IN THE SECRET PLACES

MAY GOD'S VOICE BE HEARD BY THE DISCOURAGED SOUL

THE VALUE OF RETIREMENT

Far Away From the Ordinary Haunts of Men the Weary Can Get Away For a Little While From the Selfishnesses and the Meannesses and the Sordidness Surrounding Us-An Inspiring Nature Sermon.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 23.-In this sermon the preacher finds a lesson amid the mountain peaks and valleys, the breeding places of storm and tempest. The text is Psalm lxxxi, 7, "I answered thee in the secret place of thun-

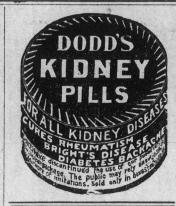
I wonder where the sweet singer of Israel caught his inspiration for my text? Was he herding his sheep one day in the valley or the lowlands, where the shepherds, a thousand years later, watched their flocks by night and heard the angel of the nativity say, "Fear ings of the brooks. A man can live in the city and yet not be in the city. We should do so if we were really abforunt of David a Saviour which is Christ ago Prof. Curle, the great discoverer the Lord?" While he was sitting upon the Lord?" While he was sitting upon the Lord?" While he was sitting upon at Tock in the fields did he not look up and see the storm clouds gathering over the surrounding hills? Then away off the distance did be hear the muttersing of the thunder And while the values of the distance did be see the rain talling in torrents upon the mountain and the warries called the street his ears were deaf to the noise ralling in torrents upon the mountain heights? Then did he see a beautiful and he was crushed to death in an instant, as the car of the Indian jugger—those mountain tops? And then did he remember the words which God spake unto Noah a thousand years before the Psalmist was born, "I do set my bow that the clouds and the ball he fore this ears were deaf to the noise at the warning calls of the driver, and he was crushed to death in an instant, as the car of the Indian jugger—naut would crush out the lives of the driver, and he was crushed to death in an instant, as the car of the Indian jugger—naut would crush out the lives of the driver, and he was crushed to death in an instant, as the car of the Indian jugger—naut would crush out the lives of the driver, and he was crushed to death in an instant, as the car of the Indian jugger—naut would crush out the lives of the remember the words which God spake unto Noah a thousand years before the in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth, and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh, and the waters shall no more become a shoot to destroy all flesh?" Then when David saw the rainbow and witnessed the storm clouds disappear did he feel that God was his protector and never failing friend? Was he filled with the divine peace which passeth all under-

Or it may be different scenes that suggested to the sweet singer of Israel she image of my text. Perhaps it was on a day when one of his sheep went mstray. He counted the flock over and over again, and he found that one was surely lost. So he started up the moun-tain side to hunt it. Higher and higher the went. He plunged through this thicket and that. Then at last be found it. But in the meantime the night set-fied in. Then the stars of the heavens were shut out by the black clouds. Then the thunder began to growl. Then, with his bleating sheep following close at his heels, he saw the lightnings flash and shatter a huge tree just a short dis-tance off. Then he said: "Ah, that must have been the way God's voice sounded to Moses when he spoke to him among the caverns and the deep ravines of old the caverns and the deep ravines of old Sinal. This is truly one of the secret splaces of thunder." I personally bedieve that the Psalmist did not catch the meaning of my text when he was tending his sheep down in the valleys, but when he was hunting for a lost lamb in one of the secret places of the meanth one of the highest peaks of the Judean mountains overlooking the little village of Bethlehem, where the was born and where his family at that time dwelt.

That time dwelt.

We do not know what were the scenes that caused these words to spring from the lips of the ancient poet, but since his time the child of God has often been reminded of them in times of trouble and crisis. It is well to know that there are secret places in which God's voice may be heard by the discouraged soul. There are times when the heart of the faithful is depressed by the noises wrangling around him; when his ears are gling around him; when his ears are filled with the loud babble of the world's disputings, with the fierce cries foolish sophistry of learned philosophers proclaiming that there is no God. Then happy is he if he can retire into his closet or some other secret place and hear the voice of God answering his perturbed spirit in thunder tones.

The words suggest that God's secret places of thunder are far away from the ordinary haunts of man. They are so far away that for a little while at least we can get away from the selfishnesses and meannesses and sordidness surrounding us. We can live upon a higher plane. We can be, as I was some time ago, when I climbed the San Bernardino mountains to camp in the noted Little Bear Valley of southern California. After we had gone up 1,000, 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, 5,000 feet suddenly we came to the summit. There we were able to stand upon the rocks and with sweep of eye take in the hot plains dotted with cities and villages and rranches. There we could see where men and women were tolling and struggling in the work of everyday Me, but we were above them all and above their turmoil. We were in the flesh, yet we were so far up that when the mist began to eather they what our the mists began to gather they shut out the whole world beneath us. These mists looked like a great sea, with here and there a mountain peak pushing it-self up, reminding us of the world beneath us as the Azores rising above the Atlantic remind us of the continent of Atlantis sunk beneath the waves. was a strange experience—that of with-drawal from the world and all its con-cerns. It is necessary at times, when our vision is clouded and our spirits warped by the world's principles and maxims, to chimb beyond its reach into the upper air of God's presence, where in the secret place of thunder we may hear his voice. Thus in order to reach God's secret place of thunder we must get out of the world. We must lift aversalves above its meannesses and arselves above its meannesses sins. We must lift ourselves from earth and walk with God and commune must learn upon these mountain tops



of spirituality to breathe the pure air of the purposes for which we were born and for which we can live through all eternity.

My friends, I would like to ask you a blunt question: Have you ever tried to seek God far away from the haunts of man? Have you ever tried to com-mune with him in the secret places of the thunder? In order to do this you do not have to climb the Matterhorn or Mount Shasta or Mount Rainier or Baldy Peak of New Mexico. You do not have to leave the city walls and hie yourself to the hills and listen to the songs of the thrushes and the wooits revolving wheels. My friends, how many times during the week do you withdraw yourselves from man to com-mune with God? How many times do you seek him in prayer and in holy communion? How many times a week do you say to your loved ones, "Come, let us go and talk with God for a little while in the secret places of thunder, as Moses talked with him upon Sinai's

But I find that God's secret places of But I find that God's secret places of thunder are upon the mountain tops of difficulties, as well as in the quiet places removed from the ordinary habitations of man. They are to be found only among the steep heights where the eagles build their eyries and where only the most persistent of Alpine climbers is willing to go. Do you suppose for one instant that the Psalmist had an easy time finding his lost sheep in the secret place of the thunder? Nay. Methinks that one of the other shepherds at first went forth with him shepherds at first went forth with him to hunt the lost sheep. David said to him at starting: "Ephraim, you go down the valley in this direction, and I will travel in that direction. You keep calling, and I will do the same. Then we shall meet at the foot of yonder hills. Then if we do not find the sheep in the valley, why, we must seek her in the hills." Thus they do, and the lost sheep is not found. Then up the rocks they begin to go, higher and highshepherds at first went forth with him lost sheep is not found. Then up the rocks they begin to go, higher and high-

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for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young.

To mothers or daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrheas, Green Sickness and painting the second of the second painting the second painting the second painting the second painting to the second painting to the second painting the second painting to the second painting to the second painting to the second painting the second

* MRS. M. SUMMERS Windsor, Ont. er. Now the darkness settles. Now is heard the blood curdling scream of the wildcat. Now comes the roar of the mountain lion hunting his prey. They climb on. Their flesh is lacerated. Their clothing is torn. They stumble. They fall. Now they have to go over a narrow ledge by the side of a steep precipice. Ephraim grows tired. He trembles with fear. He says: "David, I am going back. We can never find that lost sheep. She has either been dashed to death upon the rocks or else she has been slain by the wild beatsts." But David keeps on. He keeps on climbing and slipping, but higher and higher he goes, as he calls, "Yoohee! Yoohee! Oh, lost sheep, Yoohee! Yoohee!" At last—yes, at last, he finds her in the secret place of the thunder.

Ah, yes; the secret place of the thunder.

secret place of the thunder.

Ah, yes; the secret place of the thunder is always to be found upon the mountain tops of difficulty. It is no easy matter to be a real Christian. It is no small task to listen to the voice of God in the secret place of thunder and hear aright and obey aright. My friends, the great trouble is with most the Schriften but of us we want to be Christians, but we want to be low valley Christians. We want to be Christians not of the crags and cliffs, but of the orchards and the harvest fields and of the flowcharacter heids and of the flow-er gardens. We want to be the lazy Christians, lying upon beds of ease, where the bees will bring to us their honey and the sun will smile upon us a continual benediction, and the toss-ing, tumbling fountains will slake our thirst, and where the birds will never cease to sing for us their evectors tulcease to sing for us their sweetest lul-lables. Ah, no, that is not where we will hear God's voice speaking to us in the secret place of the thunder. It is not in the lowlands, but upon the mountain tops. It is not where we lie down upon a bed of roses and close our eyes in indolent somnolence. but only upon the mountain heights of difficulty, to scale which we will have to do as Paul did when he described himself, in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, as running a gospel race: "Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set by with patience the race that is set before us." When you read those words. dare you for one moment assume that Paul had an easy time when he gave himself up for consecrated service to Jesus Christ?

It is only when we are able to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus that we are able to reach that prize. It is only when we are willing to climb the highest mountains of difficulty that we are able to hear God speaking to us in tones of love as he spoke to Moses in the secret places of thunder. There is a beautiful story told that in olden times a heathen king lay dying. He was mortally wounded on the field He was mortally wounded on the field of battle. No sooner did he receive the fatal thrust than he sent for his most trusted servant and said, "Tell the dead that I come." At once the servant drew the king's sword and drove it into his own heart. And as his spirit was about to speed away the servant said, "Master, I will go and fell the dead that thou wilt soon be in their midst." "Oh." you say, "that was a beautiful devotion. That servant was willing to give up all for his king." was willing to give up all for his king." So must we sacrifice if we are to hear our divine king speak to us in the secret place of thunder. We must be willing to give up all for him. We must be ready to climb every mountain of difficulty for his honor and show. glory. "So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple."

But how shall we be willing to for-But how shall we be willing to for-sake all for God's glory and honor? You say: "That is not in my nature to do. A man cannot rise above his own nature. He may try to do so, but if a man is born with the instincts of a coy-ote sneaking and deceptive he will be no matter how hard he may fight against that disposition. If he is born selfish he will be selfish. If he is born generous he will be generous." "I was born selfish," he says, "and I do not want to give up all for God's glory and honor. I want a little of the glory and honor to abide by my own doorstep and not all to be placed at the throne of God." Ah, my friend, I am glad you mentioned that fact. You have spoken well. With your own nature born in sin you cannot give up all for Christ. But remember this—when you get to God's secret place of thunder you are going to have your whole nature changed. You are not going to be as you are now. You are going to have your sinful nature recreated by Christ. What you love now you will hate then. What you hate now you will love then. You will not then be a wolf going around in the work your law lies are true will sheep's wool. Your lionlike nature will be changed into the loving nature of a little lamb. Let me find this fact in

and international systems of weather bureaus had not been established.
There were not then, as now, weather
outposts or observatories stationed all
around the world connected with telegraph wires. In our day no soone does a storm start south from Alaska does a storm start south from Alaska than the great ganglion or nerve centre at Washintgon is made cognizant of the fact, and the danger signals are lifted along the coast to warn American shipping. In all probability David knew nothing about the different strata knew nothing about the different strata of air overhead. He did not know that, just as the scientist to-day drops a fathom line into the ocean and finds different currents of water in a straight line flowing above or underneath each other in different directions, so the aeronaut in his balloon finds different currents of air in the atmosphere overhead blowing in different directions. But this one fact the Psalmist knew about a thunderstorm — it represented an atmospheric change. Before the storm came the hot valleys would be blistered. Then the droughts would be storm came the hot valleys would be blistered. Then the droughts would be parching the grass and drying up the water holes. Then the sheep would be bleating from hunger and thirst. But no sooner did the echoing of the storm sound forth from the secret place of thunder than at once the hot, blasting gir became cool. Then the reservoirs of the clouds were emptied of their waters. Then all nature began to teem and to smile and to hum and to sing with life. So in the secret place of thunder, when God speaks to us, our natures will be changed. Being sinful, we shall become pure. Being morally crooked, we shall become straight. Be-ing spiritually dead, we shall become

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spiritually resurrected. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow. Though they be red like crim-

son they shall be as wool." son they shall be as wool."
But in the secret place of thunder man is not only brought into right harmony with God, but also into right harmony with man. There we are taught to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind. But we are also taught there to love our we are also taught there to love our neighbor as ourselves. And in no place on earth does a man try more to help his neighbor than when he is in the mountains. The valleys are the places where man too often lives for himself. The wild mountains are the places where man lives for others. If you are in trouble in the high hills you can always go to the first man you meet and he will help you out of that difficulty if it is possible for him so to do. There everybody is honest There everybody tries to help every other.

But there is still another fact about these mountains that I would have you bear well in mind. God's secret place of thunder is not circumscribed There are many secret places of thun-der. Just as mountains seem to over-top mountains, so for man there should always be higher secret places of thunder, to which he should always be der, to which he should always be striving to go. This fact also is most beautifully illustrated among the hills. But the Christian who stays in one secret place of thunder must surely die in a spiritual sense. Higher than his present spiritual life he must see visions. God keeps saying to him al-ways this one sentence: "Child, climb. ways this one sentence: Child, Climb, keep climbing higher and higher into the spiritual realms. Way off among the cloudlands of the mountains I have for thee other secret places of thunder, where thou canst commune with me. Thou must climb and keep on climbing until at last thou shalt dwell with me in the eternal secret places of heaven." As one of God's chosen ones are you centinuing to climb higher and higher into his spiritual realms?

And oh, how beautiful the valleys ook after we have dwelt for a little while among the hills. A man as a rule cannot appreciate the lowlands and the valleys when he is climbing up the mountain sides. Then his breath comes quick and short. Then he, like Bunyan's hero, Christian, is tugging at his doad. He stone every little while his load. He stops every little while to put his mouth to the waters to quench his thirst, for his lips are feverish and his brow is an overheated forehead. But after he has climbed the mountains and rested his tired limbs among the cool shades of the trees and slent for a little while upon the softest slept for a little while upon the softest of couches made up of pine needles, everything is changed. Then when he starts down into the valleys the world looks so different. Every brook sings to him. Every tree rustles with gladness. Every step seems buoyant with perpetual youth. A supernatural strength and a supernatural joy are his.

Oh, tired and weary soul, working in on, tired and weary soul, working in life's lowlands, would you enjoy your life? Would you feel that every deed that you do is a joyful deed of gospel opportunities? Then for a little while hie away from the deep valleys of selfishness. Climb. Keep on climbing. Climb up into the secret places of thunder and listen to God's volee talking to you. Then God will send you back to your work strong in a physical and mental and spiritual sense. Then he will make you say, "Next to the blessed will make you say, "Next to the blessed opportunity of singing the song of Moses and the Lamb before the great white throne of God is the blessing of working for him in his vineyards in the lowlands of earth."

O God, may we hear thee speaking to us to-day in the secret places of thunder, that we may go forth as joyful prevails the secret places of the secret plac

O God, may we hear thee speaking to us to-day in the secret places of thunder, that we may go forth as joyful reapers to gather thy sheaves from the

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who ought to be taking Bu-Ju. The kidneys are making the head ache. They are not doing their work properly — not purifying the blood—not ridding, the system of poisons. These impurities stagnate the blood—irritate the nerves—and bring the headaches that so many women arifer with

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WINDSOR, ONT. . NEW YORK, He repents on thorns that sleeps

on beds of roses.

THE TROUBLE IN CUBA

FIGHT FIGURES BETWEEN INSUR-GENTS AND GOVERNMENT.

The Rural Guard and Its Commander, Alejandro Rodriguez - Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez - The Dead Negro Leader, Quentin Banderas-Claimed Title of General and Had an Interesting and Adventurous Career.

It will be five years next spring since the troops of the United States withdrew from Cuba and the island became a republic with a separate and independent Government of its own. There were prophecies at the time that the Cuba, republic would lest the the Cuban republic would last only a few months and that internal strife would arise which would speedily result in its being absorbed by the United States. But the present insurrection is the first of any consequence which has occurred since President T. Estrada Palma was installed in the State St. trada Palma was installed in office. It is over four years since Quentin Ban-deras, the insurgent leader recently killed in a skirmish with the forces of the Government, first threatened revolution against the young republic.



ALEJANDRO RODRIGUEZ

(Commander of Cuba's Rural Guards.) June, 1902, he appeared before the Cuban Congress and demanded that the revolutionary soldiers engaged in the struggle for freedom from Spain be immediately paid the money due them, threatening that in case of failure of payment he would take to the woods and head an army of malcontents.

Like most other Cuban warriors, Banderas claimed the title of "general."

He had an interesting and adventurous

career. He was of pure African extraction and was once a slave. When the insurrection against Spanish rule broke out in 1868 he joined the Dominican leader, Modeste Diaz, in his successful attack upon the Spaniards at Bayamo. He proved so good a fighter that at the close of the Ten Years' war he had risen to the rank of colonel. He figured in the insurrection of 1895 to 1898, and his name became a terror in the country districts, where all sorts of marauding exploits were attributed to marauding exploits were attributed to him, but it is said that during most of this time he was encamped in the mountains, surrounded by a retinue of women who waited on him as though he were a veritable Turk and they the women of his harem. He was once de-

graded from his command by Gen.
Maximo Gomez.

The force known as the guardia rural,
or rural guards, which was recently increased by President Palma to 4,000 men in offder to cope with the insur-gent bands, is in command of Gen. Ale-jandro Rodriguez. He was the first mayor of Havana under the new re-gime and was one of the first to join Gen. Maximo Gomez when in 1895 the den. Maximo Gomez when in 1886 the latter began the struggle which ended in the United States intervention and Cuban freedom. His wife, Senora Loia Rodriguez, became famous through the persecutions and indignitles heaped upon her by Gen. Weyler. In January, 1898, she was arrested and placed in a felon's cell, where, with four other Cuban ladies, relatives of prominent Cuban chieftains, she suffered the

revolutionists

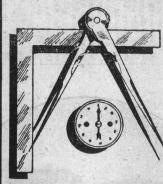
Gen. Jose Miguel Gomes, who has great harvest fields of the world into the gospel granaries. Dost thou not hear God speaking to thee in the secret place of thunder?

been arrested for alleged participation in the revoit against the Government, was the Liberal party's candidate for place of thunder? before election, claiming that the party in power was not going to permit of a fair ballot. Several months ago he fair ballot. Several months ago he was reported to be planning an uprising, but at that time declared he was out of politics and affirmed his loyalty te the Government.

Why is water used on a grind-stone in sharpening a knife? That is one of the questions asked on the porch of a summer hotel recently, and, although several well informed men and women were in the little gathering, the only one who could answer it satisfactorily was a 15-year-old schoolboy. Hern is the explanation he gave: The object in using water is to secure a better cut-tact of the blade with the stone, so that the entire edge of the blade may be smoothly sharpened. The applica-tion of water not only fills the little spaces between the particles of stone, but it softens them and thus makes a smoother surface. If a dry stone were smoother surface. If a dry stone wer used, the edge of the blade would be rough, for the friction would be un equal.

in a decoction, the principal element of which is wild marjoram. The dele-terious effects of the tobacco are there-by avoided and yet the quality and aroma are not altered.

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