Macedonian division of the Grecian Empire. The war continued three years, and its result is thus described by Prof. Arthur Gilman:—

"In 168 the Romans met the army of Perseus at Pydna, in Macedonia, north of Mount Olympus, on the 22nd June, and utterly defeated it. Perse-



THE TERRIBLE BEAST—ROME, PAGAN AND PAPAL.

us was afterward taken prisoner, and died at Alba. From the battle of Pydna, the great historian Polybius, who was a native of Megalopolis, dates the complete establishment of the universal empire of Rome, since after that no civilised State ever confronted her on an equal footing, and all the struggles in which she engaged were rebellions or wars with 'barbarians' outside of the influence of Greek or Roman civilisation, and since all the world recognised the Senate as the tribunal of last resort in differences between nations."—*Story of Rome.*

In "Prideaux's Connexion" (part 2, book 3) we find testimony to the same effect. In the record of the year 168 B.C., Prideaux tells of the embassy which the Roman Senate sent to command Antiochus to desist from his contemplated war upon Egypt. Popillius, the chief of the embassy, met Antiochus near Alexandria, and delivered to him the decree of Rome.

"Antiochus, having read the decree, told Popillius he would consult with his friends about it, and speedily give him the answer they should advise; but Popillius, insisting on an immediate answer, drew a circle round him [Antiochus] in the sand with the staff which he had in his hand, and required him to give his answer before he stirred out

of that circle; at which strange and peremptory way of proceeding Antiochus being startled, after a little hesitation, yielded to it, and told the ambassador that he would obey the command of the Senate."

Picture the scene—Antiochus fully armed at the head of a vast army, surrounded by his generals, yet obeying the decree that was brought him by an unarmed citizen of Rome!

"In that elder day, to be a Roman,
Was greater than a king."

These quotations serve to corroborate the conclusion already arrived at, that Rome was the fourth universal empire. A very few quotations, out of the many at hand, will suffice to show the extent and power of Rome. Gibbon says:—

"The empire of the Romans filled the world, and when that empire fell into the hands of a single person, the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. The slave of imperial despotism, whether he was condemned to drag his gilded chain in Rome and the Senate, or to wear out a life of exile on the barren rock of Seriphus, or the frozen banks of the Danube, expected his fate in silent despair. To resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly. On every side he was encompassed with a vast extent of sea and land, which he could never hope to traverse without being discovered, seized, and restored to his irritated master. Beyond the frontiers, his anxious view could discover nothing, except the ocean, inhospitable deserts, hostile tribes of barbarians, of fierce manners and unknown language, or dependent kings, who would gladly purchase the emperor's protection by the sacrifice of an obnoxious fugitive. 'Wherever you are,' said Cicero to the exiled Marcellus, 'remember that you are equally within the power of the conqueror.'"

In Daniel's second chapter, Babylon, Medo-Persia, and Greece were represented by the gold, silver, and brass of the metallic image. And of the strength of the fourth kingdom, represented by the iron legs of the great image, the prophet said:—

"And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron; forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things; and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise."—Dan. ii. 40.

The historian Gibbon, in recording the universal conquest of Rome, makes unmistakable reference to this scripture in the following words:—

"The ambitious design of conquest, which might have been defeated by the seasonable conspiracy of mankind, was attempted and achieved; and the perpetual violation of justice was maintained by the political virtues of prudence and courage. The arms of the republic, sometimes vanquished in battle, always victorious in war, advanced with rapid steps to the Euphrates, the Danube, the Rhine, and the ocean; and the images of gold, or silver, or brass, that might serve to represent the nations and their kings, were successively broken by the iron monarchy of Rome."

The angel had briefly explained this vision of the four great beasts in these words:—

"These great beasts, which are four, are four kings, which shall arise out of the earth.

"But the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever."—Verses 17, 18.

But Daniel was not completely satisfied with the first answer given by the angel.

From his connection with Nebuchadnezzar's dream he must have known the main features of these four kingdoms; but there were some particulars upon which he desired more light:—

"Then I would know the truth of the fourth beast, which was diverse from all the others, exceeding dreadful, whose teeth were of iron, and his nails of brass; which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with his feet; and of the ten horns that were in his head, and of the other which came up, and before whom three fell; even of that horn that had eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things, whose look was more stout than his fellows."—Verses 19, 20.

The answer to this request was given as follows:—

"Thus he said, The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, . . . and the ten horns out of this kingdom are



RUINS OF THE ROMAN FORUM.

ten kings that shall arise; and another shall rise after them; and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings."—Verses 23, 24.

The fourth beast was the fourth kingdom—Rome—and the ten horns, it is plainly stated, "are ten kings that shall arise," that is, ten parts into which the Roman Empire should be divided. This division is mentioned in Dan. ii. 41. It was effected by the incursions of the barbarous tribes which dismembered the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries, the history of which is so graphically described by Gibbon.

After the division of the Roman Empire was completed, which was in A.D. 476, another power was to arise, and in its rise was to pluck up three of the first kingdoms by the roots. There is so general an agreement in regard to this "little horn" which had "eyes like the eyes of man, and a mouth speaking great things" (Dan. vii. 8), that we risk nothing in saying at once that it represents the Papacy. Positive proof of the fact will appear as we proceed. The characteristics given in Dan. vii. 8, 20, 21, 25, are met in the Papacy, and in no other power. It uprooted three king-

doms to make room for itself; and as if to show the fulfilment of the prophecy, the Pope's tiara is a triple crown. Such a crown is worn by no other ruler. The overthrow of these three kings was on this wise: Since the time of Constantine, Rome had been nominally Christian. The barbarous tribes by which the empire was divided into the ten parts, also embraced the Christianity of the empire. D'Aubigne says:—

"Already the forests of the North had poured forth the most effectual promoters of the papal power. The barbarians who had invaded the West and settled themselves therein—but recently converted to Christianity—ignorant of the spiritual character of the church, and feeling the want of an external pomp of religion, prostrated themselves in a half-savage and half-heathen state of mind at the feet of the chief priest of Rome."

But not all of these tribes were favourable to the pretensions of the bishops of Rome. Some of them, especially the Heruli,

often saw their thrones tottering, offered their adherence to the church, in exchange for her support. They yielded to her spiritual authority, on condition of her paying them with secular dominion. They left her to deal at will with the *souls* of men, provided only she would deliver them from their enemies. The power of the hierarchy in the ascending scale, and of the imperial power which was declining, leaned thus one toward the other—and so accelerated their twofold destiny."

"And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws."—Dan. vii. 25.

If we find that these three specifications apply to the Papacy, then it will be useless to look further for an application for the little horn. We will consider them in detail in our next.

E. J. WAGGONER.

DISCOVERY IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

LONDON papers have reported, on the authority of a telegram from Rome, a find of some interest to students of Roman history. It is said:—

"A sensational discovery has just been made in the Roman Forum, near the arch of Septimus Severus, along the Via Sacra. A large slab of black marble, measuring four square metres, was found, exactly corresponding to the description of the tomb of Romulus alluded to by Varro as 'Lapis Niger.' This stone differs from ordinary Roman silicium, and comes from Cape Tenarion, in Greece, thus proving that communication existed between Rome and Greece in the most remote period. For many centuries, until the fall of the Roman Empire, the tomb of Romulus was considered a sacred shrine by the Romans."

THE TEN KINGDOMS OF DIVIDED ROME.

In a work just received ("The Great Empires of Prophecy," by A. T. Jones), the story of the fall of the empire of Western Rome, and its division into the ten kingdoms, is made very simple by the grouping of historical authorities and by illustrative maps. In summing up the evidence the author says:—

"Thus, by the establishment of the Herulian kingdom of Italy, A.D. 476, the final destruction of the Western Empire was accomplished. Rome, that 'mightiest fabric of human greatness,' was fallen. That power, 'the fourth kingdom,' 'strong as iron,' which had broken in pieces, and subdued all kingdoms, was now itself broken in pieces.

"The union of the Roman Empire was dissolved: its genius was humbled in the dust; and armies of unknown barbarians, issuing from the frozen regions of the north, had established their victorious reign over the fairest provinces of Europe and Africa."—Gibbon.

"The kingdom was now divided. Ten kingdoms, ten distinct and independent nations,—no more, no less,—had fixed themselves within the boundaries of Western Rome; and the prophecy, spoken and written more than a thousand years before, was literally fulfilled.

"All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass

of the Vandals, and the Ostrogoths, were professedly followers of Arius. The contest between the Catholics and Arians was bitter and unrelenting, and so long as these powers held Italy and the adjacent country, the Pope could not assert papal authority. In the year 493 A.D., the power of the Heruli was annihilated by the death of Odoacer. From that time it is impossible to trace them in history. In 534 the Vandals were conquered by Belisarius, the general of Justinian; and in 538 A.D., Rome, which until that time had been in possession of the Arian Ostrogoths, was occupied by the Roman army, and the Catholic religion was established. These conquests are described in detail in the thirty-ninth and forty-first chapters of Gibbon.

When the last of these Arian powers was overthrown (A.D. 538), there was nothing to hinder the bishop of Rome from occupying the proud position for which he had so long been striving. Speaking of the way in which the Roman bishop gradually usurped power over other churches, D'Aubigne says:—

"To silence the cries of the churches, Rome found new allies. Princes, who in those troublesome times

withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away;—nations rise and nations fall; empires rule the world and are brought to ruin; but over it all there appears the fact that 'the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men,' and also the truth that 'THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOR EVER.'

"We have now described the origin, traced the course, and marked the establishment of the ten kingdoms that arose upon the destruction of the Western Empire of Rome. The ten are the Alemanni, the Franks, the Burgundians, the Suevi, the Vandals, the Visigoths, the Saxons, the Ostrogoths, the Lombards, and the Heruli. Eight of these are designated by Gibbon in a single paragraph ("Decline and Fall," Chap. XXXII. para. 18.) . . . In the same chapter he names another, the Lombards, after their removal from the Danube to Italy . . . And we have already given his designation of the Alemanni as 'a great and permanent nation' (Chap. X. para. 26).

"Here are named exactly ten nations 'who established their kingdoms on the ruins of the Western Empire.'

"Assuredly no one can suppose for a moment that Gibbon wrote with any intentional reference to an exposition of the prophecy. Nevertheless he has given an exposition of it; because he has written the one single authoritative history of the times of the fulfillment of prophecy. That history is itself an exposition, and the very best one, of the prophecy in question. Therefore all that has been attempted in this narration is simply to produce, from the authoritative history, the history of the ten kingdoms as they were developed and established. This list, as the history develops it, will bear the test of the closest legitimate criticism."

"JESUS IS SORRY."

SOME years ago a little girl stood waiting with her mother at a railway station. While looking from the window of the carriage, a gang of convicts came along, among them one whose face might well inspire terror.

The child's gaze rested upon him sorrowfully; then slowly the big tears filled her blue eyes. With a pity which would not be restrained, she quitted her mother's side, and ran straight up to the convict. Laying her soft hand upon his fettered wrist, she just looked up in his face with the tear-broken words, "I'm sorry for you, and Jesus is sorry for you, too."

That was all. The convict passed on his way, the child messenger passed on hers; but the message had been given, and the guilty soul had heard of a Saviour's pity.

"Jesus is sorry for you, too." The words rang in his ears as he went about his prison toil day after day; the warders were surprised; they had received word that this man was a regular savage, requiring special harshness, but instead, his behaviour was penitent and submissive, and when offered a Testament, he accepted it gladly.

Through God's grace, that Testament completed the work begun by childish words; the crime-burdened man was led to Jesus' feet. He was afterwards discharged for faultless conduct.—*Selected.*

—o—

PSALM li.

HAVE mercy on us, O our God,
According to Thy love revealed;
According to Thy mercies great,
Let Thou our sins be all concealed.

Lord, wash us throughly from our guilt,
Oh, cleanse us from our sin and shame;
For we acknowledge we've transgressed,
Our only plea is Thy dear name.

Against Thee hath our sin been done,
And in Thy sight all things have stood.
Thou surely shalt be justified,
For Thou alone, of all, art good.

Behold, in sin was I conceived,
And in me therefore no good stands;
But Thou within desirest truth;
We therefore fall on Thine own hands.

Purge us with hyssop, and we shall
Be clean, and whiter than the snow.
Make us to hear Thy glad voice;
Oh, let us now Thine own joy know.

Hide Thou Thy face from all our sins,
And blot out all our lawlessness.
Create in us a clean true heart,
A constant spirit with us bless.

I know Thou wilt not cast away,
Nor Thine own spirit from us take;
For Thou restorest us Thy joy,
And dost uphold for Thy name's sake.

O Lord, Thy praise our lips shall show,
Thy ways transgressors we will teach,
Thy wondrous love has turned us back,
O, may that love poor lost souls reach.

D. A. R.

—o—

DELUGE TABLETS.

IT was of course impossible that tradition should fail to preserve for many generations some memory of the flood; and as, within a few years of the deluge, the whole world lapsed into idolatry, these traditions would necessarily be interwoven with the religious notions of the times. In the Chaldean deluge tablets, dating perhaps from the days of Abraham, are many passages which are interesting as showing how many details were more or less accurately preserved to memory, although the moral lesson of the flood and Noah's life of righteousness was lost sight of.

The tablets represent the gods as having decided to destroy the earth, and the man who survived tells the story. The making of the ark:—

And on the ground I will make the ship which
thou commandest.
On the fifth day two sides were raised;
In its enclosure (hull) fourteen ribs;
Also fourteen they numbered above;
I placed its roof and enclosed it;
Sixthly, I made it firm; seventhly, I divided its
passages;
Eighthly, its interior I examined;
Openings to the water I stopped;
I searched for cracks, and the wanting parts I
fixed;
Three sari of bitumen I poured over the interior.

The record in Genesis gives the Lord's command to "pitch it within and without

with pitch." The tablets tell of the preservation of animals, and the storing of the ark with food for all. The memory of those who scoffed at Noah was preserved in the lines—

The building of the ship which thou commandest
If it be made by me,
Then will laugh at me the children of the people,
and the old men.

Each opened his mouth and spake to me, his servant,
If they laugh at thee, thou shalt say to them,
Every one who has turned from me
Shall be punished, for the protection of the gods is
over me.

So it goes on, describing the coming of the rain at the appointed time, the cessation of rain, the floating corpses, the sending out of the dove and raven, the setting of the rainbow, and the promise that there would not be another flood.

The fact that the sons of Noah were able to preserve such records of the great judgment against sin shows how great was their guilt in refusing to keep God in their knowledge, and to learn the lesson which the flood was designed to teach. But out from amid a people who were thus turning the truth of God into a lie came Abraham, the Father of the faithful. All knew enough to turn from their wicked ways, but he alone was willing to be counted as the friend of God.

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THE PILOT'S ANSWER.

MANY waste precious time studying error owing to the idea that one must understand all the windings of error in order to be prepared to escape it, or that one needs to see the evil side of life in order to be able to teach others to shun the evil, and to appreciate the good. The true principle is well illustrated by the old story of the pilot.

A traveller stood watching a pilot on a river steamer, and at length asked him, "How long have you been running on these waters?"

"About twenty years."

"Then, I suppose, you know every rock and shoal, and bank, and place of danger?"

"No, I don't."

"You don't!" exclaimed the passenger in alarm. "Then what do you know?"

And there was a world of meaning in the pilot's answer: "I know where the deep water is."

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"MAY I BEG YOU, SIR?"

"WOULD you like to know by what means I was converted?" said a good old man to his minister. "Certainly I would," was the reply. "One day I was walking, and met a little boy. The little fellow remained standing beside me. 'May I beg you, sir,' he said to me, 'to take this tract? and may I also beg you to read it?' Tract! I hated heartily all tracts or anything of the kind; but that 'may I beg you, sir,' of the little boy conquered me. I took the tract and thanked the little boy, and I said I would read it, and I did, and the reading of it saved my soul."—*Selected.*



The Work of the Holy Spirit.

RECEIVING THE SPIRIT: LIVING IN THE SPIRIT.

"Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field."—Zech. x. 1.

THE Book of Acts is the record of the work of the Holy Ghost in the time of "the early rain."

The first thing in the book is that Jesus "was taken up," but that it was "after that He through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen."

Next, the day on which He was taken up, He "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father; for . . . ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

And next, the same day, He said, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

THE PROMISE FOR US.

Now we are in "the time of the latter rain," just as truly as they were in the time of "the early rain."

Through the Holy Ghost, He has now given commandment unto us to receive "the promise of the Father" and "be baptized with the Holy Ghost," not *any* days hence, but *just now, to-day*, while it is called to-day.

It is true *now* and forever that "ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

The Book of Acts begins and ends with the mention of the Holy Ghost; and all the way between the beginning and the end, the Holy Ghost is recognized and received. He is constantly deferred to; He is ever and everywhere recognized as being present as Witness, Counsellor, and Guide.

The Book of Acts is the inspired record of the working of the Holy Spirit in the time when He was recognized and allowed to reign. It was written for our instruction. And now, in "the time of the latter rain," when again the Holy Spirit is to be recognized and allowed to reign, and the church

is called to the simplicity of apostolic faith and practice and power, the Book of Acts is specially present truth.

The message of God to-day is, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." But the Holy Spirit is to be received only for service; only for guidance into a deeper, more thorough, and more stable experience; only unto sanctification: never for self-gratulation. And in this time the Book of Acts should be carefully, diligently, and reverently studied, that we may know the way of the Spirit in His wonderful working.

Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed? If not, why? He is freely given; you are urged by the Lord to receive Him; why do you not receive the Holy Ghost, and be filled with the Spirit?

Do you say that you do not know how? Do you know how to receive the forgiveness of sins? If you do, you know how to receive the Holy Ghost. The Lord tells you to confess your sins, and that He is faithful and just to forgive you.—1 Jno. i. 9. You confess your sins, accept His forgiveness, and then thank Him for it. You know you are forgiven, for He says so. So, also, is the promise of the Spirit received by faith. The Holy Spirit is received precisely as any other gift is received from God.

He tells you, Ask for the Holy Spirit, and He shall be given you. "If we ask *anything* according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, . . . we know that *we have* the petitions that we desired of Him."—1 Jno. v. 14, 15.

Ask for the Spirit: by so doing, you ask according to His will. Then, having asked, you know you have received, because He says so. Then thank Him, and continue to thank Him, that you have received the Holy Spirit. How you may *feel* has nothing to do with it. It is not how you feel; it is what *He says*. And this is what He says:—

"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—Acts ii. 38, 39.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." "Re-

ceive ye the Holy Ghost." "Be filled with the Spirit."

The *object* of the gift of the Holy Spirit is the perfecting of the receivers of the gift.

The *means* of perfecting the receiver of the gift of the Holy Spirit is the *gifts* of the Holy Spirit.

The gift of the Holy Ghost is the Holy Spirit *bestowed*: the gifts of the Holy Ghost are gifts *imparted* by the Holy Spirit, that has been bestowed.—1 Cor. xii. 4.

The purpose in the impartation of these gifts is thus declared: "He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; *for the perfecting of the saints.*"—Eph. iv. 11, 12.

Then what must be the *one great thought* of all who have received, or who would receive, the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the impartation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit? Only perfection, *perfection, PERFECTION*—nothing but perfection in Christ Jesus.

The point which marks the perfection of the believer is *charity*—perfect love—the love of God; for "charity . . . is the bond of perfectness."—Col. iii. 14.

The point which betokens charity, this perfect love, the love of God, this "bond of perfectness," is *the keeping of the commandments of God*; for "this is the *love of God*, that we *keep* His commandments."—1 Jno. v. 3. And "love is the fulfilling of the law."—Rom. xiii. 10.

Then, as the keeping of the commandments of God is the bond of perfectness, and as perfectness is the object of both the *gift* and the *gifts* of the Holy Ghost, it certainly follows that the keeping of the commandments of God is the great object of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Therefore, in this "time of the latter rain," in this day of the giving of the Holy Spirit, in this time of the receiving of the Holy Ghost, every one who will set his whole heart, yield his whole thought, to being brought to perfection in Christ Jesus, and will surrender himself to the working of the Holy Spirit, that the Spirit may accomplish God's purpose upon him, can freely receive the fulness of the Holy Ghost.

The keeping of the commandments of God is the complete manifestation, in the individual, of the perfect will of God. Any one, then, who would think of receiving the Holy Spirit for any other purpose than to manifest the perfect will of God, could not receive the Holy Spirit. And any one, having received the gift of the Holy Spirit, who would use the gift for any other purpose than to manifest the perfect will of God, could not retain the Holy Spirit.

Do you want the perfect will of God manifested in you? Do you want, are you willing, to keep the commandments of God? Then "receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Be filled with the Spirit."

Then you will receive power for living the Christian life. It will not be a life of dulness and gloom. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." And the joy of the Lord in human life is the fruit of the Spirit of God. "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . joy." And we cannot have the *fruit* without the *root*.

"The kingdom of God is . . . joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xiv. 17); and "the kingdom of God is within you." Therefore, the joy of the Lord in human life is only by the Holy Ghost. And "the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Is the joy of the Lord *your* strength?

Are you worn, and weary, and ready to faint? "The joy of the Lord is your strength;" and this comes only by the Holy Spirit. Have you received the gift of the Holy Ghost? "Ask, and it shall be given you." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

A. T. JONES.

WATCHING.

A LITTLE four-year-old in my congregation inquired of her widowed mother one moon-light night:—

"Mamma, is the moon God's light?"

The light had just been put out, and the timid little girl, as well as her mother, was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and it suggested the question:—

"Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights." Then came the next question from the little girl:—

"Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother, "His lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment that thrilled the mother's heart, and led her to a more complete trust in her God:—

"Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid."—*Selected.*

BE ESTABLISHED.

A GOOD tree, a strong tree, strikes its roots deep down. The temple in Jerusalem was founded upon a rock, and it is said that the foundation was as deep as the building itself was high. It must be so with us if we would be established. We must work, but we must also pray, and the more work we have to do the more prayer we must make. We must think of this world, but we must also think of the next. We must do what is right by men, but we must also do what is right by God. When we "get on" in this world, get riches, get more mercies, get more comforts, then we must get a deeper, deeper trust and hold on Jesus Christ. If we fail to do that, if we do not get in deeper with Jesus as we get on more in the world, one day we shall be found adrift, for we have had too shallow a grip, we have not been established. Be established, settled on Jesus, for life and for death, once and for ever.—*J. R. Howatt.*



A Bible Reading

1. THE Lord Jesus will come again.

"And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And . . . behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Acts i. 9-11.

2. His coming will be seen by all.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him." Rev. i. 7.

3. He comes to take His people to Himself.

"I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 1-3.

4. He will raise the righteous dead, change the righteous living, and take them all to heaven.

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. iv. 15-17.

5. He will take vengeance on all the wicked.

When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

6. He will come to reward His servants.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Luke xiv. 13, 14.

7. Many will be unprepared for His coming.

"But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day

of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." 1 Thess. v. 1-3.

8. But His people will not be in darkness.

"But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief." 1 Thess. v. 4.

9. "And as He sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming and of the end of the world?" Matt. xxiv. 3.

After telling them to take careful heed, Jesus pointed out in this chapter many signs by which men might know when his coming would be near, and then summed the matter up in the following forcible parable: "Now learn a parable of the fig tree; when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh; so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near even at the doors." Matt. xxiv. 32, 33.

10. But the definite time is not given. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but My Father only." Matt. xxiv. 36.

11. Because the definite time is not given we are admonished to watch and be ready.

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Matt. xxiv. 42, 44.

12. All who are not ready for His coming will pray to be hidden from His sight.

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great

day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand." Rev. vi. 15-17.

13. All who shall be ready when He comes will rejoice.

"He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." Isa. xxv. 8, 9.

14. What the Lord says many will say in the last days:—

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob. . . and He will judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. ii. 2-4.

15. While "many people" will thus be crying "peace and safety" the following testimony shows what will be the real condition of things among the nations:—

"Proclaim ye this among the nations; prepare war; stir up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near, let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong. Haste ye, and come, all ye nations round about, and gather yourselves together; hither cause thy mighty ones to come down, O Lord. Let the nations bestir themselves. . . Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, tread ye; for the winepress is full, the fats overflow; for their wickedness is great. Multitudes in the valley of decision for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." Joel iii. 9-14, R.V. "And the nations were angry, and Thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead that they should be judged." Rev. xi. 18.

16. While now the coming of the Lord is drawing near, God is sending a solemn message of warning to all peoples.

"I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

17. This message will develop a people who will keep all of God's commandments and the faith of Jesus.

"Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Rev. xiv. 12.

18. After this message has accomplished its work the next event will be the coming of the Son of man.

"And I looked and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on His head a golden crown, and in His hand a sharp sickle. And He that sat on the cloud thrust in His sickle on the earth, and the earth was reaped." Rev. xiv. 14-16.

The last days are here, the Lord is soon to come. Are you ready to meet Him?

D. A. R.



"OUR FATHER."

The King of Heaven sits upon His throne,
Encircled by a rainbow's glorious light,
While myriad angels bow in reverent love,
Rejoicing in His majesty and might.
The mighty God, the great Creator too,
Not of this world alone, for world on world
Has sprung to being, at their God's command,
As when night's glorious curtain is unfurled,
Star after star from nothing seems to spring.
How great Thou art, Creator, God and King!

And yet Thou biddest me to come to Thee;
I should be sure afraid but for one thing
(For I am but a fearful, timid child),
Thou art my Father, tho' so great a King.
The mighty angels bow before Thy throne,
But I may come up closer to Thy side;
Tell Thee my griefs, and put my hand in Thine,
And with my Father every day abide.
Thou hast not only pledged to hear my prayer,
But Thou hast owned me as Thy child and heir.

JENNIE O. McCLELLAND.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

THAT each individual has a guardian or accompanying angel seems evident from various scriptures. Says Solomon, speaking of vows: "Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin; neither say thou before the angel, that it was an error."—Eccl. v. 6.

"Take heed," says Christ, "that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 10.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. xxxiv. 7.

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."—Ps. xci. 11, 12.

"My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths."—Dan. vi. 22.

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. i. 14.

Whatever we do or say, therefore, angels

are present to mark it down, and bear a faithful record to heaven. They keep the books.

Whenever we are in need, they stand ready, at the command of God, to minister to us. "Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word."—Ps. ciii. 20. Would that men were ever as ready to hearken to God's word. Said the angel Gabriel to the prophet Daniel: "At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee."—Dan. ix. 23. And Gabriel arrived before Daniel got done praying.—Verses xx. 21. "And he informed me," says Daniel, "and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding."—Verse 22.

And when a saint of God falls asleep in death, angels of God mark his resting place, and watch over the grave of the beloved sleeper.

How consistent, therefore, at Christ's second coming, when the sleeping saints shall be called from their dusty beds, that those very beings which have accompanied them throughout their lives, ministered to them in their necessities, and marked their last resting places, should be sent out to gather together the elect from the four quarters of the earth to meet the Lord in the air! Then little children will be borne by holy angels to their mothers' arms. Then friends long separated by death will be united, nevermore to part, and with songs of gladness will ascend together to the city of God.

Reader, what a glad meeting is in store for those who are to be raised at the first resurrection! Will you to-day set your face Zionward, and be one of those whom the angels will gather together in that great day?

W. A. COLCORD.

MADE A NEW MAN OF HIM.

THAT is what the Gospel always does. The *Life Boat* of Chicago, monthly organ of our Society's Medical Mission and rescue work in that city, is full of good news of men and women won from drink and vice and misfortune. Here is one man's testimony:—

"One day, about three years ago, after drinking heavily, I started to get on the street-car to go to the North side, but the conductor found I was too drunk to get on, and gave me a shove, and I fell into the mud. I lay there, I do not know how long. A crowd of men and boys gathered around, and were making all sorts of fun of a poor drunkard. Amidst all this, a little boy came up and laid his hand on my head. When I looked into the face, I saw the face of my own boy. He said: 'Papa, how could you do that.' He took me home and put me to bed. I tried to reform, but all in vain. One day I wandered into Willard Hall, and there was told about Jesus Christ, —told that there was hope for me. There I gave myself to Jesus Christ. When Christ came into my life, all resolutions went

away, Jesus Christ kept me. I gave up keeping myself. I cannot express my peace and joy since I found this wonderful Saviour.

"It had always been my custom every night on going home, whether drunk or not, to say to my little girl: 'Come, kiss your old dad.' The night after my conversion, my little girl heard something from my lips which she had not been accustomed to hear,—a gentle word. I said to her as usual: 'Come, kiss your old dad.' She then turned up her sweet face, and said: 'You are not my old dad, you are my new papa.' Even my little girl could notice a transformation in my life. To-night, I stand redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. By His grace, I am kept and saved up to date. May God bless you all."

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WHAT JESUS IS TO ME.

- He is my Strength.—Ps. lxxvii. 14.
- He is my Righteousness.—Ps. xxiii. 3.
- He is my Counsellor.—Isa. ix. 6.
- He is my Way.—John xiv. 6.
- He is my Saviour.—Isa. lx. 16.
- He is my Helper.—Ps. xlvii. 1.
- He is my Friend.—Prov. xviii. 24.
- He is my Refuge.—Ps. lxii. 7.
- He is my Rock.—Verse 2.
- He is my Provider.—Matt. vi. 30—33.
- He is my Salvation.—Ps. xviii. 2.
- He is my Defence.—Job xxii. 25.
- He is my High Tower.—Ps. xviii. 2.
- He is my Redeemer.—Isa. xlix. 26.
- He is my Commander.—Isa. lv. 4.
- He is my Leader.—Verse 4.
- He is my Burden-bearer.—Ps. lv. 22.
- He is my Shepherd.—I Peter ii. 25.
- He is my Beloved.—Cant. vii. 10, 11.
- He is my Truth.—John xiv. 6.
- He is my Life.—Verse 6.
- He is my All and in All.—Col. iii. 11.

FREEMAN RAMSEY.

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GOOD COMPANY.

ONE evening a lady of New York, while on her way home at a late hour, without an escort, was approached by a lewd fellow, as the boat on which they rode neared its landing, who asked:—

"Are you alone?" "No, sir," was the reply, and, without further interruption, when the boat touched, she stepped off.

"I thought you were alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see anyone; who is with you?"

"God and the angels, sir; I am never alone!"

This arrow pierced the villain's heart, and with these parting words, "You keep too good company for me, madam," he shot out of sight, leaving the heroic lady to enjoy her good company.

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PARENTS who wish to train up their children in the way they should go must go in the way in which they would train up their children.



Not so encompassed by night are they
Whose sealed eyes ne'er look upon the day,
As those who view the miracle of morn,
And hold the Marvel-worker's name in scorn.

—Clinton Scollard.

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POWER NECESSARY TO MOVE OUR EARTH.

OLD Archimedes, fascinated by his inquiries into the principle of the lever, cried out, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will lift the world!" Some speculative statistician, according to a French Scientific Journal, has tried to estimate the power necessary to move our earth one foot. This journal, *La Nature*, says:—

Starting with the fact that the earth's mass is about 6,100 million-million-million tons, our statistician calculates that we should require 70,000 million years for a 10,000 horse-power engine to move our globe a foot. The boiler that should feed this engine would vaporise a quantity of water that would cover the whole face of the globe with a layer 300 feet deep. The vaporisation of this water would require 4,000 million-million tons of coal. This coal carried in cars holding 10 tons each, and having a total length of 30 feet, would require 400 million-million cars, which would reach 80,000,000 times around the earth. This train, moving at the rate of 40 miles an hour would take more than 5,000,000 years to traverse its own length.

And all this unthinkable figuring represents but an insignificant portion of the energy displayed before the eyes of every man daily, as this journal further says:—

If we realise that this fantastically huge amount of energy is as nothing at all compared with what the earth possesses in virtue of its rotation about its axis, its revolution about the sun, and its translation in space with the solar system, of which the earth is but an infinitesimal part, and which itself is but an infinitesimal part of the universe, we may get some idea of the importance of man in the universe, and estimate his incommensurable pride at its just value.

This is well said; for man has observed some of the workings of this energy, and given names to the various forms in which it is seen to operate, and straightway in his pride has assumed to know more than He whose power it is. Men talk of the energy inherent in matter. But what is energy? and why is it seen in created things? "The word of God is living and energetic."—Heb. iv. 12. It is energy itself. Jesus Christ is "upholding all things by the word of His power."—Heb. i. 3.

And it is not a heavy task for the Lord to move the earth. He has comprehended all the earth "in a measure," and it is to Him but "as the small dust of the balance." And remember that this word that so easily guides the whole universe is the same that is to be received into the heart of the

sinner. It will make a new creation of Him. Think of it; all the power that controls the universe actually ordering our common every-day lives. Oh that men would but be reasonable, and trust their lives on this word. If they do not do so, with all its power everywhere manifested about them and in them, "they are without excuse." "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."—Rom. i. 20.

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LIGHT FROM DISTANT WORLDS.

THE New Year Number of our Society's journal, *The Signs of the Times* of California, is devoted largely to a review of the quarter-century's developments. These paragraphs from a paper by Prof. Burckhalter, F.R.A.S., a Californian Astronomical observer, gives one a deeper view into the infinity of God's universe:—

"In certain lines of research, however, the greatest advance has been made by the aid of photography; and this new, powerful, and wonderfully versatile agent has completely revolutionized many older methods; as, for illustration, a photographic plate, made in two hours, showed 2,200 stars in the Pleiades group, against the work of an astronomer occupying about six years to correctly measure and chart six hundred (all he could see) in the same cluster. Photography in from two to four hours, with a 6-inch lens, revealed stars that are beyond the reach visually of the giant refractor on Mount Hamilton.

"This marvellous result has a double explanation. First, the eye will see at once all it is capable of seeing, and persistent effort only tires it and lessens its sensitiveness to light, while the photographic plate is tireless, and receives the light and allows it to pile up, or accumulate, so that an amount of light that is not effective at once may be in minutes or hours, as the case may be, and the image of the star is seen upon the plate. Increased exposure never fails to add fainter and still fainter stars, until the whole heavens are ablaze with these distant suns. The other reason is that some stars are rich in actinic (photographic) rays but weak in visual rays, or the rays, that affect the eye, and *vice versa*. Thus Aldebaran, while a brilliant red star rating as a first magnitude, is, photographically, only a sixth-magnitude star, showing no brighter on a photographic plate than a white or blue star that is barely visible to the sharpest unaided eye.



THE COMMON LOT.

SOME thought she was "too stingy," and others,
all "too free;"
And some said she was far too much inclined to
roam;
Others said that it was true she should more for
her neighbours do,
And not confine herself so closely to her home.
The garb of human frailties that we common
mortals wear,
'Neath the critic's microscopic lenses showed
That the fabric woven was of the coarsest sticks and
straws,
Instead of finest silk that like gold in sunlight
glowed.
If she'd worked for nothing else but to please the
world at large,
She'd have found it vastly more than she could
do;
It would not have suited half, had she wept or had
she laughed,
And the others would have criticised her, too.
She made no great pretensions; no one ever knew
her mention
That she was either perfect, or that she "knew
it all;"
But she *was* "a strange, strange woman;" for she
was only human,—
Not the only one of that kind on this terrestrial
ball.
One day in gorgeous springtime when the flowers
were all a-blow,
And the ear attuned to nature seemed to hear
the green things grow,
When the birds were singing clear, and the heavens
were bending near,
There was heard the solemn tolling of a bell so
soft and slow.
Her weary white hands, folded, lay upon her
pulseless breast,
And the eyes, now closed for ever, could not wake,
and could not weep;
Sun might shine, or wind might blow,—it could
never matter now;
For she lay there all unconscious in a last long
dreamless sleep.
Then they rose up in the grandeur of a great post-
mortem love;
They seemed vying with each other who could
most devotion prove;
And they brought her flowers so fair from their
gardens rich and rare;
Wond'rous impulses sublimely every bosom
seemed to move.
And at once it seemed an angel—heaven's blessed,
pure evangel—
Had been rudely taken from them to her home-
land's native clime.
Neighbours could not say enough of the usual
sort of stuff
That is often furnished cheaply, second-hand,
for such a time.
So they sent unto the parson, asking for a eulogy,
And he framed it, oh, so grandly, and he gave
it, oh, so blandly,

And the virtues of the gods and the goddesses be-
stowed.

As he spoke of her so mildly, all seemed mourn-
ers, and sat wildly
Weeping in their regulation "suits of customary
solemn black."

One weak-minded, poor old woman seemed to
whisper to herself:

"If it only had come sooner, just a little while
before,

How she would a-loved those roses, and those
strange new-fashioned posies;

For she always petted plainest pinks beside her
cottage door.

"All these words so very grand, I but partly un-
derstand,

But the flowers strewn profusely are so beautiful
and rare!

Still they're lying all unheeded; they are neither
seen nor needed,

By the weary, careworn sleeper who is sweetly
resting there.

"Though we've neither wit nor wisdom, like the
parson talking here,

If we'd told her half the things we've said to-
day,

Seems to me 'twould cheered her so she'd have
lived right on, you know,

And forgotten to have died and gone away."

Still the heavens are bending blue over me and
over you;

Rosy spring and regal summer come and go,
With the autumn aisles aflame,—hues and tints
that angels name,—

And, like vestal virgin winter wreathed in snow,
If we listen, we may hear in the bird notes soft
and clear,

Not the parson's but the poor old woman's
tone,—

"If we'd only done before, just a half and nothing
more."

Fields and valleys catch the strain, echoing back
the sad refrain,—

"Only half and nothing more, had it only come
before."

MARY MARTIN MORSE.

ONLY A HUSK.

TOM DARCY, yet a young man, had
grown to be a very hard one. Although
naturally kind-hearted, active, and intelli-
gent, he lacked strength of will to resist
temptation, and had therefore fallen a vic-
tim to intemperance. He has lost his place
as foreman of the great machine-shop; and
what money he now earned came from odd
jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here
and there at private houses; for Tom was a
genius as well as a mechanic, and when his
head was steady enough, he could mend a
clock or clean a watch as well as he could
set up and regulate a steam-engine, and
this latter he could do better than any other
man ever employed by the Scott Falls
Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom was engaged to mend a
broken mowing machine and reaper, for
which he received pay, and on the following
morning he started for his old haunt, the
village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly
needed the money, and that his two little
children were absolutely suffering for want
of clothing, and that morning he held a de-
bate with the better part of himself, but the
better part had become weak, and the de-
mon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where,

for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarat-
ing effects of the alcoholic draught, and
fancied himself happy, as he could sing and
laugh: but, as usual, stupefaction followed,
and the man died out. He drank while he
could stand, and then lay down in a corner,
where his companions left him.

It was almost midnight, when the land-
lord's wife came to the bar-room to see what
kept her husband up, and she quickly saw
Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant
mood, "why don't you send that miserable
Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging
round here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep.
The dead coma had left his brain, and the
sharp voice speaking his name roused him,
though he did not move.

"Tom has been a good customer of ours,"
said the landlord; "and as long as he has
anything, we may as well have it. He
would only go somewhere else, if I offend-
ed him."

"He had better go home and look after
his family," snapped the wife. "They look
as if they had had little of his attention in
recent years."

"Well, it is the way some poor fools do,"
said Peter Tindar. "We have had the ker-
nel of the nut this time, I think. Men must
pay up the score in order for us to do busi-
ness with them, and as we sell a good arti-
cle trade is good, and we must not com-
plain. But Tom will want a glass to brace
his nerves for going home when he wakes
up. There isn't much but the husk left
now."

Tom was looking out from between his
nearly closed eyelids, and saw the glittering
furnishings of the bar-room, everything
bright and elegant; and his money had
helped to pay for it. He thought, too, of
the scanty furnishing at home, where wife
and children awaited his coming.

Mrs. Tindar was well dressed, and wore
jewellery that sparkled in the light. And
his money too had helped to pay for this,
while his own wife could not dress even
comfortably.

Mrs. Tindar soon left the room, and
shortly Tom sat up on the form and but-
toned his threadbare coat about him, say-
ing good-night to the landlord without call-
ing for a last drink. He looked back from
the steps at the door which he had so often
entered.

"And that is what I have been doing,"
he said to himself. I have been helping to
buy fine clothes for Mrs. Tindar while my
own wife has gone hungry. I have been
robbing my children of food, and robbing
myself of love and life—just that Peter
Tindar may have the kernel, and Ellen the
the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The
tavern-keeper's speech, meant not for his
ears, had come on his senses as fell the
voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot

firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife, "Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out,—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward, and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skilful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing-house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage, Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she found some money in the coffee-cup. She knew that he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and glimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea-table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine.

Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the

odour of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I did not mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop!"

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, I have him now! God bless you, my husband!"

It was a banquet, that supper—with the bright angels of peace, and love, and joy, spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning, Tom resumed his place at the head of the great machine-shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later, Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up, right side up."

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

—Selected.

LITTLE WORRIES.

WE have read of a battle against cannibals, gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea.

We brace ourselves up against great calamities; but the little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet, and giving us pain, are hard to bear. A gentleman was once absorbed in studying the question of socialism, when his wife came in, with despair in her face, and wanted advice about the servants.

"Oh, my dear," he replied, "I cannot give my time to little matters like domestic service. I am trying to solve the social problem of the universe."

"Well," replied the wife, "you solve the problem of the kitchen, and I will promise you to solve the problem of the universe in twenty-four hours."

Really it is much easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the

world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.—A. C. Dixon.

WHAT SOME WIVES HAVE TO BEAR.

A STOUT, pleasant-faced woman got into a Harrow train at Baker-street Station, followed by a man with gray hair and closely-cropped gray moustache and a dyspeptic expression.

They sat on the sunny side of the carriage. The man relapsed into a gloomy silence. The woman looked around the carriage, and tried to be cheerful.

"Cold, isn't it?" she observed.

"What?" growled the man.

"Rather cold."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Well, I suppose you can stand it."

The woman took the man's sourness as if she was used to it. After a bit she said:

"What pretty flowers!"

"What?" growled the man.

"I said what pretty flowers."

"Where?"

"At the house we passed."

"Well, what of it?"

Five minutes later she said: "Isn't that a nice baby?"

"What?"

"Isn't that a nice baby?"

"Where?"

"There," pointing to a beautiful little boy on the opposite side of the carriage.

"Looks like a fool."

It was Sunday. A peal of bells could be heard while the train stopped at a station.

"That's nice music," said the woman.

"What?"

"That's nice music."

"Which?"

"Why, those chimes."

"Sounds like a lot of cowbells."

Do you wonder that wives sometimes do not "love, honour, and obey?"—Woman

HOW LINOLEUM IS MADE.

MOST of us know very little of modern industrial processes. A look about at utensils and materials in common every-day use, asking oneself how they are made and where, is apt to give one a modest opinion of his range of knowledge. For instance, how many who have almost daily trodden over a square of linoleum have known that the bit of carpeting could tell such a story of its making as the following?—

"Cork and linseed-oil seem unlikely materials for making carpets, yet no less than twelve million yards of linoleum, consisting almost entirely of these substances, are produced in Great Britain every year. Linseed-oil is especially prepared and mixed with resin; and the cork is pulverized by a machine known as a 'cork-breaker.' The ground-cork leaves the breaker in a fine powder, which is so light that it easily be-

comes suspended in the air, producing a highly explosive mixture.

"It would be safer to take a naked light into a powder-magazine than into the building where cork is ground. All lights are carefully guarded, but explosions are sometimes started by sparks from the machinery. The cork is mixed with oil-and-resin cement. After a preliminary mixing, the compound is passed into a gigantic sausage-machine, where the materials are thoroughly incorporated. The raw linoleum, as it issues from the spout, bears a resemblance to sausages. It is then passed through rollers, which convert the material into sheets. The substance is then rolled into a backing of jute canvas or wire gauze, thus making plain linoleum."

HEALTH HINTS

PARALLEL BETWEEN PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL DISEASE.

"THEY have healed also the hurt of the daughter of My people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace." This method of treatment, merely to heal slightly, is quite popular in the world today. The effort to make people feel well when they are not well is manifest in the treatment of physical as well as spiritual diseases. It produces an immediate effect, and that is what many want. The man who can preach something that will ease the consciences of men, and allow them to do things that are wrong, often becomes immensely popular. The doctor who can prescribe something that will instantly cure a headache, at the same time allowing the individual to continue indulging the appetite in things which produce it, is not the man that is likely to look in vain for business. In each case it is simply saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." The hurt is healed but *slightly*.

The promptings of conscience are merely an indicator, showing that the man is sinning. Pain is the physical conscience, which tells a man that he is violating the physical law. Symptoms are merely indicators of the condition. To smother them arbitrarily, without removing their cause, is like removing the red signal-light that has been put out to stop a passenger train from plunging into a terrible chasm. Without doubt the sight of such a danger-signal would cause considerable anxiety to both engineer and conductor, and to such of the passengers as might see it; they would feel much more comfortable if it were removed, but how woeful would be the consequences! It would certainly be much easier to take down the lantern than it would be to rebuild the bridge, but rebuilding the bridge is the only safe thing to do.

So, when a man has wrecked his health, and nature begins to hang out warnings and

danger-signals in the form of aches and pains and sleepless nights, simply to smother these is as absurd as to remove the lantern. The man must set to work to rebuild the wreck. This cannot be done by swallowing sundry pills and drops. The remedy must be more potent.

It is true that there are a multiplicity of diseases and innumerable symptoms. If we were to deal with each one separately, it would indeed be a well-nigh hopeless task; but when we realize that there are only a few ways of becoming sick, and that, if we will live strictly in accordance with a few simple principles, health is an assured thing, the problem is much simplified. All that is necessary to cure any case that is curable at all is to bring ourselves into harmony with the law that is violated, by the application of a few simple principles. In order to understand this fully, we must recognize that physical and spiritual laws are parallel; and a glance at the spiritual side of the question will help us to understand the physical.

Before Martin Luther's time, every spiritual disease had a separate remedy. If a man had stolen, he would go to the priest to find out the remedy, and he was told to do this or that as a penance. If he had borne false witness against his neighbour, this required an altogether different treatment. Thus there grew up a colossal system of spiritual therapeutics, and none but the spiritual doctors, who were called priests, were supposed to know what to do for the various cases of sin. The subject was so complicated that the common people did not feel that they could ever understand it. But, in the fulness of time, Martin Luther and other reformers arose, and stated that, while there were hundreds of ways of being spiritually sick, there were only a few principles that were violated, and the principles underlying the cure were simple. Luther prescribed justification by faith in Christ, and suggested the reading of God's Word, prayer, doing good to others, and meeting together to recount their experiences. The priests ridiculed the simplicity of this treatment, and tried to hold a veil of mystery before God's plan for the forgiveness of sin; but God's simplicity in treating diseases finally triumphed.

Exactly the same principle is applicable in physical disease. There are over sixteen hundred ways of *being* sick, but only a few ways of *becoming* sick; it is the violation of a few simple principles that brings on this host of diseases, as lack of fresh air and exercise, improper dress and diet, impure water, worry, and distrust of God. To effect a cure, we must bring the patient back into harmony with the laws he has violated, by co-operating with nature and by the use of her simple remedies. This brings the patient into harmony with God, who works mightily in him, and restores him physically, even as He does spiritually under similar conditions.

There has been a tendency to treat physical symptoms as the priests in the Dark Ages treated spiritual symptoms; and the

same effort to keep from the people the simplicity of getting well as there was then to keep from them the simplicity of spiritual restoration. But we are now in a time when there is abroad in the land a physical reform, even as there was then a spiritual reform. Recognizing that God works in disease as well as health, all we have to do is to remove the obstacle that we have placed in the way, and unless the man has committed the physical unpardonable sin, so to speak, he will recover, as verily as he does spiritually when he comes into moral harmony with God.

DAVID PAULSON, M.D.

A TIGHT DRESS.

It may be well to consider for a moment what a tight dress is, says a lady physician, writing of the evils of tight-lacing. Dr. Robert Dickinson has tested the pressure of the corset by an ingenious device, and found that, in a case where the woman measured twenty-seven inches without a corset and twenty-seven inches with one—the same measurement, you see, and you would insist her dress was not tight—the corset exerted a pressure of forty pounds. When her waist measurement was reduced to twenty-five and one half inches, the pressure was seventy-three and one-half pounds. This gives you an idea of what is really a tight dress. We forget that our dresses are usually fitted over empty lungs, thus giving no chance for expansion in breathing. If this occurs in ever so slight a degree, the dress is tight.

SOURCES OF WEAKNESS.

A LONDON physician, writing in the *Echo* of the habits of life which impede recovery in cases of illness, speaks as follows of the use of alcoholic beverages, and further of other errors in diet:—

"How often, alas! does the physician stand helpless beside the bedside of such an individual, aware that it is not the disease which is killing the man, but the previous indulgence, and that in an abstainer recovery would be almost as certain as it is that this man will die. The first question we ask a man who has received a serious injury, and about whose previous history we know nothing, is, 'Do you drink?' because experience has shown us only too frequently that upon that point, and not alone upon the severity of the injury, will turn the result. The habitual use of alcohol does not run parallel with nature, but counter to it; and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at if collisions occur.

"Whilst alcohol holds a foremost place in the sins against nature, we must not forget that there are other sins almost as bad. Gluttony—the excessive ingestion of improper foods, foods too much in quantity and too rich in quality, is a frequent form of sinning against nature, and is one that is frequently overlooked as a cause of

disease and untimely death. Indulgence in strong tea several times daily is another. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is not the slightest doubt that in women especially this sin is particularly frequent, and its effects are plainly seen in dyspepsia, shattered nerves, low spirits, palpitation, and so on."

THE necessity for sterilising all milk used is emphasized frequently now-a-days, but the masses rarely listen to reason, and therefore suffer, and attribute the invited evil results to a mysterious providence. Recently the Prince of Wales presided at a London meeting called, says a newspaper, for the consideration of plans for preventing tuberculosis or consumption in man, and for checking the spread of the disease among cows. He directed the attention of farmers to the fact that the Queen had recently ordered the destruction of 30 of her dairy cows, because they were tuberculous.

THE general traffic manager of a large railway in the United States says that he will, in the future, employ no young man who smokes cigarettes, and that he intends to get rid of all now in his department who smoke them. "Eighty-five per cent.," he declares, "of the mistakes made in the office by my two hundred clerks are traceable to the thirty-two who use cigarettes."



THE STOLEN STARLING.

THE starling is a pretty little bird, and it is often, when tamed, taught to whistle tunes, and even to speak a few words. This story is told of how one starling used its gift of speech:—

A lawyer had a cage hanging on the wall in his office in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charlie came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes.

When he returned, the bird was gone.

"Where is my bird?" he asked.

Charlie replied that he did not know anything about it.

"But, Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?"

Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out.

The lawyer called out, "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, and just as plain as it could, "Here I am!"

Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had

stolen the bird, had hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt.

It was a testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say.

The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience—not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our heart; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence.

As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks, our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny or explain away.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

"SUFFER the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark x. 14.

LET the little children come
To a Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants the tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming—silencing.

Jesus bids those little feet
Carry comfort rare,
To some troubled, weary soul,
Full of dark despair.

Little saints have work to do,
Little souls to win,
Standing at the golden gate,
Asking children in.

Perhaps, amidst the crowding throng,
No one else might see
That some little faces asked,
Is there room for me?

—Selected.

BEGIN NOW TO LIVE.

HERE is a good lesson for every boy or girl who reads this page:—

When I was a child, says a lady, the ministers used to talk to us a great deal about our "preparing for life," so that I got the idea that children and young people were not really living, like grown-ups, but were just getting ready to live.

My wrong thought about myself led to one of the worst mistakes a child can make—I kept putting off my life; and when that becomes a habit, it is very hard to stop.

I suppose there are gray-haired people in the world to-day who formed that habit in youth, and they are still practising it. They mean some day to do brave and loving deeds; but I fear they never will.

Have you not heard children talk as if truthfulness was not necessary for them, because they were children? Have you not seen boys and girls gaily practise deceit at school and on the playground, which would shock them if they should see it in their parents at home?

Rudeness and cruelty are called "fun" in play, lying to a teacher is a "joke." This

all grows out of the idea that the early years are not a part of the real life; that the laws that make or ruin character have nothing to do with the young.

Why, I half expected that on some wonderful day, perhaps when I first put on a long dress, I should suddenly blossom into a sweet, gracious, self-possessed lady like some of those I admired. So boys dream of manhood—that height of stature will bring the dignity and self-mastery which they covet. It is a great mistake. There is nothing for you in manhood or womanhood but what you carry with you into that estate. Heavier loads will be laid upon you, greater tasks be given; but the wisdom and strength for the great matter, the grace and skill for the sudden need—these must be in you when you meet them.

No day will ever be more important to you than *this one*, none more solemn, none more glad. Let me prove this.

You have made or will make to-day a choice between right and wrong.

Two ways open before you—the way of appetite and the way of duty, the way of selfish pleasure and the way of service, the way of diligence and the way of laziness.

You never can deal with weightier matters than these; for there are none in earth or in heaven.

The most important-looking men you meet—the railroad president, the bank director, the merchant, the doctor—are none of them engaged with any loftier matter than this—the choosing between right and wrong. Any day that offers you such a choice is a great day.

THE SPINNERS.

SEE, "grandpa," said little Hetty, "this is the first silk dress I ever had in my life; I'm just as proud as anything."

"Indeed!" said grandpa, smiling over the rim of his spectacles, "I should think it was for the maker of the dress to feel proud; not the wearer."

"Oh, mamma made it," said Hetty.

"No, you are mistaken," answered grandpa, "mamma only sewed it together. It had to be woven first."

"Then the weaver made it," said Hetty, looking down thoughtfully at the shining folds.

"No," said grandpa, shaking his head, "the weaver didn't make it; it had to be spun first."

"So the spinner made it?" cried Hetty.

"Not one spinner, but hundreds of thousands of little spinners; they spun these threads for their own shrouds."

"Their shrouds?" exclaimed Hetty; "a thing to be buried in? Grandpa, what do you mean?"

"Do you know who the spinners were, Hetty?"

"No, grandpa," she answered, doubtfully, "I don't think I do."

"They were queer, ugly, green worms,

about three inches long, with sixteen legs, strong jaws, and a big stomach. Did you never hear of silk worms?"

No, the little girl had never heard of them, and she listened eagerly for their story.

"They are hatched out of eggs no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, so of course they are very tiny at first. But they have big appetites for such tiny folk. If you go into a room where many of them are feeding, it sounds like the grinding of a rusty machine.

"In a month's time they will eat sixty thousand times their first day's weight in mulberry leaves, and then their short life is over; they stop eating then, and begin to spin fine silk threads, in which they wind themselves round and round in queer little oblong balls called cocoons.

"When he is completely buried in this silken ball, the worm dies—that is, he dies as a worm, but in two weeks, if you do not destroy this buried life, he bursts his silken tomb, and comes out a winged creature that we call a moth. Then we take his grave clothes, carefully unwind them, and spin little Hetty a dress!"

"Oh, how strange!" said little Hetty, softly. "They didn't know they were making me a dress, grandpa!"

"No," said grandpa; "and there was another thing they didn't know, little Hetty; when they went to sleep in their silken graves, they didn't know they would leave their ugly worm bodies, and come to light again with wings.

"But we know, because God has taught us, that when we lie down in our graves, we are to rise again, clothed with a more radiant garment than any loom could spin, even the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness!"

Grandpa had forgotten little Hetty, and was gazing far away into the sky, but Hetty never forgot the story of the silk worm and its beautiful meaning.—*Selected.*

—o—

VALUE OF SPARE MOMENTS.

TWO men stood at the same table in a large factory at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last.

One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out his invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood in almost any desired shape. When he completed his invention, he sold the patent for a fortune.

The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during the most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, finding fault with

the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor.

Leisure moments may bring golden grain to the mind as well as to the purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.—*Wide Awake.*



It would seem that the *Oceanic*, the latest boat of the White Star line, must be about as large as boats ought to be. From bow to stern the passenger can walk over an eighth of a mile, and the ship is built to accommodate 2,100 persons.

HEAVY as the Suez Canal traffic is, that of the St. Mary's Falls Canal, connecting Lake Superior with the lower of the American great lakes, is heavier. The tonnage passing through Suez is about nine millions per year. The tonnage of the St. Mary's Falls Canal is over eighteen millions.

THE German Kaiser, while at Bethlehem, expressed to the clergy his disappointment at the state of things about the "holy places." He said:—

"Only the Christian life can make an impression upon Mohammedans. Nobody can wonder if they have no respect for the Christians in ecclesiastical matters, as the Christians are divided. They must be prevented, even by force, from quarrelling with one another at this sacred spot."

REVOLUTIONS.—The new year opened in South America with revolutions in Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador. In the two former countries it seems to be merely the usual course of party politics. Instead of an election, they have a revolution occasionally. In Ecuador the clericals are at the bottom of the trouble, the ecclesiastics being determined to get control again of the government. Not long since the Central American republics formed a federation, United States of Central America; and for a few days it looked as though that region might enjoy a period of greater tranquillity. But in less than thirty days the union had broken up.

THE Nestorians.—The old Nestorian Church of Persia, representing the early Syrian Church, is apparently going over bodily to the Greek Church. It is a part of Russia's policy in Northern Persia. Last autumn Russian priests arrived and began to enter the names of Nestorians who abjured their former confession. Then, when the body of Nestorians in any church were received, the Russian priests simply took over the church building, and re-consecrated it. Of course, this will give Russia political influence in this region. It is said that the Persian Court is somewhat disturbed at this latest development. And Turkey is bound to regard these "tidings out of

the East" with anxiety. But all the time the frontier of Russian influence is being pushed nearer Constantinople on both the north and the east.

CHRISTIANS IN INDIA.—It is estimated that there are in Bengal, with its 80,120,199 inhabitants, less than two hundred thousand professed Christians (195,167). Taking from this the European and Anglo-Indian peoples, it leaves 168,867, or less than three-tenths of one per cent. Of course, this counts as Christian all who are not professedly Hindu or Mohammedan. In all India, with its 290,000,000, there are 2,250,000 registered in the census as Christians, or less than one per cent. of the population.

MARVELLOUS WEAVING.—A Hungarian inventor has devised a photographic weaving process for working designs in tapestry that is one of the marvels of this inventive age. The first finished work to be turned out has just been presented to the Austrian Emperor. The web contained 200,000,000 crossings, and by the old process would have required many years to do the work. Now it is done from a photograph, and the execution of the design took but five hours.

THE PAPAL HOPE.—Not long ago, Wm. T. Stead, of London, had an interview with the Pope, and spoke of the United States having protected the suffering Cubans. And the Pope replied in these words:—

Ah, my son, what suffering is being endured in the face of the conflict of two nations that I love—one for its fidelity through the centuries, the other for its virile youth, and for the hope of seeing it enter entire into the bosom of the Catholic Church. It is marching into it with rapid strides.

If anybody has any ground for disputing that last statement, we wish he would point it out.—*Review and Herald (U. S. A.).*

GROWTH OF SACERDOTALISM.—Commenting on a Midnight Mass celebration in a London Anglican Church, in which also a crib was erected to represent the manger of Bethlehem, the *Catholic Times* expresses its surprise at the tremendous growth of Roman practices in the Church of England:—

Fifty, nay forty, years ago, Midnight Mass was unknown, unheard of in the Church of England, though revival services to usher in the New Year were about then introduced in a few churches. Twenty-five years ago, or less than that, a crib would have been voted sheer idolatry in any Anglican church. Are these practices now considered by the bishops lawful? Do they strike even outsiders as consistent with the spirit of the Anglican Prayer-book? For our part, we cannot conceive how any so-called loyal Anglican can adopt them.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, in a Minute just after the Mutiny, wrote, "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. It is when unchristian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an unchristian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned."



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"The State may coerce," says the Pope, "but the Church can persuade." But the trouble has been that very often, when the "Church" failed to persuade the individual, it has persuaded the State to coerce him.

LAST month a party of seven arrived in Calcutta to engage in our Society's Work in India. Among these are a gentleman and a lady physician, who unite with our medical work in Calcutta.

OF the first printed edition of the Bible, known as the "Gutenberg Bible," and the first important issue from types, twenty-five copies are known to exist, and one of these was sold the other day in London for Rs. 44,250.

"If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." The more, then, that we know of His Word, in which is the revelation of His will, the more intelligently can we pray. Prayer is not asking that our will may be done, but a seeking of, and a submitting to, God's will.

WE notice that a Roman Catholic Paper has been congratulating its readers on the fact that for the first time, since the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, a member of the reigning family in England (the Princess of Wales) has accepted the presidency of a Roman Catholic institution, and it says that the Princess' religious views "are so extremely ritualistic that the border line which separates them from full-fledged Roman Catholicism is barely perceptible."

REPORTS from New York state that several men have suddenly been made millionaires by the boom in market stocks, and some, already millionaires, have added to their income from one to eight millions within a few days. It is said:—

The stories of these enormous profits appearing in the newspapers are having the effect of stimulating wholesale speculation among all classes.

Something else will be stimulated also. The masses who find themselves growing poorer amidst this increase of gain by gambling methods will be made more discontented. The rapid growth of wealth and of poverty in the United States is bringing the country to the verge of revolution, and as sure as the Word is true,

multitudes of these speculators will find that they have been heaping "treasure together for the last days."

WE have some back numbers of the *Good Health Magazine*, published in America, of which we will be glad to send a sample copy to any who do not know the journal, on receipt of an anna stamp to pay the postage.

THE protest against the Romanizing tendency in the English Church has alarmed the politicians, who are appealed to by Protestants to regulate the affairs of the church. The sad side of the affair is that the politicians are expected to make men preach the Gospel. The Lord never turned His Kingdom over to politicians of this world, for His Kingdom "is not of this world."

Force no Remedy.—The last Calcutta Missionary Conference had before it the disabilities suffered by workers and converts in some of the Feudatory States. There was strong feeling in favour of pressing the Government of India to compel the native rulers to grant religious rights. Of course, such appeal to force might very easily lead to strife. There were present two speakers, who, while not missionaries, spoke the words of truth and soberness, and urged the missionaries to beware of unapostolic methods and the arm of flesh. The Hon. K. C. Banerjee, and A. H. L. Fraser, Esq., I. C. S., suggested that there was such a thing as "intolerantly trying to enforce toleration," and that, if the missionary associated himself with a policy of force, he weakened his appeal to the hearts and consciences of men.

THE plague still continues a terrible scourge in India. In one week last month 2,575 deaths by plague were reported. Of course, many such are never reported. While the devil is the author of war, famine, and pestilence, the Lord designs that men shall learn a lesson from these calamities. Men who do not fear God little realize what they owe daily to His protecting hand. They do not love the Lord for His favour and protection, and, when these are spurned, and trouble comes, the calamity is charged against God. The case of Job shows clearly how quickly Satan brings destruction when God ceases to hedge about the man with His mercies.

THE London press agrees in the view that trouble is brewing again in the Balkan Peninsula, that "Cock-pit of Europe." Bulgaria wants Macedonia, and is reaching out toward it, and "the Porte is collecting an army corps on the marches of Macedonia, Bulgaria, and Servia." "It is Turkey's last chance in Europe," says one organ. The one thing that is sure is that, notwithstanding disarmament proposals, the current of events is every month bringing the world closer to the solution of that Eastern question which comprehends the fate of all the nations in its solution. Have you read

the study on this grave question in the light of prophecy, which we printed last August? It may be had in tract form, post-free, for As. 1½.

IN giving the prizes at La Martinière College last month, Bishop Welldon spoke truly as to the relative value, even in business life, of mere cleverness and character. He said:—

According to my estimate there are plenty of clever people in the world, sometimes there are too many, but there are not enough of or more than enough of young men who are absolutely trustworthy in the point of character. Yet I believe it is almost true in every boy that if in after life it came to be known of him that no sacrifice in the world would make him swerve from the path of honour or from the direct lines of rectitude and truth, there is hardly any office in the world which might not be considered to be within his reach.

Yet the tendency in educational work, to which thoughtful educators are calling attention in nearly every country, is toward the forcing of cleverness rather than the development of character.

WITH the system of competitive examinations it is easy for educators and students to make the passing of examinations and the taking of honours the aim rather than genuine mental discipline and acquirement of knowledge for practical use in life. An educationalist points out the weak point in the competitive system when he says:—

From his first introduction into the school, to the taking of his final degree, teachers, parents, and doting friends conspire in their efforts to stimulate the boy to get ahead of some one else. Men wear degrees as women wear fine bonnets, jewels in their hair, rings in their ears and on their fingers, and gay ribbons flaunting in the breeze.

It is, perhaps, found that to get a certain kind of work out of a student, by appealing to this lower side of his nature, is easier than to instil into him the love of learning that which is true and calculated to make him useful to his day and generation.

A Valuable Book.—Last year's readers will remember the series of articles on "How Christianity was Corrupted" and the rise of the Papacy, which we printed in the last three numbers of the year. Some call was made for these in pamphlet form. We have just received from our American Publishing House a new book, "Great Empires of Prophecy," by A. T. Jones, in which this series on the making of the Papacy is included, along with an extended study of the whole period, on to the making of the creeds by warring church councils and the final fall of the Roman Empire. It covers the history from Babylon to Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome. It is a large work, of 696 pages, abreast of the latest historical research.—Post-free Rs. 6-8.

"THE mixing up of politics with religion under any circumstances is fraught with manifold and multiform dangers. There is no tyranny so cruel, no yoke so intolerable, as priestcraft when vested with temporal authority. More political atrocities, butcheries, crimes, and enormities, have been committed in the name and on account of religion than have arisen from any and all other causes combined."—*Bishop Venner.*