

THERE IS NOTHING HID

THERE is nothing hid which shall not be manifested, neither was anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad.—S. Mark iv. :22.

In the long run all hidden things are known,
The eye of truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light,
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand confest

In the long run.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Murder will out," says the proverb—though probably when a man is bent on murder he has little faith in the warning. But murder is not the only secret which is sure to be openly manifested. "There is nothing secret, but that it should come abroad," says our Lord. "Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." We are constantly finding out the truth of His words even now, though the day has not yet come when God shall judge the secrets of men and bring to light the hidden things of darkness. That day seems so far off that we are apt to care little about it, and may be more impressed by the thought that even now the secret thoughts of our hearts are plainly visible—at least, the general direction of them—to our acquaintances, and especially to our relations. Children are quick to see what is hidden beneath the surface. A teacher once asked a small boy how large a piece of pie he would get if his mother had to divide it among the family (seven persons, including the parents.) He answered, "A sixth." The teacher thought he had made a mistake in arithmetic, but the little fellow confidently declared: "I know my mother. She'd say she wasn't hungry for pie that day; and I'd get one-sixth."

Children can read the secret thoughts, and can judge how those thoughts will blossom out into action—and so can their elders.

We can make a pretty safe estimate of a person's general character sometimes by a few remarks he may make. For example: Would you like to engage this man to work for you? Do you think he would be a success in any business?

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle street house. One day as he was lunching he was heard to give a yell of pain."

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.

"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.

"Well, why don't you pull it out?" said the carpenter.

"What! In my dinner hour?" yelled Roebottom, reproachfully.



Hope's Quiet Hour

We "give ourselves away," as the saying is, just as plainly as that every day of our lives. Two people may live in the same house, doing much the same work, and yet the one life may be very plainly consecrated in the highest service, while the other is plainly seen to be selfish and worldly. It is especially the little things which reveal the secret spirit of a life, the little opportunities which are gladly seized or carelessly let slip. If only our trust and love were unfailing, everybody around us would know that our secret life was hid with Christ in God. There is never need to proclaim to the world that your thoughts are true and lovely. Keep your secret soul white and shining and loyal in God's sight, and your world will not fail to know it without being told. Our Lord made no attempt to assert His innocence to Pilate, and yet the hard, worldly Roman saw instantly that there was no fault in this man.

Thought is a world-force, it is spiritual and sways the material. Everything—from a pin to an air-ship—is made in thought before it materializes. One man sways multitudes for good or for ill. How does he do it? It is not by what he says—though words have marvellous power—words that do not ring true to the character behind them, carry little weight. It is the invisible personality that draws men after a leader. Character is revealed in the face—the face, which is out of a man's own sight, but plainly visible to others—it reveals itself in the tones of the voice as well as in the words spoken, in the walk, and in every line of the body.

Our own Canadian writer, Jean Blewett, has sung about the outward signs of a good woman.

"Her eyes are the windows of a soul
Where only the white thoughts
spring,

And they look, as the eyes of the
angels look,
For the good in everything."

Her lips can whisper the tenderest
words

That weary and worn can hear,
Can tell of the dawn of a better
morn,

Till only the cowards fear.

Her hands can lift up the fallen one
From an overthrow complete:
Can take a soul from the mire of sin
And lead it to Christ's dear feet.

And she can walk wherever she will,—
She walketh never alone,
The work she does is the Master's
work,
And God guards well His own."

We read in Ezekiel ix. of a mark which is set on the foreheads of those who hate evil—it is not a mark which they can place on themselves, but it is written there by "a man clothed with linen." Then, in the Book of Revelation, this seal of God is mentioned several times, and in the last chapter we are told of the servants of Christ: "They shall see His face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads." How is that mark of possession indelibly stamped outwardly and visibly, on the willing servants of the King? "They shall see His face," and, looking daily at that Vision of perfect holiness, the secret desire of their hearts shines through the veil of flesh—as secret desires always do.

There is another mark mentioned—"the mark of the beast"—which is the outward sign, on forehead and hand, of those who worship the beast. This also is frequently mentioned in the Book of Revelation, and in chapter xiii. we read that "no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." The state of affairs in the markets of a great city must have been far worse in those days than they are now. Plenty of people can prosper in business without stooping to trickery or meanness of any kind. But those who do stoop to "worship the beast," either by dishonesty or by letting their kingly spirit be dragged down by vices which may well be called "beastly," need not fancy that they can hide the fact. Thoughts and habits which are encouraged for years always write themselves on the body. Those who work in hospitals know the awful truth of Rev. xiv. : 2—and the sins of men are still visited upon their children. We are too closely linked with each other for sin's consequences to stop short with the sinner. This is one of

the mysteries which God has not explained to us, though He never fails to make all things work together for the good of those who choose His service. We do not understand His ways always, but we always know that the path of righteousness is bright and glad and safe, while the path of unrighteousness is dark and miserable and dangerous. And, knowing this,

"Faith keeps its way, hand-knit with
Reverence,
And both with knowledge going on be-
fore,
Climbs out of deeper depths to high,
serener heights,
And climbs forevermore."
—DORA FARNCOMB.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to
head.
Bandaged and blistered from head to
toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup
On the table stood bravely up;
Physic of high and low degree;
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea—
Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright;
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrup and squills,
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
"What are you doing?" my patient
cried;

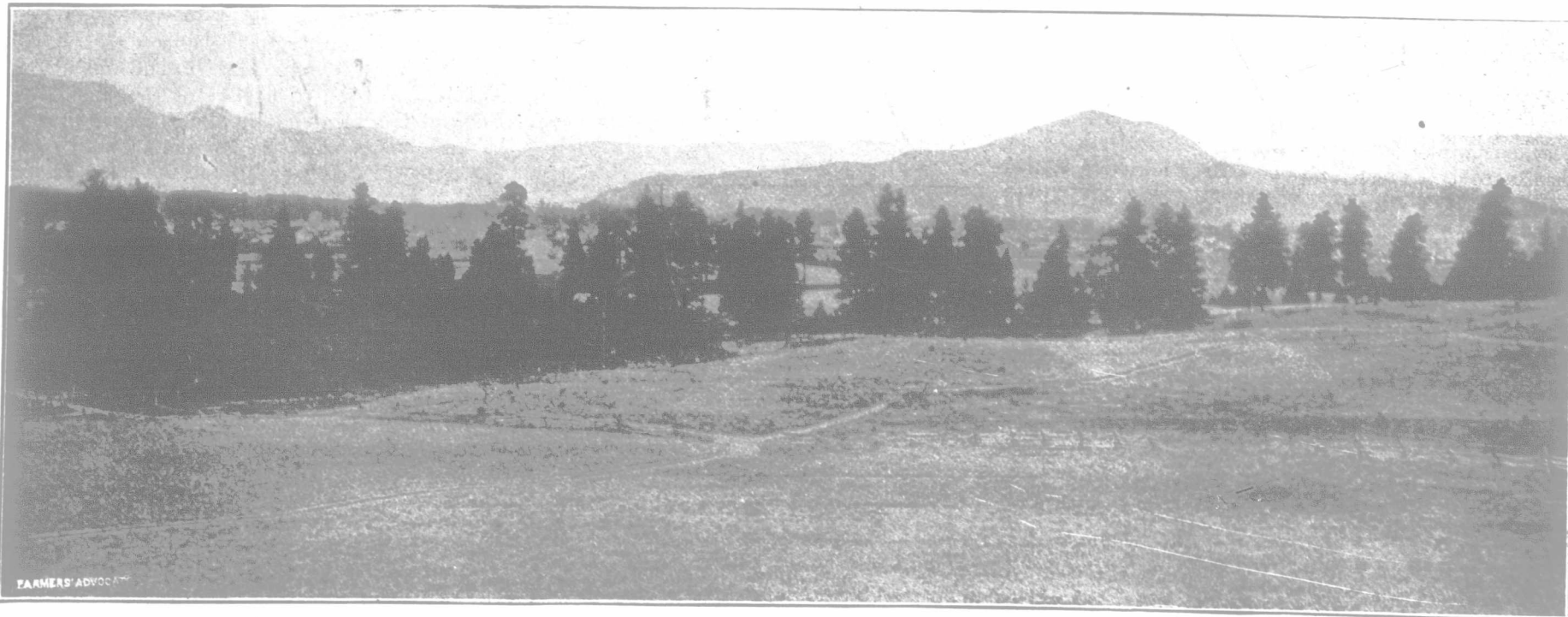
"Frightening Death," I coolly replied.
"You are crazy!" a visitor said.
I flung a bottle at her head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me;
"Wife is comin' round," said he,
"I re'ly think she'll worry thru;
She scolds me just as she used to do.
All the people have poohed and slurred—
And the neighbors have had their word;
'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."
"Your wife," said I, "had God's good
care
And His remedies—light and water and
air.

All the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers with-
out."

The deacon smiled and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said,
"God's be the glory, as you say;
God bless you, doctor, good day! good
day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicines made by men.



VIEW OF CENTRAL OKANAGAN LANDS LESS THAN A MILE FROM KELOWNA