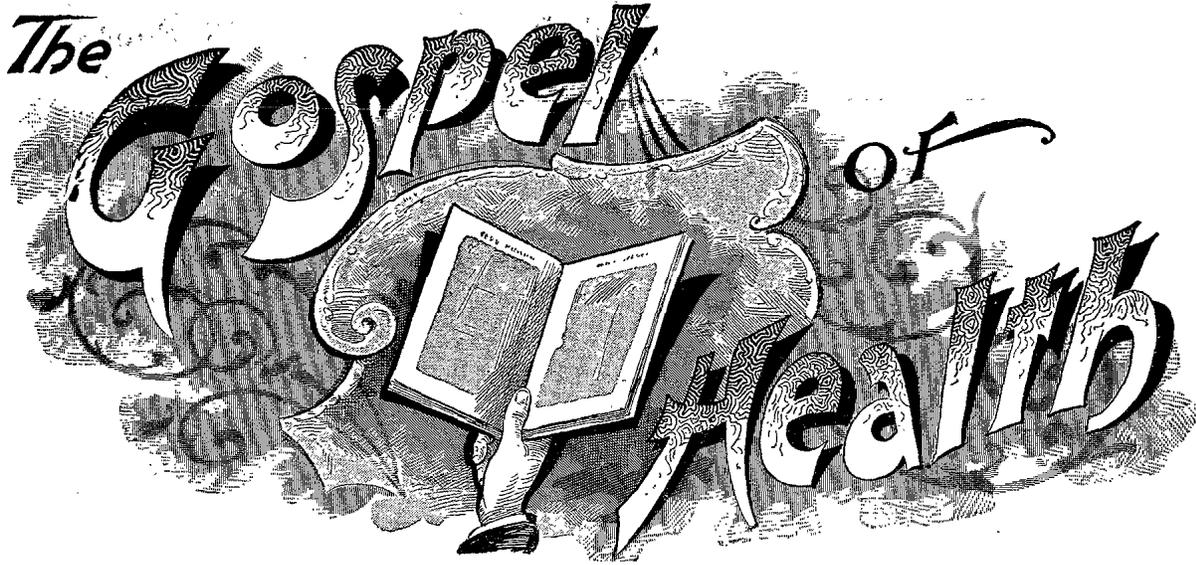


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BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

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Saviour was coming; and when, in his discouragement, he asked, "Art thou he that should come," he received the assurance of the fact in the signs that accompanied the message. Now we are telling the people that the Lord is coming; but what evidence do we have to show that this work is of the Lord, and that we are looking for his coming in the right way, unless we are preaching the gospel to the poor and have the divine power to witness with us.

If the Lord Jesus cannot give that evidence to the world through us, he will get a people through whom he can give it. But the people who look for him in the right way will have the works which were conclusive proof to John that Jesus was the one who should come. God is over all, in all, through all, and in charge of all; and when we come to the place where we submit wholly to God, and hold ourselves ready to do his will in all things, then we shall see him work through us as he has not worked before.

REMARKS BY DR. KELLOGG.

The thought presented by Mrs. Henry that there is an opening at both ends of the channel is a very comforting one. This is a work of gathering in poor souls who have never had a chance, that the power of God may come down and set them free from the prison-house of sin. It is a blessed privilege to open the door to these poor souls. It does my soul good to think of the large company of workers that will go out from this place, their hearts aglow with the love of God, and ready to help suffering humanity in every way possible. When we note the interest in these principles, and see how the Lord is preparing a people to represent not simply one phase of the gospel, but the gospel in all its glorious fulness,—the glad tidings that the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings,—that there is power to restore man physically, mentally, and morally,—surely this is cause for rejoicing. We should be the happiest people on the earth. Though we are a very small people, yet God has given us a truth that is so precious and so powerful and so broad that it is bound to win success, and triumph gloriously. I am very glad to have the privilege of standing here to-day. This is a grand and noble work, and I hope to see it spread all over the country. No Seventh-day Adventist is excused from having a part in it; every Seventh-day Adventist home should be a mission and every Seventh-day Adventist farm a rescue farm. Every piece of land owned by one of our people can supply food and raiment for a larger number than it

is now doing. A farm of twenty acres can keep a half-dozen people busy at work and support them all if a little pains is taken to select such crops as will employ the most labor. There is no difficulty in solving the problem of homes if we just get our hearts open.

I met a young woman a few days ago who was rescued from the streets in this city, and you would never dream from her appearance that she had been in the haunts of vice. She had sinned ignorantly; having never been taught to do right. She had never heard a prayer offered in her home, and only two in her life, and these at funerals. She was led away from home when only fourteen years old, and might have gone on in this way indefinitely; but one day she met a young woman whose life had been pure and respectable. The contrast struck conviction to her heart. She compared her life with the life led by this happy, innocent young woman, and saw the difference. She sought the mission that night and went forward for prayers, but experienced no relief. The next night she went forward again, and prayed earnestly, and then she found her Saviour.

I tell you, my friends, if we have the right spirit within, our faces, as we go about, our very looks, will have a converting power. I pray God to make this day and occasion one in which we shall all consecrate ourselves anew to the Lord's service.

MY TELESCOPE.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

It was long after I sent out my leaflet, "How the Sabbath Came to Me," before I had even heard of the Testimonies to the church, or of Mrs. White. The manner in which her work was first brought to my notice was such as to give me an entirely false conception of it, and being built upon this false conception, everything which had followed, only increased the difficulties in understanding it.

I supposed these Testimonies were considered as an appendix to the Bible, and of equal authority with it, that there were those among our people who even judged the Bible by these writings. When I came into the church, I stated to the brethren with whom I conversed that I knew nothing about this matter, but that I was so confident that God was leading me hither, and that he would not lead me into any organization where I would find an insuperable barrier

to faith, that if they were willing to accept me in my ignorance, I was glad to come in.

(A great correspondence, with many absorbing duties, has kept me so occupied that I have had no time to give to a study of the spirit of prophecy, but it has been kept before me by much that has come in letters as well as things which have been said.) People who have been awakened to, and accepted, the Sabbath truth have written me asking me if I had accepted the Testimonies. I have been obliged to evade the question. I could only say that *my* acceptance or rejection of any point is not to be considered for a moment; every question must be by each individual settled in conference with God alone; in this, as with every truth, the Spirit of God must be teacher. I was trusting to God to teach me in his own way, but all the time the subject grew darker and darker to my mind. There was a time when I was greatly interested in the Testimonies and was anxious to hear about the work which they represented. I sought an interview with Brother W. C. White, in whom I had so much confidence that I did not hesitate to ask him to give his own impression of his mother's work. The conversation was one which I shall never forget, because of the peculiar circumstances, as well as the beautiful, tender spirit manifested by him, and yet it brought me no permanent relief from the burden of my question.

I have always believed that the spirit of prophecy lived in the church, that it was by this power that Luther, Wesley, and a great many others, even in more modern times, had spoken. I believed that the church had suffered great loss in grieving this Spirit, and that before the coming of the Lord there must be an especial inspiration, a new voice which should speak concerning present needs. Many times a great wish has arisen in my heart that I might be able to recognize such a voice when it should speak, as I believed it must sooner or later.

I had so much confidence in the intelligent understanding of my brethren who fully accepted the Testimonies, that I could not repudiate the claim that this is God's way of teaching his people in these days. I had read only a few paragraphs from these writings, but to everything which I had read or heard I had found a chord in my heart ready to respond; nothing seemed strange or new; it was always like a stave or bar from some old song; a repetition or resetting of some truth which I had known and loved long before; hence I had found

nothing which could lead to any controversy. But one question troubled me. Suppose I should find some point in these writings with which I could not agree, which would be of vital significance if it were competent to become the end of controversy, what would I do with it? I knew that so far as any light which I now had would serve me, it would be impossible to surrender my own judgment to this authority. The Bible had my unquestioning obedience; but while the Testimonies might be *good*, sound, helpful, they were not, I had discovered, of sufficient authority to command obedience and silence controversy in some of those who professed to have been always led by them.

This caused a heavy and sad burden on my soul. I had supposed, because of the solemnity of the truth as we believe it and the times in which we live, that the people who are known as Seventh-day Adventists must of necessity most earnestly believe and endeavor to practise all that they did accept as truth. But as I went out from the quiet seclusion of the Sanitarium, and mingled more with people abroad, I found coupled with a professed belief in their authority a practical disbelief in the Testimonies among our own people, especially in the matter of health principles. It was natural that I should take especial note of this, because I had as a W. C. T. U. woman adopted and followed all the health principles which we had discovered; and as new light had come, I promptly walked in it. But now I found in some Adventist homes a total disregard of these principles; and learned that there was controversy even among the brethren who were quoting and teaching from these writings.

In letters from some members of other churches and in conversation, I had been assured that these writings were no longer considered of authority by the "more intelligent Adventists;" that they were accepted theoretically, but only as obsolete doctrines were by other denominations: for instance, that they stood on the same relative footing with the teaching of eternal torment in other demoninations, acknowledged at best with a very pronounced mental reservation even by those who preach it. And so at last I came to question the necessity of myself considering the matter any further. I reasoned that I was in all essentials a Seventh-day Adventist, and that I, a new member, need not concern myself about anything which was a point of controversy in the church. I did not like to seem to be standing for something which I did not believe, but, at present,

saw no help for it. I realized the importance of care in anything which I should write or say to others, and *was* careful, for I could not but see how helpful, inspiring, and full of truth these writings are, even if they should carry no special weight over and above those of any good man or woman who had light and experience in Christian doctrine.

In this state of mind I went to the Medical Missionary Convention which was called at the Chicago Medical Missionary Training-School, December 7-16. This meeting was one of peculiar power. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out from the first, and everything was brought into a very strong light, especially the principles which it has been the peculiar work of Sister White to bring to notice; and as the discussions progressed, my perplexities increased. I felt more and more sure day by day that I was coming to another point on which depended much of experience of some sort. At least I had another question to settle very soon.

One day at dinner, a brother who sat next to me inquired if I had found any difficulty in accepting any of the points of truth. This struck me as a little singular. How could any one have difficulty in *accepting a point of truth*? It could not be a point of truth to him until he was convinced that it *was* truth, and then how could he help accepting it? No man can deny anything which he beholds as truth. He may refuse to obey it, but he must recognize and consent to it. While this was flashing through my mind, the brother was talking on, and among other things he made reference to the Testimonies. I was greatly disturbed, and hastily replied, "I know nothing about the Testimonies; but when I see anything as truth, I have nothing to do but to receive and obey it."

I suddenly lost all relish for food, and soon left the table, feeling that I could not take up and carry this question again, since I saw no light, only darkness, in it. All the afternoon, and on into the evening meeting, this feeling grew. It seemed to me during that evening session that more was said about the Testimonies than I had ever heard before, and every such reference caused new pain, until I found myself in the midst of a bitter struggle in the darkness after light. For a long time I had no thought of bringing my difficulty into that meeting, which was already overloaded with vital questions of general importance. I thought that I would again begin to seek God on this point and settle it between him and myself alone; but the things which were constantly dropping from

the lips of my brethren at last compelled me to speak out the questions and doubts which had arisen, and to tell how the atmosphere of discussion in this conference had caused them to thicken about me. The failure to see eye to eye had perplexed me, for if they believed that there was authority in the word which had brought these principles to them, how could it do other than settle every one of these questions beforehand? The fact that it had not the power to do so proved to me that they did not believe it. From my standpoint, to see anything in the Bible was to believe it, to receive it,—it was the end of all controversy; and if Adventists believed the Testimonies to be invested with authority from the Spirit of God, how could there be all this controversy upon points concerning which they had so clearly spoken?

My attitude, I now see, was like that of an unbeliever in the Bible before a congregation of Christians, if he should see the same inconsistency, and declare it, as he might have done in the same words; and the effect on my brethren must have been to arouse them to the same earnest self-examination and consecration which any honest Christian would have experienced in such a crisis. I knew at once that the sympathies of my brethren were aroused for me, but felt that I was beyond any human help. If the Testimonies were the word of God for this time in which we live, if this was the fulfilment of the prophecy of Joel, I wanted to know it, but only God could make me know it. The brethren did their best to help me, but all that was said seemed only to add to my perplexity, until at last, feeling that I could go no further in any direction until this question was disposed of, I determined to give myself to it at the sacrifice of any and all things. Brother Ballenger was arising again to give me something further, in the hope that it might be light to me, but I asked him to wait while they should join with me in prayer that the Spirit of the Lord might come to my relief.

"Accordingly, we all bowed in prayer, and I stated my case to God, with as deep a sense of need as I had ever known in my life. All the great and marvelous blessings of my life were for the time forgotten in this present need, and as must always be true, I was heard. The manifestation of the power of the Spirit of God was as clear as sunlight; and in that light I saw the Testimony as simply a *lens* through which to look at the truth. It at once grew from a lens to a telescope,—a perfect, beautiful telescope, subject to all telescopic conditions and limitations,—directed toward the field of the heavens,—that field, *the Bible*.

Clouds may intervene between it and a heaven full of stars,—clouds of unbelief, of contention; Satan may blow tempests all about it; it may be blurred by the breath of our own selfishness; the dust of superstition may gather upon it; we may meddle with it, and turn it aside from the field; it may be pointed away toward empty space; it may be turned end for end, so that everything is so diminished that we can recognize nothing. We may change the focus so that everything is distorted out of all harmonious proportions, and made hideous; it may be so shortened that nothing but a great piece of opaque glass shall appear to our gaze. If the *lens* is mistaken for the *field*, we can receive but a very narrow conception of the most magnificent spectacle with which the heavens ever invited our gaze; but in its proper office as a medium of enlarged and clearer vision,—*as a telescope*,—the Testimony has a wonderfully beautiful and holy office.

Everything depends upon our relation to it and the use which we make of it. In itself it is only a glass through which to look, but in the hand of the divine Director, properly mounted, set at the right angle, and adjusted to the eye of the observer, with a field clear of clouds, it will reveal *truth* such as will quicken the blood, gladden the heart, and open a wide door of expectation. It will reduce nebulae to constellations; far-away points of light to planets of the first magnitude, and to suns burning with glory.

The failure has been in understanding what the Testimonies are and how to use them. They are not the heavens, palpitating with countless orbs of truth, but they do lead the eye and give it power to penetrate into the glories of the mysterious living word of God.

This has been the most beautiful experience which has ever been granted me; it grows on me from day to day. I think I feel very much as Galileo must have felt when with his first telescope before him, he was bringing himself into position to *look*—just to look, at last, beyond the stars which he had seen, into the vast, unexplored field where worlds on worlds were keeping rhythmic time to the throbbing heart of the Infinite One whose steady strokes of power set the pace for every moving thing. The simple possession of it must have given a sense of might, even before one glimpse had been taken through it. He knew that revelations such as eye had never seen nor ear heard were waiting him as soon as he should humble himself to the instrument, acknowledge its right to control his vision, and fix his eye upon the point of observation.

I have often tried to imagine how Galileo's heart must have throbbed and his whole soul been filled, even before he obtained one glimpse—and now I think I know. I have not had time or opportunity to use the telescope, but it is there, and I have that sense of power which the possession of such an instrument must give.

Do you understand me? I realize that my words fall far short from anything which I would like to say,—but O how much they mean to me! It was a fresh token of my Heavenly Father's care, one more beautiful than I have ever received before.

You think it was wonderful when the Lord took me out of my wheel-chair,—and so it was; but I would be willing to go back into my wheel-chair if by doing so I could get another glimpse of the hitherto unseen, such as this has been to me. I would go through fire if I knew that out of it would come a corresponding revelation of the glory of God and of his love to me. This experience has given me confidence in this small body of people,—new confidence in the organization. I do not believe that God would ever have given me to see the things that I have seen, and to feel what I have felt, and to see him as I have seen him in these circumstances, if there were not life and power in this organization to lift it up out of all shadows and doubts into the glory of his presence, and to carry it safely through. This conviction came to me, with all the rest, and has made me rejoice as never before. And I believe that something just as sweet and just as rich, is for every one of my brethren and sisters, if they will only come to God for it and accept it in his own way.

Battle Creek, Mich., Dec. 19, 1897.

THE ORIGINAL DIET OF MAN.¹

It is unnecessary for me to tell you that the original diet of man was strictly vegetarian. Animal life was held sacred in those days. There were no ruthless sportsmen wandering over the face of the earth. But we have gotten so far away from the original plan of God that many of us look upon the slaughter of animals as a commonplace thing. I think this idea has gained a foothold on account of the extraordinary egotism of mankind. In the Dark Ages the people believed that the sun moved around the earth. Adam had the correct idea of the movement of the heavenly

¹ Abstract of a talk by Dr. J. H. Kellogg at the Medical Missionary Convention.