There was Celsus, back in the second century, who in his "True Discourse," hurled all the thunderbolts that the Greek philosophy had ever forged against the truth, and Julian, the Apostate, who assailed Christ as an imposter and his followers as "Galileans," and multitudes of others whose minds, however warped, were cast in the heroic mold. And there were also the Titans of the eighth century: Hume and Gibbon, the courtly Chesterfield, Thomas Paine, with his "unchained tiger," the grandiloquent Rousseau, Mirabeau, Voltaire with his frightful cry "Ecrasez l'Infame!" and all the fathers of the reign of Terror.

But where are those admirable infidels now? Alas, all gone! In England, Bradlaugh was the last of the Old Guard. In America, when Robert Ingersoll "fell down," as Shakespeare said anent the death of Caesar, "they all fell down." No more are left to cry: "Let us break his bands asunder and cast away his cords from us."

The policy of open attacks has given way to strategy. The open attack did not work. When the enemy came in like a flood the Lord lifted up his banner. Rant as they would, the church grew and prospered. The gates of hell could not prevail against it. In the last half-century of blatant infidelity the numerical increase of the church was larger than in the eighteen hundred years before it.

Hence the omnious silence that prevails in our time. The troops of Ulysses are no longer hurled in vain assault against the walls of Troy; the wooden horse has been dragged into the citadel, and the ambushed army awaits the issue. The denial of truth is no longer with a bold defiance, but with a rising inflexion: "Yea, hath God said?" On every hand are heard denials, more or less outspoken, of the supernatural factor in both the written and incarnate Word of God.

This is what Jesus foretold: "Many false prophets shall arise and shall deceive many;" and again, "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are raving wolves."

The false prophet, as Jesus says, may be "known by his fruits;" not merely by his misdemeanors, but by his way of putting things. The old-time infidel would have frankly thrown down his gauntlet on this wise: "The Bible is a fraud and Jesus an imposter." Not so our strategist; he commands a large vocabulary of equivocal words and phrases. One touchstone, however, will always betray him. He denies that God has truthfully revealed himself either in the Scriptures or by logical sequence in Christ.

TWO SACKS.

An exchange relates an ancient legend describing an old man travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind him he tossed the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he was walking along, day by day, which naturally hindered his course.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks. "What have you there?" asked the old man.

"Why, my good deeds," replied number two. "I keep all these before me, and take then out and air them often."

"What is in the other big sack?" asked the first traveller. "It seems weighty."

"Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back."

Presently the two travellers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks—one under his chin and one on his back.

"Let us see the contents of your sacks," exclaimed the first two travellers.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger. "For I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one under his chin, is full of others' good deeds."

"Your sacks look full. They must be very heavy," observed the old man.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "they are big, but not heavy. The weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see that it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did that on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see I have no weight to draw me backwards."

"Since that day I have never wanted anybody to explain to me what 'whosoever' means."

THE MEANING OF WHOSOEVER.

In his interesting autobiography, Gipsy Smith tells the following amusing story of his boyish days:

"One day I was up a tree, a tree that bore delicious Victoria plums. I had filled my pockets with them, and I had one in my mouth. I was in a very happy frame of mind, when lo! at the foot of the tree appears the owner of the land. He gave me a very pressing invitation to come down. At once I swallowed the plum in my mouth, in case he should think that I was after his plums. He repeated his pressing invitation to come down.

"'What do you want, sir?' I asked, in the most bland and innocent tones, as if I had never known the taste of plums.

"'If you come down,' he said, 'I will tell you.'

"'I am not used to climbing up or climbing down, but I tried to come down because I could not stay even up a plum-tree for ever, and my friend showed no disposition to go. He said: 'I will wait until you are ready;' and I did not thank him for his courtesy. I did not make haste to come down, neither did I do it very joyfully. When I got to the foot of the tree my friend got me by the right ear. There was a great deal of congratulation in his grip. He pulled me over rapidly and unceremoniously to another tree.

"'Do you see that tree?' he said.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do you see that board?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Can you read it?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Well, I will read it for you. Whosoever is found trespassing on this ground will be prosecuted according to law.'

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THEY PROVED IT.

Some years ago I was at work in Hull, England. God was giving us gracious seasons of refreshing, and a man came to me one night and said:

"Do you know, the strangest thing has happened to me!"

Said I: "What has happened?"

He said: "I am a cabinet-maker, and I work at a bench, and another man works by my side. He has worked by my side for five years. I thought I would like to get him to come to some of these meetings, and this morning I summoned up courage and said to him, 'Charlie, I want you to come along tonight to some meetings we are havingx down in Wilberforce Hall.' He looked at me and said, 'You don't mean to say you are a Christian?' and I answered, 'Yes, I am.' 'Well,' he said, 'so am I.'

This man said to me: "Wasn't is funny?"

"Funny?" I said, "no. Is he here? for if so, both you and he want to get down here and start. You never have been born again."

It is an absolute impossibility for two men born again of the Spirit, filled with the Spirit, to work side by side for five years, and neither one or the other find it out. If one man is a Christian and the other isn't, that man that isn't will soon see the difference in the work the Christian man does. Christian men do pure, strong work, and the best work in the world.—*Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.*

"So Mr. Jones gave £500 to missions at his death, did he?" was asked of a minister the other day. The answer was, "I did not say he gave it, but he left it; perhaps I should more explicitly have said that he relinquished it, because he could no longer hold it." The distinction needs to be kept in mind; one only "gives" when living; he "relinquishes" at death. There is plenty of Scripture commendation for giving, but none for relinquishing what the stiffened fingers of death can no longer hold.

AUTUMN FROSTS

and the piercing winds of the fall season warn us to prepare for the winter's cold. Now is the time when colds are taken which the rigorous season prevents shaking off, thus frequently causing consumption and death. At this time a few bottles of

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