

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 Me.

Vol. 8.

CALCUTTA, DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 12.

THE CURSE OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work; that saith, I will build me a wide house and large chambers, and cutteth him out windows; and it is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion. Shalt thou reign, because thou closest thyself in cedar? did not thy father eat and drink, and do judgment and justice, and then it was well with him? He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him; was not this to know me? saith the Lord. But thine eyes and thine heart are not but for thy covetousness, and for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression, and for violence, to do it."

In every phase of the liquor-selling business, there is dishonesty and violence. The houses of liquor dealers are built with the wages of unrighteousness, and upheld by violence and oppression. The effect of the liquor traffic is clearly delineated in the words of the prophets:

"Woe to the crown of pride to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet; and the glorious beauty,

which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer; which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up. . . . But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through

the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe 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,



"Where King Belshazzar held high festival."

strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."

Through indulgence in sin, the world is becoming as corrupt as it was in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, and as it was in the days that were before the flood. Jesus said that this condition would be a sign of his coming. He said, "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in

and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." The very sins that brought upon Sodom the fire of destruction are practised to-day, and are fast ripening the world for the day of final doom. Indulgence in intoxicating liquor and in licentious practices, is common in all our cities and villages, and the last great day is hastening upon the world

There are many solemn warnings in the

Scriptures against the use of intoxicating liquors. Solomon says, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Who hath woe? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth on the top of a mast. They have stricken me, thou shalt say, and I was sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

Is not this description true to life? Does it not represent to us the experience of the poor, besotted drunkard, who is plunged in degradation and ruin because he has put the bottle to his lips, and who says, "I will seek it yet again"? The curse has come upon such a soul through indulgence in evil, and Satan has control of his being. "And it come to pass, when he heareth the words of this curse, that he bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of mine heart, to add drunkenness to thirst: the Lord will not spare him, but then the anger of the Lord and his jealousy shall smoke against that man, and all the curses that are written in this book shall lie upon him, and the Lord shall blot out his name from under heaven."

With the awful results of indulgence in intoxicating drink before us, how is it that any man or woman who claims to believe in the word of God, can venture to touch, taste, or handle wine or strong drink? Such a practice is certainly out of harmony with their professed faith. "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink: which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him. Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall

be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust: because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge; and their honourable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it. And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness."

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion. . . . Ye that put far away the evil day, and cause the seat of violence to come near; that lie on beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; that chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David; that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments; but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. Therefore now shall they go captive with the first that go captive, and the banquet of them that stretched themselves shall be removed."

"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning! Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles, and thy princes eat in due season, for strength, and not for drunkenness." "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine: nor for princes strong drink: lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgement of any of the afflicted." These words of warning and command are pointed and decided, and those in positions of public trust take heed, lest through wine and strong drink they forget the law and pervert judgment. Let rulers and judges be in a condition to fulfil the instruction of the Lord: "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they

cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless."

The Lord God of heaven ruleth. He alone is above all authorities, over all kings and rulers. The Lord has given special directions in his word in reference to the use of wine and strong drink. He has forbidden their use, and enforced his prohibitions with strong warnings and threatenings. But his warning against the use of intoxicating beverages is not the result of the exercise of arbitrary authority. He has warned men, in order that they may escape from the evil that results from indulgence in wine and strong drink. Degradation, cruelty, wretchedness, and strife follow in the wake of drink. God has laid out the consequences of taking this course of evil, in order that there may not be a turning upside down of his instituted laws; that there may not be misery on all sides, through the increase of evil men who for the sake of gain shall selfishly heap to themselves riches, even through selling strong drink and putting the bottle to their neighbours' lips. The liquor traffic should not be legalized in any of our towns or cities.

The Lord has given special directions in regard to what is to be done in the case of a vicious ox, which injures or causes the death of any person. He has said: "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned and his owner also shall be put to death. If there be laid on him a sum of money, then he shall give for the ransom of his life whatsoever is laid upon him. Whether he have gored a son, or have gored a daughter, according to this judgment shall it be done unto him. If the ox shall push a man-servant or a maid-servant he shall give unto their master thirty shekels of silver, and the ox shall be stoned."

Remember this instruction in regard to the vicious ox, and apply the principle involved to the man who deals out poisonous alcoholic drinks to his neighbours. Not every man who engages in the liquor business is ignorant of the numberless ways in which it results in degradation,

misery, poverty, cruelty, and death. The liquor traffic is a terrible scourge to our land, and is sustained and legalized by those who profess to be Christians. In thus doing, the churches make themselves responsible for all the results of this death-dealing traffic. The liquor traffic has its root in hell itself, and it leads to perdition. These are solemn considerations.

The man who has formed the habit of drinking intoxicating liquor, is in a desperate situation. He cannot be reasoned with, or persuaded to deny himself the indulgence. His stomach and brain are diseased, his will power is weakened, and his appetite uncontrollable. The prince of the powers of darkness holds him in bondage that he has no power to break. For the aid of such victims the liquor traffic should be stopped. Do not the rulers of this land see that awful results are the fruit of this traffic? Daily the papers are filled with accounts that would move a heart of stone; and if the senses of our rulers were not perverted, they would see the necessity of doing away with this death-dealing traffic. May the Lord move upon the hearts of those in authority, until they shall take measures that will prohibit the drink traffic.

—“They that neglect to please, cannot complain to be neglected.”

—:o:—

THE PROPHECIES—THEIR IMPORTANCE.

THE importance of the prophecies and the possibility of understanding them, may be seen by pondering facts and considerations:—

1. They form a considerable portion of the “all Scripture” that “is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works” 2 Tim. 3:16, 17. More than twenty of the books of the Bible are prophetic. Moreover, prophecies are found in nearly all the other books of that sacred volume. Is it reasonable to suppose that so great a portion of the Bible is unintelligible? If this were the case, could the prophecies be truly said to be “profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness?”

2. They are indispensable to prove that Jesus Christ is the true Messiah, and without them it had been impossible for

our divine Lord and His apostles to establish the doctrines of Christianity. Our Saviour and His apostles often appealed to the prophecies for those purposes (Luke 27:13-35; Acts 2:7; 17:1-3, etc.); and it is highly important to do the same thing at the present time. But it were inconsistent to appeal to the prophecies for these objects if they could not be understood.

3. The Holy Scriptures exhort us to be mindful of them, take heed to them and understand them. Says Peter “I stir up pure minds by way of remembrance: that ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken by the holy prophets.” 2 Peter 3:1, 2. “Whereunto ye do well that ye take heed.” 2 Peter 1:19. In His memorable discourse on His second coming, our Lord, speaking of the prophecy of Daniel, says “Whoso readeth let him understand” (Matt. 27:15); and addressing those who should witness events He had predicted as sure indication of His speedy return, He said “So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it [the Son of man, *French Trans.*] is near, even at the doors.” Matt. 27:33.

4. They furnish palpable proofs that the God of the Bible is the true God. “I am God, and there is none else: I am God, and there is none like Me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.” Isa. 46:9, 10. But how could the prophecies answer this purpose if they could not be understood?

5. They are very sure and reliable. “The words which I have spoken shall be done, saith the Lord.” Eze. 12:28. The Lord speaks of words that were understood. The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.” Dan 2:45. “Heaven and earth shall pass away but My word shall not pass away.” Matt. 27:35. Christ is speaking of words relating to the nearness of His second advent, when certain predicted signs have appeared. And Peter, comparing prophecy as proof that Christ shall come again, with the transfiguration, a sure evidence that Christ shall return in glory, says, “We have also a more sure word of prophecy” 2 Peter 1:19. How could prophecy be more sure as a guarantee of Christ’s second coming than the transfiguration, which Peter had witnessed with his own senses, if it was, and was even to be enshrouded in mystery? D. T. BOURDEAU.

WHY HE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

SELDOM have the teachings of the false and the true been more strikingly yet simply illustrated to the heathen mind than in the following statement by a Chinaman of his conversion and his acceptance of Christianity.

“I was in a deep pit,” he said, “sinking in the mire, and helpless to deliver myself. Looking up, I saw a shadow at the top, and soon a venerable face looked over the brink and said: ‘My son I am Confucius, the father of your country. If you had obeyed my teachings you would never have been here.’ And then he passed on, with a significant movement of his finger and a cheerless farewell, adding, ‘If ever you get out of this, remember to obey my teachings.’ But, alas, that did not save me!

“Then Buddha came along, and looking over the edge of the pit, he cried, ‘My son, just count it all as nothing. Enter into rest. Fold your arms and retire with in yourself and you will find Nirvana, the peace to which we all are tending.’ I cried: ‘Father Buddha, if you will only help me to get out, I will be glad to do so. I could follow your instructions easily if I were where you are, but how can I rest in this awful place?’ Buddha passed on and left me to my despair.

“Then another face appeared. It was the face of a man beaming with kindness, and bearing marks of sorrow. He did not linger a moment, but leaped to my side, threw His arms around me, lifted me out of the mire, brought me to the solid ground above, then did not even bid me farewell, but took off my filthy garments, put new robes upon me, and bade me follow Him, saying, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ That is why I became a Christian. It was because Jesus Christ did not come to me with theories and speculations, but with practical help in my time of need.”—*Christian Leader*.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.—Dr Andrew Bonar was talking with Mr. Moody at Northfield one day. Along came a band of happy students, who shouted out: “We’ve been having an all-night prayer-meeting: can’t you see our faces shine?”

Dr. Bonar turned to them and said, with a quiet smile and shake of the head,—“Moses wist not that his face shone.”

“THERE is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question, than by endeavouring to detract from the worth of others.”—*Tillotson*.

PLEASING AND PLAUSIBLE.

THERE is a way of expressing the modern idea concerning God and His relation to men and things which is both pleasing and plausible, but when it is analyzed, it will be found that it sets aside the revelation which God has made concerning the present condition of things in this world.

Here are some of the statements recently put forth in an editorial in one of the leading mouthpieces of this advanced theology:—

Between the faith that perceives God in all history, in all phenomena, in all experience, and the unfaith that perceives Him in none, we can see no middle ground. . . . He is in the prophets of the twentieth century after Christ as truly as in the prophets of the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ. . . . If God were not in America to-day, it will be of little service to us that He was in Palestine twenty centuries ago. He is either all and in all, or He is not; He is everywhere or nowhere. He is the Force that is in all forces, the Life that is in all life. All the natural is supernatural. . . . Blessed is the man who knows that he is living in a divine world, and uses the divine forces of the world, of society, and of his own soul in divine fellowship and to divine ends.

Such teaching as this is pleasing. It has a strong flavour of religion in it. It appears to honour God by acknowledging Him as being in supreme control in this world. It easily satisfies a kind of religious sentiment which is, after all, little different from superstition.

Such teaching as this is plausible. It appears to encourage faith as against unfaith. Some of the statements, taken apart from their general connection, seem to be quite in harmony with certain expressions in the Bible taken apart from their connection. One who does not study his Bible, and who does not base his ideas of God and religion directly upon the Scriptures, could very easily accept these assertions as light and truth.

But let us look a little deeper and see what is really involved in these statements. Experience has taught us that some who really desire to know and obey the truth can be confused and befooled by just such sophistry as this, and it therefore seems necessary to point out its true meaning.

In the first place two alternatives are presented to us with an implied assurance that we must accept one or the other, and that to deny the ground taken by the writer of the article is the same as to deny that God has anything to do with the affairs of this world. This is an old fallacy, but it is often used quite successfully. But the fact is that neither one of the alternatives presented is a correct statement of the truth when taken in the sense indicated by the general trend of the article. It is certainly true that God's throne is in heaven, and that His kingdom ruleth over all, but it is equally true that there is another being whose relation to the affairs of this world must be reckoned with in order to give a correct solution to the problem with which we are dealing. Satan, who was recognized by Jesus as "the prince of this world," has through the temptation and the fall gained a position where he is permitted to exercise for a limited time a limited power in opposition to God, and it is to this counterworking of the purpose of God that all imperfection is due. Whenever the tares appear, we may know that "an enemy hath done this." But this new philosophy makes God "the minister of sin," the direct agent in the perpetration of all forms of wickedness. The only way of escape from this conclusion is to declare as is being done by many advanced thinkers, that there is no such thing as sin, and that all that is, is good. But this shows the true character of their philosophy and what is involved in their teaching about God.

But again: this teaching denies the inspiration of the Scriptures in the usual sense of that expression, and makes all teaching which is in harmony with the truth inspired in the same sense in which it is admitted that the Scriptures were inspired. The direct consequence of this philosophy of inspiration is that there is no authoritative standard of truth, and each one therefore appeals to "the voice within;" and each one who thus ignores the Word of God, and is deprived of its defensive power, will be sure to hear a voice within testifying that the Scriptures are unreliable, and that the religion of apostolic times is wholly out of date now. This is not a matter of theory, but of actual record. This is the inevitable result of this new conception of inspiration.

Furthermore, in the attempt to lift all things to the plane of the spiritual and the supernatural, this new philosophy

really brings down the spiritual and the supernatural to the plane of the natural. In other words, so far as it is concerned, by breaking down the distinction between the ordinary and the extraordinary working of God's power it eliminates the God of the Bible from the minds of its devotees, and substitutes in his place an Infinite Power, an Intelligent Force, which works everywhere. By claiming that every manifestation of this Infinite Power is a miracle, it confuses the minds of many concerning the miracles recorded in the Bible. But this is an utter perversion of the revelation which God has made of himself and of his working in the Scriptures. And on this basis spiritual things are simply the reasonings of the natural heart.

It must be pleasing to "the god of this world" to have professed representatives of the Christian religion designate this groaning creation, just tottering to its ruin, as "a divine world," and to have them talk about "the divine forces of the world," while at the same time they really set aside the divine revelation and the divine plan for recovering a lost world and restoring it to that original perfection, unmarred by sin and the curse, when it was in truth a reflection of the divine mind. We have certainly come upon perilous times, and it behoves us to hold fast that which has been revealed through the infallible Word of God, and to pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit, "the Spirit of truth," who has been sent to guide us into all truth. So only can we be saved from the deceptions of the enemy, and be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord,

W. W. PRESCOTT.

—:o:—

HELP somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.—*Hemans.*

—:o:—

A sunbeam cannot be defiled even though it fall upon a dunghill; no more can the soul's purity be stained by contact with sin, if that purity be an emanation from the Sun of Righteousness.—*Selected.*

—:o:—

If discouragement comes to the Christian in humble station, let him ever remember that lights are needed in the valley as well as on the mountain-top.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LIFE



ARE THE DEAD CONSCIOUS ?

VI. Departing and Being with Christ.

ANOTHER question which comes to us on this subject is regarding the meaning of Phil. 1: 23. The question is:—

Did not Paul here show a belief in immortality of the soul? How could he depart except in spirit? If by his departure was meant the time of resurrection, how could Paul have any choice in the matter?

Note first the subject of the apostle's discourse. In verses 12 to 18 he expresses his desire that the Phillippian brethren might know that all his afflictions and persecutions had turned out unto the progress of the Gospel, the preaching of Christ; and in all this he rejoiced, and thus he continues:—

"For I know that this shall turn out to my salvation, through your supplication and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, according to my earnest expectation and hope, that in nothing shall I be put to shame, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if to live in the flesh,—if this shall bring fruit from my work, then what shall I choose I know not. But I am in a strait betwixt the two, having the desire to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better: yet to abide in the flesh is more needful for your sake." Phil. 1: 19-24.

Now there were two things between which the apostle could not choose. To live was to glorify Christ in his life; to die is gain to Christ's cause; for Christ shall be magnified whether life or death await His faithful servant. Therefore between the two he was in a strait.

But there was a *third* thing the apostle desired,—“To depart and be with Christ.” He would not say “I do not know which to choose, life or death, but I have desire to die, which is far better.” That makes nonsense of the passage. The apostle truly did not know as to which of the two—life or death—he would choose; but he did desire a *third* thing, which he calls “to depart and be with Christ,” which “is very far better” than either of the two.

What did he mean by “to depart and be with Christ?” While he lived he was not with Christ; for the Holy Spirit is the representation of our Lord in His absence. John 14: 7. He did not mean death; for those who die sleep in death till Jesus comes, Eccl. 9: 5, 6, 10; Ps. 146: 3, 4; Acts 2: 29, 34. The only hope of the dead being with Jesus is by the resurrection. Job 14: 10-12; 1 Cor 15: 12-18. The hope of the living is by His coming again, and a translation without seeing death. John 14: 1-3. 1 Thess 4: 16, 17.

What then is the third thing which the apostle declared was “very far better” than either dying or living?—It was by a translation without seeing death, as with Enoch and Elijah, or for Christ's coming again, when the apostle expected to receive his crown of righteousness. 2 Tim. 4: 8. The word rendered “to depart” is *anulusai* (*analuō*), which Rotherham renders more literally, “the releasing,” the loosing again. But this is the same word which is rendered “he shall return” or “he may return,” in Luke 12: 36, referring to our Lord's return to gather His own. The only conclusion, then, as to the meaning of Phil. 1: 21-23, is that Paul did not know what to choose—life or death—but he chose, as far better than either of these, Christ's coming, that blessed day of all days, when he should ever be with his Lord. 1 Thess. 4: 16, 17. M. C. WILCOX.

—:o:—

SWIFT TO HEAR.

SOME men's hearing gets to be very sharp. Take one who is working in a telegraph office: The click of the instrument rings out day and night, carrying messages over the wire. The far ends of the earth receive these despatches; but the moment the call comes over the line for that particular office, he is instantly alert to receive the word that is coming to him.

You and I probably might sit there for hours and hours and hear that call, but it would not appeal to us in the least. The sounds would be all alike to us. But to the one whose ear is trained to hear such sounds, the message is as clear as noonday.

I went into a boiler factory once. Such a bang and clatter as went up from every direction! It was enough to make one distracted. I wondered how men could make themselves understood at all when they spoke to one another. But did they ever do that, or was the work carried on from morning till night with no word spoken? The answer came to me when I tried to tell the foreman of the shop what my business was. He answered me in a tone of voice such as he might have used out-of-doors, where all was still. I was compelled to lean far down in order to hear what he said at all, while he caught my lightest word. His ear was tuned to all the sounds that seemed to me so distressing.

To every one of His children, God speaks. Not many of us catch the meaning of what He says. Why?—Because our ears are attuned to other sounds. We hear the call of the world when it comes inviting us to scenes of pleasure. Fortune has only to whisper, and we follow her to the ends of the earth. The faintest whisper of sin reaches us, and we obey; but when God, the Father of heaven and earth, stoops to talk with us, we do not hear.

And yet, we are told that we should be swift to hear. We must be, if we would escape the awful allurements of the world about us. Sometimes it seems to us as if God were indeed gone from earth altogether. So dull have our ears become from constant listening to the calls of evil, that we do not recognize even the thunder tones with which He sometimes speaks to us.

But how shall we come to know that God is speaking to us? When the telegraph operator is learning to read that mysterious click which stands for the Morse code, every instrument save the one in the office of his teacher is shut off. The only sound that comes to him over the line is that intended for his own ears. All the disturbing sounds are turned off while he listens to the friend speaking to him at the other end of the wire. So, and so only, can he become conversant with the wonderful art he is studying.

So we need to stop now and then, with all the world shut out, and, in the secret of our closets, listen to God as He tells us the sweet story of His love. When we have once mastered that so that we will know just when He speaks to us, we may go out into the world and hold our hearts true forever and forever against all the noises that sin can possibly make to turn us aside.—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

GOD AND CÆSAR



CIVIL GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

ONLY leave man to follow the natural inclination of the human heart, be it in religious or secular pursuits, and he soon displays a most unhappy propensity to innate selfishness. This may not be displayed in its grosser attitudes; it may take on the garb of pride, and be thus manifested in love of power, love of distinction, or pride of wealth. In a measure this is excused in politics or society (perhaps wrongfully); but in religion it is never excusable, because it repudiates the first great principle of Christianity. When Christ, the Christian's great example, became humanity he emptied himself of equality with the Highest that he might be partaker with the lowest. He humbled himself, and in this humility the true Christian finds his truest exaltation.

This humility is the spring of power not alone for the individual but likewise for the church. The strong feature of the gospel is its humble sincerity, which demands a constant exercise of faith in the God for whom and by whom all its principles are in operation. No sooner had the early church lost its first humble simplicity and faith than it was shorn of its power and a deluge of corruption came in. For not only is simple straightforward faith a pledge of power: it is also a safeguard against iniquity. Evil fears to enter within the veil where Faith is king. This is why so little of worldliness and so much of heaven was manifest in the early Christian Church.

It is plain to be seen, then, that Christianity, and therefore the gospel of salvation, depends upon man's humility and implicit trust in the power of God to save.

But properly speaking Christianity is not limited to the few hundreds of years since Christ was revealed in the flesh: the

gospel of salvation from sin through Christ dates from the foundation of the world when man's Redeemer was given. Nor was faith, pure, straightforward, simple,—faith implicit in the promised Saviour, less a necessity then than now. Faith in a real, personal God who lives and reigns in the heavens and whose power upholds the universe and likewise the lowliest creature of God's creation, and equal faith in a divine human Saviour, offered an all-sufficient sacrifice for the sins of every man, was not a less cardinal point in Abraham's religion than in ours.

Paul plainly tells us that apostasy and heathenism result from a lack of this faith. Man only turns from God's power to trust to human power. The trust in human wisdom and power may result in such subversion of man's conception of the Godhead that he changes "the glory of the uncorruptible God in an image made like to corruptible man and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things," or it may reveal just as complete subversion of the truth by more artfully representing God as a great "Universal Presence," an indefinable ever present force. Both are fundamental precepts of heathenism, and result, not from the study of the Word, but from human philosophy.

These are ultimate results, and, less developed, may reveal themselves in one or more of various evils of less degree, all the outcome of departure from simple, direct faith in God. In fact every manifestation of dependence upon human power for divine effort is one result of lack of faith in the Giver of divine blessings. Therefore has God said: "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord."

But what bearing has this upon Church and State union? Simply this: the illicit connection found by a union of religion and secularism is never the result of immediate accident; it is positively a concomitant to individual ungodliness. The church is a constitution of individuals and its moral tone is preserved only by a healthy spiritual constituency. Moral decrepitude in the members will act itself into the superstructure and rapidly reduce the church to condition of decay. When man declares the power of Aposto-

lic times to be the result of a combination of enthusiasm in Christianity and decrepitude in Paganism, apart from the power of God; when he attributes to twentieth century writers on ethics, science, and evolution, equal divine inspiration with the prophets of old; when leaders of religious thought declare that man depends not upon a Saviour persecuted and crucified according to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, but rather upon man's inherent self-conscious entity,—when in short man throws away in principle if not in profession the plan of salvation through Christ to substitute the philosophy of human self salvation, what wonder is it if he carries the principle to its conclusion in a union of Church and State?

God's word makes plain in individual experience the necessity of being properly yoked together. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" Nor is this principle less applicable in the realm of the church than with individuals. Indeed much more should the witness of God here on earth, the body of the Lord Jesus, the bride the Lamb's wife, hold aloof from everything but to please him who has called her to purity and holiness.

Modern religious thought is fast following the trend of science and evolution. Indeed men are rare who will stand uncompromisingly upon the Old Book, exercising simple faith in its precepts and in the power of God to save. And this tendency only means that soon there will be a great fusion of creeds on points held in common, followed by a modern union of church and State. Then will be fulfilled the word: "And the dragon (Satan) was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Rev. 12; 17. J. C. L.

—:0:—

"THE Lord Himself is coming personally the second time to earth, not at death, but at the harvest-time—the end of the world. This is the good hope, the blessed hope, the hope that purifies, the hope of the church, the Scripture hope, and the great incentive to holy watching."

STUDIES IN THE REVELATION.

The Seven Trumpets. (*Editorial.*)

"And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels which are yet to sound." Rev. 8:13.

This announcement is made at the interval between the fourth and fifth trumpets, and it marks a change of operations from the western to the eastern division of the Roman Empire. If the desolation caused by the first four trumpets can have been said to cause death, destruction, and bitterness, we shall expect to see these calamities intensified under the last three trumpets. God through the various barbarian tribes had thoroughly chastened an apostate Christianity and a degenerate nation. But these had failed of effect on both Church and State, and now judgments so calamitous as to call for the above denunciation are about to be poured out.

The Fifth Seal.

"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the bottomless pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green tree; but only those men who have not the seal of God in their foreheads. And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men. And they had hair as the hair of women, and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. And they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses

running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions and there were stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt men five months. And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon."

Mr. Keith in his comments on the Revelation remarks that there is perhaps no other scripture upon which expositors so unanimously agree as upon the application of the fifth and sixth trumpets to the rise and progress of Mohammedanism under the Saracens and Turks. A brief study of the text before us will, we believe, make plain the application.

"I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth." The seventh century opens with fierce conflict on between the Eastern Empire and the Persians under Chosroes. Victory had descended upon the arms of Chosroes until now he was in a fair position to become master even of Rome. Constantinople had been compelled to submit to the ignominious terms of an immense yearly ransom or tribute. Heraclius agreed to the humiliating terms; "but the time and space which he obtained to collect such treasures from the poverty of the East, was industriously employed in the preparations of a bold and desperate attack."

"Since the days of Scipio and Hannibal no bolder enterprise has been attempted than that which Heraclius achieved for the deliverance of the Empire. He permitted the Persians to oppress for a while the provinces, and to insult with impunity the capital of the East; while the Roman Emperor explored his perilous way through the Black sea, and the mountains of Armenia, penetrated into the heart of Persia, and recalled the armies of the great king to the defence of their bleeding country." And his campaign was not unsuccessful, for "in the battle of Nineveh, which was fiercely fought from day-break to the eleventh hour, twenty-eight standards, besides those which might have been broken or torn, were taken from the Persians; the greatest part of their army was cut in pieces, and the victors, concealing their own loss, passed the night on the field." Thus Chosroes was cast down, and he who had been the proud monarch of an ancient kingdom passed into oblivion.

"And to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit." While these forces

were contesting the right of supremacy, another power unknown to both was silently but rapidly rising. "While the Persian monarch contemplated the wonders of his art and power, he received an epistle from an obscure citizen of Mecca, inviting him to acknowledge Mohamet as the apostle of God. He rejected the invitation and tore the epistle. 'It is thus,' exclaimed the Arabian prophet, 'that God will tear the kingdom, and reject the supplications of Chosroes.' Placed on the verge of the two great empires of the East, Mohamet observed with secret joy the progress of their mutual destruction." and the historian adds; "While the emperor triumphed at Constantinople or Jerusalem, an obscure town on the confines of Syria was pillaged by the Saracens, and they cut in pieces some troops who advanced to its relief; an ordinary and trifling occurrence, had it not been the prelude of a mighty revolution. These robbers were the apostles of Mohamet; their fanatical valour had emerged from the desert; and in the last eight years of his reign, Heraclius lost to the Arabs the same provinces which he had rescued from the Persians." The exhaustion of a continued war, conducted on the borrowed energy of an unnatural effort, had drained the resources and sapped the strength of Heraclius; and when the empire of Chosroes was cast down the way was fully open to the Apostles from the desert. The term "bottomless pit" signifies a waste, barren desert, or a place uninhabitable, and is a fit term for the desert of Arabia. The fall of Chosroes was the key that opened this pit, for so long as his kingdom stood at its door they were helpless, confined to their desert wilderness. More next month. J. C. L.

—:o:—

INCONSISTENT living has taken the edge off of millions of sermons, Sunday-school lessons, and prayer-meeting exhortations. Someone asked a good man whose preaching he was converted under. "I was not converted under anybody's preaching, but under my aunt's practising."

—:o:—

It is the peculiarity of the Christian religion, that humility and holiness increase in equal proportions.—*W. Wilberforce.*

—:o:—

I HAVE observed many who, by speaking have fallen into sin; scarcely one who has fallen by silence.—*Ambrose.*

THE
ORIENTAL WATCHMAN

Editorial.

FALL OF BABYLON. No. 2.

While God was speaking to Belshazzar through Daniel, he was, at the same time, directing the power that was to destroy Babylon. While the king and his lords were feasting, Cyrus was mustering his forces around the doomed city. The trenches were ready to open, and on both sides of the city swarms of men like caterpillars were watching the water as it lowered, ready to rush in the moment the river was shallow enough. There were water gates on either side of the river but God had promised to open them.

"I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut; I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the brass of iron: and I will give the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." Isa. 45:1-3. God had also promised to make the people sleep. "And I will make drunk her princes, and her wise men, her captains, and her rulers, and her mighty men, and they shall sleep a perpetual sleep, and not wake, saith the king, whose name is the Lord of hosts."

Rawlinson in speaking of Belshazzar's feast says, "Drunken riot and mad excitement held possession of the town; the siege was forgotten; ordinary precautions were neglected. Following the example of their king, the Babylonians gave themselves up for the night to orgies in which religious frenzy and drunken excess formed a strange and revolting medley."—Seven Great Monarchies, Fourth Monarchy, Chap. 8, paragraph 52.

He also describes what was going on outside the city,—“meanwhile, outside the city, in silence and darkness, the Persians watched at the two points where the Euphrates entered and left the wall: Anxiously they noted the gradual sinking of the water in the river-bed; still more anxiously they watched to see if those within the walls would observe the suspi-

cious circumstance and sound an alarm through the town. Should such an alarm be given, all their labours would be lost. If, when they entered the river bed, they found the river walls manned and the river gates fast locked, they would be indeed caught in a trap! Enfiladed on both sides by the enemy whom they could neither see nor reach, they would be overwhelmed and destroyed by the missiles before they could succeed in making their escape. But, as they watched, no sounds of alarm reached them, only a confused noise of revel and riot, which showed that the unhappy townsmen were quite unconscious of the approach of danger." *Id.* paragraph 53.

Jeremiah had said, "Surely I will fill thee with men, as with caterpillars, and they shall lift up a shout against thee," and Rawlinson describing the capture of the city says;—"at last shadowy forms began to emerge from the obscurity of the deep river bed, and on the landing places opposite the river gates scattered clusters of men grew into columns—the undefended gateways were seized—a war shout was raised—the alarm was taken and spread and swift runners started off," to show the king of Babylon that his city was taken at one end! In the darkness and confusion of the night a terrible massacre ensued. The drunken revellers could make no resistance. The king, paralyzed with fear at the awful hand writing on the wall, which too late had warned him of his peril, could do nothing even to check the progress of the assailants, who carried all before them every where. Bursting into the palace, a band of Persians made their way to the presence of the monarch, and slew him on the scene of his impious revelry. Other bands carried fire and sword through the town." *Id.*, paragraph 54.

"One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king of Babylon that his city is taken at one end, and that the passages are stopped, and the seeds have they burned with fire, and the men of war were affrighted. Jer. 51:31, 32.

When the king heard their report his hands waxed feeble, and anguish took hold of him. "In that night was Belshazzar king of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius the Median took his kingdom. He had opportunity to repent but repented not, then the hand wrote "thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."

What is the handwriting about you to-day, dear reader? What will it write on your last day here on earth? When you are weighed in the heavenly balances will you be found wanting?

When the Judge shall weigh our motives,

For eternal gain or loss,

Shall we stand as gold before him?

Or as vile and worthless dross;

Shall we hear the glad words spoken:

"Faithful servants" and "well done;"

Or the dread and awful sentence,

"Thou art wanting sinful one!"

Shall we heed the spirit's pleading,

While for mercy we may call,

Or delay till God's hand writing

Seals the final doom of all.

W. W. MILLER.

—:o:—

A CHILD'S REBUKE.

"Do You ever pray?" asked a tiny bit of a girl of an avowed infidel one day as she had strayed into his office from an adjacent room on the same floor.

She was a pretty, bright child, and the young lawyer had been pleased with her fair face and winning ways, and had often, by means of candies and other small gifts, encouraged her to come; and at this time, although the office was crowded with clients, he had called her to his side and given her a seat upon his knee, where she remained unusually quiet, until a pause in the conversation had given her an opportunity for the question that seemed uppermost in her mind.

"Say, do you?" she persisted, as he hesitated, visibly embarrassed. Although he was now an open follower of infidel doctrine, he had in his boyhood a Christian home, and, somehow, he could scarcely have explained why he was ashamed to meet the honest blue eyes of that five-year-old child, and frankly acknowledged that he did not pray.

"Do you?" he inquired at last, desperately, hoping thus to change the, to him, very obnoxious subject, for there was an unmistakable smile showing upon the faces of his visitors at his evident unwillingness to answer.

"Oh, yes, of course!" she answered promptly, not in the least disturbed by the question; "once every night and morning, besides lots of other times. But say, do you? You know—you did not tell me."

"Didn't I?"—the colour actually crimsoning his forehead. "Well, I think I might say, "God bless my little child. Do you think that would do?"

"Yes, sir," she naively replied, "but I think you would much better pray for yourself."

"I could have stood up and faced and answered the most scathing rebuke ever levelled at infidelity in public," he said, in repeating the story afterwards to a company of friends. "I could have laughed in the face of the most eminent divine who dared to urge upon me the duty of prayer; but that child's question completely nonplussed me. I believe, in all the defeats I ever experienced, I never felt so unspeakably little as I did that day."—*Home Magazine*.

—:o:—

SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

DOCTOR ARNOT was accustomed to tell a story of a poor woman who was in great distress, because she could not pay her landlord his rent. The doctor put some money in his pocket and went round to her house, intending to help her. When he got there he knocked at the door. He thought he heard some movement inside; but no one came to open the door. He knocked louder and louder still; and yet no one came. Finally he kicked at the door, causing some of the neighbours to look out and see what was going on, but he could get no entrance. At last he went away, thinking that his ears must have deceived him, and that there was really no one there.

A day or two afterwards he met the woman in the street and told her what had happened. She held up her hands and exclaimed: "Was that you? I was in the house all the while, but I thought it was landlord, and I had the door locked!" So it is with many people, they think the grace of God is coming to smite them. My dear friends, it is coming to pay all your debts. "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

—*D L Moody*.

—:o:—

There was an old saying of a wise man who, being asked by a lady for some good advice for her son, replied, "Get on, get honour, get honest."

—:o:—

One may do a very good action and not be a good man, but he cannot do a very bad action and not be a bad man.

UNCEASING PRAYER.

At a monthly meeting of ministers in London, after lecture they met, as usual, at a tavern, took dinner, and before they separated a question was proposed to be discussed at the next meeting—viz., "How can we pray always?" A woman at the bottom of the room, attending to the fire, turned round and said, "Why, gentlemen, I could answer that question now."

"Ah," said a minister, "Susan, do you know how to pray always?"

"I hope so," said Susan.

"But," said the minister, "you have so much to attend to; how can you find time to pray always?"

"Oh," said Susan, "the greater variety I have to attend to, the more I am assisted to pray. In the morning when I open my eyes, I pray, 'Lord, open the eyes of my understanding, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law.' Whilst I am dressing, I pray, 'O Lord, may I be washed in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness!' When kindling the fire, I pray, 'O Lord, kindle a fire of sacred love in this cold heart of mine!' And whilst sweeping the room, I pray, 'Lord, may my heart be swept clean of all its abominations!' And so, gentlemen, I am praying all the day!" Oh happy woman!—*Selected*.

—:o:—

IN WAYS THAT COUNT.

"I THINK through the nib of my pen," wrote the genial Dr. P.S. Henson.

"I will send my prayers in my waggon," answered a farmer who was asked to pray for a poor widow.

"It is time my sympathies oozed out through my finger tips," thought a young girl who had been feeling sorry for an overworked mother.

"I must spell my pity with my purse," decided a man whose heart had been touched at the need of the heathen.

"My sociability needs to be mounted on shoe leather," concluded a well-meaning but home-tied church member, as she thought of her duties toward some newcomers.

"I will try to coax my heart into the palm of my hand," the usher whispered to himself, as he was about to reach out for a perfunctory hand-shake with a stranger.

"O Love, come sit on my lips while I speak to that careless one," invoked one whose good intentions had a fashion of hiding in the heart.—*The Christian Endeavour World*.

DIFFICULTIES CONCEAL TREASURES.

A story is told of a king who tested his subjects by placing a large stone in the centre of the street near his palace. Various people avoided it or stumbled over it, each complaining of "the lazy people," who left it there. When it was clear that no one would remove it voluntarily, the king called those who had avoided the stone to the place and with his own hands, removed the stone, while they looked on. Under the stone was a box containing gold and treasures marked "for him who moves this stone." The application to your life is plain. Never shun a duty. Never complain because somebody else has not done what you ought to. Grapple with difficulties for the sake of the treasures they conceal.

"STUDY to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—*Selected*.

—:o:—

ADORNING THE DOCTRINE.

At Patna is a draper's shop with the man's name, and added to that the word "Christian." Here at home, if a man did that, we should suspect what went on underneath the sign. But the man is a solitary witness for Jesus Christ in that country-side. Shortly after the man started business there, he came to the missionary and said, "I think I must shut up shop, for customers won't come." But the few who did come found they were honestly treated, the goods were what they were said to be, and good measure. This got known, and men began to come, and now he has one of the best businesses in the bazar. What goes on in the shop agrees with the name outside. I felt it an honour, though we could not understand each other's speech, to shake hands with the men.—*Rev. Benacell Bird*.

—:o:—

A CATECHISM FOR INFIDELS.

Did you ever see a counterfeit five-pound note?—Yes.

Why was it counterfeited?—Because it was worth counterfeiting.

Was the five-pound note to blame?—No.

Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?—No. Why?—Because it was not worth counterfeiting.

Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?—Yes, lots of them.

Why was he counterfeited?—Because he was worth counterfeiting.

Was he to blame?—No.

Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?—No. Why?—You answer, I am done.—*Selected*.



THE CHARMS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Oh, happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain who, free from business and
debate,

Receives his easy food from nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land.

No palace with a lofty gate he wants,
To admit the tide of early visitants,
With eager eyes, devouring as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass;
No statues threaten from high pedestals,
No Persian arras hides his homely walls
With antic vests, which, through their
shadowy fold,

Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool where native white is
dyed

With purple poison of Assyrian pride.
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil:
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed by
noise,

The country king his peaceful realm enjoys.

—Virgil, translated by Dryden.

—:o:—

It is strange but true that babies are frequently run down through over-entertainment. It is a well-known fact, that babies of the very poor are less nervous than those of the wealthy, and this is largely due to the fact that their mothers are too busy to constantly entertain them. The children are left more alone. They are not worried by overattention.—*Sol.*

—:o:—

WRONG eating and drinking, and the breathing of vitiated air, form the triple fountainhead of nearly all our diseases and our misery.—*Dr. Radcliffe.*

HOW TO OVERCOME THE ALCOHOLIC HABIT.

A reader of the "Watchman" has requested us to present an article on "How to Overcome the Alcohol Habit." Surely this is an important question for there are thousands addicted to the use of this soul-destroying poison. We will be very glad indeed to offer some suggestions, hoping that they will prove a benefit to any who are struggling to give up this habit. We will first call attention to the article on the first page of this issue, in which you will find what the Bible has to say about the use of strong drink, and then confine ourselves to some of the experiences which come to those who undertake to stop its use.

Perhaps you see the bad effects of alcohol and make up your mind to let it alone lest it plunge you into eternal ruin. You decided that your mind, not your appetite for drink, is to rule henceforth. But just as truly as you make this decision a war will begin. The appetite will say, "you must have drink" and the mind will answer, "No, I have forbidden it." "Then the flesh will complain that you are getting nervous, and have need of something to steady your nerves, but the mind will reason, "Drink has made you nervous." The appetite still begs to be satisfied. The mind replies, "I can not yield for I have given it up once and forever." You meet a friend and he invites you to take a drink, but you firmly answer, "I have given it up." The cravings of appetite are growing stronger, and now you have two influences to struggle against, but you battle well for a time.

Soon something suggests that if you take a drink this time you will be better able to resist in the future. This temptation comes from an unseen foe, but he is called the serpent, and his power is hard to resist. The thirst for drink is growing stronger and your friend is leading you to

the rum-shop. When he starts in, you hold back, for the mind still seeks to control. The smell of liquor comes through the open door; your friend still insists; you begin to waver and wonder what to do. Then you decide to go in but not to drink. Now the appetite is on vantage ground for every influence on its side is magnified, once you are inside, and at last you yield. One glass is taken, then another, and another till at last your downfall is complete. Then you are cast out and hurried off to the police station. Your wife and children who have been made so happy of late wonder at your long delay. Wonder becomes anxiety and anxiety changes to dread as the hours go by. Search for you in the old haunts brings news that send your wife home broken-hearted, and how ashamed you feel when you come to yourself and realize what is before you, because you yielded to the temptations of the enemy.

Trusting in your own will-power you have failed. You must try again. Ask the Lord to help you. But you say, "I am not a Christian." Then now is the time to become one and then you will be able to stand, for the Lord will help you.

"We can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." Again you may ask, "will the Lord take away the appetite at once?" We can not say as to that. We have known cases where He has done this, and somewhere he has allowed the struggle against appetite to continue, for a time but has kept the person from yielding. Then it is that they see the mighty keeping power of the Lord, and are able to help others who are having the same struggles." "And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate saith the Lord and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. 6: 16-18.

This means that you must stay away from saloons, separate from bad company, and have nothing to do with anything that might place temptation in your way. It also means that you should give up every other bad habit as well, for in

doing this you will gain a strength of character which will enable you to stand in the most trying circumstances.

The Lord is a present help in time of need, and "He that is in you is greater than he that is in the world." If Christ abides in us, Satan must overcome Him before he can conquer us, but that is impossible. Jesus is able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

Remember all the time that you have a part to act, for you must pray earnestly every day and ask God to keep you from yielding. Although you may see yourselves growing stronger, never stop praying, for as sure as you do you will weaken and fall before you are aware of it, perhaps lower than ever. You must have faith in God, for evil is becoming harder to resist, and we need to be fortifying ourselves more and more as the end draws near.

Some years ago we were attending a Seventh-day Adventist camp-meeting in Ohio, U. S. A. Hundreds were encamped on the grounds, and, among them a man who had been addicted to drink so long that he was having delirium tremens and made the night very unpleasant for those in his neighbourhood. He had come with his family who were Adventists, but he himself made no profession. He would try to fight something in the air, and imagined so many things which led him to accuse others wrongfully, that a friend asked to care for him, that he might not harm himself or others.

On Sabbath afternoon there was a revival meeting. The front seats in the large tent were cleared, and a call made to sinners. They were invited to come forward and give their hearts to the Lord. The good Spirit of the Lord was present, and many were moved to respond. While the congregation were singing, "The Waters are troubled," this man's wife tapped a brother on the shoulder saying, "My husband wishes to see you." His first thought was, Must I leave this good meeting to lead that man around? "He went and to his surprise the man said, "If you will go with me, I will go down front." He was led to the front seat and sat down seeming very much composed. The speaker was telling how anxious the Saviour is to save man from sin. He noticed this man's condition and pleaded for those who desired to be prayed for to

rise to their feet. The man stood up trembling, for his nerves had become shattered from his long use of liquor.

Those who knew him were watching earnestly to see what he would do as they were quite uneasy. The congregation knelt in prayer, and while the minister prayed audibly, many silent prayers were being offered. When the meeting closed the man had been converted, the demon was cast out, and the man was free and clothed in his right mind. He not only gave up drink, but tobacco and all other bad habits. He was baptized and in a few years became the elder of the church where he lived. He held this position until called to fill a very responsible place in the denomination. We met him two years ago, and found him as firm as ever, and still thanking God for what had been done for him.

This case is a living witness of God's great love and power to save man when he is almost lost. In closing we would direct your mind to the Lord who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, because he was tempted in all points like as we are, and is able therefore to succour them that are tempted. And now I commend you to God, and the word of his grace which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all of them which are sanctified."

W. W. MILLER.

—:o:—

THE REMEDY FOR GOUT.

The Journal of the American Medical Association says that there is nothing better to be offered to people afflicted with gout than a well-regulated diet, appropriate bathing, and regular exercise. The diet should be "carefully chosen and rather spare." There should be copious water drinking, but all alcoholic liquor should be tabooed. At least two hours' exercise in the open air should be taken daily. Where there are gouty deposits about the joints, the best treatment is hot applications and local massage.

It is worthy of note that the highest medical authority in the United States recommends these simple hygienic measures in preference to drug medication. The advice given is equally good for those who have only a tendency to gout, or for those who are as yet wholly free from it; for a well-regulated life is preventive as well as curative, and it is easier to prevent than to cure.

THE SALIVA.

THE saliva is the secretion of three pairs of glands whose ducts empty into the cavity of the mouth. One of its functions is to keep the mucous membrane of the mouth moist, so that taste may be preserved and the tongue and other parts may move freely: but its most important office is a digestive one.

By mastication the food is finely divided, and then the saliva mixes with it, softening it and converting some of its starchy portion into a form of sugar—a change which is necessary in order that it may become absorbed into the system. This mixture of the food and saliva is most important, and upon it depends in great part the comfort and sense of well-being which accompanies good digestion. If the food is not thoroughly chewed, the unchanged starch passes into the stomach, where it cannot be digested, and remains there as an inert body, causing discomfort and heaviness. Deficient mastication also allows the food to enter the stomach in large pieces, and so its softening and digestion by the gastric juice are greatly retarded. This is an added factor in the dyspepsia of those who bolt their food.

But in order that its work may be properly done, the saliva must be healthy. Normally it is a clear, slightly opalescent fluid, neutral or faintly alkaline in reaction. Sometimes it becomes acid in reaction, and then it loses much or all of its digestive power over starch. This action of saliva on starch varies according to the nature of the food containing the starch, and also, as said before, upon the thoroughness with which it is mixed with the food. Alcohol, tea, and, to a less extent, coffee, retard or abolish this action.

Sometimes the secretion of saliva is increased abnormally, this condition being known as salivation. This is less common than it used to be in the days when physicians, and their patients, too, looked upon mercury as one of the most precious of drugs and almost a panacea for physical derangements. Certain other drugs, such as iodide or bromide of potassium, may at times produce it, and it is an accompaniment of excessive nausea.

A diminished secretion occurs in fevers and many exhausting diseases; it may also result from nervousness or anxiety, and it is within the experience of nearly everybody that eating is almost impossible during a period of great mental strain, owing to the difficulty of moistening the food sufficiently to allow it to be swallowed.—*Selected.*

THE HOME.

SCANDAL.

A WOMAN to the holy father went,
Confession of her sins was her intent;
And so her misdemeanours, great and small,
She faithfully to him rehearsed them all
And chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a talebearer had been
And bore a bit of scandal up and down
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father for her other sins
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But while for the rest her pardon gave,
He told her this offence was very grave,
And that to do fit penance she must go
Out by the wayside, where the thistles grow,
And gathering the largest, ripest one,
Scatter its seed; and that when this done,
She must come back another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman thinking this a penance light
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well
Next day but one she went the priest to tell;
The priest sat still, and her story through
Then said: "There's something still for
you to do
Those little thistle seed which you have sown
I bid you regather every one."
The woman said: "But, father, 'twould
be vain;
To try to gather up those seeds again;
The winds have scattered them far and wide,
Over the meadow vale and mountain side."
The father answered: "Now I hope that this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss:
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds
Which far and wide will grow to noxious
weeds;
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone." — *Selected.*

MRS. LORIMER'S QUEER IDEAS.

MRS. MALONY was paying her first call on the bride, young Mrs. Lorimer. Ten minutes' talk with this new-comer to the neighbourhood settled in Mrs. Malony's mind many questions that she had wanted answered.

Mrs. Lorimer was young and very pretty, with dignified manners. She seemed quite equal to her position as mistress of the stately old Manor House, and not at all shy or afraid, though, as Mrs. Malony had heard, she had been only a poor governess, or something of the sort, when the young Squire had met her abroad and fallen in love with her. Mrs. Malony felt she could not attempt to patronize her so she made herself agreeable and talked of the country around, and the village, and the neighbours.

To discuss people was Mrs. Malony's favourite amusement, and, as is generally

the case with those who are fond of gossip, she had many things to say which were neither kind nor just, and which often did mischief.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Lorimer," she said "you will have a great many visitors of course." And then she remarked on several of the families whom Mrs. Lorimer "ought to know about."

The young wife listened quietly, but did not seem much interested, as Mrs. Malony soon saw.

But she went on. "Our vicar is a very nice man, but he has certainly seemed rather depressed and out of sorts lately; and, to tell you the truth, I think there is something rather queer about his wife. Everybody has been remarking that she never comes to church more than once on Sundays, and that is very peculiar in a clergyman's wife. Also, it is known that she has once more than lately refused to subscribe to good objects always supported by the vicar's wife. Then she never goes to afternoon teas or anything of the sort, and declines all invitations. Most peculiar!"

"But does she not visit the poor?" asked Mrs. Lorimer.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Malony, "I believe she does go about the village. But she used to be quite different. Some people say there has been a quarrel between husband and wife. Others say that she has got under bad influence. I think that she is nothing more or less than a miserly woman, whose stinginess vexes her husband. You will form your own opinion when you see her."

"I shall certainly not trouble myself about the opinions of others," said Mrs. Lorimer quietly, and with a smile on her face. "I always think it is best to believe in the goodness of any one till you prove them to be bad." And as her visitor rose to go she added softly, half lifting a book that lay on the table, "I always try to remember the words, *Charity thinketh no evil.*"

Mrs. Malony made no reply, and took her leave. To the next friend on whom she called that afternoon she described Mrs. Lorimer as "very young and inexperienced, with queer ideas."

Mrs. Lorimer talking over the events of the day to her husband that evening, asked him if he liked Mrs. Malony.

"I'm afraid she is fond of gossip, dear," he answered, and that was all. But later on he mentioned having been at the Vicarage. "They have had a trouble there," he said, "and, as I hope you will be a friend of that brave little woman's, I'll tell you all about it."

And then he told his wife that not more than a year ago the vicar had lost every penny he possessed through the dishonesty of a brother. He naturally did not want this to be known, and was dreadfully distressed, fearing he would not be able to live on his stipend, which, in that country place, was very small. But his wife did all she could to cheer and help him. She sent away her cook, and herself did all the cooking, having only one young girl to help. She refused all invitations, but was still always to be seen among the poor or when any one was in trouble.

"She told me to-day it was a dreadful strain," said Mr. Lorimer; "and she looks pale and thin. But she has managed to make ends meet. I know all about their trouble, and they talk to me. I told them I hoped they would look on my wife as a friend, too. They say people have been cold to them."

Mrs. Lorimer did not repeat the gossip she had heard, but she wondered how many of those who had spread evil reports would have done what the vicar's wife had done silently and bravely—giving up all her pleasures, and working like any of the villagers that her husband might have ease of mind.

"Thinketh no evil" came to her mind again. Yes, we might spare the world many a sorrow if we practised that!

Friendly Greeting Leaflets.

—:O:—

OUR OWN.

"We have cheerful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest:
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

It is in the home circle that many of us live most of our life; and if we live up to the privileges and blessings that are offered in true home life, it is here that we shall find the most happiness and sweetness that can be obtained on earth. It is only when we exercise the same courtesy, gentleness, politeness, and sweetness toward the different members of the home circle that we would toward our friends

and acquaintances, that we see the beautiful effects of true courtesy. They remind me of the opening of beautiful, fragrant flowers.

Kind, gentle, tender words, bright smiles, loving, courteous attention to the aged in our homes, lift them above their infirmities, and banish the feelings of sadness that so often attend their declining years, giving them a brightness and dignity which will follow them even to life's close. We should not grow beyond our aged loved ones, but should encourage them to be interested in, and to help with, our plans and purposes of life; while we in turn should be interested in what interests them, so that, as their sunset draws on, they may be useful, and consequently happy to the last. We who are younger will find their long experience of value to us.

Let us notice the effect of smiling attention and real interest in the affairs of the little ones. The politeness and courtesy we learn to exercise toward them will be copied by them; there is no better way to teach the children than by example. And if there is a rough, uncouth, boisterous, unruly boy (or girl, sometimes) in the home, there is no better way to effect a change in him than by being ourselves toward him and before him what we wish him to be. We shall be surprised to see the effect of a bright, sweet, courteous manner toward such.

These are just a few suggestions as to the effect of courtesy, tenderness, gentleness, and other graces in the home,—graces which we usually offer to friends, acquaintances, and often to mere strangers. We shall see beautiful results as we extend true courtesy toward other members of the family, to father, or mother, or husband, or wife, as the case may be. We may be alone, at first, but we do not know the power and influence that attend rightly directed efforts.—

FLORENCE K. HARPER

MARION'S NEW SOCIETY.

"CAN you help a few minutes, daughter?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and get back for my German Lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head in Pond's Extract, I think I can finish this."

"Through at last!" said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of the Ideas of Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw, bending over her mother's pale face, two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on that woman's face?" asked the stern, strong-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one.

"Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know that they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet and satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of every-day life. That sigh comes, because this mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women of India. That tired look comes from getting up so early; while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study, or spent at the *musicale*. These feet are so weary, because of their ceaseless tramp around the house all day."

"Surely, the girls help too?"

"What they can; but their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, industrious girls giving their mothers to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones;"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said the Angel of Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to care for the mothers who spent so much time in bearing and rearing them."

"Then I must place my seal upon her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you will only let her stay."

"Daughter, you must have a nightmare. Wake up, dear! I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I'm not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll telephone to the committee and the professor that I must be excused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself and make some of those muffins you like."

"But dear, I hate to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or church socials in the world."

So after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a sweet restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well rested, I will take charge of the house and give up all the societies except one that I'll have by myself if the others won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the woman suffragists remarked to her:—

"We miss your bright essay so much Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."—*Mura A. Goodwin in Zion's Herald.*

OUR LITTLE ONES.

LOVE'S LESSON.

We may Jesus' love behold
In every leaf and tree ;
Watch the tiny bud unfold,
And know he cares for thee.

"Consider the lily," He has said :
Then why not take the flower,
And see how it, with stately head,
Reveals its Maker's power ?

The little flower so gayly decked
Asks not tomorrow's duty,
To-day with power to stand erect
It stands in all beauty.

It may be that to-morrow's sun
Will see its beauty ended ;
If so its duty then is done,
Fulfilled the task intended.

So if by love one little place
We may make bright to-day,
Let us fill it, with a smiling face,
And drive the care away.

—:0:—

THE GARDEN WHERE LILIES WOULD NOT GROW.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a beautiful garden. Roses grew in it, and hollyhocks and sunflowers, but he wanted lilies more than anything else, and he could not have them because the ants would not allow them to grow. You know that lilies grow out of dry, brown bulbs you plant in the ground. Over and over again the man bought these little brown bulbs and planted them, and every time he did it the ants came and ate them up. The ants thought it was very kind to put those lovely feasts in the ground so often, but after a while they did not like the things the man put round the bulbs. They did not taste nice. One night he put red pepper round the place where the bulbs were planted in nice little rings. One of the little ants got his feet in the pepper and cried, "Oh dear me, I'm burnt awfully!" Then of course the other ants stayed away from the red line. They worked all night and dug little roads under the red pepper and got to the nice bulb and ate it up. Next time the man tried tar, and then kerosene, and then snuff, and then camphor. All of them were things the ants did not like, only they climbed over them somehow, or dug under them, or did some thing very wise ; anyway they always ate up the lily bulbs, so the man had nothing left in his garden but roses, hollyhocks and sunflowers. He was not really a cruel man, but he began to feel very cruel when he thought of these clever little ants who loved to devour lily bulbs. One night he sat trying to think of what he could do. He wanted to kill every little ant that lived in his garden.

"What do ants like best of anything to eat he asked ?"

"A nice, juicy bone," said his wife.

"All right," he said, "I'm going to give them a feast to-night." Then he laughed just as the giant laughed when he thought he was going to catch Jack, who climbed the bean-stalk. "Just wait till you see what I'm going to do!" That night he fixed a wonderful trap. On the ground beside a lily bulb he laid a sheet of sticky fly-paper. It was pegged down to the ground so the wind would not blow it away, and in the middle of it he laid a nice, juicy, meaty little bone.

"Now," said the cruel man, "we'll see what will happen."

And the funniest thing did happen. The man got up very, very early in the morning.

"Come," he cried to his wife and all his little children, "come out and see my ant trap. I'll wager there isn't an ant left alive in our garden."

And what do you suppose he found? All the meat and marrow was gone from the nice juicy bone : the ants had sucked out the sweetness, and there was not one ant caught on the fly-paper—not one! They had smelled the nice juicy bone, and gone to look for it, hundreds of them, then smelled the fly-paper.

"It smells queer," said one little ant.

"It feels queer," cried another little ant. "I just touched it with one foot and it grabbed me and pulled me so I could hardly get away."

"What shall we do?" said the hundreds of little ants.

"I'll tell you!" cried the queen ; every little ant stopped to listen. "Each one of you must bring grains of sand, and we will make a bridge over that dish that grabs you by the legs. Then after the bridge is laid we'll have a grand supper."

All the little ants set to work. They brought grains of sand each till there were millions of grains, and there was a beautiful, straight road across the nasty, sticky fly-paper. It was wide enough for three or four little ants to travel on at once, so they went across just as fast as they could travel. If you had looked out there in the moonlight you would have seen the nice juicy bone just black with ants. They were tired after their hard work and they were having a nice supper.

The man stood for a minute and looked at the well picked bone and the wonderful little bridge, and then said, "I think we won't try to grow any lilies. I am not so clever as the little ants."

—:0:—

A HINT FOR LITTLE TAPERS.

ONE night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the taper.

"Away high up," said the man ; "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the little taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is" said the man, "for we stand at the entrance to a harbour, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now."

"Alas, no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man "keep it burning brightly, and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse—for this was a lighthouse they were in—he took the little taper, and with it he lighted the great lamps that stood ready with their polished reflectors behind them. And soon they were burning, steady and clear, throwing a great, strong beam of light across the sea. By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the little taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the means of kindling the great lights in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining over the sea, so that ships far out knew by it where they were, and were guided safely into the harbour. —*Children's Record.*

—:0:—

THE BOOK TOMMY TUCKER HID.

As I went down to the meadow this morning whom should I see but Tommy Tucker, half buried in a cosy heap of Farmer Brown's new hay. He was reading out of a book, but when I came near he gave a little start, closed the book and slipped it out of sight. Tommy and I are quite good friends ; so I knew, when he put the book away so quickly, that it was something that he was a little ashamed of.

"A bright day to you, Tommy Tucker," I said. "Don't let me stop your reading. Indeed, if your book is so interesting as it seemed to be a minute ago, and if you don't object, I wish you would read aloud."

Tommy's face flushed crimson.

"I—I don't think you would care for the story, Mr. Earleton; and I'd—I'd rather talk."

Now this was so unlike the straight forward Tommy Tucker, who tells me all his little secrets, that I said right out :—

"Surely, Tommy Tucker doesn't read books that he is ashamed to let his friends see."

The blush which had begun to die out of Tommy Tucker's face came back with deeper glow.

"I don't know that it's very wrong," he said. "It's only a book about a boy who went off to kill Indians, and who fought six highwaymen single-handed and beat them all, and rescued a lot of soldiers who had been captured, and had a great many wonderful adventures. I'll show you the book," continued Tommy.

"No, don't," I said. "I don't want to read any book that you think bad enough to hide from me."

Tommy looked hurt, but did not say anything; so I went on:

"You see, Tommy, I am just taking your own judgment on the book. It isn't so very wrong, you say; and yet it is so wrong that you would rather I hadn't seen it, neither would you like to go home and read it, to your little brothers. If it isn't a wicked book, it is a foolish book. Who ever heard of a boy who did the wonderful things that your hero does in the story every day? It isn't likely that you'll ever be called upon to fight a band of highwaymen, and it isn't likely that you'll whip them single-handed if you have to fight them."

Tommy was still silent.

"May I ask you a question, Tommy? Does the reading of that book make you study your lessons better, or make you more content at home, or fit you better for the everyday work you have to do? Or does it take you away from your lessons, make you discontented with home, make you want to do impossible things, instead of the plain things that God gives you to do?"

"You are right," said Tommy, forgetting that I had only asked some questions, and that he was really answering the accusation of his own conscience. "You are right. It is a foolish book; and if it isn't wicked, it was making me wicked. It was making me careless in everything. Mother doesn't know why my school averages were lower last week, and why I forgot some errands I had to do. She didn't know about the book. I didn't want her to know. I'll never read a book again that I don't want her to know of."

He took the book from his pocket and tore it to pieces.

"Tommy Tucker," said I, "you will never go far wrong if you don't hide anything from your mother." *Earnest Earlston in S. S. Times.*

—10—

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SAID?

ONE day a gentleman and his two little daughters went into a small store. "Buy us each a lead pencil, papa," said Ada. "Yes, do, papa," said May.

Their papa studied a moment, and then said, "I'll get one and divide it between you." But when he cut it in two, one piece was longer than the other. So he laid the two pieces together and said, "One piece is smaller than the other, daughters; what shall I do?"

I expected to see each little girl claim the longer piece; but, instead, the clear voice of little May, the younger of the two, said cheerily "I'll take the short piece, papa."

What would you have said?

"Mother," said little Minnie, "I have learned to be happy, *very happy*."

"How, my child?" the mother asked.

"By trying always to make those around me happy and *forgetting myself*," she answered. — *Selected.*

TOM'S BATTLE.

"THERE isn't any use in my trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter one Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again; but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of Hosts.

"Now your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again tomorrow, Tom; ask God to go with you and help you and when your enemy rises up against you fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try: but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom that night: "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother; "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

Tom's example is worthy of being followed by every youthful reader. The devil tries to overcome us at our weakest point; but God is mightier than he, and we can conquer in His Name.

— *Selected.*

PRESENTATION BOOKS.

The Story of Daniel the Prophet—By S. N. Haskell. A

biography of this wonderful prophet of God. The scriptures narrating the story, are printed in a parallel column with the author's delineations and interpretations. This one feature alone renders the book very serviceable and desirable. Of special interest and usefulness for young men. Highly instructive for all. 369 pages. Neatly bound in half cloth, with symbolic cover design in silver of the prophet in the attitude of prayer. Beautifully illustrated. Very suitable for a present. **Rs. 3-8.**

Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing.—By Mrs. E. G. White.

A graphic presentation of the Sermon on the Mount. 218 pages. 27 original half tone illustrations, printed on enamelled paper. Bound in cloth, embossed in gold. **Rs. 2.**

From Eden to Eden.—By J. H. Waggoner. A most interesting

study of the more important historic and prophetic portions of the Holy Scriptures. Printed from new electrotype plates on heavy calendered paper containing 264 pages, and illustrated with numerous full-page engravings.

Cloth, embossed in gold, bevelled boards, gilt edges. **Rs. 5.**

„ „ „ plain „ white „ „ 3-8.

The Coming King.—By J. E. White. Showing especially how

history is accurately fulfilling the great prophecy of our Lord in **Matthew twenty-four**: famines, pestilences, cyclones; the conflict between capital and labour; the amassing of wealth; the iniquity abounding in political, social and religious life; the great war preparations of all nations, &c., &c. These events all point to the great culminating event of this earth's history, the coming of the King, and the restoration of this earth as the final abode of those who are faithful in their allegiance to Him. 306 pages. Illustrated with over 180 engravings expressly designed for the work.

Presentation edition, embossed in gold and coloured inks, bevelled edges, gilt top. **Rs. 5.**

Address INTERNATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY,

39-1, Free School Street, Calcutta.

THE ORIENTAL WATCHMAN

PUBLISHED BY

INTERNATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY.

39-1, Free School St., Calcutta.

Price of Subscription:—

One Year, Post Free Rs. 2.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

We send out papers only to subscribers. If persons receive THE ORIENTAL WATCHMAN, who have not ordered it, they are not indebted to the office; it is sent to them by some friend, and they will not be called upon to pay for it. Please read the papers you may receive; and hand them to your friends to read.

We sometimes hear of papers not being delivered.

We ask you to notify us promptly, if you do not receive your paper, and we shall take pleasure in rectifying any such mistake.

If you change your address, please notify the office.

The nature of church creeds is well stated by Herbert Hensley Henson, D. D., Canon of Westminster when he says that they are provisional, changeable, sometimes obsolete expressions of belief. Admitting this, it appeals to us as strange that the learned doctor should still insist upon their utility. Protesting against the old Athanasian creed of the church he declares it to be semi-pagan, adapted to barbarians and not to modern Christians. He declares that a new formulary is necessary from age to age, and that the truth of one age is the falsehood of the next. The doctor would have us believe that truth is dependent upon man's varying disposition and must shape itself accordingly. Oh that men would realize that there is but one creed needed,—the Word of God. God and His Word are unchangeable, and what was truth fifteen hundred years ago is truth to-day. Man must mould his life to one great standard, and a change of heart is the only change God recognises.

There are doubtless many causes for the low spiritual pulse beat of modern Christianity. But we should say that foremost among the influences that lower the vitality of the various denominational bodies of Christendom is the low spiritual life of their ministry. It is surprising how far the ministers of the Word have departed from the old standards. A prominent clergyman in a recent vol-

ume declares that the present need of the churches is to become "scientific, democratic and socialistic." In other words he declares that the church cannot withstand the world's present movement for political, social, and intellectual equality; that modern scientific advance is irresistible; and that only in a complete union of the various Christian churches after a "scientific method" can they become a potent influence in modern times. But we declare emphatically that God's power is the only means by which the churches can be enlivened: science has its place but it cannot bring salvation from sin. Scientific salvation is self-salvation which is decidedly opposed to God's whole plan of salvation.

"Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse," says a prophecy of the last days, and certainly looking upon the supposedly enlightened parts of the earth where less evil would be expected we can appreciate the application to these days. Speaking of a recent election in the city of New York an exchange says "They drove away from the voting booths respectable citizens and voted themselves. In one district Mr.—, when the votes were counted, got more than four hundred votes in excess of the total legal vote of the district, and the aggregate of all the votes was more than 50 per cent in excess of the number that could lawfully have been cast. Enough money was spent (in bribes) to pay every man who actually participated in the primaries two dollars and a half for his vote." Such scenes may be extreme, yet they are increasing in frequency year after year. In other countries they reveal themselves in a more secret but nevertheless not less potent manner. The difference in usurpation of power and abuse of power already gained is not sufficient to make a difference in the principle. Surely darkness covers the earth.

Men thought when the treaty of peace was signed in Portsmouth several weeks ago that we had reached a stage where the world would settle down in the quiet of lasting peace and tranquility; or, to say the least, that the political horizon would be clear for few months. Many were the predictions of universal quietude, some even exultant over the outlook. But despite the hints of another peace conference, the outlook for prolonged peace is any thing but favourable. Russia declares that now being debarred from her designs

upon Asia she will have scope to prosecute her designs upon Europe. This is no small matter, but England seems to see even more than this in a prolonged peace. She fears that her own people may go to sleep over the prospect and India's frontier be left unguarded against a sudden deluge from Russia. France mutters over the excessive precedence of England in the far East owing to her alliance with Japan. Germany seems to take the most optimistic view of the situation and she is not entirely free from misgivings. God's word tells us that when men cry peace and safety, sudden destruction shall come upon them. His word shall be fulfilled.

ARE YOU A READER?

If not you should be, and if you are you will be interested in our offers made to introduce some most excellent books as well as to get the *Watchman* into every intelligent home in India. Read these offers.

Story of Daniel the Prophet.—The writer has found new conceptions and lessons of divine truth for us in the wonderful instances of fidelity and trust shown by these servants of God in ancient times. A book deeply spiritual, yet intensely interesting.

Given for 3 yearly subscriptions to the *Watchman* or 2 yearly subscriptions and As. 8 extra.

The Coming King.—One of the best treatises on the living issues of our times yet published. Clear, concise, readable. The unerring voice of prophecy, fulfilled in living chapters before our eyes.

Given for 5 yearly subscriptions to *Watchman*, or 4 yearly subscriptions and As. 10 extra. Illustrated.

Both these volumes are beautifully bound. An ornament to any library.

Continual subscriptions of two or three years will be given credit for one year on these offers. Old subscribers, get your friends to send with you and get a copy of one of these books free. More than one old subscription not accepted for any one book.

International Tract Society

39-1 Free School Street,
Calcutta.