

PRESENT TRUTH

I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

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A PLACE OF REFUGE.

(Joshua xx. 1-9.) †

THERE is an idea prevalent, that in the ancient days of Israel everyone was allowed to avenge his own wrongs. People read the words of Christ, "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," and think that in the days of Moses everyone took the law into his own hands, and if one were injured, he gave the other "as good as he sent." Thus they think that that was a crude, barbarous age, and that justice rose no higher than private revenge.

That this is a mistaken idea may be learned from a reading of the entire chapter in which the directions referred to occur. There it is seen that they are given in instruction to the judges; and that the conditions were the

same then as now, when there are statutes, with penalties annexed. It is simply the principle of the civil law, that whoever commits an offence must be made to suffer

turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also," Christ was not bringing in any new

principle, but merely stating the eternal truth, "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

The Christian law is, and always was, "the perfect law of liberty." Just as we must not do a thing because the law compels us, but must in Christ exercise our glorious privilege of going far beyond what the words of any law can express, so we must refrain from demanding our legal "rights." God is always on the side of the oppressed; and whoever commits His case wholly into God's hands, has infinitely better defence, and greater redress, than if he sought the defence of human law.

The appointment of the cities of refuge, according to the com-

mand of the Lord, was in keeping with this. We read that the Lord spoke to Joshua, saying:—

"Speak to the children of Israel, saying,

or to pay an equivalent, as nearly as that can be determined.

In saying, "Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek,



† International Sunday-School Lesson for Nov. 2.

Appoint out for you cities of refuge, whereof I spake to you by the hand of Moses; that the slayer that killeth any person unawares and unwittingly, may flee thither; and they shall be your refuge from the avenger of blood. And when he that doth flee unto one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city, and shall declare his cause in the ears of the elders of that city, they shall take him into the city unto them, and give him a place, that he may dwell among them. And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then they shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand; because he smote his neighbour unwittingly, and hated him not beforetime. And he shall dwell in that city, until he appear before the congregation for judgment, and until the death of the high priest that shall be in those days; then shall the slayer return, and come unto his own city, and unto his own house, unto the city from whence he fled."

We must not suppose that any friend of an accidentally slain man was privileged to kill the slayer wherever he found him outside of one of the cities of refuge. Far from it. The Lord never planned in any such way as that for the land to be filled with violence. God had said that "whose sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and, "the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it;" but He never designed that this should be done except by the executioners appointed by law; and the cities of refuge were provided as a check on the law, guarding even a manslayer against hasty execution of it.

A beautiful and most comforting phase of the character of God is illustrated by the cities of refuge. They show us that "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Prov. xviii. 10. They teach us that "the Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble," and that those who know His name will take refuge in Him. Ps. ix. 9, 10. He is our "strong habitation," whereunto we may continually flee (Ps. lxxi. 3), for He has given commandment to save us.

Who may take refuge in God? "The children of men," without respect of persons; for "in Him we live, and move, and have our being." "How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God; therefore the children of men put their trust [literally, "take refuge"] under the shadow of Thy wings." God made a promise to Abraham, including all who believe, and confirmed it by an oath, "that by two immutable

things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek." Heb. vi. 18-20.

That is where the consolation lies. Christ is "high priest for ever;"—made "after the power of an endless life." The slayer was to remain in the city of refuge until the death of the high priest; but our high priest is alive for evermore. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25. Thus God is our dwelling-place in all generations.

"Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure."

"LET THIS MIND BE IN YOU."

THE ethics inculcated by the Gospel acknowledge no standard but the perfection of God's mind, God's will. God requires from His creatures conformity to His will. Imperfection of character is sin, and sin is the transgression of the law. All righteous attributes of character dwell in God as a perfect, harmonious whole. Every one who receives Christ as his personal Saviour, is privileged to possess these attributes. This is the science of holiness.

How glorious are the possibilities set before the fallen race! Through His Son, God has revealed the excellency to which man is capable of attaining. Through the merits of Christ, man is lifted from his depraved state, purified, and made more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir. It is possible for him to become a companion of the angels in glory, and to reflect the image of Jesus Christ, shining even in the bright splendour of the eternal throne. It is his privilege to have faith that through the power of Christ he shall be made immortal. Yet how seldom he realises to what heights he could attain if he would allow God to direct his every step!

Those who desire to be transformed in mind and character are not to look to men, but to the divine Example. God gives the invitation, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." By conversion and transformation, men are to receive the mind of Christ. Every one is to stand before God with an individual faith, an individual experience,

knowing for himself that Christ is formed within, the hope of glory. For us to imitate the example of any man,—even one whom we might regard as nearly perfect in character,—would be to put our trust in a defective human being, one who is unable to impart a jot or tittle of perfection.

As our Example we have One who is all and in all, the chiefest among ten thousand, One whose excellency is beyond comparison. He graciously adapted His life for universal imitation. United in Christ were wealth and poverty; majesty and abasement; unlimited power, and meekness and lowliness which in every soul who receives Him will be reflected. In Him, through the qualities and powers of the human mind, the wisdom of the greatest Teacher the world has ever known was revealed.

Before the world, God is developing us as living witnesses to what men and women may become through the grace of Christ. We are enjoined to strive for perfection of character. The divine Teacher says, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Would Christ tantalise us by requiring of us an impossibility?—Never, never! What an honour He confers upon us, in urging us to be holy in our sphere, as the Father is holy in His sphere! He can enable us to do this, for He declares, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." This unlimited power it is our privilege to claim.

The glory of God is His character. While Moses was in the mount, earnestly interceding with God, He prayed, "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." In answer, God declared, "I will make all My goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy."

The glory of God—His character—was then revealed: "The Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."

This character was revealed in the life of Christ. That He might by His own example condemn sin in the flesh, He took upon Himself the likeness of sinful flesh. Constantly He beheld the character of God; constantly He revealed this character to the world.

Christ desires His followers to reveal in their lives the same character. In His intercessory prayer for His disciples He declared: "The glory [character] which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one; I in them, and Thou in Me, that

they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."

To-day it is still His purpose to sanctify and cleanse His church "with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." No greater gift than the character that He revealed, can Christ ask His Father to bestow upon those who believe on Him. What largeness there is in His request! What fulness of grace every follower of Christ has the privilege of receiving!

God works with those who properly represent His character. Through them His will is done on earth as it is done in heaven. Holiness leads its possessor to be fruitful, abounding in every good work. He who has the mind that was in Christ, never becomes weary in well-doing. Instead of expecting promotion in this life, he looks forward to the time when the Majesty of heaven shall exalt the sanctified ones to His throne, saying unto them, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

O that we might more fully appreciate the honour Christ confers upon us! By wearing His yoke and learning of Him, we become like Him in aspiration, in meekness and lowliness, in fragrance of character, and unite with Him in ascribing praise and honour and glory to God as supreme. Those who live up to their high privileges in this life will receive an eternal reward in the life to come. If faithful, we shall join the heavenly musicians in singing with sweet accord, songs of praise to God and to the Lamb.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

SUFFICIENT AND NOT SUFFICIENT.

BY most people, the evidences of the soon coming of Christ are considered insufficient to base faith upon. But the testimony and acts of one man condemned the people destroyed by the flood. The evidences then were sufficient; otherwise the world would not have been condemned. But a hundred times more convincing evidences come pouring in upon us that the day of the Lord is near and hasteth greatly. We follow down the numerous prophetic chains of Daniel and of the Revelation, and we find ourselves in every instance standing just before the day of wrath. We see the signs spoken of by prophets, by Christ, and in the epistles, fulfilling or fulfilled. And at the right time, and in the right manner, to fulfil certain prophecies, a solemn message arises in different parts of the world: "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the

land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." Joel ii. 1. Wherever we look, we see prophecy fulfilling.

But these evidences are considered insufficient to rest faith upon. Well, what kind of evidence would the unbelieving have? "When the signs of the end," says the sceptic, "are fulfilled, they will be so plain that no one can doubt." But if the signs are of such a nature, and are fulfilled in such a manner, as to compel all to believe in the coming of Christ, how can it be as it was in the days of Noah? Men were not then compelled to believe. But eight believing souls were saved, while all the world besides sank in their unbelief beneath the waters of the flood. God has never revealed His truth to man in a manner to compel him to believe. Those who have wished to doubt His word, have found a wide field in which to doubt, and a broad road to perdition, while those who have wished to believe, have ever found everlasting rock upon which to rest their faith.—James White

THE TEST OF DEVOTION.

THE world is dark, but you are called to brighten
Some little corner, some secluded glen;
Somewhere a burden rests that you may lighten,
And thus reflect the Master's love for men.

Is there a brother drifting on life's ocean
Who might be saved if you but speak a word?
Speak it to-day. The testing of devotion
Is our response when duty's call is heard.

—Geo. D. Gelwicks.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

IN the year 1856, when I was quite a boy, I became deeply troubled about my soul. I had before my mind a horrible picture of a burning hell and everlasting damnation. To my mind it was all real and true. I had been brought up very religiously; and this teaching was an important part of the programme. In the course of time I was duly scared, and wept much in face of so terrible a danger. In a few days, however, I am thankful to say, God, who is rich in mercy, took away that terror, and gave me peace, and I became a really happy boy, and passed into a new life.

Ever since that far-off time I have known something of the Divine working in human hearts. I ought here to say, however, that no permanent peace came to me until I had entered into quite another class of thought and feeling. The truth is, that while truly convicted of sin, I was scared with the traditions of men. It was Augustine, and Calvin, and Dante, who were tormenting me without any authority from the Word of God or the Spirit of Truth. But as they did it ignorantly in unbelief, and I have done the same thing

to others, I forgive them, as I hope to be forgiven.

Oh, that then I could have learned the truth as I see it now! But, alas! the awful struggles, the fearful falls, the deep mortifications, the terrible disappointments, as well as the ecstasies and triumphs, that have been my lot since that time. It is now, however, my greatest grief that I have not allowed the Holy Spirit to have full sway over my whole nature, during these intervening years, so that God's fullest purposes might have been worked out in me and through me. But, alas! much of the good work which should have been done by me has been left undone, or has been accomplished by others. And, furthermore, many of the deeper and fuller experiences which I might have attained have not been realised. I am therefore the poorer in the true riches. I am, however, deeply anxious that the time past, wherein I have sown with a slack hand, and served with a sluggish heart, should suffice, and that henceforth I may sow only to the Spirit, and serve in newness of life, in the full control and guidance of the Holy Ghost.

For many years I was tortured with doubts; and was driven by an irresistible curiosity to investigate the creeds, opinions, dogmas, and practices of all sorts of Christians, and of every form of antichrist I could discover. At last curiosity was satisfied, and my mind perfectly settled as to the verities of the Gospel, and the wisdom, love, and mercy, of God's ways. And I said, in deep humility before the Eternal, "O God, I am perfectly satisfied that Thou art true and just in all Thy ways. Every form of doubt and mistrust of Thee has passed from me for ever. If I am saved, or even if I am lost, I can never more harbour one thought against Thee. For all the good of my life I praise Thee. For all the evil I blame myself. Thy law is holy, just, and good. For our fall, through another—even Adam—Thou hast fully compensated us, by the justification of life which has come to us with equal freedom through another—even Christ Jesus, Thine only begotten Son.

"Purgatory, and eternal torture, I have found to be the wicked inventions of the spirit of antichrist for sinister purposes, and to be entirely unsanctified by Thy Word, which is truth, and no lie; unmixed with error, and absolutely reliable."

Those who have known the rack and torture of religious doubt will not require me to describe the immense relief which this state of mind brought me; nor how profoundly thankful I felt for having arrived at such sure and well-grounded conclusions.

The man who can, at will, and with intelligence, glide through the ages, and listen with a free, unfettered mind, in the fear of the Lord, and with a devout heart, to the oracles of God, from creation's

dawn to the last word of prophetic vision, should, indeed, be a happy man. And he may be, but only on one condition; viz., that having cleared away the debris, and found the true foundation, he will examine carefully every precious stone in the temple of truth, indelibly fix the impression on his own heart, and reflect the brightness of every discovered gem in his own life; and seek to make known, as far as he can, its hidden beauty and its marvellous value.

This, I am bound to say, for far too long a time I did not do; but allowed myself ease and latitude, at which I now marvel. But the time came when I sought and obtained greater nearness to God, a more profound longing for the fulness of His Spirit and His life. Yet the progress seemed small and uncertain. There was, however, a deep and abiding consciousness that God was leading me to something better. My way seemed utterly blocked, but in one direction. Daily I seemed to hear the Divine voice beseeching my ruffled soul, and soothing the troubled heart by such assurances as, "I will guide thee with Mine eye upon thee;" "In Him we live, and move, and have our being;" "My life is hid with Christ in God."

At last there came a new discovery—a still broader truth than I had known—a greater nearness of the Christ in human life—a more literal, accurate, and beautiful comprehension of truth. The vague and uncertain took new shape and form: order took the place of confusion. Prophecy, fact, experience, responsibility and hope, all became more real and more complete. The kingdoms of grace, of glory, of God, of heaven, and the enthronement of saints; the doom of antichrist in every form, the completeness of Christ's work, the glory of the coming ages, the beauty of the restored Eden, the fulfilment of God's covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob: all these were manifest, dovetailing into one grand and perfect whole.

There came up, too, the Sabbath of the Lord our God, with no distorted form, with no apologies, mysteries, or explanations; but as a pure, recovered gem, brilliant in its own, unborrowed light; a precious stone which the eternal and infinite Creator Himself does not disdain as His own special property—a property which He will share with His saints through the everlasting ages. In deep humility I have accepted His gracious invitations to share with Him His Sabbath,—His rest.

So far, I have only enjoyed four of these Sabbaths; and therefore I am not able to bear testimony, like some of my brethren, who, for decades, have walked with God on these holy days. Yet, I could no more think of ceasing to call it a delight, and attempting to transfer its sanctities to any other day of the week, than I could think of asking God to excuse me for modifying any other command, and putting in any other form which I might like better.

Fellow Christian, this is a long confession, I admit; but I have made it jointly for my own relief and your good. Are you troubled with any of the questions I have named? If so, my advice is, Wait on God; read His Word; be ready to follow wherever the truth takes you.

P. WILSON.

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

LAST eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you," questioned I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammer out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

—Selected.

A SHOT ACROSS THE BOW.

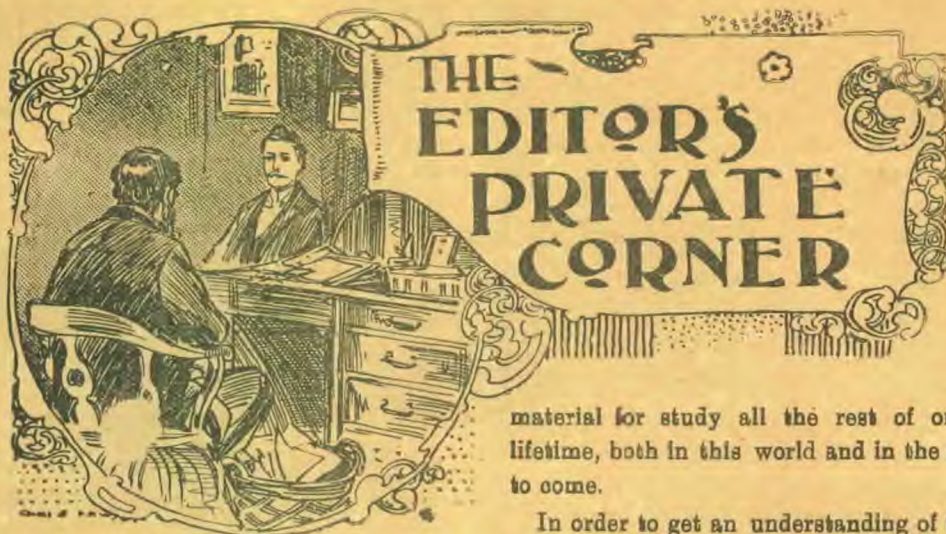
SOMETIMES a man-of-war encounters on the open sea a merchant ship which the commodore suspects may belong to a hostile Power. So he sends a cannon-shot across the bow of the merchantman, in order to "bring her to" for an interview. In like manner the word of God sends some solid shots across the bows of wandering souls, not to sink them, but to stop them, and bring them to reflection. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts;" "Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die?" are specimens of these weighty warnings. They are sent in love, and not in wrath; they are earnest admonitions to halt and to "put about ship" and steer Godward, or heavenward.

One of the mightiest questions in the Bible is, "What think ye of Christ?" On this question pivots the soul's destiny. Another very solemn Bible statement is, "Ye were without Christ." This may be the actual condition of more than one who is now reading this article. My friend, let me say to you in loving frankness, that a soul without Christ suffers badly from moral weakness. Intellectually you may be very strong; spiritually very feeble. For instance, I once saw a man of colossal intellect utterly besotted by the brandy bottle—which he was morally too weak to abstain from. The evidence of moral weakness is the inability to withstand the seductions of selfishness, the gales of passion, or the onsets of temptation. Perhaps you have resolved a thousand times to break off from certain besetting sins, and to lead a truer and a better life. You have failed. Your purposes had no staying power from on high. Jesus Christ offers it to you; He says: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Whoever is without Christ is a wandering soul. Strike your own little match if you choose; it will soon go out and leave you in the dark. All the Christ-denying books of these days—whatever brilliant name may be on their title-page—are only lucifer-matches. You would not dare to have one of them beside your dying pillow. You need an unerring, infallible guide, one whom you can implicitly trust, and whom millions of the wisest and best people have trusted, and been led aright. Jesus, the Son of God, very kindly says to you: "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Try Him, my friends; and the very instant that you find Christ leading you into evil thoughts or crooked paths or wicked ways, you are welcome to halt and desert Him. Did you ever hear of such a case?

But you are not only weak and wandering; you are often worried with a sense of sinfulness and guiltiness and moral failure. Conscience pricks you. We can bear almost anything—pain, poverty, loss, disappointment, or bereavement—as long as our soul is at rest with God. Sin is the only unendurable tormentor. Over and over again you have been tormented by it, and have tried to drown your convictions of sin. But just as the cannonading in a naval battle brings up dead bodies from the bottom of the sea, so the artillery of God's word keeps bringing up your sins to your memory. How to get rid of sin and its condemnation without Jesus Christ is the question. It is impossible. His blood "cleanseth us from all sin;" "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Friend, confess your sins to Christ, and give Him an honest trial; I have never heard of any doing this, and ending in wretched disappointment or scepticism. Infidels uniformly belong to the class who have not honestly made a practical test of Christ for themselves. Blind and deaf people are no judges of Niagara.

Jesus saves; there is none other name under heaven that is given among men whereby we must be saved. Whosoever is not saved goes to wreck. We hear much in these days of the "larger hope." Certainly no sinful soul could ask for a larger hope or a stronger one than is held out in the glorious offer: "Trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men." You could not ask for a fairer probation or a fuller opportunity. Do you imagine that you would work at better advantage on a second trial in the next world if you should strive to build a better life of the shattered wreck and remnants of a misspent life in this world? It is in mercy that God pushes you up to the necessity of accepting Christ and building your eternal character on Him; and no other opportunity to do this is even hinted at in the Bible. There is infinite loving-kindness in the persistence with which God presses on you the fact that "now is the accepted time; . . . now is the day of salvation."—Cuyler.



THIS WORLD AND THE WORLD TO COME.

"In reading the article in your paper on 'The Earth's Future Glory' I noticed the statement that the lower animals will be affected by the restoration. This is not enough for me without a Scriptural sanction. Can you give me any proof that animals will be living after the Judgment? Is there any promise that they shall have a future life and be raised from the dead, and their viciousness removed? Is it during the thousand years, or in the new earth, that the wolf, the lamb, the kid and the lion, shall dwell together, and a little child shall lead them? Further, I find that houses are to be built. Shall we be men as we now are, and sow and plant and reap? Shall we need cattle to plough with, and shall we need the products of the earth to feed our spiritual bodies? We shall then be as the angels of God; what need will there be of houses to live in? If you can make this subject more clear, you will greatly assist one of your readers."

I HAVE no doubt but that more than one of my readers will be helped by a clear exposition of the truth concerning the world to come; for there is nothing about which people in general have more hazy ideas. Indeed, very many even of the most noted religious teachers seem to accept it as a settled fact that we can know next to nothing about the future state, in spite of the fact that the Bible has so much to say about it, going into many of the most minute details. Now it is not to gratify idle curiosity, that the Bible makes these revelations; the Lord never reveals anything for that purpose; but it is that we may know how to use this world as a preparation for the world to come. I would not have you think that the whole subject can be made clear,—that is, that all that the Bible teaches concerning it can be set forth,—in a single article like this; but I do think that with the Lord's help, I can enable you to get hold of the truth of the matter. The fulness of it affords

material for study all the rest of one's lifetime, both in this world and in the one to come.

In order to get an understanding of this subject, as of everything else, we must go back to the beginning. You can at once see that this is so, since that which the Bible speaks of as taking place at the coming of Christ,—that which God has spoken by the mouth of His holy prophets since the beginning,—is "the restoration of all things." Acts iii. 20, 21.

Things are not now in this world as they were at the beginning. The third chapter of 2 Peter sets this forth very clearly. It says that "in the last days mockers shall come with mockery, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

That this declaration of the mockers is self-evidently false, the apostle next proceeds to show, saying: "For this they wilfully forget, that there were heavens from of old, and an earth compacted out of water and amidst water, by the word of God; by which means the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished; but the heavens that now are, and the earth, by the same word have been stored with fire [marginal reading], being reserved against the day of judgment and destruction of ungodly men," at which time "the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. But, according to His promise, we look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter iii. 1-13, Revised Version.

Here several worlds are spoken of, but every reader knows that they are all this world, that is, this planet, under different conditions. There was the world in the beginning, so perfect in every respect that God Himself could not see anything that it lacked. Then came sin, and within a few hundred years the earth, which at the first was the home of peace, was corrupt

and "filled with violence," "for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." Gen. vi. 11, 12. Then the earth was destroyed by the water that was stored within it, together with that which the firmament had separated from it; and from the waters of the flood there came another earth, oh, so terribly marred and changed from what it was before, yet cleansed from its defilement. That is the world that is now, and which is fast becoming as corrupt as it was before the flood. "The earth is also defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant" (Isa. xxiv. 5), and therefore the curse will soon completely devour it. This time the work will be indeed complete, for a lake of fire, instead of water, will overwhelm it; but from the flood of fire another world will emerge, a renovated, purified earth, new as in the beginning, to be the eternal abode of righteousness, as it was designed to be.

Please go over this bit of history again, so that you can firmly grasp all the details of it. Now let us consider the relation of each one of these worlds to the others, so that we can at a glance take in the three views—the earth in the beginning, the present earth, and the new earth to come. No one has any difficulty in connecting "the world that then was," as Peter designates the world before the flood, with the world that now is. It is far inferior in looks and productiveness now to what it was then, and the inhabitants are not now as strong or as long-lived as were the inhabitants of the earth before the flood; but nevertheless the same material is in this earth that was in that, and the inhabitants are the same order of beings.

Well now, let us take another step. Just as in the preceding case, nobody has any difficulty in connecting the world after the fall with the world before the fall. When Adam was driven out of the garden of Eden, he went out into this present world, as it now is, or as it was before the flood. It was the very same earth that God created and pronounced "very good," only it had suffered a blight because of man's sin; when Eve was tempted,

"Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate:
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost."

It was the same earth after the fall as before, only marred, and man was the same creature, only weakened and susceptible to all sorts of diseases.

One step more takes us into the world to come; for that will be identical with that which was from the beginning; the new earth for which, according to God's promise, we look is the result of "the restoration of all things," new as it originally came from the hand of the Creator; and the change from this earth to that will be no greater than the change from the new earth in the beginning to this present state. It will be exactly the same change, only in reverse order. That was degeneration; this is regeneration.

Can you not now see clearly that the world to come must be as real as this? To get a crude sketch of it, picture to yourself this present earth infinitely more fruitful than it now is, and bringing forth only perfect products, and the people on it free from every phase of selfishness, and all forms of disease; then think of them as going about all sorts of work that benefit mankind and glorify God.

Let me try to bring the immortal state a little more vividly home to you in another way. You know what it is for people to be very ill, and to recover. Men on the verge of the tomb have often been restored to what is termed perfect health in this world. Well now, just carry their restoration a little further; let the life that raised them from sickness to health be present in abundant fulness, transforming and glorifying the whole being, and let it be a permanent possession, and you have the new earth state, so far as man is concerned. In short, the world to come will be this present earth freed from all encumbrances, and its inhabitants freed from all disabilities.

Were there beasts and birds and fishes when the earth was created?—Read the first chapter of Genesis. Then of course there will be all these creatures after the restoration. What would the world be without them? And, as in the beginning, they will be subject to man—his servants.

Then what was man's work in the beginning?—To dress and keep the garden which God had planted, and to fill and subdue the rest of the earth. Even so in the world to come. When the fires of the day of God have burned up all the corruption, the promise to the righteous is, "Ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. iv. 3. Then will be the time when "the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed" (Amos ix. 13), for the

captivity of God's people will be ended, and they shall be planted upon their own land, and "no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God;" "and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them" (verses 14, 15); "they shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." Isa. lxxv. 22, 23.

This, as we see in verse 17, is when God creates new heavens and a new earth. And the fact that they do not build for another to inhabit, nor plant only for others to eat the fruit, shows that there is to be no death in that state. Will it not be glorious?

Just a word in closing this hasty outline. Do I need to tell you why it is that God has in His word set forth the conditions of life in the new earth so plainly before us? Do you not see for yourself that it is that we may know how we ought to live now? Is it not forcibly impressed on your mind that as we are to be the same people, going right on living as a real life as we do now, that, barring mortality, we are called on to live now the same as we shall live then. Our bodies only, not our characters, will be changed when Christ comes; and that change will only be the perfection of that which we now struggle and groan for.

Thank God the life to which the new earth invites us is not merely a pleasant dream in this mortal state; for Christ has power over all flesh (John xvii. 2), and the life of Jesus may be manifested even in our mortal flesh. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17. When this is true of all men on the earth (those who reject Christ having been destroyed), what more natural than that God should provide a place for them to live in, corresponding to their nature? So when old things are passed away, and all things are become new inside of men, the same thing will take place outside of them; and the righteous will go on living to all eternity, after Christ's coming, just as they began to live before His coming, only under

infinitely improved conditions. In this assurance there is both infinite incentive and infinite help to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

GOOD AND BAD SPIRITS.

"I am a reader of your paper, and I see in the number dated September 25 the statement that Spiritualists communicate with Satan or his evil angels. One thing alone will prove that you are wrong; and you will see that the spirits will communicate, and show themselves to their friends. In 1 Sam. xxviii you will see that Saul recognised Samuel, and the spirit of Samuel was not Satan or one of his angels. From the days of Moses until now, there have been communications with the spirits. In 1 John iv. 1 we are told to try the spirits, whether they are of God."

PRECISELY; that is what we have been writing about. The fact that we are told to "try the spirits, whether they be of God," is proof that there are spirits that are not of God; and whatever Spirit is not of God is of Satan.

I have been struck with the fact that comparatively few people seem to understand the truth about angels,—that they are an entirely different order of beings from man. It is this confusion of ideas concerning angels and the spirits of men, that makes so many an easy prey to Spiritualism. They read in the Bible about supernatural beings communicating with men, and straightway assume that the dead can and do communicate with their friends.

Some years ago I was talking with a very intelligent gentleman, the editor of an influential Spiritualist journal, who asked how it was that I, a believer in the Bible, denied spirit communication. Said he, wonderingly, "Do you not believe that there are any such things as spirits at all?" To him I replied, just as I say now to our enquiring friend: "Certainly I believe in spirits good and bad; and I believe that they can communicate with us. I believe this, because the Bible teaches it. They not only can communicate with us, but good spirits have a great deal to do with us every day, and we are very dependent upon them. But these spirits are angels, and not men, and they never were men."

In the first chapter of Hebrews we are told that God "maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire;" and that they are all "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." God gives His angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways; and "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. xxxiv. 7.

These angels, sons of God, were in existence before there were any men; for when the foundations of the earth were laid they all "shouted for joy." They could not possibly be the spirits of dead men; for they were all created not only before any man died, but before there was any man.

But some of the angels "kept not their first estate," and have given themselves up to try to thwart the purposes of God, and to lead men astray. This they do in various ways; but one of the boldest is to profess to be the spirits of good men who have died, and to have come direct from heaven with messages for men still on earth. "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness." 2 Cor. xi. 14, 15

Right here is where we need to heed the exhortation to "try the spirits, whether they are of God." How shall we try them?—"To the law, and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." Isa. viii. 20. Now it need not take us long to prove them thoroughly by God's Word. Indeed we may know them at the very outset; for when they come professing to be the spirits of the dead, we know at once that they are lying spirits, and we should have no further words with them. We know they are lying spirits, because "the dead know not anything." A spirit's claim to be one of the dead returned, proves him to be of the devil.

But what about Saul and Samuel? That is easily answered. My friend says that "the spirit of Samuel was not Satan or one of his angels." That is self-evident; but the spirit that talked with Saul on his night visit to the spiritualist medium was not the spirit of Samuel.

Read the account in 1 Sam. xxviii. Verse 7 says that Saul said to his servants, "Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit that I may go to her, and enquire of her." And his servants said, "There is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor." Note particularly that this woman had "a familiar spirit;" not many, but one; there was one spirit with whom she was in constant communication. Now will anybody claim that the spirit of Samuel held itself subject to the beck and call of a woman, who by the command of God was an outlaw? The idea is too absurd and repulsive to be entertained even by those who believe that Samuel was conscious after death.

Note further that "when Saul enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." 1 Sam. xxviii. 6. Because God would not answer Saul, he had recourse to the woman with a familiar spirit, —one who was "an abomination unto the Lord." Deut. xviii. 10—12. This proves conclusively that God had nothing whatever to do with that interview. But since it was not of God, it was certainly of the devil; and we know that Samuel, who faithfully served the Lord all his lifetime, would not serve the devil when he was dead, even if he were conscious and able to serve anybody. Hence we know that neither God nor Samuel had anything to do with Saul's interview with the woman of Endor. The spirit with whom he talked was not the spirit of Samuel but the spirit of a demon personating Samuel.

Moreover, the Scripture does not say that Saul saw any spirit, but plainly indicates that he did not. When, as the result of the woman's incantations, the spirit appeared, Saul did not see it, but asked, "What sawest thou?" "An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle." Then Saul "perceived that it was Samuel." How did he perceive that it was Samuel?—Solely by what the woman said. He wanted Samuel, and of course the evil spirit knew enough to personate him.

But it is thought that the fact that it is said that Saul perceived that it was Samuel proves that Samuel, although dead, was there. Not by any means. Read the account of the fall, in Gen. iii. 1—6. God had said that death would surely follow eating from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Satan said, "Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Then follows the statement that "when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat."

Are we to understand that the tree was really good for food, and to be desired to make one wise?—Certainly not; It was deadly, and not at all good for food. The woman, hypnotised by the serpent,—Satan,—who is the author of all hypnotism, saw what was not so. Even so it was with Saul.

It is true that from the days of Moses, and long before his day, until now, there has been communication with spirits; and

so there will be till the end. We are glad to know this, for so we know that we may be permitted, even as Abraham and Lot, to hold converse with angels who are sent forth to do service for us.

There is most certainly a reality to Spiritualism. Men do really communicate with real spirits; but never with the spirits of the dead. And though the spirits of devils are continually on the watch to lure us to destruction, we need not fear them, as long as we hold fast to the shield of faith, and "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

KNOWING BY FAITH

FAITH is not speculation. It is not a guessing at things. It is not a taking for granted that of which there is not, and cannot be, any certainty. Faith is the means of attaining to knowledge which cannot be reached in any other way. And it is absolute knowledge too. Instead of faith being the taking at a venture things of which there is no certainty, it is that which introduces us to the very certainties of the universe itself.

If the world could see God or the things of God with worldly eyes, and could know God or the things of God by worldly knowledge, this would reduce God and all the things of God to the level of this world and the things of this world. And this would be only to confirm, by the sanction of God, this world for ever in its own ways as they are. But God wants to lift the world up to Himself and His ways, instead of having the world bring Him down to its own level to confirm its own wickedness. And in order that the world may be brought to God and His ways, it must see with other than worldly eyes and know with other than worldly knowledge. It must see with the eyes of God and know with the knowledge of God. And that it may do this, God has made to all the world the gift of faith.

By faith we see that which without it cannot be seen, and by faith we know that which without it cannot be known. By faith we see Him who is invisible (Heb. xi. 27), and the things that are eternal (2 Cor. iv. 18). By faith we know Him who is the Author and Fountain of knowledge, and that which passeth knowledge. Eph. iii. 19. So, while the world cannot receive the Spirit of God because it seeth Him not neither knoweth Him, they who are of faith can receive Him. And having received Him they see Him, though He be invisible, and know Him. To these He says, "Ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." And, "Ye see Me." And, "I will manifest Myself to him."

A. T. JONES.



A MODERN PARABLE.

THE FACTORY THAT WOULD NOT GO.

A MAN had a factory! He walked round the outside and then walked round the inside. There were the shafts all properly set, the cogs all sharp and clean, the great engine all complete. The machinery was all there but it didn't move a spoke.

He was looking disgustedly at the factory when a man came up and said, "Your factory?" "Yes," he replied.

"What do you make?" "That's the trouble. I don't make anything."

"Doesn't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter with it?" "I don't know."

"Ah," said the man, "I'll tell you; you want to get some hook-nosed oil-cans, and some imported oil, and oil up all the bearings."

So he got the hook-nosed oil-cans, and the imported oil, and he employed men to go round and oil all the machinery and all the bearings.

Then he came down again, walked round inside and outside. Nothing moved. A man came up to him and said, "Your factory?" "Yes," he replied.

"What do you make?" "Don't make anything."

"Doesn't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter?" "I don't know."

"I'll tell you; you want to fresco it—side walls and ceiling—and I would recommend you to put a couple of bare-footed angels, with trumpets eternally ready to blow—and do it properly."

So he put workmen in and frescoed the factory, putting a couple of angels on the ceiling, with trumpets at their lips ready to blow.

Then he came down, and looked it over again, but still it did not move, and while he was looking a man came up and said, "Your factory?" "Yes."

"What do you make?" "Nothing."

"Why? Doesn't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter?" "I don't know."

"Ah," said he, "I will tell you. It has got no steeple. You want to put up a nice steeple on one of the corners, and I'd advise you to put in a fine pipe-organ and get a quartette choir at the same time."

So he set men to work, got the steeple up, with a chime of bells that was mar-

vellous, put in a pipe-organ, with lots of pipes, got a quartette choir that would beat anything you ever heard, specially on the "Amen." When they got hold of an "Amen" they just chased it up and down stairs fit to make your hair stand on end.

Then the man came down, saw the steeple and the organ, and heard the choir and the chimes. But not a thing moved.

"This your factory?" said a man who came up. "Yes."

"What do you make?" "Nothing."

"Doesn't it run?" "No."

"What's the matter?" "Don't know."

"Ah," he said, "you want a picture of the thing taken. Get a photographer to take a picture, have a lot of big copies made and framed and hung up all round, in the railway stations, in the hotels, in the barbers' shops, and so on, telling about the time the thing is expected to move. Say it will move at eleven o'clock in the morning and seven o'clock at night, and the people will come to see it move."

So he got a great big picture taken, and had copies hung up at all the places the man told him about.

Then he came down, walked round inside and out; but couldn't see a hair moving. He was perfectly disgusted. Not a cog trembled!

Just then a working man came up, a hard-handed man. He took off his hat—he was very polite—and said, "Beg pardon, sir, is this your factory?"

"Who told you to ask me that?" grunted the owner of the factory.

"Beg pardon, but is this your factory?" repeated the man. "Yes."

"What do you make?" "Don't make anything." "Doesn't it run?" "Run! No, not at all—except into debt!"

"What's the matter, sir?" "I don't know. A man told me to get some hook-nosed oil-cans—and there they are. Another man told me to fresco it and put in a couple of angels. I frescoed it, and if you will come in and have a look you will see two bare-footed angels on the ceiling ready to blow their two trumpets."

"Another man told me to put on a steeple, to get a pipe-organ, to engage a quartette choir, and I did. Do you hear those chimes? See that organ? Listen to that choir chasing that 'Amen' up and down! Another man told me to get a photograph taken and hung up. I have

hung it up! But the machinery doesn't move a spoke, and I am disgusted with the whole business."

"Well," said the working-man, "pardon me, sir. I have never been to school, and I don't know anything about those angels; but I would like to ask you one question: Did you ever put any fire under the boiler?"

"Why, I never thought of that."

"Well," said the working man, "if you will take the chances—it will scare the choir, likely—but if you will take the chances I will put some fire under the boiler."

"Oh," said the man, "go ahead. Move it somehow. Make something of it, if it's only ashes!"

So the working-man went inside, took off his coat, opened the door of the furnace, put in the coal, lighted a match, got the fire going, set on the draughts, shovelled in some more coal, and pulled back the throttle valves. The steam rushed into the cylinder, hit the end of the piston rod, the great wheels began to tremble. It revolved, and the machinery all over the factory began to move. A little more coal—and more—and more—and more, while faster—and faster—and faster went the machinery. The quartette choir got scared to death—went out at the back window. The whole thing was moving. Something had happened. Praise the Lord!—*The Southern Cross.*

FORGIVEN—THEN CROWNED.

THE STORY OF A DESERTER.

ABOUT the year 1750 there lived in Hanover a teacher of music, who struggled to find a living for himself and his family of ten children. Of these, one was a lad named William, a sharp, bright boy, clever at figures and skillful at music, who, when only fourteen years of age, was able to take his place in the royal band. He found it was all very well to be a soldier as long as it meant being dressed in a smart uniform, and helping to make fine music which the citizens came out on a summer's evening to hear and applaud. But there came a day when war was declared by the French against the English, and as our George the Third was also King of Hanover, the enemy marched against that country. Then it was too much; the whistling bullets, the boom of cannon, the killed and wounded to right and left of him, the towns on fire, the terrified people homeless and starving—all this was very different from the fine music of the band. At the close of a day's battle, the poor lad lay almost dead with hunger and cold, and spent the night in a ditch. He had had fighting enough for a lifetime.

So he deserted from the army, but as it was unsafe for him to remain in his own country, his friends managed to send him

to England. He was nineteen years old when he reached our country, a stranger in a strange land. He managed to find his way to Bath, and after many discouragements was appointed organist of the Octagon Chapel. Gradually he became famous as a musician, and in addition to his pupils conducted concerts and oratorios which added to his fame. His studies as a musician in the theory of music gave him a love of mathematics, which in turn led to his studying astronomy. He had no appliances beyond the use of a little telescope which he borrowed from a friend.

Telescopes in those days were costly things, far beyond the reach of his purse. But he was not to be daunted, and, busy though he was, resolved to find time to make a telescope. It was really a tremendous undertaking. A metal mirror had to be made, a mixture of copper and tin, which, when combined in certain quantities produced a substance so brittle that the least degree of haste in preparing it, or carelessness in dealing with it, would shatter it instantly. It had then to be ground and polished with such precision, that the slightest irregularity or flaw would render it useless. At length, however, it was completed.

Then came indeed an exceeding great reward of his patient toil. From ages reaching back to the farthest distance, the astronomers had recognised five well-known planets, whose very names implied their age and origin—Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mercury and Mars. Hundreds of years had failed to add to the number. But this musician, eagerly watching, found far away on the very outskirts of our solar system a star which arrested his attention. It seemed to move, and yet could it be that he so soon had found what the watchers of the ages had failed to discern? Another planet! With trembling eagerness he left his duties as musician, night after night to watch this star through his telescope, until the fact was established beyond all doubt. Then he ventured to proclaim his discovery. The world of science was stirred beyond measure. The name of Herschell, and the story of what he had done, filled the papers both of this country and of the Continent. Great men began to communicate with him, until his fame as an astronomer stood higher than that of any other living man.

The King sent for him to Windsor. Thither with his faithful sister Caroline, who used to sit recording his observations on nights sometimes so cold that the pen froze in the ink, Herschell journeyed, taking his telescope with him. He was received in state and ushered into the royal apartments.

But one thing he had forgotten. The famous musician, the still more famous astronomer, whose fame was on all lips, was a deserter from the King's army. How could the King receive him? How could the King treat with him? No discovery

that Herschell could make in the heaven above or in the earth beneath, no splendid achievement, could undo that fact of desertion or remove the penalty that it involved.

As the King rose to receive the astronomer, before saying a word about his discovery, he put into his hand a paper. Herschell opened it wondering, and read it. There in the King's own handwriting was his pardon as a deserter from the army. Then, but not till then, the King could receive him as the astronomer. That pardon written by the King's own hand and sealed by the King's own seal must come first and clear the way. Then, but not till then, could the King hear the story of the astronomer's discovery, and how that he proposed to honour the King by naming it after him—*Georgium Sidus*.

Forgiven first—then the King could bestow the marks of royal favour. He is appointed Astronomer Royal, is to come and live near the King's own palace, and there is an order given that a telescope be made for his service, larger than any that was then in the world. Then the King can complete the honour, and make the astronomer Sir William Herschell: *Forgiven—then crowned!*

So it ever must be. And such is the gift that waits for us when we come to our God. He forgiveth all thine iniquity, then He crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy.—*Mark Guy Pearse*.



THE MISSIONARY.

Look where the missionary's feet have trod—
Flowers in the desert bloom, and fields for God
Are white to harvest. Sceptics may ignore;
Yet on the conquering Word, from shore to shore,
Like flaming chariot, rolls. Ask ocean's isles
And plains of Ind, where ceaseless summer smiles;
Speak to far frozen wastes, where winter's blight
Remains; they tell the love, attest the might,
Of Him whose messengers across the wave
To them salvation bore, hope, freedom gave.

—Selected.

A MISSIONARY MONK OF THE DARK AGES.

AMONG the hymns that last because of the life wrought into them, none are fuller of the fervent evangelical spirit than those beginning, "Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts," and, "Jesus, the very thought of thee;" and they were written by a monk, Bernard of Clairvaux, amidst the heavy gloom of the Dark Ages. Bernard died in 1153.

As we sing these precious gifts of his to the Christian church, it is worth while

remembering that the hymns were the expression and fruit of a missionary life. The monk of Clairvaux, while the papal world was all astir over crusading into the holy land with mace and battle-axe, turned his thoughts to the unevangelised masses of northern Europe. He was the organiser and director of missionary enterprises which planted schools in Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. Far beyond his age in his grasp of Christian doctrine, he undoubtedly sowed much seed, that sprang up, when later, the Reformers were sent of God to break the power of darkness. It suggests a helpful thought to remember that it was a monk who sang,—

"Thy truth unchanged has ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all."

Even the Catholic priest or monk of our day is not beyond the reach of this truth that God has given us. We are to pass by none in our efforts and our prayers. The monk Luther, who was toiling up the sacred stairs at Rome on his knees, was the same little monk that later shook the papal world,—the same, only taken possession of by the glorious truth of justification by faith, and made acquainted with the personal Saviour. It was this same truth that made Bernard the missionary monk.

He declared: "Christ is called not only righteous, but, righteousness itself, our justifying righteousness. Let the soul, penitent for its sins, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, believe on Him who justifies the ungodly through faith, and it shall have peace with God."

So, out of his own experience of thirst for the infilling righteousness, he cried,—

"We taste Thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!"

The spirit of missionary service held the monk of Clairvaux close to a living Saviour. In no other way than the way of service can any of us keep warm and fervent our love for the personal Jesus, that hope of every contrite heart, the joy of all the meek. We can live truly, only as we are in personal touch with sinners needing help, to be used of God as channels through which He may pour His saving grace.

It was from the heart of the missionary, soul-winning Bernard, that these songs came, which will continue to cheer loving hearts, until Jesus shall indeed chase the dark night of sin away, and shed o'er the world His holy light.

W. A. SPICER.

"WHICH is the 'foreign nation' in the thought of God?" pertinently asked a foreign missionary in a great audience. And it is more than likely that not one in that multitude was able to make reply.—*Missionary Review*.



JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

JACOB stayed with his uncle Laban for twenty years, doing the work of a shepherd. Fourteen years he served for his two wives, Rachel and Leah, and six for wages. Then God told him to return to Canaan, the land of promise. He reached there in time to see his old father again, and to bury him with Abraham in the cave of Macpelah, when he died at the age of 100 years.

While Jacob had been away he had learnt to know God and to trust Him fully, and so his name was no longer Jacob, a *supplanter*, but God had changed it to Israel, an *overcomer*. This change in his character gave him a power over men that quite overcame Esau, and changed him from an enemy into a friend.

Jacob had now twelve sons: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphthali, Gad, Assher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, Benjamin. From this week's lesson we can see what was the character of these sons.

Joseph, his father's favourite, was of pure heart and life, and because of this his brethren hated him. In this he was like Jesus, whose holy life condemned the sins of the people so that they determined to kill Him.

God sent Joseph two dreams which gave him some idea of the high place that he was to fill in his manhood. First he dreamed that he and his brothers were binding wheat in the field, and his sheaf stood upright, while all the sheaves of his brothers bowed down to it. Afterwards he dreamed that the sun, moon, and eleven stars, representing his eleven brothers, all bowed down to his star. When Joseph told these dreams to his brothers they were very angry and said, "Wilt thou indeed reign over us?"

Perhaps it would have been better for Joseph if he had not told his dreams to his brothers. He might have waited quietly for God to bring them to pass without boasting of them to his brethren, and thus making them more jealous and angry. Even his father reproved him for talking about them, though he kept them in his own heart,

Jacob gave to Joseph a long coat with sleeves, a special kind worn only by princes. This made his brothers think that his father meant to set Joseph over them all as ruler of the family, and that increased their anger and jealousy.

Once when Joseph's brethren were away from home with their flocks, Jacob sent

bearing a lot of merchandise that they were taking to Egypt. As all that they wanted was to get rid of Joseph, they decided not to kill him, but to sell him as a slave to these people. Thus they would get something for him, and not have upon them the terrible sin of taking his life.

Then they took Joseph's beautiful coat,



Joseph to ask how they were. When they saw him coming, the wicked thought came into their minds that this was their opportunity to get rid of him. They said one to another, "Let us kill him, and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

So they took him and cast him into a pit, where they would have left him to perish, but just then they saw a company of Ishmaelites coming with their camels

and dipped it in the blood of an animal, and took it home to their father, who, when he saw it, said, "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." All his children tried to comfort him for the loss of Joseph, but he refused to be comforted.

All that Joseph's brothers did to prevent his dreams from coming true, God used to bring them to pass, as we shall learn in future lessons.

FOUR BEDTIMES.

"CLUCK, cluck, cluck," said the hen,
 "'Tis time this little chick went to bed,
 Or you'll live to be a fowl
 Which in the night will prowl,
 And be taken for an owl," she said.
 Then with a single peep,
 The chick went off to sleep,
 Soft tucked up in its warm feather bed.

"Purr, purr, purr," said the cat,
 "'Tis time this little kit was in bed,
 Or you'll grow to be a cat
 That can not catch a rat,
 And you wouldn't much like that," she said.
 Then the kitten in a trice
 Slept, and dreamed of catching mice,
 Wrapped in fur in her basket bed.

"Bow-wow-wow," said the dog,
 "'Tis time this little pup was in bed;
 For p'aying in the dark
 Will take away your bark,
 And you'll never make your mark," she said.
 Then the puppy stopped his play,
 And went to bed straightway,
 Curled up on his clean straw bed.

"Come, come, come," said mamma,
 "'Tis time this little boy went to bed,
 To sleep through the night,
 And with the morning light
 To awaken fresh and bright," she said.
 But the boy would tease and tease—
 "Let me sit up this once, please!"
 And at last was carried, pouting, off to bed.
 —Mary L. Paine.

A WONDERFUL CUPBOARD.

LITTLE Ruth had a discontented look on her face. She sat by the open window idly turning the leaves of the geography which she held in her hand.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed she.

The sigh was so deep and the little girl's face so sober that Aunt Anne glanced up from her work.

"What is the matter now?" inquired aunty.

"Oh, I'm so tired of learning these troublesome lessons, and every day just when I want to have a good time mamma will say, 'Now, Alice, it is time for your lessons.' What's the use of studying so much, aunty?"

Aunt Anne was silent a moment, and then she said to the little girl, "Let me answer your question by telling you about a curious cupboard that I possess. It is not large, although it contains numberless little shelves which have the singular property of expansion, that is, becoming larger, if you place things upon them; and strange to say, although so small, it is impossible to completely fill it."

"Why, I never remember seeing it," said Alice, now thoroughly interested.

"You have seen the outside, as you will find when I have finished telling you about it."

"How long have you had the cupboard, aunty?"

"Ever since I was born; and every day for thirty-five years I have been putting something into it."

"Why, it must be a queer cupboard!"

said Alice, with a puzzled look on her face.

"Yes; and another strange thing about it is that you can choose beautiful, useful articles, or ugly, worthless ones to fill it with. Now, if you had a cupboard like this, which would you place on its shelves?"

"Why, aunty, the pretty things, of course! I would never put anything ugly into a cupboard of mine, if I could help it."

"Well, Alice, although I think as you do, yet sometimes I grew careless, and placed worthless articles on its shelves. And then, too, it is very difficult to remove anything after you have firmly placed it in position."

"Why, this is the most curious cupboard I ever heard of!" exclaimed the little girl. "How I should like to see it!"

"What if I tell you that you are the owner of one yourself, Alice!"

"Surely you are joking, aunty."

"No, indeed. Can you not guess its name? It is our brain or mind. It has a place for everything, and if we fill it with the beautiful, the good and the true, we must commence when young to lay treasures upon its shelves. Day by day we add either good or bad to its store, although we may not always be conscious of what we are doing.

"Do you remember what you learned at school the other day for a memory gem?"

'For the thoughts you do not speak
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.'

There is a shelf for each of your studies, and if you learn that lesson in geography, you will fill a little more of the space for that particular study."

"I understand now, aunty," said Alice. "When I am studying I will remember that I am filling my cupboard with useful and beautiful things."—*Selected*

THE STORY OF THE SUNBEAMS

I HAVE read somewhere that four sunbeams met one morning and made an agreement to adopt certain plans all through that day and then meet at night to tell one another how they had succeeded. Their plan was this, that wherever they went, they would try to brighten the lot of somebody, just for that day.

So one of them, which we will call Number One, went to a lowly cottage and peeped through the window. On the floor was a little child trying to amuse itself while its mother did the household work. Here is a chance, thought the sunbeam. It is a little thing to do, but that does not matter so long as I can make the child happy. And so the sunbeam began to dance on the floor, as sunbeams only can, and the child watched it with delight, and then began to try and catch it in its tiny hands. And the sunbeam played hide and seek with the child until it crowed and laughed in its glee.

Another sunbeam which we will call Number Two, looked in at a window and saw an invalid lying upon a couch. It was a miserable room in a back street of a large town, but the sunbeam struggled through the dirty window-panes and shone upon the invalid. He felt the warm, bright touch, and it brought to him a dream of the country, and he heard the songs of birds, and saw the hazel trees, and the meadows, and the running brooks, and for the time he lost his pain and weariness, and felt as if he were a boy again.

The third sunbeam looked through a garret skylight and fell upon the pale, sunken face of a poor girl, who was sewing as for very life. And she lifted up her wan face for the sunbeam to kiss her, and a bright smile made her beautiful. Joy crept into her sad heart, and helped to lighten her toil all that day.

And the fourth sunbeam sought out a poor blind girl. She was sitting apart from her companions, for she could not join in their mirth, or their sport. But as the sunbeam fell upon the poor eyes that had never known sight, it seemed to her as if angels were lifting the veil that she might see the glory of heaven, and for very gladness she sang a happy song.

At eventide the four sunbeams met, each to tell its story to the rest, when lo! each confessed this—"In seeking to forget self and make another glad, they had found themselves filled with a great joy."

I wonder if you have heard the story of the little boy and the wise man? It is this. There was once a little boy who was a sad trouble to his parents because he seemed to take no pleasure in anything, and was always cross or sulky. They tried to make him better, but altogether failed. At length they sought out a man noted for his wisdom and begged him to help them. After hearing all their story, he said he had a recipe that would quite cure the child if they would see that he followed the advice. This they promised to do. The wise man wrote on a piece of paper, folded it up, and gave it to them. When they reached home they eagerly opened the paper and read the prescription. What do you think it was? It was this—"Take care that the boy does at least one kind action for someone every day." They taught him to do this, and he became as bright and happy a boy as there is on the face of the earth. Try it for yourselves.—*Church Family Newspaper*.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

WHAT'S the use of always fretting
 Over ills that can't be cured?
 What's the use of finding fault with
 What we know must be endured?
 Does it make our burdens lighter
 If we grumble 'neath their load?
 Does it make life's pathway smoother
 If we fret about the road?

—*Selected*.



PLANTS AS FOOD FOR THE MIND.

INCOMPREHENSIBLY great art Thou in Thy least, O God!" This truth is impressed on the mind afresh by the following paragraphs from the pen of Lord Avebury, showing that the devotion of a lifetime is insufficient to solve the problems presented by the commonest plant:—

One point in which our conception of plant life has undergone considerable modification of late years is as to their power of movement. Those who had not studied the question used to consider that animals moved but plants were stationary. We now know that many of the lower plants, especially in young stages, swim about by means of fine hairs known as cilia.

In fact, plants move much more than is supposed. There are instances in which they actually throw their seeds to considerable distances. Indeed, so far from being motionless, it would be more correct to say, that they are in almost perpetual motion, though the changes of position are so slow that they do not attract attention.

In a few cases, the reasons for the forms and shapes and colours and habits may be explained with more or less probability, but the unsolved problems of plant life are almost infinite. To make a collection is no doubt interesting, but it is like making a library. What is the use of the books if you do not read them? What is the value of a collection if you do not use it?

The problems of plant life are all but infinite. Great indeed as is the pleasure which flowers give to the eye, it is less than the delight which they afford the mind. They offer an endless series of most interesting mechanical, optical, chemical, and other problems.

It is not going too far to say that there is not a single plant—not even the commonest—of which the whole life history, properties and structures, are fully known to us—not one which would not well repay, I do not say the attention of an hour, but even the devotion of a life-time.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

THE following is a portion of the Baccalaureate address of President James B. Angell to the graduating class of the university of Michigan (U.S.A.), last June. It is good to find men of the highest culture and the most profound learning, recognising the simple Gospel which is the foundation and sum of all wisdom. Would

that all students could have such instruction continually kept before them:—

It is to be hoped that in pushing out however far the boundaries of knowledge, we shall never lose sight of our relations to the Supreme Intelligence. To trace His footsteps, to understand the work of His hand, to discover His methods in the creation and development of all things, is the aim of all sincere and honest seekers after Truth. When we find these, we find Truth. With open and honest mind, with loving and reverent spirit, we should search for the revelation of His laws of procedure in our study of nature and of history.

Back of all life, beyond the ken of microscope or telescope, beyond the reach of the chemist's analysis or the biologist's search, all are compelled to admit that there lies a great Power, which in its Personality no eye hath seen neither can see, which hath wrought from the beginning, and which Jesus Christ hath taught us to call, "Our Father." It is so far beyond our power to comprehend in His fulness the Infinite One, that it is not strange that even good and wise men who seek by their own unaided understanding to find Him out, differ in their apprehensions of His mode of being and his government.

But while human speculation is baffled, the humblest as well as the wisest may learn what is needful for us, from Him who spake as never man spake in telling us of the Father's love for all His children. The philosopher and the peasant may sit down together at the feet of the great Teacher, and learn more than the sage and the scientist could ever discover. After all we are not primarily scholars. Our highest estate is that we are children of the common Father, "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." For us, however high may be our aspirations for learning, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

THE WRATH OF THE BEE.

M. MAETERLINCK, whose book on the "Life of the Bee," is so popular all over Europe, contributes an article on the "Wrath of the Bee," to *Harper's Magazine*.

"The Bee, essentially so pacific, so long-suffering, the bee which never stings (unless you crush her) when looting among the flowers, once she has returned to her kingdom with the waxen monuments, retains her mild and tolerant character, or grows aggressive and deadly dangerous, according to whether her maternal city be opulent or poor.

"It would be natural that the bees should defend desperately treasures so laboriously amassed. But this is not the case. The richer their abode the less

eagerness they display to fight around it. Open or turn over a wealthy hive: if you take care to drive the sentries from the entrance with a puff of smoke, it will be extremely rare for the other bees to contend with you for their liquid booty."

"What is the reason of this?" asks M. Maeterlinck.

"Seeing suddenly her huge dwelling-place upheaved, overturned, half-opened, she probably imagines that an inevitable, a natural catastrophe is occurring, against which it were madness to struggle. She no longer resists, but neither does she flee.

"At each trouble that appears to them to possess an inevitable character, no sooner has the infatuation spread from one to the other among the densely quivering people, than the bees fling themselves upon their combs, violently tear the sacred lids from the provisions for the winter, topple head-foremost, and plunge their whole bodies into the sweet-smelling vats, imbibe with long draughts the chaste wine of the flowers, gorge themselves with it, intoxicate themselves with it, till their bronze-ringed forms lengthen and distend like compressed leather bottles.

"Now the bee, when swollen with honey, can no longer curve her abdomen at the angle required to draw her sting. She becomes from that moment, so to speak, harmless. It is generally imagined that the bee-keeper employs the fumigator to stun, to half-asphyxiate the warriors that gather their treasure in the blue, and thus to affect an entrance, by favour of a defenceless sleep, into the palace of the numberless 'swooning beauties.' This is a mistake: the smoke serves first to drive back the guardians of the threshold, which are ever on the alert and most aggressive; then, two or three puffs come to spread panic among the workers: the panic provokes the mysterious orgy, and the orgy helplessness.

"But woe to him who touches the poor hives! Here, smoke has lost its spell, and you shall scarce have emitted the first puffs before twenty thousand aoid and enraged demons will dart from within the walls, overwhelm your hands, blind your eyes, and blacken your face. No living being, except, they say, the bear and the Sphinx Atropos, can resist the rage of the mailed legions.

"The poor hives live, or rather die, from day to day, and it is because they have no honey in their cellars that smoke makes no impression on them. They cannot gorge themselves like their sisters that belong to happier tribes; the possibilities of a future city are not there to divert their ardour. Their only thought is to perish on the outraged threshold, and, lean, shrunk, nimble, unrestrained, they defend it, with unheard-of heroism and desperation. Therefore the cautious bee-keeper never displaces the indigent hives without making a preliminary sacrifice to the hungry Furies. His offering is a honeycomb."



THERE are renewed volcanic eruptions in St. Vincent, and earthquakes and eruptions are reported alarmingly frequent in other parts of the West Indies and in Central America.

PEOPLE will doubtless, as long as the world stands, continue to scout the idea that smoking and drinking make any difference with one's physical or mental powers; and those who advise total abstinence from tobacco and alcohol, and temperance in eating, will always be called faddists and fanatics. Yet even in the very papers where the food and drink reformer is sneered at, one is continually coming across incidental remarks which show that men know that excellence can be attained only by right living. Thus the *Daily Mail* of October 6 contains the report of an interview with the lawn tennis champion of Europe, who, speaking of his recent visit to America, said: "The players in America, too, are always in good training; they rarely smoke or drink, and throughout the winter are hard at play in some form or other." There is nothing new in this. Many hundred years ago the Apostle Paul wrote: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." In their contests only one receives a prize; but in the Christian warfare every one may be a champion. Is it seemly that an aspirant for eternal glory should be outdone by one who strives only for fleeting, earthly rewards?

ONE item in the question on page 677 was overlooked in the answer, and as the omission might convey a wrong impression, attention is called to it here. The question is asked:—

"Can you give me any proof that animals will be living after the Judgment? Is there any promise that they shall have a future life, and be raised from the dead, and their viciousness removed? Is it during the thousand years, or in the new earth, that the wolf, the lamb, the kid, and the lion shall dwell together, and a little child shall lead them?"

It has been made clear that there will be animals in the new earth. The context of the passages which speak of their dwelling together in peace shows this, as does the first chapter of Genesis, which tells the story of the creation of the new earth. But we have no reason to believe that animals will have a resurrection. The Gospel is not preached to the beasts, but to men, and therefore salvation pertains only to man. The beasts, therefore, that will inhabit the new earth, will be a new creation. This is intimated in Ps. cly. 29, 30, where we read concerning the animals, whom God sustains: "Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled; Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth."

THROUGH the intervention of President Roosevelt, the coal-miners' strike in America has been ended, both parties agreeing to submit their differences to arbitration. Work in the mines will now be resumed, and the extortionate prices that have been demanded for coal will undoubtedly speedily abate. The loss to the coal-companies through the strike is estimated at over eleven millions sterling, and the loss in wages to strikers at six millions. Besides this, the loss to the coal-carrying railways is two and a half millions, and the damage to the mines and machinery one and a half millions. When we add to this five millions loss to business firms outside the mining region, we have the enormous total of over twenty-six million pounds lost by this one strike, to say nothing of the loss of life, and other evils that always accompany idleness; and after all, it yet remains to be seen whether the strikers will gain their ends. It ought to be plain to everybody that, considered from a purely financial point of view, strikes do not pay. When we come to the moral aspect of the question, it is plainer still that strikes even at their best are in every particular wholly opposed to the spirit of Christianity. This is not by any means a justification of the course of the mine owners, or other employers; but Christianity never combats evil with evil. Love, which is the fulfilling of the law, works no ill to one's neighbour, but strikes are for the sole purpose of causing as much injury as possible.

THE latest movement of Russia is attracting the serious attention of the Powers, and promises to open up the whole Eastern Question again. "Put briefly, Russia has offered to Turkey a revival of the Unkier-Skelessia Treaty.

"This treaty, concluded in June 1833, established an alliance between Russia and Turkey, the treaty being, as set forth in the document, 'the result of the most ardent desire to ensure the duration, the maintenance, and the entire independence of the Sublime Porte.' As a matter of fact it reduced Turkey to the position of a subject State, while carefully concealing the truth. It bound Russia, at the request of Turkey, 'to furnish by land and by sea as many troops and forces as the two contracting parties should deem necessary.' The wording clearly indicated the dependence of Turkey on Russia, for the latter was apparently to be specially called in whenever required." "It gave the control of the Dardanelles to Russia, by stipulating that whenever Russia was at war with any Power, Turkey should close those straits to the warships of that Power. The practical effect was to convert the Black Sea into a purely Russian lake, with an outlet into the Mediterranean. So serious a view did the Powers take of this treaty that they declined to recognise it, and the French and British fleets appeared in the Dardanelles. As the result of their vigorous action the treaty was abandoned by Russia, and in the end a

declaration was accepted by her in 1842, to the effect that the straits were closed to the warships of all powers."

"Now, however, Russia has proposed to Turkey not only to renew it, but to introduce articles which, if possible, would radically strengthen its purport. The actual proposal was made by the Grand Duke Nicholas during his recent visit, with, as events have since shown, the full cognisance and approval of the Russian Government.

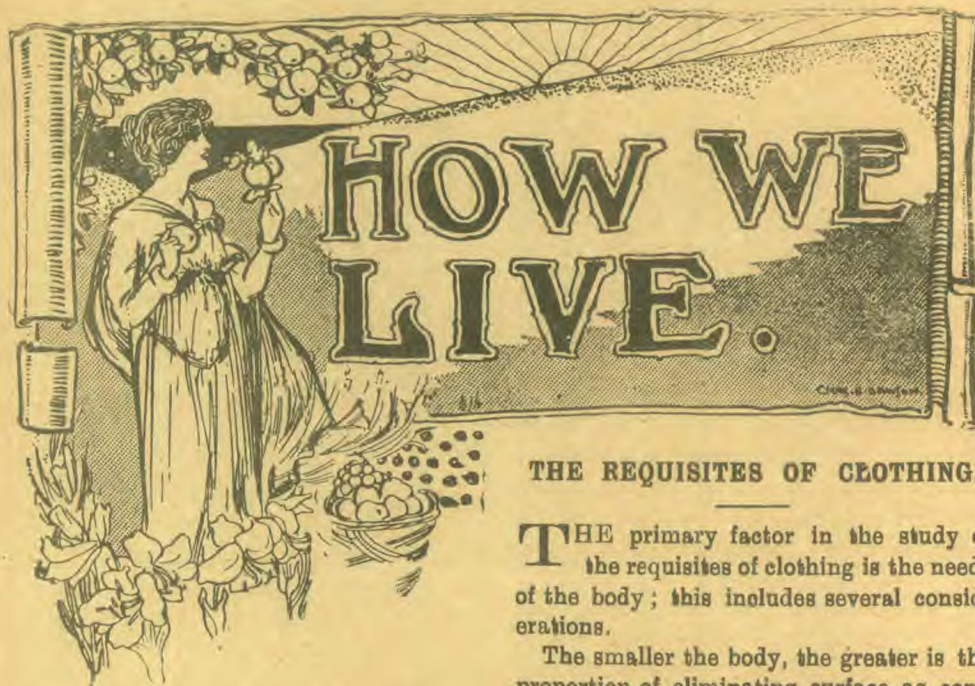
"This 'proposal' has caused consternation in Palace and Government circles. There are some important members of the Government who are disposed to entertain it, but the majority of influential people are against it.

"The attitude of the Sultan is not yet known, but what can he do? It is impossible for him, in his present state of embarrassment and isolation, to hold out if Russia should hint that her 'proposal' is a 'request'—which it really is,—and in that case he would be obliged to yield."

The *Daily Mail*, which makes the movement the subject of its leading editorial, under the heading, "A thunder-cloud in the East," says that the news "comes as a grave reminder that the Eastern Question is still with us, perhaps in a more menacing form than at any date since the war of 1877."

The special interest for our readers is the evidence that at a moment's notice, all Europe may be thrown into a state of war; for the effect of Russia's action, should it be carried out, would be similar to that produced by thrusting a stick into a wasps' nest. Meanwhile, those whose interests are wholly in "a better country, that is, an heavenly," can look on the agitation unmoved, except by the thought that it tends to hasten the consummation of their hopes.

THE newspapers last week appeared with news columns headed, "Turkish Atrocities;" "Reported Massacre of Christians;" but a reading of the news itself revealed the fact that the "atrocities" consisted simply in the successful repulse of some Macedonian revolutionists. It is stated that "Macedonia is in a state of anarchy through the action of the Bulgarian committees, helped by brigandage." Indeed the atrocities seem really to have been committed against the Turks. The British Consul-General at Salonika expresses the opinion that the situation in Macedonia is less perilous than it is represented to be. He asserts that the murder by villagers of a Turkish tax-collector and two gendarmes who were escorting him, and a similar murder of some Turkish charcoal burners, are really the only serious incidents that have occurred so far in the district of Salonika. He does not believe the situation will have serious consequences except in the event of Macedonian bands receiving support from some Power in the background. This, however, is just the result that the revolutionary committees hope for. There is no probability that the editors of newspapers will cease characterising every act of the Turks as barbarous, and calling the punishment of brigandage the "persecution of Christians;" but it is to be hoped that all who are desirous of being real Christians will be on their guard against joining in the popular clamour, which is not at all in keeping with Christianity, and which brings the term "Christian" into disrepute by applying it to political malcontents and desperadoes.



TO BREATHE OR NOT TO BREATHE.

A PARODY.

To breathe or not to breathe, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler for our sex to suffer
The pain and torture of a steel-girt corset,
Or to take up arms against Dame Fashion's
tyrannies

And, by opposing, end them. To unlace, to
breathe

Once more, and with full breath to say we end
The sideache, and the thousand unnatural ills
We make flesh heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To unlace, to breathe,
To make, perchance, the waist too large—ay
there's the rub;

For in that life of peace what form may come,
When we have shuffled off this girdle snug
And are at ease! There is the respect that makes
tight-lacing of so long life:

For who would bear the sneers and scoffs of men?
The corset tight, the dress's burdening weight,
The pangs of tortured flesh, the lung's disuse,
The fluttering breath, and all the plaints
That patient Nature to the unworthy makes,
When we might restful comfort take
In a loose bodice! Who would corsets wear
To groan and ache under their weary pressure
But that the fear of Madam Grundy's voice,—
That dread oracle, from whose decrees few women
waver—

Holds us slaves, and makes us rather bear the ills
we have

Than seek for ease that she would frown upon.
Thus Fashion does make cripples of us all.
And thus the natural form of womankind
Is changed—transformed, till none would recog-
nise;

And figures, by nature of fine mould and move-
ment,

For this are corseted in garments tight,
And lose their power of action.

—Eudora S. Bumstead, in *Woman's Tribune*.

"A good, brisk walk in the morning,
compelling yourself to breathe through
the nose, is an excellent hygienic practice."

THE REQUISITES OF CLOTHING.

THE primary factor in the study of
the requisites of clothing is the needs
of the body; this includes several consid-
erations.

The smaller the body, the greater is the
proportion of eliminating surface as com-
pared to the amount of heat-producing
tissue; hence the smaller the individual,
the warmer proportionately should be the
clothing. Nature makes this provision in
the finer and closer feathers and furs with
which she clothes the smaller animals.
Those who are ill, whose vital forces are
weakened, and the aged, have not as large
a capacity for heat production as those in
health or middle age, and hence cannot
bear as long-continued exposure to cold.
The occupation, active or sedentary, also
influences the amount of heat elimination
and heat production. A man of sedentary
habits needs to dress more carefully than
an active labourer.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.

Such materials should be selected as
will least interfere with the normal func-
tion of the skin. Evaporation of the in-
sensible perspiration must be favoured,
and not enough clothing worn to induce
sensible perspiration; the material should
be porous and of light weight. A thin mesh
of linen, silk, or cotton worn next to the
body, allows evaporation, and is easily
washed and renewed daily; over this may
be worn soft flannel of sufficient weight to
maintain warmth.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BLOOD SUPPLY.

The extremities, being remote from the
vital organs, and having a large blood sup-
ply with a large eliminating surface, need
to be clothed even more warmly than the
trunk of the body, in order that an undue
amount of heat may not be lost, or that
the blood vessels of the extremities, being
contracted by reason of the cold, do not
offer such an amount of resistance as to
throw undue labour upon the heart. The
feet are one of the most important reflex
areas of the body. They are connected
and intimately related by reflex nerve
routes with various portions of the sym-
pathetic nervous system which influence

the brain, the throat, lungs, kidneys, stom-
ach, bowels, and other abdominal organs.
If the feet feel the impression of cold and
dampness through thin-soled shoes suffi-
cient to contract the blood vessels supply-
ing them, the same impression is carried to
the organs reflexly related to them.
The blood vessels of these organs, especially
the arterioles, contract, and if the exposure
to cold is long continued, venous blood
collects, until a state of passive congestion
results, hindering the function of the
organ thus affected, and if many times
repeated, this condition becomes chronic.
Thus colds, indigestion, "kidney troubles,"
and the like are fostered.

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM OF EVERY ORGAN MUST BE INSURED.

If the feet are cramped and irritated by
ill-fitting shoes or boots, the whole body
suffers through the reflex irritation of the
sympathetic nervous system.

Hot, high, tight, stiff collars are destroy-
ing the beautiful curves of the neck for our
whole civilised race, and are also contri-
buting largely to the cause of husky voices.

If we would but turn an anatomist's eye
upon a corseted figure, or even upon a
person who likes to feel a snug adjustment
of her clothing, we should see visions of
floating kidneys suspended by delicate
nerves and blood vessels, seeking a resting
place: a liver indented and misshapen,
sometimes a portion nearly constricted off
from the rest; a stomach from two to
seven inches below its normal position;
a transverse colon relaxed, the small bowel
crowded down; the chest walls contracted;
the breath of life excluded from the lower
part of the lungs; the whole internal
anatomy distorted, displaced, deformed.
The picture is not overdrawn; for we can
find it all, and more, in the "beautifully
formed" (?) figure so smoothly incased in
its silken draperies which cover a multitude
of evils.

Unless an organ has absolute freedom,
its vital activities are lessened, its blood
supply hindered, its displacement assured,
and its function impaired.

Perfect health depends upon perfect
circulation. The requisites of clothing
demand an observance of natural law in
the life of the organism. Think first of
this. Right dressing is an art, but every
true art is founded upon science.

LILLIAN ESHELMAN, M.D.

DR. HUGHES, Professor of Mental and
Nervous Diseases at Barnes Medical
College, St. Louis, said:—

"If mankind in general knew what advanced
pathology teaches to the widely observant physician,
of the effects of daily alcoholic potations on the
human system, the use of alcohol and its principal
compounds, as habitual daily beverages, would be
shunned as a viper would be avoided."

Just a word to our subscribers.



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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALTHOUGH we do not publish any names in the "Editor's Private Corner," we like always to have both the names and addresses of all who send questions; for sometimes a question cannot be answered through the paper; and whether it can or not, we wish to be able to communicate with the sender. Quite frequently, however, the address is so indistinct that it cannot be made out; and we ask as a special favour that all correspondents will write their name and address legibly.

Will all who write asking questions, or making any reference to matter contained in the paper, please address their letters to the Editor of PRESENT TRUTH, and not to the International Tract Society? Please do not fail to note this.

God's Strength and Repose.—"Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation."

It is well to think of the strength of God, that we may trust in Him. He makes Himself known as "the Almighty God." "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." What confidence those terms inspire,—almighty, eternal, everlasting! "Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their host by number; He calleth them all by name; by the greatness of His might, and for that He is strong in power, not one is lacking." "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Surely,

"That hand which holds creation up
Shall guard His children well."

For God is not so absorbed or over-occupied with the care of the mighty planets and suns, that He can give no attention to details. He gives the birds their food, and notes the fall of the

smallest one of them. He has time to paint the most delicate hues on the tiniest flower, and to furnish the animalcule that is so small that a fly is an elephant in comparison, with the most exquisitely-finished and perfectly-working mechanism of joints. He hears and responds to the cry of the lonely young raven, and the faintest sigh of every one of His children.

"'Tis sweet to muse upon His skill displayed,
Infinite skill in all that He has made!
To trace in nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power Divine,
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees;
The shapely limb and lubricated joint
Within the small dimensions of a point:
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done."

With all this care of great and small things, God is never flustered or worried. In the midst of councils involving the welfare of nations and systems of worlds, He can without annoyance or irritation listen to the prattle of the little child insistent on recognition and on having its wants immediately supplied. In the performance of His mightiest works, He is always in a state of calm repose. He is always working and always resting. It is this that is our hope and trust. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed away from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Isa. xl. 27-29.

Here we have the secret of rest. God is calm and reposeful, because He has infinite strength. We may share in His rest, if we lay hold on His strength, to make peace with Him. Only the strong can really rest. The person whose muscles are weak and flabby, and whose nerves are all unstrung, never rests even in the intervals of labour. So when the Lord calls us to come and learn of Him, and to find rest for our souls, He means that we shall share His strength. This is evident from the fact that He calls us to take His yoke upon us. When we have His strength, we shall have His rest.

This is true Sabbath-keeping; for he who rests with the Lord, keeps His Sabbath. And this shows us that the Sabbath

truth and the keeping of God's Sabbath day bring perfect health and strength for spirit, soul, and body. The Sabbath message is a healing message; and whoever keeps the Sabbath perfectly has perfect health. The man or woman who comes up to the Sabbath day worn out with the toil of the week cannot properly keep the Sabbath. Now since they must do the work, and cannot change its nature or variety or amount, it follows that the command to keep the Sabbath carries with it the promise of strength that will enable one to perform the week's necessary toil, and endure the distractions, and still be fresh and vigorous. This is the secret of the Lord, that is with them that fear Him.

This complete rest of everlasting strength we may have in spite of physical infirmity, as the Apostle Paul experienced. He had a "thorn in the flesh" that irritated him and disturbed his rest, and he besought the Lord thrice that it might be removed. Then came the assurance: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." "Most gladly, therefore," said Paul, "will I rather glory in my weakness, that the strength of Christ may rest upon me." When our physical infirmity, even though it be like Paul's thorn, "the messenger of Satan to buffet us," causes the everlasting, almighty power of God to be manifest in our mortal flesh, it brings the rest of God, and gives repose, instead of destroying it.

The Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory.—"Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever," is what the Lord Jesus has taught us to say to our Father in heaven, who, because He is in heaven, rules over all, doing whatsoever He will. Ps. ciii. 19; cxv. 3. But the same Lord Jesus tells us: "The kingdom of God is within you." Luke xvii. 21. Therefore since "the power and the glory" belong to the kingdom, it is evident that all the power and the glory of God will be manifested and revealed in every one in whom God is allowed to reign supreme. When other lords that have had dominion over us, are cast out, and God's kingdom fills us, then the power and the glory that pertain to His kingdom must also fill us. What a high and holy calling this is! In Christ, of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!" May the grace of God, and the gift by grace, abound more and more in our hearts.