

The Oriental Watchman.

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

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AN AGE OF INTENSITY.

SATAN KNOWS THAT "HE HATH BUT A SHORT TIME."

INTENSITY is taking possession of everything upon the earth. Pleasure-lovers are intensely in earnest to secure all that is possible in that line. Gamblers are intensely in earnest. The betting, the horse-racing, and various games create great enthusiasm, and engross the powers of those interested as if the reward of the victor was to be an eternity of bliss. What terrible infatuation! What madness and folly! An intense life is moving all the powers from beneath, and permeating all the schemes which the arch-deceiver can invent through the agency of all the fallen order. Satanic agencies unite with the youth, and with men of all ages, to crowd life with spurious pleasure and attraction which shall defile the whole mind, and corrupt the whole man. It is Satan's purpose that man shall have no thought of God, no fear of God, no restraint received from God.

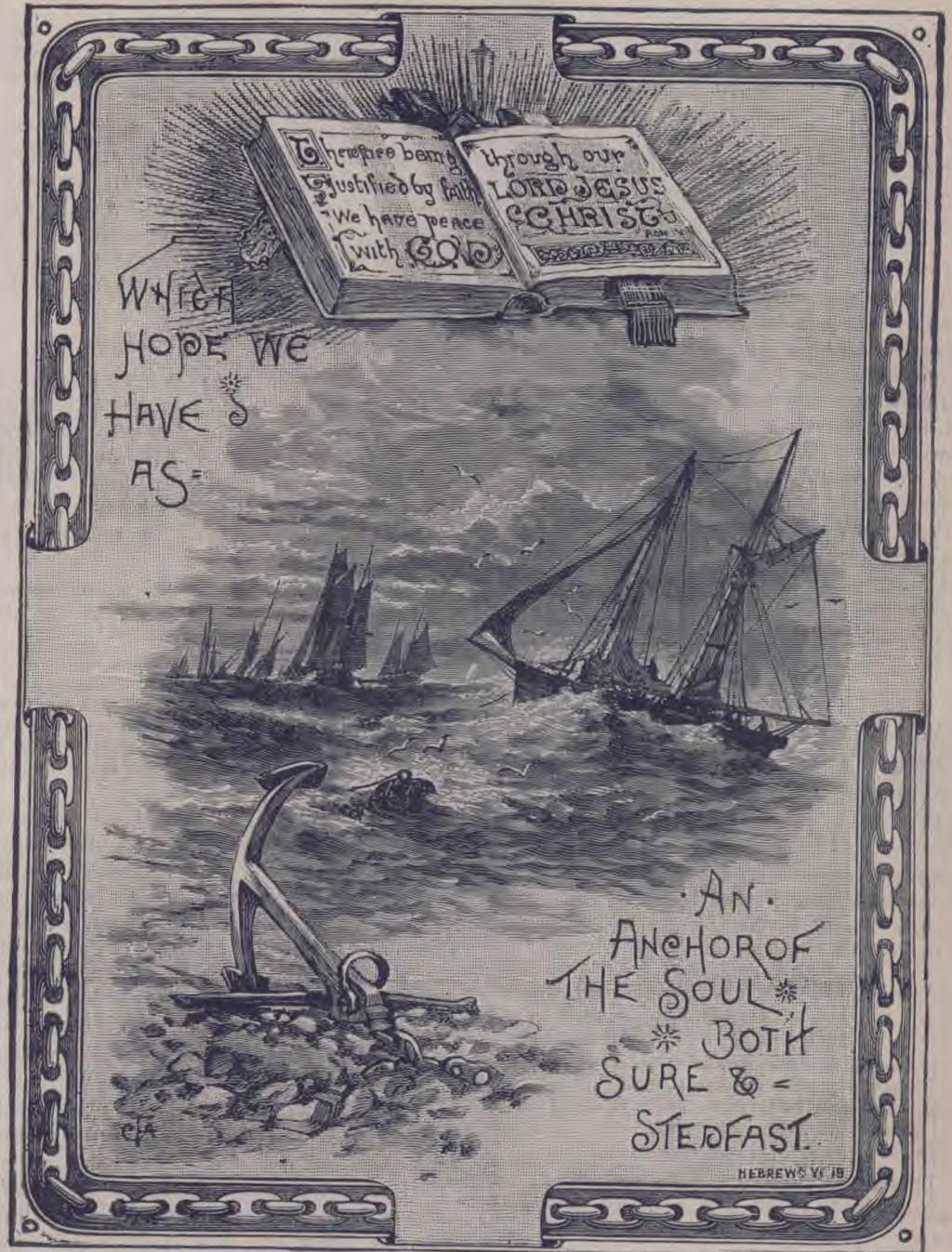
And how is this matter to end? The Satanic agencies are to combine with, and inspire, the professedly Christian world. Those who have the form of godliness without the power, will rank under Satan's banner, and will display their zeal in making void the law of God. The whole world will have the opportunity of choosing between Christ and Barabbas. Men who have perverted truth, misapplied Scripture, and who have become blinded by resisting the word which is truth, form the great apostate power of the last days. It belongs to the same order as the power which the Lord Jesus revealed to John as drunken with the blood of saints. It is to pursue the same line of action, determined to rule or ruin.

The crisis is right upon us, and many will be deceived. Men who have all their life had opportunity to learn of Christ, but who have tenaciously clung to their own habits and practices, unwilling to change their whole course of action and walk in the light, will act like blind men. They will accept everything that will coincide with their own ideas.

There are thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions, who are now making their decision for eternal life or eternal

death. The man who is wholly absorbed in his counting-room; the man who finds pleasure at the gambling table; the man

that is moving heavenward. They are led by the great apostate, and will with him be destroyed, both root and branch.



who loves to indulge perverted appetite; the amusement lover; the frequenters of the theatre and the ball-room, put eternity out of their reckoning. The whole burden of their life is, What shall we eat? What shall we drink? And wherewithal shall we be clothed? They are not in the procession

SHALL BELIEVERS BE INTENSELY IN EARNEST?

No man stumbles into heaven. No man goes there blindfold. If he will take time to consider, every man may know whether he is in the strait and narrow path, or in

the broad road that leads to death and hell. Let every soul inquire, Is my heart renewed by the grace of Christ? Is it transformed by the Holy Spirit? Have I repented of my sins and confessed them? Are my sins forgiven? Am I a new creature in Christ Jesus? Do I count, all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus? Am I willing to make an entire consecration of every hour that remains to do service for the Saviour? He gave His life for me; He is risen from the dead, and has brought life and immortality to light, that I might be a partaker of the Divine nature. Will I purify my soul by obeying the truth, and becoming complete in Him?

I beseech you not to risk your hope of heaven on a possibility or a probability. You have now an opportunity to make your calling and election sure. The question for you to settle is, Am I willing to keep the way of the Lord? The path He marks out is not for women and children alone, but for man, for the youth, the middle aged, and the aged. It is a narrow, self-denying path. To enter that path and press on through all obstacles and discouragements, requires men who are more than weaklings. It requires those who have moral courage, firmness, perseverance and faith. These will have heavenly intelligences as their companions. Will you live as for God? Will you humble your heart before God, and at every step inquire, Is this the way of the Lord? Will you teach your family to keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment? Oh, take the Saviour as your pattern. Follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

RUSSIAN CREED VS RUSSIAN PRACTICE.

THERE are some very interesting questions and replies in the Longer Catechism of the Russian or Eastern Church, prepared for the use of schools, and printed in Moscow under direction of the Holy Synod. It is put out, therefore, by the highest authority of the Greek Church.

On the Ten Commandments it says:—

491. Did Jesus Christ teach men to walk by the Ten Commandments?

He badeth men if they would attain to everlasting life to keep the commandments; and taught us to understand and fulfil them more perfectly than had been done before He came.—Matt. xix. 17 and v.

This is very good. Now take what the Catechism says of the fourth commandment:—

536. Why is it commanded to keep the seventh, rather than any other day, holy to God?

Because God in six days made the world, and on the seventh day rested from the work of creation.

537. Is the Sabbath kept in the Christian Church?

It is not kept, strictly speaking, as a holy day; but still in memory of the creation of the world, and in continuation of its original observance, it is distinguished from the other days of the week by a relaxation of the rule for fasting.

The ingenuousness of the replies is delightful. The commandment says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Yet in the Russian Church, as in others, it is not kept "strictly speaking." This practical disobedience of the commandment of the Lord is so evident that the Catechism anticipates the question that would surely come to the lips of the average school-boy:—

538. How, then, does the Christian Church obey the fourth commandment?

A better question would be, "Why does it disobey, 'strictly speaking'?" or "How can one keep the seventh day, when he doesn't keep it?" But here is the answer:—

She still to every six days keeps a seventh, only not the last of the seven days, which is the Sabbath, but the first day in every week, which is the day of the resurrection, or Lord's day.

This, of course, begs the question entirely, as the Lord's day is the day which He claims as His—"My holy day—" which the Lord says is the seventh, nor does the Lord ask us to commemorate His resurrection by breaking His law, to sustain which, and yet save the sinner, He died and rose again.

HOW TO MEET WICKED LAWS.

IN a comment on the fifth commandment the Russian Catechism sets forth the true principle on which the Christian should act when government or any other power comes between the soul and God. Would that the Russian authorities could practice the principle as well as they can profess it:—

572. How ought we to act, if it fall out that our parents or governors require of us anything contrary to the faith or to the law of God?

In that case we should say to them, as the apostles said to the rulers of the Jews: Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye; and we should be ready, for the sake of the faith and the law of God, to endure the consequences whatever they may be.—Acts, iv. 19.

Excellent! And yet when our brethren in Russia follow the fourth commandment, or when Stundists and others refuse to obey those laws of the Greek Church and Russian State which come between God and man's service, this same "Holy Synod" is in no mood to listen to such a reply as they here give. But that is the reply they do get, and it is a good one. And the consequences follow—it may be banishment or it may be imprisonment.

But the same inconsistency is to be found in nearly all the creeds of the churches. And in America, led mostly by our Methodist friends, the clergy have been able to bring many Sabbath keeping Christians to court and prison for not keeping Sunday as well.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A LITTLE girl was passing an old prison on her way to school, says the *Helping Hand*, when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read,

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner a book to read from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul. Promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people of the prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number whom she has helped six hundred are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives.

YOUR BESETTING SIN.

1. THE sin you do not want to be reformed for.
2. The sin you are readiest to defend.
3. The sin your thoughts run most upon.
4. The sin that leads you captive the easiest.
5. The sin you find the most excuse for.
6. The sin that oftenest beclouds your spiritual sky.
7. The sin that causes you remorse of conscience the most frequently.
8. The sin that makes you doubt your present acceptance with God.
9. The sin you are most unwilling to acknowledge you possess.
10. The sin you are most unwilling to give up.
11. The sin you are all the time trying to persuade yourself is an infirmity.
12. The sin which must be laid aside in order to enjoy full salvation.
13. The sin which is as dear as a right eye, but which must be given up.—*Anon.*

Politics and Religion.—The *Record*, a Protestant organ, says:—

"The influence of Protestant feeling is, as we long ago predicted, making itself felt in the choice of candidates for the coming general election. To those who remember the real or assumed contempt with which the suggestion was first greeted, the present position of affairs is not without its humorous side. The very journalists who at first poured scorn upon the bare thought of militant Neo-Anglicanism imperilling the parliamentary seats of members in sympathy with it, now intimate the extreme gravity of the situation. The deep-seated resentment of a majority of the people at the present condition of affairs in the Church has become a factor in the problem of the coming election."

Genuine Protestantism was and, is a protest against throwing religious issues into the political arena. There is so little progress amongst Protestants in England because they are forever looking to Parliament to help them, forgetting that to look to man for help and to make men the authority in religion is the very root principle of the Papacy. If English Protestants would keep out of politics and go in for a Scriptural revival of religion they would do for more against Ritualism and Romanism. As it is they are losing ground continually.



AGAINST THE DAY OF WRATH.

Go, ye rich of earth, lament ye, for your misery to come ;
 For the souls of men by you are bought and sold ;
 But the angels write your record in the ledger of the Lord—
 All the story of your crimes is there retold.
 And the poor beneath oppression have lifted up their voice,
 And the Lord to them a listening ear has turned ;
 And to you He sends a message, " For your misery lament,
 Ye are heaping up your treasure to be burned."
 There are scores of pale-faced widows early labouring and late,
 Toiling far into the night with aching head ;
 There are maidens ruined, ruined, for the needs you might supply ;
 There are children dying for the want of bread ;
 But their cry has reached to heaven, and the Lord will judge their cause ;
 He pitieth the poor whom ye have spurned ;
 But for you who live in pleasure He sends this word to-day,
 " Ye are heaping up your treasure to be burned."
 There are hands in darkened countries reaching out to you for help ;
 Darkened eyes are turning toward you for the light ;
 But ye grasp your treasure tighter, and ye turn a heedless ear,
 While their feeble star of hope goes out in night.
 But the Lord will look with mercy on the darkened heathen's sin,
 And his blood upon your head will be returned ;
 And to you He sends a message, " For your misery lament,
 Ye are heaping up your treasure to be burned."
 Angels bright are bending o'er you ; mercy's voice is pleading still,
 While she holds above your head the crown of life ;
 But your hands have grasped the muck-rake, and your eyes are on the earth,
 While for riches ye engage in wicked strife.
 But the Lord is coming, coming ye shall see His glory soon,
 Ye shall see the Lord of life whom ye have scorned ;
 And your riches will condemn you in that dread and awful day,—
 " Ye are heaping up your treasure to be burned."

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

"IN THE LAST DAYS."

THERE is a very general idea in the religious world, springing from the unscriptural expectation of a peace millennium on earth, that the world must somehow be getting better and better and the times more promising. Preachers cry, "Peace, peace," from their pulpits, and do their

best to lull their people into slumber. But God's message for these days is,—

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain : let all the inhabitants of the land tremble : for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh-at-hand."—Joel ii. 1.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and shew my people their transgression."—Isa. lviii. 1.

That is why the first work of Seventh-day Adventists in India as in every other land is to call the attention of the Lord's people in every denomination and outside of all the denominations to the message for the last days. It is a message of alarm as well as of "good tidings," for the last days are times of peril, notwithstanding the cry of peace and safety. God, who knows, tells us to know this:—

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good...lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."—2 Tim. iii. 1, 4.

It is not merely among the professedly worldly that these sins are to be manifested. The world swings on its way careless and indifferent, it is true ; but these self-lovers, these unholy, these haters of those who refuse to walk according to the course of the time, are those,—

"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

The days are perilous to the Christian not merely because of the evil without, but chiefly because of the danger that he himself will partake of the spirit of the times and fall from his own steadfastness. "Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments."

THE WORLD'S SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

IF any of our readers see the English and American papers, they must be struck with the increasing gravity of the labour problems in Europe and America. The mutterings of the coming storm are heard everywhere ; and still the conditions grow worse, the rich growing richer, the poor, poorer, and trusts and combines swallow up more and more of the world's business. In parts of America, recently, strikes have assumed the proportions of small civil wars, and the killed and wounded in a long strike

have sometimes equalled the losses in a regular battle between armies.

Not long ago, before a convention of Methodist ministers, in Chicago, two well-known American thinkers, members, we believe, of the Methodist body, made speeches which, combining both the religious and secular view of the situation, are worthy more extended quotation than we can give. But a few paragraphs will show the gravity of the situation.

Professor Small, of the Social Science Chair of Chicago University, said:—

"I am spending my life in the study of sociology, because I believe—and I see more and more reasons for the belief the longer I study—that the social system in which we live and move and have our being is so bad that nobody can tell the full measure of its iniquity. In this age of so-called democracy we are getting into the thralls of the most relentless system of economic oligarchy that history thus far records. That capital from which most of us directly or indirectly get our bread and butter is becoming the most undemocratic, inhuman, and atheistic of all the heathen divinities.

"It is a literal and cardinal fact that our present economic system cries to heaven for rectification. It stultifies human nature. It nullifies the purposes of God. The men who denounce present society have profound reason for their complaints. We are in the midst of the most bewildering labyrinth of social entanglements in which the human race has wandered up to date.

"You are aware, as well as I, that there are clouds on the social horizon already bigger than a man's hand, foretelling changes of which no one is wise enough to predict the end. If present tendencies continue it will not be very long before the men whose business it is to communicate ideas will be gagged by those who publish ideas, and the publishers will be shackled by the makers of paper, and the paper manufacturers will be held up by the transportation lines, and the transporters by the producers of steel, and the steel industries by the coal operators, and the coal miners by the oil producers, and the oil magnates by the stovemakers, and the cookstove men by the sugar trust, and the sugar interest by Wall Street, and the stock brokers by the labour unions, and the labour unions by the farmers, and the farmers—God help them—by everybody.

"I am not throwing in your face the dust of my library. But if you will heed the symptoms from bank and office and factory and railroad headquarters and daily press, you have discovered that the very men who are making these combinations are beginning to be afraid of their own shadows. These very business men, who claim to have a monopoly of practical common sense, have involved themselves and all the rest of us in a grim tragedy of errors. They are already beginning to ask on the quiet how it is all to end."

Judge Burke, of the Chicago Bench, said:—

"The whole creation and all the manifestations of the spiritual, intellectual, and even the physical forces are now in a transitional period as never before. Even trade and methods of business that have been pursuing their customary ways for centuries are paralyzing individual effort, and puzzling the lawmakers of the earth. Storm centres of labour and capital are gathering over against each other, threatening the very integrity of the industrial firmament of man. . . . He who observes and reflects on matters of church and state feels this condition in the very pulsing ether, the like of which history does not disclose.

"No human wisdom can say what mean the great and increasing aggregations of capital, now sufficient to buy kingdoms. If these shall be arrayed against the empty hands of labour, than shall mass collide with mass, and who can predict the end thereof? I see no commanding spirit of compromise in these

approaching and threatening avalanches, which seem destined to involve the whole social system in ruin before the young men of this audience become threescore and ten years of age; so that the church, as it passes into the twentieth century, meets a perfect whirlwind of world-forces which overwhelms the statesman, the philosopher, and the historian, and drives them back into the cave of Sinai, while the storms pass the bounds of known law and rush on to a fate that makes the thoughtful tremble."

Judge Burke then proceeded to warn the church against stepping into the selfish strife and trying to guide the forces. It may be that he had in mind the way in which the Roman Church dominated the minds of men in a similarly critical time in Roman history, and exalted itself amidst the factions of the empire until the Papacy was set on high in a more accursed tyranny and soul-destroying organization than the world had ever seen. When we read that in the last days, out of just such conditions as are here described, there is to arise an "image to the beast" (the symbol of the Papacy), we can see perhaps even more force in the warning which Judge Burke gave his hearers:—

"I deplore every worldly success of the church, whether it be the raising of £20,000,000 with which to curse the twentieth century church, or the building of many church edifices every time the earth revolves, if this success shall in the least lead men to forget the springs of true power in the church. We seem to be in times when the church may have money enough to convert the world. Forbid that it be enough to convert the church to the world."...

"The great masses of the people stand yonder, alienated from our churches, because the wedge of gold is hidden with us. It does the church no good; it empties our pews; it frosts our air.

"One of the closest observers of church life in our land, one who weighs his words, has written this month, for his widely read editorial column, that the moral tone of the church is unsatisfactory, and that many societies would be reduced to a few pious women, aged persons, and unsophisticated youth if the discipline enforced in the primitive church, or in the early days of English and American Methodism, were applied; that many official members never participate actively in the aggressive spiritual work of the church; that this religious and moral condition bodes no good; that in eighty-seven cities in the United States, Methodism is scarcely holding its own, regardless of the increase of population, and of the fact that so many accessions are received by letter from country churches. He further says that divers superficial explanations are offered for this humiliating condition, but that whatever influence they may have, it is absolutely certain that if the laity and clergy were living according to the teachings of the New Testament, it could not be so."

This was spoken before the publication of the figures showing a loss during the year, among American Methodists, of nearly 30,000 members. But the conditions in the great Methodist body compare favourably with those in any of the popular churches. In his closing sentences Judge Burke expressed his hope that men would be warned by the conditions and the evils would be remedied. Of the influence of these speeches, and the lessons to be learned from the parallel in Roman history, in the light of prophecy, the editor of an organ of our Society in America says:—

Of course such plain talk as this has made no little stir among Methodists. Judge Burke's last two sentences are seized and

vigorously swung to hide the terrible force of the undeniable facts and inevitable tendencies portrayed in the bodies of the two papers. Professor Small's paper is declared to be "pessimistic," and the cry of despair; and those last two sentences of Judge Burke's paper are all that can save it from the same fate as the other.

Yet the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Methodist) acknowledges that "these conditions, in some respects, are not unlike those which brought about the overthrow and extinction of ancient civilizations." This being so, then what can save this modern civilization from overthrow and extinction!

However, it is not correct to say that "in some respects" these conditions are not unlike, etc. In every material respect the conditions to-day are just like those which brought about the overthrow and extinction of ancient civilizations.

It will not do to say that Christianity is here permeating all, to save society; whereas it was not so in the old civilizations. For the civilization of the Roman Empire was one of these which was overthrown and extinguished. And it must never be forgotten that it was the "Christian Roman civilization" that was overthrown and extinguished as the consequence of these conditions in that day. And just there lies another likeness in the conditions, the most dangerous, because the most hopeless. The popular Christianity of these days is precisely of the sort as was that of the days of the "Christian Roman civilization." It was the form without the power. And consciously lacking in the power of the Spirit of God, it sought and obtained the power of police, the power of the state, precisely as the popular Christianity of to-day is doing all over this "Christian" land and throughout this "Christian civilization."

And since the conditions to-day, as to popular Christianity and all, are so entirely like those which brought about the overthrow and extinction of that latest of the old civilizations, what but sheer wilfulness can it be that recognizes the likeness in the conditions, and yet refuses to admit that the consequences and end of the conditions must be the same?

This would all be plain enough even if the facts were all that there is in view. But in addition to the forceful lesson of the facts, the Scriptures, with one voice, and that the voice of God, declare that it is all true; and that the civilization of to-day is to be carried to inevitable overthrow and extinction, as certainly, and by the like evils, as were the ancient civilizations.

Along with the two papers quoted read 2 Tim. iii. 1, 5, 13; Luke xxi. 25, 27; James v. 1, 8; and every one will do well to read these papers over thus several times; for they give the signs of this time so plainly and so forcibly that no one who has any thought of looking for the Lord's coming can fail to be instructed by the truth as so set forth.

"Get ready, get ready, get ready." Are you ready, are you waiting, for Him?

POPULAR PASSION.

THE *Saturday Review* sees what every one may see who looks at the history of nations, that no schemes of arbitration can do away with wars. It is because human nature loves fighting, so much so that the most glorified in all nations are the military leaders of a people. Referring to the fact that kings and nobles are not now the forces that usually drive the people to war, the *Saturday Review* says:—

Mr. LECKY, indeed, has observed with perfect justice that the greatest menace to peace in the modern world, lies not in the ambition of kings or aristocracies, which is usually sobered by calculation and self-restraint, but in waves of national passions, which sweep through entire peoples, and in which kings and aristocracies may participate, but which do not originate with them.

Nations will never, under all circumstances, consent to settle their disputes by arbitration; because there is another means of settling them for which they have an instinctive preference, and a preference which in certain circumstances is always ready to develop into a passion. If the philosophers of peace think that this instinctive preference can be ignored, or that a few meetings at Exeter Hall will extinguish it, they behave like the rustic of HORACE, who waits till the river shall dry up; "but the river rolls on, and will roll, voluble till the end of time."

DISREGARD OF LAW.

A POTENT CAUSE.

It does not add to the serious facts, but it is good to know that men in prominent positions notice them and call attention to them. Dr. C. R. Brown, of the First Congregational Church in this city, is thus reported:—

"In our wanton disregard of law, we have excused ourselves on the ground of liberalism. We presume on God's wonderful goodness. The wanton disregard of law is noticeable in the home. If people do not get along together, there is always the quack lawyer, who promises a divorce, quick, easy, quiet, painless, and people are free to begin all over again. The impression has gone out in society that people ought to go and have a good time.

"The same lawless spirit which was a symptom of the French Revolution characterizes our times. And unless we correct many things we will write some chapters which will be sorry reading later on for the American public.

"The doctrine of expediency is responsible for lax observance of laws in nations. It is as though our citizens said, 'Mr. Devil, the Lord is in a tight place; won't you help him out?'

"The wanton disregard of law is due largely to the intellectual flabbiness of those among the religious leaders, those who believe in all things, and can be at the same time Catholic, Theosophist, and Unitarian."

Now all this is true; and it has all been foretold in the Word of God. We are living out in these very days the fifty-ninth chapter of Isaiah and other Scripture prophecies of these times. And the cause is more than "intellectual flabbiness," it is moral and religious flabbiness. God designed that His church should be the light of the world, the salt to penetrate and preserve it from destruction. But when the light is hidden under the bushel of expediency, and the salt of piety has lost its

savor, what should we expect of the world generally but "disregard of law"?

More than this: When God's law of Ten Commandments, given by His own voice, confirmed in the life, teaching, and death of Jesus Christ, is disregarded by ministers of the Gospel, what should we expect of the people? "He who offends in one point is guilty of all," are the words of Inspiration. The same royal law which declares, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal," also declares, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; . . . the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Yet professed teachers of the Gospel are partial in the law. They tell the people that the law is done away, the Sabbath is "Jewish," and in divers ways bring the law into contempt. Thousands of Christians today know their duty as regards the Sabbath, but justify their disregard of God's law through the false teaching of pastors or on the ground of "expediency."

If pastors may do this, why not their flocks? And if church members—professed Christians, followers of Christ—may wantonly disregard the law of God in one point, why may not the world in another?

We are beginning to reap a fearful harvest from the seed-sowing of religious "expediency." We are nearing a revolution and condition of things of which the French Revolution was but a weak prototype. And the judgment day will reveal that the most potent and prolific cause of all this disregard of law is the disregard of God's law by the professed followers of Christ. Christian brother and sister, "sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord till He come and rain righteousness upon you. Ye have plowed wickedness; ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies; because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men."—Hosea x, 12, 13. "Yea, let God be true, and every man a liar."

M. C. WILCOX.

Oakland, San Francisco.

DECLARED A DIVIDEND.

ON March 15 the Standard Oil Company paid a dividend of \$21,500,000 (about 60 crores of rupees). Of that tremendous sum, \$20,000,000 was paid out as a quarterly dividend of the company, and the remaining \$1,500,000 was paid by them for the Amalgamated Copper Company, which is controlled by the Standard Oil monopoly. That is an immense sum for just a quarterly dividend. It is almost four times as much as the interest on the United States national debt for the same length of time. Very little of the Standard Oil stock finds its way into the market, but such of it as was for sale, sold readily, after the announcement of that dividend, at 540 or 440 per cent. above par. With the fore-

going facts before you, please read carefully the following scripture:—

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."—James v. 1, 3.

You should be particular to note that the apostle says that this heaping together of treasure is to be "for the last days." And the Revised Version translates it "in the last days." Such figures as the Standard Oil Company presents, certainly show a heaping together of treasure that is not only remarkable but wholly unprecedented; for such dividends as that were never before declared by any corporation. And this heaping together of treasure by the Standard Oil Company represents only a part of what is going on in the world in this line. And the heaping together of wealth is only one of the signs which show that we are in the last days. The great array of evidence that we are in the last days is simply overwhelming in its strength and clearness. Every one should hasten to get ready; for the day is right at hand. —*Signs of the Times.*

WHEN YE SHALL SEE ALL THESE THINGS.

So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it (margin, "He") is near, even at the doors."—Matt. xxiv, 33. We are bidden by this word of the Master to "know," when we shall see "all these things," "that He is near even at the doors." "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."—Luke xxi, 28. When we "begin" to see the signs the Saviour has pointed to as the tokens of His soon coming, then are we to "look up" and lift our heads;" for our redemption "draweth nigh;" but when we see "all" the signs He has mentioned, then are we to "know" that He is "even at the doors."

There have been deceptions of Satan in all the past centuries, but never such deceptions as his millenniums of experience and long schooling in the ways of sin will enable to present in the last days.

There have been here and there some very remarkable things scattered along through the ages past; but nowhere and at no time has there been an age so filled with a bewildering mass of achievements, discoveries, and inventions as the one in which we live.

The Gospel has made miraculous advancement as the centuries have come and gone; but it was reserved to the latter part of the nineteenth century to build the great printing-presses, the railways, and the steam-ships, and send out the printed Scriptures into the homes of the kindreds and tongues of the earth.

Great errors have spread over the sections of the earth in bygone days; but nothing has ever more firmly rooted itself

in the minds of "many people" than the unscriptural present-day doctrine of a peace millennium on earth.

There have been plague-spots of crime in different ages and localities; but never since the days of Noah has it been so apparent that the greater portion of the human race was sinking into the lowest depths of injustice, violence, and vice.

Formality, superstition, and consequent apostasy have in many different periods planted the seeds of corruption and evil in the church that claimed to represent the Son of God; but never has the church, in the presence of such opportunities, facing such difficulties and dangers, possessing such intellectual possibilities and material facilities of good, and holding such stores of light, seemed to stand in such a lukewarm, careless, and compromising indifference.

The pleasures and follies of idle amusements have always played a part in Satan's devices to lure men to sin; but never as to-day has the world been given up to the fun that debases, debauches, and destroys.

There have been wealthy men in every nation and in every age; but never has there been such a "heaping" together of treasure, connected with the "cries of the labourers," as is seen and heard in the present hour.

There have been "wars and rumours of wars;" but never before have the nations of all the earth been so "angry," and never has it been made manifest that the "spirits of devils" had gone to the "kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day."—Rev. xvi.

There have been great storms and pestilences here and there all down the ages; but never have the lashing elements filled the inhabitants of the earth with such forebodings as now.

There have been failure of crops and consequent famines in different localities and at divers times; but never as now has the evidence made itself seen and felt that the earth is "waxing old like a garment," as beneath its load of "transgression" it begins to crumble to decay.

When we see these things "begin to come to pass," we are to "look up;" but when we see "all these things," then are we to "know that He is near, even at the doors." How do these things impress you? Do you see "all these things?" let each answer to his own conscience and to God. Controversy and heated discussion are not invited. Professed Christians have been cursed with too much of that, but the reader is earnestly entreated closely to heed God's Word, and to prepare for that eternity of existence that is given to all who will accept it. And how joyful the thought that the night of sin is almost ended, and that the heralds of the day of endless glory are trumpeting the invitation, "Come; for all things are now ready!"

A. O. TAIT.



ONE of the leading religious journals of the world declares:—

"All the world over a change is beginning. Who can stop it? Maps are to be revised, peripheries of civilizations are to be sponged out and redrawn. Who can hinder it?"

THE largest examination classes in the world are the Chinese. About 2,000,000 candidates present themselves for the first "exams." One per cent. pass, and receive the degree of "Budding Genius." The final examination is in three sittings of 36 hours each.

COREA is described as the land of devil worship. Spiritualism flourishes as the universal religion. Witchcraft has so destroyed the moral fibre of the people that, while naturally superior intellectually and physically to Chinese and Japanese, they are now below the level of either of their neighbours.

A writer describes them as the greatest gluttons on earth, always eating. People who think they need to eat every two or three hours to "keep their strength up" might learn a lesson from the physical deterioration of the Koreans.

THE Germans are making India rubber nails, which are of great advantage for use in chemical works, where metal nails would corrode, and also in explosive factories, where a spark from a nail head might cause a disaster.

The World's Fair.—The Paris Exhibition came at a bad time. Europe is too much preoccupied with the world-crisis, that seems rapidly gathering, to give much attention to sight-seeing in Paris. The *London Public Opinion* says:—

"Small capitalists who invested their all in the Paris Exhibition are bitterly mourning their folly; large and small are suffering alike, the great Exposition is financially a failure, and this means ruin to a large body of people. The bankruptcy list is filled week after week with the names of those who attribute their insolvency directly to the want of trade in the building."

THE following paragraph from a Roman Catholic journal furnishes one reason for the violent opposition of some of the Chinese populace against Christian converts:—

"It has been the aim of the priests in China to have the spiritual, industrial, civil, and military forms of civilisation go hand in hand, and in our opinion, if the Protestant missionaries had adopted a similar course they would not now be in such terror of the fanatics. As soon as inhabitants of a certain district were converted to Catholicism the priests, in addition to their other missionary work, saw to it that they were familiarised with the use of modern arms. The result has been that every

Christian village has become a sort of stronghold to which the peaceable element among the people flees for protection in time of danger."

Another result has been that the Chinese people have suspected missions of a design to bring their country under subjection to foreign powers.

Is It Peace? The *London Christian* says:—

The reign of the Queen is generally spoken of as a peaceful one; it, therefore, comes upon one with something of a shock to be told, as we are in the *Home Magazine*, that war and preparations for war in her reign have cost £2,500,000,000. We spend now £42,000,000 a year on the Army and Navy. The present war will add an enormous sum to the heavy total already against us. War is, indeed, a game of "beggar-my-neighbour," if it may not be called "beggar-everybody." He loses who wins, as well as he who is defeated.

SEVERAL years ago the Chinese had seven arsenals running. Since the defeat at the hands of Japan they have worked industriously to put themselves in fighting trim. Hence the stubborn and unexpected resistance to the allied forces. General Gordon predicted that the Chinese, once roused, would astonish the world.

REPLYING to the argument that war is to be encouraged as a promoter of virtues, a writer in the *Canadian Magazine* well says:—

"A man who would propose to introduce cholera in order to evoke the heroism of nurses, or to burn down a city in order to evoke the heroism of firemen, would be justly regarded as a dangerous lunatic; but there is a glamour about war which dazzles the eyes of emotional people and prevents their seeing quite clearly."

ONE WAY.

I HAVE always been sensitive to cruelty to animals; therefore, one day some years ago, when I heard the unmistakable sickening thud of blows and a furious voice, I ran to the door. I knew what I should see, two horses with quivering nostrils and frightened eyes and straining wet flanks, a loaded wagon fast in the mire, and a man with a cruel whip lashing the horses in vain.

There they were, all three, and on the side-walk, either side of the muddy road, the usual half dozen advisers. Advisers and man had lost their tempers.

"Don't beat those horses," shrieked a woman, "or I'll call the police!"

"It's a wicked shame to be so brutal," cried another; "you'll kill the horses!"

"Say, you'll never get out without unloading, or another pair of horses!" This from a man between the puffs of his cigar.

An undistinguishable chorus of pity and indignation made a background for these louder remarks, and, even through my own anger, I had a perception that the man was getting a drubbing as well as the horses. Not a word said he, except to his horses. But he heard, and he felt, and he grew more

furious every moment. One of the poor beasts tugged with every muscle at each shout; the other had, apparently, abandoned the effort in despair, and gave no sign beyond the tremor of his limbs when the lash fell.

I felt a sting of anger and pity at the sight; and then I saw my brother coming down the street. "Now," I thought, "it will be all right. Nat will thrash him, if he does not stop." For hadn't Nat very recently returned from the University of Heidelberg, where he nearly fought a duel? It didn't even seem necessary to me, who knew how kind Nat was to dumb animals, to appeal to him; I only called, "O Nat, come here!"

He came, took in the scene in one quick glance, and then, to my intense astonishment, instead of a stern reproof and a threat to give him a thrashing with his own whip, Nat shouted in a positively friendly tone, "Want a little help?"

The man nearly dropped his whip; he stared sullenly, but with a new expression, at the speaker. In a minute Nat had turned up the rims of his new light trousers, had found two boards, and somehow got all the men on the sidewalk behind them prying the wagon out of the hole, and without another blow the horses had pulled safely over the bad place and were on firm ground again.

"Another time you get into the mud," said Nat cheerily, "don't whip the horses; get the fellows on the sidewalk behind your wagon to help you."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you," said the man. "I guess I got madder than I needed to."

"That was quicker than sending for the police or even beating the man, don't you think, sis?" said Nat.

Nat has forgotten all about the episode, but I have not. Many a time have I rescued a beaten animal from the whip, not by reproaching, but by helping the harassed man who was beating because he didn't know anything else that he could do.

Once, after a teamster and I, on a country road, had together pried a wagon out of the mud, I said, "Now you'll remember next time, won't you, that a stick under the wheel is better than a whip on your horse's back?" and we both smiled, while he answered, "Yes, lady, I will; but I guess I'd have gone on licking the mules if you'd a' scolded me instead of lending a hand."

So I suppose that the moral is that it is better to lend a hand than to scold, and that a kind act may have a longer life than its doer's memory.—*Octave Thanet.*

THIS generation is so busy working for God that it has little time or inclination for communion with God, and therefore much of its work is worthless.—*Alex. McLaren.*

THE federation of the Australian Colonies goes into effect January 1, 1901. The Earl of Hopetoun has been nominated by the Crown as first Governor of the new nation.



"NOT ASHAMED."

"FOR both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren."—Heb. ii. 11.

Who is He that sanctifieth? It is Christ, "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

And they who are sanctified?—They are the ones who by faith in Christ receive the Holy Spirit of truth.—See Acts xxvi. 18; 2 Thess. ii. 13.

And "God is one."—Gal. iii. 20. He that sanctifieth—Jesus—and they who are sanctified—all who believe—are all of God. For "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God."—2 Cor. v. 17, 18. "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption."

"For which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." Who is He not ashamed to call brethren? "They who are sanctified," of course. True enough, but this is not all. What is the evidence that He is not ashamed to call certain ones His brethren? This, that He says, "I will declare Thy name unto My brethren." But why should He declare the name of the Lord to any people? Manifestly because they do not know it. If all knew the name of the Lord, there would be no necessity to declare His name to them; for "they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."—Ps. ix. 10. In the world to come "they shall teach no more every man his neighbour and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxxi. 34.

What is a person called, who does not know the Lord, nor His name? A heathen. That word expresses the lowest religious state of mankind. Will one express his contempt for people, he will say, "They are miserable heathen." And truly all who

do not know the Lord are in a miserable condition, and all men are or have been at some time in their lives, "without Christ, . . . having no hope, and without God in the world."—Eph. ii. 12.

Therefore when Christ says, "I will declare Thy name unto My brethren," He evidently means that He will declare it, first of all, to those who do not know it—to heathen. But mark, "He is not ashamed to call them brethren." That wretched sinner, despised of men, and despising even himself, covered with the filth of the gutter, Jesus is not ashamed to call a brother. Oh, what a wealth of love there is in Jesus!

Ah, but what of the statement that they are "all of one"? Does that apply to these heathen? Certainly. Adam was the son of God (Luke iii. 38), and although he fell, God did not cast him off. So all of Adam's race are lost, wandering, prodigal sons, whom the Father has not disowned, because He is Love. He is a *Father*, indeed. There are men in the world, who are called fathers, who disown their children. A son becomes a spendthrift and a drunkard, and he is no more owned as a son. A daughter goes astray, and the door is locked upon her. "She is no child of mine," says the so-called father, who knows nothing of what it means to be a father. Not so with God. He says, "O Israel, return to the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."—Hosea xiv. 1. The fact that we have fallen causes Him the more to open His arms to us; the greatness of our sin only adds force to our plea. "For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great." Ps. xxv. 11. "For the Lord will not cast off for ever." That is, He will never cast off. "But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies."—Lam. iii. 31, 32.

Think of the circumstances. The world was lost in sin, wandering in darkness and the shadow of death. They were without hope, because they did not know the name of the Lord. Jesus, sitting with the Father upon the throne of eternal glory, with all

the riches of the universe and the adoration of the angels His by right, said, "I will declare Thy name unto My brethren." In His place as the honoured Son in the Father's house, He was not ashamed to call poor fallen men His brethren. "My brothers are in great need; I will go down and help them." Oh, what a wonder, that He is not ashamed to call the poor, ragged beggar His brother! There is nothing on earth that we can compare it with, for such disinterested love is not found among men; but we must consider it, just as it is, without a parallel, in order that the same love for His brethren may spring up in our hearts, that we may not be ashamed to call them brethren.

Men often sing,

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

That is very good; there is no reason in the world why we should be ashamed of Him. The remarkable thing is, that He is not ashamed of us. That is the love that draws us to Him, and gives us confidence to come back to the Father's house. And that same love in us will draw men to Christ.

But it is a sad fact that many professed followers of the Lord, to say nothing of proud worldlings, are ashamed of the Lord. Every time we are ashamed to be seen in company with a poor man or woman; every time we shrink from contact with poverty, or do not wish to be recognised as belonging to the same society, we show that we are ashamed of the Lord; for He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—Matt. xxv. 40. Likewise, when we are ashamed of any truth, which is His life (for He is the truth, John xiv. 6), because it is unpopular, then we show that we are ashamed of Him.

If Christ were here to-day as He was in Judea and Galilee eighteen hundred years ago—and He would be just the same as He was then, for He is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8)—what would many who now call themselves by His name do? How would they receive Him? They would not receive Him, for "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."—John i. 11. "His clothes are so shabby; He associates with such low characters, people who are not at all of our set," would be the talk. Possibly they might allow Him to labour in a "mission" in the slums, but "what a figure He would cut in our church! I am sure it is better for Him, as well as for us, to associate with people of His class, for He certainly cannot feel at home among us." Most likely. He was rich, and we were poor. For our sakes He became poor, and now the very ones for whose sake He made Himself poor are ashamed to own Him because of His poverty. What ingratitude!

"But what is that I hear? He keeps the seventh day for the Sabbath, and therefore we cannot allow Him to work even in our mission." "No; He is altogether too far

behind the times; He doesn't seem to realise that more than eighteen hundred years have passed since it was popular to keep the seventh day; He is altogether out of touch with nineteenth century Christianity. This enlightened age needs something different from the old-fashioned ways." Ah, how many would be ashamed to own Him as a brother! And how many are to-day disowning Him, even while singing, "I'm not ashamed!"

He who is ashamed, shows himself to be a child of shame. Beware lest our shame at last cause Him to be ashamed. If we are not ashamed of Him, He will never be ashamed of us. "And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."—1 John ii. 28. What a terrible thing to be ashamed then. They who are not ashamed of Him now in His humiliation and unpopularity, will not be ashamed before Him when He appears in His glory.

E. J. WAGGONER.

A CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.

SEVERAL years ago, while working in Ireland, I called upon a lady who had been in the habit of giving way to frequent spells of despondency. While speaking of the victory she had gained over it, she related to me the following story:—

"My little boy is very fond of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He never tires of it. I have read it to him several times, but it is always new, and he seems to thoroughly understand that it represents Christian experience. For many years I had been in the habit of giving way to despondency, never thinking there was anything in it that was incompatible with my Christian experience. One day, while feeling very low spirited, my little boy looked up into my face, saying:—

"What is the matter, mamma?"

"I replied, 'I feel despondent, my boy.'

"Does that mean you are in the 'slough of despond,' mamma?"

"Why, yes, I suppose it does,' was my reply.

"I shall never forget the earnest look he gave me, as he said:—

"Have you ever been through the 'wicket gate,' mamma?"

"Yes, Hammie, yes, I trust I have passed the 'wicket gate.'"

"Then how can you be in the 'slough of despond;' for the 'slough of despond' is the other side of the 'wicket gate'?"

"The words of my boy rang in my ears all day, 'How can you be in the 'slough of despond;' for the 'slough of despond' is the other side of the 'wicket gate'?" And I humbly promised the Lord I would never dishonour Him again by going back into the mire, after He had once set me free."

We are told to "rejoice in the Lord always." Be sure you are safely through the "wicket gate." "I am the Door," Christ says; "by Me if any man enter in he shall

be saved," saved from his hereditary traits, saved from himself, and translated into the kingdom of light, beyond the "slough of despond," out of reach of even the margin of it, which some call "the blues."

MRS. H. HURD HASKELL.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

"Fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun."—Song of Sol., vi. 10.

FAIR as the Moon in loveliness,
The church of Christ is made,
And through the Sun of righteousness,
Is she in light arrayed.
Her beauty is from Him obtained,
Who's beauty's object fair;
Who men and Angels' love has gained,
Th' adored one everywhere.
And when through clouds her pathway lies—
Clouds of adversity,
That darken and obstruct her skies—
More beautiful is she.
She overrides, them, as the Moon,
The clouds that dim her way,
That from her pathway vanish soon,—
Dispelled by her bright ray.
Thus fair, the characters should be,
Of Christ's believers true,
In loveliness and purity,
In all they say or do.
Progressive too, should be their way,
Upon the path they take,
Growing in brightness day by day,
Till they in glory wake.

ADELAIDE HARRIS.

"DID THE APOSTLES KEEP SUNDAY?"

THE above question has been asked me several times, and, in reading the New Testament, I conclude they did not. I find that the Scriptures were read *every Sabbath day*.—Acts xiii. 27.

There is only one meeting recorded as being held on Sunday (Acts xx. 7), and that was a night meeting (Acts xx. 8), after the Sabbath was past, on what we call Saturday night, and Paul continued his journey the next day (Sunday) on foot to Assos (Acts xx. 13). This he would not have done had he observed it as the Sabbath, the distance being about nineteen miles.

To offset this one meeting on Sunday, I find the following meetings on the Sabbath recorded:—

Acts xiii. 14-16.....	1	Sabbath-day meeting
" xiii. 44.....	1	" "
" xvi. 13.....	1	" "
" xvii. 2.....	3	" "
" xviii. 4-11.....	78	" "
Total.....	84	" "

Now if the apostles kept Sunday, why did the Gentiles ask that these words be preached to them the next Sabbath (Acts xiii. 42-44) instead of the next day, which was Sunday? If meeting once on Sunday to break bread (Acts xx. 7), proves it to be the Sabbath, as, with no reason whatever, men sometimes claim, then all days are proven to be sabbaths, for they continued daily breaking bread from house to house (Acts ii. 46).

Every one claims the Ten Commandments as the law of the Jews. Paul said he had not offended against the law of the Jews (Acts xxv. 8), so he must have kept the fourth commandment. He also said, near the close of his life, "I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers."—Acts xxviii. 17. But it was their custom to keep the seventh day. Did Paul keep Sunday?—C. L. Clarke, in *Sabbath Recorder*.

VICTORY.

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or the oversight—*that is victory.*

When your good is evil spoken of; when your wishes are crossed, your tastes offended your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed; and you take it all in patient, loving silence—*that is victory.*

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption—*that is victory.*

When you can bear any discord, any annoyance, any irregularity, or unpunctuality (of which you are not the cause)—*that is victory.*

When you can stand face to face with folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, contradiction of sinners, persecution, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—*that is victory.*

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, nor to seek after commendation, when you can truly "love to be unknown"—*that is victory.*

—Bolton.

PRESENT BLESSINGS.

WHEN Jesus met Martha and Mary after the death of Lazarus, each of them said in reproachful sorrow, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died," Martha, however, did not allow regret for the past to shut out all comfort for the present, as she added, "But I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." It was a confession of faith for a present blessing, though even then she was hardly prepared to believe that Jesus would immediately raise Lazarus to life, and found it easier to believe for the future—that in the resurrection of the last day her brother should rise again. The Lord had comfort for them just then and gave them their brother risen from the dead. But the lesson of Martha's confession is for all time. It is natural enough to regret the past; to feel that if only this or that had not occurred, or if only the Lord had interposed and ordered differently, we could now have faith and courage. But whatever the past, there is blessing from the Lord for every one just now. He has present comfort for those who sorrow under bereavement, and present forgiveness and good cheer for those who sorrow over past failures and misfortunes. God lives to bless and comfort and work in the eternal present.



ORGANS OF SENSE.

IT has been shown that animals hear sounds which are beyond the range of our hearing, and that they can perceive the ultra-violet rays which are invisible to our eyes. Now as every ray of homogeneous light which we can see at all appears to us as a distinct colour, it becomes probable that these ultra-violet rays must make themselves apparent as a distinct and separate colour (of which we can form no idea) but as different from the rest as red is from yellow, or green from violet. It would appear that the colours of objects and the general aspect of nature must present to animals a very different appearance from what they do to us.

These considerations cannot but raise the reflection, how different the world may—I was going to say must—appear to other animals from what it does to us. Sound is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear. When they are few the sound is deep; as they increase in number it becomes shriller and shriller; but when they reach forty thousand in a second, they cease to be audible. Light is the effect produced on us when waves of light strike on the eye. When four hundred millions of millions of vibrations of ether strike the retina in a second, they produce red; and as the number increases the colour passes into orange, then yellow, green, blue, and violet. But between forty thousand vibrations in a second, and four hundred millions of millions, we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist. We have five senses, and sometimes fancy that no others are possible. But it is evident that we cannot measure the infinite by our own narrow limitations.

Moreover, looking at the question from the other side, we find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are as yet powerless to explain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight; and even within the boundaries of our own senses, there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear, and colours, as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of colour which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive.

To place stuffed birds in glass cases, to arrange insects in cabinets, and dried plants

in drawers, is merely the drudgery and preliminary of study; to watch their habits, to understand their relations to one another, to study their instincts and intelligence, to ascertain their adaptations and their relations to the forces of nature, to realise what the world appears to them; these constitute, as it seems to me, at least the true interest of natural history, and may even give us the clue to senses and perceptions of which at present we have no conception.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

ETERNAL HARMONY.

THE harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.
And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.
Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand—
The priesthood of the sea!
They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,



And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.
The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.
The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.
The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The drooping tears of rain.
With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.
The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of its prayer.
So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

HOW significant, says a writer in a London paper, is the white of the snow! The hue of water in violent agitation—of the foaming cascade and the raging surf—belongs to vapour frozen into calmest permanence. Extremes meet; and the water that on the one side purifies itself by motion, on the other side purifies itself by rest. Out

of white all the colours spring, and to it they return. All summer hues are gathered back into the uniform radiance of the snow. Nature's coat of many colours gives place to the white raiment with which we clothe the infant in its innocence, the bride in her purity, and the dead in their rest. Washed by the waves of the world, and refined by the fires of God, the landscape, like a gigantic lily, unfolds its white petals to the sun, and reflects the light in all its integrity and chastity; and thus, clothed in the vestal humility of winter, it is prepared for the many-hued splendours of summer.

But it is to the eye that searches into the heart of things that the snow reveals its most wonderful beauty, for it is of that truest kind that bears the closest inspection. Take one of the myriad snow-flakes which obscure the atmosphere as they fall, and put it under the microscope. It melts almost instantly, but not before you have caught a glimpse of loveliness that astonishes you. It is a perfect crystal, consisting of six rays spreading in the most symmetrical manner from the centre, and often provided with smaller branching rays. Formless and uniform as a wreath of snow looks, it is composed of myriads of such crystals, whose shapes are so exquisite that the eye is never weary of looking at them. Their variety is most wonderful. Thirty different kinds may be observed during any of our own snow storms; while in higher northern latitudes, upwards of a hundred varieties have been delineated.

THE CENTRE OF ALL.

BEFORE I knew the Gospel, I had gathered a heterogeneous mass of all kinds of knowledge, a bit of chemistry, a bit of botany, a bit of astronomy, and a bit of this, that, and the other. But when I had discovered Christ and Him crucified, I had found the centre of the system, and I could see every other science revolving in due order.

The old saying is, "Go from Nature up to Nature's God," but it is hard work going up hill. The best thing is to go from Nature's God down to Nature, and if you once get to Nature's God, and believe Him, and love Him it is surprising how easy it is to hear music in the waves, and songs in the wild whispering of the winds; and to see Him everywhere, in the stones and rocks, in the rippling brooks; and to hear Him everywhere, in the lowing of cattle, in the rolling of thunders, and the fury of the tempest. Christ is to me the wisdom of God. I can learn everything now that I know the science of Christ crucified.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

"QUIET work is often undervalued, yet the loudest voices do not always speak the wisest words. Be anxious rather that your work should be approved in heaven than talked about on earth."



SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.

O MOTHERS, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers,
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you;
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world just for this,
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

—Anon

A MODEL HOME.

THE home of our first parents was to be a pattern for other homes as their children should go forth to occupy the earth. That home, beautified by the hand of God Himself, was not a gorgeous palace. Men, in their pride, delight in magnificent and costly edifices, and glory in the works of their own hands; but God placed Adam in a garden. This was his dwelling. The blue heavens were its dome; the earth, with its delicate flowers and carpet of living green, was its floor; and the leafy branches of the goodly trees were its canopy.

Its walls were hung with the most magnificent adornings—the handiwork of the Great Master-artist. In the surroundings of the holy pair was a lesson for all time—that true happiness is found, not in the indulgence of pride and luxury, but in communion with God through His created works.

If men would give less attention to the artificial, and would cultivate greater simplicity, they would come far nearer to answering the purpose of God in their creation. Pride and ambition are never satisfied, but those who are truly wise will find substantial and elevating pleasure in the sources of enjoyment that God has placed within the reach of all.

To the dwellers in Eden was committed the care of the garden, "to dress it and to keep it." Their occupation was not wearisome, but pleasant and invigorating. God

appointed labour as a blessing to man, to occupy his mind, to strengthen his body, and to develop his faculties. In mental and physical activity, Adam found one of the highest pleasures of his holy existence. And when, as a result of his disobedience, he was driven from his beautiful home, and forced to struggle with a stubborn soil to gain his daily bread, that very labour, although widely different from his pleasant occupation in the garden, was a safeguard against temptation, and a source of happiness.

Those who regard work as a curse, attended though it be with weariness and pain, are cherishing an error. The rich often look down with contempt upon the working classes; but this is wholly at variance with God's purpose in creating man. What are the possessions of even the most wealthy, in comparison with the heritage given to the lordly Adam? Yet Adam was not to be idle.

Our Creator, who understands what is for man's happiness, appointed Adam his work. The true joy of life is found only by the working men and women. The angels are diligent workers; they are the ministers of God to the children of men. The Creator has prepared no place for the stagnating practice of indolence.

Mrs. E. G. WHITE.

"PLUCK."

"YES," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone, said "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes, and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the iron-works, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the sharp hiss of molten metal, and the clear ring of smitten steel.

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or may be eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!

"Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good.

"Good morning, sir!" he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. "I want work. Can you give me any?"

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time.

"No, sir!" I said. "We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you." I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. "I must have work!" he said. "I would try to give you satisfaction, sir, and I tell you I must have it!"

"He spoke as if I had the work in my coat-pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

"My good sir," I said, putting the paper down, "there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your references, I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day."

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place, there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!'

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and shut the door after him; but I looked at him again, and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or snivelling about him. If there had been, out he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so.

"What kind of work do you want?" I said, putting down the paper again.

"Any kind."

"You mean that?"

"I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—" he choked a little, and stopped. Then, "I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!"

"Come with me!" I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work, clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the

men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not.

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians. They were little fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

"Here is a job!" I said. "The only one I know of. How do you like it?"

"Well enough," he said, as cool as possible.

"You'll get a dollar and a half a day," I told him. "You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?"

"In an hour," he said. Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe, and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir.

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble; but my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction.

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before.

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or any one else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world.

"That's pluck!" said I to myself. "If he doesn't die he'll do!"

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shaky and pretty tired-looking; but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off.

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work.

"When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt.

"Oh!" said I to myself. "One day was enough for him, was it?" And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned to come away, and lo! there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up, with a great hunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. *Buon giorno, signore!*'

"Are you a schoolmaster," I asked, "and working down in that hole?"

"No," he said, quietly. "I am a book-keeper. It is a great advantage for a book-keeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents," he added, turning it over, with a smile—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone—"and I am getting on pretty well."

"Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as book-keeper," I asked, "instead of this kind of thing?"

"Nobody will take a bookkeeper without references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose," he said, flushing a little. "My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones, as my native town is off the main lines, and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been

fond of open air and exercise," he added, with a quizzical look at the hole where he had been digging, "and now I am getting lots of it."

"Back stiff?" I suggested.

"So, so! I'll manage, though—often

been worse after a day's rowing,—and this is just as good bread as any other," and the took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at the grammar.

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbour. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out; but his pluck kept him up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up.

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened, and in came

Green, from the boiler-works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

"Will you take a man on trial?"

"What kind of man?" asked Green.

"Well, I hardly know," said I. "I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work," and I told the man's story.

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler-works ever since. If he's not to make a partner soon, I've been misinformed to-day—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well, good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—Pluck!"

—Youth's Companion.

A SHORT HISTORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

It is believed that the paddle-wheel for propelling ships antedates the Christian era; but the application of steam to turn the paddle-wheel was probably first thought of by Roger Bacon, a celebrated English philosopher who lived in the thirteenth

century. Blasco de Garay, a Spanish engineer, is said to have been the first to apply steam to the propulsion of a vessel. In 1707 Papin, a French philosopher, experimented with an engine in a model boat on the Fulda, at

Cassel. In 1736 Jonathan Hulls patented a marine steam-engine, intending to employ his vessel for towing purposes. He published a description of his steamer, with the sketch reproduced in Fig. 1. This was probably the first illustrated account of a steamboat.

The first step in America toward steam navigation was made by William Henry, of Pennsylvania, who tried a model steamboat on Conestoga Creek in 1763. M. P erier made a similar attempt in 1774, repeating his experiment in 1775. The marquis de Jouffroy was engaged in the same work, using a much larger vessel, in 1776. He extended his experiments to the year 1783, and met with encouraging results.



Hulls' First Steamboat.

In 1784 James Rumsey was engaged in similar work in the United States. In 1786, by means of a jet of water forced out at the stern, he propelled a boat by steam on the Potomac River, at the rate of four miles an hour. Rumsey afterward went to England, and experimented with his boats on the Thames. At the same time that he was working on the problem of steam navigation, John Fitch had an experimental steamer on the Delaware. This boat, which was sixty feet long, was propelled by a number of paddles suspended at their upper ends, and worked with a series of cranks. It was not a decided success. Fitch made another in 1790, which attained an average speed of seven and one-half miles an hour. In 1796 he resumed his experiments, using

a high-pressure engine, having a single screw and a sectional boiler. He afterward tried twin screws with a larger boat. The machinery used in his last boat is well preserved, and may be seen at the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, N. J. This same machinery was, in 1844, placed in a boat that attained a speed of eight miles an hour.

Notwithstanding the many experiments made by different men, it remained for Robert Fulton to show to the world the practicability of applying steam to the propulsion of vessels. In 1806 Fulton had a boat built, in which he placed an engine made by Watt in England. It was one hundred and thirty feet long by eighteen

from three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet in length, and are propelled from sixteen to twenty-two miles an hour.

W. C. DALBEY.



AN OLD RHYME PARODIED.

THERE was a man in our town
Invested all his health,
With madly avaricious aim,
To win the goal of wealth;
And when the same he had attained,
With all his might and main,
He vainly lavished all his wealth
To get his health again.

—o—

THREE SCENES FROM LIFE.

Scene I. An English country home. The eldest daughter has just returned from Germany, where she has been finishing her education. She is beautiful of face and form, accomplished, well educated, and generous to a fault; no wonder she is beloved and admired by her associates and friends. As she stands there, surrounded by the delighted children, her mother cries, "Florry, dear, you look tired after your long journey; let me get you something." With that she hurries off and returns with a glass of wine. "Here, dear, drink this." "No, thank you, mamma; I don't like wine, and shall be all right when I've rested." "Nonsense, child, drink this; it will do you good, and bring a little colour to your pale cheeks." To please her mother she takes the wine.

* *

Scene II. Several years have passed. The young girl is now a married woman. In this scene, which is plainly before me, I see her sitting at the head of her own table in a luxuriously furnished room. The servant moves noiselessly about over the heavy pile carpet. The table is ablaze with silver and cut glass and light, and is served with choice viands. The guests are animated and compliment their pleasant hostess; but at the close of the repast I notice she looks troubled and acts as if in pain. I ask her if anything is the matter. "Oh, nothing much," she replies, "but I suffer so dreadfully at times with indigestion; the doctor ordered me to take a little brandy at such times and I find it relieves me wonderfully." So saying she goes to the side-board, pours out half a wine-glass of brandy, and drinks it raw. "I am better now," she adds reassuringly.

* *

Scene III. A vile "doss-house" in Soho, London. You feel afraid to enter—well, so are the police. In the cellar of this den, huddled on some rags in the corner, lies a thing scarce human, whose eyes glare and



Fulton's "Clermont" ascending the Hudson River.

a screw; this was probably the first time that the screw was used in the propulsion of vessels.

In 1788 three Scotchmen attained a speed of five miles an hour with a steamboat on Dalswinton Loch. This boat had two hulls, driven by a single paddle-wheel between them. These men also built a larger engine, of twelve-horse power, which attained a speed of seven miles an hour.

In 1801 the "Charlotte Dundas" was built for towing purposes, but was soon afterward set aside because it was feared that the banks of the canal would be washed away by the waves she made. This ship had a wheel driven by an engine whose cylinder was twenty-two inches in diameter, having a four-foot stroke. It could propel a vessel of one hundred and forty tons' burden three and a half miles an hour.

In 1803 Robert Fulton, an American civil engineer whose name is inseparably connected with the development of the steamboat, launched his first steamboat on the Seine. It sank, as the result of defective construction. Fulton was assisted in his experiments by his partner, Mr. Livingston.

In 1804 Col. John Stevens successfully experimented with a small vessel driven by

feet beam, had a depth of seven feet, and was of about one hundred and sixty tons' burden. This steamer, which was named the "Clermont," was a side-wheel boat, with a steam cylinder two feet in diameter, and a stroke of four feet. The boiler was twenty feet long, seven feet deep, and about eight feet wide. The paddle-wheels were fifteen feet in diameter. The "Clermont" made her first successful trip to Albany in 1807, her average speed being about five miles an hour.

In the following year Stevens placed on the Hudson his side-wheel steamer, the "Phœnix;" but as Fulton held the monopoly of the water way on that river, Stevens took his boat by sea around to the Delaware River. This was the first sea voyage made by a steamboat. Thenceforward rapid progress was made in the development of steam-propelled craft of all descriptions.

Although ocean navigation by steam began with Stevens in 1808, it was made an assured success by a voyage of the "Savannah" in 1819, which in that year sailed from Savannah, to Russia, by the way of England, returning from St. Petersburg in twenty-six days.

The most successful steam-vessels are those of the trans-oceanic lines, which are

shine like the eyes of an hungry wolf. The place is swarming with vermin and rats. Through a crack in the drain the sewage is slowly oozing with sickly stench. The poor creature literally lies in a drain. "Yes," says one of the inmates of this horrid place, "she's in a bad way, drunk a bottle of brandy a day. When she had no money left, a lady friend had food sent her from the eating house over the way, but she sent it back when she could and got them to give her the money instead, which she spent for more drink." As I now look upon her paralyzed form and listen to her crazy gibberish, I remember the once beautiful girl who came home from Germany, the friend of my youth, and the words of the Saviour ring in my ears, "An enemy hath done this."

FRANCIS HOPE,

—o—
TOBACCO.

"WHAT? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you?" "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." "If a man love Me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him." "Abide in Me and I in you." "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

What a privilege to have the eternal God dwelling in our bodies. He is a holy God, he desires a holy temple. Anything that defiles His temple insults Him. He has made a grand and wonderful temple, Every time we take into this temple anything that poisons it, we defile the temple, and God is not glorified; also the temple of God is destroyed just to that extent. God designs that we should glorify Him in our bodies. God is a clean, pure being, and delights to dwell in a pure temple. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

All admit that tobacco is a poison. It stunts the growth of the young and blunts the sensibilities of the old, so that they are unable to grasp the great truths of God's love and the plan of salvation. God's temple is defiled by the poisonous tobacco. God is not glorified in the body saturated with nicotine. Can Christ and tobacco dwell in the same place?

Tobacco kills; it destroys life. Christ gives life most abundantly, even eternal life. Tobacco defiles and makes filthy; Christ cleanses and purifies. Jesus never used tobacco. The two can never be associated. In the new earth, we shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. We shall also eat of the tree of life, but no lips will be soiled with tobacco juice. No one will smoke then.

God has great and wonderful truths for His people to grasp. He can speak to or influence us only through the nervous system. Tobacco is a poison to nerves. The finer feelings are blunted; the keenness of perception is destroyed until many times the still small voice of God falls on deaf (dead) ears. Hence many of the blessings of obedience that God designs for us, the tobacco user never receives.

Our bodies are not our own, for we are bought with a price and God paid the biggest price for His temple that the universe ever knew—even the life of His own Son. Therefore God must highly value His temple. Ought we not to value it just as much? Does He overvalue it? Does not the tobacco user undervalue it? Has he any right to deface God's mansion?

Soon, my brother, will the final command be given: "He that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is holy let him be holy still."

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

W. B. HOLDEN, M.D.

—o—
THE TWIN OF THE DRINK EVIL.

THE late Dr. Ward Richardson regarded tobacco as twin evil with strong drink. In his recently published Memoir he says: "I have not a line to write in favour of tobacco, and for a long series of years—twenty-four at least—I have scrupulously avoided smoking because of its bad effects on health and vitality. Smoking is not simply a dirty habit, but one that injures the body. It is not in character with the work of the animal machine. It stupefies the mental organs; deranges the blood; impairs the circulation; weakens the digestion, and stunts the growth. It also produces local mischief, and is most distinctly provocative of some fatal forms of disease. No child ought ever to be inducted into its use, and in a sanitary world conducted on sound principles, indulgence in tobacco would be unknown."

—o—
HYGIENIC COOKERY.

COOKERY is a science in itself. It breaks up the food into minute particles so that the body can assimilate or make use of it for heat, blood, and general body nourishment. If the food is properly prepared, we digest and assimilate it so that in a comparatively few hours we are strengthened by its use. On the contrary, when food is not prepared with a due amount of care, when it is thrown together as it were, with no thought of how much the body can digest when every particle of starch is so saturated with grease that the action of the gastric juice can have little or no effect upon it—then we have a sour decaying mass, unfit for appropriation by the body. It lies beyond our reach, and hence is left for many hours

to throw out an immense amount of poison into the circulation.

How few mothers give heed to these things? Something to please the appetite, something to please the children so they will not cry, is all their thought. How different is the wise cook, the conscientious mother, who wants everything that goes into the stomachs of the members of her family to be of such a nature that it can be used to build up tissue and make it strong to do God's will.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." This principle, quoted from the Sacred word, should be engraved in letters of gold upon the mind. Home is happier, all its inmates are healthier, if these principles are lived in it.

LAURETTA KRESS, M.D.,
Sanitarium, Redhill, Surrey, England.



WHAT THE ARAB SAW.

KEEP your eyes wide open and your thoughts wide awake to everything that is good, and you will be in the way of learning many useful lessons. One boy or girl will see nothing interesting, and learn nothing, where another who has learnt to use his eyes will be learning all the time. The habit of observing is useful not only in work but may teach of the life to come; for the Lord teaches us of His own power and salvation by the things that He has made. So He says all are "without excuse" who do not know Him. They see His works, but do not truly observe them and learn of His power.

The Arabs have a story, showing how much may be seen by the observing eye. It is in this wise:—

"What are you looking for?" said an Arab to a man who was walking fast across the desert, looking this way and that way, and seeming to be in great trouble.

"I'm looking for my friend," the man replied. "We were travelling together, but this morning I slept too long, and he started without me. All day long I have sought for him, but in vain. I can see him nowhere. And I am almost in despair."

"Was your friend," said the Arab, "a lame man and heavy?"

"Yes," said the stranger eagerly. "Have you seen him? When? Where? Oh, tell me that I may find him!"

"Since sunset last night," said the Arab, "I have seen no man till I saw you. But your friend—was he lame on the right leg? and did he carry a stick in his left hand?"

"You must have seen him!" cried the stranger; "he limped badly, for he had hurt

his foot. Which way did he go? Tell me, for without him I will die."

"Your friend," said the Arab, "I have not seen. But three hours ago such a man as you describe, clad in blue raiment, was leading a light-coloured camel that was blind in one eye, and was laden with a burden of dates. He passed this spot on his way to Damascus. There, if you hasten, you will find him."

"Are you a wizard that you know all this?" cried the stranger. "You describe my friend, but you have never seen him. You tell me all about his old camel, and where he has gone. How do you know about him?"

"Stranger," said the Arab, "God has given all men eyes, but only to a few has He given the power to use them. All that I have told you, you might have seen for yourself if you had but used your eyes."

"Say not so," replied the other, "for I have looked everywhere, and could see nothing."

The Arab said nothing, but with a sign he motioned the stranger to follow him. As they walked a little way they came to the fresh track of a camel, and on the righthand side the track of a man.

"See," said the Arab, "there are the footmarks of your friend and his beast."

"Of a man and a camel, truly," replied the other; "but how do I know that the man was my friend?"

The Arab trod on the sand by the footprints. "Look," he said; "do you see any difference between my foot-prints and his?"

The other looked for a time. "Your feet," he said, "sink equally into the sand, but the other's not equally. One foot sinks more deeply, much more deeply than either of yours, the other less deeply."

Then said the Arab, "We all tread lightly on a lame foot, and a heavy man sinks deeper into the ground on one leg than a spare man on two."

"True," said the other; "but how do you know the colour of his camel and the hue of his garment, or the burden with which the beast was laden?"

"Is it so difficult, then," replied he, "to see the colour of the fragment of apparel caught by the thorns, or the hairs that were left on the sand where the camel rested?" And as he spoke he pointed to where the traveller had left behind him a shred of his raiment.

"Yes, I see," said the other; "but how do you know the camel bore a burden of dates, and was blind in one eye?"

"Can you," replied the Arab, "not see the flies feasting on the date juice that dropped on the sand by the side of the camel's track? And wherever the camel browsed, it only grazed on one side, the side on which it could see."

"Verily I perceive thou art a man of wonderful discernment," said the stranger; "but answer me this also: How couldst thou tell that it is but three hours since he passed this spot?"

"Hast thou, then, eyes and seest not?" said the other scornfully. "Mark the spot

where they lay in the shade of this spreading palm. The shadow of the palm-tree is as the hand of the dial. It was three hours since any shade was possible on that spot. Farewell. Hasten along the road that leadeth to Damascus, there thou wilt find thy friend."

THE SECRET.

"I CANNOT think," said jealous Kate,
"Whatever it can be

That makes the girls at school all seem
So fond of Minnie Lee.

There's nothing very wonderful
In her, that I can see.

"She is not pretty, like Louise,

With eyes of charming blue;

Or clever, as Jane Hunter is,

Or Mary Catherine Drew;

She takes three times as long to learn

Her lessons as they do.

"And then her father is not rich;

She wears a shabby dress:

So, why it is they like her so,

It puzzles me to guess."

"It does not puzzle me at all,

Because I know," said Bess.

"If I want something done, and ask

Louise or Jane, you see,

They say, 'I wish you'd go away,

And not come troubling me.'

But it is quite a different thing

With darling Minnie Lee.

"She always listens patiently,

And helps me, when she can;

She's always ready to assist

In any little plan,

And never answers angrily,

Like Jane or Mary Ann.

"She always is so kind and sweet;

And that's the reason why

The girls are all so fond of her.

I only wish that I

Could be as good as Minnie is,"

Said Bessie, with a sigh.

"Then you must ask your Saviour's aid,"

Said mamma, pleasantly,

"And He will help you both, I trust,

And give you grace to be

Loving and kind to all around,

Like gentle Minnie Lee."

—Selected.

A REAL VICTORY.

ONCE a man was put into prison because he believed in God. There were other prisoners there, but they were all wicked men. The gaoler struck the Christian a sharp blow on the ear. He did not make any resistance, or show any anger. When the gaoler went away, the men began talking about it.

"He's a heretic," sneered one, "and deserved no better."

"He has no spirit," said another, "else he never would have submitted to that blow."

"I say, you Protestant, you pray, don't you?" asked a third.

"Yes," replied the new-comer, "I do."

"Come, now, tell us how you do it. You talk to God, eh?"

"Yes," he replied again.

"And you think you get answers? How do you know He answers you?"

"See here," said the prisoner, "you saw the gaoler strike me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I haven't been struck since I was a boy, and needed punishment from my mother. I am a strong man, and that gaoler is small and weak. If I had chosen, I could have struck him such a blow as he would have remembered."

"Yes, you could," said the other prisoner.

"You want to know how I know God hears me. I prayed for patience, and He gave it to me."

The prisoner fell asleep for the night, and on waking at four o'clock in the morning, he found one of the men on his knees, reading the story of the prodigal son in the Bible.

Don't you think this man was a Christian soldier, and gained a real victory? Jesus will give us just as real ones every day, if we ask Him.

A. L. LITTLE.

A BIG BLOT.

ONE day, when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle of ink which stood on her desk.

"Don't tell her!" whispered Charlie. "We'll shut the door and run away, and she'll never know who did it."

"Oh! we ought to tell her," urged Frank, "and say that we are sorry."

"No, don't tell; it's ever so much easier not to," whispered Charley and ran away.

"I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder," said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and told her, she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink, and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet.

"I'm so glad you told me at once," she said: "for if the ink had dried in, it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't think that it will show at all."

"It is just like God's forgiving us, isn't it, auntie?" said Frank, thoughtfully. "If we tell Him about our sins straight away, and say that we are sorry, and ask Him to forgive us, He does; and then our hearts are clean again."—Selected.

A SPIDER has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with the experiment. Then he will snap the guy rope, and, suspended from a filament, will sail away to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.

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To continue this work Christian friends and others interested in Missions are kindly asked to give help in any way they may feel disposed. A number of the poorest Santbals and Hindus are now building a Mission House, some dwellings for preachers, teachers, and children, and the School-house is now finished, a large well is being dug.

In time it is hoped with God's blessing to render the work self-supporting, and the prayers and help of friends is solicited. Gifts of clothing, grain food, a camera, a magic lantern, or agricultural implements will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

ONE London journal says the Powers will need 500,000 men to "pacify" China.

THE Canadian colony of Newfoundland has just had the first labour strike of its history.

THE German *Vorwärts* says, "The partition of China will be the signal for a world-wide conflagration."

A GERMAN army Officer estimates that in the century just closing no less than 30,000,000 men have been killed in war in civilized countries.

UNDER the heading "Perilous Times," we this month study particularly social and industrial conditions. Next month we purpose presenting some signs of the times in the religious world.

THE calling out of the militia for garrison duty in England, says a London journal, was a serious inconvenience to farmers during hay-making. England begins to feel something of the cost of militarism which now plays havoc with industrial life in the Continental countries.

THE leading issue in the presidential campaign now on in the United States seems to be Imperialism. Many are against the new policy by which the Republic takes foreign territory by conquest, and governs it as outside the constitution of the States. The Democratic platform declares that "no nation can long endure half republic and half empire." The lesson of all history is certainly to that effect.

ROME expects to gain by the social and political break-up in Italy, more than ever intensified by the assassination of King Humbert. A Catholic organ urges the new King to make peace with the Papacy, saying:—

"The Catholics of Italy hold the key of the position, and they are seemingly the only force that now stands between monarchy and anarchy. We may have stirring events in the peninsula before the world is many months older."

The historian has told how the Papacy rose to supremacy out of the political troubles of princes in the stormy centuries attending the breaking up of the Roman Empire. Rome is gaining to-day from the trials of the nations.

THE last *Medical Missionary*, one of our Society's organs, gives illustrations of our Sanitarium Home and the mill and health food factory connected with it, in England—in beautiful Surrey.

WE have received word from various missionaries that the contributions for famine relief, which we were able to pass on to them from our friends in England and America, were very timely. Though rains have come, the numbers on relief will not much diminish for some time. We still continue to receive funds and gladly pass the help on to those who are struggling with the problem.

Ruskin's Disgust.—Mr. Stillman tells in the *Atlantic Monthly* of a summer he spent with John Ruskin in Switzerland. Ruskin had been taught the Sunday-sabbath fiction, and was particular not to violate its supposed sanctity. "I declared," says Mr. Stillman, "that there was no authority for the transference of the weekly rest from the seventh to the first day of the week." Together he and Mr. Ruskin went into the question, and Ruskin, to his intense disgust, found that the Sunday-sabbath idea was wholly groundless. So shocked was he with the way in which the clergy had tried to bolster up the idea that he foolishly let his faith in the Scriptures go too. "If they," meaning the preachers, "have deceived me in this, they have probably deceived me in all," he declared. It was not a logical frame of mind, and showed that his faith had rested in men rather than on the word, where alone true faith finds its foundation. But the deceptions that have been practised to foist the Sunday institution upon men are responsible for much infidelity.

THE treating of the symptom rather than the patient, a method too often followed, finds an exaggerated case in an experiment by a German doctor, who nearly cured a case of diabetes, he says, by driving a patient into temporary madness from thirst, water being withheld. The physician's report which is said to have created considerable stir in Berlin, closes thus:—

"I succeeded in effecting a great change for the better in his malady, and had he thirsted some hours more, the diabetes would have stopped altogether, but with it also the action of the heart."

We have heard mythical tales of curing a malady of the foot by cutting off the head.

AN article by one of the Missionaries who have been shut up in Peking, written just before the outbreak, says that the "Boxers" claim to be taught in the art of fighting by the spirits of departed warriors. The leaders have some sort of mesmeric control over the "boxer," and he is thrown into a trance-like state of fury. This may be true of the nucleus of the mob which gathers about the original "boxer" faction. However much there may be in

this idea, it certainly is a fact that Satanic agencies are playing a part in gathering the nations to war. Read Rev. xvi. 14, and you will see that demon influences are to deceive the whole world and lead it on to the great Armageddon.

THE world is ripe for a fresh presentation of the Gospel of justification by faith. It was the mainspring of the great Reformation, as it is the sum of all Christian teaching. There is much talk about faith, but little laying hold of the faith that justifies. Many are ready to be saved *in* sin, but few to be saved *from* sin. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." Is He Jesus, that is, Saviour, to you, saving you from sin, which is the "transgression of the law"? It is a time now when lawlessness is made a religion, and men boast of freedom to sin.

Talk about Wealth!—These are days of gathering treasure on the part of the few. The mind cannot take in the figures representing the wealth of men who have gathered their all within a single lifetime. For instance, to illustrate the astonishing accumulations of these last days, let us suppose Adam beginning with a wage of Rs. 1,000 per month. Suppose, further, he had never died, nor spent a pice of his wage, banking the whole to this day. In the 6,000 years of earth's history he would have laid by 72 millions of rupees, or just the amount of Mr. Carnegie's annual income, as recently estimated. As for Mr. Rockefeller, the oil king, his annual income is nearly double this. Both started business-life as poor boys.

THE following sketch of the world, by *Harper's Weekly*, is worth reprinting for all to read who know that in the last days perilous times shall come, and who are watching the signs of the times:—

"A state of war exists in every clime. Nations and individuals alike who should be at peace with each other, are snarling and snapping at each other's face. Opportunities for the demonstration of high and honorable motives are being prostituted to ignoble uses. Persons high in power, either in statecraft or in industry, are blind and arrogant. Masses of toilers are restless and impassible, and in many instances verging upon riot. Mob violence prevails in many communities, and is met with a lethargic indifference by the guardians of the public peace that is appalling. *In short, the whole world is in that tense state which gives promise of some fearful social convulsion, which must soon eventuate, unless there is quickly discovered some remedy by which disaster may be averted.*"

These are the times of the "distress of nations, with perplexity," and of "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." And these things are tokens of the end. The Lord is coming. He is even at the doors. Tell it everywhere.—*Advent Review and Sabbath Herald.*