

ordered his carriage. They drove out of the palace gates that shut behind them, and through the streets of the sleeping city, and far away where he was not known. Then he said to his faithful attendant this will do. He took off his ornaments, and his princely robes, and put on the sackcloth of the poor. He gave them to his servant, and told him to return to the city with them. With his sword he cut off his long locks, and flung them away. He was done with all he had been as a prince forever. Henceforth there was nothing for it but to toil or beg or starve. He was a wanderer and stranger among men, lost to all distinctions, practically dead and buried to all the past. He found the life he had chosen for himself a hard thing. But it was at least real. And he never once turned back. What became of him, you ask? He became the Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist faith, one of the great faiths of the world today. Such in brief is the story of Siddhartha.

Siddhartha's story has its lessons, the lessons of the tent, call them

The Lessons of the Sackcloth.

We are not indeed princes, nor our houses palaces. But is it not true that we try to keep out of our life the sackcloth? We say to want: "Want, we want none of you in our home, none of you in our life. There is plenty of you down the street, but stay there. Do not come where we are with your nakedness and hunger, your rags and wretchedness, your leanness and starvation."

And so we shut our door on want, and keep it far away from us. We let in fulness, however, and so our table is loaded with plenty, and indulgence eats and eats, and the wine flows freely, and wastefulness strews the floor with the crumbs that might feed Lazarus at the rich man's gate. But they do not. They feed the dogs, and poor hungry Lazarus lies to die of want. Ah! better the want outside than the wastefulness inside.

And then, do we not try to hide from ourselves the fact that one day we will take sick, and writhe with pain, and men will pass us by on the other side as they did the man on the road to Jericho, wounded and half dead? The priest will do it. The Levite will do it. Even your wife and children and friends will wish you were dead, and out of the way, for life is such a burden with you in it. I ask, do you ever let such a thought as that come into your life? No, no! "None might enter the King's gate clothed with sackcloth."

But you had better let the lesson of the sackcloth come to your soul. You are strong and well today. But, pain is saying: "Let me at him, and I will soon shew him what a poor weak man he is. Let me at his joints, and he will not run so fast, nor kick up his heels like a frisky colt, and play the fool the way he is doing, transgressing God's good laws."

And pain does come. You do not want him to come, but like an unbidden guest he comes. Some morning, the ugliest thing you ever saw, clothed from head to foot with the coarsest sackcloth, and loaded down with instruments of torture, such as racks, jack-boots, thumb-screws, and the like, is at your door. In terror you say: "Do not let the ugly thing in. No one wearing sackcloth has any right to enter here." But in he comes, and soon I hear your groans, and then I know the torture has begun.

And death comes. Will you let him in when he comes with his sackcloth and ashes? Will you go to your door, and say? "Welcome, death! I have been expecting you," or, will you not rather try to keep him out? Oh for the old Persian law to shut out the sackcloth!

But he comes. Yes, he comes once again. Erskine Church people have a good many visits from him of late. And he is not unwelcome. Thank God for that! His sting has been taken away. Heaven opens its doors as earth closes its, and you hear the welcome of the skies: "Home at last! Rest forever for another weary soul!"

One thought more as we close. You know about the Prince, the Prince of Life. One day in the long ago, Heaven's gates opened, and He stepped out into the darkness. For a moment all was lit up with the glory, and angels were heard to sing. But soon the gates were shut, and all was dark, and He was out in it. Clothed with the sackcloth and ashes from humanity, He found His way here—found His way to the want, the sin, the sorrow, the darkness, the death here. He was lost among the poor, for He was as poor as they were, and you could not tell the Prince from any one else. They wronged Him. They hated Him. They shut their doors upon Him. They flung Him their crusts to eat. They let him lie out on the cold hills. But out of His great remuneration, His sacrifice and sackcloth, came salvation to the poor. You know the story. It is the story of the Gospel. He put on your sackcloth, that your soul might put on His perfect righteousness. O blessed Prince I love Thee, we believe in Thee, we follow Thee. What would our poor life be without Thy coming into it with Thy love and life and salvation!

Sparks from Other Anvils.

Lutheran Observer: The world hates a hypocrite, and in spite of outward approval and friendly relation, it disapproves of every concession on the part of a Christian that involves a sacrifice of principle.

Herald and Presbyterian: A strong temperance sentiment in a State makes itself felt in every department of the life of the State. In Kansas, where prohibition has been in effect long enough to have educated a whole generation, the sentiment in favor of prohibition is stronger now than ever. A most interesting investigation has revealed the fact that the total number of newspapers in the State which actually publish liquor advertisements is but twenty out of a total of 754.

Christian Intelligencer: In the life of Jesus was given a human demonstration of the spirit of the divine life. His cross is a token from God that He offers His life to the world. Christ called it a consecration, but a consecration for the sake of men. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Christ gave His in His services, in His teachings, in His death, in all that part of His life that men could see, that they might know that in all that part of it that they could not see He is still giving His life for the life of the world.

S. S. Times: It is not for every one to finish the work God has set him to do; but each one of us has a duty to do faithfully the work of the present hour. Each of us has a place in the plan and work of God, with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day is as a thousand years. God may call us hence the next hour, to serve or honor him in another sphere. We must do our utmost and best in the present, ready to keep on or to move on as God may direct for the coming day.

Belfast Witness: If only arbitration can take the place of war in settlement of international disputes, no other political and social reform could accomplish so much for the welfare of mankind. As a religious organ "The Witness" bestows its heartiest

benediction on this Christian enterprise, "to seek peace and ensue it."

New Orleans Presbyterian: It would look as if an epidemic of lynching has struck this country of ours. North, South, East and West it rages. Not alone for the unspeakable crime but for other and less horrifying deeds, irregular justice is invoked. It is almost useless to argue patient waiting for slow paced justice, when certain crimes are committed. But it is time that a halt were called in this business of lynching, for no one can tell how far it will go or how completely it will dissolve the cement of social order.

To every man God, at some time, throws open the door of his grace and bids him enter. But woe to him who turns his back upon that open door, hardens his heart and refuses to enter. For him more stars are eclipsed than ever shown in the galaxies of night.

Literary Notes.

THE BIBLICAL DOCTRINE OF HOLINESS, by G. L. Robinson Ph.D., Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in the McCormack Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. (The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago.) This booklet is from the pen of Professor Robinson, who was for a time at Knox College. It deals with an important subject in an interesting manner. We commend it to Biblical students, and especially to those who can think and examine the subject for themselves. The modern critic would, perhaps, find a lack of thoroughness, in that the historical method is not applied as severely as it might be; but as an introduction to the historical study of the idea of "holiness," and as a sketch of what is involved in the Christian idea of consecration and devotion it will serve a very useful purpose.

There can be no higher aspirations in life than to do the will of our Heavenly Father. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Reasonable Treatment for

**Eczema
Salt Rheum
Boils
Scrofula**

TAKE

**WEAVER'S
SYRUP**

which

By Purifying the
Blood destroys the
origin of these af-
fections.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,
Montreal, Proprietors, New York.