

# The Oriental Watchman.

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

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## THE Oriental Watchman

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### GOD'S WITNESS TO ASSHUR.

#### A Lesson from the Days of Nineveh.

It is an age of imperialism. The idea is stirring all peoples into new activity and expansion. It is eminently a time when men may, with special profit, consider the lesson which the history of ancient empires may have for modern times.

During the celebration, in London, of Her Majesty's longest reign in British history, several years ago, a portion of the London press fell to discussing the superiority of the modern methods of empire-building over the ancient methods. It was averred impossible that empires so strongly built as the modern could ever go the way of Nineveh or Babylon. Then it was that one voice was raised to remind men of the lesson of history—

"Far-called, our navies melt away,  
O'er dune and headland sinks the fire;  
Lo, all the pomp of yesterday  
Was one with Nineveh and Tyre."

Men have ever been unwilling to acknowledge that only God's works are abiding. "Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. . . . This their way is their folly; yet their posterity approve their sayings" (Ps. xlix. 11-13), and each generation is slow to learn the lesson taught by the story of all that have gone before.

#### God no Respector of Persons.

ONE often meets the idea that in ancient times God cared only for Israel, and left all other peoples out of His purposes for good to men. But what God is He has always been—"no respector of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."—Acts x. 35.

When He took Israel by the hand to lead him out of Egypt, it was that He might make that people a light to all nations and through them witness to others. They continually thwarted Him by their apostasy. But through all time "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good," sending mercies upon all peoples, and

bearing witness to them also by His prophets.

THE history of Assyria furnishes an interesting example of God's witnessing to the heathen empires of antiquity. Its history, as we have it, runs parallel with that of Israel; for it was rising to its position of power at the very time of the Exodus

sent to Nineveh to speak the words of the Lord, and warn Assyria of the wickedness which was growing with its pride and luxury. And the Lord was no respector of persons in condemning wickedness, for in those same days He had been sending prophets to Israel calling them to repent of their wicked ways, and to cast away the



RUINS OF NINEVEH.

"And I will . . . set thee as a gazing-stock." Nahum iii. 6.

from Egypt, and its fall came just before the Babylonish captivity.

When the glory of Solomon's reign attracted the attention of the world, Assyria must have heard of the true God; for we read that "all the earth sought to Solomon to hear his wisdom which God had put in his heart." But just then the Assyrian was too much engrossed in building up the glory of his empire to care to give attention to wisdom that reproved wickedness. Later, in the days of Ahab and of Jehu, Assyria came into conflict with Israel, and Shalmaneser II. says in the annals of his Syrian campaign that Jehu paid him tribute.

About this time the prophet Jonah was

licentious sun-worship which Jezebel had introduced. At the preaching of Jonah the men of Nineveh repented. A fast was proclaimed, and the judgments which their sins had brought so near did not fall upon them. The Lord pitied the people in their ignorance—"that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand."

#### The Pride of Asshur.

NOT long after Shalmaneser, came Tiglath Pileser II., who added to the power and military glory of the empire. Israel had then so far rejected the Lord that it

joined with Syria (2 Kings xvi.) for an attack upon the kingdom of Judah and Jerusalem. Isaiah assured the king of Judah that he need not fear this confederacy, for the Lord would shave Israel "with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the king of Assyria."—Isa. vii. 20. So the Assyrian was allowed to come up against the kingdom of Israel to punish it for its rebellion, and frustrate its wicked purpose against the southern kingdom.

The punishment of the northern kingdom led to no thorough reformation, and later the Assyrians were again allowed to come up, this time to carry the king and heads of the kingdom and many of the people into captivity.—2 Kings xvii. 6.

It was God's protection that kept Israel safe from the conquest of other peoples in those times of imperial expansion. As soon as they rejected His protection, God had only to withdraw His restraining power from the conquering armies, and they were left to come against Jerusalem. But the pride of Assyria decided that its success was an evidence of the superiority of its gods over the God of Israel. As she increased in power, she became more haughty and ambitious, as every conquering power has done. The Lord rebuked the pride of Assyria in these words of Isaiah, the prophet:—

"It shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed His whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jerusalem, I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. For he saith, By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent."—Chap. x.

Assyria might have learned a lesson from the reverse suffered by Sennacherib's host when he came down upon Jerusalem "like a wolf on the fold." The angel of the Lord smote 185,000 of his men in a night, and sent him back to Nineveh.

But ancient empires were no more ready to turn from their own ways and pride of dominion than are modern nations. The wealth and luxury, which had come by conquest and new markets, were weakening the empire. Its cup of iniquity began now to fill rapidly.

#### Last Days of Nineveh.

IN the reign of Sennacherib's grandson, Asshurbanipal, the storm-cloud of wrath began to hover darkly over Assyria, still glorying in her strength, careless and unconscious of her approaching doom. Zephaniah then sounded the warning:—

"He will stretch out His hand against the north, and destroy Assyria; and will make Nineveh a desolation. . . . This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me."—Chap. ii. 13, 15.

The destruction came at a time when Assyria was at the height of its culture and civilization. Rawlinson says:—

The annals of Asshurbanipal . . . exhibit him to us as a warrior more enterprising and powerful than any of his predecessors. . . . Asshurbanipal is the only one of the Assyrian monarchs to whom we can ascribe a real taste for learning and literature.

But culture and artistic refinement have been shown by the history of every nation to be not incompatible with the deepest vice. Yet again the Lord repeated the warning by the prophet Nahum. The "burden of Nineveh" was:—

"Woe to the bloody city! It is all full of lies and robbery; the prey departeth not; the noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots. The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear: and there is a multitude of slain."—Nahum iii. 1-3.

The historian says:—

Advancing civilization, more abundant literature, improved art, had not softened the tempers of the Assyrians. . . . Asshurbanipal reverted to the antique system of executions, mutilations, and tortures. . . . Glorifying in his shame, he not merely practised cruelties, but handed the record of them down to posterity by representing them in all their horrors upon his palace walls.

Added to her violence were the witchcraft and sorceries, by which she had, like Babylon, corrupted the world.—Nahum iii. 4. For these things the Lord said:—

"I will show the nations thy nakedness, and the kingdoms thy shame. And I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing-stock."—Verses 5, 6.

Along with all of these denunciations of sin was sent the invitation of mercy. "The Lord is good," was also the "burden of Nineveh," "a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him."—Nahum i. 7. The Lord was ready to save to the uttermost. But the reign of pleasure continued; the strong walls of the city, the beautiful palaces, and the apparent strength of the empire seemed to promise lasting prosperity. But the word of the Lord was sure. Soon after Asshurbanipal's death, the forces of Media and Babylon besieged the city, and it fell. Nahum had said:—

"The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved" ("molten," margin).

Ctesias, the ancient writer, says the river Tigris overflowed during the siege, washing down the wall, whereupon the king burned himself in his palace. The great empire fell to pieces with astonishing rapidity; for its vices had enervated the people, and it was full of treachery, though outwardly presenting the appearance of solidity. It had also been built up by cementing together diverse peoples, and by the colonizing methods which planted and transplanted whole nations within the bounds of empire. All was held in place only by a strong central government. When that was stricken, the whole broke in pieces. It was even as Nahum had said:—

"All thy strongholds shall be like fig trees with the first ripe figs; if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater."—Chap. iii. 12.

Its fall was complete. Assyria was the "cedar in Lebanon" in whose spreading branches all the fowls of heaven made their nests, but, says the word of the Lord, "I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall."—Eze. xxxi. Its ruin was set forth as an example. "I have driven him out for his wickedness," was the Lord's word to Egypt, as Ezekiel set before Pharaoh

the severe judgments which follow corruption.

#### A Lesson for the Last Days.

OVER and over again since the fall of Nineveh history has repeated the lesson, and through it all the Lord has been witnessing of Himself, and gathering out of the ruin all the souls who have been willing to trust Him. And at the background of the history of empires the Lord has set the ruins of Nineveh, the careless city, as a gazing-stock, a reminder to nations and to men of the terrible results of continuing in sin, and of fighting against the God of heaven.

The lesson has a special significance to men now; for it was from Nineveh, and from her sister Babylon, that the abominations of Paganism went out into all the world. It was by joining in these that the Jewish nation ruined itself. It was by these same pagan abominations that the worldly church was corrupted in the early centuries, and thus the Papacy became by direct succession the spiritual Babylon, the mystic city which now reigneth over the kingdoms of the earth. It is a fact that, whether acknowledging the Papacy directly or not, all nations have drunk of the wine of her abominations, as the Lord says in Rev. xviii.

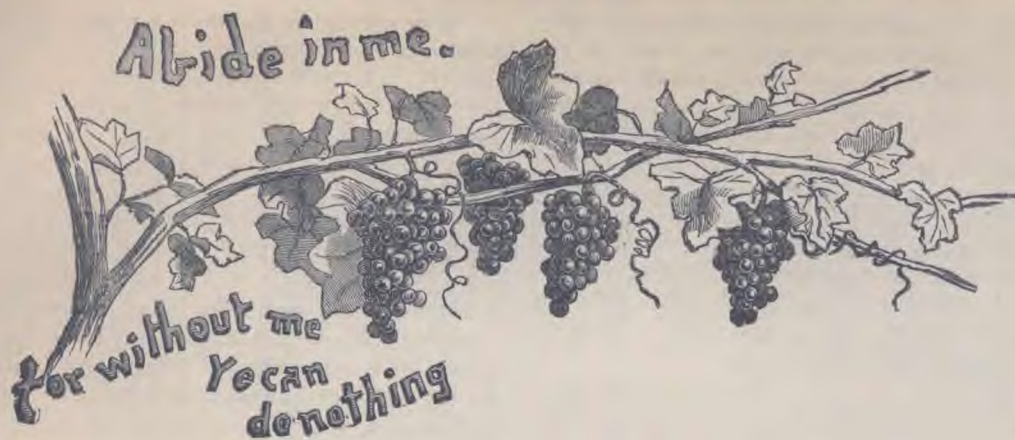
And now, in these last days, with its doom overhanging it, the world dwells as carelessly as Nineveh of old, glorying in its culture and enlightenment, intoxicated with the spirit of conquest and expansion.

The rattle of the chariot wheels of war sounds ever in the capitals of Europe and the world, as in Nineveh of old. Some time ago, Canon Scott-Holland said:—

"The outlook in Europe, never presented so wholly an un-Christian spectacle since the days of Constantine. Even in mediæval days, peace, and not war, was regarded as the normal condition of men. Now nations are watching one another like wild beasts in a jungle, and Christian Europe has armed itself in defiance of everything which Christ came to teach. Blood and iron rule; huge camps and seas, crowded with horrible ships of war, meet the eye at every turn. Men scramble for land, and the question is who shall be first in the race. Are we to be swept away in the Pagan scramble?"

But the Lord still leaves not Himself without witness. Wherever the genuine Gospel of Christ's kingdom is preached the call is sounding, "Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities."—Rev. xviii. 4, 5. He is still the stronghold in the day of trouble, mighty to save all who are willing to be separated from sin.

LOVE labour; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times come of nothing to do, and lead too many to do what is worse than nothing.—Penn.



### THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

IN His lessons, Christ did not aspire to high-flown, imaginary things. He came to teach, in the simplest manner, truths that were of vital importance, that even the class whom he called babes might understand them. And yet, in His simplest imagery, there was a depth and beauty that the most educated minds could not exhaust.

Christ drew His lessons from nature's vast resources, and by this means impressed upon the minds of His hearers truths that are as enduring as eternity. And when He was no longer with them, the precious lessons He had bound up with the things of nature were, through the Holy Spirit's working, revived in the memory of His followers. Every time they looked upon the things of nature around them, these repeated to them the lessons of their Lord.

The vine had often been used as a symbol of Israel; and the lesson Christ now gave His disciples was drawn from this. He might have used the graceful palm to represent Himself. The lofty cedar that was towering toward the skies, or the strong oak that spreads its branches and lifts them heavenward, He might have used to represent the stability and integrity of those who are followers of Christ. But instead of this, He took the vine, with its clinging tendrils, to represent Himself and His relation to His true believers.

"I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman."

On the hills of Palestine our Heavenly Father planted a goodly Vine, and He Himself was the husbandman. It had no remarkable form that would at first sight give an impression of its value. It appeared to come up as a root out of a dry ground, and attracted but little attention.

But when attention was called to the plant, it was by some declared to be of heavenly origin. The men of Nazareth stood entranced as they saw its beauty; but when they received the idea that it would stand more gracefully and attract more attention than themselves, they wrestled to uproot the precious plant, and cast it over the wall. The men of Jerusalem took the plant, and bruised it, and trampled it under their unholy feet. Their thought was to destroy it forever. But

the heavenly Husbandman never lost sight of His plant. After men thought that they had killed it, He took it, and replanted it on the other side of the wall. He hid it from the view of men.

The branches of this Vine were seen by the world; but its stock was not visible. The dry, sapless branches chosen and grafted into this stock have represented the Vine. Fruit has been obtained from them; there has been a harvest that the passers-by have plucked; but the parent stock itself has been hidden from the rude assaults of men.

"Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away," said Christ; "and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Every fruitful branch is pruned, that it may bring forth more fruit. Even fruitful branches may display too much foliage, and appear what they really are not. The followers of Christ may be doing some work for the Master, and yet be doing not half what they might do. He then prunes them, because worldliness, self-indulgence, and pride are cropping out in their lives. The husbandmen clip off the surplus tendrils of the vines, thus making them more fruitful. The overgrowth must be cut away, to give room for the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

This is no casual touch, no off-and-on connection. Every branch that bears fruit is a living representative of the vine; for it bears the same fruit as the vine. But, unless it becomes united firmly to the vine stock, fibre by fibre and vein by vein; unless its channels are supplied with the nourishment it receives from the parent stock, the branch becomes a withered stalk, frail and weak, and produces no fruit. Every branch will show whether or not it has life; for where there is life, there is growth. There is a continual communication of the life-giving properties of the vine, and this is demonstrated by the fruit which the branches bear.

As the graft receives life when united to the vine, so the sinner partakes of the divine nature when in connection with

Christ. Finite man is united with the infinite God. A vital connection with Christ is essential for spiritual life. The branch must become part of the living vine. And there is a certainty in his words, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Christ is the source of all true strength. He reveals His grace to all true believers. He imparts to them His own merits in grace and goodness, that they may bear fruit unto holiness. All who are really in Christ will experience the benefit of this union. The Father accepts them in the Beloved, and they become the objects of His solicitude and tender care. This connection with Christ results in the purification of the heart, and in a circumspect life and faultless character. The fruit borne upon the Christian tree is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

"I am the vine, ye are the branches." Christ would assure His disciples that they do not stand alone; but that just as the vine with its clinging tendrils climbs higher and higher on the trelliswork toward heaven, so may the true believer entwine his tendrils about God, and have support in Christ. He would have them bear in mind that the Father Himself stands in exactly the same relation to His children as the husbandman sustains to the vine.

"He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."

The branch grafted into the living vine will testify if it has, fibre by fibre and vein by vein, become one with the parent stock. The life of the vine will become the life of the adopted sapling. Its sap vessels receive of the current flowing through the vine stock, and it will bear *much fruit*.

Christ is the true Vine; His disciples are the branches in that Vine, and they are one with Him. He is the Root, the sustaining life of every believing soul. If His followers abide in Him, they will bear His fruits. In union and communion with Him, and under His moulding influence, they will reveal His character. But the branch that seems to be connected with the Vine—the man who has the appearance of attachment and piety, whose name is registered in the books as a Christian, but who brings forth no fruit—will be separated from the vine stock. This branch reveals itself to be worthless. After a time its ruin will be apparent. It will be as a branch that is dead, and its end is to be consumed with fire.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

### READING THE BIBLE.

A MAN named Mr. Hone, who wrote a book called the "Every-day Book," did not believe that the Bible was the word of God. He was much opposed to religion, thinking that people could get along just as well without it.

One time he was travelling in Wales, and

stopped at a farm cottage to get a drink of water. He stepped up to the open door, and just inside was a little girl reading a Bible. When her mother had kindly given him a drink, he spoke to the child, saying:—

"Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?"

"No, sir," she replied, "I am reading the Bible."

"Yes, I see, you are getting your task from the Bible."

"Oh, no, sir, it is not a task! It is no task to read the Bible; I love to read it."

"And why do you love to read such a book as that?" he asked.

"Why," she answered in her childish way, "I thought every one loved to read the Bible."

Her own love of the book led her to think that of course everybody else loved God's Word.

Mr. Hone was so touched with the little girl's love for the Bible that he thought he would read it again himself, and see if he could find what could make even a child love such a book. And he soon became so interested that he left off opposing it, and learned to believe and to love it himself.

It was because she loved the book that she was used of God to so good a purpose. The more it is studied the greater will the love for it grow.—*The Pacific*.

#### WHAT CHRIST TAUGHT.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, Jesus Christ announced the doctrine of religious liberty in the following utterances:—

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Matt. vii. 12.

"If any man hear My words, and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."—John xii. 47.

These utterances need no extended comment. Applied to the subject of religious faith and practice, or freedom of conscience, they grant the fullest liberty to believe or not to believe. If the Christian desires that his opposers should grant him the privilege of teaching, preaching, or practising the religion of Christ, it is the duty of the Christian to grant his opposers the privilege of teaching, preaching, or practising their religion, whether it be Pagan, Jew, Mohammedan, Catholic, or Protestant. And as the Christian conscience would revolt at the idea of paying reverence or regard to the idolatrous forms of paganism, and would feel that it was oppression or persecution were he required so to do, so he has no right, according to the teaching of Christ, to compel, or seek to compel, his opposers to pay reverence or regard for what he considers Christian ceremonies or observances. And this is true respecting all classes of religionists. The teaching of Christ makes it incumbent upon the Christian to act toward the devotees of all religions as he would that the devotees of these religions should act toward him were situations reversed.

The second Scripture quoted above puts non-acquiescence in religious faith on the basis, not of privilege, but, as far as man is concerned, of right—the right to differ, the right to believe or *not* to believe, the right to worship or *not* to worship. And the positive declaration of Him who could read all hearts was that He would not judge or condemn the unbeliever. Have his erring followers the right to go beyond this? He said that all judgment, all condemnation, was to be left "to the last day." Have his followers the right to judge now?

M. C. WILCOX.

#### THE CITY OF REFUGE.

"THEN ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of refuge for you, that the slayer may flee thither, which killeth any person at unawares.

"And they shall be unto you cities for refuge from the avenger, that the manslayer die not, until he stand before the congregation in judgment.

"And of these cities which ye shall give, six cities shall ye have for refuge.

"These six cities shall be a refuge, both for the children of Israel, and for the stranger, and for the sojourner among them."—Num. xxxv. 11, 12, 13, 15.

GOD appointed six cities belonging to the priests of the Levites to be places of refuge. These cities were of easy access, situated on mountains or in large plains. That no-



THE CITY OF REFUGE.

thing might retard the manslayer in his flight to them, the roads, to the width of fifty-eight feet four inches, were kept in good repair, and the larger streams were bridged. On the fifteenth day of the twelfth month, at the end of the winter, the roads were inspected by the Magistrates and placed in proper repair.

The whole of the Old Testament is filled with types of the coming Christ, the city of refuge being one of the most beautiful. Typical of the ease with which the sinner may come to Christ to-day, everything was done to make the city easy of access. As it was usually built upon a hill, so "Christ is exalted to be a Prince and Saviour."

As the magistrates were required to keep the roads open, so should every person who has experienced the saving grace of Christ exert himself continually to clear the way, that others may enjoy like privileges. God says to you, mission workers—and each should take it home to himself—"Cast up the highway, take up the stumbling-block, gather out the stones, prepare the way of My people."

Stones were set up on the road at every crossing, for fear the fugitive might go astray. The word "refuge" was written on the stone in large letters so that he who ran might read. Thus should we, whom God has granted the privilege of engaging in the work of rescuing fallen humanity, direct them to their Redeemer, their Saviour, and cry, "Refuge—other refuge thou hast none."

The gates of these cities were never shut day or night, so that at any hour the fugitive might enter. Christ says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out."

The people of these cities were to receive the fugitive, and provide him with food and lodging and all things needful. Thus does Christ feed and clothe all those who flee to Him for refuge. He that believeth shall never hunger nor thirst.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Finally, we notice that these cities were for strangers as well as for the Jews. So Christ suffered and died upon the cross for all alike. Through His death and endless life, every kindred, people, nation, and tongue may be rescued eternally.

How plain, broad, and open our way to Him has been made! How certain our peace and safety in Him!

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

J. A. DOLSON.

#### MIGHTY TO SAVE.

O Lord, our sins are crimson,  
And our lives, 'neath the pressing load,  
Faint with the weary plodding,  
Seek rest in the great broad road.

But never a place we find there  
To rest or e'en to think,  
For Satan his victim hurries on,  
Till we see the gaping brink.

Of the pit so deep and miry,  
And we tremble as we see  
How our steps had well nigh slipped,  
And we turn and try to flee.

But our load of sin is heavy,  
And his demons drag us back,  
And they blind our eyes with errors  
Till we cannot find the track.

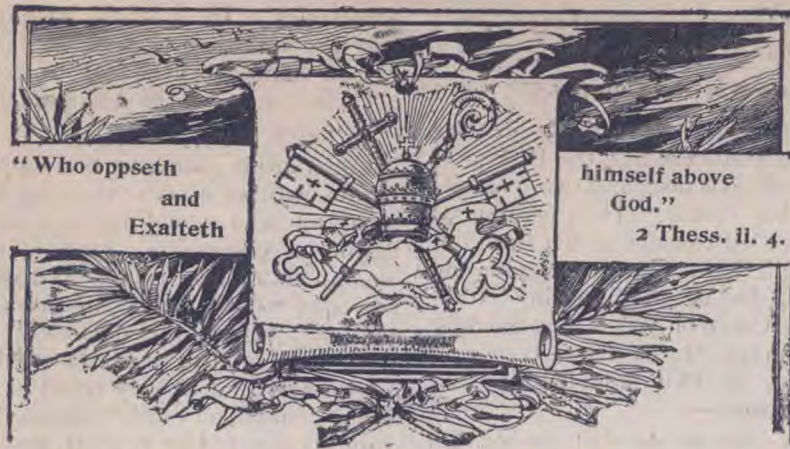
But the strong hand of our Saviour  
Reaches down and lifts us up;  
He well knows the woes we suffer  
For He drained the bitter cup.

He will set our feet in right paths,  
He will lift our load of sin,  
He will give us rest and freedom,  
And will say, "My child, come in."

ANNIE R. ROBINSON.

We can never realize our depth in sin until we try to realize what we might have been in the Father's house, if we had only stayed at home with Him.—*Phelps*.

"When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone."



## How the Creeds were Made

### THE WARRING OF THE CREEDS.

#### How an "Infallible" Council's Creed was reversed.

THOSE who against their will, as we stated in our study last month, had subscribed to the Creed of the Council of Nice, were determined to redeem themselves as soon as possible, and by whatever means it could be accomplished. *And they did accomplish it.* The story is curious, and the lessons which it teaches are valuable.

Shortly after the Council of Nice, Alexander died, and Athanasius succeeded to the episcopal seat of Alexandria. He, much more than Alexander, had been the life and soul of the controversy with Arius. And now the controversy received a new impulse from both sides. The Arians at once began to apply themselves to win over Constantine to their side.

In A.D. 327, died Constantine's sister, Constantia. She had held with the Arian party. In response to her dying wish, Constantine recalled Arius from banishment, and about the same time restored to favour the other two leading Arians, Eusebius of Nicomedia and Theognis of Ptolemais, the two who had refused to sign the creed made at Nice. "They returned in triumph to their dioceses, and ejected the bishops who had been appointed to their place."—(Milman's "History of Christianity.")

In A.D. 328, Constantine made a journey to Jerusalem to dedicate the church that he had built there, and Eusebius and Theognis both accompanied him. The bishop of Antioch was a Catholic. In their journey, Eusebius and Theognis passed through Antioch, and set on foot a scheme to displace him; and when they returned, a council was hastily called, and upon charges of immorality and heresy,

Eustathius was deposed and banished by the imperial edict, to Thrace. . . . The city was divided into two fierce and hostile factions. They were on the verge of a civil war; and Antioch, where the Christians had first formed themselves into a Christian community, but for the vigorous interference of civil power and the timely appearance of an imperial commissioner, might have witnessed the first bloodshed, at least in the East, in a Christian quarrel.—(Dean Milman.)

Next the Arian prelates tried to induce Athanasius to admit Arius again to membership in the church, but he steadily refused. Then they secured from the Emperor a command that Athanasius should receive Arius and all his friends who wished to be received, to the fellowship of the church of Alexandria, declaring that unless he did so he should be deposed and exiled. Athanasius refused; and Constantine neither deposed him nor exiled him. Then the Arians invented against him many charges, even to the intent of murder, but he cleared himself, until at last, when he came to Constantinople and appealed to the Emperor for trial, all previous charges were abandoned, and he was accused of threatening to force Constantine to support him, by stopping the supplies of grain from the port of Alexandria. Both Rome and Constantinople were dependent upon Egypt for corn. Whether Constantine really believed this charge or not, it accomplished its purpose. Athanasius was again condemned, and banished to Treves in Gaul, A.D. 336.

The return of Arius to Alexandria was the cause of continued tumult, and he was called to Constantinople. At the request of the Emperor, Arius presented a new confession of faith, which proved satisfactory, and Constantine commanded the Bishop of Constantinople to receive Arius to the fellowship of the church on a day of public worship—"it happened to be a Sabbath (Saturday)—on which day, as well as Sunday, public worship was held at Constantinople" (Neander). The bishop absolutely refused to admit him.

The Arians, under the authority of the Emperor, threatened that the next day, Sunday, they would force their way into the church, and compel the admission of Arius to full membership in good and regular standing. Upon this the Athanasian party took refuge in "prayer;" the bishop prayed earnestly that, rather than the church should be so disgraced, Arius might die; and, naturally enough, Arius died on the evening of the same day.

In Constantinople, where men were familiar with Asiatic crimes, there was more than a suspicion of

poison. But when Alexander's party proclaimed that his prayer had been answered, they forgot what then that prayer must have been, and that the difference is little between praying for the death of a man and compassing it.—(Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe.")

Petition after petition was now presented to Constantine for the return of Athanasius to his place in Alexandria, but the Emperor steadily denounced him as proud, turbulent, and obstinate, and refused all petitions. In 337, in the presence of death, Constantine was baptized by an Arian bishop; and thus closed the life of him upon whom a grateful church has bestowed the title of "the Great," though, "tested by character, indeed, he stands among the lowest of all those to whom the epithet has in ancient or modern times been applied."—"Encyclopædia Britannica.")

#### After Constantine.

CONSTANTINE was succeeded by his three sons, who apportioned the empire amongst themselves. Constantine II. had Constantinople and some portions of the West, with pre-eminence of rank; Constantius obtained Thrace, Egypt, and all the East; and Constans held the greater part of the West. Constantius was a zealous Arian, Constantine and Constans were no less zealous Catholics. The religious parties now had another element added to their strifes—they could use the religious differences of the emperors in their own interests.

Athanasius being an exile at Treves, was in the dominions of Constans, his "fiery defender;" while the place of his bishopric was in the dominions of Constantius, his fiery antagonist. The Athanasian party, through Constantine II., succeeded in persuading Constantius to allow the return of Athanasius and all the other bishops who had been banished.

The return of these bishops again set all the East ablaze. The leaders of the Arian party addressed letters to the emperors, denouncing Athanasius. They held another council at Tyre, A.D. 340, in which they brought against him new charges, and condemned him upon them all. Immediately afterward a rival council was held at Alexandria, which acquitted Athanasius of all things in which the other council had condemned him. In this same year Constantine II. was killed in a war with his brother Constans. This left the empire and the religion to the two brothers—Constantius in Constantinople and the East, and Constans in the West.

#### Religious Wars and Riots.

IN the dominions of Constans all Arians were heretics; in the dominions of Constantius all Catholics were heretics. The religious war continued, and increased in violence. In A.D. 341, another council consisting of ninety bishops, was held at Antioch in the presence of the Emperor Constantius. Athanasius was condemned; and they appointed in his place a bishop of their own party, named Gregory.

With an escort of five thousand soldiers, Gregory proceeded to Alexandria to take possession of his bishopric. It was evening when he arrived at the church at which Athanasius officiated, and the people were engaged in the evening service. The troops were posted in order of battle about the church; but Athanasius slipped out, and escaped to Rome, and Gregory was duly and officially installed in his place.

The Athanasians, enraged at such proceedings, set the church afire; "scenes of savage conflict ensued, the churches were taken as it were by storm," and "every atrocity perpetrated by unbridled multitudes, embittered by every shade of religious faction."—(Dean Milman.)

Similar scenes were soon after enacted in Constantinople, A.D. 342. In 338 died Alexander, the Bishop of Constantinople, who had prayed Arius to death. The Arians favoured Macedonius, the Athanasians favoured Paul, for the vacant bishopric Paul succeeded. This was while Constantius was absent from the city, and as soon as he returned, he removed Paul, and made Eusebius, of Nicomedia, Bishop of Constantinople. Eusebius died in 342. The candidacy of Paul and Macedonius was at once revived.

"The dispute spread from the church into the streets, from the clergy to the populace; blood was shed; the whole city was in arms on one part or the other."—(Dean Milman.)

The Emperor ordered Hermogenes, commander of the cavalry, to go with his troops and expel Paul. In the attempt to do so, Hermogenes was met by such a desperate attack, that his soldiers were scattered, and he was forced to take refuge in a house. The house was immediately set on fire. Hermogenes was seized and dragged by the feet through the streets of the city till he was torn to pieces, and then his mangled body was cast into the sea. As soon as this news reached Constantius, he went to Constantinople and expelled Paul, without confirming the election of Macedonius, and returned to Antioch.

Paul went to Rome, and the Bishop of Rome, glad of the opportunity to exert his authority, declared Paul re-instated. Paul returned to Constantinople, and resumed his place. As soon as Constantius learned of it, he commanded the prefect to drive out Paul again, and establish Macedonius in his place.

The prefect, bearing in mind the fate of Hermogenes, got Paul away by strategy, and then, surrounded by a strong body of guards with drawn swords, with Macedonius at his side in full pontifical dress, started from the palace to the church to perform the ceremony of consecration. By this time the rumour had spread throughout the city, and in a wild tumult both parties rushed to the church. "The soldiers were obliged to hew their way through the dense and resisting crowd to the altar," and over the dead bodies of three thousand one hundred and fifty people, "Macedonius passed to

the episcopal throne of Constantinople."—(Dean Milman.)

#### More Warring Councils.

WHEN Athanasius reached Rome after having fled from Alexandria, the Bishop of Rome espoused his cause, and two councils were held in his favour. Then a general council was called to meet at Sardica; but there was a split before it was opened, and the bishops of the West, favouring Athanasius and the Creed of Nice met at Sardica, while the bishops of the East, favouring Arianism, met at Philippopolis, and, as Dean Milman says—

In these two cities sat the rival councils, each asserting itself the genuine representative of Christendom, issuing decrees, and anathematizing their adversaries.—(Dean Milman.)

The council in the West, at Sardica, having it all their own way, enacted canons bestowing special dignity upon the Bishop of Rome, giving him power to judge in episcopal causes. The effect of this was only to multiply and intensify differences and disputes amongst bishops, and infinitely to magnify the power of the Bishop of Rome.

Athanasius, though fully supported by the council, preferred to remain under the protection of Constans, rather than to risk the displeasure of Constantius by returning to Alexandria. He remained two years in the West, during which time he was often the guest of the Emperor Constans, and made such use of these opportunities that in A.D. 349 Constans,—

"Signed, by a concise and peremptory epistle to his brother Constantius, that, unless he consented to the immediate restoration of Athanasius, he himself, with a fleet and army, would seat the archbishop on the throne of Alexandria." (Gibbon.)

Constantius was just at this time threatened with war with Persia, and fearing the result if war should be made upon him at the same time by his brother, he yielded, and Athanasius returned in triumph.

#### The Civil Power again decides Orthodoxy.

IN February, A.D. 350, Constans was murdered by the usurper, Magnentius, and in 353 Constantius became sole emperor by the final defeat and death of the usurper. Constantius no sooner felt himself assured of the sole imperial authority, than he determined to execute vengeance upon Athanasius, and make the Arian doctrine the religion of the whole empire. Yet he proposed to accomplish this only in orthodox fashion through a general council. As it was thus that his father had established the Athanasian doctrine, which was held by all the Catholics to be strictly orthodox, to establish the Arian doctrine by a like process, assuredly could be no less orthodox.

Liberius, who became Bishop of Rome, A.D. 352, had already petitioned Constantius for a general council. Constantius summoned the council to meet at Arles, A.D. 353. Liberius was not present in person, but he sent two bishops as his representatives. It was found that the Arian bishops were in the majority; and they insisted first of all upon the condemnation of

Athanasius. The Catholic bishops argued that the question of faith ought to be discussed before they should be required to condemn him; but the Arians insisted upon their point.

Constantius came to the support of the Arians with an edict sentencing to banishment all who would not sign the condemnation of Athanasius. Finding that there was no escape, the representatives of Liberius and all the other Athanasian bishops but one, signed the document. Liberius refused to confirm the action of his representatives, and utterly rejected the action of the council, and called for another. Constantius granted his request, and appointed a council to meet at Milan in the beginning of the year 355. This council was but a repetition on a larger scale of that at Arles. Constantius insisted, without any qualification, that the bishops should sign the condemnation of Athanasius. He took a personal interest in all the proceedings. Like his father at the Council of Nice he had the meetings of the council held in the imperial palace, and presided over them himself.

Constantius not only demanded that the Catholic bishops should sign the condemnation of Athanasius, but that they should also sign an Arian formula of faith. They pleaded that the accusers of Athanasius were unreliable. Constantius replied, "I myself am now the accuser of Athanasius, and on my word, Valens and the others [the accusers] must be believed." They argued that this was against the canon of the church. Constantius replied, "My will is the canon," and appealed to the Eastern bishops, who all assented that this was correct. He then declared that whoever did not sign might expect banishment. At this the orthodox bishops lifted up their hands beseechingly towards heaven, and prayed the emperor

to fear God, who had given him the dominion, that it might not be taken from him; also to fear the day of judgment, and *not to confound the secular power with the law of the church, nor to introduce into the church the Arian heresy.* (Hefele's "History of the Councils.")

They forgot that they themselves, many of them at least, had approved in Constantine at the Council of Nice the identical course which now they condemned in Constantius at the Council of Milan. In their approval of the action of Constantine in forcing upon others what they themselves believed, they robbed themselves of the right to protest when Constantius or anybody else should choose to force upon them what somebody else believed. They ought not to have thought it strange that they should reap what they had sown.

Constantius, yet further to imitate his father, claimed to have had a vision, and that thus by direct inspiration from heaven he was commissioned "to restore peace to the afflicted church." At last, by the "inspiration" of "flatteries, persuasions, bribes, menaces, penalties, exiles" (Dean Milman), the Council of Milan was brought to a greater unanimity of faith than even the Council of

Nice had been. For there, out of the three hundred and eighteen bishops, five were banished; while here, out of a greater number, only five were banished. Surely, if a general council is of any authority, the Council of Milan must take precedence of the Council of Nice, and Arianism be more orthodox than Athanasianism.

A. T. JONES.

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"AS A SNARE."

LISTEN to the Saviour's warning: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares. For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth. Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man."—Luke xxi. 34-36. Surfeiting is eating to excess. When the Lord comes, those who do not heed His admonition to "watch and pray always," will be spending their time in feasting and drinking, their attention being wholly occupied with the cares of this life. To these the day of the Lord comes "as a snare." It comes "as a thief in the night," and all unthinking and unheeding they pass on, to awake when it is too late to escape.

"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."—Matt. xxiv. 37-39.

They "KNEW NOT." Why did they not know? Had not Noah been preaching the message given him from God, that a flood was coming? Had he not been building an ark before their eyes in which they might be saved? Yes, but this festival, that banquet, this grand wedding, and that engagement between parties of high social standing, were the things occupying the thoughts and consuming the time till the flood came and took them all away. Noah and his message were forgotten in the rush of business and in seeking after pleasure. "So shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

"Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."—Luke xvii. 28-30.

The beautiful city of Sodom, situated in a plain of great fertility, "well watered everywhere, . . . even as the garden of the Lord;" its people proud, idle, and surfeited with food and wine, spent their time in eating and drinking, buying and selling, planting and building, till the day of their destruction. "Even thus it shall be in the day when the Son of man is revealed." "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."—1 Thess. v. 4. A few will heed the admonition to watch and wait for

their coming Lord, and to them that day will bring deliverance and unspeakable joy. In gladness they say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have WAITED for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."—Isa. xxv. 9.

Of those who are ready and waiting the Psalmist says, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."—Ps. xci. 3. They will escape the snare in which the whole world will be taken.—MRS. V. J. FARNSWORTH.

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THE SECRET OF REFORMATION.

WHEN Wycliffe was translating, or was about to translate, the Bible into the English language, he wrote these words:—

As the faith of the church is contained in the Scriptures, the more these are known in their true meaning the better; and inasmuch as secular men should assuredly understand the faith they profess, that faith should be taught them in whatever language may be best known to them. Forasmuch, also, as the doctrines of our faith are more clearly and exactly expressed in the Scriptures, than they



may probably be by priests—seeing, if I may so speak, that many prelates are but too ignorant of Holy Scripture, while others conceal many parts of it; and as the verbal instructions of priests have many other defects—the conclusion is abundantly manifest that believers should ascertain for themselves what are the true matters of their faith, by having the Scriptures in a language which they fully understand. For the laws made by prelates are not to be received as matters of faith, nor are we to confide in their public instruction, nor in any of their words, but as they are founded in Holy Writ—since the Scriptures contain the whole truth.

The work of translating the Scriptures into the language of the people has now been almost completed. Still the work of the Reformation is not complete. It is not enough that the Bible should be furnished in the language of the people; it must be read and studied by the people. It is of little use to have the Bible, if the words of man are to be taken as to what it means, instead of reading it for one's self. To too great an extent at the present day, as in the days of Christ, when the people had the Bible in their own tongue, the fear of God is taught by the commandments of men, rather than by the Word of God. So the work of the true teacher is to take the Bible which the people have ready to their hand, and bring them face to face with it.

To be a follower of the Reformers does not mean to believe just what they believed, and nothing more. To be a worthy

follower of the Reformers is to be actuated by the same spirit to the Word of God. Their principle was that the Bible should settle all questions; that it, and it alone, was the truth. They did not know all that the Bible teaches. No man has ever yet known it all. Sometimes, also, they were mistaken in their views of Scripture, and made the common mistake of teaching what they *thought* instead of what they *knew*. Whether a man is right or wrong, if we follow the man we shall surely go wrong; for at the best we shall get only partial truth; but if we follow the Scriptures we cannot make a mistake. Only they are true followers of the Reformers, who have the same loyalty to the Word that they had regardless of what they thought about certain points.

E. J. WAGGONER.

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A LESSON FROM GOD'S WORD.

IN reading the Bible, we often lose the help God designs we should receive by neglecting to notice the figures which He uses to illustrate the truth. Our minds are fixed upon some thought, it may be, while we pay no heed to the words in which the thought is clothed.

God's words are choice selected words, as silver tried in the furnace of earth and purified seven times. He has used illustrations from the objects with which we are surrounded, that they, like a great mirror, may reflect eternal truth. If we read His word carelessly and pay no heed to the figures in which He clothes His thought, when our eyes rest upon the objects to which He refers, we will not remember the eternal truth which God associated with them.

How often, in family worship, a Psalm is hastily read, no thought is given to the beautiful figures, and parents and children meet the trials of the day without the help that God designed they should receive from that study. As an illustration of this we will note the 8th verse of the 17th Psalm. "Keep me as the apple of the eye." How many times this is read without a thought of the beautiful figure given of God's care for us. Teach your children that just as they, by instinct, place the hand over the eyeball when any danger is near, so God will shield them. Teach them to pray, "Keep me as the apple of the eye."

In Deut. xxxii. 9, 10 we read these words, "For the Lord's portion is His people. Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. He led him about, He instructed him, *He kept him as the apple of His eye.*" If God kept Israel in their forty years' wandering, while they were murmuring and complaining against His love and care, surely He will keep us as the apple of His eye if we put our trust in Him. Truly, the Lord's portion is His people, and He guards them with jealous care.

In Zech. ii. 5,8 He promises to be a wall of fire about His people. Most wonderful thought! He also adds, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." If you have ever had your eyeball hurt in any way, you can appreciate the force of this illustration. How wonderful is His love!

These eternal truths should be so closely connected with the objects God has taken to illustrate them, that every time we shield our eyeball from danger, our hearts should go up to God in prayer, "Keep me as the apple of the eye." And when our eyes are protected from danger, the eternal truth that God will keep us as the apple of His eye should cause our hearts to go out in thanksgiving and praise to Him.

When some foreign substance intrudes itself into your eye and causes pain, then remember that God's great heart of love is pained every time you are cast down by the adversary; for "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye." In what more forcible language could the Lord express His wonderful love for us.

MRS. S. N. HASKELL.

#### BLOOD RELATIONS.

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth."—Acts xvii. 26.

MOST people think that the blood of every creature is the same; that there is only one kind of blood. The blood of one of the lower animals, and the blood of a man look exactly alike. It seems to be the same crimson fluid in the veins of every creature. And yet, in reality, blood is one of the most varied substances in nature. In no two animals is it alike. Its appearance to the eye is indeed similar, but under the microscope it is quite different. You can distinguish the blood of a sheep from that of a bird, and the blood of a bird from that of a serpent.

The size and the shape of the little red particles of which the blood is composed, are different in different kinds of creatures. They are largest in the reptiles, and smallest in dogs and cats; and, strange to say the harvest mouse, which is the smallest of all our animals, has blood particles larger than those of the horse, or the ox.

The red blood particles may be made to take the form of beautiful crystals; and these are not always of the same shape in animals that are very like each other. For instance, the rat and the guinea-pig belong to the same class of animals, and yet the crystals obtained from the blood of the rat are six-sided, while those of the guinea-pig are four-sided.

In man the blood particles are different from those of all other creatures. You know that at once when seen under a microscope. They are like little rolls of coins in the fluid. A distinguished professor was asked on one occasion to give a line for a bed in an infirmary to a poor

woman, who said that she was far advanced in consumption, and was putting up blood. In proof of this, she showed him her handkerchief red with what she said was her blood. The professor quietly put a part of the handkerchief under his microscope, and said to the woman to her extreme astonishment and terror, "This is not human blood; it is hen's blood." It turned out that the woman, who wanted to be kept in idleness and comfort in the infirmary, had that morning killed a fowl, and dipped her handkerchief in its blood, in order to deceive the professor. She imagined that all blood is alike.

In criminal trials, medical men can tell from a bloodstain on clothes, whether it belonged to human beings or to one of the lower animals.

L. d B.

#### A HEAP OF STONES.

THE waters of the Jordan rose  
And hid its banks from view;  
How should the hosts of Israel pass  
Those surging waters through?  
The power of God divides the waves  
Where foot of faith is pressed,  
And in the mighty river's bed  
The priests and ark can rest,  
Until the surging mighty throng,  
Dry-shod have safely passed along.

And lo, from out the river's bed  
A dozen stones were sought,  
From where the priests' feet safely stood  
The boulders large were brought,  
And taken to the camping place  
Where Israel lodged that night,  
And there a heap of stones records  
Jehovah's gracious might—  
Memorials of God's power to save  
That could divide the Jordan's wave.

Ah! who has not their heap of stones,  
Though closely hid from view,  
That marks some dark and mighty flood  
That God has led them through?  
Where rolled a dark and surging stream  
A peaceful path was made  
When foot of faith had pressed the waves  
(Through trust no more afraid).  
Let such memorials hour by hour  
Lead thee to trust Jehovah's power.

JENNIE E. McCLELLAND.

#### A True Witness.

IN a report from Jamaica, West Indies, one of our workers says that at the close of a Sabbath service, an Anglican clergyman arose and said:—

"My friends, you may think it strange to see me here to-night, therefore I will give you my reasons.

"I have searched my Bible from end to end; and now, although a minister of the Church of England, and accountable to my bishop, I must say that *this message is true.*

"At first I said it *could not* be true; but a prolonged search has shown me no foundation for Sunday observance. From a thorough search of history, I find no authority for a change; and instead of such an action on Christ's part, I find Him enjoining the observance of the Sabbath forty years after His death. God blessed and sanctified the seventh day at creation, and in the fifty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, He pronounced a blessing upon any man who should keep it.

"I came here to bear testimony before this people that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and I have kept it to-day, and intend to continue keeping it. We have the light now, and if we wilfully shut our eyes to that light, we shall perish.

"The Lord is soon coming. The messages that are to warn the world of that event are being proclaimed, and the fact that we are in the days of the judgment, is too plain to be denied. The judgment is going on, and He will soon appear, bringing His reward with Him. The wages of sin is death, and the only way of escape is by turning to the Lord.

"Ah, my dear people, we are in troublous times. We are on the very verge of eternal things. May God help us to be wise, and heed the message that has come to us."

#### STATUARY CHRISTIANS.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell visited the cathedral in York, he saw in one of the apartments statues of the twelve apostles in silver. "Who are those fellows there?" he asked, as he approached them. On being told, he answered: "Take them down, and let them go about doing good." They were taken down and melted and put into his treasury. I have also read that there are too many persons, who, like these silver apostles, are too stiff for service in much that the Lord's work requires.

#### "Just Like Thee."

Jesus, 'tis my chief desire,  
Ever to be,  
Patient, humble, meek, and loving;  
Just like Thee.

When the tempter, in his fury,  
Assails me,  
May I drive him from my pathway;  
Just like Thee.

And if hardships, griefs, or sorrows  
Compass me,  
May I bear them without murmur 'ring;  
Just like Thee.

When the heart feels lone and weary,  
May I flee  
To my Father for refreshment;  
Just like Thee.

I can of myself do nothing;  
So teach me  
How to be an overcomer;  
Just like Thee.

Then if death should overtake me,  
Resignedly:  
"Father," I'll cry, "Thy will be done";  
Just like Thee.

Knowing that ere long Thy glory  
I will see;  
And be decked in robes of whiteness;  
Just like Thee.

GEORGE GWYTHYR.

#### The Fountain Head.

THE fountain head of all knowledge of the truth is the Word. Therefore it is worse than useless for men to spend their time discussing decrees of councils and the voluminous vagaries of the Fathers of the Catholic Church to find truth. All that they or ecclesiastical historians can know of the teaching of Christ and the apostles is in the Word, and anybody who will read the Scriptures and believe them can find the truth. Dr. Killen, of the Irish Presbyterian Church, in his "Ancient Church," wrote the following wise words:—

"There are many who imagine that had they lived in the days of Tertullian or of Origen, they would have enjoyed spiritual advantages far higher than any to which they now have access. But a more minute acquaintance with the ecclesiastical



history of the third century might convince them that they have no reason to complain of their present privileges. The amount of material light which surrounds us does not depend on our proximity to the sun. When our planet is most remote from its great luminary, we may bask in the splendour of his effulgence; and, when it approaches nearer, we may be involved in thick darkness. So it is with the church. The amount of our religious knowledge does not depend on our proximity to the days of primitive Christianity. The Bible is the sun of the spiritual firmament; and this Divine illuminator, like the glorious orb of day, pours forth its light with equal brilliancy from generation to generation."

May one day even to us reveal  
The secrets hid 'neath His signet seal.  
Content be thou, O child of the night,  
To grasp His hand and feel His might  
Till that glad day when eternal light  
Shall flood the universe through and through  
And open the wonders of God to you.  
C. M. SNOW.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAF.

Dr. Whiton thus gives some of the lessons of the leaf:—

For the tree itself, says the botanist, the leaf "is both stomach and lungs." A single elm has been computed to possess in one summer five acres of leaves; each leaf a wonderful tissue of nerves and pores and cells and veins. In these countless cells, invisible to the unassisted eye, the sunlight enables the living plant to do its work. In these cells the mineral matter ascending from the roots dissolved in the sap, and the gaseous matter drunk in through the pores from the air, are mingled, and converted by the chemistry of the sunbeam into

The leaf draws water from the ground through the thousands of tubes in its stem—eight hundred barrels, says a scientist, from every leaf-covered acre every twenty-four hours. This it gives out to the atmosphere in the form of invisible vapour, to be condensed into clouds and fall in showers—the very water which, were it not for the leaf, would either escape in freshets or filter through the ground to the caverns below. Thus the leaf works to bring upon the earth the early and the latter rain. It works to send the streams adown the mountains to the thirsty plains. It works to feed the rivers that turn the wheels of factories. And thus a thousand wants are supplied, commerce stimulated, wealth accumulated, comforts multiplied, and the leaf is made by God to be the silent, humble feeder of all this prosperity.

VICTORIA REGIA.

BRITISH GUIANA is the home of the queen of water-lilies, the Victoria Regia, so named in honour of England's sovereign. It was discovered by Dr. Richard



THE INFINITY OF GOD'S HANDIWORK.

THERE isn't a brook in this wide, wide world,  
No matter how close you can it,  
Nor a bird, nor a tree, nor a humblebee,  
However you look upon it,  
Nor a single sprig of columbine,  
Or moss, or weed, or eglantine,  
Or a spike of purple clover,  
Or dread nightshade that God has made  
To deck the earth in glen or glade—  
But the breath of God has fashioned it,  
As the Spirit speaketh in Holy Writ;  
And never a star His hands have hurled,  
And never a law His lips unfurled,  
Nor man, nor thing in this wide, wide world,  
Since the Godhead breathed and the universe  
wreathed

In widening circles' round—

But each has grown from a mould of its own,  
Whether man, or beast, or boulder stone,  
And God is the fashioner, He alone,  
Whose thoughts are force, whose Word creates,  
Has found no place for duplicates.  
Canst thou measure the space of His dwelling-  
place?

Or check the stars in their fiery race  
Through age-enduring course?  
Or summon again earth's buried men  
From sea and hill, from field and fen?  
If thou canst not, 'tis folly then  
To seek to fathom the fearful force  
In the thoughts that spring from that centre  
Source.

'Tis enough to know—and this is true—  
That the God who thought and fashioned you  
And gave you a name to your nature true,  
Has made no soul from first to last  
In the mold where another had first been cast.  
To every being He names a name  
No other creature of His can claim.  
That name is true to His thoughts of you  
And opens your soul to the angels' view,  
How good or ill soe'er.

There's not a soul from pole to pole,  
Nor flower, nor bird, nor burrowing mole—  
Nor will there be while the ages roll—  
But God has given to each alone  
A form and a face that is all its own.  
The narrow mind of the child of earth  
May question the wisdom, the plan, the worth  
Of this multifarious rule of birth,  
Since never a pea or a pansy-blow  
That the law of the Lord has caused to grow  
On His floral footstool here below,  
Is just like any other.

But He whose wisdom embraceth all,  
Who noteth every sparrow's fall,  
And heedeth the humblest suppliant's call,

food for the tree. This then is carried by the leaf-veins into the twigs, adown the branches and the trunk, and is deposited under the bark in a ring of woody fibre. Another portion also goes to form the nutritious fruit and another the reproductive seed. Thus the frail leaf, gay, beautiful, musical as it is, is yet ever at God's work, providing man with material for the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of his life.

The gas which the leaf-cell sucks from the air, and helps to change into fibre, is poisonous to animal life, and must not accumulate in the atmosphere. The same office that the coral insect performs for the sea, to keep the great fountain of waters pure, the leaf performs for that aerial ocean from whose pure tides we drink our life. "The oak," says Holmes, "is but a foliated atmospheric crystal deposited from the aerial ocean that holds the future vegetable world in solution."

A mark of dignity has the Creator bestowed on all useful labour, however humble, by giving the glory of the forest, and the beauty of the many-coloured coralline gardens beneath the waves, to organisms that discharge for Him the duty of scavengers! The carbonic acid gas produced by all our fires, and by the myriads of breathing creatures, is absorbed from the air by the leaf through its countless pores. In the leaf-cells, this noxious element is decomposed; part is worked up into food for the tree, and the residue, containing all that is fit for animals to breathe again, is given back to the vital air. Measure, if it were possible, by cubit feet of wood, all the trees upon the globe. Nearly one-half—forty-five per cent,—of the whole mass is the solidified poison of the atmosphere, extracted by the subtle chemistry of the leaf. How grandly beneficent is its humble life!

Nor is this all:



VICTORIA REGIA, GROWING IN A CANAL.

Schomburgh in 1837, and soon became very popular throughout the world, because of its rare combination of symmetry, beauty, and delicacy so seldom found in the overgrown flora of tropical countries.

The huge leaves, often four or five feet in diameter, with upturned edges, suggest the idea that Nature has taken a hand in furnishing waiters' trays. A single plant often occupies a circle of eight or ten feet with its out spreading arms and enormous leaves. The blossoms are usually six or eight inches across when fully opened, and are double. At first they have a slightly pinkish tint, but as they get older, they become pure white, and very beautiful. About sunset the lilies open for the night, and close again with the returning sunlight.

Our Creator has invited us to "consider the lilies, how they grow." Although growing in the dark and muddy waters, by constantly receiving what God has provided for its growth, the Victoria Regia is able to produce the beautiful blossoms admired by all. So we, by diligently appropriating what our heavenly Father has abundantly provided for our spiritual development, may live lives of spotless purity, no matter what may be our surroundings.

W. G. KNEELAND.

British Guiana.



### SAVED HIS BROTHER.

[A FEW years ago the leader of a German rescue crew put out to a wreck, and saved his own brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea long before. The story is told thus in rhyme:—]

Morning came with laggard footsteps, lifting her  
reluctant face  
O'er the mists that rose like spectres of freed  
souls, about the place  
Where death reigned through long night-  
watches; where a helpless ship was tossed,  
Like a toy upon the billows off the stormy German  
coast.  
On the shore stern faces gathered, stalwart  
figures drenched with sleet;  
Pallid women kneeling, praying, where the land  
and waters meet.  
Men whose lives had passed 'mid dangers, brave  
of heart, and strong of arm,  
Stood appalled before the terrors of that wild  
December storm.  
When the morning light grew brighter, the pale  
watchers, young and old,  
Saw a ship's hull rising, sinking, as the billows  
o'er it rolled.  
On the shattered mast uplifted in the fury of the  
storm,  
Showing black against the waters, clung a help-  
less human form.  
Women hide their faces, weeping; strong men  
turn aside their eyes,  
One, a youth in early manhood, springs to where  
the life-boat lies,  
But a woman's arms are round him, clinging  
fiercely, clasping tight.  
And her pleading face, uplifted, in the gray  
dawn showeth white.  
Sweetheart? No, her eyes are shadowed by  
the trace of many tears,  
And her unbound hair is whitened by the sorrows  
of long years.  
Mother? Yes, and clinging closer, "Frederick,  
dearest, stay with me.  
'Tis enough that I have given one already to the  
sea.  
You alone are left to cheer me. Let some other  
mother's son  
Brave the dangers for this stranger. God re-  
quires of me but one.  
And the ocean hath thy brother. O my dear  
one, do not go."  
To his heart he clasped his mother, clasped her  
fondly. Bending low,  
Kissed her lips, her cheek, her forehead. "Mo-  
ther, dearest, that sad night,  
Near a foreign shore he perished, with the land  
and men in sight.  
We have named each man a coward who stood  
there and saw him die.  
Though the tempest was against them, and the  
waves ran mountains high,"  
Still the mother, clinging to him, pressed to his  
her face of woe.  
"It is folly; it is madness! O my darling, do not  
go."  
"Somewhere in the world," he answered, "with  
her prayerful eyes grown dim

By long vigils, oft repeated, his old mother waits  
for him."  
"Go, my son, and God go with you." At his  
feet she knelt in prayer.  
And the wind that swept about her wrapped her  
in her long gray hair.  
Thrice the boat was launched, thrice driven back-  
ward by the stronger power.  
But his manly will persistent conquered in that  
anxious hour.  
Now the life-boat rides the billows; now the  
billows rise above.  
Hope and fear in quick succession rend the  
mother's heart of love,  
Inch by inch the boat advances, sinewy arm and  
love divine  
Urge it onward, though against him strength of  
wind and sea combine.  
"Courage!" calls a strong voice bravely, o'er  
the intervening track.  
"Hasten, I can hold no longer," fainter comes  
the answer back.  
Higher leap the mad waves, clutching with white  
fingers at the sky.  
And the watchers, watching breathless, see the  
life-boat drawing nigh.  
Saved and saviour, how they cheer them! And  
a dozen hands reach out;  
Men rush waist-deep in the water; women sob  
and children shout.  
But the hero, with the halo of a wondrous joy  
confest,  
Bears his burden to his mother, lays the wan  
face on her breast.  
"Take the gift,"—what sudden gladness makes  
a glory in her eyes?  
'Tis the long-lost son and brother on her bosom  
living lies!  
And the dauntless young deliverer, in unselfish  
love alone  
Daring for a stranger mother, wins God's mercy  
for his own.

—R. H. THORPE.

### PETS AND DIVERSIONS FOR SICK CHILDREN.

WHAT mother has not been perplexed to find ways to vary the monotony of the sick bed when the little invalid has recovered sufficiently to take an active interest in things about him. The *Youth's Companion* prints a suggestive article on the subject, from which we quote the following:—

Some of the most charming and amusing playmates for sick children may be had merely for the trouble of hunting about garden walls or river banks, early in the morning. There are thousands of varieties of snails; and if those boys and girls who possess any ambition beyond fine clothes and sweetmeats had even a slight knowledge of their exquisite construction and the infinite variations in the colour and shape of their shells, they would soon be collecting and exchanging duplicate snails with different parts of the world as diligently as they now drive trades in stamps, coins, and postmarks.

For the sick child snails are fine pets. They cannot bite, or sting, or pinch. If by an accident they steal away and creep over the pretty quilt, or even over the upholstered chairs, their shiny trail may be easily brushed away when dry, and leave no traces. They are not such swift travellers that the feeblest little hand may not arrest them when they stray beyond their bounds, taking hold of them by their shells.

Beyond an occasional feeding, they require no care, except that the moss or grass in their box should be kept moist and be changed every few days. A newspaper, a small square of plain glass, with the edges bound so as not to lacerate the thin skin of the soft hand, a slice of cake or bread, a cabbage-leaf and a carrot are all that is required by the snail-keeper.

The glass is for observing the motion by which the snail moves. Place one on it, and turn the glass over, and see how the soft body clings to it, and with what graceful undulations it slips along over the smooth surface.

Now spread out the paper for a boulevard, race-course and feeding-place; set the box in the middle, and let the snails crawl out to see for themselves how big the world is. Very soon the delicate, pointed heads, each with its two long horns, with eyes in the ends of them, begin to peep over the edges.

### THE QUEEN AND SMOKING.

AMONGST the many anecdotes of the Queen's life now going the round of the press, the following is told:—

"The Queen is a stern disciplinarian when occasion demands, as the Prince of Wales once found out to his cost. Her Majesty has always had a strong objection to tobacco smoke, and will not allow smoking to be indulged in in any rooms of the palaces used by her, nor, indeed, in any place where she is likely to smell the odour of tobacco. Even the late Prince Consort forebore to smoke in her presence. On one occasion, however, she happened to smell the perfumes of tobacco when in Buckingham Palace, and on making an investigation, discovered that the young Prince of Wales (then in his minority) was the delinquent. Her Majesty forthwith gave orders that the culprit should be confined to his rooms for a month, and the order was rigorously carried out. The Prince, apparently, has never forgotten that month's incarceration, for he never smokes in his royal mother's vicinity to this day."

### AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE in a beautiful garden, two lovely flowers blossomed side by side, one a lily, the other a rose.

The day had been hot and sultry, and at even the flowers were weary and athirst.

Softly the pure lily whispered to its companion, the crimson rose, "Friend, let us pray to our loving Creator in Heaven, that He may bless us by sending speedily the refreshing rain. He has clothed us in beautiful apparel, surely, He will not let us wither away."

To this the rose readily agreed, and together the flowers drooped their heads in prayer.

"Father," they whispered, "Thou knowest our great need; we come to Thee in

our sore distress. Send, oh, send us life from above."

The lily now, with wondrous faith, raised her head heavenwards, and stretching forth her arms, in an attitude of expectation, she waited and watched, ready to receive the Divine response.

But the rose, tired, and discouraged, bent her head earthwards, sobbing bitterly.

That night the rain fell; and the rose, shaken by her sobs, and weakened by the heat and burden of the day, could not bear the touch of the clinging rain-drops, and fell, her petals scattered like ruby tears on the soft damp earth.

But the lily strengthened, cleansed, and beautified, whispered gratefully, "I thank Thee Father!"

L. HOWE.

### THE POTTERY TREE OF BRAZIL.

A TRAVELLER gives this description of a peculiar tree of Brazil:—

"This tree attains a height of 100 feet, and has a very slender trunk, which seldom exceeds a foot in diameter at the base. The wood is exceedingly hard, and contains a very large amount of silica, but not so much as does the bark, which is largely employed as a source of silica for the manufacture of pottery. In preparing the bark for the potter's use, it is first burned, and the residue is then pulverised and mixed with clay in the proper proportion. With an equal quantity of the two ingredients a superior quality of earthenware is produced. This is very durable, and is capable of withstanding any amount of heat. The natives employ it for all kinds of culinary purposes. When fresh the bark cuts like soft sandstone, and the presence of the siliceous matter may be readily ascertained by grinding a piece of the bark between the teeth. When dry it is generally brittle, though sometimes difficult to break. After being burned it cannot, if of good quality, be broken up between the fingers, a mortar and pestle being required to crush it."

### IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

THE following story may be true or untrue, and yet it so truly lays bare one of the perversities of our poor human nature that it is worth printing. The lesson may be applied in other things than the matter of domestic pets. It is very easy to feel impatient over other people's failings:—

Johnson and Thompson were next-door neighbours. Johnson had a dog that barked a considerable part of every night. Finally, Thompson said to Johnson:

"Look here, Johnson, we have always been friends, and I hope you won't take offence if I tell you that the barking of your dog is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep."

"Dear me!" said Johnson, "that's strange. I haven't noticed that Leo ever barked anything to speak of."

Two or three evenings afterward Thompson came home leading a dog—the dog—by a string.

"Now, then," said he to Mrs. Thompson, "we shall soon have a chance to sleep. I didn't like to shoot the beast while he belonged to Johnson, so I have bought him. Nobody can blame us for killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to-morrow."

A month passed, and Johnson and Thompson met.

"Well, Thompson, you haven't chloroformed the dog yet."

"No," said Thompson. "The truth is we have become rather fond of the fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"I haven't noticed it."

"H'm!" said Johnson, "the brute keeps us awake half the night. I don't see how you can put up with it."

### THE WASHERWOMAN.

THE following sketch illustrates the truth that evil is often wrought by want of thought. In India we have the useful *dhobie* to do the work that, in Europe, often helps many a poor family to keep the wolf from the door. But the lesson of thoughtfulness and consideration for others cannot be too well learned:—

"I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go; but I think I will send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her aunt, in her quiet, expressive way.

"Why, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night; so—"

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady, gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the situation poor Susan is, obliged, you tell me, to toil over the wash-tub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessities of life; would you not be glad, now and then, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labour for yourself and family; or, better still, a few hours to rest? It is a hard way for a woman to earn a living; grudge not the poor creature an easy day."

"This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candlelight and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon if she gets done; who knows but she may have come from the sick-bed of some loved one, and she counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing that she may be *one* minute too late? Put the quilt back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured, because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old lady took off her glasses, and wiped away the tears that from some cause had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice related the promised story:—

"There never was a more blithesome bridal than that of Ada R. None ever had higher hopes, more blissful anticipations. Wedding the man of her choice, one of whom any woman might be proud, few, indeed, had a sunnier life in prospect than she had.

"For ten years there fell no shadow on

her path. Her home was one of beauty and rare comfort; her husband the same kind, gentle, loving man as in the days of courtship, winning laurels every year in his profession, adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside. And besides these blessings, God had given another; a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-haired baby-boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than aught else that earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days; my story has to do with other ones. It was with Ada and her husband as it has often been with others—just when the cup was sweetest, it was dashed away. A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from them everything but love and their babe. Spared to each other and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened, and lay for many a month upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but often for food and medicines. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she who had worn a satin dress upon her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living.

"In a dreary winter, long before light, she would rise morning after morning, and labour for the dear ones of her lowly home. Often she had to set off through the cold, deep snow, and grope her way to kitchens, which were sometimes smoky and gloomy, and toil there at rubbing, rinsing, starching, not infrequently wading in the drifts, to hang out the clothes that froze even before she had fastened them to the line. And when night came, with her scanty earnings, she would again grope through the cold and snow to her oft-times lightless and fireless home; for her husband was too sick, much of the time, even to tend the fire or strike a light. And, oh, with what a shivering heart she would draw near, fearing ever she would be too late!

"One dark winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to the bed-side.

"'Ada,' he said, in almost a whisper, 'I want you to come home early to-night; be here before the light goes; do, Ada.'

"'I'll try,' she answered with a choked utterance.

"'I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight.'

"'Do you feel worse?' she asked, anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"'No, no, I think not; but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight.'

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through their little window; but it might not be.

Money was needed, and she must go forth to labour. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled look waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played over her wan face as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock; yes, and if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms; and five minutes after the clock struck one she hung the last garment on the line, and was just emptying her tubs, when the mistress came in with two bed-quilts, saying—

"As you have so small a wash to-day, Ada, I think you may do these yet." After the mistress had turned her back, a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washer-woman's heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she set to work again, and rubbed, rinsed, and hung out. It was half-past three when she started for home, *an hour too late!*" and the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late," she continued, after a long pause. "Her husband was dying; yes, almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to his half-frantic wife, to tell her how he had longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, as he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart; and then—he was as rest!

"Mary, Mary dear, and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman; instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out to wash daily, unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects to labour in that way; and be sure, my niece, if she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman, labouring now so hard for you, has not always been a washer-woman. She has seen better days. She has passed through terrible trials, too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her; pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

"You have finished in good time to-day, Susan," said Mrs. M., as the washerwoman entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart is relieved of a heavy load, too. I was afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said the old aunt, kindly.

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered, "Ah, madam! I left my baby 'most dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I have seen it too many times; and none but a child of nine years to attend him. Oh! I must go, and quickly." And grasping the money she had toiled for while her babe was dying, she hurried to her dreary home.

Shortly after, they followed her—the young wife who had scarcely known a

sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble. Together they went to the dreary home of the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The little dying boy knew his mother. At midnight he died, and then kind hands took from the sorrowing mother the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; yes, and did more—they gave, what the poor so seldom have, *time to weep.*

"O aunt!" said Mrs. M., with tears in her eyes, "if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's. Had it



#### IN THE NORTHERN FORESTS.

WHILE February's sun reminds us, here in India, that winter is past, and the warm season is at hand, in Northern Europe and America the month is very likely a cold and frosty one. In the forests of Canada and the United States, the "lumbermen,"



IN THE AMERICAN TIMBER REGIONS.

not been for you, she would have been too late. This has been a sad, yet holy lesson.

I shall never forget it. But aunt, was the story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but thirty summers; and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

as they are called, are doubtless still cutting the great trees, and rolling or carrying the logs on sleds to the river sides.

When the spring thaws of the latter part of February and March come, the melting snow fills the rivers, and changes the forest streams into roaring torrents that carry the logs down to the saw-mills or to the sea.

The work of "running" the logs is a difficult and sometimes dangerous business.

Hundreds of logs or even thousands may be coming down together.

The current whirls them this way and that over rocks, round bends and turns, and over rapids and falls. Often the logs may be piled up and so locked together that the whole mass is stopped. The current behind pushes as against a great dam, and somehow the mass must be loosened and allowed to go on. Men then have to go out upon the logs with great pikes, and pry one loose here, another there, until the cause of stoppage is removed. The danger is that the pulling out of some log may let the whole loose with a sudden start before the men can get out of the way. They have often to go down with the rolling mass, jumping from log to log.

At the mills, the great logs are sawed into the finished boards and timbers of commerce.

#### HOW AILSIE SAVED THE BIBLE.

It was the year 1555, when Queen Mary sat upon the English throne with her Spanish husband at her side, and filled the land with trouble because of her terrible persecution of the Protestants.

In the west of England was a little village called Harrant. At one end of the hamlet, standing apart from the few dwellings scattered along either side of its single street, was the blacksmith's shop, with his small house just back of it, and a tiny garden in the rear.

The smith's wife was dead, but his bonny, blue-eyed little daughter kept his house. When lonely, she pushed aside a small panel in the end of the shop, and crept in and stayed with him, unless the sound of voices or hoof-beats on the road drove her away; for she was a shy little thing.

One day when she had stolen in, her father was standing behind the door. He had a sliver in his big hand, with which he touched the side of the great black beam in the corner. Suddenly a block of wood fell forward, disclosing a small opening. Into this he thrust a dark leather-bound book, and quickly but carefully fitted the chip into its place, so that no sign of the hidden space remained.

Seeing his daughter, he started, and said, sternly, "Ailsie, child! how dare you spy upon your father?"

"O father! I am not spying!" and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Of course, you were not. I was wrong to say so," said the smith, remorsefully. "But you saw what I did?"

"You put the Holy Book into the beam, father. It is a fine hiding-place, too; for surely neither priest nor soldier can find it there."

"I would you knew not its place of concealment; for the knowledge may bring you into danger, lass. You must never betray it. When Parson Stow went away to foreign lands, he gave me the Sacred

Word, and told me to keep it as my very life; for by the Queen's orders all the Bibles have been gathered up and burned, and we are forbidden to read from its holy pages. This is the only one between here and the sea, and it is more precious than the crown jewels. You are fifteen, Ailsie, and old enough to understand; so I have told you all."

"You need not fear, father," said Ailsie, firmly; "I will not tell." But the rosy cheeks grew pale as she remembered all that her promise might mean.

Now, there was a certain priest that came sometimes to Harrant to preach to the villagers; but, being all Protestants, they would neither listen to him nor pay him tithes. He was very angry at their behavior, and spied about until he became sure there was a Bible among them; and he knew it was in the blacksmith's possession, because he was the only man in the village who could read.

After trying in vain to find the book, he went to the nearest town, and lodged information against the village with officers there; and one day, when the smith chanced to be away from home, an officer and six men marched into Harrant.

They called upon the cottagers to surrender their Bibles, but one and all declared they had none. Then the soldiers searched every dwelling, and threatened to burn them every one, unless the book was found.

But that did not suit the priest at all. He would get fewer tithes than ever if the village was destroyed. So he told the soldiers to let the rest of the villagers alone, for the Bible was in the blacksmith's possession. It was getting late, and the soldiers were in a great hurry to be gone; so they resolved to burn the two little buildings, and thus destroy the book quickly and surely.

At the first sight of the strange men, Ailsie had fled through the garden, out upon the moor, and hidden among the furze bushes. She was terrified; for she feared that they might find her, and demand the hidden place of the precious Bible.

It was growing dark when she saw a bright light against the sky, and sprang to her feet. Her father's house was on fire! The sight made the shy child a heroine. Forgetting all about her danger, she only remembered that she must save the Bible at any cost.

Swift as an arrow, she flew homeward. The soldiers were intent upon piling straw round the burning buildings, and did not see the little figure that darted in between the house and shop, whose thatched roofs were all ablaze. Breathless and determined, she pushed aside the panel, and stumbled through the blinding smoke.

The hungry flames scorched her dress and hair, and burned and blistered her hands and face before she secured what she sought. But at last she reached the Bible, and fled out into the open air.

No one had noticed her, and she crept safely into the little garden, and sank down, choked and suffering, among the vines.

But she felt that the Bible was in danger even now. She slipped off her woollen petticoat, and wrapped it round the volume; then digging with her little burned hands in the soft soil, she buried it under an immense cabbage. Then she crawled upon her hands and knees to the spring at the foot of the garden, where her father found her an hour later, half unconscious with pain and fright. As long as he lived, he never ceased to praise his little daughter for her brave deed that day.

The Bible always remained in the family; and years and years afterward, Ailsie's great-grand-daughter carried it with her when she followed her Puritan husband across the sea to the lonely coasts of New England.—*Mary S. Hitchcock.*

#### A PARABLE.

THE little red hen found a grain of wheat, and she said, "Who will plant this wheat?"

The rat said, "I won't;" the cat said,

"I won't;" and the pig said, "I won't."

"I will then," said the little red hen; and she did.

When the wheat was ripe, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill to be ground into flour?"

The rat said, "I won't;" the cat said, "I won't;" and the pig said, "I won't."

The little red hen said, "I will, then;" and she did.

When she came back with the flour, she said, "Who will make this flour into bread?"

The rat said, "I won't;" the cat said, "I won't;" and the pig said, "I won't."

The little red hen said, "I will, then;" and she did.

When the bread was done, the little red hen said, "Who will eat this bread?"

The rat said, "I will;" the cat said, "I will;" and the pig said, "I will."

The little red hen said, "No you won't, for I am going to do that myself;" and she did.

So the Bible says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."—*Selected.*

#### THE MOSQUITO'S TOOL BOX.

NEXT time the mosquito worries you, perhaps it may make the annoyance more bearable to think of the wonderful machine which he wishes to set to work upon you. A naturalist says:—

THE mosquito's bill, minutely delicate as that organ is, is simply a tool box in which are kept six separate surgical instruments—miniature blood-letting apparatus of the most perfect pattern. Two of these instruments are said to be exact counterparts of the surgeon's lance. One is a spear, with a doubled-barbed head. The third is a needle of exquisite fineness. A saw and pump go to make up this wonderful complement of tools. The spear is the largest of the six and is used in making the initial puncture. Next the lances are brought into play, their work causing the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate instrument of the entire set, is used in transferring the blood to the insect.

# HEALTH HINTS

## THE OLD DECANTER.

THERE was an old decanter and its mouth was gaping wide; the rosy wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side; and the wind went humming, humming, up and down the sides it flew, and through its reed-like, hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me, puny conquerors, the plague has slain his ten, and war his hundred thousand of the very best of men; but I—'twas thus the bottle spake—"but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brains and burns the spirits up, that puts to shame your conquerors that slay their scores below, for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Though in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll, yet while I have killed the body, I have damned the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin, never wrought as I in mirth or malice on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road of DEATH!"

—Selected.

## IN THE BEER HEADQUARTERS.

MUNICH, Germany, is the headquarters of the beer trade, if so widely spread a trade may be said to have a headquarters. A German insurance paper gives a report of a lecture by Dr. Brendel, of Munich, before a scientific society. He described this age as the "alcoholic period of man," and said:—

"Alcohol, which apparently brings so much pleasure to its partaker, acts as poison if even consumed in small doses daily, by means of its cumulative action, as strikingly shown here in Munich, the centre of beer consumption, by the frequent sudden cases of death of apparently healthy men. Fatty, enfeebled hearts, shriveled kidneys, fatty or hardened livers, changes in the texture of blood-vessels, which cause paralytic strokes and softenings of the brain by bursting in the brain, chronic catarrhs of the stomach and bronchial tubes, etc., trembling of the limbs, aberrations and diseases of the mental faculties, delirium tremens, etc.—these are some of the consequences of an immoderate drinking of alcoholic stimulants. Professor Dr. Bollinger, of this city [Munich], has in the same manner proved the prevalence of various diseases of a definite nature of the internal organs caused by the universal drinking of beer. A normal heart or kidney is the exception only here in Munich. This state of affairs also injures the progeny in a most serious manner. Dr. Demme found that of the children of non-drinkers 82 per cent. were sound, while of these of drinkers only 17 per cent. were sound. . . . Although large quantities of beverages

were drunk formerly, still only in the last century, and more especially in the last decades, in which the brewer's art was perfected, has drinking become universal. It has spread everywhere and increased to a frightful, most alarming extent. It has been introduced even into country communities, and the only inevitable consequence will be the thorough degeneration of the human race, if the evil is not checked before it is too late."

## DRUGGING.

THE statement having been made, on the authority of statistics, that an increasingly large proportion of physicians are becoming opium and morphine slaves, or addicted to some of the many other drug habits, a physician, writing in the *Modern Medicine and Bacteriological Review*, says:—

It is the opinion of the writer that this rapid increase in the number of physicians addicted to the morphine habit is in a large degree due to the milder drug habits to which they have become addicted; namely, alcohol and tobacco. It is undoubtedly true that in some instances the drug is first taken for the relief of pain or sickness of some sort, but we believe the latter to be the cause of but a small percentage of these cases. It is a comparatively rare circumstance to find a physician addicted to the use of morphine who is not or has not been addicted to some milder drug—in the majority of cases alcohol or tobacco, and frequently both.

Those who are most successful in the cure of morphinism and cocainism require the patient to give up the use of alcohol and tobacco before beginning treatment. Unless the patient is willing to abandon the use of tobacco and alcohol, and to co-operate with the physician, there is little use in his spending money and time in the fruitless search for relief. In the vast majority of cases of those who for a time have given up the use of morphine but still continue to use tobacco and alcohol, there is a relapse; the appetite for the tobacco and alcohol is not satisfied, and morphine is resorted to.

## TRAINING THE APPETITE.

NOT only the frequency of meals and the amount of food must be considered, but also the character of the food used is a matter of the greatest importance, particularly in the early years of childhood. No solid food or table feeding of any kind should be given to a child until it has the largest share of its first teeth. Even then it must not be supposed that because a child has acquired its teeth it may partake of all kinds of food with impunity.

It is quite customary for mothers to permit their little ones to be treated to bits of everything upon the bill of fare, apparently looking upon them as miniature grown people, with digestive ability equal to persons of mature growth, but simply lacking in stomach capacity to dispose of as much food as their elders. The digestive apparatus of a child differs so greatly from that of an adult, in its anatomical structure and in the character and amount of the digestive fluids, that it is by no means proper to allow a child to eat all kinds of wholesome food which a healthy adult stomach can consume with impunity, to say nothing of the rich, highly-seasoned viands, sweetmeats, and epicurean dishes which seldom fail to form some part of the bill of fare.

It is true, many children are endowed with so much constitutional vigour that they

do live, and for a time seemingly thrive, notwithstanding dietetic errors; but the integrity of the digestive organs is liable to be so greatly impaired that disease results sooner or later in life; and the child's appetite, from having been so continually catered to, will have become his ruler. We must satisfy the appetite without pampering it; we must nourish our children's bodies without indulging "the lusts of the flesh;" we must make our ordinary diet so healthful and palatable that it will be satisfying and create no desire for that which is unwholesome. Children are not likely to crave unsuitable foods unless a taste for such articles has been developed by indulgence in them.

From the time solid food is permissible, to the age of three, entire wheat bread, and such of the grain preparations as contain an abundance of gluten, with easily-digested fruits, both raw and cooked, undoubtedly form the best dietary. From three to six years the same simple regimen with the addition of the legumes prepared without the skins or in a soup, macaroni, and a few of the most easily-digested vegetables, will be all-sufficient. It is especially important that a dietary for children should contain an abundance of nitrogenous material. It is needed not only for tissue repair but must be on deposit for the purpose of growth, since it is the bone and muscle-forming element of food.

Of all foods the grains possess this element the most abundantly, and for that reason they should be given great prominence in the children's dietary. When well prepared they are easy of digestion.

MRS. E. E. Kellogg

## THE QUAKER AND THE LIQUOR-DEALER.

SEVERAL persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Alleghany Mountains in a stage. A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and those engaged in it were handled without gloves. One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said:—

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-dealer. I keep a public house at ———; but I would have you to know that I have a license and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said:—

"Friend, that is the most damnable part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them."



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THE first bulletins from Osborne, announcing the illness of the Queen, left little hopes of her recovery; nevertheless, the news of her death came as a sudden shock to the general public.

HER Majesty had so long led the people of her land that one could scarcely think of the Empire as without her, or meditate the passing of her sovereignty.

NO Sovereign ever held the high place in the mind and sentiments of the British people which Queen Victoria had won and held for a generation. But neither love, nor power can stay the hand of death, and the lesson of man's mortality is once again taught by the sorrow that darkens alike the palace and the cottage, relieved only by that hope of life to come which illuminates the darkness where faith is, whether in high or low estate.

FROM the point of view of the times and the work of God in the world, one can but feel that, so far as human forces go, the death of Queen Victoria has lessened the influences that make for the restraint of national rivalries. It is true that wars, large or small, have punctuated nearly every year of her reign, and rulers have not the personal power that they once had to act. But it is a well-known fact that, specially in recent years, the Queen's personal influence has been strong for peace. And the regard in which she was held abroad helped to stay the enmities which national competition engenders.

IT is a fact that death has of late years been removing the older and steadier hands that have guided public affairs in all lands during this generation. One by one they have dropped away, and the new do not give promise of the vigour and strength of the old. These things emphasize the feeling that the world is entering a critical period. All things speak with a loud voice to us to be wakeful and watchful in these latter days.

**An Eventful Reign.**—The briefest review of the Victorian era shows an eventful reign, full of significance to those who watch the signs of the times. When Victoria came to the throne, the world was just waking up to that nineteenth century progress in arts and commercial developments

which marks this generation. McCarthy says in his "History of Our Own Times":—

"A reign which saw in its earliest years the application of the electric current to the task of transmitting messages, the first successful attempts to make use of steam for the business of Transatlantic navigation, the general development of the railway system all over these countries, and the introduction of the penny post, must be considered to have obtained for itself, had it secured no other memorials, an abiding place in history. The history of the past forty or fifty years is almost absolutely distinct from that of any preceding period."

By these developments the world has been awakened and brought together, and the Lord's work has been given powerful channels of communication. God has been stirring up the minds of men and the Word of the Kingdom, the Bible, has been scattered far and wide.

**Gathering Forces.**—The awakening of the world might have been to peaceful progress. But, after the course of this world, and true to the Prophetic Word, the world has used the means put in its hands by the wonderful developments during the Victorian era in preparations for the coming Armageddon. Early in the Queen's reign, the Prince Consort, in her behalf, presided at the opening of the first great World's Fair, in the Crystal Palace, London, which was to bring all the nations together in friendly rivalry and inaugurate the beginning of the era of peaceful expansion. But, as the Bible says, when men cry Peace and Safety, destruction is near, and almost from the very year (1851), the world entered upon its stormiest period. Referring to this only a few weeks ago, the *London Standard* said:—

"The Utopian vision did not long survive the Palace of Glass in Hyde Park. In 1854 the war-drums began to beat again on the shores of the Black Sea, and they have seldom been silent since. Fifty years of intense militarism have followed the generation of peace. One colossal campaign has succeeded another, and the nations, so far from beating their bayonets into pruning-hooks, have been arming themselves to the teeth. Commerce has expanded, it is true, but there is no industry quite so buoyant as the trade in armaments. Little did the promoters of the Exhibition of 1851 imagine that the century would close with more money spent on fleets and armies, on cannon, rifles, and battleships, than perhaps in any year of recorded history."

The forces are gathering for the last great struggle. God still holds the winds of strife in order that His work may be done (Rev. vii. 1-3); but soon the angels must let loose the elements of discord, and men, who have finally rejected God's message of warning and chosen the leadership of the god of this world, will see what his rule is like. Now, while peace is given, God calls upon every believer to sound the message of preparation for the coming of the Lord. We live in eventful times; and the most important thing in all the world is God's work in these last days. Find where it is and what it is, and give life and service to it till the end.

THERE is a definite message for these days to prepare the people for the scenes of the very last days. It is not a new

Gospel or another Gospel, but the "everlasting Gospel" in a new time, "the time of the end." We shall emphasize this truth over and over in our columns during this first year of the new century.

THE reason why many truths that we have called attention to seem new is that there has been a departure from the old Gospel in the general teaching of Christendom. So had there been in Christ's day. Instead of opening the Word of God to the people, the rabbis were "teaching for doctrine the commandments of men." When Christ lived and taught the commandments of God, His teaching was so different that the religious leaders thought He was introducing new ideas and novelties in religion. The situation is the same now. Let any man or people live and teach according to the teaching of Christ, setting aside ecclesiastical tradition, and the religious world will cry out against novelties.

A BELGIAN traveller describes the desolation wrought by the Russian army in the Amur region. There were numerous villages on the banks of the river, and 100,000 industrious Chinese were peacefully dwelling there. Now, "not a village is left. The silence of death," reigns in this region, or did at the time when this gentleman passed, and the rivers were full of floating bodies.

IT has been figured out that the home cost of keeping up the war in Africa is £1,250,000 a week, or £125 per minute.

THE opening of the new century, Lord Rosebery predicts, will witness the fiercest of international rivalry in the arts of war and commercial industry.



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