

# THE ORIENTAL WATCHMAN

I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the Word at My mouth and warn them from

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## THE PERILS OF THE LAST DAYS.

“As it was in the days of Noah, so also shall it be in the days of the Son of Man.

They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. 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.”

Christ sees the wickedness on the earth to-day. He sees that the sins of Noah's and Lot's time are being repeated. What terrible revelations of crime are being made! Everything seems to be stirred with an intense activity from beneath. Excitement is continually kept up. Feasting, buying, and selling, are brought into the churches. The watchman cries, “The morning cometh and also the night.” The night symbolizes prevalence of error, misinterpretation and misapplication of Scripture. Every species of delusion is now being brought in. The plainest truths of God's word, are covered with a mass of man-made theories. Deadly

errors are presented as the truth to which all must bow. The simplicity of true godliness is buried beneath tradition.

enemy is deceiving man. This error is well-nigh universal. But who told men that they would not

die? Who told them that God has reserved a portion of his universe where the wicked are to suffer through the ceaseless ages of eternity, without a particle of hope?—It was the serpent. God said that sinners would die. Satan declares that they will not die. Many believe the oft-repeated lies of the serpent to be genuine truth. They echo his words when they assert that God has ordained that sin shall be immortalized in a place of torment.

This is one of the lies forged in the synagogue of the enemy, one of the poisonous drafts of Babylon. “All nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people,



The False and the True Foundation.

The doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul is one error with which the

that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

Another false doctrine is that the first day of the week is the Sabbath of Lord. By traditions received from the Roman Catholic Church, the fourth commandment of the decalogue is made of none effect. By their acceptance of a spurious sabbath, men have dishonoured God, and have honoured the usurper, who thought to change times and laws. Many dangerous errors have been brought in to get rid of the true Sabbath. Men have taken the side of the great rebel, and rather than accept the word of God just as it reads, have placed themselves in a net of heresy. Satan is bringing the churches and the world into corrupt harmony upon this point.

Night, dark and portentous, is enclosing the Christian world. Apostasy from God's commandments is evidence of this night, deep, dark and apparently impenetrable. Systems that make the truth of God of none effect are cherished. Men are teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, and their assertions are taken as truth. The people have received man-made theories. So the gospel is perverted and the Scripture misapplied. As in the days of Christ, the light of truth is pushed into the background. Men's theories and suppositions are honoured before the word of the Lord of Hosts. The truth is counteracted by error. The word of God is wrested, divided, and distorted by Higher Criticism. Jesus is acknowledged, only to be betrayed by a kiss. Apostasy exists, and will enclose the world till the last. Its hideous character and darkening influence will be seen in the maddening drafts dealt out from Babylon.

But before the Lord punishes men for their iniquity, he sends them messages of warning. Before he visits them with his judgments, he gives them a chance to repent. He remembered the sins of the Noachian world, but he did not punish them without warning them. For one hundred and twenty years this warning was sounding in their ears; but they did not repent. The last year of their probation found them more stubborn and defiant than ever. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. . . . And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me: for the earth, is filled

with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." The inhabitants of Sodom, also, perished by fire, which was rained upon them, from heaven, because they turned from God, and corrupting themselves, filled the earth with their polluted wisdom.

Had these men placed themselves under the control of the Spirit of God, had they co-operated with the heavenly intelligences, what a world of beauty and happiness we would now look upon! Had these long-lived, mentally strong men been vitalized by the Holy Spirit they would have been a power for God.

Man can be exalted only by laying hold of the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour. The finest intellect, the most exalted position, will not secure heaven. Satan had the highest education that could be obtained. This education he received under the greatest of all teachers. When men talk of higher criticism, when they pass their judgment upon the word of God, call their attention to the fact that they have forgotten who was the first and wisest critic. He has had thousands of years of practical experience. He it is who teaches the so-called higher critics of the world to-day. God will punish all those who, as higher critics, exalt themselves, and criticize God's holy word.

The world's Redeemer warned his disciples against the false teaching which was and would continue to be the greatest obstacle to the progress of the truth. "There shall arise false christs, and false prophets," he said, "and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before." And Peter writes: "There were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of." The leaven of false doctrine will be accepted in preference to the truth. "Beware," writes Paul, "lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."

Under whose banner are we standing? Where are we? and what is Christ to us? By our course of action we decide our

own destiny. By the society we choose, we determine what influences shall mould our character. If we choose the world, earthly influences make their imprint upon our minds, and though we may not realize it, we sink lower and lower; for if we do not grow in grace, we must deteriorate.

It makes every difference with the future eternal well-being of men whether they follow God's way or their own way. Their way may be entirely wrong. Are there many paths to heaven? If so, man may take any path that suits his fancy. But there is only one true way. Christ said to his disciples: "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." The end is near. Soon the Lord will come, with ten thousand of his saints; and Satan's system, which has destroyed so many that Christ came to save, will be broken up. Despotism is now seeking to obtain a foothold in every clime, but its day will soon be ended. "For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. . . . Therefore shall her plagues come in one day; death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."

Satan is in controversy with Christ, and with all who follow in his footsteps. This conflict will continue until the voice is heard, saying, "It is done." "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still. And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up. . . . Ye,

therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness. But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

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### THE OLD SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

I WAS pleased the other day with a story which an aged Scotch minister told me about an old Scotchman, who many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of God held in a tent, or some such temporary structure.

The old pilgrim was poor and ill clad, and partly deaf; but he trusted in the Lord whom he served, and rejoiced in His kind providence. On his way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother, a younger man bound on the same errand and they travelled on together.

When they had nearly reached the place of meeting, it was proposed that they should turn aside behind the hedge, and have a little prayer before they entered the meeting. They did so, and the old man, who had learned in everything to let his requests be made known unto God presented his case in language like the following:

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf, and I want a seat on the first bench if ye can let me have it, so that I can hear thy word. And ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think it is much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want you to get me a pair of new ones. And ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay there through the meeting, and therefore I want ye to get me a place to stay."

When the old man had finished his quaint petition, and they had started on, his younger brother gently suggested to him that he thought his prayer was rather free in its forms of expression, and hardly as reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching the Supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation of irreverence.

"He's my Father," he said, "and I am weel acquainted with Him, and He's weel acquainted with me, and I take great liberties with Him." So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for a while in the rear of the congregation, making an ear-trumpet of his

hand to catch words, until some one near the pulpit noticed him, and beckoning him forward gave him a good seat upon the front bench. During the prayer the old man knelt down, and after he arose, a lady who had noticed his shoes said to him, "Are those the best shoes you have?" "Yes," said he, "but I expect my Father will get me a new pair very soon."

"Come with me after the meeting," said the good lady, "and I will get you a new pair."

The service closed, and he went with her to her house.

"Shall you stay during the meeting?" said the good woman as they went along.

"I would but I'm a stranger in the place, and have nae siller."

"Well," said she, "you will be perfectly welcome to make your home at our house during the meeting."

The old man thanked the Lord that He had given him all the three things he had asked for; and while the younger brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, it is possible that he might have learned that there is a reverence that reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities of human taste, and which leads the believer to come boldly to the throne of grace to find all needed help in every trying hour. *Baptist Weekly.*

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### THE DEFINITE DAY OF THE SABBATH.

Men tell us that the real time of the Sabbath of the commandment is not known now; that the computation of time has changed, and in the confusion of various styles of reckoning, it is impossible to know what day represents the original seventh day. But Christ has guarded that point by personal recognition of the day at different periods. He has given three points of such certainty that no one need be at a loss to know the right day. All that is necessary is to heed the word and example of Christ. These three points are:—

(1) The creation. There the day was set apart by divine example, by special blessing, and by moral sanctification. The seventh day of the first week of time as pertaining to the earth was chosen as the Lord's rest day, and as the seventh day should afterward recur it was to be observed in like manner by man.

(2) The Sabbath day was again definitely located just after the deliverance from Egypt. Not only was the sanctity of the institution solemnly impressed upon the people, but the day was indicated in a miraculous manner every week for forty years.

(3) During our Lord's sojourn on earth another period of over twenty years after He is known to have realised His mission, He gave divine sanction to the day kept by the Jewish people. Thus it is clear that however they had perverted the Sabbath as to the manner of its observance, they had maintained the true day. Christ's example demonstrates that He recognised the day kept by the Jews of that period as the Sabbath, the day sanctified at creation and proclaimed at the exodus. Having the definite seventh day fixed by the practice of the Lord of the Sabbath at that time, we need make no mistake as to the day in our time. The Jews are a continuous landmark from that day to this, in all parts of the civilised world; and there never has been any confusion on their part. And at the Advent of Christ, and for a long time previous, the heathen made a special holiday of the first day of the week in honour of the sun as their chief deity, which holiday in time became recognized in the church. So that from the time of Christ's earthly ministry to the present day, there has been special first-day observance of some character, which was invariably followed the seventh day as observed by the Jews and by such Christians as have chosen to regard the precept and example of Christ rather than the tradition of men. Thus by blessing, by commandment, by example, and by landmark, Christ has guarded the day of His holy Sabbath beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt as to its identity.

W N GLENN.

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"But my cross is so heavy." Oh, how the angels envy you! There is not one of them who would not exchange his palace and his harp for the privilege of carrying your cross. The heavier it is the better they would be pleased, for the greater would be the honour. The lighter cross any poor, weak-kneed saint can carry. COMMISSIONER BOOTH TUCKER.

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"God humbles men in this life that he may exalt them forever; but Satan exalts men in this life that he may cast them down for eternity."

### BEFOOLING AND MISLEADING THE PEOPLE.

THERE was printed in London in 1658 a book with the title "A Christian Caveat to the Old and New Sabbatharians," in which the author discussed, among other things, the claim even then being made "that the Lord's day, or first day of the week, namely Sunday may be called the Sabbath." While defending the observance of Sunday according to the custom of the church and on the authority of the church, he showed that Sunday was not the Sabbath of the fourth commandment. His indictment against those who attempted to establish the Sunday sabbath upon a Scripture foundation is clear and forcible.

In the following paragraphs he charges them with befooling and misleading the people:

In vain, therefore, it is and most absurd, for you our opponents to charge us with befooling and misleading the people. Your own practice, your own doctrines, shall bear witness betwixt us.

You who say one while, that God did not appoint the seventh day, the day on which he rested, to be kept holy, but a seventh day, and so one day in seven be observed, no matter which of them; another while, that by this commandment God enjoins us to keep holy the first day of the week on which he began his work of creation—do you not befool and mislead the people?

You who (forgetting your own doctrines of the fourth commandment) do teach that the keeping holy the first day of the week, or Lord's day, was appointed and practised by Christ and his apostles, yet can not produce so much as one example for it, much less a precept—do you not befool and mislead the people?

You who infer, because St. Paul, and the disciples at Troas, spent the whole night of the first day of the week in praying, preaching, and heavenly conference, in regard he was to leave them and depart on the morrow; therefore, St. Paul and the disciples at Troas met that

night to keep holy the day past, therefore the disciples at Troas met every first day of the week, to keep that day holy; therefore the church at Philippi, the church in Cilicia, and all Christian churches, did then keep holy the first day of the week; therefore all the apostles did constantly keep holy that day: therefore Christ and his apostles appointed the first day of the week to be forever celebrated, instead of the Sabbath—is not this pitiful logic? Do you not befool and mislead the people?

You who tell stories of an old sabbath and a new sabbath, a Jewish sabbath and a Christian sabbath, a sabbath of the seventh day and a sabbath of the first day week; that so you may slyly fix the name

dignity inferior to both Lord's day and Sunday—do you not befool and mislead the people?

You that condemn the yearly observance of Christ's birthday as heathenish, yet acknowledge this feast to be a constitution of the ancient primitive church—do you not befool and mislead the people?

Take ye heed; these are not small matters; consider well with yourselves what it is to stand guilty before God of belying Christ and his apostles and wilfully wresting the Holy Scriptures. Be advised; take time while time is to repent of those notorious slanders wherewith you have aspersed the ancient ap-

proved ways of God's worship; and let the sincerity of your repentance appear by the speedy abandoning of your unchristian practices and principles; lest the heavy judgment of seducers, to wax worse and worse, fall upon you, and God in the end deliver you up to such strong delusions that you should believe your own lies.

The practice of befooling and misleading the people concerning the Sabbath is not yet obsolete, and the methods are much the same now as in the seventeenth century. There is no call for such juggling with the Scriptures when we are willing to accept and obey the plain teaching of the Word.

W. W. PRESCOTT.

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sabbath on the Lord's day, and then persuade the simple and ignorant that all those texts of Scripture wherein mention is made of the Sabbath day, are intended for the Lord's day; when indeed to call the Lord's day the Sabbath, is as senseless as to call Sunday Saturday, or the first day the last day of the week; when throughout the Old and New Testaments we have not the least intimation of any other weekly Sabbath, save the old, Jewish seventh-day Sabbath; when you yourselves confess that the name Lord's day is more proper and particular, and less obvious to exception, than the name Sabbath; and that the name Sabbath is in

We should keep a list of the more remarkable mercies which we have received from our earliest years, and frequently review it. If a person be dwelling perpetually on his wants he cannot be thankful; but a catalogue of the blessings which God has bestowed upon him, often reviewed, would sweeten the spirit, and tend to fill him with gratitude and love.

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LORD, I place the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and Thy judgment . . . between Thee and all my sins; and I offer His merits for my own, which I should have, and have not.—Anselm.

# RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LIFE



## ARE THE DEAD CONSCIOUS?

### V. Caught up into Paradise.

THE question is as to the meaning of Paul in the expression "whether in the body, or out of the body," in 2 Cor. 12: 1-4. We quote the passage from the American Standard Revised Version:—

"I must needs glory, though it is not expedient; but I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I know a man in Christ, fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I know not! or whether out of the body, I know not; God knoweth), such a one caught up even to the third heaven. And I know such a man (whether in the body, or apart from the body I know not; God knoweth), how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which is not lawful for a man to utter."

The subject of the apostle's discourse is visions and revelations, of which God had graciously given him an abundance, even to such an extent that there was danger of the apostles' exaltation. Verse 7.

The man which he knew fourteen years before was none other than himself; for it is of himself he is speaking. He was caught up into "the third heaven," he tells us in verse 2, or in verse 4 he defines this as "into Paradise." Now Paradise is where the tree of life is, where God dwells. Compare Rev. 2: 7 with 22: 1, 2. The third heaven is, therefore, where the immediate presence of God dwells, the centre of the universe, from which celestial messengers and currents of life and light go forth to all the circling suns and worlds. The first heaven is the atmospheric heaven where the birds fly and the clouds float. The second is where the stars are: the third is the central heaven of Paradise.

Into the presence of God, Paul was caught up, and unutterable revelations were disclosed to him. Of that time in his life and experience he gloried, because of what God did, but of himself he

gloried not. But lest he should become exalted, God gave him a "thorn in the flesh" to keep him humble. Verses 5-7.

Now what does Paul mean by "in the body" or "out of the body"? He certainly did not mean death, for he was yet living. Were it not for the erroneous conceptions concerning the soul of man, its power consciously to exist separate from the body, this text would be clearly understood. Paul simply meant that he did not know whether this was a vision given to him, by which he was made to see heaven, or whether he was actually caught up to heaven bodily. And inasmuch as the apostle did not know, we do not even presume to know. The expression affords no evidence of the condition of the soul or spirit after death; in fact, it mentions neither. See a similar form of speech in 1 Cor. 3: 5, where the apostle speaks of being absent in body from the church though present in spirit, even as we say, in writing to loved ones, "My heart is with you to-night." In Paul's experience, the heavenly visions were so real that he did not know whether they were visions of distant things or a present reality.

M. C. WILCOX.

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### "ONE THING I DO."

WHILE crossing the Atlantic a short time ago, a man who had never been on the ocean before was conversing with another who had made frequent trips to America. The first one said, "I suppose you must have become quite well acquainted with the captain of this ship, having crossed the ocean so many times."

The other one replied, "Though I have crossed the ocean many times in this vessel, I have as yet never so much as even seen him. The fact is, the high responsibility of his position and the vigilant care necessary to insure the safety of the ship and the hundreds of passengers abroad will not permit of his mind being diverted from the trust committed to his care, and he is rarely seen but by very few of the passengers, and never mingles with them."

Then the thought came, how like his position is that of the ambassador of Christ. It is the studied purpose of the enemy to put every possible hinderance in the way of the advancement of the work of God.

He will set in circulation slanderous stories to injure the worker, who would naturally seek to justify himself and defend his reputation. But if he should seek to do this he would have no time for anything else, and this is what would delight Satan. When the enemies of the prophet Nehemiah would call him away from the work that God had appointed him to do, he sent word to them saying, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down." That is the determination and spirit that God wants all His workers to have. The captain of that great steamer knew nothing but the sailing of it across the mighty deep and safely landing it at its destination. The Apostle Paul declared that he would know nothing "but Christ and Him crucified." So in the Gospel work of to-day, the ministers of Jesus Christ, and all His followers as well, are to know what God would have to do, then follow on to do that thing, turning neither to the right nor to the left. —Selected.

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### STRENGTH FROM TEMPTATION.

NOT even to the poorness of one's temperament will the earnest wrestler yield. There is one example in the world most touching and inspiring; it is that of a man wrestling hard with his inherited burden, when it takes the form of a besetting sin. But even if it be a devil of his own wanton raising, we watch him, we tell him we know all about it, and that he is helping us in *our* struggle; we pity him if he falls; we reverence him as holy if he wins. Let such a struggler know that *we* know that he is the hardest fighter of us all.

And if he wins, his besetting temptation actually turns into his guardian angel, and blesses him through life. Our besetting sin may become our guardian angel—let us dare to say it! Let us thank God that we can say it! This sin that has sent me weary-hearted to bed, desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness, and the earth of springtime, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness,—this blasting sin that has made my bed of hell for so long—*this can be conquered*. I do not say annihilated, but, better than that, conquered, captured, and transfigured into a *friend*; so that I at last shall say, "My temptation has become my strength! for to the very fight with it I owe my force."—WM. C. GANNETT.



### WHICH IS THE TRUE SEVENTH DAY?

#### Man's Supposition or God's Word?

The *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, of Dayton, Ohio, published by the "Christian" denomination, has in its issue of June 22, the following question and answer:

#### The Seventh Day.

DEAR DR. SUMMERBELL:—The advocates of a seventh-day Sabbath assume that our present Saturday is the successor in regular order of the seventh day upon which "God ended His work... and He rested... from all His work which He had made," and also the regular successor of the Mosaic Sabbath.

With all the change of calendar to which human reckoning of time has been subject since the creation, is it possible to maintain that the week is the same now as then, and what we call Saturday has always been the seventh day?

#### Answer.

"The question of Brother Cowan is an exceedingly practical one; for unless, the Saturday people can prove incontestably that the week of seven days has been kept undisturbed through the decades, centuries, and thousands of years, and through all captivities, changes of calendar, language, government and civilization, their own argument, from their own point of view, has no force. We have no proof beyond slight probability that the seventh day of Genesis, first chapter, was the seventh day of Moses' time. There was a long stretch, thousands of years, before the exodus from Egypt, soon after which the Decalogue was given, from the events of the first and second chapters of Genesis (where the seventh day was spoken of); and to maintain that through that whole period, in which there was no Jewish nation, and no Decalogue to emphasize a seventh day, the seventh day *was* accurately noted, is very difficult. We know of too many confusions of calendars, and too many changes of calendars in historic times and in literary periods for us to admit that it is *certain* that there were no changes in the thousands of years before the historic period.

"Jesus said that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

But if every person is to keep *his* accurate seventh day, mankind will be observing all the days of the week; the distribution produced by two causes:

"(1) Men are born on all the days of the week; and each one must have a partial week to begin with who was not born on the first day. If it be objected that it would destroy the Sabbath day for each man to observe his own seventh, preventing the community from uniting in worship or in rest, it is the very point we make: We should unite in the count of the community, and with it worship and rest; because the 'Sabbath was made for man.'

"But the true spirit of obedience is ignored by the Saturday men, who ignore the calendar of their own birth (which they can prove), to accept the calendar of their own small sect (which they can *not* prove), thus preventing a common day of worship and rest, which is so necessary for man.

"(2) In a voyage around the world, a Saturday man will unhesitatingly skip a day of the week; because of the fact that he gains or loses a day, according to which way he goes around.

"If the Saturday man can thus change his calendar, when he goes around the world, to prevent his Saturday from being the Sunday where he arrives, or from being the Friday where he arrives, and to enable him to have the same seventh day as his Saturday sect, should he not modestly admit that the rest of us have a right to make *our* seventh day to harmonize with the worship-needs and with the rest-needs of mankind in general?

"This common Sabbath argument is absolutely certain but the Saturday man's count is very uncertain."

Statements like the above are often made, and with such seemingly plausible assurance as to deceive the uninstructed. For all such who believe God's Book (for upon that we rely) we reply briefly:

#### I. The Institution of the Sabbath.

God fixed the week in the beginning by His threefold act of making the Sabbath; namely, His rest, His blessing, His setting apart the day. Gen. 2: 1-3. He made the Sabbath—the seventh day—for man, therefore appointed it for him in the beginning.

#### II. At the Exodus.

Did mankind forget the Sabbath during the first decades, centuries, and thousands of years, so that, as Dr. Summerbell says

"we have no proof" "that the seventh day of Genesis" "was the seventh day of Moses' time?" Let us see:

1. **A Preposterous Thing.**—It is exceedingly improbable that a community or a nation should forget the day of the week. There are many instances of an individual forgetting the day of the week; there are a few cases where a family has been led astray; but who ever heard of a neighbour-good forgetting its order of the days! or a province! It would be preposterous that a whole nation should forget! Any or all could wilfully depart from observance of a day, but no one believes that the order of the days would be forgotten.

2. **The Testimony of Languages.**—The records of the week of all the oriental nations which have come down to us, far antedating the Jewish nation attest to the truthfulness of the Biblical record, showing that the origin of the week dates back to primeval times where the book of Genesis places it. Before us as we write hangs "A Chart of the Week," prepared and compiled by the late Rev. William Mead Jones, D. D. an antiquarian of London, assisted by some of the most noted linguists of the world, embracing one hundred and seven oriental and ancient languages and fifty-three European languages and authorities, prepared by the well-known linguist, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. This chart gives in nine columns the name of the language used, the name of week, and the name of each of the days of the week. All of the one hundred and sixty languages and dialects confirm the week of seven days; and one hundred and seven of the one hundred and sixty count the seventh day the end of the week, and most of the the one hundred and seven show the seventh day to be a sacred day. These languages range from those of Russia on the north to far Annam, Burma, and Java, embracing Shemitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic. They are an undesigned, yet the more striking, evidence to the Biblical week, and its order of days.

3. **God's Witness of Miracle.**—But even admitting that the day of the week could have been lost between the Creation and the Exodus (a preposterous thing!) we are not dependent on human guesswork or conclusion to set us right. He who gave the week and established the order of the days has preserved the day; and when He called Israel from Egypt to make that nation the depository of His truth, He anticipated just such subversions and perversions of that truth

as we have before us in this article from the *Herald* we are now considering; and therefore, He fixed the Sabbath day by a threefold weekly miracle of the manna which continued for forty years during which there could possibly be no mistake as to the definite day of the Lord's rest day, or Sabbath. See the whole of Exodus 16, and especially verses 4, 5, 22-30, 35. Jehovah Himself spans the centuries, and establishes by His own miraculous power this mighty pillar of witness to the identity of the week and the order of the days from Creation to the Exodus. Then He guarded that day by a holy commandment placed in the very heart of His unchangeable law." Ex. 20: 8-11.

### III. Jesus Christ.

In the life of Christ,—in His teaching concerning the law (Matt. 5: 17-20; Luke 16: 17), in His example in the observance of the Sabbath (Luke 4: 16; John 15: 10), in the inspired record of His burial and resurrection (Matt. 28: 1; Mark 16: 1, 2) we have indubitable witness to the perpetuity of the week and the identity of the Sabbath. The Sabbath comes just before "the first day of the week," and is enjoined by the commandment. Luke 23: 56. The Son of God, in whom dwelt all fulness of wisdom and knowledge, knew the Sabbath day and confirmed its identity by His teaching and example.

### IV. Subsequent Witnesses.

Since the time of Christ we have:

1. **The Testimony of Astronomy.**—Eclipses have been recorded for hundreds of years before Christ. The records of these eclipses correspond with present calculations, showing there has been no loss of time.

2. **The records of Nations** under different laws and widely separated have the same week and the same order of the days of the week.

3. **From the second century**, when error began to lift its hydra head in the temple of truth, men began to observe the first day of the week as a holy day. They are still doing it, and there is no disagreement among them as to the day.

4. **The Jews.**—From the time of Ezra the Jewish body called first "The great Synagogue," and afterward, "The Sanhedrin" down to the year A. D. 300, in regular succession announced the Jewish calendar to all the Jews in the world. The Babylonian Academy did the same thing from A. D. 200 to 1,000. The Jews have been scattered all over the world, in every

country, but wherever they have gone there has no difference ever arisen among them as regards the day. Those inclined to observe it have had no difficulty in observing it anywhere in the world.

From these witnesses there is absolute certainty that the present week is identical with creation week, and that the present seventh day Sabbath from set of sun to set of sun is identical with the original seventh-day Sabbath, instituted in the first Biblical week of time, established by continuous miracle for forty years at the Exodus, observed by Jesus Christ and His disciples, and confirmed by astronomy, by religious and secular history, and by common sense ever since.

The dropping or the adding of a day in going around the world is seen and acknowledged by men of common sense, scholarship, and candor, to be a necessity, inasmuch as one gains or loses a day in going against or with the sun. The Sunday man also does it. No man in doing this changes his calendar; he brings himself into harmony with the calendar. The calendar has not changed; he has changed, and he merely corrects that change.

One thing can not be made too emphatic: no general change of calendars in the past has ever affected the day of the week. These changes have affected the month and the year, but never have changed the divine week.

One thing more: God asks no man to make his own sabbath, or to keep a seventh day from his birth. All this is utterly beside the question, and Dr. Summerbell must know it. It is a hiding of counsel by words without knowledge. God commands us to observe His holy day, not one of our own choosing. To say that we can not know what this is, is to charge God with folly or injustice. Rather, "let God be true," as He is, though it prove every man a liar.

*Signs of the Times.*



If this message that you Adventists are preaching of the second coming of Christ and the Sabbath is true, why do not the great men of our times preach it? E. H.

This is a question which has always arisen with regard to the work of God. The Pharisees asked concerning Jesus:

"Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?" In Luther's day people asked: Why should a humble monk presume to stand against all the learning and authority of the Church? But thus have we found it in every age. In what humility did Moses leave his work as shepherd of his father-in-law's flock to be leader of Israel. From what a humble station David arose to be king of the greatest people then on the earth. Time fails us to speak of lowly Isaiah, of Jeremiah the prophet of sorrows, of captive Ezekiel, the shepherd Amos, and a host of others who were all mighty for the truth of God in their time. The great Man of Sorrows himself was meek and lowly of heart.

Christ answers the question for us. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." Luke 10: 21. Paul answers the inquiry when he says: "But ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence."

So James tells us that God hath "chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to those that love him." Be not afraid to unite with a people because they are not counted among the great of earth, for lowliness has been the lot of God's true people in all the ages. The message for this time is given because men are sinful and need it; and now as in the time of Christ many are called but few chosen.

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"THE form of temptations and trials may change as we progress in overcoming; yet we have a constant warfare. The enemy will never cease to tempt us until probation is ended. The daily and continual question is, How can we overcome? He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved"

"Happy were men if they but understood There is no safety but in doing good."

THE  
 ORIENTAL WATCHMAN

Editorial.

STUDIES IN THE REVELATION.

The Third Trumpet.

"And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood: and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." Rev. 8:10, 11.

In all the symbols God gives us in prophecy he adapts the emblem to the nature of the work it is chosen to represent. Naturally we would expect a kingdom symbolized by "a burning star" to be of short duration. We cannot do better here than quote the able comment of Albert Barnes: "There would be some chieftain, or warrior, who might be compared to a blazing meteor whose course would be singularly brilliant; who would appear suddenly, like a blazing star, and then disappear like a star whose light was quenched in the waters: that the desolating course of that meteor would be mainly on those portions of the world that abounded with springs of water and running streams: that an effect would be produced *as if* those streams and fountains were made bitter; that is, that many persons would perish, and that wild desolations would be caused in the vicinity of those rivers and streams, *as if* a baleful star should fall into the waters and death should spread over lands adjacent to them and watered by them."

Now if this received its literal fulfilment in the downfall of ancient Rome we would expect the desolating power to arise and operate in some territory that would fulfil the specifications; i. e. in some part of the empire which abounded in springs and streams of water. And this was met in the invasion of the Huns A. D. 451-453 under the historic barbarian leader Attila. His territory comprehended the three great water courses of Europe the Danube, the Rhine and the Volga. Establishing their capital in the plains of upper Hungary they sallied forth into the surrounding territory which they conquered

without difficulty, and finally threatened the outposts of the Roman empire. The Huns were to be dreaded above all barbarians, for the historian declares the terms most expressive of their plan of warfare were "total extirpation and erasure;" their chief, Attila, was aptly styled "the scourge of God;" and his confident boast was that the grass never grew in the spot where his horse had trod. Long before he appeared in the west, he had been the terror of the Eastern Empire. However it fell his lot to reveal the shortest and yet the most brilliant career within its time, of any of the rulers who took part in the spoliation of degenerate Rome. The Battle of the Nations fought on the plains of Chalon is reckoned among the decisive battles of the world, and certainly its importance and the results which hung in the balance entitle Attila to the first rank among the despoilers of the Roman Empire. Although at this battle he was defeated, the Roman and Gothic legions were so completely shattered that they expected in silent consternation another onslaught of the invincible Huns.

The career of Attila was not yet to close; for in the next year he came with an immense host into Italy, where he spread death and desolation over the fertile plains of Lombardy. He had cast his eyes upon Rome itself; but upon the intercession of Leo, the bishop of Rome, "the deliverance of Italy was purchased by the immense ransom, or dowry, of the princess Honoria." However before the terms of this treaty could be consummated Attila died, much to the relief of cowardly, effeminate Rome.

The complete dissolution of his "huge and disjointed fabric" of empire speedily followed, for within a few months internal faction and disorder resulted in a breaking up of that coalition which the genius of Attila alone could preserve. Thus ends the kingdom aptly symbolized in its brief and brilliant history by the star "burning as it were a lamp."

The Fourth Trumpet.

"And the fourth angel sounded and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so that the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise." As the sun rules the day, and the moon and stars the night, so may we expect these symbols to refer to a complete eclipse of Roman power so as to to-

tally obliterate every vestige of Roman authority in the West. We say the West because the prophecy is still concerned with the third part against which former barbarians were directed. The sun, moon and stars would signify the three departments of Roman government, the imperial consular, and senatorial, all these conjointly holding their place in the public affairs of the empire.

When the massive, ill-balanced empire of the Huns was broken up, the various tribes composing it were scattered hither and thither; but some, among whom were the Heruli, occupied the northern confines of Italy. The Heruli were under the just and equitable leadership of Orestes. Odoacer, a name at once famous as one of the last subverters of the Roman Empire, supplanted him; and he it was who took the first step in fulfilling the prophecy before us.

"The third part of the sun was smitten." Odoacer after becoming master of Italy and Rome still lacked the title and office of emperor; nor does he seem to have wished such distinction: but he did covet the power, and to obtain it he resolved to abolish the office of emperor. The effemacy of Augustulus could not cope with such a nature, and he was easily coerced into resigning the empire to the senate. They in turn resigned to Zeno emperor of the east. Odoacer became ruler with the title of consul, but exercising all the power he had shorn from the emperor. Thus was the sun smitten.

"The third part of the moon and the third part of the stars." The other powers which were now in name only (the consulate and the senate) still remained. But they also were soon to meet the fate of the kingship. In A. D. 541 Justinian emperor of the East, abolished the consulate thus cutting off the second greatest ruling power in Rome. The moon had been smitten; and the last remaining link of the prophecy to be filled in was supplied by Belisarius in A. D. 552 when the Goths in Italy were conquered, and the last vestige of power was shorn from the senate. Thus perished that august assembly, the last in Rome, and in many respects the most illustrious ruling influence in ancient or modern times. Rome's last luminaries were now extinguished.

"Coals separated soon go out; so if we do not communicate our religion, it will die."



**FALL OF BABYLON. No. 2.**

"CALL together the archers against Babylon: all ye that bend the bow, camp against it round about, let none thereof escape: recompense her; according to all that she hath done, do unto her: for she hath been proud against the Lord, against the holy one of Israel:" "Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about: all ye that bend the bow, shoot at her, spare no arrows; for she hath sinned against the Lord." "I have laid a snare for thee, and thou art also taken, O Babylon and thou wast not aware; thou art proud, and also caught, because thou hast striven against the Lord."

The above texts show clearly why the Lord brought destruction upon Babylon. She had sinned against the God of all the earth; her cup was full and probation had at last ended. Now the Lord rises up to punish her.

"Behold I am against thee, O thou most proud, saith the Lord God of hosts; for thy day is come, and the time that I will visit thee. And the most proud shall stumble and fall, and none shall raise him up; and I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him."

"**THY DAY IS COME.**" What an awful day that was for the king and kingdom of Babylon! The day that Belshazzar made a great feast to a thousand of his lords and they drank from the golden vessels which had been brought from the temple of Jerusalem, while they praised the gods of gold, of silver, and of brass, of iron, of wood, of stone,—that day proved to be his last. What an awful way to spend one's last day in earth! what an awful example to set before a whole nation! what an awful sin to praise idols instead of the God who created! What a lesson for us who are living in these last days, when wickedness is increasing to such an extent. What will be the record of our last day on earth. What will we be doing on that day. Let us search our hearts this very day that we may know what we are.

As he wept over Jerusalem, Jesus exclaimed: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench round about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee

even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

We know not when our probation will close, but of one thing we may be sure, the day will come when our eternal destiny will be forever sealed, and we will be faithful, or unprepared as was Belshazzar, when in the midst of their revelry, he saw the fingers of a man's hand writing on the plaster of the wall near the candlestick.

Years before God had written with his finger on a tablet of stone, the commandment, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me;" but Belshazzar had rejected Him and chosen the gods of metal, wood, and stone. In this his hour of peril, will they be able to save him? He stands terrified, his countenance was changed, his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees smote one against another. In his distress he called aloud, not upon the Lord, but for the astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers. He offered them rich rewards if they would read and interpret the writing on the wall, but as they had no connection with the God of heaven who reveals his secrets to whomsoever he will, they were unable to reveal any thing. "The wicked do wickedly and none of the wicked understand, but the wise shall understand."

Terror pervaded the room, but the queen remembered Daniel and told the king that there was one man in his kingdom in whom was the spirit of the holy gods. Daniel was then brought before the king and offered the same rewards as were the wise men, whom he acknowledges were unable to read the writing. Daniel refused to accept any gifts, but promised to read and make known the interpretation of the strange characters on the wall.

He first called the attention of the King to the Most High God who gave his father Nebuchadnezzar, a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour, so that all the people trembled before him. But the time came when his heart was lifted up and hardened with pride. Then he was deposed from his throne. They took his glory from him, and he was with the beasts of the field until he knew that the Most High God rules in the kingdoms of men, and appointeth over them whomsoever he will.

With what anxiety must the king and his lords have waited for Daniel to reveal what was written before them, but Daniel

had a message for the king which had to be given first that all might know why the fingers wrote what they did. Strong reproof must now be given, and Daniel faltered not. It was his last opportunity to tell the king of the awful mistake he had made, and the results of the awful sin he had committed. "And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy wives, and thy concubines have drunk wine in them, and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not nor hear nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified; then was the part of the hand sent from him. And this writing was written: Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. This is the interpretation of the thing, Mene, God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel; Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. Peres; Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." W. W. MILLER.

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**YOUNG PEOPLE, ATTENTION!**

WE are authorized to announce the publication about October 15, of a volume of "Addresses for Young People," by President Charles C. Lewis, of Union College. It will consist of ten addresses given on various occasions during the past fifteen years, principally before audiences of young people. Just the book to save young people from scepticism, and inspire them to seek an education and lead pure and noble lives. The book will contain about 300 pages and will be durably and handsomely bound. It will form an appropriate and valuable present for any young person, and may turn the current of his life into broader, deeper and purer channels. Price Rs. 3-4 per copy, postpaid. Orders received at once and filled with first copies from press. Send for descriptive pamphlet, giving sample pages, and telling how to secure a copy free. Address correspondence and make orders payable to Union College Press, College View, Nebraska, U. S. A.



### FLESH AS FOOD.

THOSE who eat flesh are but eating grains and vegetables at second hand; for the animal receives from these things the nutrition that produces growth. The life that was in the grains and vegetables passes into the eater. We receive it by eating the flesh of the animal. How much God provided for our use.

Flesh was never the best food; but its use now is doubly objectionable, since disease in animals is rapidly increasing. Those who use flesh foods little know what they are eating. Often if they could see the animals when living, and know the quality of the meat they eat, they would turn from it with loathing. People are continually eating flesh that is filled with tuberculosis, cancer and other germs. Tuberculosis, cancer and other fatal diseases are thus communicated.

The tissues of the swine swarm with parasites. Swine are scavengers, and this is the only use they were intended to serve. Never under any circumstance was their flesh to be eaten by human beings. It is impossible for the flesh of any living creature to be wholesome when filth is its natural element, and when it feeds upon every detestable thing.

Often animals are taken to market and sold for food, when they are so diseased that their owners fear to keep them longer. The very process of fattening them for market produces disease. Shut away from the light and pure air, breathing the atmosphere of filthy stables, perhaps fattening on decaying food, the entire body soon becomes contaminated with foul matter.

When brought to the place of slaughter some animals seem to realize what is to take place. They become maddened and furious. In this state they are killed and their flesh is prepared for market. Such flesh is poisonous. In many places fish become so contaminated by the filth on which they feed as to be a cause of disease. This is especially the case where the fish come in contact with sewage of large cities. The fish that are fed on the contents of the drains may pass into distant waters, and may be caught where the water is pure and fresh. Thus when used as food, they bring disease and death on those who do not suspect the danger.

The effects of a flesh diet may not be immediately realized; but this is no evidence that it is not harmful. Few can be made to believe that it is the meat they have eaten which has poisoned their blood and caused their suffering. Many die of diseases wholly due to meat eating, while the real cause is not suspected by themselves or by others.

The moral evils of a flesh diet are not less marked than the physical ills. Flesh food is injurious to health, and whatever affects the body has a corresponding effect on mind and soul.

Think of the cruelty to animals that meat eating involves, and its effect on those who inflict and those who behold it—how it destroys the tenderness with which we should regard these creatures of God.

The intelligence displayed by many dumb animals approaches so closely to human intelligence that it is a mystery. The animals see and hear and love and fear and suffer. They use their organs far more faithfully than many human beings use theirs. They manifest sympathy and tenderness toward their companions in suffering. Many animals show an affection for those who have

charge of them, far superior to the affection shown by some of the human race. They form attachments for man which are not broken without great suffering to them.

What man with a human heart, who has ever cared for domestic animals could look into their eyes, so full of confidence and affection, and willingly give them over to the butcher's knife? How could he devour their flesh as a sweet morsel?

### Changing the Diet.

It is a mistake to suppose that muscular strength depends on the use of animal food. The needs of the system can be better supplied, and more vigorous health can be enjoyed, without its use. The grains, with fruits, nuts, and vegetables, contain all the nutritive properties necessary to make good blood. These elements are not so well or so fully supplied by a flesh diet. Had the use of flesh been essential to health and strength, animal food would have been included in the diet appointed man in the beginning.

Yet it might not be best to discard flesh food under all circumstances. In certain cases of illness and exhaustion—as when persons are dying of tuberculosis, or when incurable tumors are wasting the life forces—it may be thought best to use flesh food in small quantities. But great care should be taken to secure the flesh of healthy animals. The danger of contracting disease by eating flesh is increasing. It is a very serious question whether there is safety in using animal food at all. It would be better to discard it under all circumstances than to use that which is diseased.

When the use of flesh food is discontinued, there is often a sense of weakness, a lack of vigour. Many urge this as evidence that flesh food is essential; but it is because foods of this class are stimulating, because they fever the blood and excite the nerves, that they are so missed. Some will find it as difficult to leave off flesh eating as it is for the drunkard to give up his dram; but they will be the better for the change.

When flesh food is discarded, its place should be supplied with a variety of grains, nuts, vegetables, and fruits, that will be both nourishing and appetizing. This is especially necessary in the case of those who are weak, or who are taxed with continuous labor. In some countries, where poverty abounds, flesh is the chief-

est food. Under these circumstances the change will be made with greater difficulty; but it can be effected. We should however, consider the situation of the people and the power of lifelong habit, and should be careful not to urge even right ideas unduly. None should be urged to make the change abruptly. The place of meat should be supplied with wholesome foods that are inexpensive.

In this matter very much depends on the cook. With care and skill, dishes may be prepared that will be both nutritious and appetizing, and will to a great degree, take the place of flesh food. But if the cooking is done by one whose main dependence is meat, she can encourage its use to an almost unlimited extent.

Educate the conscience, enlist the will, supply good wholesome food, and the change will be readily made, and the demand for flesh will soon cease.

Is it not time that all should aim to dispense with flesh foods? How can those who are seeking to become pure, refined, and holy, that they may have the companionship of heavenly angels, continue to use as food anything that has so harmful an effect on soul and body? How can they take the life of God's creatures that they may consume the flesh as a luxury? Let them, rather, return to the wholesome and delicious food given to man in the beginning, and practise themselves, and teach children to practise, mercy toward the dumb creatures that God has placed under our dominion.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

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#### HOW TO CURE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS IN CHILDREN.

CHILDREN whose lives breathe an atmosphere of quiet and steady home love are far less likely to develop unbalanced tendencies, and yield much more readily to kindly direction. Such direction, however, should not seek primarily to repress the extreme tendency, but rather to call out other activities and awaken an interest in them. This is rarely difficult with physically well children. If we could only realise that the basis of everything in education is sound physical health, and that no acquisition is to be weighed against this simple sanity, many of our worst problems would never arise.

Closely associated with the treatment of extreme and one-sided development is that needed in cases of morbid self-consciousness. For both troubles there is

the need of objective action. It is eye better if this activity is of a simple physical nature. Manual labour, in right relation to other aspects of life, gives sanity and balance.

The principle applies quite aside from the question of manual training in the schools. Fortunately every parent has unlimited opportunities of using it with his children. It is true, parents who live in great cities in what are called "comfortable circumstances" cannot easily appoint simple physical tasks which will bring their children into contact with Nature, as is possible in country life. But a little care and thought will suggest many positive and helpful opportunities for work and service which may be given to the children. And then, people in comfortable circumstances do not have to live in great cities. With the other people unfortunately—those who are caught in the cog-wheels of the modern industrial struggle and who cannot escape—the difficulty is not to find opportunities of physical action for their children, but to avoid letting the child be crushed by premature initiation into the terrible pressure of the world's work. The danger one needs to avoid with the white-faced children one sees in factories and in crowded tenements is rarely morbid self-consciousness and pre-occupation with the inner life.

Nothing deepens the tendency to excessive self-consciousness in the child more than the sense that those about him fail to understand him. Of course the child is apt to imagine this even when it is not true; but for that very reason we cannot be too careful to make him recognise our unflinching love and appreciation. It is unfortunate that we are so often ashamed of honest feeling, and imagine that any expression of it is weakness. This is sometimes carried so far that in certain unhealthy social circles a cynical attitude toward all human simple feeling is regarded as a mark of aristocratic breeding. But among many other people of strong Anglo-Saxon or Puritan heredity emotion is instinctively repressed, as if to acknowledge it were effeminate. How often homes where really the warmest affection exists are made wretched by the rigid choking of all outward expressions of love. One notices, too, that in such homes irritation and bitterness are not apt to be repressed with the same rigidity. It should be part of our household religion to give constant and frank expression to

our love, that we may create in our homes such an atmosphere as will exclude clouds of morbidness.

Further to avoid unhealthy self-consciousness there is need of positive instruction in all the expressive arts. Sound and healthy self-expression is the safety-valve of the soul: and every expressive art—play, speech, music, manual work, painting,—has not only the objective worth in the things of use and beauty which are produced, but the greater ethical value as a means of sanity and growth for the one who attains creative expression.—*Edward Howard Gripps, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

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#### THE PROPER AMOUNT OF FOOD.

THE amount of food required depends primarily upon the amount of skin surface, as food is principally needed to maintain animal heat, the loss of which is for the most part through the skin. A child has a much larger skin surface in proportion to its weight than has a larger person. For example, a child weighing ten pounds has a skin surface of three square feet, while a man weighing 180 pounds, or eighteen times as much, has a skin area of nearly 21 square feet, only seven times greater. The child of 10 pounds requires, then at least one seventh as much food as a man weighing 180 pounds, instead of only one-eighteenth as much.

The amount of energy required by the body varies, of course, with the season, with the weather, and with the amount and kind of work done. Hard, physical work and exposure to low temperature demand the largest food supply. The observations which were made upon this subject by M. Maurel indicate that a person engaged in hard muscular labor requires from twenty-five to thirty per cent more food than one who is idle, or whose occupation is chiefly mental. Exposure to the cold of winter requires an equal increase in the amount of foodstuffs. It should be stated, however, that a person whose occupation is indoors in an atmosphere the temperature of which is practically the same as that of an average summer temperature, does not require more food than in the summer season since his loss of heat is no greater.—*Selected.*

"THE only legitimate way to get nervous energy is to eat proper food, breathe an abundance of heaven's pure air, and in other ways live in harmony with nature's laws."

# THE HOME.



THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly,  
Oh mother, Take my hand" said she,  
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,  
Wherein our guides are blind as we  
And faith is small and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee.

J. G. Whittier.

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## A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"OH, DEAR! oh, dear!" fretted Nan Wallace, twisting herself about uneasily on the sofa in her pretty room. "I never thought before that the days could be so long as they are now."

"Poor you!" said her sister Maud sympathetically. Maud was moving briskly about the room, putting it into the beautiful order that mother insisted on. It was Nan's week to care for their room, but Nan had sprained her ankle three days ago and could do nothing but lie on the sofa ever since. And very tired of it, too, was wide-awake, active Nan.

"And the picnic this afternoon, too!" she sighed. "I've looked forward to it all summer. And it's a perfect day—and I've got to stay here and nurse this foot."

Nan looked vindictively at the bandaged member, while Maud leaned out of the window to pull a pink climbing rose. As she did so she nodded to some one in the village street below.

"Who is passing?" asked Nan.

"Florrie Hamilton."

"Is she going to the picnic?" asked Nan indifferently.

"No. She wasn't asked. Of course,

I don't suppose she expected to be. She knows she isn't in our set. She must feel horribly out of place at school. A lot of the girls say it is ridiculous of her father to send her to Miss Braxton's private school—a factory overseer's daughter."

"She ought to have been asked to the picnic just the same," said Nan shortly. "Of course I don't suppose she would have enjoyed herself—or even gone at all for that matter. She certainly doesn't push herself in among us. One would think she hadn't a tongue in her head."

"She is the best student in the class," admitted Maud, arranging her roses in a vase and putting them on the table at Nan's elbow. "But Patty Morrison and Wilhelmina Patterson had the most to say about the invitations, and they wouldn't have her. There, Nannie dear, aren't those lovely? I'll leave them here to be company for you."

"I'm going to have more company than that," said Nan, thumping her pillow energetically. "I'm not going to mope here alone all the afternoon, with you off having a jolly time at the picnic. Write a little note for me to Florrie Hastings, will you? I'll do as much for you when you sprain your foot."

"What shall I put in it?" said Maud, rumaging out her portfolio obligingly.

"Oh just ask her if she will come down and cheer a poor invalid up this afternoon. She'll come I know. And she is such good company. Get Dickie to run right out and mail it."

"I do wonder if Florrie Hamilton will feel hurt over not being asked to the picnic," speculated Maud absently as she slipped her note into an envelope and addressed it.

Florrie Hamilton herself could best have answered that question as she walked along the street in the fresh morning sunshine. She did feel hurt—much more keenly than she would acknowledge even to herself. It was not that she cared about the picnic itself: as Nan Wallace had said, she would not have been likely to enjoy herself if she had gone among a crowd of girls many of whom looked down on her and ignored her. But to be

left out when every other girl in the school was invited! Florrie's lip quivered as she thought of it.

"I'll get father to let me go to the public school after the vacation," she murmured. "I hate going to Miss Braxton's."

Florrie was a newcomer in Winboro. Her father had recently come to take a position in the largest factory of the small town. For this reason Florrie was slighted at school by some of the ruder girls and severely left alone by most of the others. Some, it is true, tried at the start to be friends, but Florrie, too keenly sensitive to the atmosphere around her to respond, was believed to be decidedly dull and mopish. She retreated further and further into herself, and was almost as solitary at Miss Braxton's as if she had been on a desert island.

"They don't like me because I am plainly dressed and because my father is not a wealthy man," thought Florrie bitterly. And there was enough truth in this in regard to many of Miss Braxton's girls to make a very uncomfortable state of affairs.

"Here's a letter for you, Flo," said her brother Jack at noon. "Got it at the office on my way home. Who is your swell correspondent?"

Florrie opened the dainty, perfumed note and read it with a face that, puzzled at first, suddenly grew radiant.

Listen Jack, she said excitedly.

"DEAR FLORRIE: Nan is confined to house, room, and sofa with a sprained foot. As she will be all alone this afternoon, won't you come down and spend it with her? she very much wants you to come—she is so lonesome and thinks you will be just the one to cheer her up.

"Yours cordially,

"MAUD WALLACE."

"Are you going?" asked Jack.

"Yes—I don't know—I'll think about it," said Florrie absently. Then she hurried up-stairs to her room.

"Shall I go?" she thought. "Yes I will. I dare say Nan has asked me just out of pity because I was not invited to the picnic. But even so it was sweet of her. I've always thought I would like those

Wallace girls if I could get really acquainted with them. They've always been nice to me, too—I don't know why I am so tongue-tied and stupid with them. But I'll go, anyway."

That afternoon Mrs. Wallace came into Nan's room.

"Nan, dear, Florrie Hamilton is downstairs asking for you."

"Florrie—Hamilton?"

"Yes. She said something about a note you sent her this morning. Shall I ask her to come up?"

"Yes, of course," said Nan lamely. When her mother had gone out she fell back on her pillows and thought rapidly.

"Florrie Hamilton! Maud must have addressed that note to her by mistake. But she mustn't know it was a mistake—mustn't suspect it. Oh, dear! what shall I ever find to talk to her about? She is so quiet and shy."

Further reflections were cut short by Florrie's entrance. Nan held out her hand with a chummy smile.

"It's good of you to give your afternoon up to visiting a cranky invalid," she said heartily. "You don't know how lonesome I've been since Maud went away. Take off your hat and pick out the nicest chair you can find, and let's be comfy."

Somehow, Nan's frank greeting did away with Florrie's embarrassment and made her feel at home. She sat down in Maud's rocker, then, glancing over to a vase filled with roses, her eyes kindled with pleasure. Seeing this, Nan said, "Aren't they lovely? We Wallaces are very fond of our climbing roses. Our great-grandmother brought the roots out from England with her sixty years ago, and they grow nowhere else in this country."

"I know," said Florrie with a smile. "I recognized them as soon as I came into the room. They are the same kind of roses as those which grow about Grandmother Hamilton's house in England. I used to love them so."

"In England!" Were you ever in England?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Florrie. "And I've been in pretty nearly every other country upon earth—every one that a ship could go to, at least."

"Why, Florrie Hamilton! Are you in earnest?"

"Indeed, yes. Perhaps you don't

know that our 'now-mother,' as Jack says sometimes, is father's second wife. My own mother died when I was a baby, and my aunt, who had no children of her own, took me to bring up. Her husband was a sea-captain, and she always went on his sea-voyages with him. So I went, too. I almost grew up on shipboard. We had delightful times. I never went to school. Auntie had been a teacher before her marriage, and she taught me. Two years ago, when I was fourteen, father married again, and then he wanted me to go home to him and Jack and our new mother. So I did, although at first I was very sorry to leave aunty and the dear old ship and all our lovely wanderings."

"Oh, tell me all about them," demanded Nan. "Why, Florrie Hamilton, to think you've never said a word about your wonderful experiences! I love to hear about foreign countries from people who have really been there. Please just talk—and I'll listen and ask questions."

Florrie did talk. I'm not sure whether she or Nan was the more surprised to find that she could talk so well and describe her travels so brightly and humorously. The afternoon passed quickly, and when Florrie went away at dusk, after a dainty tea served up in Nan's room, it was with a cordial invitation to come again soon.

"I've enjoyed your visit so much," said Nan sincerely. "I'm going down to see you as soon as I can walk. But don't wait for that. Let us be good, chummy friends without any ceremony."

When Florrie, with a light heart and a happy smile, had gone, came Maud, sunburned and glowing from her picnic.

"Such a nice time as we had!" she exclaimed. "Wasn't I sorry to think of you cooped up here! Did Florrie come?"

"One Florrie did. Maud, you addressed that note to Florrie Hamilton to-day instead of Florrie Hastings."

"Nan, surely not! I'm sure—"

"Yes, you did. And she came here. Was I not taken back at first, Maud?"

"I was thinking about her when I addressed it, and I must have put her name down by mistake. I'm so sorry—"

"You needn't be. I haven't been entertained so charmingly for a long while. Why, Maud, she has travelled almost everywhere—and is so bright and witty when she thaws out. She didn't seem

like the same girl at all. She is just perfectly lovely!"

"Well, I'm glad you had such a nice time together. Do you know, some of the girls were very much vexed because she wasn't asked to the picnic. They said it was sheer rudeness not to ask her, and that it reflected on us all, even if Patty and Wilhelmina were responsible for it. I'm afraid we girls at Miss Baxton's have been getting snobbish, and some of us are beginning to find it out and be ashamed of it."

"Just wait until school opens," said Nan—vaguely enough, it would seem. But Maud understood.

However they did not have to wait until school opened. Long before that time Winboro girlhood discovered that the Wallace girls were taking Florrie Hamilton into their lives. If the Wallace girls liked her, there must be something in the girl more than at first thought—thus more than one of Miss Braxton's girls reasoned. And gradually the other girls found, as Nan had found, that Florrie was full of fun and an all-round good companion when drawn out of her diffidence. When Miss Braxton's school reopened Florrie was the class favourite. Between her and Nan Wallace a beautiful and helpful friendship had been formed which was to grow and deepen through their whole lives.

"And all because Maud in a fit of abstraction wrote 'Hamilton' for 'Hastings,'" said Nan to herself one day. "But that is something Florrie Hamilton will never know." *Girls' World*

—:o:—

#### POWER OF AN IDEAL.

A BEAUTIFUL statue once stood in the market-place of an Italian city. It was a statue of a Greek slave-girl. It represented the slave as tidy, well-dressed and handsome. A ragged, unkempt, forlorn street child, coming across the statue in play stopped and gazed at it in admiration. She was entranced and captivated by it. She gazed long and admiringly. Moved by a sudden impulse she went home and washed her face. Another day she stepped again before the statue and admired it, and received a new inspiration. Next day her tattered clothes were washed and mended. Each time she looked at the statue she found something in its beauties until she was a transformed child.—*Selected.*

## OUR LITTLE ONES.

### GEORGIA'S SIX GRIEVANCES.

If GEORGIA had counted them on her fingers, there would have been six separate, new grievances; it would have used up the fingers on one hand, you see, and the thumb on the other. Six grievances! Was it any wonder that Georgia drummed her heels and wrinkled her face into little scowly lines?

Not any kid gloves—"I've waited for 'em and waited for 'em!" sighed Georgia. Not any new hat, new jacket, new furs, new anything!

"We must economize this year, papa has lost so much money." That was what mama had said. Of course she had made lots of cheery, little "made-over" plans for Georgia's wardrobe, but Georgia didn't want to be made over!

Another thought came and drummed its heels impatiently beside the grievances. She remembered suddenly about the thank-offering they were to give on Sunday.

"Thank-offering! scoffed Georgia. "What have I got to be thankful for, I'd like to know! Every single thing I don't want I've got to have! You can't be thankful without anything new on!"

Then Georgia got up and went on Mama's errand to Tenement Row, thinking of her troubles all the way. By the time she got to Tilly Draper's tenement her heart was quite bitter against the gentle, little, careworn mother at home. She had forgotten the beautiful mother-things that had happened to her all her life—the tuckings-in at night, the cuddles and mendings and birthday parties, and all the patient forgivings.

"Other girls' mothers don't make 'em over and make 'em over!" she thought bitterly.

Tilly Draper was lying on her bed—Tilly was always lying on her bed, and generally making iron-holders as fast as her thin little finger could fly.

"Oh!" she nodded, "I'm glad to see you. I'm resting now. I've been making my thank-holders."

"Your—what?" asked Georgia, in astonishment, forgetting her errand altogether.

"My thank-holders. This one I've just finished is my eleventh. I'm going to make two dozen before Sunday. I can sell 'em at five cents apiece."

"Oh!" Georgia was getting enlightened. "You mean you're going to give the money for a thank-offering. But I don't see what—" She caught herself up hastily. It would be dreadfully impolite to finish it out. She looked around the bare little room, at the bare floor, the bare walls, the, undraped windows. The idea of being thankful for anything in that room!

"You don't see what I've got to give a thank-offering for?" smiled Tilly up from her

pillows. "Then I'll tell you! But you better take off your things—it'll take a good while. I'll begin at the littlest thankfuls. I'm thankful for—wall paper?"

"What!" Georgia gasped. There was no scrap of wall paper on the bare walls.

Tilly laughed softly. "For two strips, with roses on. Roses! Jeffy Dooley's going to bring 'em and paste 'em on, in my 'view'! Somebody gave 'em to Jeffy, and Jeffy's gave 'em to me. Honest, I believe I shall lie here and smell those roses!"

Tilly's face was quite rapt with joyful anticipation. Presently she went on, "And I'm thankful for patchwork quilts, because you can count the pieces and pretend to make dresses out of 'em. And stars—mercy, yes, I'm thankful for stars! Nights, you know, when I can't sleep. So, of course, I'm thankful our rooms are at the top, so I can see stars. And I'm thankful for Jeffy's whistle coming upstairs—he always whistles—and it's great! I lay and wait for it.

"And I'm thankful I can wiggle my toes!" Tilly laughed again. "I watch 'em wiggling and pretend they're folks I know, bowing to me on the other side of Patch-work Street!"

The list of "thankfuls" went on steadily, till Tilly got to the biggest one. Then her little, thin, painworn face grew tender and sweet and grave. She dropped her voice almost to a whisper.

"I'm thankful for mothers!" Tilly said.

Georgia gave a little start of wonder, for Tilly had no mother. If she had said "aunts,"—Tilly's aunt went out doing washings, and it was to her the errand had been sent. But mothers—

"Oh, yes, I'm thankful for mothers!" whispered Tilly, reverently. "For Jeffy's and the little 'Todds' and Crutchie Drake's, and all the real ones. The Todd mother kisses 'em all every living night, and once she kissed me. And Crutchie's tells him stories, and he tells me. And then—and then—" Tilly's face grew shy and pink—"and then there's the Mother I make believe is mine. She begins with a capital M. I'm thankful for her."

There was a silence in the bare little room; it was so still that you could have counted clock-ticks, if there had been any clock. Tilly's busy fingers for once were still and lay on the gay pavement of Patchwork Street, unstirring. Tilly's eyes were on far spaces without the window, seeing dreamy things—perhaps the make-believe Mother that began with a capital M.

Georgia sat and thought dreamy things of her own—about wall paper and patch-work quilts and stars—and other people's mothers. They all seemed such strange things to be thankful for! to lie flat on your back in bed and make holders! And your own toes—think of giving a thank-offering for your own

toes, because you could wiggle them! Suddenly a sob gathered in Georgia's throat and her eyes filled with tears. She got up hurriedly.

"I—must go," she murmured. "There was an errand, but I've dropped—I mean I've left it at home—I mean I've forgotten it. I'll go back and ask my mother."

Out on the street she walked fast. She wanted to get home to mama; it seemed a long way home from Tenement Row. Georgia was remembering all the beautiful mother-things that had happened to her. She thought of the tuckings-in and the cuddlings and all the patient forgivings, and, the more she thought, the faster she walked. She was quite out of breath when she got home. Her mother met her at the door.

"You're not sick, dear? What made you hurry so? Your cheeks are flaming red!" she cried anxiously.

Georgia stood on tiptoes and flung her arms around the gentle mother's neck.

"I w-wanted to see you! I c-couldn't wait!" she panted. "You're what I'm going to be thankful for Sunday—I mean I'm thankful for now! You're not any Todd children's mother nor any Crutchie's mother—you're mine, and I'm thankful for you! You're not make-believe," laughed Georgia, "but you begin with a capital M!"

*Girl's World.*

—:o:—

### JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

NATE bounded down the garret stairs three steps at a time, and burst into the sitting-room.

"O mother, why couldn't my nuts stay there by the chimney where they'd dry? Where are they? Can't I put them back now that you're done cleaning the garret?"

Mrs. Hathway looked up smiling.

"I didn't touch them, Nate. I respected your prejudices in favour of that particular spot for nut-drying. But Mary did the most of the work."

Off Nate rushed to his sister's room.

"Come in, you young volcano!" cried a merry voice.

"O May, what did you do with my nuts?"

"Why, there weren't any there; and I wondered then what you did with them."

"Wonder! I should say wonder! And nuts are so scarce this year. It may be one of Jim Judkin's tricks!"

But when Jim the hired man, was interviewed he earnestly disclaimed all knowledge of the nuts. And as he was a truthful young fellow that explanation was given up.

"Has anyone else been up there within a week?"

"No—or, yes! Vinton Gregory came to get those school books you promised to lend him.

I was tired, so I told him where they were, and let him go right up."

"Oh, May, was it last Thursday?"

May counted upon her fingers: "Monday washed, Tuesday ironed, Wednesday cooked, Thursday mended—yes, 'twas Thursday. I was in the sewing-room when he came, and"—

"And he had a bag—a meal bag—'bout a third full of something?"

"Why—yes he did."

"Did he have it when he came in?"

"No-o," said May, reluctantly; "but I saw him going down the road with it over his shoulder. Oh Nate, you don't suppose"—

"Course I don't suppose; I *know*! I saw him too, and he couldn't stop to talk. There's a lot of empty sacks up there, you know. Think of that! When we've taken him into our club, and treated him just as though he wasn't old Jake Gregory's son! I'll settle with him!" and he rushed from the house.

At the Gregory's rickety front gate he met Vinton.

"Coming to steal more nuts, eh?" was his salutation.

The boy's bright face became blank. He looked at Nate in silence.

"Nothing to say? Well I s'pose we needn't be surprised at anything a Gregory does, only—I didn't think you were that sort, that is all."

"I'm not!" exploded Vinton. "I never saw your nuts. Or, yes—I saw them the day I came for the books, and"—

"And nobody's seen them since! Shame on you! To steal a bag, and then fill it with stolen nuts! I saw you making off with them over your shoulder!"

"That was a bag of potatoes I bought down at Mr. Dean's. I left them at the gate when I"—

"Oh, don't try to pull the wool over my eyes! You make it all the worse. You won't have to come to the field to-morrow. The club won't need you. Dan Miller'll take his old place. He's not much of a player, but he's no thief!"

And Nate rushed off before Vinton could say another word in self-defence. Perhaps he had nothing more to say. He walked slowly back into the house. Next day he did not come to the field. At school he was "boycotted," as only indignant boys can boycott. Mrs. Hathaway and Mary tried vainly to unravel the mystery.

The following week Nate went nutting again, and returned with a small basketful.

"There! I think my nuts will stay where they're put now," he muttered, as he poured them down by the chimney.

The next day Nate took his book and went out to the barn. The big door was wide open, and he sat down upon a pile of corn-fodder in the warm sunlight that flooded the place. Presently a shrill "chirr!" made him look up. There on the back garret window-sill, which was shaded by the huge boughs of a lofty elm, perched two saucy squirrels, their mouths full of nuts. Then they hopped from the sill to a

neighbouring limb, scampered down the trunk and away to the grove. Back they came and repeated the operation. Nate watched them, while a light broke on him that made him feel smaller than he had ever felt in his life. He went into the house and up to the garret. Evidently the saucy pair had been busy. Only a few nuts remained scattered here and there on the floor.

He rushed out of the house and away "across lots" to the Gregory place. Vinton came to the door, but drew back, pale and dignified, when he saw the head "boycotter."

"Vint, old fellow, can you forgive me? It's all cleared up," he cried."

Vinton had borne the "boycotting," bravely. Now the tears came as he listened to Nate's broken explanation.

"Mother said all the time she believed you were innocent. Can you ever be my friend again? Will you forgive me?"

"I knew 'twould come out all right," cried Vinton, wringing Nate's hand. "But of course appearances were against me?"

"Catch me 'judging by appearances' again!" said Nate—*Zion's Herald*.

#### A WISE PLAN.

"I won't help you," said Jack.

"I won't help you," said Tom. "I'm just going to work by myself."

They were nailing pickets on the henhouse. They had begun by one holding the pickets and the nails while the other hammered the nails in.

And now they had quarrelled about who should hammer. So they would work alone.

Oh how poor work it was! How the nails dropped and the hammer slipped, giving the fingers a pound! What a crooked set of pickets they when on!

"See here," said Jack at last. "This is going to take us all Saturday afternoon, when we might do it in an hour. 'S'pose we work together."

Jack was wise wasn't he?"

"Fear not little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"But Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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The great secret of the drawing power of all powerful religious reformations has been the development and presentation in living power, by the reformer, of some great fundamental truth lost sight of by mankind as the result of transgression. This truth must be something that will awaken in man a sense of his own sinfulness else it does not possess the prime attribute of a reforming message. Man will never reform unless he realizes his need of a change; and this sense of need must become an actual, burning reality before the sinful heart is sufficiently aroused to effectually war against natural inclinations. The message of reformation must so directly oppose existing conditions as to demand complete acceptance of itself and just as complete rejection of former faith and service.

His fact effectually closes the door against the popularity at its inception of any true reformation. Indeed when the eye of general favour is cast upon any great reform movement it is quite time to cast about to see if part of the superstructure has not been removed or if some foundation stone of the reform building has not been cast aside whereby the great enemy can already presage its downfall. Most surely the devil has never abandoned any

movement of God to success, and never will he do so until he sees either the reformer's head upon the block, or his work beneath the shadowy pall of earthly favour and security. It was even thus in the history of the early Christian church; purity and power continued while persecution was waged and martyrs were slain, but behold the flood of corruption which burst in when the church gained worldly favour.

The reason of this uncompromising enmity of evil against good is that every message of reform demands unqualified faith in and acceptance of the gospel it presents, or full and final rejection with avowed disbelief in its application and divine origin. This principle is illustrated in the question of Christ to the Pharisees: "The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven or of men?" The answer to this question involved a confession of faith in, and consequent necessity of receiving, the word of John as truth, or a complete denial of his divine mission and, of course, a repudiation of the message he bore.

The truest test of divine origin in any reformation is not its ready reception; indeed it may be quite the opposite. Noah preached one of the greatest reform gospels the world has ever witnessed, whereby he has been justly called a preacher of righteousness; and yet he saved barely his own house. Elijah is the fit symbol of the truest reform preaching, yet he saw throughout a long life of service, only fruitless toil seasoned with bitter condemnation and reproach. Yea, he was even hunted in the wilderness and thought his life of such little worth that he asked to die.

God's great Reform message in these last days is based upon the most solemn warning against sin that was ever uttered in the word of God. Men have cast God's law behind their backs, and this message comes because of a particular and important transgression. Men who oppose the Sabbath reform oppose the only message of reform for the world to-day, and therefore the only message of salvation for these last days. It admits of no compromise, for he who hears must either accept fully and freely or reject all. Nor need the child of God expect for this message any more ready reception than has been accorded many of the reform messages in past ages; indeed he may experience opposition such as was the lot of Elijah or even the dire fate of

John the Baptist. Still it will not be fruitless for some shall be called from every nation under heaven. Can you not see, dear reader, that men's hearts are evil and that herein lies the opposition encountered by this reforming gospel? "Turn ye, turn ye for why will ye die O house of Israel?"

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived on the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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