TRUE SPIRIT RETURN

as told



me

by my Mother

from

Heaven Above



Class BF 1301

Book .M2S

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



MY SPIRIT MOTHER AS SHE APPEARS TO ME

True Spirit Return

George McGehean
Lois McGehean



Spiritualistic Publishing Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

BF1301
.M28

Copyright, 1922
By
GEORGE and LOIS McGEHEAN
CINCINNATI, O.



DEC 26 '22

© Cl A692555

CM 0 1

EHS 4 Jan 1933

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Spiritualism	6
Heaven	15
The Power of the avenging Spirit	29
Future Punishment and Warning by One of Heaven's Guardian Angels	36
Suicides	41
Power of Satan and His Evil Spirits	48
The Power of God and His Spiritual Forces	69
Noah as an Illustration of Love and Wrath Combined of an All Powerful God	81
King Solomom as Revealing the Wonderful Power of Prayer to an Almighty God	87
Moses as an Illustration of Promises Fulfilled and Protective Love of an Omnipotent God	98
Job's Great Patience and Illustration of the Almighty Power of God over the Limited Power of Satan	133
The Revelation of a Wondrous and Powerful Love is Portrayed to the World by the Gift of the Son Jesus Christ from an Omnipotent God	152
Skeptics	225

TRUE SPIRIT RETURN

Cincinnati, Ohio,
November 8, 1922.

To the World:

It is with pleasure that I am permitted the privilege of expressing my thoughts to the world through my son and daughter, George and Lois McGehean, and it is with heartfelt gratitude to our heavenly Father that he has granted me permission to linger here on this earth, thus giving me an opportunity to work with them and, through their aid, spread forth many glad messages and joyous truths from the land of your spirit friends and loved ones.

It affords me much delight to correct the many erroneous ideas that seem to have been formed by some concerning the doctrines of Spiritualism and spirit return. It has long been my desire to carry on the work from which I found so much enjoyment while dwelling in this world as a mortal; namely, writing stories, poems and essays.

It has been twenty-five years since I

bade farewell to this earthly sphere and crossed the cold river of death to enter into the land of eternal happiness, and not for all the gold and silver, nor precious stones, nor all of the wealth that the world contains, neither kingdoms nor palaces, would I return in the flesh to your sin-cursed planet with its weight of sorrows untold—and I can speak for my spirit friends, your spirit friends and loved ones as well, for I know that they feel as I do.

So grieve not for those that have lifted the veil and passed into the great beyond. Rather rejoice that they are freed from the shackles of pain and woe the earthly mortals are compelled to bear.

Shed no bitter tears nor think of us as in the grave—'tis but the empty shell, our souls are with God in heaven.

If there is one little word of comfort or one ray of sunshine that I can send into some darkened heart-broken soul, let me not forget to say it, or to pass a sunbeam into a clouded life.

If I can but feel through this small volume I have brought consolation and understanding to some lonely heart, I will

reckon that my work has not been in vain, but it is my fondest hope that I can send cheer and gladness into the lives of many.

So go forth, little book, on your mission of golden truths and spread all around you the light of Spiritualism.

Enter the homes of thousands and carry with you the symbols of love, hope, faith and charity.

Shed the light of peace and hope far into the corners of the globe.

Fly to the north,
And fly to the south,
Fly to the east,
Fly to the west,
And fly to the world,
That loves you best.

I can well remember years ago when on this earth, while a missionary in China, my attempts to lead the darkened souls of the heathen land into the light of Christianity.

Sometimes it was very hard and seemed a hopeless task to convince them of the wonderful and beautiful truths of salvation.

Their hearts were filled with a love for idols, and reverence for the religion of their ancestors, and prejudice and doubt would rise up like a stone wall against this new faith that told of one God, Jesus Christ His Son the Redeemer of mankind, and the Holy Ghost.

Then they must be taught to look to a strange book for guidance, namely, the Scriptures, but their unwillingness to accept the truth was gradually and finally overcome through patience and prayer.

Just so, at times, it seems that the grand and glorious doctrines of Spiritualism have trouble in finding its way into the hearts and souls of the people.

So I fain would pray, as in years gone past, that our heavenly Father enable me to guide, through the pages of this little book, the world into the path that leads to the bright and golden star of Spiritualism.

And if there is aught concerning this subject that any earthly mortal does not understand I would be glad to enlighten him, for, as a spirit from heaven above, I feel that I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

You will find the mystery of calling up

your loved ones from the Spirit realm that has been revealed in this small volume a very simple one; but you must have faith and confidence in their power to return, and they will give rich blessings of hope, joy, peace and love.

With love and best wishes to the world,

MOTHER.

SPIRITUALISM

I wish to present to you one of the grandest and noblest themes upon the face of the globe, namely, Spiritualism.

Sad to relate, there are few who know the full meaning of this word, but I will try as best I can to place this wonderful matter before you as clearly as possible as has been revealed to me by my loved ones who have gone before.

When I have completed this little book it is with heartfelt hope that everyone who reads these pages will be the happier, and permit their souls to be filled with new hopes and joys; that is, the possibility of meeting and communing with their dead.

What a comfort it is to know, when we stand at the grave of our loved ones, that their souls can return to us and be our guardian angels.

When we are brought face to face with the glorious truth, then we will know that death cannot separate us from the ones

who have entered the gates of eternity. Then we can know that even yet, while we are still upon this earth, they are not lost to us.

When they have entered the great beyond, they have only gone to a world that is but a short distance from our earthly dwelling place, and can travel the space in a few second's time.

When we have learned their language, both silent and spoken, we will realize the wonderful meaning of Spiritualism, and instead of trying to drive it from our churches we will consider no religion complete without its sweet, ennobling influence.

When the world has thrown open its doors to the spirits of our dead loved ones, then this earth will become more like heaven.

Every day we will grow more perfect, until finally there will be no sin, and a great millennium will dawn upon the face of the globe. The two worlds will be so closely connected that it will be but a stepping stone from one to the other.

But we have a great deal to learn before we reach that state of perfection.

You will then look back and wonder how you could have been so slow accepting this wonderful faith, a faith that draws us closer to the feet of our Savior and to the Cross whereupon he died and shed his life's blood that we might live.

We are merely in our A, B, C's at the present time, so let us keep our eyes and ears open for the new and wondrous teachings on this subject from those who have dipped deeper into this matter than we have.

First, let us not scoff or make light of so serious a matter, but turn our hearts and souls with the greatest reverence towards the study of Spiritualism and all connected with it.

I have said that it is possible for our loved ones to return to us from the shores of eternity and be our guardian angels, and this is quite true, but they can do more for us if we have faith in them and their ability to aid us.

Like mortals, they want their work to be appreciated, and they like to be welcomed and recognized. So why pause for a moment on the brink of this wonderful revelation that will break in glorious

splendor, uniting the two worlds together in one bond of love and sympathy.

You can feel the bright golden light of a new day dawning in one peaceful and happy reunion. Our friends from the spirit world will guide us in our business affairs, as well as the hearts and souls of their loved ones in their earthly homes, bringing good cheer and merriment to all.

Instead of misunderstandings and heartaches, as is sometimes the case, there is harmony and peace when our spirit friends are guiding us in the paths of truth and justice. It will be easier, through their sweet ennobling influence, for us to get a clearer vision on life's perplexing problems, and to forget and forgive the wrongs that have been inflicted upon us.

With their silent voices whispering right from wrong, as our eminent writer and speaker, Professor Doyle, has expressed it, "How can we sin?"

But don't mistake me to mean that we are exempt from yielding to the temptations of this world even while our loved ones are pleading with us to turn away; for we are born in sin, and not until

we cross the cold river of death and enter the shores of eternity do we become perfect; or when the millennium dawns upon this earth, which will not be until Spiritualism has reached its highest zenith; will we mortals be less prone to sin, and will we close our eyes to many a flowery path that leads astray, or to the road of destruction and finally to the bottomless pits of hell where we will be compelled to serve a long and dreary term before we are permitted into the gates of heaven or to see our loved ones when we are guided by our spirit friends.

To this purpose we should aim with untiring zeal, for it is surely worth while to have a religion that brings us nearer to a state of perfection each day that we become more and more endowed with the principles of Spiritualism.

With this sweet influence around us we cannot fail to makes ourselves and others far happier than if we were without the presence of these guardian angels.

But let us first consider how we can best woo the spirits of our dead, so that they can reveal themselves to us, and we

cannot only hear their voices but see their forms.

What shall we do to call them from the land of eternity when we need them for some special task, or even to consult with them on ordinary affairs of everyday life.

There are many and varied ways of calling up the dead. The one most commonly used at the present time, and which proves very effective, is the laying of hands upon the table, and demanding, either silently or aloud, that the spirit if present rap three times, and if the spirit is present it will be made manifest by the trembling of the mortal's hands and of the table, and also three raps on or under the table.

This result can be obtained better by what is known as a medium, but as Spiritualism progresses the possibility of everyone becoming efficient in this power of calling up their loved ones will be in keeping with the affairs of everyday life.

The seances that are often held by a crowd of persons who are interested in the advancement of this cause, frequently result in wonderful revelations, as well as unexpected happenings.

The souls from spirit land are very fond of music, and will go quite a distance to hear a piece played on any of our earthly instruments, even a victrola. When the music is soft and low and sweet they will come all the way from heaven to listen to its bewitching strains, especially when it is played for the purpose of charming a spirit form to this world.

They will tarry long and sometimes perform what mortals consider wonderful and miraculous tricks. They are full of fun and like a good joke as well as any earthly mortal; for in heaven they are a merry crowd. They laugh and play and can do more work in an hour than we earthly mortals can do in a day, so I have been informed by a saucy little spirit from the other world who knows.

Why shouldn't they be a jolly crowd? With no aches or pains to worry them, and, as this same little saucy spirit has told me, Professor Doyle is correct in his statement that bodies are whole and perfect in heaven.

There are no blind or crippled or deformities of any kind in this land of eternal happiness. So grieve not, fond

mother and father, when the angel of death has taken away your little child in the spring-time of its life, or in its sweet babyhood days, or even yet when they have reached the age of womanhood and manhood, for, remember, they will never know again the pangs of suffering and sorrow that this world contains.

Do not moan for your mother or father, my children, who have crossed the river of death, when the autumn winds have strewn dead leaves across their path, or winter's snow has turned their hair to silvery gray and bent their forms with the weight of years.

When our loved ones are sadly afflicted with some earthly malady, or with some kind of deformity, why should we sorrow when they are able to throw aside this imperfect shell that causes them only pain and suffering when they can have a new body, whole, perfect and beautiful, within the golden gates of heaven?

Why think of them as gone when we can so easily call them back if we only learn the way, which is very simple, if we can teach ourselves to have faith in the doctrines of Spiritualism.

They often come without being called to help and guide us over the rough and stony points in life, but unknown and unrecognized by their earthly friends or relatives unless they are believers in Spiritualism.

How much better it would be if everyone knew of this wonderful and glorious truth! How much better it is when our spirit friends are greeted with a warm welcome, acknowledged and appreciated by their own, in this world of sin and sorrow! How much brighter our whole world would be for this universal recognition! How pleased and happy our friends of the heavenly sphere would be over this belief in their power to return and abide with us.

We could not fail to mark the difference in our lives from the time we took up the study of Spiritualism, on and forever after.

HEAVEN

What is heaven like? so many people ask. Once more, I refer to Professor Doyle. He has correctly described it as a beautiful place, with magnificent homes, whose green lawns and gardens of lovely flowers, I would add, never fade, wither or die.

The massive shade trees, with their foliage of leaves, which hold their color of spring-like tinting through the whole year long, can be seen everywhere.

Along the broad white roads their branches overlap for miles and miles, making cool sweet avenues. The parks and mountainsides are filled and covered with these large trees, and they are of all the different varieties that grow upon this earth.

Not only the spring tints can be seen in the foliage, but the gold and crimson of autumn lends enchantment to the view; but these leaves never wither and die any more than the souls that go there from this world.

Even the snow-capped mountains of winter are there to add loveliness to the scene. The skies are blue and the clouds are soft and fleecy, as they are here, but there are no storm clouds to mar their beauty.

There are gorgeous sunsets in heaven, but no night, only twilight, soft and cool, when the spirit souls can rest and meditate.

The sunrise in the land of eternity is beautiful, even far more glorious than anything we ever saw on this earth. The seas instead of being blue are of a silvery glow and the shores are of gold.

But this brilliancy of coloring is not painful to the eyes for there is a soft light over the whole landscape. There are sparkling streams and rivers that wind in and out through banks of flowers of every kind and trees whose heavy green branches dip low into the water's edge.

There are springs and wells whose cool refreshing waters are as clear as crystal. Some of the hills are blue-topped and purple in the distance, and the parks and gardens are filled with lakes and fountains.

The lakes are dotted with white sailboats, and the clear sparkling waters of the fountains cover the surrounding flowers with showers of diamonds.

Sometimes the question is asked, "Are there any animals in heaven?" Yes; every kind that is upon the face of this globe is represented there, even the lions, bears, and tigers, only they are as tame and gentle as a house pet.

As my spirit guide has told me, "many is the time, while strolling through the parks of heaven, I have met a lion and paused to stroke his shaggy mane."

The cat and dog can be found just as much at home there as here, not to mention cows and horses, and white woolly sheep can be seen grazing in the pastures and on the hillside, but they do not get their coats soiled and smutty like they do here.

Poultry of every description, from the turkey on down to the chicken, can be seen strutting about the yards. The national bird of America, the eagle, sails through the blue skies of heaven as much a king of birds there as here.

There is to be found the ostrich in the

land of eternal souls, but he is not robbed of his stately plumes for the purpose of trimming hats.

Also the brilliant feathered peacock, but he does not permit his vanity to get the best of him in heaven as he does on earth, but in spite of his handsome feathers he is as humble as any bird.

The dove in heaven, as in this world, holds the responsible position of being messenger bird, and the pigeon flies around at his own sweet will, but no one ever thinks of eating him when he is young, juicy and tender.

The robin redbreast retains the honor of being the sacred bird in the eternal city. The parrot is as talkative and saucy in the world above as in the world below, but you never hear him say a curse word up there.

You will find all the variety of songbirds, including the nightingale, mockingbird, the canary and the lark, also all kinds of the small bird variety, from the wren on down to the English sparrow, but these last-named fowls do not fuss and scrap and try to drive away other birds in heaven as they do on earth.

Heaven is full of butterflies of the most gorgeous kind, but their wings are strong and never broken, and like the flowers, they never die.

What are the seasons in heaven? One long perpetual spring — cool, sweet and balmy, with the fragrance of flowers ever stealing into the soft breezes.

You have often heard it said, "How I wish the weather could be neither too hot nor too cold, but just right." That is the way you find it in the world to come; perfect, with the softest of breezes to fan and rustle the leaves and flowers. Perpetual spring the whole year round. Perhaps you wonder how flowers, trees and plants can flourish with only one season, but that is one of the wonderful miracles of heaven that we earthly mortals cannot understand until we get there.

"You wonder what we appear like in the golden city of eternity?" my guardian angel asked me one day.

"Robed in garments of snowy white we appear in heaven," she answered me, "and the women and children wear their hair to their waist, parted on one side or in the middle as they prefer."

The men are also robed in white, but they wear their hair short with no beard. It is only when they have been accustomed to have a beard on earth and wish to appear natural to those who know them, or are related to them, that they allow their spirit forms to be seen like that, but on reaching heaven this immediately disappears. This is another one of the wonderful miracles of the world above.

There are countless instances like that, of varied descriptions, such as when the spirit was afflicted with the loss of some portion of his body while on earth or was suffering from some peculiar deformity, this would be the way that they would return to you from the land of eternity to this world.

Their hair grows luxuriant and beautiful in heaven, but retains the same color that the spirit possessed when a mortal on earth in the days of youth. Only when they are seen by their earthly friends do they appear with gray hair or partly so, if that was the color when they passed out. This is in order that they can be recognized. They have the same features there as here, and their hair and eyes are the

same color and they are the exact height of their earthly form, if they have grown to maturity, when passing out.

Though their features may be more or less irregular, still they do not appear ugly in heaven, though they may have been considered so on earth. For with the glow of love and perfect happiness shining from their faces, and their spiritual bodies in perfect health, how can they appear ugly?

They are always planning for the good of some of their loved ones or friends on earth, and nothing makes them any happier than to be understood by the one they are attempting to aid, and they know no greater joy than to see their loved ones accomplish certain feats through their efforts.

So why not meet them on half-way ground? Did you ever stop to think that when we fail to recognize the doctrines of Spiritualism we are denying our beloved ones of the heavenly sphere?

There seems to be one stumbling block which stands in the way of many would-be believers in this faith which I wish to clear from their path of difficulties. It is

the question that arises in the minds of a large majority, which is a very natural one.

How is it possible for them to return, and, after seeing the trials, troubles and sorrows that accompany us through life, still be happy? "Perhaps it is another one of heaven's miracles," you will say when I tell you that it is quite possible.

As my spirit guide has told me, "we are certainly not known as a cold-blooded, heartless set in heaven, so it couldn't be for that reason that we can remain happy while our friends and relatives on earth are going through with a certain amount of suffering and sorrow." In the first place, life on this earth, with all its sorrows and perplexing questions, compared to eternity is of short duration. 'Tis but a stepping stone from earth to heaven, and our real life is just begun after we have entered the golden gates of eternity.

The bitterness that we have just passed through will make the next world the sweeter.

We will remember our troubles and afflictions just long enough to draw out the contrast of the two worlds more vividly,

and heaven will seem the more beautiful in consequence.

I doubt whether the angels who have dwelt in the land of eternity the whole of their lives, and have never known the sorrows that earthly mortals have passed through, find heaven half as beautiful as the souls who have come from the world of pain and afflictions.

Knowing this, and having passed safely through the portals of death from this world to gain life eternal in the next world, as my guardian angel has told me, I can better understand how it can be possible for our spirit friends to remain happy while their loved ones are going through a certain amount of suffering and sorrow on earth.

And then again, we spirits who are in heaven have a broader view of earthly matters and can see on every side of a question. But while we were in this world we could see but a short distance ahead, and often we mistook blessings for sorrows.

There is a great difference in which matters appear to us from the land of eternal happiness. In heaven all earthly

wrongs are forgiven and forgotten, and we soon find out, after arriving at our life-long home, that the troubles and adversities that have not been straightened out when we left this world will be righted in heaven, and all wrongs will be adjusted there.

Of course, while everything that went crooked on earth is untangled in heaven, still this fact does not prevent our spiritual friends from taking pleasure in smoothing out the rocky paths of life as much as is in their power.

Why deny them this privilege by throwing doubts as to their power and ability to return to us in the spirit form?

Sometimes the question is asked, "How can they be happy in heaven when they are separated from their loved ones?" But we believers in Spiritualism know that no form of death can take our dear friends and relatives away from us.

The mortals of the worldly sphere often wonder what spiritual bodies appear like to each other in heaven.

They are not flimsy, vapory or transparent there as they are when seen by mediums and others, but present a very

solid and substantial appearance, and at a glance they look like a well-fed crowd.

"Doubtless you will think it strange that we can look so well and eat nothing," murmurs my guardian angel, with a chuckle. "Another one of heaven's miracles," I hear you say. "Do we look like flesh and blood up there?" Why of course we do, only in heaven the glow of health is in our faces and our complexions are perfect. We don't have to use beauty creams there to keep the skin soft and clear, and prevent wrinkles.

You have heard about heavenly music, but you can never even imagine how divinely sweet and grand it is until you have heard its entrancing strains. The most wonderful music on earth does not begin to compare with it.

There is the sound of the rippling waters and the rushing waterfalls and the murmuring brook, blended with the voice of nature, from the boom of the ocean to the songs of the birds, and the soft tinkling of silvery bells.

Sometimes there are the sounds of the earthly night-winds which only lend a sweet cadence to the music and make it

the more enchanting. Then again, there is heard the merry breezes rustling the leaves and flowers, and you seem to see the golden sunbeams dancing with the shadows.

In heaven everyone can play and sing. All the musical instruments that you find on earth are there, from the pipe-organ down to the Jew's harp, and everyone can handle them prfectly.

There are no discords in heaven when it comes to music any more than in other affairs of life. All is peace and harmony there.

Every home has the different kinds of musical instruments that are found on this earth. The golden harp is a general favorite in this wonderful land of perfection and beauty, and although it is considered here as one of the most difficult of instruments to learn, even a little child can play it up there.

The melodies that can be brought forth from the golden harps are so divinely sweet that no words can describe them.

Quite often they have the grandest concerts in the parks where the band is accompanied by every musical instrument,

except the pipe-organ, and then it is that the music rises and swells and fills the hills and dales and winding roads with sweet enchanting echoes, then grows faint and fainter still, only to die away in the distant snow-capped and purple-crowned mountains.

But the fact that they have such delightful and beautiful music in heaven does not prevent them from enjoying our earthly strains, and we can draw their spirit forms from the land of eternity to this world quicker by music than in any other way except the laying on of hands upon the table.

They think a great deal of our music, also, because it always brings them closer to their loved ones.

Of course, they do not expect the perfection in earthly music that they hear in heaven, but the spirits of the eternal world are not a critical set. You have no idea what delight it gives them to hang around a victrola or piano-player while paying us earthly mortals a visit from the spiritual world above.

They like to go to the parks here and have a jolly good time, flitting around

among the crowd, seeing but unseen, and listening to the varied conversation and the sweet strains of music from the band concert; that is, if they are lucky enough to drop in on band concert night.

Many a silent laugh they have had together over the jokes and remarks made by different persons and the fact that they could see and hear everything without being themselves seen.

One thing that always amused us most was the fun we often got out of the question, when mingling in a lively crowd, What would they do and say if they knew that ghosts were along? So I have been informed by my saucy little spirit. They have had many a merry laugh over the scatteration and consternation they pictured would occur if these mortals knew the truth.

But if Spiritualism were in full swing these worldly folks would not be afraid of any ghost that walks the earth, unless they are cold-blooded murderers or criminals of the deepest dye. In that case matters would be different.

THE POWER OF THE AVENGING SPIRIT

Woe to such a wicked class if they fall into the hands of the avenging spirit when God has given him the right and the power to avenge a cruelly heartless wrong, or a horrible cold-blooded murder on this earth. When the one who has been permitted to play the part of an avenging spirit was a good, kind mortal and was driven out of this world through a murderer's hand, woe unto the slayer.

It is no fancy on the murderer's part when he feels that he is haunted by day and by night with the spirit of the one whose soul he dared to thrust into eternity without the heavenly Father's permission.

No fancy when he is pursued by silent footsteps, and when he takes flight in sudden terror. It is no imagination that causes him to come to a sudden pause and look with a frightened and startled expression in his eyes, back and over his own shoulder, to ascertain whose unseen

hand had been laid so lightly upon his shoulder, but with such power as to draw him back and cause him to come to a dead stop! It is no vision of the brain that he seems to see the fixed staring gaze from a pair of glassy eyes that are piercing through the blackness of night.

A dim, shadowy form was all the murderer could discern, as vapory as the air, but it stood out as clearly as a human form, gray and weird. But there was no mistaking those eyes which gleamed with an accusing light, and suddenly their cold, icy stare changed and glowed like two balls of fire.

Was it a vision that had formed its strange, unreal appearance from a conscience stricken soul? No; and it was not that that made him shrink back in horror, and then with a low frightened cry flee through the darkness, only to be pursued again by the same silent footsteps and dragged back by the same unseen hand, and confronted by a gray shadowy form with eyes that stared, fixed and glassy at times, and then burned like coals of fire until the murderer could feel his soul

shrivel as though consumed by a red-hot blaze!

Turn where he may, he was haunted by the ghost of his dead victim. Look where he might, those eyes! There was no getting away from them.

In some instances criminals of the deepest dye have been known to give themselves up to the prison bars and the death sentence because they have been haunted and tortured by the avenging spirit.

But the prison cell, with its cold stone walls and iron bars, does it shut out the gray phantom that has haunted him forever by day and by night? No!

It only drew him closer to this weird gray form. There was no escaping it now. He was locked in with it. He looked helplessly at the stone walls and iron bars of the narrow cell and then cowered back into a far corner.

The ghost of his dead victim was slowly creeping upon him. "My God," he cried, "spare me." The first prayer that had passed the lips of this hardened sinner since he had knelt in childhood at his mother's knee.

But the spirit form crept close and closer still, until it was bending over him. He could feel its icy breath and cold, clammy hands upon his face.

"Take it away," he cried, with one wild shriek that rent the air with a blood-curdling sound, which echoed through the prison cells.

"He is going mad," some said.

"He is conscience-stricken," others said.

Both were right, but they did not know the true cause. That he was haunted by the avenging spirit of his murdered victim, and that its presence had driven him to madness, and the gaze from its glassy eyes had pierced his soul until his deadened conscience had awakened to the full consciousness of the horror of his crime.

But he could only wait now the time for the carrying out of his death sentence and welcome even this gloomy prospect as a release from this never-tiring watch by a gaunt and shadowy spectre that hovered over him by night and by day.

"This occurrence that I have been describing is only one of many different

varieties of its kind," my guardian angel informed me one day.

Sometimes the spirit that has been very cruelly wronged is allowed by our heavenly Father to punish the transgressor in any way he chooses. It is not always souls that have been cast into eternity by wicked hands that are permitted to avenge the crimes of another.

These ghosts of vengeance sometimes appear to the murderer in the same clothes that he, the victim, wore when he was slain by him; and except for the fact that he enters through closed doors or walls, or rises mysteriously before him from apparently nowhere, his form and features are as clear as in life.

The strangest of all is that when these spirits who return to haunt and avenge the wrongs that have been committed against them have the same wound that his assassin inflicted upon him to cause his death.

It may be a bullet hole or a cut throat, or a deep knife gash in some other part of the body with the crimson life-blood ebbing fast.

It is all there just as the murderer last

saw his victim, even to the livid pallor and look of anguished pain that the dying one wore in his last moments.

In cases of this kind the ghost of the murdered one usually haunts the spot or house where he was killed. The slayer may have gone away, but woe unto him if he returns to either place or home where his hand sent a soul to eternity.

He will torture and harass this wicked mortal either into confessing his crime or committing some desperate deed that will lead to his discovery, or sometimes in his despair he would be driven to suicide.

If the victim is an inmate of his own home, such as a wife, relative, friend or servant, as the case might be, and the unfortunate one has been secretly killed, his ghost will appear before the remaining members of the household, and by many and various methods reveal the crime.

Or even if it happens to be a stranger, stopping at the gates, that has been murdered, this avenging spirit will rise before the family and tell in hollow tones how he met his tragic death.

If, by chance, the criminal moves away

from the scenes of his crime, and strangers come to live there, this avenging spirit will haunt the place and finally give the secret away. This, of course, results in the murderer's capture and imprisonment.

These cases that I have just mentioned are extreme ones and, comparatively speaking, are few.

But don't misunderstand me when I repeat that in heaven all wrongs are forgiven; for after the avenging spirit has been permitted to punish and right some cruel and heartless wrongs that have been committed against him on earth, he forgives and forgets it immediately on returning to the city of eternal happiness.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT AND WARNING BY ONE OF HEAVEN'S GUARDIAN ANGELS

So it behooves us mortals to beware and take care lest we allow ourselves to become careless and permit our lives to drift far away from the teachings of the Holy Book, our Sacred Word of God.

It is hardly possible that the murderer or criminal of darkest deeds realized when he took the first step that it would carry him to the dark prison cell or to the death sentence. But step by step he gets farther and farther away from the foot of his Savior's Cross, until finally he is lost in the darkness of sin.

So let us take warning from the murderer's fate, for it is a horrible thing to be haunted by the ghost of an avenging spirit. It is a serious matter to be lost in the darkness of sin, for then it will be many long and weary years, or may be ages, before the wanderer finds his way home in heaven.

The length of time for his punishment

depends upon the deepness of his sin. But no matter how wicked the man or woman has been on this earth they will not be held in the black and bottomless pit forever.

It is a mistaken idea that the majority of people have that there is eternal punishment. The Greek word that has been translated in the Bible as eternity should read as age, which means *for the time being,* or, in other words, *as long as God sees fit* to keep the transgressor in his dungeon home, and that would be according to the weight of his sins. No; not forever!

Do you think that a kind heavenly Father would create poor, helpless mortals, only to destroy their opportunity for happiness for the remainder of their lives with their souls writhing and burning through countless years of eternity?

For why did Christ, the beloved Son of God, leave His throne in heaven and come to this world of sin and suffering, to be scoffed at, and finally to be crucified with a crown of thorns upon His brow? Look you upon those cruel nails that pierce the tender flesh! See those drops of blood!

Hear that agonized cry, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do!"

And the Father's voice from heaven, "He gave His life that all might live," and looking back on this sad scene with the words of the Father and Son still ringing in our ears, tell me, can you believe that the majority or masses of souls are doomed to eternal punishment in a pit filled with fire and brimstone? *There is hope for ALL.*

The belief that our opportunities for eternal happiness are lost on the other side of the grave is a sad mistake. There is hope beyond the grave, I repeat. This fact should not make us careless, nevertheless. For it will be a longer and more severe punishment if we do not repent of some of the many sins we commit before the angel of death has taken us across the cold dark river.

It would be far better for him to lead a good true life, true to himself and to others and enter the golden gate of heaven immediately after leaving this earth, without having to pass through the dark and gloomy dungeons of hell.

Let him read the Holy Book of God

constantly, and that will keep him close to the feet of his Savior, and let him study the doctrines of Spiritualism, and that will enable him to read the Holy Word with a clearer knowledge.

He might drift into bypaths and away from the main road, but if his heart and soul are filled with the proper teachings, he will be drawn back to the way that leads to the Savior's throne in heaven.

But should he truly repent of his sins, though deep-dyed, on this side of the grave and lives a Christian's life ever afterwards, until his soul is called away, he will find a home in the eternal city.

He will then be saved from the black and gloomy pits of hell; so despair not, my friend, who has wandered far away from the fold, for through the blood of our Savior ye shall be saved, for has He not told us that though *your sins be as scarlet, they can be washed as white as snow?*

But delay not your repentance, for the cold hand of death may strike you helpless, and it will be too late, and as the poet has said: Of all sad words of tongue

or pen, the saddest are these: It might have been.

There is one thing I wish to mention before closing up this subject, and that is that God, the Creator of the universe and every living creature, the All Powerful, is our Supreme Judge, but is far more merciful and kind in His judgment of us than our earthly friends.

This, I think, should be a great comfort and consolation to us. This knowledge should encourage us to accomplish as many noble and unselfish deeds as is in our power, and be a great incentive to high principles and right living.

Then, again, how can we stray far from the foot of our Savior's Cross when we know that it grieves both Father and Son and the Holy Ghost, and that our Savior sits at the right hand of His Father's throne to intercede ever for us?

SUICIDES

There are a few matters I wish to mention. They are with reference to the exceptions that it takes to form a rule.

As a rule, persons who dare to send their souls to eternity, through their own hand, by committing suicide are doomed to future punishment.

There are a few exceptions to this rule, but God is the Judge of these few suicides that escape future punishment. He weighs every side of the question with accurate justice. He considers the motives and all the circumstances connected with it. And, of course, He is in a position to know the ins and outs of the whole affair from beginning to end. These sad tragedies He will handle as they rightly deserve.

There is one class of suicides I wish to make mention of as belonging to the exceptions that form the rule; that of one who has, according to the laws of God, lived a true, good life, but has been driven to desperation and finally to suicide by

the heartless and cruel treatment of one who is very near and dear to him, and should be kind and loving, but instead has made life more bitter than death.

These poor unfortunates that have suffered so on earth will enter the golden gates of heaven without any delay.

There is another exception that goes to form the rule. That of one who is driven to end his own life through a chain of unhappy events that crowd around him with such confusing persistence that he scarcely knows which way to turn to avoid a terrible catastrophe.

These are not counted among the doomed who are compelled to serve a term in the gloomy dungeon of hell.

There is a third class that I wish to call your attention to; those whose minds have become clouded through brooding long over sorrows and troubles that have weighed so heavily upon their hearts that in a moment of desperate despair they put an end to their weary lives.

Do not question here, "Why did God permit it?"

That is a subject that is broad and deep. It is enough to say that God doeth all

things well, and gathers the storm-tossed soul to His broad bosom to rest.

Though our heavenly Father is all powerful He is not responsible for all of the ills or misfortunes that befall this world. He has not made us machines, but has given us wills and brains of our own, and the power to think, and His Holy Book to guide us. *As ye sow, so shall ye reap, says the Holy Word of God.* Many times the troubles and sorrows that we endure are brought upon us by our neglect and miserable mistakes, but our kind, heavenly Father, knowing our weaknesses in sin and earthly temptations, judges us leniently and gathers us tenderly in His arms.

But as I have said before, God is not responsible for all of our sorrows and troubles, but there are times when He sees fit to chastise His earthly children when they have wandered far away from the Cross.

It is for their good and to bring them back before they are lost in the darkness of sin, and ere they wander so far that death might call them away before they have repented, and they must needs pass

through the shadows of the bottomless pit before reaching His home in heaven.

As a father punisheth his children so punisheth He: with the same loving kindness and gentle tenderness he shows to his erring children.

While I am speaking of exceptional cases of suicides, let me mention a few circumstances in which murderers escape future punishments.

Under these conditions they would go straight to heaven, though the death angel might call them away before they had an opportunity for repentance. These cases are extremely rare, and very seldom known to live long after the occurrence, even though they may have been pardoned by the law, for the horror of their crimes weigh so heavily upon their brains and hearts that their physical bodies lose strength until they can no longer be a fit resting place for their souls, and they take flight. But in all their seeming disregard for the commandment of God, are swiftly guided by the angel of love through the pearly gates of heaven.

These sad cases are parallel in likeness to those I have just mentioned as suicidal

exceptions. The points relating to their strange history are very similar, and they are generally persons from whom the world would least expect suicide or murder.

They are usually of a kind and gentle nature, unselfish and of high and noble principles, giving all, and expecting nothing in return but love and kindness. But frequently they meet with not only cold rebuffs, but such cruel and unfair treatment, mingled with horrible threats, that finally, hemmed in a corner as it were, and fenced in, and suddenly driven to desperation, they strike the blows that cost their own lives or that of others.

And then sometimes it ends in a double tragedy. The murderer commits suicide, and then the world stands back in horror, but God, knowing all and understanding as no mortal could, stoops down in pity and places the worn soul in the arms of the love angel.

Bring him to My mansion of peace and rest are the words of our heavenly Father.

Softly and gently the snowy wings are folded around the bruised and tired soul, and away from the gray and misty shores

of death he is carried to the home of eternal happiness.

There is another exception I wish to mention with reference to murder cases. There are persons who kill in self-defense according to God's knowledge, but not man's, for they are incapable of a clear decision, as they do not know all the circumstances concerning the tragedy, nor can they read the inmost soul of the one who committed the deed.

Soldiers that fight and kill in battle come under this class. In the eyes of God this is considered self-defense, for they were drawn into it through a chain of circumstances they could not prevent.

In the World War, for instance. And again I hear people say, "Why did God permit it?" which carries me back to a subject that is broad and deep, and I have neither the space nor the time to discuss it here, but I would answer that question by saying that God did not permit it.

It was the devil's work, and it is an insult to the Lord to say that He was instrumental in causing the bloodiest fight that was ever fought on this universe; it

was the devil's work from start to finish, but innocent people and innocent nations were dragged into it by the cunning brain and plans of his satanic majesty.

Nothing gives him more delight than to see nations, countries among themselves, families, relatives and friends at war, which leads me into my next subject—The Power of Satan and his Evil Spirits.

POWER OF SATAN AND HIS EVIL SPIRITS

"Is there really a devil?" you have heard it asked.

Yes; and he is a very powerful one.

Do not deceive yourself into thinking that you are free from such an enemy. To close your eyes to a danger does not lessen, but increases it.

"But I do not believe in a devil," I hear you say. "You don't, do you?"

It is because you do not find it is a pleasant belief to hold. Wake up, ye who have lulled yourselves to sleep on the idle dreams that there is no such foe to contend with. Take care, ye who fancy your foot firm in the foundations of Christianity lest you slip at any moment. Take heed lest this demon of cunning wickedness offers you a draught that contains poison. The poison of sin that will cause the death of the soul.

By this I mean lost—lost in the dungeon of hell until it can be redeemed again through the blood of our Savior. Watch,

for fear that he hand you temptations done up in such neat and attractive packages that you fail to recognize satan, as the giver, or to see the hidden viper among its contents, the sting of which would cause instant death to your spiritual being.

Or even yet knowing that it is the devil's hand that offers you this deadly missive the temptation is so great that you cannot resist it.

Or bolder still, he holds before your eyes a sin so hideous and gaunt that you draw back in horror.

"Accept," whispers the persuasive voice of satan, "'Twill lead to untold wealth and glory."

"Oh, no," you reply.

But instead of turning away and beseeching God to remove this destructive monster of sin you continue to gaze, until you become fascinated and accept even against your own will, knowing that the wages of sin are death.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But as a rule, satan prefers more cunning and deceitful methods. Disguised in a form so fair and beautiful, he is ofttimes mistaken for an angel of love and mercy, and drawing back the curtain of time, he bids us look down the vista of future years. We obey. And behold a path strewn with flowers of wondrous beauty and banked on both sides with garlands of roses and, in the distance, marble palaces of surpassing grandeur.

We turn from the rough and narrow highway to enter this flower-strewn path to find, alas! when it is too late, that its bright, entrancing petals were only to hide traps and pitfalls; its garland of roses to tear the flesh, and its wondrous palaces of grandeur and beauty to fall and crumble around you, crushing and breaking your heart, and ruining your life forever. And to find at last that this flower-strewn path leads far away from the gates of heaven.

The silent and unseen forces of satan but make him the more powerful. He is there, but you do not see him. It is like fighting an enemy in the dark. If you can persuade yourself, either through your own influence or his, that he does not exist at

all, then you have unconsciously enlisted on his side and unintentionally lent yourself a ready aide to his devilish plans and diabolical schemes, and unwillingly given yourself over into the devil's net, and placed yourself in his power and under his thumb to turn you whichever way it suit his satanic majesty, which would be far from the portals of heaven.

Yes, satan is very real and powerful. He dwells in the underworld with his evil spirits.

The Holy Book tells us that he was once an archangel in heaven, but he became overpuffed with his own importance, and imagined that he could become greater than God, and wanted to run the kingdom to suit himself.

He became very flip and his Supreme Ruler fired him from his lofty position in heaven and sent him and a bunch of his followers to the black and bottomless pits of hell, where they have dwelt ever since.

These creatures were angels also, but now they are the evil spirits that are so often mistaken for our good spirits of the dead.

They do a lot of mischief and cause us a great deal of trouble.

They even go so far in their imitations of Spiritualism that frequently with the devil's aid we mortals are quite deceived by them.

This often discourages would-be believers and sometimes causes them to turn away from the doctrines of Spiritualism, for these evil spirits generally give bad advice, and are ofttimes rough and cruel.

But we must remember that by keeping our spirit friends and loved ones close around us we can feel secure from an invasion of this kind, and at sight of these picket guards these imps of satan will slink away like whipped curs.

This experience should only make us stronger in our faith in Spiritualism and cause us to be more determined to spread its glorious teachings far and wide.

There is another imitator of Spiritualism—the magician. He puts up before the world such wonderful and natural imitations that half of the public think it is all fake.

This should not be mixed up with the true philosophy of Spiritualism, nor should we permit ourselves to class the

works of our spirit friends and tricks of the deceiver as one.

The magician, deceived by his own deceit, scoffs at the idea of spirit return, and, as a rule, you will find this class the most skeptical and the hardest to reach with the true facts concerning Spiritualism.

He is unconsciously influenced by his satanic majesty who causes him to think, "My work is a fake, so must be the other fellow's, only he doesn't put up as good a job of it as I do," and half the public are persuaded to the same belief, while the devil sits back and laughs in his sleeve when he thinks how easily deceived mortals are.

The devil's motto is "Revenge!" For when the Ruler of the universe hurled him from the throne above to the bottomless pits below he vowed vengeance against his Maker and all mankind. And then he plants this spirit of revenge in the hearts and souls of earthly mortals, which causes them to commit deeds of the deepest dye. This he knows will be the means of reaping in a larger harvest for his own kingdom.

His greatest desire is to rob as many souls for his own dreary abode as possible. For he knows that the deeper and darker their sins are, the longer must be their prison terms in his dungeon home.

The author, in his fancied writings, who has portrayed satan in his characteristic description has rightly credited him with making the true remark, when in a loud voice he cried, "Oh, for one wise soul in hell! I have plenty of fools, but, oh, for one wise soul and one innocent one, close to the foot of her Savior's cross I fain would draw her. What a triumph it would be to win two such souls for my throne!" and a fiendish, mocking laugh rang and echoed through the cells of hell.

"Like jewels in a crown I would place them," he muttered, with a hoarse, triumphant laugh.

His satanic majesty bargained, so the story went, with a philosopher that was bent and old, but was possessed with wisdom beyond his years. "Youth, beauty and love will I give you for your soul in hell," says satan to the aged man, "but you must help to win for me her soul, and I will give in return the love of this

beautiful girl,'' and satan lifted the veil and showed him the vision of Marguerite.

The philosopher bowed his head in sorrowful assent, and signed the compact with his own life's blood.

Satan laughed and rubbed his hands together gleefully. ''Two souls are as good as mine,'' he muttered, but he little reckoned on the power of the Cross and an avenging God.

For at that last bitter moment, as Marguerite and Faust stood at the cold river of death, and satan and all the world thought that they were lost, a kind, loving Father stooped down and gathered them up to His glorious home above.

Marguerite had lived so close to her Savior's Cross the whole of her life, and although she had wandered away in those last bitter days, and it was far from its rugged steps that the angel of death found her, she was saved, forgiven by the heavenly Father.

For He knew that she was truly repentant, and she had not forgotten to pray in Christ's name, and she was redeemed on the brink of the grave, much to the dismay of satan and his imps.

"Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be washed as white as snow," and *"Pray, ask in faith and believing, thou shalt receive,"* are the words that came before Marguerite.

The words from the Holy Book of God were the only rays of sunshine that entered her darkened soul in a dreary prison cell, where satan ofttimes visited her, and whispered in a hoarse and hollow voice, "You are mine," and with a mocking laugh, he said, "Why pray now? You are too late," but Marguerite turned away from him and prayed as she had never done before.

She prayed, hoping against despair, and she did not forget to include her friend. And he was saved also, in spite of the fact that he had signed the contract with his own life's blood.

Doubtless, he was spared the tortures of hell through not only the prayers of Marguerite but his own. But like her, Faust as a philosopher had lived a true, good life and had always been kind to his fellow men.

And God saw that it was the cunning brain of his satanic majesty that had

planned and caused it all, and that Marguerite and Faust had no inclination on their part to live the wicked lives the devil had mapped out for them, but the philosopher, in momentarily yielding to the voice of satan, had placed himself in a trap, and closed the door upon him, and there was no possible way of getting out unless aided by a higher power than his satanic majesty.

Had Faust remembered (or perhaps he did), the fear that satan portrayed at the sight of the Cross when they were strolling through the garden at the close of day, near the little church where Marguerite had been wont to go, he would have surely realized in his despair the strength of a higher power.

It was on an occasion when Faust, having almost despaired of Marguerite's life, thinking his satanic majesty all-wise, had asked of him a question, "Will she live?" Satan, with his thin, cruel lips pressed tightly together, looked greatly annoyed as he pointed upward, and shook his head, and answered, "I do not know. Ask of a Higher Power who holds the mysteries of life and death in His hand."

Reluctantly, satan had acknowledged the superiority of God, not because he wished to, but he dared not do otherwise, for he knew where the limit was to his own evil control.

Faust looked in wonder at his companion, for at the same time satan had pointed upward the sky had grown black, and great streaks of lightning played above their heads and darted like tongues of fire through the firmament. And he trembled and shrank within himself. The clouds sank low, and grew dark and heavy. Loud peals of rumbling, muttering thunder burst forth from their stormy midst, while the lightning flashed incessantly.

In satan's eyes there was written an expression of intense fear, for in the voice of the thunder he heard but the voice of an accusing, angry God, and in the lightning he saw His almighty hand.

"Look, look!" exclaimed the demon of the underworld, in tones of abject terror, "The Cross, the Cross; I cannot bear the sight of the Cross."

And covering his frightened face with his hands, he knelt and bowed in silence, until his head had touched the ground.

Faust, in greater wonder still, looked and saw that the Cross on the little church where Marguerite had worshipped since childhood was wreathed in lightning, and stood out clearly against a black sky.

Faust gazed as though fascinated, as vivid flashes of lightning played around the Cross, and he seemed to draw strength and courage from this illuminated symbol of Christ.

What had struck terror in the heart of satan shone forth as an emblem of hope to the heart of the man.

Faust, emboldened by satan's fear of the Cross, sought to gain a release from his soul bondage.

His satanic majesty had now risen to his feet and walked away, but in the opposite direction from the church; nor did he turn his head for fear his eyes might once more encounter the terrors of the Cross.

The young man followed him. "Are you afraid of the Cross?" Faust questioned him, in a tone that might have been termed light and bantering.

A shudder ran through the powerful frame of the devil at the mere mention

of this name as he drew himself together and answered: "Yes."

"That is strange," Faust replied.

"Not so singular," answered satan, evasively. "Everyone fears something."

"But God is not afraid of anything," replied Faust.

"No, you fool," answered satan savagely, "how can He be, when He is Ruler and Maker of the universe, and Creator of all living creatures?"

"You admit the almighty power of God?" asked Faust.

His satanic majesty smiled a faint smile, and answered: "Yes, there are some truths that even the devil himself dare not lie about," and a dry, hard, chuckle proceeded from the devil's throat at his own wit, and Faust laughed in spite of the seriousness of the situation.

But the face of the young man grew suddenly grave as he scanned the hard, cruel features of his companion. "Mephisto, I would beg of you to free me from this horrible soul bondage."

"That you signed with your own life's blood!" exclaimed satan. "Never!" and the devil, perceiving that Faust had taken

advantage of his fear of the Cross, drew himself up and gave the man a look so fierce and angry as to hush him into momentary silence, and it was his turn to tremble and shrink back in fright.

"What! think you," asked satan, in mocking tones, "that I have worked so hard and so long to win one wise soul and one innocent one for my throne in hell only to lose them now at the last moment?"

"You refuse?" persisted Faust. "Then I will appeal to a higher power. I will pray God to enable me to break asunder the chains that hold me to such a fate."

"You pray to God?" repeated satan. "You, who sold yourself to the devil for youth, love and beauty?" and a mocking laugh rang out upon the night air, cold and cruel.

"Listen!" exclaimed satan, with a hard fiendish look in his evil eyes. "Your days are numbered and your doom is fixed. Ere four moons have passed over your head you will hang upon a gallows in yon prison yard. Your worthless body they will throw into the ground without ceremony, and your worthy soul I will

gather up for my dungeon home," and again that mocking laugh rang out upon the air, cold, pitiless and cruel. "Permit me," said his satanic majesty, bowing low, with mock courtesy, "to show you your future home. Come," he demanded sharply, but Faust shrank back, and his eyes had a frightened expression in them.

And the man turned away and his face grew deadly pale. "Oh, no," he cried," "not now. It will be time enough when I must go. I do not wish to see the place of terrors at the present."

"Your wishes are not to be considered," replied the devil in tones of heartless indifference, and throwing open the great iron gates satan bade him look.

Faust looked, and saw not the Cross, but the horrors of hell.

"Spare me," cried the man, "I cannot bear the thoughts of spending my future life in such a horrible place. And Marguerite, must she come, too?"

"Marguerite, whose soul you so valiantly aided me in winning for hell? Yes, she will also make this dreadful abode her final home."

Once more the devil's mocking laugh

rang out clear and distinct, and Faust winced at the reminder that he had played a part in aiding the devil in such a diabolical plot.

His satanic majesty gave the man a scornful glance as he continued in a sarcastic voice, "Yes, and Marguerite will be sentenced to life imprisonment for committing a crime that you influenced her to, and she will die of a broken heart and from being locked up in a cold iron cell, but I cannot tell just how soon this will cause her death, for only the higher powers know that; but I judge it will not be long before I can gather up her soul for my dreary abode. There will be no chance for you to look upon her fair, beautiful face after she has left this world," went on the devil, with a fiendish gleam in his wicked eyes, "for though you will both be prisoners of mine, I will see to it that you are locked in different cells."

"It is horrible!" moaned Faust. "Is there no way I can pay this debt, without spending my future life in such a place?"

"None," replied Mephisto.

"I cannot, I will not spend my future

days with you; and Marguerite, it is too terrible for such a sensitive and beautiful girl to be imprisoned in your black dreary underworld. *It must not be.* The thought of it makes my blood run cold!"

"You should have thought of that sooner," answered satan, with a sneering smile; "you are too late now!"

"I will not listen to you any longer," replied Faust. "There surely must be mercy in a higher power," and in spite of the devil's protest Faust kneeled and prayed as he had never done before.

And the devil, knowing the miraculous power of prayer, grew nervous and uneasy and descended to the underworld to get his imps to aid him in drawing the chains of bondage tighter around his worldly victim. Well pleased with his work he ascended to earth once more, and again that mocking laugh echoed through the night air, cold, heartless and cruel.

"I've got you now!" exclaimed the devil, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "you are mine; no prayers can save you now."

But he little reckoned on the merciful kindness of a powerful God. It was far greater than even his satanic majesty had weighed it out to be. For the prayers of Marguerite and Faust were heard, and they were saved in spite of the devil's cunning devices.

It is said that truth is stranger than fiction, and I would say that this story of Faust and Marguerite is no stranger than truth, except for the fact that our real devil has not the power to change old age to youth. That is merely a fancy on the author's part to make the story go, but he is possessed with all the cunning and deceitful ways that the writer has given him credit for, and is just as dangerous and powerful a foe.

I have given this narrative of Faust and Marguerite merely as an illustration of how his satanic majesty tempts mortals on this earth. So once more I would warn you who think your foot firm to take care and beware lest you slip at any moment, for in real life there is a devil who cries out loudly: "Oh, for one wise soul in hell and one innocent one," and sad to

relate he has won not few but many such souls for his dire abode of gloom and darkness and terror.

Watch close lest at any moment this monster of the underworld trick you into following one of his flowery paths that lead only to death and destruction.

The most powerful weapon that we can use against this dangerous foe, his satanic majesty, is the sword of prayer, and our greatest protection, the Holy Book of God and close companionship with our spirit friends from the heavenly sphere.

Again, I seem to hear some one murmur, "But why does God permit satan to have so much power and authority, and permit him so many privileges in this world and in the world below?" Right here I would like to say you mortals on earth take more upon yourselves than we of the heavenly sphere. We would never dare to question God's wisdom, His supreme power, or aught connected with Him. Enough to say, as I said before, "God doeth all things well."

The devil's time of glory is limited. There will come a day when he will be

chained in his own dungeon home, and not allowed to walk broadcast upon the earth, causing mischief and wreckage wherever he goes; and for every soul that he has enticed into his kingdom, just so much longer and harder must be his punishment and imprisonment. He will dwell in the deepest and darket pits of hell, where the world's hardest criminals are kept. The only spot in hell where burns perpetual fire and brimstone that is often referred to in the Bible.

Then God will reveal his mighty power as well as His great mercy and wonderful love and kindness. Then will Christ walk the earth and the great millennium will spread its golden wings over the world and Spiritualism will have entered, as I said before, into all the churches, and reign supreme in every home. Peace, happiness and harmony shall dwell in every heart. There will be no wars, no unrests, or disturbances of nations, families and individuals.

Peace, glorious peace will greet you everywhere, for the disturber, the wrecker of homes and countries will be chained in

the bottomless pits of hell where burns perpetual fire and brimstone. Rev. 21st ch., 10th verse, which shows the power of the almighty God, and leads me into my next subject the power of God and His spiritual forces.

THE POWER OF GOD AND HIS SPIRITUAL FORCES

Who can doubt the almighty power of God?

Pause for a moment to consider the vastness of the universe and stop to think that His hand created it all.

And if we would spare a moment's time to read these few words found in the last chapter of Revelations, thirteenth verse, *I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last,* we would then grasp the wonderful sublimity of God.

Have you tarried long enough to drink in the full meaning of these words?

You may understand, in part, this wonderful verse of the Holy Book, and get a faint glimmer of the magnificent grandeur of our Maker and Ruler of the whole universe, heaven above, earth below, and hell beneath, also the intricate solar systems; but try as you might to see the full meaning of these few simple words, and to understand the full beauty and glory of God, and the vast eternity of

His life, it would be impossible for your mortal brain to comprehend it all.

Alpha and Omega means the beginning and the end, the first and the last. God is the beginning and the end. Can you understand that? "Yes!" I seem to hear you say, but you answer too quickly. Think long and deep.

"No!" I hear you say. "I thought I did, but the harder I tried to untangle the meaning of those words, the more puzzled I became."

Just so! It was like attempting to solve a mystery. In short, you felt as though you had run against a blank wall, and could get no farther in your degrees of understanding.

What was it that perplexed you most, the first or last part of the verse? The first few words seem to mystify me the most, but the latter part I comprehend better.

Is it little wonder when I tell you the true meaning of Alpha, I am the beginning, the first, which infers that God has lived forever in the past? I repeat that your mortal brain cannot possibly grasp so mystical a truth. It is beyond you,

but in the future, when death has lifted the veil, you will understand. Now you see as through a glass darkly, but then you shall see clearly.

But let us glean all that we can from this glorious truth. It is easy for us to understand what the present means, and it does not seem so difficult for us to comprehend the future as extending into years, and even into countless ages beyond the present time; but the farther away the years are from us, the more we are compelled to stretch our imagination, until finally we reach a very fine point, and something seems to snap. We have reached the limit of our earthly vision. Our mortal brain has compassed as great a space into the future as it is capable of.

But when we have entered the golden gates of heaven, then we will understand. Then we will know how it can be possible for the future to extend into such a vast eternity of countless years and ages forever and forever without end.

But let us turn back and reconsider the past. This space of time includes the beginning that God refers to, and is harder to understand than the latter part

of the verse, but let us at least try as best we can to comprehend in part a portion of its wonderful meaning.

But as previously mentioned it might be possible for your mortal brain to begin to comprehend an eternal future, a partial but not an eternal past that extends back forever and forever without end. Amen.

Do not understand me to say you do not believe this strange, miraculous fact; you simply cannot understand it.

And even when I say that it will become clear to you when you have entered the great beyond, while it is evident that this is true, still you are puzzled and dazed as to how the higher powers are going to knock such a hard problem into your thick brains. In short, you wind up by feeling like a blockhead.

I would add, that by *you* I do not refer to that hardened class of sinners who refuse to believe in the existence of a God and call the Bible a myth. They are popularly termed skeptics and pride themselves on their non-religious faculties. But should, by chance, this little book fall into their hands, I pray that it may be the means of lifting their souls to God.

But I have drifted a little from my subject. I will handle skeptics later on.

I was preparing to say that the average person figures time past from some definite date, either historical, astronomical, geological or Biblical.

The general masses of people, as a rule, either consciously or unconsciously, thoughtfully, or unthoughtfully, reckon time past from the creation of the earth, spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis, which shows the wonderful power and handiwork of God.

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth.

And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night, and the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so.

And God called the firmament Heaven, and the evening and the morning were the second day. —Genesis i, 1–8.

I wish to say that thus it was that God made seven days, but Biblical students as well as geological and astronomical scholars tell us that these days referred to in the first chapter of Genesis are not twenty-four-hour days, but each day covers a period of one thousand years or more.

But the Holy Book says that God completed His work in six days, and rested on the seventh day, and blessed it, and made it holy.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them.

And on the seventh day, God ended his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work, which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made. —Genesis ii, 1–3.

So this is how and why we observe a Sabbath. But this day of rest was changed later on to the first day in the week, and is observed as such by the majority of people.

But there are a few religious classes who still retain the seventh day as their Sabbath.

To return to my subject, when God had made the earth habitable, then He created man in His own image and placed him in a beautiful home to live, known as the Garden of Eden.

And God said, Let us make man in our image after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God, created he him, male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. —Genesis i, 26–28.

We all know the story of the serpent and how he tempted them, and how they listened to his sly whisperings, and yielded to his advice, and consequently were driven from the Garden of Eden by God their Maker.

He then told them that for their disobedience they must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow and for this sin they must surely die.

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the Garden thou mayest freely eat;

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

—Genesis ii, 16, 17.

And ever since that time you have been working hard, and also constantly tempted

by the serpent, or devil as he is usually called, and ever and anon the death angel has hovered around your door.

The Holy Book tells us that God created us from the dust of the earth in His own image, but our punishment for sin is that our bodies return to the dust from which they were made.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. —Genesis iii, 19.

And so it has been from time immemorial that these sacred, solemn words have always been said when performing the rites of our dead—the words that struck such a cold chill and dreary sadness to our hearstrings, words that echoed through our souls like a funeral knell, *"for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."* Genesis iii, 19.

But when Spiritualism has gained better control over the word there will not be felt the bitter heartache that we have experienced in the past over giving up our loved ones at the grave. Even now, since Spiritualism has gained partial control of

the earth, the pangs of sorrow at the departure of our dead are not nearly so great as they once were.

I refer especially to those who fully understand this glorious doctrine of Spiritualism. They will understand that farewell at the grave is not farewell. They will know that the spirit form can soon return to comfort, cheer and strengthen them in their pilgrimage through life.

We have, in the forepart of the subject, "The Power of God and His Spiritual Forces," attempted to prove the vast eternity of God's life, which is so great as to be beyond our comprehension.

It is enough to say that God has lived forever in the past. He still exists in the present, and He shall live forever in the future.

It is a subject that is almost as broad and deep as eternity itself. It would take volumes, and I would needs write until midnight for many countless nights should I be able to tell of all the wonderful power of an almighty God. So let us dip lightly on the various points in the history of God as given to us in His Holy Book.

In His creation of the earth and the firmament and all the solar system, as well as the creation of man and all living creatures, we have a marvelous example of His skilled and wonderful handiwork.

The preparation of earth for man and the making of a beautiful garden, known as the Garden of Eden, for him to dwell in, shows the wondrous love of God.

But when man listened to the voice of the serpent and disobeyed his Maker, we have a sample of God's wrath, when He drove him and his companion out of the garden to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

We have another illustration of God's anger and punishment for sin, when Cain killed his brother Abel.

And when God asked Cain where his brother was, the murderer answered, *"Am I my brother's keeper?"* Genesis iv, 9.

And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. —Genesis iv, 10.

This is a sample of the avenging spirit which has been previously referred to in

this book in my subject on "The Power of the Avenging Spirit."

Thus it has been from ages back up to the present time that the blood of the slain cries out upon the slayer and a curse from God has not ceased to rest upon the murderer.

And now art thou cursed from the earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.

When thou tillest the ground it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. —Genesis iv, 11, 12.

And so it is that we have countless instances throughout the Bible of the power of God's love and wrath so close to each other that you could rightly call them parallel.

We have an example of God's almighty love and anger combined in the instance of Noah and the flood.

NOAH AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF LOVE AND WRATH COMBINED OF AN ALL POWERFUL GOD

But this presents to us an instance where God shows love to only one man and his family, as well as the birds and beasts and other living creatures that God bade him save in numbers of twos and sevens.

But God's anger was against the rest of the world, for, with the exception of Noah and his family, the people had grown very wicked.

And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.—Genesis vi, 5.

And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. —Genesis vi, 7, 8.

So, as you remember, God sent a flood which covered the whole world, even to the highest mountain tops; and every living creature, including man, was destroyed, except Noah and his family and animals, fowls and insects.

The flood lasted forty days and nights, but Noah and his folks were unharmed, for they were good people and obeyed God, so their Maker loved them and spared their lives out of all the wicked ones that were destroyed. He commanded him to build an ark to live in until the flood had passed away, and also showed him how and what size to make it, and even told him what kind of wood to use. And, as you well remember, when Noah wanted to discover if the land was dry he sent out a dove.

Now listen, children, grown as well as otherwise, for I wish to say that God had planted an extra amount of brains in this little feathered creature's head, and he was possessed with a vast amount of wisdom and knew just exactly what to do.

When the waters had abated sufficiently for his tiny bill to pluck an olive leaf, he did so, and carried it back to Noah. And then the man knew it would not be long before they could leave the ark.

Seven days later Noah sent him out again, and when the dove discovered that there was a dry resting place for the sole of his little feet, he returned not to Noah, and the man knew that the land was dry and he opened up the doors of his ark and found that it was true. And once more they stepped out onto earth, and they did not forget to drop down on their knees and give thanks to God for their safe deliverance.

God was so well pleased with them that He promised never more to send a flood that would engulf the whole world, and as a symbol of His promise He placed the rainbow in the sky, which often appears after storms or heavy rains, as a reminder of that promise made long ages ago by our heavenly Father to His faithful followers, Noah and his family.

Just here we have a noble example and lesson of how our Creator keeps and holds *sacred* a *promise,* for never again

since that flood in Noah's time have mighty waters engulfed the whole world, as can be testified by geologists, as well as Biblical students.

We find many more instances of God's fulfillments of promises in the Bible, for example, in the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of Genesis we find this comforting promise in these beautiful words:

And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done.

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease. —Genesis viii, 21, 22.

This promise was made immediately after the flood, and we all know how truly our heavenly Father has kept that promise. For have we not the seasons as they once were in the days of Noah?

Winter, with its mantle of snow in the colder climates. Spring, with its fresh

green tintings and fruit blossoms everywhere. Summer, with her wreaths of golden sunbeams, and brilliant flowers. Autumn in all her glory of crimson and gold.

These beautiful seasons God has given us because He loves us and holds His promise sacred.

Do we appreciate His great love and kindness? No; I fear not, and it grieves Him that this is true.

Do we, like Noah, fall on our knees and pray, thanking our Creator for His many blessings? No! I fear not. We can well draw a lesson from our forefather, Noah.

But let us pass on, for we have tarried long enough with Noah, and we are hard pressed for time.

But forgive me, little dove! Just one word to the world I would add concerning your noble history since the days of the flood.

You retained the brains that God had given you, and through all the countless ages past you have shown the same wisdom that you portrayed for Noah.

You have been placed in many trusted

and dangerous positions, but you have never *failed.* You have always carried a brave heart as well as a wise head.

So you won for yourself the honorary title of messenger bird, which you still hold through countless ages of eternity, in the realm of heaven.

But let us be traveling.

KING SOLOMON AS REVEALING THE WONDERFUL POWER OF PRAYER TO AN ALMIGHTY GOD

Would you mind if we stop at the marble palace of King Solomon, son of King David?

Here we have an illustration of the power of prayer, combined with God's love, and a wondrous sample of promises fulfilled by our heavenly Father.

When King David died the throne passed into the hands of his son, Solomon. This kingdom extended over all Israel, and was a mighty one.

David was a good man and a good king, and was beloved by his people. He walked with God, and kept His commandments. So the Lord greatly loved David.

Solomon had been taught by his father the ways of right living, and when he was grown he did not depart from them.

So it was that Solomon, like his father, found favor in the eyes of God and was loved by Him.

But when at the death of David, his father, Solomon fell heir to the throne, he grew exceedingly timid. He felt greatly his inability to rule and guide wisely such a mighty nation. So he knelt in prayer to God.

His petition was as humble as a little child's, but it contained the wisdom of Solomon himself. For he prayed not for silver or gold, or riches itself, nor yet for long life, nor even for the lives of his enemies, but for great wisdom and good judgment to guide and rule a mighty people.

And these are the words of Solomon's prayer, as found in the seventh, eighth and ninth verses of First Kings, third chapter:

"And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant king, instead of David my father; and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in.

And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

Give therefore thy servant an under-

standing heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? —1 Kings iii, 7–9.

And God was so well pleased with Solomon's prayer, that he asked neither for riches, long life or the lives of his enemies, but wisdom instead, that the almighty Father promised to give him not only what he had prayed for, but more besides. And so it was God bestowed not only great wisdom upon Solomon, but immense wealth, and long life besides.

We have God's answer to Solomon's prayer in the twelfth to the fourteenth verses in the third chapter of first Kings:

Behold, I have done according to thy words! Lo! I have given thee a wise and understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor: so that there shall not be any among the king's like unto thee all thy days.

And if thou wilt walk in my ways to

keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.—1 Kings iii, 12–14.

Here we should draw a lesson from the humble prayer of Solomon, and might it not be that if we should show the same humility and faith that this great man portrayed, God might bestow upon us some wonderful blessing that we little expect?

Solomon recognized his Creator at all times, whether he wished for a blessing or not, and like Noah he never forgot to thank the Lord for his many gifts of kindness.

I would say that God, as well as our spirit friends, like to be recognized and appreciated, and we can draw more help and guidance from them if we treat them thus.

The trouble with half of us is we don't pray to the Lord unless we wish a favor from Him, and often our prayer is accompanied by complaint, or sometimes we fail to pray at all.

Solomon recognized God at all times and the Lord rewarded him accordingly,

and never failed to keep His promise to a dot.

Solomon became the wisest king and man in the world. The Bible tells us that there was none so wise as him, neither before or after. His wisdom exceeded that of the sages of later date and the fame of it spread far and wide over all the countries of the east.

Kings, queens and princesses came from far and near to hear the wonderful words of wisdom spoken by the lips of this *great man.*

His wisdom embraced all subjects, even to the knowledge of trees and plants in the forest, down to the tiniest fern. He was equally informed concerning all animals, from the beasts of the forest down to the household pets; also birds and butterflies to the smallest of insects.

And of the flowers, from the stately lily and queenly rose to the modest violet and sweet forget-me-not, even to the flowers that ran wild in the fields and woods, King Solomon knew them all and delighted in relating their history from beginning to end.

Just here we might pause to learn an-

other lesson from this remarkable man. This famous king of renowned wisdom thought not himself too great to listen to the voice of nature, and was an earnest student of her marvelous teachings. Stay close to the heart of nature, and you will stay close to the heart of God.

But let us return to the palace where King Solomon reigns in all his magnificent glory; where kings, queens, nations, and masses of people have come to hearken to the speech of one man and to lay at his feet rich gifts of gold and silver and jewels of every kind.

And as this grand but humble king had prayed, God gave him power to rule his people with great wisdom and justice, and was loved by them. With all of his power, wealth and renown, Solomon did not forget God nor His commandments, and the Lord gave him long life as promised.

His riches grew from day to day, until his wealth exceeded that of any king before or after him. Still, Solomon remembered God, for with a portion of his wealth he built a temple to the Lord, the beauty and grandeur of which were never

seen before, and placed in its golden altar the Ark of the Covenant.

Its walls were inlaid with gold, and at the entrance of its massive doors were two cherubims of gold, whose wings overlaped, and within were two other cherubims of gold, and there was a golden chain dividing the altar from the remainder of the temple.

The pillars were of stone, and upon them were carved the most beautiful designs of ferns and flowers, and within could be found the dark green palms in luxuriant growth.

Out of respect to God this beautiful temple was built in silence during the seven years that it took to erect this wonderful structure. There was not heard the sound of neither hammer nor an axe, or a hatchet.

Solomon had employed the most skilled of workmen, and he had them to hew, carve and prepare everything miles away from the temple, and then hauled to where it was being erected.

When the temple was completed Solomon called in all the people of Israel, and they had a great meeting which was

known as the dedication of this sacred place, and the king had put on the altar two golden candlesticks, and all of the gold and silver cups that had belonged to his father, David.

The king exhorted his people to worship constantly in this beautiful temple that the Lord had given them and to have no other gods before them but the One above.

And these were the words that Solomon prayed:

And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands toward heaven.

And he said, Lord, God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above or on earth beneath, who keepest covenant and mercy with thy servants that walk before thee with all their heart:

—1 Kings viii, 22, 23.

When Solomon had completed the temple of the Lord he then began building his own palace, which, when finished, was the most magnificent palace in the world.

There was nothing to compare with it in splendor, grandeur and size.

It was made of stone that was white like marble. Its halls and courts and many of its rooms were inlaid with gold and some of its colossal pillars were made of brass, while others were made of stone with designs of lilies carved upon them.

Golden chains of massive size could be seen in different parts of the palace, and were used as ornaments, and the king's throne was of gold, and was set with precious stones.

And his swimming pool! Oh, my! wouldn't the kiddies of today open their eyes, and the grown-ups, too? For this pool was large enough to accommodate one thousand people.

It was made of white marble and shaped exactly like an enormous lily and was supported by twelve brass oxen; three with their heads turned to the north, three with their heads to the south, three with their heads to the east, and three with their heads to the west. There was a circular flight of steps carved of white marble all around this swimming pool.

Its waters gleamed in the sun like a

golden sea, for its basin was lined with some kind of metal resembling brass. It was called by King Solomon and his people the Molten Sea, and was recognized as the most beautiful swimming pool in the East, and never before or after has there been known to exist one so wonderful in splendor, size or originality.

The palace took thirteen years to build.

King Solomon lived a long and useful life, as God had promised him, and finally died, and was laid to rest with his fathers.

His father, King David, had been loved during his reign, and mourned for at his death. But King Solomon! There was no king loved, honored and respected by his own people, and even all of the eastern world, and never was a king so moaned for either before or after. For kings, queens and nations mourned over the death of this great man.

But let us leave him in all of his silent grandeur. For we well know, that as we stand at the sepulcher of this man, we behold before us a monument of truth, justice and godliness, combined with power, intellect and wisdom.

But let us leave him in his lonely tomb

of mournful splendor. Let us turn away from the marble palace of glorious beauty, and marvelous and sublime workmanship of brass, gold, silver and precious stones, and follow Moses up a lonely mountain trail.

MOSES AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF PROMISES FULFILLED, AND PROTECTIVE LOVE OF AN OMNIPOTENT GOD

What a contrast to the wondrous and dazzling splendor that our eyes have so recently been gazing upon.

What a difference from feasting and plenty, crowds and merriment, we turn to Moses fasting on a lonely mountain-top, surrounded by a dreary wilderness.

Forty days and nights had Moses fasted and prayed, but on the last day he hears a voice from the bushes nearby commanding him to make an ark and to hew two tables of stone, and that He, God, would write with His own fingers the ten commandments; and he expected Moses, his brother Aaron, and the children of Israel to follow and obey them from generation to generation.

God told Moses the blessings that would accompany them if they would hearken unto these commandments and walk in His statutes. They must have no other

gods before them, and they must have more faith in His power to deliver them into the promised land.

They must not be so rebellious and stiff-necked a people, and God commanded Moses to remind them of the many miracles He had allowed his brother Aaron and himself to perform in order to save them from hunger, thirst and the giants, while passing through the wilderness.

He told this good prophet to tell these people that He was a just God, and that He had promised their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, that the Israelites should be released from their state of bondage, under King Pharaoh, in the land of Egypt ,and taken to a country of freedom and plenty—a land that should be theirs to rule and live in forever and ever, as long as they observed His teachings and He, the Lord, *was a God of His word, mighty and powerful,* and would not fail in one of His promises.

Just here we find another faithful observance of God's promises, mingled with love, tolerance and patience towards an impatient and rebellious people, as well

as wrath towards them when they sinned, but forgiveness when they repented.

When the voice of the Lord had ceased to speak, tongues of fire and clouds of smoke darted forth from where the Lord had stood, and when the smoke had cleared away, Moses went to the spot and found two tables of stone, with the ten commandments written upon them.

Making an ark, as God had commanded him, he placed them in it, and started down the mountain-side with the ark upon his shoulders, to deliver the message that God had given him to the children of Israel.

But first he reminded them of another time when God had ordered him, Moses, to go up on the mountain-top, and after fasting forty days and nights He would write the ten commandments on two tables of stone that he had hewn, and they should be placed in the ark, and the Israelites should keep them and read and obey them, also they should carry them into the promised land, where they should be put in the Holy Temple, where their laws could be taught from generation to generation.



TAKING A MESSAGE

He also reminded them of how they had treated the Lord in His absence and how impatient they had become, and how doubtful they had been of the Lord's power and intentions to deliver them safely out of the wilderness.

And they had murmured greatly, and complained that Moses had brought them into the wilderness to starve and to die and God had deserted them, and when Moses found them, they had gathered together all of the golden bracelets, earrings and rings that belonged to their wives, and melting them together made a golden calf to worship in place of God.

When Moses had seen what they were up to, he was so angry that he dashed the tables of stone upon the ground, and they fell into pieces, and the prophet uttered words of condemnation and sorrow, and in his grief refused to eat for another forty days and nights.

Then was heard a mighty voice from heaven, which made the earth tremble, and the children of Israel also, and these were the words they heard in tones of wrath:

Thou shalt have none other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters beneath the earth.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I the Lord, thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.

And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments. —Deuteronomy v, 7–10.

Then the Lord threatened, in His anger, to destroy them for their disobedience and idolatry, but Moses felt a spark of pity suddenly kindling in His heart for the children of Israel, and dropping on his knees, he beseeched pleadingly that God spare His people, using as a strong inducement the fact that their enemies the Egyptians, would laugh in derision, and point their fingers in joy at

any calamity that might befall them before reaching the promised land.

Here again we have an example of the power of prayer, for the Lord's heart was softened and He forgave and spared His wayward children.

Then, when they told Moses that they remembered, and would profit by their past sins and promised to worship God and keep His commandments, the prophet delivered God's message.

He spoke with force, and they listened in hushed and respectful silence.

"Once more the Lord has written for us His Ten Commandments on these tables of stone," said Moses.

Let us treasure them, and see that no harm befalls them. Teach them to your children, keep them in your hearts, copy them and hang them by your firesides, on your doors, on your gates, and place them on the walls of your schools that all may know the laws and wishes of their Creator.

Blessed are they that honor and obey these commandments, and long shall be their lives in the land which the Lord thy God givest thee.

Then Moses described to them the beauties of the land of Canaan, the promised land, the land that flows with milk and honey; the country where deep wells and clear springs are found without the digging; where homes are built without the building; where fields of barley and corn are planted without the planting, and the hillsides abound in sheep and cattle of every kind and the rocks in the mountain-tops can be changed into gold, silver, iron and precious stones.

Moses told the children of Israel that all this wealth would be theirs if they would but obey the commandments of God. But should they disregard these sacred laws the wrath of a mighty God would fall upon them, and instead of being the ruling and most powerful nation in the world they would shrink away to nothing, and the fingers of scorn would be pointed at them as the people cursed by God and all the plagues that had visited the Egyptians would fall heavily upon them. The children of Israel bowed their heads in silence and promised to obey God.

But let us turn back the pages of time and peep into the earlier history of the

Israelites, back even to where Moses was a baby in the bulrushes and, later on, when he had grown to be a man and prophet of the Lord and was also appointed by God to lead his people out of Egypt to the land that flowed with milk and honey.

There is not a prettier story in the Bible than the story of Moses in the bulrushes, and is known by every child in the Christian world, and shows the wonderful and miraculous protection of a powerful God that he unceasingly had held over him since babyhood.

When Moses was a tiny baby there ruled in Egypt, where he was born, a hard cruel king, named Pharaoh.

He hated the children of Israel, of which nationality little Moses belonged, for he could see that they were growing into a powerful and mighty nation, and he feared them that they might some day rise in battle and conquer, and rule in the land of Egypt.

He could also see that they were God's favored people, and he was jealous of them. So he did all in his power to make it unpleasant for them, and to crush and

break their spirits, and to shorten their lives by giving them hard and rough tasks daily in the fields and at the making of bricks.

But while they were worn, weary and heart-sick over the way that they were treated, still, the nation continued to grow. So Pharaoh decided to have all of the boy babies that belonged to the Hebrew families killed, but ordered his men to let all of the girl babies live.

So when the mother of little Moses heard of this, she was greatly grieved and frightened. So she managed to hide him around her home until he was three months old, and then fearful lest the king should find him there she bethought herself of a safer place, that she might conceal the little one from the king's cruel clutches.

He was a beautiful child, and her heart was wrapped up in him, and she could not bear the thoughts of losing him, so she placed the baby in an ark, and covered it with pitch and tar. Then, going down where a stream of water flowed, she placed the ark, with the little one in it, in among the bulrushes and flaglilies, close to the

bank, but he was securely hid from view, unless some one chose to go into the water.

The mother then left her little girl, the baby's sister, to watch that no harm befell her brother. And lo, and behold, who should come down to dip her feet into this clear, sparkling stream but King Pharoah's daughter, with her train of maidens, and she saw this lovely child in his little ark floating around among the bulrushes and flaglilies.

"Bring him to me," she said to her maidens.

And when they brought the child to her and she had looked at him she said, "He is a Hebrew baby."

But when the king's daughter continued to gaze upon Moses, he wept, and her heart was stirred with pity for this tiny little creature.

"Bring him to my palace," she said to the maidens, "for I wish to care for him, but first find me a Hebrew woman who can nurse and watch over the baby, and I will adopt him as my own son, and I will pay wages to the one who cares for him."

And note the wisdom which God placed in the sister's answer, and the wondrous

protection of a divine power as well as a sister's love for her mother and her little brother, when she answered the king's daughter, thus:

"Did you say," questioned the little girl, "that you wished a Hebrew woman to nurse the baby? I will get you one."

"Go!" commanded the king's daughter.

The child went and got the baby's mother, but only she herself, the baby, and his parents were wise to this, for the princess never dreamed that this woman was even related to the little fellow.

"Take this child and nurse and care for it, and I will pay you well for your services," said the princess, holding out the baby to the Hebrew woman, and joyfully the mother took her own child, glad that its life had been spared, and that she need not be separated from him.

And the king's daughter named the little Hebrew baby Moses, for as she said, "that means I drew him up out of the water."

Thus it was that Moses was raised in the king's palace, and his mother remained with him until he was a good-sized boy, and then she returned to her home.

But Moses stayed at the palace until he was grown, and then he returned to his own people.

When he saw how his brethren were being treated by the Egyptians he was sorely grieved, and once when he was walking along the road he saw one of the taskmasters severely beating an Israelite without cause, so Moses looked to the right and to the left, and seeing no one in sight slew the man and hid his body in the sand.

On another occasion Moses saw one of the Egyptians tying two of his brethren to a stake, and he rebuked the man, asking him, "Why do you so mistreat people who work so hard?" and the man answered him, "Who are you? Are you a God or a judge that you have a right to tell me what to do? Perhaps you would kill me, too, as you did the other taskmaster," and when he said this, Moses was afraid and said to himself, "everyone knows that I have killed this man and the king will kill me."

So Moses made his escape to the land of Midian, and sat down by a well to rest and to think. When King Pharaoh heard

what Moses had done he was angry, and sent out men to search and to kill him, but Moses was guarded by the almighty power of God's protection, and they could not find him.

And when Moses had rested by the well for a time, out came seven fair damsels, and the fairest of them he picked out for a wife; but, mind you, in his heart only, for he had to ask her father first.

But he was very polite, and helped them to draw water for their cattle. When they went in the house they told their father about the kind stranger who had helped them to draw water.

"Why don't you call him into supper?" asked the father.

So the girls called Moses into the house, and this was the beginning of the young man's courtship, and it was not long before Moses married the girl of his choice, with the father's consent, for he was well liked by him.

When Moses had been with his wife's people only a short time, sad reports came to him of the cruel way in which King Pharaoh and his men were treating the children of Israel.

Matters were getting worse with them, and it was almost more than they could bear, so Moses prayed God to deliver His people from their state of bondage, and out of the hands of the Egyptians.

God had already discovered how overbearing and cruel the Egyptians were treating His chosen people, and his wrath kindled strong against them, and He was determined to show His mighty power through signs, wonders and miracles, that would fill their souls with terror.

The Lord decided to choose Moses and his brother Aaron, to perform these miracles, and to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt through the wilderness, and into the promised land. So one day while Moses was watching his father-in-law's flock, God spoke to him. "Moses," He said, "Moses, where art thou?"

"Here I am, Lord," answered Moses. "What can I do for Thee?"

And Moses looked and saw that from whence the voice proceeded there were clouds of smoke and fire, but the bush that was in it did not burn, and he gazed in wonder, and the voice spoke again: "Moses, take off thy shoes for thou art

on Holy ground, thou art in the presence of the Lord."

"Yes, Lord," replied the young man, obeying God's command.

"Moses," said the Lord, "I have seen the sorrow and distress of your people, and I have compassion on them, and wish to appoint your and your brother Aaron to lead them out of their troubles to the land that flows with milk and honey. Go to King Pharaoh and tell him that your people wish to offer up sacrifices unto God in the wilderness."

"But who am I that such a responsible and difficult task should be placed on me? Would King Pharaoh hearken unto my voice?"

"I will make you as a God before King Pharaoh," replied the Lord. "I will anoint you and your brother as my prophets and give you the power to work many miracles before his eyes, that he will know that I am Lord, the supreme God. With the rod that is in thy hand I will enable thee to work many wonders," and God instructed Moses what to do, and told him to tell Aaron of his plans. "First, turn your rod into a serpent, if

the king refuses to listen to you," commanded the Lord.

So Moses got his brother Aaron, and together they went to King Pharaoh and delivered God's message to him.

"Who are you, and who is the Lord, that He should require of me that I should take my men from work by the thousands out of the fields, and from making bricks?" was the infamous answer of this wicked king. "Show me a proof of His power."

This was what Moses wished him to say. "Come hither," demanded the prophet to his brother Aaron, "take this rod and show the king the almighty power of God by changing this rod into a serpent."

Then Aaron took the rod and stretching forth his arm demanded that the rod take the form of a snake, and immediately the rod fell from his hand a living, writhing serpent, crawling at his feet.

But while the king was amazed he was stubborn, and tried not to show his astonishment. "Bring in my sorcerers and see if they can do the same thing with their enchantments," demanded Pharaoh

to his men, and the magicians of Egypt were brought before the throne, and commanded to perform the same trick that the prophets had done, and when the wizards turned their enchantments into snakes, the king laughed in scorn. "See," sneered King Pharaoh, "your power is no greater than theirs." But when Aaron's snake ate up the magicians' snakes the king was frightened.

"Go," he said to Moses and Aaron, "and take your people to worship their God in the wilderness, but first change this serpent into a rod again."

But no sooner had the prophets gotten out of sight than King Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he determined not only to break his promise to free the Israelites, but to put double the task upon their shoulders, and to be still more cruel to them.

And when Moses heard of this he was greatly troubled and discouraged, and he complained to the Lord that matters were getting worse instead of better, and God told him not to let that worry him, for He would permit the king's heart to become hardened, for that would give Him, the

Lord, an opportunity to show His power in signs and miracles, and every time King Pharaoh broke his promise or refused to free the children of Israel, He would send a horrible plague upon him and all the Egyptians, and it would come seeming through the hands of Aaron and himself, but these wicked people will learn that the hidden power comes from God.

"All your miracles, signs and wonders you shall work with yonder rod that you hold in your hand," commanded God of Moses. "Go again to King Pharaoh and demand release of your people, and if he refuse, all of the rivers, wells and springs of Egypt shall be turned to blood."

So thus it was that Moses and Aaron returned to demand freedom for Israel from the king, but he refused and Moses bade his brother to stretch out his rod that the rivers, wells and springs might turn to blood, and immediately it was so, and the Egyptians had naught but blood to drink, and King Pharaoh called in his magicians to see if they could do likewise, and at their command all the waters in the lakes turned to blood and the fish died,

which made matters a thousand times worse.

So for seven days it was thus, and King Pharaoh was compelled to call on the prophets to change the rivers and lakes of blood back into clear crystal water, again promising if they did so, he would permit the children of Israel to leave, and to worship their God in the wilderness.

With one sweep of Aaron's rod, the waters resumed their normal state again. But it was the same old story; when the Israelites were ready to start on their journey he called them back.

"What shall I do now, Lord?" asked Moses.

"Send them a plague of frogs," answered the Lord.

And Aaron stretched forth his rod, and frogs by the thousands came forth out of the ponds, rivers and creeks, and the earth was black with them. They came into the houses and hopped upon the beds and went into the pantries, on the tables and chairs and into the dough that was being kneaded into bread.

Pharaoh sent for his sorcerers to see if they could perform the same trick, and

they brought forth frogs by the hundreds out of the wells and springs.

"This is horrible," exclaimed King Pharaoh, "go quickly and get Moses and Aaron that they may remove these pests."

"What do you wish of me?" asked Moses.

"To remove these frogs," answered the king.

"That you may lie to me again?" asked Moses. "Know you that for every lie you give to the children of Israel, God will send you a plague?"

"Upon my sacred word, I will not lie this time," replied Pharaoh.

And Aaron stretched out his rod and all of the frogs in the land died, and a horrible scent rose up from their dead bodies. But no sooner were their bodies gathered up, and thrown into the sea, than Pharaoh's heart was hardened again and he refused to let the Israelites go.

"What next, Lord, shall I send him?" asked Moses.

"A plague of flies," answered God.

Then Aaron stretched forth his rod, and swarms of flies, by the million flew over the land and the air was black with

them. They flew into the houses and fell so thick and fast into the food that the Egyptians were unable to eat. Still, Pharaoh sent for his wizards to see if they could do likewise, and with their enchantments they brought forth flies by the hundreds, and they came so thick and fast that the Egyptians were blinded by them, and again King Pharaoh was compelled to call on the prophets for help.

"What now?" asked Moses, as he stood before the king.

"I beg of thee to remove these flies," answered Pharaoh, "for we can neither see nor eat for them."

"When, tomorow?" asked Moses.

"No; today," replied the king.

"That you may glory over and deceive my people again?" question Moses.

"I give my oath that I will not deceive the children of Israel again," replied King Pharaoh, "if you will only remove these flies."

"Not today, but tomorrow I will beseech the Supreme Ruler to take away this curse from your paths," but no sooner were the Egyptians freed from

this plague than King Pharaoh repented of his promise.

"Send them lice," said the Lord to His prophets. And Aaron smote the dust with his rod and it became as lice, and they were everywhere, even on man and beast, and King Pharaoh called in his wizards to see if they could do likewise, but they were unable to perform this miracle, and they became frightened.

Then the magicians said unto Pharaoh, This is the finger of God; and Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and he hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said.

—Exodus viii, 19.

"What next, Lord?" asked Moses.

"Send them boils from their head to their feet, both man and beast," said the Lord.

So it was that the Egyptians were afflicted with this terrible malady, and the magicians would not have been able to have gone to the king had he sent for them, for they could not walk for the boils that were on their heels.

Thus it was that one plague after another was sent to the Egyptians, and no

sooner had the Lord removed the curse than King Pharaoh would break his promise to release the children of Israel; but in his distress he admitted to the almighty power of God; and his people, seeing the troubles that were besetting them, through the king's disobedience and deceit, beseeched him to let the children of Israel go, before they were all destroyed, but he would not even hearken to the voice of his people.

So another plague was sent upon this wicked king, the plague of hail, which came with fire and rain, and peals of thunder which rent the air with such terrible force that man and cattle that were in the fields were killed and all of the barley and corn were destroyed and large branches of trees were broken and all vegetables were laid low.

So the Lord was compelled to send another plague. What was left of the wheat, vegetation and shrubbery were eaten up by locusts, who came in millions and settled over the land of Egypt.

Then King Pharaoh admitted to his own wickedness, and the omnipotence of God. Yet his heart was softened only for

a short time. "Cast a pall of darkness over the land," commanded God, and so Moses ordered Aaron to raise his rod toward the heavens, which he did and immediately the blackness of midnight without moon or stars fell upon the earth, and the Egyptians were terrified and afraid to come out of their homes.

So once more Pharaoh was obliged to call on Moses for help, but no sooner had the darkness been lifted from the face of the earth, than Pharaoh's heart was hardened again.

"What, Lord, shall we do next?" asked Moses.

"We shall send one more calamity upon them, and that shall be the last, then King Pharaoh will be glad to see you go. The first born shall die by My own hand," replied the Lord. "The first born of the Egyptian families, from the throne down to the humbest servant, even to the lowliest in the dungeon shall die. I will spare not even the first born of the cattle in the field. There shall be death in every family."

Then God instructed Moses how to have the Passover supper, so that no harm

should befall the households of Israel. He told them to sprinkle blood on their gates and doorposts, so that when He, the Lord, came in the dead of night to destroy the firstborn He would know that was not an Egyptian family, and He would pass it by. Thus was constituted the feast of the Passover which is held sacred by many of the Israelites of today, as a memorial of God's power and wonderfully miraculous preservation from harm during this last calamity, as well as from the previous plagues of Egypt.

But to return to our subject, "do these things that I have commanded thee," said the Lord to Moses, "and I will not even let a dog wag his tail crooked at you."

Then in the silent hours of night a form glided through the land with the sword of wrath in His mighty hand. There was weeping, wailing and moaning where the silent form had paused, but where the blood had been sprinkled there was no sorrow, no death, for the silent visage passed them by, but in the home whose doorpost no blood was sprinkled there was some one dead.

In all the homes of Egypt, death had come, and never before had there been such weeping.

"Go," said King Pharaoh to Moses, "and tarry not, before we are all destroyed."

So Moses and Aaron got the children of Israel together, so that they might prepare for their journey, and King Pharaoh did not attempt to stop them this time, and God softened the hearts of the Egyptian people and caused them to give the Israelites many presents to take with them, even to gold and silver, so that they were well supplied with everything for their trip.

But when the children of Israel had gathered together all of their little ones, even to all of their cattle, and the bones of their grandfather Joseph, who had pleaded not to be left behind, but to have his body carried with them, and buried in the promised land, even then when King Pharaoh heard that the Israelites had gone he sent an army of men to pursue them. This is what God had said he would do and was what the Lord wished

of him, for He wanted to show His mighty power through the hands of His prophets by performing one more wonderful miracle, before the children of Israel had gone forever.

The Israelites had entered the wilderness by the time that Pharaoh's men had reached them, and were camping by the Red Sea, but when the king's army drew near, the Lord came down in a cloud of fire, and settled upon the earth, separating the Egyptians from the Israelites.

And the men from Egypt were afraid. "This is the hand of God," they said. The cloud was dark on the side where Pharaoh's men were camping, but it was as light as day on the side of the Israelites, and they could see as plainly as if there was no night around them.

This cloud, or pillar of fire, never deserted them, but guided them through their long journey in the wilderness.

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night.

He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

—Exodus xiii, 21, 22.

What could be more beautiful than this divine protection over the children of Israel that God exercised? We can have that same wonderful protection today, if we only trust him.

But let us return to the Israelites by the shores of the Red Sea. On the morrow God performed another miracle which filled the hearts of all with wonder.

"How are we to cross the Red Sea?" asked the Israelites, in distress, "without being drowned?"

"Lift thy rod upward and out over the waters of the Red Sea and they shall divide into high banks on either side, and it shall be so that the Israelites shall pass over on dry land," commanded a voice from the clouds.

"Lift thy rod, Aaron," Moses said to his brother, "over the waters of the Red Sea that the children of Israel may pass."

And Aaron did as he was told and the mighty waters of the Red Sea rolled back

in billowy waves and stood as a high wall on either side, and the Israelites passed through in safety with all of their little ones and cattle.

The Egyptians could not see what had happened to the Israelites for the black cloud that rested between them, but when the children of Israel were safely across, God lifted the cloud, and in wonder they beheld what had transpired at the break of dawn. "This is the hand of God," they said, "and He fights for the children of Israel, so let us return. But look; the waters still stand on either side. Perhaps we can still capture them," and thus they debated among themselves. "Let us go in and try," they said, but when they had reached half way, the wrath of God shone down so fiercely upon them through a pillar of fire that they were again frightened. "Let us flee," they said, "for the hand of God is against us, "but they had not more than turned to go back when the Lord took the wheels off of their chariots and caused them to drag heavily through the sands.

"Lift thy rod over the waters," demanded a voice from the clouds, and

Aaron did so under Moses' command, and the mighty waters of the Red Sea rolled back, and King Pharaoh's men were drowned, and in the early morn their dead bodies lay scattered everywhere on the sea shore.

Thus it was the Israelites were saved from the Egyptians by the miraculous power of God, through the hands of His prophets, Moses and Aaron.

When the children of Israel saw what the Lord had done for them they worshiped and gave thanks for their safe deliverance, promising to trust and obey Him, in all matters and at all times.

But let us not attempt to follow them through their long, weary journey in the wilderness, for we would like to take the time to stop over at the home of Job, the most afflicted, and yet the most patient man in the world; one whose faith in God never wavered through all of his sorrows. It may be that we can draw some sweet lessons of patience from this godly man.

But just a few more words concerning Moses and the children of Israel. God continued to work signs and wonders for

them, through their forty years journey in the wilderness. When they were hungry He sent them quails, and manna from heaven, and when they were thirsty, Moses had but to command Aaron to smite the rock with his rod and the sparkling waters flowed.

But Aaron died before they reached the promised land, and they mourned for him thirty days and nights. Here we have an example of God's fulfillment of a promise to punish as well as reward.

Aaron was a good man, and God loved him, but he sinned grievously in the eyes of the Lord when he ordered the Israelites to make a golden calf, and permitted them to worship it while Moses was on the mountain-top. So the Lord told him that for punishment of this sin he must die before reaching the land of Canaan.

But we have another instance similar to that of Aaron, where God fulfills His promise to punish as well as reward, and draw not back in wonder when I tell you that his name was Moses. Though I can scarcely blame you for being astonished, for the Holy Book tells us that he was the greatest prophet that ever lived, either

before or after, and never was there one who performed the wonders, signs and miracles as he had done.

And the Lord had said of him that there never had been a prophet that He had talked face to face as He had to Moses, but like his brother Aaron, he had disobeyed and displeased Him greatly on one occasion, and while he could view the promised land, he could not set foot upon it.

Because ye trespassed against me among the children of Israel at the waters of Meribah Kadesh, in the wilderness of Zin, because ye sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel.

Yet thou shalt see the land before thee; but thou shalt not go thither unto the land which I gave the children of Israel.

—Deuteronomy xxxii, 51, 52.

So according to the Word of God, Moses died in the land of Moab, on the top of Mount Nebo. He knew that his death was near at hand, so he gave the children of Israel a farewell message, and went up on the mountain-top to view the promised land. It was not far away, but

it seemed out of reach to Moses, for he knew that his feet were not to tread its soil.

It may be that a few pangs of disappointment shot through the heart of this great prophet at sight of this beautiful land, but he was reconciled to be punished for a sin he knew full well he should not have committed, and all through his life he had remained so close to his Lord that now he is not afraid to die, and knows that he is going to a far more beautiful country than the one that greets his eyes.

So alone with his God on a lonely mountain-top, the soul of Moses passes out and is carried upward to heaven, and the Lord Himself takes his body into the valley of Moab and buries him there, and to this day no one has been able to find the sepulcher of Moses.

"Moses is dead," saith the Lord to the children of Israel, and he appointed Joshua in his place to lead them, exhorting him to follow the Commandments and to keep close to his Creator, as Moses had done.

These words spoke the Lord unto Joshua: *Have not I commanded thee?*

Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest. Joshua i, 9.

We can well take these comforting and strengthening words to ourselves. They will help us over many a rough and rugged path.

The children of Israel mourned thirty days and nights for Moses. They had only to cross the Jordan, and they would be in the promised land, but the waters of this river were stormy and turbulent, and now that Moses was dead, all eyes were turned to Joshua for help and guidance.

"Take twelve men representing the twelve tribes of Israel," commanded a voice from the clouds, "and let them bear the ark of covenant, and when the soles of their feet have touched the brim of the river, the waters shall divide into a high wall on either side, and the children of Israel shall pass over on dry land."

So Joshua did as God commanded him, and no sooner had the twelve priests, bearing the ark, dipped their feet in the

river's edge, than the waters were divided into the high walls, and the Israelites passed over without harm.

Now that we have landed the children of Israel safely in the promised land, the country promised to their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, let us leave them, and stop over at the home of Job.

JOB'S GREAT PATIENCE AND ILLUSTRATION OF THE ALMIGHTY POWER OF GOD OVER THE LIMITED POWER OF SATAN

In the land of Uz there dwelt a man rich in cattle and household goods with grounds extending far into the east and west and on into the north and south.

He was known to be the wealthiest and most prosperous man in the east, and one who feared God and hated evil. He had seven sons, and three fair daughters.

But when they were drinking wine and feasting in their eldest brother's house, he always offered up a sacrifice for each one separately in the Holy Temple, fearing that they might have had vain thoughts displeasing to the Lord.

Thus did this godly man continually. The name of this good and upright man was Job, and there came a day when the sons of God went up into the temple to worship the Lord, and satan came among them.

"Where did you come from?" asked the Lord.

"From going up and down on the earth, and walking about on it," replied satan.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. —Job i, 7.

"Hast thou considered my servant, Job," questioned God, "a more perfect and upright man never lived?"

"Does Job fear God for nothing?" replied satan, "have you not placed a fence of protection around him, and have you not caused him to prosper beyond any man in the east; have you not given him untold wealth? Take away what he has, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."

But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. —Job i, 11.

"All that he hath is in thy hand," saith God, "but spare his life," and satan went away from the presence of the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord. —Job i, 12.

So there came a time one day when the sons and daughters of Job were feasting and drinking wine at their eldest brother's house, when a messenger came to him and said, "I was tending your drove of oxen and the ponies were grazing beside them, when out came three bands of Sabeans, and went away with them, and killed the men who were watching them with the edge of their sword, and I alone am left to tell thee."

No sooner had this man ceased speaking than another messenger came and said, "I was watching over your camels when a band of robbers came out, and stole them and killed all of the men, and I alone am left to tell thee."

While this servant was yet speaking there came another and said, "I was guarding sheep in yonder field, when there came a fire from heaven, and destroyed them as well as the men who

were watching them. I alone am left to tell thee."

While he was speaking there came another messenger and said, "Your sons and daughters were feasting and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house, when there came a strong north wind from the wilderness, and blew it down to the earth, killing them all, and I only am left to give the message."

Then Job rose and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, but dropping on his knees, the grief-stricken man raised his voice to God and said, *"the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."* Job i, 21.

How many of us have said these words when sorrow and adversity have come upon us? If we could only say them in the same spirit that Job did, our troubles would be easier to bear.

If we could only say as Job did, "not my will, but Thine, O Lord," our sorrows would grow lighter.

And there came another day when the sons of God met before the Lord in His holy temple and satan met with them.

"Where did you come from?" asked the Lord.

"From going to and fro on the earth and walking up and down on it," replied the devil.

"Did you observe My servant Job; that he has held to his integrity, even though you prevailed upon Me to destroy all that he hath, without cause, did you take note that he still retains his faith in God, and he is still a good and upright man?" question the Lord.

"A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, and skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Touch his bone and flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face," replied satan.

"All that he hath is in thy hands, but spare his life," answered the Lord.

Then satan went away from the presence of God, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head, and his sufferings were so great that he robed himself in sackcloth and ashes, and sitting out in front of his house, mourned in his misery, but never once found fault with his Creator, or ceased to trust Him.

And his wife asked of him, "why don't you curse God and die?" He replied, "has not the Lord given? Has He not a right to take away?"

And he reproached her for her lack of faith, and abusive words, against the Supreme Ruler. And then his friends came to comfort and to mourn with him, but they only added to his sorrow and sufferings, for they seemed to think that he was being punished by God for some hidden sin, that they knew nothing about.

And finally Job had to tell his friends to leave him alone in his sorrow, but they insisted upon staying, arguing among themselves the source of Job's afflictions, until he became so grieved that the poor man cursed the day he was born, but never a word against the Lord passed his lips.

Then they rebuked him for cursing the day of his birth. Job admitted that he had done wrong in this, "and friends," he exclaimed, "you know not the anguish that I am suffering, or you would not reproach me so."

Then he tried to prove to them that he had not departed from the paths of

righteousness, and he attempted to convince them that he was not being punished for some sin he had committed.

"Judge me not so harshly," he pleaded of his friends. "Think you if the afflictions that weigh so heavily upon me were on your shoulders that you would bear them any better that I have? Because I murmur in the depth of my pain and sorrow is no sign that *I have ceased to love God.*"

But in their inconsistence, they accused him of impiety, because he attempted to justify himself.

"You miserable comforters," exclaimed Job, "you have said words that add only to my grief; if you were in sorrow I would say things to strengthen and comfort you," and he rebuked them for finding fault and reproving him for what he did not deserve.

Then Job spoke of the frailty and immortality of man in beautiful and eloquent language. These were a few words that he brought before them.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. —Job xiv, 2.

But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up:

So man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

—Job xiv, 10–12.

If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands. —Job xiv, 14, 15.

Then Job discoursed at length on the omnipotency of God in every way. "Our Divine Ruler is too great to do anything small," said Job to his friends. "He is too powerfully just to do anything unjust. He has too powerful a love for those who worship Him, and keep His Commandments to really be unkind to them. There may happen events that we do not at the time understand, but who are we that we should question the powerful wisdom and goodness of God? Everything will come out for the best," continued this man of

afflictions, "if we only have faith in God, for He maketh the rain to fall on the just and the unjust, and the sun to shine upon the wicked and righteous, but the wicked may flourish for a season, but he will be cut down at any moment by the hand of God, and while the righteous may have trials and sorows for a while, he will be rewarded if he will only hold fast to his integrity, and have faith in the almighty God. The Lord will know where to find His servant Job," went on the speaker, "when He sees fit to draw him from the afflictions that encompass him."

But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

My foot hath held his steps; his way have I kept, and not declined.

—Job xxiii, 10, 11.

Thus spoke this man of God, describing again the wonderful power of our Creator in these thrilling words, found in the 26th chapter of Job, from the 5th to the 12th verses.

Dead things are formed from under the waters, and the inhabitants thereof.

Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering.

He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing.

He bindeth up the water in his thick clouds; and the cloud is not rent under them.

He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it.

He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end.

The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof.

He divideth the sea with his power, and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud.

Then Job next protesteth his sincerity, and declares himself not to be a hypocrite, and denounced them as a doomed people, without hope.

Terrors take hold on him as waters, a tempest stealeth him away in the night.

The east wind carrieth him away, and he departeth; and, as a storm, hurleth him out of his place. —Job xxvii, 20, 21.

The servant of the Lord then talked of the wonderful value of wisdom.

"There is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold," continued this eloquent speaker, "and the brass is melted out of the stones, and the iron is gotten from the earth."

"The sapphire is found in the ground with the dust of gold upon it. The crystal is found in the rocks and the corals and pearls are hidden away by the sea, and in the depths of the ocean. The floods break forth from waters that settle at the foot of hills, unknown to man, and are dried up by an unseen hand, the hand of God.

"Mighty rocks are overturned, and the mountains are torn up by the roots.

"Great floods are turned loose, and bound up again in the clouds of heaven.

"Out of the earth cometh bread, but beneath it is fire.

"There is a path that no fowl knoweth, and no vulture's eye has ever seen; a path where no lion's whelps have trodden, nor yet the fierce lion found a trail, but the powerful eye of God has pierced its depths.

"There are hidden treasures that the divine power has brought to light.

"But wisdom, where is wisdom and understanding?

"The depths saith, it is not in me, and the sea saith, it is not with me.

"It cannot be exchanged for gold or silver, or precious stones, nor yet for pearls. Its price is above the price of rubies."

No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies. —Job xxviii, 18.

The latter part of this verse has been a well-known proverb for centuries past. But wisdom, where can wisdom be found?

Job tells us that it is a gift from God, and I would add, that like Solomon we should pray for it. And Job also informs us in the 28th chapter of Job and 28th verse, which is as follows: *And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.*

Then the speaker concluded his speech, by once more referring to the power of God in these words: *He setteth an end to*

darkness, and searcheth out all perfection; the stones of darkness, and the shadow of death. Job xxviii, 3.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven.

To make the weight for the winds, and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning, of the thunder.

Then did he see it and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and sarched it out.

—Job xxviii, 24–27.

Job's friends were silent after his eloquent discourse, but after a time, Elihu the youngest in the crowd, spoke up and questioned Job as to how he knew of his own favor in the eyes of the Lord, or how could he be sure of his own righteousness?

Job then enumerated the many blessings he had done for mankind; such as giving to the poor, kindness to the widow, and orphan, as well as beasts and animals of all kind. He had always worked hard, and God had permitted him to prosper in consequence, and he had never owed a debt to any man or had he ever been un-

true to his wife and family, neither had he ever even given a thought to the wife of another, and he had worshipped God, and kept His commandments since childhood.

Elihu then spoke again, and upbraided the others for talking to Job the way they had, and the unjust accusations that they had made against him.

He then reasoned with Job, telling him what a good and upright man he considered him, but he argued with him in such a kind, clear and good-natured way that when he had finished speaking, Job had not near the good opinion of himself as when Elihu had begun his statement, and felt rather humble.

Just a word concerning Job, Elihu was right. Job was a man so good, or nearly perfect, that, no doubt, he unconsciously thought himself perfect, but his friend points out to him, that in the eyes of God no man is perfect or without sin.

But I agree with Elihu, that while Job was not perfect, there is little doubt that any man would have borne the afflictions which had fallen upon Job, with the same fortitude and patience, as well as have

the trust and faith that all would be righted.

Then there was heard a voice out of the whirlwind, "straighten up, and answer me like a man; you spoke of the power of God, but the half of it you did not tell. Were you here when the world was first created?"

"No, Lord," answered Job, humbly.

"And," continued the Divine Ruler, but let us quote His exact words, as we find them in the Holy Book, 38th chapter of Job, 4th to 18th verse, as follows:

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the cornerstone thereof?

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth?

When I made the cloud the garment

thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it,

And brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors.

And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place;

That it might take hold of the ends of the earth that the wicked might be shaken out of it?

It is turned as clay to the seal, and they stand as a garment.

And from the wicked their light is withholden, and the high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea, or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare, if thou knowest it all.

"No, Lord," admitted Job, and this servant of God bowed low in humble ac-

knowledgment of the almighty power hidden within the whirlwind.

"Forgive me," pleaded Job, "I am an ignorant, sinful fool!"

"Rise," demanded the voice from the whirlwind, "draw a long breath, and for thy faith, patience and righteousness, thou shalt be made whole. Thy strength shall return to thee, and thou shalt be rewarded with double the wealth in land, cattle, servants, silver and gold, and seven sons and three fair daughters shall be added to thy household for the ones you so sadly lost."

And Job rose as he was commanded, and drew a long breath, and lo, and behold, the boils that were upon him disappeared as if by magic, and the blood flowed through his veins with healing strength and vigor.

His friends looked in amazement at this wonderful miracle. "The words that this man has spoken," they whispered, "are true," but they were so bewildered that they stole away in silence, and Job was left alone. He then walked along a wooded path to try his strength.

When he reached a beautiful stream of

water, he sat down beside it, beneath the shade of a large tree, to reflect and meditate on the wonders and goodness of God.

It did not take Job long to regain his wealth and double it as God has promised, and in the years to come the Lord gave him seven sons and three of the fairest and most beautiful daughters in the land.

All of the days of Job's life were prosperous after that one test that God had permitted satan to give him, in order to prove to the devil his mistaken idea and reason for Job's goodness and righteousness.

Satan had attributed all of Job's religion to selfish motives and the fact that God had guarded and protected him always and caused him to be wealthy and prosperous beyond any man in the East.

"Take these blessings and riches away from him," replied satan, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."

So in order to prove to his satanic majesty his mistake the Lord permitted him to send these afflictions upon this righteous man; only God warned the devil not to take his life, showing how limited is

the power of satan besides the almighty power of our divine Creator.

And so it was that Job, by his patience and continued faith and trust in God, proved the *devil a lie* and *himself true gold.*

THE REVELATION OF A WONDROUS AND POWERFUL LOVE IS PORTRAYED TO THE WORLD BY THE GIFT OF THE SON JESUS CHRIST FROM AN OMNIPOTENT GOD

What greater love could God have shown the world than this? He gave His only begotten son to us, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

This is the most precious and grandest gift and sacrifice our heavenly Father could have made for us.

Since the first creation of man God had been confronted with the problems of sin, and He had punished them the way that He had considered they deserved.

Adam and Eve, our first foreparents, were driven out of the Garden of Eden for disobedience, and Cain was sent a wanderer upon the face of the globe, with a mark upon him for killing his brother, Abel.

The world had become so wicked that

God was compelled to destroy all of the people in it with a flood except Noah and his family. Then the Lord promised never more to send a flood that would engulf the whole world again, and set his rainbow in the sky as a token of His promise.

But, finally, the world became so wicked and idolatrous that God did not know what to do with it.

This was long after the reign of King Solomon. "I will be compelled to destroy them, body and soul," said the Creator of the universe, "and all living creatures. I cannot stand this."

"Father, spare them," pleaded the Son. "Let me suffer in their place," and the Son of the heavenly Father looked down in pity on the sin-cursed world.

Then a powerful wave of love and compassion swept the mighty heart of God for the sons of man. "Go, My Son," He replied, and then it was that a compact was signed between Father and Son, that if the Son should leave His throne in heaven to dwell on earth, and suffer and be persecuted, and finally crucified, His blood that was shed upon the Cross would

redeem the lost souls of man, in the past, present and future.

"But one request I would make of the sons of man," said the victor Emanuel, in a pathetic voice, "and that is, that they will only accept, acknowledge, and believe that I am their Savior, and through my blood, upon the Cross, they are saved."

"Go, My Son," repeated the Lord, "and do what you can for the children of earth."

In the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah we find a prophecy foretelling the coming and suffering of Christ, also His crucifixion. The prophet Elijah was sent by the Lord to prepare the way and announce the coming of Christ to the sinful world. So it was no great surprise when it was whispered around that a child had been born that should be King of the Jews.

That night, in a quiet little city called Bethlehem, of Judea, a tiny baby lay in the manger among the lowing cows, because there was not room in the inn for this wee prince from heaven.

Not far away, the shepherds were tending their sheep, when lo, and behold, an angel stood before them, and said, "Christ

is born and is in yonder manger;'' and they were filled with joy, and spread the glad news quickly about.

This same angel returned to where Mary and Joseph were bending over Him, in His humble crib. ''Name Him Jesus,'' commanded this white-robed figure, ''for that means Savior of men.''

So it was, as the angel had demanded, they called the babe Jesus. Now there were certain Wise Men in the East who knew through prophecy that it was time for the Savior's arrival on earth, and the exact date would be marked by a new star in the sky, called the Star of the East, and that it would guide them to His whereabouts.

So lo, and behold! The Wise Men looked up in the sky, and when they saw this strange, beautiful star, they said among themselves, ''He has come, the Savior has come, let us follow the star that we may find and worship Him.''

And when they had started traveling the star moved on ahead of them, and when it had reached where the shepherds were watching their sheep it stopped over their heads, for they were the first to re-

ceive the glad tidings from an angel of heaven.

"The Christ child, where is He?" asked the Wise Men of the shepherds. "We have seen His star in the East, and we have come to worship Him."

Then they pointed to the manger, and no sooner had the Wise Men started than the star moved on and paused over the place where the Babe was resting in its bed of straw.

They then entered the house, where Jesus and His mother Mary and Joseph were staying, and when they saw the little prince from heaven they fell on their knees and worshiped Him. They also opened up a box if gold, frankincense, and myrrh, as a present for the little fellow.

King Herod was ruling at the time of Christ's birth, and when he heard of it he was greatly alarmed, for he thought that this new king would in time take his throne, so he plotted in his mind to have him killed. When the Wise Men passed through Jerusalem Herod stopped them and told them to find out where the Christ child was; that he wanted to worship

Him, but in reality he wished to have him destroyed. But the Wise Men had been warned in a dream by an angel of the Lord not to return to the king, and of his intentions, so that went back to their homes in an opposite direction.

When Herod discovered that he had been deceived by the Wise Men, he was so angry that he had all of the boy babies under two years old killed that were in the land of Israel and along the coast hoping that he might kill the Christ baby among them.

There was great moaning and weeping among the mothers for their little ones. But just after the departure of the Wise Men an angel came to Joseph in a dream and said, "take the child and his mother and flee quickly to the land of Egypt, for King Herod seeks to destroy his life."

So Joseph rises in haste and takes the child and his mother to the land of Egypt, and they travel in the dead of night.

"Stay here," commanded the angel, "until King Herod is dead, or until I give you a message to leave."

They remained in Egypt until one day the angel came to them and said, "King

Herod is dead; come back into the land of Israel.''

So Joseph took the mother and young child and started for the land of Israel, but hearing that King Herod's brother ruled in his stead became frightened and despite a warning from God stopped over in the land of Galilee, in the city of Nazareth, and so it was according to prophecy Christ became the Nazarene of Galilee.

He grew from babyhood to childhood like any other little one, but He seemed possessed with a quaint lot of knowledge for His age. His mother and Joseph went to Jerusalem once a year, to the Passover, and always took Him with them. When they were returning home from the Passover they missed Him, but thought at first that He was with some of His relatives in another part of the company, and did not get uneasy about Him until the third day. He was twelve at that time. Mary and Joseph went back all the way to Jerusalem to find Him, and they came across the Christ child sitting in the holy temple among the wise men and doctors of learning; expounding questions, and

asking the meaning of matters beyond His years, and they listened with amazement at the remarkable wisdom that came from this boy's lips. "Why did you leave us, my son? Your father and I were very uneasy about you," said Mary. "Why should I come?" asked the Christ child. "Do you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" And Mary could not understand this strange answer.

So Jesus grew in stature and favor, with God and man. When the Christ child had reached the age of manhood, there came one John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness, and baptizing in the river Jordan all who wished to repent of their sins and be saved in the kingdom of heaven.

Many thought that John the Baptist was Jesus Christ. Multitudes from all parts of the country came down to be baptized and to hear this great man speak. Among them came the Pharisees and Sadducees, and John rebuked them, thus: "Who warned you of hell-fire, you generation of vipers and set of hypocrites? First prove yourself worthy by the good fruits of your labor before coming to me.

There comes one after me whose shoes I am not worthy to unlace. I baptize with water but he will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire. The wheat he will gather. The flour he will place in the garner, but the chaff he will throw into the fire."

Then came Jesus from Galilee, to be baptized by John the Baptist in the River Jordan.

"Lord, it is I that should be baptized by Thee, not Thou by me, for I feel that I am unfit." "Not so," Christ replied, "suffer it be so that the laws of God and righteousness shall be fulfilled."

So Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist, and as the Divine One came up out of the water the spirit of God in the form of a dove flew down and lit on His shoulder, and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." St. Matthew iii, 17.

Jesus went straightway from the River Jordan to the wilderness to fast and pray forty days and nights. When He was very hungry, satan came to Him and said, "If thou be the Son of God command these stones to be turned into bread."

"It is written that we should not live by bread alone, but by the word of God," Christ replied.

Then satan taketh Him to the holy city of Jerusalem, and carrying Him up into a high pinnacle of a temple, demanded of Christ, "if thou be the Son of God cast thyself down, for it is written that the Lord has given His angels charge over you, to bear you up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone at any time."

"It is written again that thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," Christ answered him.

Then satan took the Savior on an exceedingly high mountain and showed Him the glory of the surrounding kingdoms.

"All these will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me," said the tempter.

"Get thee hence, satan," demanded Christ, "it is written that thou shalt worship the Lord thy God alone," replied Jesus.

Then satan left Christ for a season, and angels came to minister unto Him. When Christ left the wilderness He went to Galilee, where He had heard that John

the Baptist was in prison, and from there to Capernaum.

He found these people in the darkness of sin and shadow of death, and He spread the light of the gospel before them, and showed them the path to eternal life.

From this time on our Savior preached constantly, all along the coast and different parts of the country, using many beautiful parables as illustrations.

One day, while Jesus was preaching by the seashore, He saw a man named Simon Peter and his brother Andrew. They were fishing, but luck was against them, for their nets were empty, but at a word from Christ they became full, and the men marveled at this.

"Follow Me," demanded Christ, "and I will make you fishers of men, and Simon Peter and his brother Andrew became disciples of Christ.

Not far from this place, as they journeyed by the sea, they came upon two other brothers, James and John, who were mending nets in their father's ship.

"Leave, and follow Me," Christ demanded, and they immediately left their father's ship and went with the Savior,

and from that time on where disciples of Jesus.

The fame of the Savior spread through all the country, and into the land of Syria. Jesus went about preaching the gospel, and healing the sick everywhere. He performed many wonderful miracles, such as raising the dead, casting out devils, and curing the insane. He also healed those who came to Him with incurable diseases, such as the palsy and leprosy. He made the lame to walk, and the blind to see, and He comforted those in sorrow, and healed the broken-hearted. Yet, for all this kindness to humanity there were those who found fault with Christ. The Scribes criticized Him for sitting and eating at the table with the Publicans, and knowing their hearts Jesus rebuked them. "Thinkest thou that I have come to call the righteous to repentance? They are saved, but the sinners are lost lest I mingle with them and show them the way."

They were amazed that He knew their thoughts, and wondered what manner of man He was that could read their minds. And when Christ cast out devils there were some to say that He was in league

with Beelzebub, the leading devil, or He would not have that power.

Hearing their words, he questioned them thus: "Do you not think that a house or kingdom divided against itself will fall? Would it be of advantage to satan and his kingdom that devils remain in mortals? Yes," replied Christ. "Then why should He wish to cast them out? Would it add to the kingdom of heaven if all possessed with evil spirits were freed from them? Yes," answered our Savior.

They who had spoken were hushed and awed into silence by the truth of Christ's words. "He speaks with authority," they whispered among themselves.

On another occasion the Scribes and Pharisees accused Jesus Christ of breaking the Sabbath because He healed the sick on that day, and fed His disciples by plucking corn from a field.

"How many of you, if you had an ox or a sheep in the ditch on Sunday, would not stop to get him out, or who is it among you who does not take his horse to water on that day?"

They could not answer the Savior, for

they found themselves so much in the wrong.

Once, when Jesus Christ and His disciples were in a large crowd, a man afflicted with the leprosy came to the Savior to be healed. "Cheer up, my son," said the Lord, "thy sins are forgiven thee."

"Hear Him blaspheme God," declared a group of Scribes and Pharisees, only the Ruler above has the power to forgive sins.

"Know you," replied Christ, "that the son of man has also the power to forgive sins? What difference does it make whether I say son, thy sins are forgiven or take up thy bed and walk—you are healed!"

To prove that I have the power from my heavenly Father to both heal diseases and forgive sins at the same time I repeat thy sins are forgiven thee; take up your bed and walk.

No sooner spoken, than the man was healed of his leprosy, and the Scribes and Pharisees marveled and were frightened at the power that Jesus Christ manifested.

They then went upon the mountain where Christ preached a long sermon, the

contents of which has been handed down from generation to generation as containing the essential teachings of salvation. In this discourse is found the golden rule, and many verses that are taken as standing proverbs and new-year's resolutions, the one I will quote for you which, if followed from year to year, will make of you a just and broad-minded person. 'Tis this—

Judge not, that ye be not judged.
For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.
St. Matthew vii, 1, 2.

We are warned against false prophets who come to us in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. We will know them by their fruit. "Do we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" questioned our Savior; "nor does a bad tree give good fruit nor a good tree bad fruit; but the bad tree is hewn down and thrown into the fire while the good tree is saved. Thou must not save up treasures on earth alone, where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves do break

through and steal, but rather lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt and thieves do not break through and steal, for where your treasure is there will be your heart."

The Savior exhorted them that they should love not only their neighbors but their enemies as well; and they should pray for them which persecuted and despitefully treated them, and they shall have their reward in heaven.

Jesus Christ taught the spirit of love, humility, and forgiveness, as well as generosity. But He cautioned them thus: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before swine lest they trample them under-foot and turn and rend you again."

He also explained the commandments to them. "It is said," declared Christ, "that thou shalt not kill, but I say that if you are angry with him without a cause you will be in danger of judgment, or if you say to him you fool, you will be in danger of hell-fire. It is written in the commandments, thou shalt not swear, except to the Lord, but I say that you shall not swear by heaven above, for it is God's

throne; nor by the earth, for it is His foot-stool; nor by the city of Jerusalem, for it is the city of the King; nor by thy head for thou canst not make one hair white or black. If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out," commanded Christ, "or thy hand or arm offend thee, cut them off; for it is better to lose a portion of your body than your whole soul should be cast into hell."

By Christ's last statement He means if anything stands between you and the kingdom of heaven cast it aside, no matter how great the sacrifice.

"Ask, and it shall be given thee by thy Divine Father," said our Savior, "knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find. For if our earthly fathers know how to give good gifts, how much better does our heavenly Father know how to give; for who among you if he were to ask for bread would expect to receive a stone from his earthly parent."

Then Christ said these beautiful words, which have brought so much peace and comfort to the hearts of many:

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for

nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill, cannot be hid.

—St. Matthew v, 3–14.

These twelve verses contained in Christ's Sermon on the Mount are the twelve beatitudes that have been for centuries past used as references as to the virtue and blessing of an individual. Note that there is a verse for every month—twelve of them. Now, what month in the year were you born? If in February, your verse would be the second to correspond with the second month beginning with the first beatitude, and your virtue and blessing would be according. Now look and see which verse is yours.

When Christ had finished His Sermon on the Mount, He concluded with these words: "Those who hearken unto my saying, and do them, I would liken to a wise man, who built his house upon a rock. The rain descended; the winds blew; the floods came, and beat upon that house, but it stood as firm as the rock upon which it was built. But those who

do not heed My teachings, I would liken unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand. The rains descended; the winds blew; the floods came, and beat against that house and it fell, and great was the fall."

In Christ's Sermon on the Mount, we find the Lord's prayer, the prayer that begins with "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name," and has been said for ages past, the world over, in all of the churches, synagogues, halls and temples, in the palace of the king, and also homes, from the mansion on down to the humblest hut.

When our Savior had come down from the mountain it was eventide, and friends and relatives brought their loved ones who were sick and afflicted, and laid them at Jesus' feet to be healed. He had but to lay His hands upon them and speak a few words and they were well.

Among the rest, there came a centurion, who knelt and beseeched Jesus to cure his servant who was at the house sick with the palsy.

"Lord," he exclaimed, "my servant suffereth much. Wilt thou not cure him?"

"Bring him to me," Christ requested.

"Savior, he is at my house, which is a long ways off."

"Then," replied Jesus, "I will go there myself."

"No, Master," answered the centurion, "my roof is no fit resting place for Thy presence; for I am a man of great authority, with a large number of soldiers under my command. I say this or that and they obey my orders."

"A greater faith, a more humble spirit, I have never beheld in all of Israel," Christ replied. "Son," exclaimed the Savior of souls and men, "thy faith hath made they servant well; and at that self-same hour the man with palsy was cured.

"There will be many from the east and the west sitting with me at My Father's throne, along with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and you will be among them," Christ said to the centurion.

The crowds followed them, and as they passed through towns, villages, and cities, the sick were placed in the street for Christ to heal. There was one woman who had suffered with an incurable plague for many years, and she had trouble in

reaching Him for the multitude ahead of her. "If I could only touch the hem of His garment," she exclaimed in desperation. She finally succeeded in reaching the Savior as He was passing on through the crowd, and she placed her finger-tips lightly on the edge of His robe. Feeling that His power had gone out from Him, He turned to see who had laid their hand upon the border of His garment.

"Sister," He said, "thy faith hath made thee whole," and from that moment she was well and strong.

As Jesus and His disciples went on in their journey, a certain scribe, hearing the wonderful teachings of our Savior, and seeing His marvelous works, wished to go with Him.

"Lord and Master, permit me," he pleaded, "to follow Thee whithersoever thou goeth."

But Christ replied, "the foxes have holes, the birds have nests, but the Son of God hath nowhere to lay His head." To His disciple, who wished to tarry in order to bury his father who had just died, the Savior commanded him to let the dead bury their dead. To the multi-

tude He said, "take no thought of what ye shall eat, drink or wear on the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Doth not the heavenly Father, who feedeth the raven, and knoweth when the sparrow falleth to the ground, comprehend your needs and wishes? For how much greater are you than the birds of the air?"

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin!"

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

—St. Matthew vi, 28, 29.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all things, shall be added unto you," declared the Savior.

When they had proceeded into another town, Jesus saw Matthew counting out receipts, "come and follow me," the Master said, and immediately the man left his work and followed Christ. From that time on he became a disciple of Jesus. They then got into a boat, just Christ and His disciples, that they might get over on

the opposite shores to rest from the multitude, but the crowd followed them in boats and Jesus was compelled, though worn and weary, to continue preaching and healing. It was getting on close to eventide, and the crowd, having brought no dinner along, were hungry.

"What shall we do, Lord?" asked the disciples. "They look as though they are famished. Had we not better send them home to get something to eat?"

"No," replied the Lord, "they would famish and faint by the wayside."

"But Lord, how are we to feed such a large crowd?" they asked.

"How much food have we?" asked Christ.

"Five loaves and two fishes." "Pass them around to the crowd," was Christ's command to His disciples.

"But how can we feed a crowd of five thousand with five loaves and two fishes?" they asked.

"Oh ye of little faith; break up the bread and fishes as I demanded thee and pass them around," commanded Christ, and they did accordingly, and found that

everyone had a plentiful supply, and there were twelve baskets of scraps left over.

Then the crowds returned to their homes, and Jesus and His disciples got in their boat to cross over into the other side of the country. It was night, and the winds and waves were high. A tempest was stirring in the air. The Lord was fast asleep on a pillow in the back of the boat. "Wake up, Master," they exclaimed, "lest we perish."

"Fear not," He replied, rebuking the winds and waves until they became calm, and they marveled at His power, saying among themselves "even the sea obeys His voice."

When they had reached the other shore it was morning, and there came to meet them a man possessed with many devils. He made his home for years among the tombs and the wild mountain sides. Night and day he would run back and forth among the tombs and mountains, cutting himself with rocks and crying. He had been chained and bound with iron fetters but had burst them asunder. No one could tame him, and all fled in terror at sight of him. But when he saw Jesus

from a distance he fell down and worshiped Him, calling out in a loud voice, "Christ, the Son of God, why hast thou come to torment us?" But Jesus was not afraid, and went close to the man and said "What is thy name?"

"Legion," he replied, "for we are many."

Then the devils within the man began to beseech Christ at least not to drive them out of the country.

"Leave! thou evil spirits from this man, to return never more," and they straightway left his body as their abode. At that moment there happened along a herd of swine, two thousand in number, and according to the wish of the devils not to be driven out of the country, Christ permitted them to enter the swine, and the hogs, being possessed with the devil, ran violently down the hill, and were choked in the sea. The men who were tending the swine were frightened at what they saw and ran to the city, telling everyone they met what had happened to the wild man and the hogs. The man who had been possessed with evil spirits was sitting quietly on a stone, clothed in his

right mind, and when the crowds came to look at him, Jesus, noticing that they shrank back and were afraid of him, said —"fear him not; he will not harm you now. He was so grateful to Christ for what He had done for him that he wished to remain with the Savior and serve Him the remainder of his days, but Jesus bade him to return to his people and tell them what the Lord had done for him. When the multitude had left it was evening, and Christ, having preached the gospel to many, and healed quite a large number of people of their afflictions, told his disciples to get in a ship, while He went up on the mountain to pray. When they were in the boat, and Christ was alone on the mountain-side, He saw that the winds were contrary and boisterous, and they were having a hard time to make the ship go. So about the fourth watch of the night Christ went to them, walking on the sea. When they saw Him they were frightened, for they thought that He was a spirit.

"Be of good cheer," said Christ, "be not afraid, it is only I."

"Lord Jesus, if it is really you," said

Peter, "command me to walk on these waves to Thee."

"Come," demanded Christ, and Peter stepped out of the ship and onto the water, but when he had walked a short distance, and he began to sink, he became frightened, and holding out his arms to the Lord, he cried out, "save me, Lord Jesus, ere I perish."

The Savior caught him by his arms and held him up. Oh ye, of little faith, think ye, that I would let you perish?" Christ exclaimed. No sooner had Jesus Christ and Peter entered the boat than there was a great calm of the winds and waves, and they marveled again at the power of the Lord. The Savior called His twelve disciples to Him, and told them to go out in twos, preaching the gospel in different parts of the country. He gave them the power to heal the sick and to cast out devils, and also instructed them how to preach. "You must always be courteous when you enter a town, village or city," demanded Christ. "When you go to one's home salute, and if they treat you kindly mark it down as peace and a blessing for that home, but should they be disrespect-

ful, or refuse to admit you into their dwelling, shake the dust off of your feet and never return to that place again, but mark it down for a curse. For verily, I say that one who mistreats and refuses to receive Me denies My heavenly Father, who sent Me here on earth to save the souls of men, and it is the same with My disciples, whosoever denies and treats them unkind it is the same as denying Me and are subject to punishment. You are going among wolves in sheep's clothing a great part of the time; be careful," cautioned Christ, "lest they put you in prison. Be as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves," the Savior advised them. So they went their different ways in twos, as Jesus had wished them, and they preached and healed the sick. One day, when they had returned from one of their trips, they complained to Christ that a stranger had been seen by them casting out devils, and he was not a follower of yours. "Was it right that he should do this?" they asked.

"Did he do this in my name?" questioned the Savior.

"Yes," they replied.

"Then he committed no sin," Christ answered them, "he who giveth a cup of cold water in My name," continued Jesus, "also shall have his reward in heaven."

"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of God?" they asked. Christ took a little child and held him in His arms. "One of these," He replied, "and should any man do aught for a child of earth in My name great will be his blessings. But should any man do aught against one of these that believe in Me, it were better that a millstone were tied around his neck and he were cast into the sea." Then the mothers brought their children to Jesus to be blessed by Him, but His disciples, fearing that this might disturb and worry Christ, tried to stop them, but He reproved His apostles for this, saying, "suffer, them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When it was eventide Jesus took Peter, James and John on an exceeding high mountain. When they were alone Christ became transfigured before them. His raiment appeared as white as snow, and His face shown like a bright light, and

there was talking with Him the two prophets Moses and Elias that had been dead for long ages past. Here we have illustration of spirit return, which is one among many, for all through the Bible we find such examples. To quote the exact words, I will give you the 4th verse of St. Mark, 9th chapter:

And there appeared unto them Elias, with Moses; and they were talking with Jesus.

"It is good for us to be here, Lord," said Peter. "Wilt thou not permit us to build three tabernacles; one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias?"

But Jesus did not answer him, for He knew that the disciples were afraid of this return of the two prophets from the dead, and that Peter was so frightened that he was only talking through his hat. A cloud then overshadowed the three forms, and a voice spoke out from the mist and said, "this is My beloved Son, hear ye Him." When the cloud had vanished, there was only Christ, and He charged His disciples not to tell what they had seen until He had been buried and had risen from the dead. Again, we have

a reference in the scriptures of spirit return, and we can find this announcement in the 9th verse of the 9th chapter of St. Mark, as follows:

And as they came down from the mountain, he charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of Man were risen from the dead.

They questioned each other as to what the Savior could mean by, "return from the dead," but they hated to ask Him for an explanation. When they had come down from the mountain-top, Christ called all of His twelve disciples to Him and told them that the time was nigh at hand when the Son of God would be killed by the son of man. "They will," continued Jesus, "throw Him into prison, scoff at Him, scourge and spit on Him, and finally crucify Him on the Cross with a crown of thorns upon His brow."

"We would not permit anything like that to happen to our Savior," replied Peter, and at that moment satan crept in trying to tempt Christ to let His disciples save Him from such a fate. But Jesus ordered the devil away with these words, "get thee from behind Me, satan," and to

His apostles He replied, "suffer that it be so that the ransom for souls might be paid." When they had gone but a little ways there came running after them a man and knelt at Jesus's feet, saying: "Good Lord and Master, what can I do to inherit eternal life?"

"Hast thou kept the commandments?" questioned Christ.

"From my youth up," answered the young man.

Jesus looked at him and loved him. "Son," He said, "there is one thing thou lackest. Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor. Then take up thy cross, and follow me," but the young man turned away, grieved, for he had great possessions.

"How hard it is, children," said Christ in sorrowful tones, "for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Who then can be saved?" questioned Peter, in a troubled voice. I follow thee and observe the commandments," he concontinued, "but I have not sold all my possessions, nor have I given up my family for Thee."

"There is no man living who has given

up father, mother, brother and sister, wife and children, all for Me," Christ replied.

"How then, is it possible for anyone to be saved?" asked the disciples.

"With man, many things seem impossible, but with God, all things are possible," Christ replied.

The Savior then left them, and went on His way to Capernaum. When the disciples were alone together, they argued among themselves as to which should be the greatest after Christ had left them. When Jesus returned, He asked them what big discussion had they been holding in His absence, but they were ashamed to tell Him.

"Know ye that he that is first shall be last, and he that is last shall be first, and the greatest among you is the least, for he that serveth the world in My name is a servant of the Lord, and greater than the ones He has served."

Even so does the son of man; for even the son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. —St. Mark x, 45.

When they had traveled to Bethany, close to the Mount of Olives, Jesus told His twelve disciples that He was going into Jerusalem, and He sent two of His apostles to go to a village near by, and to get a colt that no man had ridden, and to unloose him, and bring him to where they were stopping.

"They will ask of you, why are you taking him away, and your must answer, that the Lord and Master hath need of him, and they will say no more."

The two apostles went to the village as Jesus had demanded to them, and found the colt hitched to a house where two roads met, and they unfastened him. Just as the Lord had said, a man standing near by questioned them, thus: "Why are you unhitching him?" "The Master hath need of him," they answered, and the disciples were permitted to carry the colt away without further words. They returned with him to Christ, and throwing their garments over his back, the Lord mounted him and rode away. The disciples walked at His side, and the multitude followed them, some going ahead and others behind, and they shouted, "Hosan-

na, to the Son of King David, and Lord from heaven. Hosanna, in the highest," they sang. Some threw garments in the path of the Savior for His colt to tread upon, and others plucked branches from the trees and spread them before Him. Thus Christ, accompanied by His apostles and a multitude of people who loved and worshipped Him, made His entry into the City of Jerusalem on a colt that no man had ever ridden before. Jesus went into the holy temple, and found that the scribes and high priests were desecrating this sacred place, for they were buying and selling there the things they ought not. Christ overturned the moneychanger's tables, and would not permit anyone to go out with doves or silver cups which the scribes and high priests had sold them. To the scribes and priests he said, "the holy temple of God is, and always will be, the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

The scribes, Pharisees and high priests were so angry with Jesus that they sought among themselves how they might kill Him, but they were afraid of the people. So the Savior passed out unharmed, for

His time had not yet come. The disciples and Himself went from there to Bethany, and they spent the entire day and night in this village. It was eventide when they journeyed forth from there, and Jesus having not eaten since He left Jerusalem was exceedingly hungry. Seeing a fig tree from a distance with leaves upon it they went over to where it stood, hoping that they might find fruit, but the time for figs had not come. "No man shall ever eat figs from thee any more, in the present or future," said Christ to the tree. They then returned to the holy city of Jerusalem, and Jesus went again into the temple of God, and the scribes and high priests came to Him, and said, "by what authority did You overturn our money tables?"

"I will answer your question," Jesus replied, "if you will answer Mine. Did John the Baptist baptize with power from God or man?" questioned Christ.

They were afraid to say "with power from heaven" for fear that He would say "why did ye not believe?" And they feared not to say that the power was from John the Baptist, for many of the people

had great faith in this prophet, so they answered "we cannot tell."

"Then," replied Jesus, "I cannot tell why I did these things in the temple which you complain about."

The Savior passed out again unharmed, although they would have liked very much to destroy Him. He and His twelve disciples then went back to the little town of Bethany. On their way they passed the fig tree that Jesus Christ had cursed, and it had withered away to the ground.

"Look, Lord," exclaimed Peter, "the fig tree that Thou cursedst is dead! What shall we do after Thou art gone?" he questioned of Christ.

"Your heavenly Father will send a comforter to take My place when I am gone —the Holy Ghost—and he will guide and remind you of My teachings. But verily, I say unto you, have faith in God and prayer, for it is written that if two or more are gathered together in My name, and pray for a certain thing, and have faith, it shall come to pass," continued Christ, as we find it in the 23d and 24th verses of the 11th chapter of St. Mark, as follows:

For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.

Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

"When ye pray," said the Savior, "do not forget to ask God to help you, to forgive those who have trespassed against you. For if you are not willing to forgive, how can you expect to be forgiven by your Father in heaven?"

As Christ and His apostles were sitting up against the treasure house of the Lord, there were many rich ones who threw in large sums of money, but finally a poor widow came along and placed in the box two pence. There were some standing near by who scoffed and laughed at this small amount, but Christ reproved them, saying, "she hath given more than the rest, for it is all that she hath, but the

rich have given out of their plenty, and will not miss it." They went on a little farther and the crowd followed, and Jesus Christ paused to preach the gospel to them, for it was close to His last days on earth. The scribes and high priests, anxious to confuse the Savior and get something against him that they might have Him arrested and thrown into prison, brought a woman before Him, and stood her in their midst. "Behold, here is a woman who has sinned grievously and broken one of the ten commandments. Did you say that Moses ordered, according to the law, that such as she should be stoned?" questioned the scribes and chief priests.

Christ, seeing the wickedness of their hearts, answered them wisely, "which one among you is guiltless let him cast the first stone?" And they all hung their heads, for they were conscience-stricken, and one by one, even to the eldest, left the place and Jesus was alone with the woman.

"Sister," He said, "has any man accused you of breaking this commandment?"

"No, Lord," she replied.

"Then go and sin no more," Christ commanded her. "Thy sins are forgiven thee," he said. When Peter, Andrew, James and John got an opportunity they called the Savior away from the crowd and other disciples to ask a few questions of Him on the quiet.

"Lord, what did you mean in your sermon, "By the destruction of the temple," and "the judgment of Christ?" they questioned Him.

"Do you see this temple of stone, and these massive buildings?" Christ asked of them as He sat down on the side of Mount of Olives, and leaned His back against the walls of the temple. "In that day, when the Son of God shall return to sift the wheat from the chaff, not one of those stones will you find standing. Close to that time, false prophets will rise up in My name, and also false Christs will attempt to lure you into believing it is I. Men will deceive you in those days, if they can, but heed them not. There shall be wars and rumors of wars and divers happenings. Nations shall rise up against nations, and kingdoms against kingdoms,

but be not troubled, for the time of judgment is not yet come. These shall be sorrowful times, for there shall be plagues and famines throughout the world. Ye, who are righteous, shall be hated and persecuted for My sake; but remain faithful unto the end and ye shall be saved. They may even bring you before the courts, but be not troubled, nor even think what words either before or then ye shall say, for the Holy Ghost, that the Father hath sent from above, shall be in you, and shall speak the truth for you.

"Brothers shall rise up against brothers to have them killed, children against parents, and parents against children. Never in the history of the world, either before or after the earth was first created, is there known to be such sorrows, trials and tribulations. Then the sun and moon will refuse to give their light and the stars will fall. The heavens will be shaken, and then ye shall know that the judgment day is at hand. The son of God and the son of man will come in all His glory, wrapped in a cloud of light, and He will send His angels to the four winds of the earth to gather them up

from the uttermost parts of the world to the uttermost parts of heaven.

"The return of Christ, my dear disciples is likened unto the parable of the fig tree," said Jesus. "When you see fresh, green leaves upon it, you know that summer is nigh at hand. When you see these signs that I have told you about, you will know that the judgment of Christ is near at hand, even at the door, but the moment or the hour or the day, no man knoweth, not even the angels in heaven, nor the Son of God, but the Father, alone.

"When the Son of God is crucified, and risen from the dead, the third day He goeth to His heavenly Father. It is like, when I leave this world, unto a man who goes forth on a long journey, and he instructs his servants and porter to have the house in order, for he knows not the hour that he may return, whether at morn, at eve, or at midnight. So he leaves his command to watch, lest he find them sleeping. And unto you, My dear disciples, and the world at large, I say, Watch, lest the Son of God returns at any moment and find you sleeping on that great and awful day."

It was two days until the Passover, and the scribes, chief priest and the elders of the people had met at the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest, to consult how they might kill Christ by craft. They said, it would not do to kill Him on the day of the Passover on account of the people, for they would rise up in rebellion against it. In Bethany, at that time, Christ and His twelve disciples were eating at the home of Simon, the leper, when a woman came with an alabaster box, full of precious ointment, and breaking it open she poured the entire contents on His head.

"What waste," the disciples exclaimed indignantly, "she could have sold the ointment for three hundred pence, and given the money to the poor."

"Blame her not, or murmur against her," commanded Jesus, "for she hath wrought a good deed, and verily, I say, that wheresoever the gospel shall be preached in all parts of the world, this what she has done will be told as a memorial of her, for she hath anointed beforehand, My body, for burying."

"As for the poor," continued Christ,

"ye have them with you always, to do good whenever you wish, but Me you have but a little while."

When Jesus had ceased to speak, there rose one of the twelve apostles, named Judas Iscariot, and went to the palace of the high priest, where they were plotting against the life of Jesus Christ.

"What will you give me," he asked, "if I deliver him unto you."

They promised Judas thirty pieces of silver if he would get the Savior into their hands by craft, and from that time on Judas Iscariot sought an opportunity to betray Christ. When it was the day of unleavened bread the disciples asked the Savior where they should prepare the feast of the Passover so that they might eat it together. Jesus selected two of His apostles to go to the city, and said to them, "you will see a man carrying a pitcher, follow him, and when he enters the house say to him, "my good man, where is the guest room? My Lord and Master wishes to eat the Passover supper at your home with His disciples, and he will show you a large upper room with everything already prepared." "Come,

then, and let us know, that we may return immediately and partake of the Passover." The two apostles went to the city and found the place, and that it was as the Lord had told them, so they returned for the rest. It was evening when Christ and His disciples reached the house where they were to eat the Feast of the Passover, afterwards called The Lord's Supper, which has been kept in all the Christian churches since that time. For it was the last supper they had eaten together before His crucifixion, and was accompanied by a feeling of deep sadness.

"Do this in memory of Me," He said to His disciples, and the remainder of the Christian world now and forever after, "lest ye forget the agony that the Son of God and the Son of Man went through for your sakes. The bread represents My Body, that shall be nailed upon the Cross, and the wine My blood, that shall be shed for you that your soul may have eternal life."

Jesus Christ and His twelve disciples sat down at the table together, and the Savior took the bread and blessed it and breaking it up, passed it to them. "Take,

eat," He said, "for this is My body." He then gave thanks, and pouring out the wine passed it to the apostles. "Take, drink," He said, "for this is My blood. Verily, I say unto thee, there is one among you who shall betray Me," Jesus told His twelve disciples.

"Is it I Lord, is it I?" And another asked, "Is it I?"

"The one who dippeth with Me in the dish," Jesus Christ replied. "The Son of man must go, as it is written, but woe unto that man who betrays Him," uttered the Savior. "It would be better that He had never been born."

After they had sung a hymn, Jesus and His apostles went up on the Mount of Olives to rest and pray. "This night I will do that which will cause you to be offended with me," Christ announced sadly. "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered, but on the third day I will go before you into Galilee." "I will not get offended with Thee," said Simon Peter, "though all the rest may. I love You so, that I would lay down my life for Thee," he added vehemently.

"Neither will I get angry with You, Lord," they all chimed in.

Jesus turned His attention to Peter, and said, "verily, I say unto you, Simon Peter, this night before the cock has crowed twice you will deny Me thrice."

"No, Lord, I could not do that," answered Peter, and he repeated his assertion that he would die for Him. The Savior then took Peter, James and John and went to the garden of Gethsemane, that He might pray to His heavenly Father for strength and courage for the coming hours of agony. For His body seemed to have suddenly grown heavy and weary, and His soul was sorrowful unto death. Great drops like drops of blood, stood out upon His brow.

"Tarry here, and rest," Christ said to His disciples, "while I go alone to pray."

And Jesus went a little distance off, and dropping on His knees, lifted His voice in prayer to the almighty God, and these were His words in this moment of anguish. *And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless not what I*

will, but what Thou wilt. St. Mark xiv, 36.

When the Savior returned He found them sleeping.

"Simon Peter," He said, "couldst thou not have watched one hour longer? Watch and pray lest ye yield to temptation," cautioned Christ of His disciples. "The spirit is indeed willing but the flesh is weak."

But they were deep in slumber and did not hear or answer Him, so Jesus walked away, and prayed again to the heavenly Father. When He returned they were still asleep, and He repeated to them what He said before, but their lids were closed heavily over their eyes and they knew not what the Savior had spoken. So Christ left them again to pray, and when He return a third time and found them still wrapped in slumber He said, "Sleep on now and get your rest; it is enough; behold the hour has come when the Son of Man has been betrayed into the hands of sinners."

"Come, arise, and let us go hence," de-

manded Jesus. "Lo, the man by whose hand I have been betrayed is here."

And no sooner had Christ spoken than Judas, one of the twelve appeared with a multitude, who were armed with swords and staves, and the chief priests, scribes and elders of the people were along. Judas hastened forward to greet our Savior, and kissed Him, saying at the same time, "Master, Master," For he had said to the enemy, "whosoever I kiss that will be as a token that it is Christ. Take Him away in safety to the palace of the high priest."

When Judas had betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss the multitude laid rough hands upon Him and took Him away. There was one in the crowd who cut off the ear of one of the servants of the high priest with his sword. He did so, because his indignation against the mob who were taking Jesus from them knew no bounds. But Christ told him to put up his sword for those who fought with the sword should die by one. To those who were leading Him away, Jesus said, "Know ye that were I to send up a petition to My heavenly Father to be deliv-

ered from your hands He would send more than twelve legions of angels to My aid, but the time is not far when I will be with Him in His kingdom of Glory, so suffer it to be so, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, and the souls of men might be saved."

"Why come with your swords and staves to take Me as though I were a thief in the night?" questioned the Savior. "Was I not daily in your temples, preaching and teaching, and healing the sick? And ye took me not then, but that which is written must be fulfilled."

And they all forsook Him and fled.
—St. Mark xiv, 50.

Here we find one of the shortest but saddest verses in the Bible, one wrought with meaning, and that strikes to the heart with a pathetic thrill.

Yes, in His hour of need they had left Him. His disciples, who but a short while ago had declared their love for the Savior, and had proclaimed their willingness to die for Him, had, in a moment of fright, deserted their Friend at sight of the enemy. There is no doubt, though, that

Christ, understanding, had already in His heart forgiven the eleven apostles. But Judas, the betrayer of the Son of God? His doom is sealed by the almighty powers from heaven. They carried Christ to the palace of the high priest to be tried by him, the scribes, chief priests and elders. They sent out to get witnesses that they might condemn Christ to death, but could find none, that is, no two that agreed even on false statements. Finally, there were two witnesses who swore falsely against the Savior by saying that they had heard Him say that He could destroy the temple of God, that was built with hands and build one without hands, but their statements did not agree, but the high priest held that against the Savior as he could get nothing else. The high priest stood up in their midst and said to Jesus, "hearest Thou what these witnesses say against Thee? Hast Thou nothing to answer them?"

But Jesus was silent.

"Art Thou Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" question the high priest.

"I am Jesus," Christ replied, "and thou shalt see Me sitting at the right hand

of power, and descending in a cloud of glory from heaven."

And the high priest rent his garments at these words. "Hear ye Him? Hear Him blaspheme? Hear Him say that He is the Son of God? What need we of further witnesses?"

And they all pronounced Him guilty, and condemned Him to death. They bound Him with ropes, for on the morrow they were to take Him before Pilate, the Governor, for a second trial, for without his consent they could do nothing. The multitude then spat upon Him, and covered His face, and buffeted Him, and the scribes, chief priests and Pharisees mocked at Him, saying, "prophesy!" and the servants of the high priest slapped Him on the face. Simon Peter had followed the Savior at a distance, even into the palace of the high priest, and when the trial of Christ was going on he was down below warming his hands by the fire with the servants. Finally, a maid of the high priest looked at Peter and said, "Wast thou not one who was with Jesus of Nazareth?"

"No, I was not," answered Simon

Peter. "I understand not what you mean," he added.

He then went out on the porch and the cock crowed. A little later on the maid came out on the porch where Simon Peter was, and to those standing near she said, "does he not look like one of them?" When they agreed with the maid, Peter declared he knew nothing of this man, and for the second time he denied Christ.

"But," persisted some of them, "we know that you are a Galilean for your speech betrays you, so you must be one of the followers of Jesus." But Peter denied Christ a third time, saying with a curse that he knew nothing of this man. And immediately the cock crowed a second time, and then Simon Peter was reminded of his Savior's words, "before the cock crows twice thou shalt deny Me thrice, and when he thought of what he had done he went out into the night and wept bitterly. When it was morn, the scribes, chief priests, and elders, met at the palace of the high priest to consult on the best methods of putting the case of our Savior before Pilate, so that there could be no chance of His not being sen-

tenced to death. While they were plotting and planning the best way to get rid of our Lord and Savior, there came running to the palace a man breathless and white, and threw thirty pieces of silver at their feet.

"Take it," he exclaimed. "I have sold the blood of an innocent man."

It was Judas Iscariot. He had repented his deed when he had found out that Christ had been condemned to die. Judas was already suffering for his sin, red-hot coals of remorse, the punishment that the almighty God frequently sends on the transgressor. After he had left the thirty pieces of silver with the scribes and other conspirators, Judas Iscariot, his soul torn by his own black deed, goes out and hangs himself. Then the high priest who had answered Judas when he had said "I have sold innocent blood," "What's that to us? See to it," he commanded, "that you don't betray us."

Though the sin of Judas was deep, it was nothing to compare with the cold-blooded, heartless cruelty of the high priest, scribes, chief priests and elders, and the multitude who were influenced by

the former in their handling of Jesus Christ in His trial and crucifixion. But they had no sooner started to discuss what they should do with the thirty pieces of silver, than the man, Judas Iscariot, to whom they had just been speaking, was dead by his own hand, but unknown to them.

"It is unlawful to put silver that is the price of blood in the treasury," they said, after a consultation they decided to buy a Potter's field with the money to bury strangers in, and it was called the Field of Blood, and is known by that name to this day.

When the high priest, scribes and elders had bound Christ again they, with the multitude, took Him to Pilate, the Governor, for His second trial. And when Jesus stood before Pilate, He was asked by him, "Art Thou the king of the Jews?"

"Thou sayest it," Christ replied.

The scribes and high priests told many untruths about the Savior to Pilate, the governor.

"Hearest Thou what they witness against you?" he questioned of Jesus. But the Savior answered never a word,

and Pilate marveled greatly at this. Now, it happened that on feast day, the governor was in the habit of releasing a prisoner to the people, whomsoever they wished. Along with Christ there was a prisoner, a noted criminal who had committed murder. Pilate, seeing that they had brought Christ for enmity, and wished him destroyed for the same reason, hoped that when he put the question before them as to which he should free, Barabbas, the murderer, or Jesus, they would say, "Barabbas." But the scribes and elders persuaded the multitude to choose the criminal instead.

Now, when Pilate was seated on his judgment throne, his wife sent a message to him saying, "have nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered much in a dream because of Him."

"Which of the two shall I deliver unto you for freedom, Jesus, which is called Christ, or Barabbas?" Pilate questioned of the people.

"Barabbas," they cried, and Pilate was sorrowful.

"Why, what evil has Jesus done?" he questioned of them.

But they called out again, "free us Barabbas."

"What," asked the governor, "do you wish done with Jesus?"

"Crucify Him," they yelled.

Again Pilate repeated, "what evil has this man done unto you?"

But they cried the louder, "crucify Him."

Then Pilate, the governor, seeing that they were growing wild, and into a mob, and that he could do nothing with them, took water and washed his hands before the multitude.

"I," said he, "wash my hands of the blood of this just person. See ye to it that my name is cleared," he added.

"His blood is on our heads, and the heads of our children," they all cried.

Then Pilate delivered Barabbas unto them to be freed, and Jesus to be crucified. When the soldiers of the governor had scourged Christ, they took Him to the common hall, and gathered the other band of soldiers there. The multitude and the scribes and elders were there also. They took His raiment off, and clothed Him in scarlet. They platted a crown of thorns

and placed it upon His head. They put a reed in His right hand, and bowed the head and knelt in mock worship, saying, "hail, king of the Jews."

And then the scribes and chief priests said, "prophesy!" and took the reed from His hand and smote Him across the face with it. The soldiers then took the scarlet robe off and replaced his own garment upon Him. They then led Him out to be crucified. On the road they were met by a man named Simon, and he was from Cyrene. Christ was so faint and weak from what He had undergone, and from fasting, that He was unable to carry His own cross so they compelled this man to carry it for Him. What a blessed honor was this, the bearing of the cross for Christ! When they had reached a place called Golgotha, meaning the place of the skull, they offered Christ vinegar and gall mingled together on a sponge that had been placed on a reed, and handed it to Him in this manner. He tasted of this horrible mixture, but although He was extremely thirsty He could not drink it for the bitterness therein. At the third hour Christ was

crucified. They took His garments and divided them, casting lots over them, that the words of the prophets might come to pass. The multitude then sat down and watched Him. His accusation was written in large letters over His head, "This is Jesus, the king of the Jews."

Two thieves were crucified with Christ, one on either side, that it might be as the prophets had written, He was numbered with the transgressors. Those that passed wagged their heads at Him, and scoffed at Him, calling out, "Hail, king of the Jews." The chief priests, scribes and elders mocked at Him saying, "Oh, Thou, that destroyest a temple, and makest it in three days, come down from there. Oh Thou king of Israel, save Thyself, so that we shall believe that Thou art the Savior. He can save others, but Himself He cannot save," they said mockingly. "Let Him call on God," sneered some of the Pharisees. "That is, if God will have Him. He claims to be His son, and to trust in Him," they added, scornfully. The two thieves cast the same mockery in His teeth.

About the sixth hour Jesus Christ called

out in His agony, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Then some said, "He is calling for Elias," while others dipped the sponge in vinegar and gall and placing it on a reed handed it to Christ, but He could not drink of this bitter mixture. "Let Him alone, and see if Elias will come and save Him," they called out mockingly.

From the sixth to the ninth hour of Christ's suffering the world was suddenly wrapped in darkness. About the ninth hour, Jesus called out again with a loud voice, and then gave up the ghost. The vail of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and there was a terrific earthquake, and enormous rocks were torn asunder, and some of the graves opened, and the dead saints arose, and after the resurrection went into the Holy City and were seen by many.

Here we have another illustration of spirit return as we find it in the 52d and 53d verses of the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, as follows:

And the graves were opened: and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose.

And came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many.

Now, there was a centurion who, with a crowd of others, were leaning against the walls of the temple watching Christ, and when His spirit took flight, and at that moment the vail was rent in twain, and the earth did tremble, they were greatly afraid, saying, "This was truly the son of God."

There were many women beholding Jesus from afar off. They had followed Him from Galilee for the purpose of ministering unto Him. Among these were Mary Magdalene, from whom the Savior had cast seven devils, and Mary, the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children. When it was even, there came a very rich man named Joseph, who was also a disciple of Christ. He went to Pilate, the governor, and begged of him to give him the body of Jesus Christ. Pilate commanded that the body of our Savior be taken down and placed in the possession of this kind and wealthy friend of the persecuted. So

when Joseph had received the body of Christ he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and put it in his own new tomb that had been hewn out of the rock, and rolling an immense stone against the entrance of the sepulcher he departed. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were sitting up against the tomb when Joseph left. On the morning following the day of preparations the chief priests and Pharisees went to Pilate and said, "we remember that that deceiver said, when He was yet alive, 'I will be buried, but on the third day I will rise again from the dead.' Now, lest His disciples steal Him away by night, and claim that He had risen from the dead, and the last error be worse than the first, we beseech thee to command that the tomb of Jesus be guarded until that time is past."

"You have keepers at your disposal," said the governor, "to watch the sepulcher of Jesus. Make it as secure as possible. There have already been keepers out there since the body was placed in its tomb."

So, after taking a few extra soldiers along to make matters doubly sure, so that the body of Christ could not be taken

away, and not contented with this, they sealed up the tomb of Jesus.

On the following morn, when Jesus Christ had been in his tomb three days, there was a terrible earthquake, for the angel of the Lord had descended from heaven and rolled away the stone from the tomb of Christ and was sitting upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and His raiment was as white as snow. The keepers did shake for fear of Him, and were as dead men. There came in the early morning hour Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulcher. "Fear not," said the angel to the women, "for I know that you have come to see Jesus who was crucified, but He has risen as He said He would. Behold the place where the Lord rested. Now, go quickly, and tell His disciples," commanded the angel. "Say that the Savior has risen from the dead and will meet them in Galilee as He had promised, and for them to hasten thither." Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were amazed at what they had seen and heard, but they hurried quickly with great fear and joy, to break

the glad news to the sorrowing disciples. But they met Jesus on the way.

"Hail, Mary," He said, and they caught Jesus by the feet and worshiped Him.

"Be not afraid," Christ said to them, "but hasten to My brethren and tell them that I am risen from the dead, and will meet them in Galilee, as I promised to do just before My crucifixion."

So Mary Magdalene hastened on ahead, where she found the disciples weeping and mourning for the Savior. "Grieve not," she said, "for Jesus has risen from the dead, as He told us He would, for I saw and talked with Him," but they believed her not. There were two others who lived in the country to whom Christ appeared, but in a different form. They recognized Him, and rushed to the residue to tell them that were there about it, but they believed them not. Jesus next appeared to His disciples and surprised them while they were sitting at meat in Galilee, and He upbraided them for their lack of faith and non-belief.

"When Mary told you that she had seen Me, why did you not believe her?" Jesus Christ questioned of them. "And did I

not tell you that I would rise again on the third day?''

They then rose, and fell on their knees and worshiped Him, but there were some who saw Christ and still doubted that it was He, for we have the proof of this fact, strange as it may seem, in the 17th verse of the 28th chapter of St. Matthew, as follows:

And when they saw Him they worshiped Him; but some doubted.

And so it was in ages past that there were always some to doubt, even when everything has been proven, and it is held plainly before their very eyes. We have that same trouble today. We still have those who doubt this and that, no matter how strong the argument may be, or how well proven. There are even those who doubt the Bible, which is the foundation of all beliefs, scientifically, historically, and religiously.

There are even those who do not believe in the existence of a God, as powerful and almighty as He has proven Himself to be. This class of people are called skeptics, but there are other classes

of persons whom we might term skeptics also. These believe in God and the Bible, but thy do not think it possible for souls to return after leaving this earth. We might term the last named as skeptics on spiritualistic doctrines. We have much to contend with in that line before we can spread the grand and glorious teachings of Spiritualism to the four corners of the world. *Doubt,* written in great big capital letters. But let us leave the skeptics to their own fate for a little while and tarry with our Savior, who has just risen from His tomb after being buried three days. Let us pause at His side until He is gathered up to sit in glory on the right hand of the throne. But we have this comforting assurance and proof of spirit return by our Savior in these words, as we find them in the 20th verse of the 28th chapter of St. Matthew, as follows:

And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

When Christ had surprised His disciples by suddenly appearing before them, He made an appointment with the eleven that

He wished to meet them on a certain mountain in Galilee, for He had a few instructions to give them before ascending to His Father in heaven. But in the meantime, while Mary Magdalene was on her way to break the glad tidings to the disciples, the soldiers who had been guarding the tomb of Jesus for the chief priests, scribes, and elders went to them and told them what had happened. When the elders and others found out the truth about Christ's resurrection they were amazed, dumbfounded. They all met at the palace of the high priest and had a consultation over the matter, and when they had come to a decision they called in the soldiers who had guarded the tomb of Jesus, and said, "we will give you large sums of money if you will say, the disciples came and stole Him away by night, while we were asleep, and if this gets to the governor's ears we will make it all right with him." And to this day it is a common saying among the Jews that Christ was stolen away by His disciples while the keepers slept, as we find it in the Holy Book, as follows:

And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large sums of money unto the soldiers,

Saying, say ye, His disciples came by night and stole him away, while we slept.

—St. Matthew xxviii, 12, 13.

So they took the money and did as they were taught; and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day.

—St. Matthew xxviii, 15.

And as the Scriptures tell us, the soldiers accepted the money and spread the last-named report around.

When the Savior met His disciples on a mountain-top, in Galilee, He spoke these words unto them: "All power is given to Me from the heavenly Father above. A portion of this power will I extend to those who believe, love and follow me. But they must be baptized as I myself was, in accordance with the laws of the almighty God, and now that I have been crucified and risen again, that the world might be redeemed, in acknowledgment of Me, baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I would

have of you to spread the gospel to every nation. And to those who believe in Me and are baptized and try to follow My teachings and commandments, I will give to them a certain power, especially if they are preaching, or instructing, verbally or written truths about My heavenly Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost, or it may be of the narrow path that leads to the eternal city. If they do these things in My name, I will enable them to combine works, teachings and signs together, such as casting out devils or evil spirits, the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands, and other wonders."

We have every reason to believe that the power that was given to the disciples, long centuries past, extend into the present, for now and then we see wonderful manifestations of it. But what we need in the present time is more faith and less of doubts, and more of the spirit of Spiritualism, and then we would be surprised to find out how many wonderful things we could do in Christ's name. We find the proof of this God-given promise of power from Christ to those who be-

lieve, trust and obey Him; and the fact is mentioned that the apostles continued to perform many miracles even after Christ had ascended to His throne in heaven, namely:

And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.''

—St. Mark xvi, 17, 18.

And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen. —St. Mark, xvi, 20.

When Jesus Christ had finished these sayings He blessed His disciples, and bidding them farewell He slowly ascended upward from the mountain-tops of Galilee until He was lost in the white, fleecy clouds of heaven. What a beautiful picture Christ slowly ascending to heaven and the apostles gazing wistfully after Him. Fancy their temporary grief when

the last of their Savior was lost to them beyond the vast canopy of blue. But only a short while did they mourn, and then of a sudden they felt the strange, silent, unseen form lingering very close to them, and it seemed to bring them wonderful consolation.

And the silent voice seemed to whisper, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Yes; the spirit form of Christ had returned to His disciples, as He had promised them He would, to guide, comfort and strengthen them through life. Just so, today, the spirit form of Jesus comes to His followers on earth, pleading in His silent voice to forget not His teachings, and attempting to direct us for our good, and into paths that lead to the city of eternal happiness. And so it is our own dear loved ones come to us from beyond the grave, beseeching us to recognize and permit them to help and guide us along with their spirit friend and brother Jesus Christ. Shall we turn a deaf ear and heart to the pleadings of these silent voices? Nor yet shall we forget the pathetically comforting words that come

echoing down to us through the stony ages of time?

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

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. —St. Matthew xi, 28–30.

SKEPTICS

The world is full of what is called skepticisms of various kinds. Some, as I mentioned before, who do not believe in the Bible, and others not in the existence of a God, while there are many who do not think that there is a real, live devil, and there are those who cut up the Holy Book to suit themselves, and take as evidence, for certain facts, what truths please themselves. Then there are some who, after a thorough research of the Bible, from beginning to end, and acknowledging belief in every word of the Scriptures, claim that they do not believe in the immortality of the soul, and attempt to prove it by a book full of quotations from the Holy Word of God. But I must say that such long and continued argument only furnishes stronger proof that the soul is immortal, which means imperishable, ever-living, never-dying, that never dies.

For how can anyone reconcile the non-immortality of the soul with the resur-

rection of Christ and others, when man is the soul and the soul is not in man? For when the body decays and goes to dust, that would be the end of that body, if the body were the soul, and there were not two distinct parts of man—the outside shell, and the soul within—which, according to the teachings of the Holy Book of God, reveal to us that the soul is immortal, imperishable, ever-living, never-dying.

With all due respect, I refer to Judge J. F. Rutherford. While I agree with him on many points I cannot agree with him on his declaration that the soul is not immortal; for this question is of too much vital importance to treat lightly, and not give it the deepest consideration.

But let us follow up the subjects as we come to them, and give the last-named topic due attention later on.

We were speaking of those who do not believe in the Bible at all. They call it a myth, a fairy tale, and laugh and scorn at those who do believe in these holy words from God. Sometimes, they do not believe in the Divine Creator, but quite often they do, and when these non-be-

lievers are those willing to acknowledge the existence of an almighty God, they are always clammering for proofs that this Holy Book was dictated from God to the prophets, apostles, and Christian sages of olden times, to be handed down to the coming generations as a guide book to heaven. They seem not to know that proofs are all around them. Are they purposely blind or are they looking at this matter through the darkened glasses of ignorance? It is strange that anyone in this enlightened time and country should hold such a view. We often find this kind of skepticism among very intelligent people, which makes it the more deplorable and inexcusable, and the harmful influence radiating from such persons would be greater and more disastrous, than from one less versed in knowledge.

We frequently find that doubt concerning the true origin of the Bible is found among scientists, and even doctors of medicine, though I do not just know why this is true unless these classes of men reason out things to such a fine point that they reach the point of doubt and skepticism, which, of course, is a compli-

ment to the Lord, for His wonderful handiwork in creating such a perfect system, that through revolutions and changes everything seems to form itself, but this is no excuse for him. He should keep in mind that a higher power started and set this perfectly wonderful system in motion, and he would not get lost among his many deductions in the black and doubtful swamps of skepticism. But he comes out of the slush and mud of his conclusions bawling for proofs.

To your right, Mister, is a great big proof called the miraculous preservation of the Bible by the hand of an almighty God through countless ages to the present time, and on your left is another proof—the strong corroboration between historical and biblical facts; and another proof lies just behind you on the rocks, stones, and slabs of ancient times, in lands where Bible-records have been made in various languages and different places, but they all fit in, are the same, corroborate, as it were, and in front of you is another proof —the voice of nature calling softly the truths of the Bible. They are all around you, Mr. Skeptic, if you only choose to

open your eyes and look around. Let me tell you a little story which, according to chronicled events, is known to be true. Doubtless you have heard it before, but never attached much importance to it as containing proofs of truths of the Bible that lay hidden and preserved by the powerful will and hand of God until the beginning of the present century. By the fire-side of the Arabian home a story is told to the kiddies that sounds like a fairy tale but is true. It runs something like this: "In the days of old, A. D. 79, after Christ had been crucified, in the city of Pompeii, a maiden was suddenly arrested at the fountain, without a moment's warning, and turned into a marble statue. Likewise the guest in the hall was turned to stone, and the wanderer upon the streets was changed into a marble statue." The explanation of this strange affair can be accounted for by the fact that Pompeii was situated so close to the volcano, Mount Vesuvius, that when her crater overflowed, with its molten mass of fire, brimstone, lava, smoke and ashes, the city and its inhabitants had no warning, no opportunity to escape its fiery

tongue, and the people were buried instantly as they walked, sat, or stood, or at any pursuit, this flame of seething fire found them, covering the bodies with ashes which preserved them, and through chemical process changed them into marble or stone. Not until the year of 1748 was this city excavated from its ashes of ruin, and not until the year of 1809 was a thorough search made of Pompeii, and it was discovered that beneath its buried depths lay secrets that had been hidden away, but which revealed and threw light upon many Bible truths that had hitherto been in darkness. For it must be remembered that the existence of the city of Pompeii was during the time of Christ and His apostles.

The land of Egypt gives us many proofs that the Holy Word is true, and carries us back to the days of Moses, thousands of years ago. Owing to the dryness of the climate of this country everything is preserved to such a wonderful extent that they are as fresh and unharmed as they were thousands of years ago. In our American museums we find Egyptian mummies, of kings and queens, pictures,

statues, works of art, writings on papyrus scrolls, and slabs of stone. We have already found many Bible records upon some of these slabs of stone and the papyrus paper, and they all coincide, showing that their facts are correct, thereby forging another link in the chain of proof that the Bible is divinely dictated and divinely preserved. There have been discovered other Bible proofs in the land of Assyria and Babylonia. In Nineveh, a capital of Assyria, is the largest library in the world, but it is all recorded on stone, and in the ancient tongues. There are, comparatively speaking, a few papyrus paper writings. The history of nations, and the victories and downfall of kings, were written upon them, and school books of stone lined the walls. There were also story-books of various kinds in large numbers, besides fairy tales for the little ones. Not only were these found, besides records of manners and customs, but there were quite a number of Bible accounts, which all fit into each other, proving their truth without a doubt. Then again, stands out the wonderful and important point, that these Bible records were strangely

preserved from harm and were not discovered until it was safe and best for them to be found, till the beginning of the present century, when they could be used. And now they rise up as glorious proofs of the divine God in all His mighty power. The way it happened was this: In the year of 607 Nineveh was destroyed, but unknown to anyone the palace library was preserved beneath a covering of sand and debris, so that not even the inhabitants of the nearest city knew of its existence. An army of 10,000 passed right over it and was not conscious of its presence, but finally, through investigations, the treasures hidden beneath were brought to light, and the richest of them all were the proof to the world of Bible truths.

In Palestine of today we see little or no difference at all in the manners, customs and mode of living to the ancients of the past, and affords us a good idea of the way that they lived in the days of Christ and the apostles, which, when compared to the Bible, is a perfect counterpart of the Scriptures. Another proof that the Holy Bible is something more than a myth.

Then there is the skeptic who does not believe in a God or a Bible either, for, of course, if he denies the former he would consequently discountenance the latter. A non-belief in both is a more deplorable condition than to believe only in the existence of God, and not in the Bible; for without these two powers we have no foundation whereupon to rest or base the slightest theory, whether scientific, historic or religious. But strange to stay we quite frequently find this class of skepticism among the most intelligent and prominent men in the world—more is the shame. But not saying that the highest type of Christianity and nobility do not exist where there is belief in God and the Bible among that class of men known as scientists and physicians; but the leading number of skeptics who deny the almighty power and His word are found in these two classes. This kind of doubt is sometimes found among a more ignorant set of people, but there is more excuse for it, and no reason for such views of darkness when all around is the light of the gospel. But you will notice that within the last few years, since Spiritual-

ism has been gaining better control of the world, this form of skepticism, or infidelity, as it should be termed, is fast melting away under the warm sunny influence of its guardian angels of the spirit realm. Especially among that class of scientists and doctors which I have just made mention of, we find a great change. Many who formerly doubted the truth of God, the Bible and the immortality of the soul, have come to realize the glorious truths of Spiritualism, through the guidance of spirit friends and loved ones.

The world is very wicked at the present time, even more so than in the previous century, but this is due to certain warring influences led by satan and his imps, plagues, famines, and various disasters, but this is according to prophecy, and is the forerunner of the golden millennium. But if we could only give our spirit friends a better opportunity, more recognition and cooperation, we would find that they could fight the evil forces, namely, the devil and his demons, with greater skill and efficiency, and we would see the results in a better world. If we wouldn't make the horrible mistake of mixing evil

spirits with good spirits of our departed ones, we would not feel the influence or receive the harm of wicked imps half so much if we would permit our dear ones of the spiritual kingdom to aid us in combating with these demonlike forces. For that is what, with all due respect, Judge J. F. Rutherford has done, and to use his own expression, "they won't mix any more than oil and water," for I wish to say to him, as I said before, evil and good spirits are as far apart as east and west, and should not be confused with each other.

But let me return to my subject of skeptics who neither believe in God nor the Bible. I sometimes think that they are a bigoted, conceited set of block-heads, who don't believe half what they proclaim, but want to be smart, and different from anyone else. I have many instances in mind where noted infidels have, all through their lives, denied the existence of a God, and boasted of it to the world, but when it comes to the final, and the death angel, grim, black and gaunt, comes to claim its own, terror seizes upon the victim, and he calls for help to the Su-

preme Being, whom, down deep in his heart, he knew existed all the time.

There is one who rises up before me at the present moment. He was gifted with an eloquent tongue and pen, and could have swayed the world for an immense amount of good, but instead he preferred to wield a wicked influence by declaring in writings and speech his non-belief in God and the Bible. Through his wicked, ungodly influence many both old and young, were driven from the churches, and turned into mocking, scoffing infidels. He had read the Bible many times from beginning to end, and there was scarcely a clergyman who had its precious words at their fingertips as did this man, and yet he proclaimed to the world that he did not believe in this Book or the divine hand that wrote it. And with his brilliant mind, he would twist and contort these phrases and verses of the Holy Scriptures, telling in his own eloquent language why he did not believe in its contents. He brought these arguments before the public with such distinct and convincing conclusions that those who were foolish enough to pause and listen,

and finally to hearken, were like the moth, drawn and duped into the bright destructive blaze of this man's belief. He had followers, this man did, but for every soul that he drew down to perdition, he is now paying the price. Like so many other skeptics of his kind, he prided himself on his morality, but this we can take with a grain of salt. What morality he did possess he borrowed from the Bible, the book he scoffed at, and professed not to believe, otherwise he wouldn't have had that much to boast of. For, in his self-conceit and all-importance, he wanted to appear before the public as self-sufficient, fearing or believing neither God, the Bible or the devil. But when this well-known infidel, Ingersol, came to die, to meet his Maker face to face, he changed his views. He acknowledged Him yes; but not by calling upon him for help, or admitting His divine power, for the spirit of Bob Ingersol was proud and haughty even unto death. This infidel acknowledged the existence of God by cursing Him. Yes; with every dying breath Ingersol cursed God to the last, for he knew that he had lied to the world, and had been a bitter enemy to the al-

mighty power, and that there awaited him a warm reception in the regions below. Showing that there is a God who rights matters and who does not forget, for it is a known fact that Bob Ingersol's death brought about more converts to the right way of thinking, and closer to the Maker and His divine words than he had done harm during his lifetime. This proves the almighty power of God; and let us not forget that, no matter what subject we handle, whether skeptics or otherwise, in this book or out of it, we never forget that we are under the control and the guidance of the Supreme One, and we never lose sight of our Creator as our Guiding Star.

There is another noted infidel who comes plainly before my mind. His name was Voltaire. Like Ingersol, he never lost an opportunity to air his opinion to the world, and to convert every one he met into thinking that there was no such thing as God, and that the Bible was a mere fictitious history written by man, and had no truth in it.

Like Ingersol, he prided himself on his morality. His brilliant speech won many

over to his seeming way of thinking. On one occasion, when he was aboard one of the ocean steamers, he as usual was declaring his non-belief in the existence of God. A great number of the passengers were being contaminated by his words, and had already turned their backs on the teachings of Christianity, and were willing to deny their Maker. But in the midst of his infamous speech an angry God was growing angrier. The billowy waves that lashed the sides of the ship were climbing higher; the sky was growing black and the sea was getting wild and restless. A storm was brewing in the air. Finally it broke in all its fury. The ship was hurled from side to side by the mighty waves, and was tossed by the tempest like a frail piece of bark. The billows rolled high, and the storm raged. The passengers, terror-stricken, were huddled together, and Voltaire, who, but a few moments before had denied the existence of God, was the first one to drop on his knees and pray, "Oh, God, spare us." But the almighty One was already angry with this infamous infidel, and considering that his glory had lasted long enough, and knowing that his

prayer was the result of fear rather than love, and fully aware that if he saved him he would only deny Him again, was determined to show this man and his followers that there was a God who realized and saw all. So a strange thing happened. All were saved but Voltaire, the infidel. They were putting out the life boats, and there was room for everyone, but when the captain attempted to assist Voltaire into one of the boats an angry, seething wave like the angry hand of God, caught his body, and whirling it around in fury carried it out on the mad torrents of the stormy sea, and it was lost forever in her foamy depth. Those who saw never forgot, and his death was the turning point in their lives and most of the lives he had converted into infidelity. Never again did those who had been with the infidel, and listened to the blasphemous words of this man against the Creator, and then call on Him for help, thus contradicting his own statements—never again did they deny the existence and power of an almighty God, especially when this infamous creature was the only one lost on the ship, as though the hand of God was in it.

There was still another that I well remember who brought about more converts to true Christianity by his death than he had ever done against it during his whole life.

He was an infidel of the deepest dye, believing in neither God, the Holy Bible, nor anything connected with it. He also claimed that he led a much more moral life than those who believed in all that rot, to use his own vile expression. Not content with lecturing in the halls and auditoriums, he would stand on street corners, and frequently he would be mounted on a box, proclaiming to the world at large and all that could get within range of his voice, that he did not believe in the existence of God or the truths of His book. He gave reasons, and pointed out the fact that those who did not, to use his own expression, waste their time on such rot, lived much better lives and were far more generous-hearted and moral, than believers. Note the stress that these noted, as well as other infidels, make on their morality. It is without a doubt the devil's trump card that his satanic majesty hands to these deniers

of a Supreme Being, to deal out to the people, for he knows that this card is attractive, will take, will win, in the devil's cause against Christ, the kingdom above, and the almighty power over all, the Supreme One—God. He uses these infidels for his own purpose and glorification. He handles them like a toy, and when he is done with them he casts them aside and breaks their flimsy souls, nor cares that they pay a heavy price. Yes, these boasters that claim not to fear or believe in God, man or the devil, are instruments of the latter, whose existence they deny, and enemies to mankind, and to the Creator, making themselves subject to severe punishment from His hands.

Who says that God does not exist? Who says that God is dead or asleep?

To continue my account of this fellow who made stump speeches against God. He drew the crowds. At first they came from mere idle curiosity. But his argument was strong and convincing, and he spoke with force and eloquence. First, they paused, then tarried a while, and then stayed. He spun and wove his net with the greatest ease. He threw this maze of

deception out over the people, and they were ensnared by its dangerous and treacherous folds. The elect of the town, were there, both old and young. At first, understand, they only came from curiosity, but they became fascinated, and before they were half aware of it they were entrapped and slaves to this pretended belief. Which goes to show that it is dangerous to play with fire, or to listen for a moment to anything spoken against the Supreme God or His Holy Book. He became bolder and more fearless in his argument, until finally he announced that he could prove that there was no God, and that the crowd gathered around could go by this proof. Then, in mocking tones, he lifted his voice and raised his eyes and arms to the sky and said, "If there be a God, show His power and strike me dead." Just that quick, right on the instant, no sooner had the words left his mouth than the man fell over dead. God had once more shown His wrath and almighty power, and that He was not to be trifled with. He used a very small instrument wherewith to kill this man, but He used it quickly, that the people might know

that He was God, and that there was a higher power. It was only a tiny wasp, but it did its work for the Lord, for He caused this small insect to sting this daring and wicked man on his temple, the most vital part of one's head, and cause instant death. It is needless to say that all present recognized in this strange occurrence the hand of God. This sinner had made his wager with God and lost. He had not one follower out of the thousands he had won to boost his name or say a kind word about him when he was dead. He was spoken of with contempt, and his life and death pointed to as a warning to all.

There are other kinds of skeptics who, as I mentioned before, believe in God, part of the Bible—the Old Testament for instance — but while they recognize a Christ they will not admit that He had already come upon this earth, lived and suffered as mortal man, was finally crucified, and on the third day after burial rose from the dead. Many of these that seem to think this know differently, but for reasons of their own prefer to hide it, but there are others who have been taught

wrong from generation to generation, for we have proofs of it in the Scriptures. St. Matthew xxviii, 11, 12, 13, 15.

But I have already proven that Christ lived on earth, and suffered Himself to be crucified and rose again on the third day. And I have shown by the Scriptures that our Savior shed His blood as a ransom for many, that the world might be redeemed.

There are those who believe in God, His Son, as Christ, the Redeemer, and the Bible, but they claim not to believe in the existence of a devil. But I have, in my subject on the power of satan and his imps, proven that he is very much in existence, a very real and personal devil, dangerous to deal with, cunning, deceitful, treacherous and insidious to the limit. He and his evil spirits ofttimes personate our loved ones, friends and relatives of the spirit world, causing us much trouble, and prejudicing the minds of many against Spiritualism. I repeat, that the best way to help drive them from our homes is to keep in close touch with the spirits of our own dear ones, and then

we can better keep the evil forces out of our lives.

There are others who claim not to believe in hell or future punishment, but I have shown, in the last-named subject, that there is with certainty such a place. Don't deceive yourself into thinking otherwise.

Then again, there are those who pretend not to believe in a heaven or hell, but acknowledge God and the truth of the Bible.

I call it pretense, for I cannot see how they can read the Holy Book intelligently and have such beliefs and non-beliefs.

There is such a variety of skepticism that it would take too much time to go over them at present.

But of course we must take into consideration that the Bible is written in figurative and symbolic speech throughout many of its pages, which account for a few slight variants of opinion, which is of small consequence. But when it comes to questions of vital importance, that is different. There is no excuse for anyone who lives in this enlightened time, and has full access to the Holy Book, to deny

the existence of God, the truths of the Bible, Jesus Christ as our Redeemer, heaven or hell, or the prince of demons and his wicked imps; nor yet should we deny the immortality of the soul. This brings me back to the first part of my subject on skepticism.

I refer to Judge Rutherford when I speak of non-belief in the immortality of the soul. How he can reconcile the non-immortality of the soul with the resurrection of Christ from the tomb, or the resurrection of mankind, which is the strongest proof of spirit return, or Spiritualism, I cannot understand.

Resurrection means the rising again from the dead, a springing into new life, which is the true meaning, as given us by Winston's dictionary, which would be impossible if the soul were not immortal. If the soul, to quote the exact words of the noted biblicist, were as he pictures it to be (and he claims to get his theory from Genesis ii, 7)—*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.*" As I said before to quote the exact words

from a paragraph by Judge J. F. Rutherford on "What is the Soul?"

It is true that Catholic and Protestant clergymen for centuries have taught the people that the soul is the divine part of man, which cannot die, and that therefore there is no death of the soul. This is not supported, however, by the Scriptures, which read: *The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.* Genesis ii, 7.

The word soul means a moving, breathing, sentient being; i. e., a living creature that possesses the sense of sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell. It will be conceded that the dust out of which Jehovah formed the body was not immortal, nor did it have intelligence. It must be further conceded that the breath of life which God breathed into the nostrils of that body did not constitute the soul; but that the body perfectly formed, and the breath which Jehovah then placed in its organism together formed a living, moving, sentient being, which we call a soul. Every creature that breathes is a soul; no creature *possesses* a soul.

Note that our friend declares that no creature possesses a soul. Then what becomes of the soul when the body goes to dust, as we all know occurs when what is known as death strikes us, and we are laid away beneath the sod? The soul, according to the picture that Rutherford has made of it, would go to dust also if the soul and body were one instead of two distinct parts, the outer man, shell or body, which dies, crumbles, goes to dust, suffering the death that the Divine Creator inflicted upon our foreparents for their disobedience, and the inner part, which is the soul within the soul, the part that never dies. He further attempts to prove that the soul is not immortal by saying, that the first man was earthly of the earth, for which, of course, we have the Scriptures to refer to as to the truthfulness of this statement, but then again, we find that:

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God, created he him; male and female, created he them.''

—Genesis i, 27.

If we wish to take the Bible as our

arbiter, then we have proof here that even though man was formed from the dust he was made in the image of God. Did not God have an immortal soul? And when the Divine One breathed life and intelligence into this piece of clay, did He not breathe into him an immortal soul? Do you think that He would have forgotten this most important factor of all? Is there any place in the Bible that teaches that the soul is not immortal? No, the further on you read, and the deeper you wade, the stronger rise up the proofs that the soul is immortal, imperishable, everliving, never-dying. Furthermore, Judge Rutherford admits that he believes that the Divine plans of redemption through Christ extended back to the first creation of earth and man, and we have every evidence of this in the 15th verse, 3d chapter of Genesis, as follows: *And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shall bruise his heel.* This is a prophecy given to our first foreparents when they committed their first sin that the Savior would some day come on earth, and shed His blood as

a ransom for all. The seed of the woman means Christ, and the head that shall be bruised by the heel of the seed of the woman means the serpent, or satan, and indicates that through the redemption of Christ satan is overcome and the whole world is saved.

And God dressed Adam and Eve in the skins of animals, and the question has been asked, "what did they do with the bodies that were slain?" And we have the proof in Genesis 4th chapter, 4th verse that their blood was offered up as sacrifices to God in representation of the coming of Christ, which went to show that these first foreparents felt that the opportunity and invitation of redemption extended back to them as well as to future generations. And why not, for are we not told in the 6th chapter of Romans, 23d verse, that, *For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.* What could breathe stronger of the immortal soul and life everlasting than these last few words, and the fact that these sacrifices of the blood of animals were made in recognition of the coming Savior, and

that after His crucifixion the Lord's supper was observed in remembrance of the blood He shed for the sins of the world.

But let us consider woman for a short space of time. Having proven without a doubt that man is in possession of an immortal soul, it would seem unnecessary to say that woman has an immortal soul also, but the fool skeptics are not all dead yet, even if I did bury a few in the first part of this subject in skepticism, for I saw the announcement made in the paper a few nights ago, by Ambassador George Harvey, who said that he did not believe that women had souls, but he was under the strong impression that man was the only proud possessor of such an article. So I feel in duty bound, as I am a woman-soul, to contradict this absurd statement. We all know that Eve, our beloved grandmother, was made from the rib of our dear grandfather, for we have the Scriptures to prove it, for we find in the 2d chapter of Genesis, 21st to 24th verses the following:

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he

took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.

—Genesis ii, 21–24.

So, if woman was made from the rib of a man, and we have proven that man has an immortal soul, then we would consequently conclude that woman has an immortal soul also. And if the first man and woman that God created had immortal souls, then it stands to reason that the whole human race has an immortal soul.

There is one paragraph of Judge J. F. Rutherford's of which I wish to quote the exact words, for the manner in which he uses the last word, immortal, followed by the Bible reference, 1 Corinthians xv,

47, is very misleading unless one chances to look up this Bible reference for himself, and find that there is nothing said in this verse about the soul not being immortal. This is a mere interpretation of Rutherford's, and the word, immortal, is his own insertion. To make myself clear, I will quote the exact words of Rutherford, and then I will give the exact words as we find them in the Scriptures. Thus we find Judge Rutherford as saying in his book, "Can the Living Talk with the Dead?" "Thus did God form the first man from whom the whole human race sprang, and we have a clear and positive statement in the Scriptures that the first man is of the earth, earthy, and not Divine, not immortal." 1 Corinthians, 15th chapter, 47th verse.

This is what Rutherford has said with reference to his belief that the soul is not immortal, and cites us to proofs of this fact in 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter, 47th verse, which reads, in the Holy Book, thus: *The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven.* There is nothing in this verse that men-

tions the word immortal, or teaches that the soul is not immortal.

It is true it speaks in Genesis of the first man being earthy, of the earth. What of that? We all know that Adam and Eve, as previously mentioned, were created from the dust of the earth, which consequently would make them of the earth, earthy, but would not deprive them of a soul; for we have the proof in the Scriptures that man was made in the image of God (Genesis ii, 27), and our Creator had an immortal soul, and it is not possible that our Divine Father would have forgotten the most important part of man, *the immortal soul.*

By the second man is meant Christ, and we all know that He is of heaven, heavenly, which is told in the latter part of the verse in 1st Corinthians, 15th chapter, 47th verse, but there is nothing in these last-named words to indicate that the soul is not immortal.

Again, Rutherford attempts to prove that the soul is not immortal, and that the well-known phrase "there is no death" is a lie, started by satan in the Garden of

Eden, and has been handed down from generation to generation, and believed by the people, and that is why so many have been deceived into thinking that the soul is immortal, imperishable, ever-living, never-dying; and he says that this lie has also been sent out from the pulpit by clergymen at funerals, when they proclaim that the soul of this body was hovering close to the form in the coffin.

He draws his deduction from the fact, spoken of in Genesis, when our foreparents first disobeyed God, and He told them that for this they should surely die, and satan had lied to them, and said, "you shall not surely die;" but this did not mean the death of the soul, but bodily death, for we find it in the Scriptures in the 3d chapter of Genesis, 17th, 19th, 23d and 24th verses.

And so it is that our friend Rutherford has drawn false conclusions from these last-named verses in the Scriptures, yet claims to use the exact words, but with all due deference to him as a devotee of this theory, I must say that the conclusion of the immortality of the soul is based upon satan's lie, and is wholly unsupported by

anything else except the lie of the adversary.

Then again, he has far mistaken and misinterpreted the 28th verse of the 10th chapter of St. Matthew, which is accompanied by these words from Rutherford, as follows: "If the soul be immortal, then God himself cannot destroy the soul. Jesus is authority for this, 'fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body.' (Matthew x, 28.) There is not a single Scripture in the Bible that warrants anyone in saying that the soul is immortal."

This is the interpretation of this verse (Matthew x, 28) in the exact words of Rutherford himself, that there is not a single Scripture in the Bible that warrants anyone in saying that the soul is immortal. The very same verse that Judge J. F. Rutherford takes to prove that the soul is *not* immortal, I would take to prove that the soul *is* immortal; but let us quote the entire verse, and then we can better glean the true meaning from it. 'Tis as follows:

And fear not them which kill the body,

but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.—Matthew x, 28.

Note that Rutherford, before making this partial quotation, remarks that "if the soul be immortal then God himself cannot destroy it," and we know that God has power to destroy the soul. But we wish to remind him that the Holy Book says: *And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible.* (St. Mark, x, 27.)

Let us consider the first half of this verse, which is as follows: *And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.* (Matthew x, 28.)

Here we have a proof that man is composed of two distinct parts—a body and a soul, and it is natural to suppose that while there is life and breath in man that the soul would dwell within the body, and not be hanging around on the outskirts, or absorbed into the body, so that the soul and body would be one, as Judge Rutherford would have it, for he has said

"every creature that breathes is a soul. *No* creature possesses a soul."

Let us now consider the latter part of this verse, which says, *But rather fear him, which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.* (Matthew x, 28.)

These words are even a stronger proof that man is two distinct parts, for note the expression, "both body and soul." But we should not ignore the last two words, "in hell," which mean, taking the verse as a whole, that Christ was giving to His disciples of the present, as well as the past, both a caution and warning against fear of man when preaching the gospel truths, for they could only destroy the body, but rather fear God, who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell, the last phrase meaning the future place of punishment for sinners who disobey God's laws and commandments, and do not believe in Christ as a Redeemer, which place we see so often referred to throughout the Bible. This place of future punishment, or hell, as it is termed in the Scriptures, would be everlasting, and is ofttimes likened unto death, but

Christ has paid the ransom and saved us from this eternal punishment, for again I repeat these beautiful words:

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son unto the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

St. John iii, 16, 17.

And the curse of death, that Judge Rutherford refers to, has been removed; and I think, taking the Bible for reference, that we can truthfully say *there is no death,* the soul is *immortal, imperishable, ever-living, never-dying,* for we find these hopeful words in the Holy Book:

But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. —Romans vi, 22, 23.

And Judge J. F. Rutherford has said,

"let the Bible be the final arbiter upon this question."

I agree with him on this decision, and would add that the Bible should decide all questions, but according to the Scriptures, as quoted by Judge Rutherford himself, the argument for non-immortality of the soul must fall, for he has failed to bring forth any proof from the Holy Book to support his argument.

And as he has admitted that Spiritualism depends on the immortality of the soul, then his arguments against Spiritualism must fall with it, for here are his exact words (as found on page 51, in his book, "Can the Living Talk with the Dead"): "I most emphatically agree with you, Mr. Psychic, that, according to the testimony of all these witnesses, the ability of the living to communicate with the dead depends upon the one important question, 'Is the soul of man immortal?' In other phrase, your argument must stand or fall upon the truthfulness or falsity of the theory of the immortality of the soul. If it is true that every man has inherent immortality, then there is a basis for your argument, but if that contention

is false then there is no basis for your argument and your argument must fail. It is of first importance then, that we determine what the soul is, and determine whether it is mortal or immortal. Let the Bible be the final arbiter upon this question."

So these are his words upon the question, and as we have already proven and decided what the soul is, and have permitted the Bible to be the final arbiter that the soul is immortal, let the golden light of Spiritualism flood the darkened hearts of the people that they may read the Word of God with understanding.

Judge J. F. Rutherford is greatly mistaken when he announces that the doctrines of Spiritualism belittle the sacrifice and redemption of our Savior upon the Cross. He even goes so far as to say that the truths of Spiritualism deny the atonement of Christ, but I wish to say that if there is any denial in any way of Jesus Christ, our Savior, I wish they would read this little book through, and they would find out how cruelly they have misjudged the golden teachings of the heavenly spirits.

Especially would I have them read, "Jesus Christ as a Gift from God," which is one of my subjects in this little book, and should go to show that this great gift of love from God is not lost to me or others believing as I do. And I wish to say also, that he has entirely mistaken Sir Conan Doyle's interpretation of the death and sacrifice of Christ. I feel that I must correct the erroneous idea that Judge J. F. Rutherford has formed concerning the statement that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has made about the Savior's death and life. I am sure that Sir Arthur did not intend to make light or belittle the sacrifice of our Savior upon the Cross, or to ignore the great ransom price that the Son of God has paid with His precious blood. I feel quite sure that Sir Conan Doyle simply means that while the death and sacrifice of Christ was great, so also was His life, which he describes as noble and beautiful. In other words, he was not belittling the death of Christ, but was enlarging upon His wonderful life, as an example to mankind. Then, again, Judge Rutherford has criticised Sir Conan Doyle with reference to his remark concerning

the churches, which I feel in duty bound to say was not meant in the way in which Judge Rutherford has interpreted it. Does the Judge forget that he made the same remark in different language? Yes, we all know that the churches will fall if there is not a change in them from the wickedness, the worldliness which is creeping into them, and the harmful influence of satan and his evil spirits. But I do not believe that the Lord intends this to happen, for from time immemorial, and ages past, the temple of God has been as a recognition of Him, and if we would permit the purer and higher influence of the spirits from the heavenly sphere to sweep through them, we would find that the old time religion of Christ, and His redemption, and the truths of the Holy Book, and the love, as well as wrath of God, would be taught and remembered. But instead, we drive away our best friends who would help us to combat these evil forces that are in the churches, and in the homes, and stirring up trouble and war between nations and countries. But when these loved ones of ours, from the spirit realm, fain would help us, we fre-

quently turn our backs upon them, failing to recognize their presence, and give them, not only the cold shoulder, but act, in word and deed, as though we were ashamed of our own dear ones from the world beyond, and then wonder why these spirit friends do not accomplish more.

Then again, we permit ourselves to become prejudiced and skeptical because we meet with prejudice and skepticism in writings and speech from those who have dipped deep enough into Spiritualism only to be led away on to the false side by the cunning brains of his satanic majesty, who would have the world believe that all of the spiritual forces are evil, thus limiting the powerful influence for good of our heavenly spirits, thereby allowing ourselves to be drawn in by his deceitful lies.

Yes, I thoroughly agree with Judge Rutherford in his proclamation that the devil is a liar, and the father of lies, and is still using deceitful and cunning methods to lead the world away from the foot of our Savior's Cross. Not only that, but I will agree with him on the fact that the devil and his imps are impish enough to

pose, and pass themselves as our dear beloved ones of the spiritual realms of heaven. This is done to misguide and to throttle Spiritualism, for the devil well knows that its doctrines would be fatal to his diabolical plans, and would lessen the number of earthly prisoners in his dire abode.

As I said before, we should not mix the two forces, for they will not mix any more than oil and water, and are as far apart as the poles.

I see that another one of our friends besides Judge J. F. Rutherford, Billy Sunday, has been beguiled by the deceitful and cunning voice of satan to think and proclaim that Spiritualism is the work of the devil; and so it pleases his satanic majesty that they should think thus, and by confusing the two forces hold to the evil one, and by the silent command of this artful schemer, turn away the good forces from the higher powers above. But the two forces have always existed for ages past, since the first creation of man, and we have examples of them all through the Bible, and they were constantly waging war with each other

then, as they are doing at the present time.

Perhaps you remember, that thousands of years back, in the days of Moses, when this remarkable prophet and his brother Aaron performed their wonderful miracles before King Pharaoh, he would always call in his magicians, or witches, and they would perform like miracles with their enchantments; but theirs was the powers from the evil forces, or satan, while that of the prophets was the power of God. But should we discountenance the good powers, because the evil forces were running close or parallel with them? Note that, as is usual, the good powers of the prophets came out ahead of the evil powers of the witches, or magicians, for the latter's snakes were eaten up by Aaron's one big snake; and the sorcerers were stumped on the plague of lice, and they were compelled to admit that the power of the prophets came from God. Just so will the stronger powers of the good spirits of today come out ahead of the weaker forces of the evil spirits, causing Spiritualism and its wonderful doctrines to come out victorious if we but

open our doors and hearts to them, and give them the opportunity that they are oftwhile seeking.

We see the contending forces running close to each other in the time of the prophets, after the Israelites had reached the promised land, that existed between the angels from heaven and the evil powers of satan and his imps. Especially are we reminded of this when we call to mind the beautiful picture of the angels from heaven contending against the evil influence of the devil, who had persuaded King Herod to kill the Christ baby, but the angel was sent by God from heaven to warn Joseph in a dream. "Flee into Egypt," was commanded, "with the child and its mother," and they fled in the dead of the night, and the Christ baby was saved from the cruel edge of the king's sword through the warning voice of the angel. Just so today, we ofttimes get warnings of danger. Should we turn a deaf ear? Might it not by chance be angel voices from heaven, perchance, the angel voice of our loved one?

And there are times in life when two roads meet, and we know not which one

to take. Shall we fail to hearken to the persuasive silent voice that whispers "take this one to the right." Might not these silent voices be the voices from heaven? May they not be our guardian angels from the spirit world above, who would save us a world of suffering and sorrow had we only hearkened unto their voices?

These are not the voices, nor have they anything in part with the ones that Judge Rutherford has warned us about, nor should they be counted as such.

Note the various Bible references concerning cautions against witches, evil spirits and mediums controlled by the wicked forces that the judge cites us to, as a proof that the Holy Book is against the doctrines of Spiritualism.

Judge J. F. Rutherford is truly correct that the Holy Book is full of warnings against witches, magicians, and all evil forces, and I heartily agree with him that we cannot be any too careful in avoiding these evil influences of satan and his demon forces, nor can we put up too strong a fight against them; and let me add that I know of no better way than

with the help of God, His Son Christ Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, with not only the aid of the angel forces from heaven, but the angel spirits of our loved ones.

And should these two forces that I have just mentioned, the good and the bad, be engaged in deadly, silent combat, and the good should come out victorious, we would find that the grand and noble doctrines of Spiritualism would gain control over the homes, churches and nations, and there would be less of suffering, moaning, and bitter crying in this world.

Looking at both sides of this question, it is fatally wrong to consider one alone when they both exist, for if we recognize the good and not the evil, we permit the latter an opportunity to take advantage of us, and when we take into account only the evil forces we are limiting the power of the good forces and driving them away from us. With all due respect to Judge Rutherford and Billy Sunday, this is what they have done, or so fatally confused the good with the evil that the good has been lost to them, thus causing them to form wrong opinions and conclusions. There is the story of King Saul, that the

judge has mistakenly given us, as a strong proof against Spiritualism. As the narrative went, King Saul was greatly troubled in his heart, so he adjourns to the witches' cave for advice. He disguised himself, for he did not wish it known that the king was consulting witches, nor did he wish to be seen going to her cave. Besides, there was a law in the country at that time against all mediums, witches, and magicians that foretold future events or used enchantments of any kind, and the king was supposed to hunt them up and have them killed.

When the witch of Endor saw King Saul, although he was so completely disguised that no one could recognize him—the moment she set her sharp bead-like eyes upon the king she knew him and became frightened, for she suspected that he had come to have her killed. "Why have you deceived me like this?" she asked, "have you come to have me murdered as you did the other wizards?" "Be not afraid," the king replied; "if you will answer me what I wish to know I will not harm you or let your whereabouts be known." "With whom would

you wish to speak?" questioned the witch of Endor. "With Samuel, the prophet," answered the king. The witch called Samuel, who had been dead for some time, in a loud voice, and immediately there arose before them a little old man, with a mantle across his shoulders, and whom the king recognized as Samuel the prophet.

When King Saul saw who stood before them he fell down and worshiped him. "What is it you would have, and why have you come to disturb me?" asked Samuel. "I am sorely troubled," answered the king, "for tomorrow we go in battle with the Philistines; and tell me, if you please, that all will be well with my three sons and myself. I," continued the king, "have prayed to God, but He has hearkened not, nor heard my voice, neither have I been answered in my dreams at night."

"It is because of your wicked disobedience that God does not hear you," replied the prophet Samuel, "and tomorrow you and your three sons will be with me, and your people, the Israelites, will fall into the hands of the Philistines, not only this

but your neighbor, David, will become king."

King Saul was so overcome with grief and fright that he fell to the ground, and was like one who was in a dead faint. His servants who had come with Saul picked him up and placed him upon a couch, and the witch of Endor offered him food, but the king was so troubled that he refused to eat. "You must take some food," she said, "to strengthen your body, that it may sustain its weight home." But the king refused to eat. Then the witch of Endor went out and killed a fatted calf, and kneaded up some bread, and cooked them for King Saul and his servants. "Eat, my Lord," she said, "thou and thy servants, before you grow weak from fasting." But Saul had already become weak from lack of food, for his heart had been so troubled that he had not eaten since yesterday, early morn. "Take food," the witch and his servants pleaded with him, until he was finally persuaded to eat. When King Saul and his men had eaten, they went out into the darkness of night.

And the King's heart was troubled.

What the dead prophet Samuel had told King Saul in the cave of the witch of Endor came but partly true, and still, in many ways, this strange prophecy came to pass. The king and his three sons were killed, their bodies hung upon a wall and then burned, but not on the morrow. This happend a few days later.

The Philistines and Israelites waged a bloody battle. The Israelites did not fall into the hands of the Philistines, but there were so many slain by the enemy that the Israelites fled from the army of Philistines. The three sons of King Saul were killed by archers, and the king himself was sorely wounded, and when he saw that his sons were dead he begged his armourbearer to kill him with the sword, but he was afraid. Then King Saul fell upon his sword, and when the armourbearer saw what the king had done he fell upon his own sword. Thus it was that the king, his three sons, and armourbearer were all killed in one day. And when the Philistines found the body of King Saul they cut off his head and hung his body upon the wall.

Now, there were certain brave men be-

longing to the king's army, who, when discovering what the enemy had done, stole the body by night, and burning it to prevent discovery, buried the bones. And they moaned for the king seven days, and as the dead prophet Samuel had foretold in the witches's cave of Endor, David became king.

This is the story of King Saul and the witch of Endor, and Judge Rutherford has pronounced it, among other Bible references, as proof and warning against the doctrines of Spiritualism. But I wish to say that the judge has confused matter again, and sadly gotten his wires crossed. What if the witch of Endor was influenced by evil spirits and King Saul did go to this wizard for advice? That does not mean that every one who is able to call up the dead, to prophesy certain events, to cast out devils, or even to heal the sick by the laying on of hands, are given the power from satan and his demons. But there is a higher God-given power of prophecy and miracles that our prophets possessed. They were in those days greatly aided by the spiritual forces of good angels from heaven, just as I have

every reason to know that those at the present time who listen are aided by the angel forms of our loved ones.

During the days of Christ, we know that there was a God-given power that Jesus and His disciples, and even a few others that followed in His teachings, and worked in His name, were able to do such as casting out devils, healing the sick, and performing many other wonderful miracles. And we know that this gift from God was extended through the courtesy of Christ to not only His disciples of the past but to those of the present. So, when Judge J. F. Rutherford forms the opinion, and passes it on to the world, that all forms of healing with the laying on of hands, and otherwise, are the works of the devil, I simply wish to announce that he is mistaken. Has he forgotten, does he not remember the promise that Christ made to His disciples, after the resurrection, just before His ascension into heaven? Our Savior made them this conditional promise, which includes the present generation, as well as those of the past. But these signs and wonders must be

worked in His name, and the power must be recognized as coming from God, and there must be observance of the laws of baptism, as Jesus Christ went through with, that His Father's wishes might be fulfilled, thus permitting themselves to be baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. How could it be possible for anyone who respects these rules to be working with the devil and his imps, especially when we keep our spirit loved ones close around us to guard and keep the evil ones away? For we well know there is no deceiving God, and if we conscientiously follow out certain requirements of His, and He permits certain promised works to be performed by us, we have every reason to suppose that our power comes from God and not from satan.

We find this beautiful promise in the 16th chapter of St. Mark, 17th, 18th and 20th verses, as follows:

And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues.

They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

While Jesus Christ made us these wonderful promises to perform these marvelous miracles, He had preserved for Himself the privilege of raising the dead, from the dead, but He has given us an opportunity to talk with their angel spirit forms.

We have not a more positive proof of the immortality of the soul, and of spirit-return, than the incident which occurred on the mountain-top, during the transfiguration of Christ, before His three disciples, Peter, James and John, and we know that these spirit-forms were not personators of the devils' imps, for they were with Christ, and they were the spirit form of Moses and Elias, and if this could happen once it could happen again and many times over.

If two spirit forms could find their way to earth, thousands of others could. And we are taking the Bible for our final arbiter, and find these important proofs in St. Mark, 9th chapter, 4th verse, as follows: *And there appeared unto them Elias, with Moses; and they were talking with Jesus.*

Judge J. F. Rutherford has said that the general condition of depravity and wickedness was due to the fact that satan and his demons were having and taking an extra amount of privilege at the present, for their time is limited, and they wish to do as much mischief as possible before the day of their imprisonment or destruction. He has also said that, according to the Scriptures, these troublesome times of war, wickedness, and strife, is a forerunner of the millennium, or the second coming of Christ, and I heartily agree with him on his two last statements. But I cannot countenance his declaration that this wave of Spiritualism that is sweeping the country since the World's War is under the influence of satan and his demons. Once again, he has confused

the two forces, recognizing only the evil powers, and pushing the good out of existence, as far as his own mind and heart goes.

Of course, we have strong evidence that the demon forces are hard at work, and have put off some successful stunts in their line, but that is no reason why we should dub all of the spiritual powers as evil. And considering the plight that the world is in, it is quite natural that our best friends, our spirit loved ones, should come down to help us, thus accounting for the wave of Spiritualism that Judge Rutherford referred to. For what more could they do for us than to come when we need them most? Is not a friend in need a friend indeed? Shall we turn them away with cold indifference or heartless and cruel denial?

Judge J. F. Rutherford has likened Spiritualism to the vision that Kipling has made of it, which is as unfair as it is wrong.

In his poem on Spiritism, he has described it in one of his verses as follows:

Oh, the road to Endor is the oldest road,
And the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul.
And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store,
For such as go down on the road to Endor.

I wish to say right here, that the road to Spiritualism and the road to Endor are two separate and distinct roads, which lead in opposite directions.

I agree that the road to Endor is a crazy old road and wrought with sorrow, but the road to Spiritualism is a straight road, and wrought with peace, joy and gladness.

The poet has told us, concerning it, that the path to Spiritism, leads to "A land of fadeless beauty."

There's a land of fadeless beauty,
Bright beyond the narrow sea,
Where the rainbow lasts forever,
And the stars eternal be.
Homes, no human hands can fashion,
There forever shall endure;
Spirits free from earthly passion,
Deathless Spirits glad and pure.

There's a land whose chilly winter
Never spreads its frosty gloom;
Where no deadly blight can wither
Gardens of perennial bloom;
'Tis a land where never sorrow
Bids the mourner's tears to flow;
Where no frowning dark tomorrow
Ever dawns on human woe.

This is the land of beauty and eternal joy that the fingers of our spirit friends point us to; and if we follow their guidance we can be sure of finding this haven of rest, and heaven of glorious happiness.

I see that Judge J. F. Rutherford claims that the soldier boy who has been giving messages to his mother is an imposter; namely, the devil, or one of his demons in disguise. For one conclusive reason that this young spirit belongs to the demon forces and not his mother's son, who had passed out on the battlefield, the Judge relates the fact that this soldier spirit tells of hearing that one, who was known as Christ, had been seen moving around and among the sick and dying soldiers, and ministering unto them, and the spirit son even mentioned having

caught a glimpse of the Savior, and He shone with a soft, glimmering light.

Judge Rutherford has denounced the fact of our Savior's being on the battlefield as unnatural and out of the question, and originating from only a lie such as satan and his imps could perpetrate, giving, as a reason, that the Savior did not approve of wars, killing, and the battlefield, consequently it would be preposterous to think of finding Christ in such an ungodly spot as the field of war.

We agree with the judge that our Savior does not approve of wars, fighting, and killing, but we consider Him broad-minded enough not to blame the soldiers for what they had been unwittingly drawn into, through a chain of circumstances not of their own making, and we give the Savior credit for going where He was most needed. It is typical of the Savior to be ministering unto the sick and dying soldiers on the battlefield, and to cheer and comfort those who were so far away from their homes and loved ones. So like His life on earth, full of deeds of kindness and love. As He told His disciples He

came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

I do not see anything strange or unnatural in the spirit soldier boy's message to his mother, and I have no doubt that when the spirit form of Christ was not on the battlefield with the wounded and dying soldiers, He was at the home of some loving mother, wife or sweetheart, giving them silent words of comfort and cheer. I am quite sure this accounts for so many brave hearts during the war.

We have absolute proof from the Scriptures that Christ returned in spirit form after his resurrection and ascension into heaven, for the Bible tells us that Jesus said to His disciples just before preparing to leave and go to His Father's home, he made this sweet and comforting promise, which is intended for the disciples of today as well as the past, for Jesus Christ shows no partiality, and the proof of His continued presence on earth is found in St. Matthew, 28th chapter, 20th verse, as follows: *Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.*

So cheer up, wake up from your dream of mystified doubts and perplexities. Cast aside the web of gloomy thoughts that confuse and bewilder your brain and heart in trying to reconcile life eternal with the non-immortality of the soul. Turn your eyes away from such dark inconsistencies to Scripture teachings. Turn your face to the golden light, of the joyful truth, that the soul is immortal, imperishable, ever-living, never-dying, and that through the sacrifice and redemption of Christ we have life eternal.

Not only the Bible but nature teaches us that our souls are immortal, and that there is life eternal in all things. The flowers wither and die only to spring up again in a more beautiful form. Turn where we may the golden tidings of life everlasting is whispered to us, and the soft cooing breezes, that are wafted from seeming nowhere, breathe the sweet, glad message that there is eternal life. The tall, white stately lily, the crimson rose and the modest little violet all declare the same grand truth of life. The seasons, in all their glorious changes, speak in eloquent language of a life eternal. The

murmuring brook, the constant flow of the river, the rushing waterfalls, and the never-ceasing going in and out of the tides, all proclaim the one joyous blessing of everlasting life. And when you see the gold and crimson splendor of a glorious sunset die and fade away into a pall of grey, you know that it will rise again in the east with a new robe of silver glow, and break into a new dawn, a new day. Everywhere we turn we see evidences of immortality and life everlasting. We hear it whispered in every rustling leaf, and the voice of nature carries it on into one glad song—there is no death. And the poet catches the sweet refrain and echoes the voice of nature, and sings it to the world.

"There is no death;
The stars go down,
To shine upon
Some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's
Jeweled crown,
They shine forever more."

THE END.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2004

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 522 078 4