The Inclusiveness of the Truth.

Half our errors are the result of our narrowness. We have an affinity for the partial and the sectional. We are addicted to limiting, circumscribing, and excluding. We see one side, and think we have seen both. We know in part, and insist that we know completely. The truth is too large for us.

We have heard men speak of the exclusiveness of the truth; of a certain doctrine as being "exclusive as the truth is exclusive." It is a just and proper phrase. Certainly the truth is exclusive and intolerant of whatever is contrary to it. It can say with the Psalmist, "I hate every false way." But it is equally proper, and perhaps far more opportune, to speak of the inclusiveness of the truth, and to be on our guard lest, in emphasizing its opposition to error, we belittle the truth itself. God is very great, and everything belonging to God has something of His greatness. His truth is very large; it is "exceeding broad;" there is a wideness to it "like the wideness of the sea." It is like the all-encompassing air, like the sun, whose "going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The Temple of Truth is very vast; in it there are "many mansions;" and, as Dean Stanley somewhere beautifully says, it has as many entrances as it has mansions. This is our narrowness, that we would reduce the number of its mansions to one, and deny that it has more than a single entrance. This is our littleness that we would take the boundless and ever-rolling ocean of the truth of God, and deal with it as if it were a pond or lake, of size easily measureable, and of shore visible all around to the naked eye.

The truth is always inclusive of the "other side." There always is another side, and the truth never excludes it; it would not be the truth without it. Truth is round and full; it cannot do without the opposite, it demands the complemental. It bears everywhere the mark of concomitancy and coefficiency; its estate is the estate of wedlock. The great and salient truths are always double; they travel in pairs; they go forth as the apostles went, "by two and two." They are as opposite hemispheres; they belong inseparably together; but, to our inadequate vision, each seems to hide the other. Look at the sovereignty of God, and it conceals the free-will of man; look at the free-will of man, and it conceals the sovereignty of God.

We are not able to see how these things consist but nevertheless they consist. We cannot square this circle, but there the circle is. Here is where we fail. Trusting in the adequacy of our imperfect vision, and depending upon our insufficient logic, we fall a prey to the spirit of narrowness and exclusiveness. We affirm one side and reject the other. Possibly, feeling compelled to do so, we add an appendix to our affirmation, making some provision for the other side in a blind and halting way; we do not really include it. But the great, round, charitable, and inclusive truth always includes "the other side."

It is only like that can know like. That which is large demands a corresponding largeness of spirit for the proper apprehension of it. A narrowing and excluding spirit can never stand in true affinity with the broad and inclusive truth. A logic that loves to repudiate and shut out is a poor instrument for the discovery of that truth which loves to recognize and include. It makes much difference whether man say "This or that is true," or whether they say "This *and* that is true." The one spirit is darkening, dwarfing, impoverishing; the other is enlightening, enlarging, enriching. "This or that!"—it is a well-known cry. It has been the angry watchword of many a theological battle. The spirit it stands for is one of which the Church has hitherto known, perhaps, more than enough. It has filled the world with clamor. It has begotten whole libraries of acrimonious controversy. It has bred partisanship, division, and strife. It has multiplied sects, each holding fast with a death-like grasp to its particular fragment of the truth. It has separated Christians from Christians, and set them to contending and quarreling among themselves, while the Truth has wept over the littleness of her worshipers. We know that much of this controversy has been unavoidable and most salutary, or, at least, has been overruled for great good; but we believe also that no small portion of it has been the consequence of a failure to perceive the largeness, the inclusiveness, the many-sidedness of the truth, and might and would have been avoided had men been more disposed to acknowledge the possibility of "this and that" being true, instead of contending for the truth of "this or that."

Surely the time is ripe for the dominance of an opposite spirit. Its hour has come. It is a time to make room; to see, to acknowledge, to welcome the other side; to manifest somewhat of the large and inclusive spirit of the truth itself. It is a time for humility and reverence; for the readier admission of the fact that we "know in part;" for the open mind and the open heart; for the completer submission of ourselves to the guidance of that Holy Spirit who, according to the promise of Christ, is to lead us "into *all* truth." We speak not in behalf of indifference or laxity as regards doctrine. We believe in the intolerance of the truth; that by this we understand its intolerance of falsehood, not its intolerance of other truth. We believe in contending valiantly for the truth; only let us be sure that it is the truth, and not merely a side of a fragment of the truth we are contending for. Christian largeness and tolerance are as different as can be from laxity and indifference. For they are born of the largeness of the truth itself; and their inclusiveness is, in its root, nothing else indeed than the inclusiveness of love.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

— On sanctification, Dr. A. J. Gordon says, in *The Watchword:* "With the whole of the New Testament before us, it seems to me that the truest definition of sanctification is this: It is a two-fold process, consisting of mortification and vivification—the repressing and subduing and deadening of the old nature; the strengthening, developing and perfecting of the new nature. From the beginning to the end of our Christian life, every aid and incitement to holy living will be found to be along one or the other of these two lines."

Eternal Growth.

"As thy days, so shall thy weakness be," is the law for all of us mature men and women in regard to our outward life. But we may be emancipated from that dreary law in regard to the true life of our spirits, and, instead of getting weaker as we get older, we may be, and we should be, moving on a course that has no limit to its advance. We may be travelling on a shining path through the heavens that has no noontide height from which it must slowly and sadly decline, but tends steadily and forever upward, nearer and nearer to the very fountain itself of heavenly radiance. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more till the noontide of the day." But the reality surpasses even that grand thought, for it points us to an endless approximation to an infinite beauty, and to ever-growing possession of never-ending fulness, as the law for the progress of all Christ's servants. The life of each of us may, and should, be continual accession and increase of power through all the days here, through all the ages beyond. Why? Because "the life which I live, I live by the faith of the Son of God." Christ liveth in me. It is not my strength which grows so much as God's strength within me, which is given more abundantly as the days roll. It is so given on one condition. If my faith has laid hold of the infinite, the exhaustless, the immortal energy of God, unless there is something fearfully wrong about me, I shall be getting purer, nobler, wiser, more observant of His will, gentle like Christ, every way fitter for His service, and for larger service as the days increase.

Those of us who have reached middle life, or perhaps got a little over the water-shed, ought to have this experience as our own in a very distinct degree. The years that are gone ought to have drawn us somewhat away from our hot pursuing after earthly and perishable things. They should have added something to the clearness and completeness of our conception of the deep simplicity of God's gospel. They should have tightened our hold and increased our possession of Christ, unfolding more and more of His all-sufficiency. They should have enriched us with memories of God's loving care, and lighted all the sky behind with a glow which is reflected on the path before us and becomes calm confidence in His unfailing goodness. They should have given us power and skill for the conflicts that yet remain, as the Red Indians believe that the strength of every defeated and scalped enemy passes into his conqueror's arms. They should have given force to our better nature and weakening to our worse. They should have rooted us more firmly and abidingly in Him from whom all power comes, and so have given us more and fuller supplies of His exhaustless and ever-flowing might.

So it may be with us if we abide in Him, without whom we are nothing, but partaking of whose strength "the weakest shall be as David, and David as an angel of God."

If for us, drawing nearer to the end is drawing nearer to the light, our faces shall be brightened more and more with that light which we approach, and our faith shall be "as the shining light which shines more and more unto the noontide of the day," because we are close to the very fountain of heavenly radiance, and bathed and flooded with the outgoings of His glory. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The promise ought to be true for us all. It is true for all who use the things that are freely given to them of God; and while thus it is the law for the devout life here, its most glorious fulfilment remains for the life beyond. There each new moment shall bring new strength, and growing millenniums but add fresh vigor to our immortal life. Here the unresting beat of the waves of the sea of time gnaws away the bank and shore whereon we stand; but there each roll of that great ocean of eternity shall but spread new treasures at our feet and add new acres to our immortal heritage. When life is immortal, the longer it lasts the stronger it becomes, and so the spirits that have stood for countless days before His Throne, when they appear to human eyes as "young men clothed in long white garments," full of unaging youth and energy that cannot wane. So, while in the flesh we must obey the law of decay, the spirit may be subject to this better law of life, and "while the outward man perisheth, the inward may be renewed day by day." "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall, but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."—*Rev. Alex. Maclaren, D. D.*

A Promise Is Like a Cheque.

If I have a cheque, what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said, "I do not see the use of this bit of paper, I cannot buy anything with it," a person would say, "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No, I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you written your name on the back of it?" "No, I have not done that." And yet you are blaiming the person who gave you the cheque! The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name at the back of the cheque, go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised to you.

A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, and I see no need for it. It is like a person going into a bank with a cheque and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The commonsense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money, and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business. Sometimes a flood of words only means excusing unbelief. The prayers of the Bible are nearly all short ones; they are short and strong. The exceptions are found in places of peculiar difficulty, like that of Jacob when he cried,

With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

As a general rule, faith presents its prayer, gets its answer, and goes on its way rejoicing.—*Spurgeon.*

Pride Humbled.

The following incident is told, as part of the unwritten or traditional history of Elder John Leland:

During the latter part of his life Mr. Leland traveled much over the country on preaching tours, on foot. On one occasion he had been warmly solicited, in writing, by a widow lady, to visit the part of old Virginia in which she lived and preach, telling him to set his time and her house was at his service, both as a place of abode and also as a place to hold his meetings. Mr. Leland replied to her by setting a day that he would preach at her residence at 10 o'clock, a. m. The lady was a very wealthy planter, in Appomattox valley. She regarded herself as one of the most pious and exemplary persons to be found anywhere. She had been raised in the high circles of life, and knew nothing about poverty, nor had ever associated with the laboring classes. She was at this time about thirty-five years of age, and had been a widow two years, but knew nothing of the privations commonly attending the life of a widowed mother. She took much pains to appear pious, and her chief object in inviting Mr. Leland to preach at her house was that she might make a display of wealth, and thus have the applause of all her associates; not only to show her wealth, but her piety as well; so she went to great trouble and expense in preparing for the meeting. The appointment had been spread far and near, pressing solicitations had been sent to numerous friends to attend the meeting; no expense or pains had been spared, not only to have the best and finest of everything, but to have everything in the very best style.

On the evening preceding the meeting several carriages had already arrived, to be in good time, and enjoy the hospitality of the hostess. About sunset Mr. Leland came up to the mansion on foot. The day was quite warm and dusty when he made his appearance. The walk had caused a free perspiration, which ran down his cheeks, making roads in the dust which had settled on his face during his day's walk. He walked up to the door of the large stone mansion, and his rap was answered by a black servant, of whom he inquired for the landlady; the servant ran down the broad, carpeted hall to a door, from which proceeded the sound of talking and laughing. In a very short time a lady, very richly attired, made her appearance, walking briskly and lightly toward the door where Mr. Leland was standing. He had a fair view of her person, and at once read in her physognomy and deportment something of her leading traits of character.

His intention had been to introduce himself, but before he had time to speak or before she was near enough for him to address her, she said, in a rather harsh tone:

"Old man, what do you want here? I have nothing for beggars."

Mr. Leland, in a very soft and unassuming tone, said, "Please excuse me, madam, I do not wish to beg for money, but I am very tired from a long walk, and called to know if you would do me the kindness to allow me to stay under your roof during the night."

Viewing him hastily from head to feet, she very positively answered, "No; I have company now; and to-morrow the Rev. Mr. Leland is to preach at my house; so I can't take in poor stragglers."

"Well," said Mr. Leland, "I am too much fatigued to travel further to-night, will you allow me to stay in one of those cabins?" pointing to a row of negro houses just outside the mansion yard.

After a moment or two of reflection she said, "You may stay there with the negroes if you want to."

He bowed a very polite thank you, and turned toward the row of huts, He proceeded to the farthest one from the mansion before he found any one to whom he could speak, to ask permission to stay, but came at last to the smallest but neatest of the huts, where he found seated at the door an old negress, who was fanning herself with the wing of a fowl. He spoke to her very gently:

"Good evening, aunty."

His greeting was answered with, "Good evenin', mosta."

"Well, aunty," said he, "I have come to ask a very uncommon favor of you."

"Bress de Lord, mosta, what can dat be, fo', please God I'se got nuffin to give any one?"

"I am very tired from walking all day. I called at the house of your mistress, but she says she has no room for me in her great house. I am too much fatigued to go further, and so I have come to see if you can allow me shelter in your house."

"Bress de Lord, mosta, I got no 'commodation for any one; but 'fore a fello' mortal shall stay out doos, I lets 'em stay in my cabin sho', ef da can put up wid my plain hut. Uncle Ben be in drecly, den he keep you company while I fixes you sumpen to eat, for you looks as do you had not eat a mosel for a long time," at the same time pointed to a three-legged stool by the side of the door, saying, "Set down dar and rest yourself, for you looks so worn out."

Mr. L. took the seat as directed, saying at the same time, "I am sorry that I am compelled to put you to so much trouble, as I have no money to pay you."

"Please God, mosta, Aunt Dilsey never charge any one yit for sich 'commodations as I could give em, for God knows it's poor enuff at best. You say, mosta, you call on missus at de house dar, and she can't take you in? Well, you must 'cuse her, for she's lookin' for a mighty heap o' company to-morrow; dar's a *great* man to be dar to-morrow, what gwine to preach in her house, an' a good many folks done come a'ready, an' heap mo' comin' to-morrow, so missus is mighty busy fixin' for 'em.

"But here's Uncle Ben," she continued, as an old grey-headed negro came around the corner of the cabin, muttering to himself about the carelessness of some of the other negroes.

This old couple, Uncle Ben and Aunt Dilsey, as they were familiarly called by all who knew them, both black and white, were an old couple who, from age, had a long time lived in a small but snug cabin at the far end of the row of huts occupied by the younger and more active slaves. Although Uncle Ben was not required to do any labor, yet he voluntarily took a kind of supervision over the farm, stock, etc. When he saw Mr. L. he stopped short and gave him a scrutinizing look, when Aunt Dilsey spoke, saying:

"Uncle Ben don't stare your eyes out at a stranger; dis ole gentleman was out travelin', and come to stay in our cabin, kase missus she can't let him stay dar, as she's got a heap o' company now."

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "We's commanded dat if a stranger comes along we's got to take him in an' give him sich as we have to set before him."

While Aunt Dilsey was preparing supper Mr. L. learned much about the lady of the mansion from Uncle Ben; he learned, among other things, that they were a very religious family, but the hostess had been raised in Richmond, and had imbibed all the fashionable ideas of religion, with but very little of its true principles, and none of its humility. Soon after Mr. L. had finished a very good, coarse supper, he told his host that he was very much fatigued from a long day's walk, and would wish to retire for the night, and that he felt like he wished to return thanks to his Creator for the blessings of the day, and invoke his protection through the night; that if it would annoy them, he would retire to some place out of doors.

"Bress God," said both the old folks at the same time, "we allers likes prayin' in our house, and neber goes to bed 'thouht one of us tries to pray."

Mr. L. then took an old, well-worn Bible out of his little bundle, and read in a very solemn tone the one hundred and second Psalm. During the reading the two blacks often said in a low voice, "Amen; bress de Lord." When the Psalm was ended Mr. L. fell upon his knees, and poured out his feelings in such an outburst of reverential eloquence as was seldom ever equalled, and never surpassed by mortal lips. His host and hostess were so effected by his reading and prayer that they could do or say no more than to fix their eyes on their guest, as though they felt that he was something more than mortal man. He retired to a clean little pallet in one corner of the cabin, where he soon fell asleep. When morning came he was up early; Aunt Dilsey soon had him a good, plain repast, after which he seated himself to read, telling his hostess that he felt too much fatigued to travel, and if she was willing, he would rest there until afternoon anyway, and then if he felt better he would go on his way.

Aunt Dilsey said, "Yes, mosta, stay jist as long as you want to; we be glad to have you stay with us a fortnight, if you can put up with our far."

Mr. L. seated himself under a shady tree in the cabin yard, and with his Bible, waiting to see what the finality would be.

About nine o'clock everything was in a bustle about the stone mansion; all the servants were called in to dress in their very best. Carriages began to arrive by the dozen, until the hall and every part of the large and elegant building was crowded to overflowing, but to their dismay no preacher had made his appearance, for the last carriage that came in sight had been scanned to get a glimpse of the minister. No one in the large congregation had ever seen him, but all had heard of him. So every one was full of anxious expectation, supposing that when he came he would be drawn by two or four fine horses, driven by a servant in livery.

Ten o'clock passed, half-past ten, eleven o'clock was announced by the clock on the wall, and no minister.

The company by this time had become restless, and were about to disperse, when Aunt Dilsey went to her mistress and said:

"Bress de Lord, missus, why don't you git dat ole man who stayed in our cabin last night to come here to de door and pray, 'fore the folks all go home; he prayed in our cabin las' night and dis mornin', an' 'fore God, in all my born days I nebber heard such prayin' afore. He's settin' right dar now, under de toll pine tree; an' as the preacher's not cdm, if you'll let him pray, I'll go right now and fetch him down."

The lady consulted with some of the company, the matter was talked of among the congregation, when it was agreed to have that old straggler, as they called him, come and pray before the congregation broke up.

So Aunt Dilsey went to where Mr. Leland was sitting, and said, "Mosta, de folks all dispinted 'bout de preacher comin'; he am not cum; and da wants you to go down and pray for 'em, 'fore da all brakes up. Mosta, I want you to pray jis' like you did las' night."

Mr. L. walked down to the front door, and standing on the steps repeated a short hymn by memory, sang, and then engaged in prayer; by the time his prayer was ended all eyes were fixed upon him in amazement. He then remarked that as there seemed to be a disappointment, that if it would not be assuming too much, he would talk to them a few minutes; and as a foundation, or starting point, he would read a short passage from the Word of Truth, which they would find by reference to the thirteenth chapter and second verse of Hebrews: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." When he had spoken for twenty or thirty minutes the hostess, who had refused him the hospitalities of the house the evening before, became so deeply affected that she ran and prosrtated herself at the feet of Mr. L., and would, if he had allowed her to have done so, have washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. It was said that she was so overcome and affected, that from that time forward she was a changed and different woman, so much so that she threw off all her finery and ornamental dressing, and became an humble and plain Christian. Though she was a professor before, her whole deportment underwent a complete change. Her house became a place of divine worship, where she delighted in making all, no matter how plain or how poor, as happy as kind attention could make them; in fact, it was said that if preference had to be given to any, it was always in favor of the poor and needy.—*Murfreesboro (Va.) News.*

WM. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "In a great majority of cases Bright's Disease begins slowly and imperceptibly." This is sufficient warning, and justifies you in using Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney trouble becomes chronic, or pronounced Bright's Disease.

The Ease of Habit.

A recent visitor to the mills where the bank-note paper is made for the use of the government, describes the skill and swiftness with which the sheets are counted.

"I saw one girl whose motions resembled those of a machine in their accuracy and lightning-like rapidity. My eyes could not follow the monotonous, flashing movement of her fingers; yet so delicate and unerring was her touch that every imperfect sheet was instantly detected and dropped." The narrator says that he discovered in this girl an old school-mate, "whose fingers two years ago were as clumsy as my own."

The government employs women in the Treasury Department in separating the charred fragments and cinders of bank-notes accidentally destroyed by fire, so that their denominations and numbers may be discovered. A visitor watched one of these experts float a mass apparently of black soot on water, and divide it with fine, light touch until it took shape and meaning to her keen glance.

"My eyes," she said, in answer to his expression of amazement, "are no sharper than your own. The skill lies only in habit."

School-boys, in their groping efforts to plan and forecast their future, are apt to compare themselves, untrained and crude as they are, with men long skilled in their trade and profession, and to grow hopeless with the contrast.

The student of book-keeping despairs as he watches the accountant reckon a line of figures with a swift, upward glance, and the tyro with the pen loses courage as he sees the old editor dash off a column of forcible argument in vivid English, the words coming unsummoned when needed. How can they compete with such ability as this?

They forget that these men began with steps as hesitating and unable as their own. They make no allowance for the staunch, unfailing ally, ease of habit, which comes to every patient worker.

"All things," says the old proverb, "come to him who works and waits," but nothing comes more surely or more helpfully than expertness in his work, and keen satisfaction in doing it thoroughly. —*Youth's Companion*

Korea—the Last Hermit.

BY BISHOP FOWLER.

The people of Korea are now divided into three classes: officials, gentlemen and coolies. They represent the three great difficulties in the way of a new civilization. The officials are chiefly engaged in deceiving the king and in robbing all beneath them. Every man is watched to know how he prospers. As soon as he makes any heading some official sends for him and he is told that it would be a patriotic thing to give so much money to aid the Government in building a bridge or repairing a road. He gives the money without hesitation as a virtue. He knows that to hesitate is to be "paddled," and lose more or all. Paddling is not fine amusement for the victim. On our way out from Seoul we saw a guard that had come out from Chemulpo to meet some official from Seoul. Among other conveniences and signs of dignity we saw two paddles. They looked like boat-oars, about eight feet long and five inches wide and one-and-one-half inches thick, with a rounded handle at one end by which it is whirled in the air. The king is constantly told by these officials that his country is prosperous and his people happy. Even in time of famine or of cholera he is still cheered with the consciousness of ruling a happy and well fed people. These officials "squeeze" every thing that passes through their hands. This is Asiatic. In the late famine it is said people came in from the country and died in Chemulpo. Foreigners touched with this distress raised a sum of money and gave it to a high official, asking him to relieve the starving, that they could not endure the sight of such suffering. He said "O yes, it is very bad; I will relieve it." He took the money and sent word round to the country that the foreigners objected to seeing the people starving, and if any more of them came into the city he would behead them. This stopped the *sights*, though he kept the money. I do not know that this is true; but the story grows naturally in the soil. Some power must relieve Korea of these officials.

The second class, *called gentlemen*, embody *another curse* to the land. They are pretended scholars. They read Chinese characters and walk about in utter idleness. They dress in long, white robes, and swing themselves along in the street in most pompous style. To do the slightest work would break their rank. It is disgraceful in their eyes to work. In their poverty they live on the few who have some substance. They would not be seen carrying so much as a book in the street. It would be fatal to their pride They are drones, and there will never be much honey in this Korean hive till the bees kill these drones and roll out their worthless bodies. Some power that would yoke them into teams and set them to ploughing would bless the land. I am happy to say that our Mission admits no one to school who will not work. Some actual manual labor is required of every student. The first lesson is to teach this people that labor is honorable. Thousands and tens of thousands of these pompous and white robed sluggards promenade the broad streets of the capital during the day. At night they wend their way back through the filthy alleys into their dingy huts.

The great bell rings out about half-past seven, and all men are by it ordered to stay indoors till morning. All the women, who have been shut in during the day, as in the Zenanas of India, are now allowed the freedom of the city. They go where they please, and visit and chatter as suits them. This is Woman's Rights of a high order.

The third class, *the coolies*, or laborers, have their embodied evil and weakness. They live solely from hand to mouth. They have no thrift. With rice for a present meal they are happy. This condition is inevitable. When property has no security it loses its value. If a few extra *cash* halt the paddle, it is foolish to keep these extra *cash*. This class is without hope. It seems happy and go-as-you-please, but nothing higher. These men are brighter than the gentlemen. They live by their wits and care for themselves. It is difficult to see how the other classes do anything.

Two of the highest generals in the capital called upon us. They came with a host of servants and with a large military guard. As they walked through the yard, each was surrounded with a group of servants, holding on to each arm, and watching each step lest the great man should stumble or slip. On horseback they are always surrounded. At least eight men run along, holding each of these generals on his horse, and leading the horse.

They came to the "compound" in chairs carried on the shoulders of men. The backs of the chairs were covered with tiger skins. None but the highest rank are allowed to sit on tiger skins. The servants carried after each a large chest containing his court dress. Should the king require their presence they must be ready to go instantly. The upper classes are thus handicapped by their customs, and the lower class are left without hope.—*Christian Advocate.*

White Ant Religion.

Says the *Evangelist.* Drummond in his interesting book on Tropical Africa, says of the white ant:

One may never see the insect possibly in the flesh, for it lives underground, but its ravages confront one at every turn. You build your house perhaps, and for a few months fancy you have pitched upon the one solitary site in the country where there are no white ants. But one day suddenly the door post totters, and lintel and rafters come down together with a crash. You look at a section of the wrecked timbers, and discover that the whole inside is eaten clean away. The apparently solid logs of which the rest of the house is built, are now mere cylinders of bark, and through the thickest of them you could push your little finger.

It seems to me that at the present day the white ant is as active in religion as its namesake in Africa is in matters of the present world. Book after book is published containing concealed attacks on evangelical religion, and they meet with a wide circulation. The very marrow of the Gospel is taken out, and nothing but the shell remains.

The talented authoress of Robert Elsmere is a white ant of large proportions. By her teaching she eats the very substance of the holy religion. "The whole inside," as Drummond says, "is eaten clean away." And what have we left when this is done? A mere shell of religion, which being touched, falls to pieces, and leaves us nothing but blank atheism. Under these circumstances, what is the duty of every Christian? To hold fast to the religion of our fathers as the only one that will cheer and support us amid the trials of life, and sustain us in our dying hours with the bright hope of life beyond the grave.

Lost in the Storm.

One of our local editors clipped from a leading magazine extracts from a vivid description of a western blizzard which we take the liberty to publish and suggest to H. H. Warner & Co., the proprietors of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, the feasibility of an extract for the introduction of one of their telling advertisements. The following is the description:

"At the close of a dark day in January a solitary horseman wends his way across the open prairie in one of our western territories. He passes at long intervals the lone cabin of the hardy frontiersman. Two or three old settlers, of whom he has inquired the way, have warned him that a storm is approaching, and with true western hospitality, urge him to accept shelter for the night. But he declines the proffered kindness and urges his tired horse forward. * * * The sky grows suddenly dark * * * The storm increases in its fury. * * * The rider dismounts to warm his fast chilling limbs. * * * Can scarcely breathe. Blindness comes on. Drowsiness steals over him. The end is near. * * * He is lost in the blizzard."

The terror which seizes the bewildered traveler is similiar to that which overcomes one when he learns that he is suffering from an advanced Kidney Disease, and is informed that he is in the last stages of Bright's disease. At first he is informed that he has a slight kidney affection. Later he begins to feel tired. Slight headache. Fickle appetite. Failure of the eyesight. Cramp in the calf of the legs. Wakefulness. Distressing nervousness. Rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Occasionally pain in the back. Scanty, dark colored fluids, with scalding sensation. Gradual failure of strength.

Any of the above symptoms signify Kidney Affection. His physician treats him for symptoms and calls it a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom of Kidney trouble. He may be treated for Rheumatic or Neuralgic pains, heart affection, or any other disease which he is most susceptible to. Finally the patient has puffing under the eyes, slight bloating of the ankles and legs. His physician informs him that it is but the accumulation of blood in his ankles for want of proper exercise.

The bloat continues and reaches his body.

Then he is informed he has dropsical troubles and is tapped once or twice. He notices it is difficult to breathe owing to irregular action of the heart, and finally is informed that he has a slight attack of Bright's Disease.

At last the patient suffocates — is smothered — and dies from dropsical trouble. Or perhaps the disease may not take the form of a dropsical tendency, and the patient dies from apoplexy, paralysis, pneumonia or heart trouble. Or it may take the form of blood poisoning. In each form the end is the same. And yet he and his friends were warned by the proprietors of the celebrated remedy known as Warner's Safe Cure, of the lurking dangers of a slight Kidney affection.

He did not heed the warning that a storm was approaching. He declined the proffered hospitality, and recklessly went forward into danger. He struggled manfully for a time, but his strength failed, he grew gradually weaker and he was lost to the world. Not in a blizzard, but from the terrible malady which is occuring in every community, and which is doctored as a symptom instead of what it is,—a mortal disease unless properly treated.