

to lift up Adam and Eve. Daily on earth now, we see the dragging down. The debased intellect, through drunkenness; the starving wives and children; the desolate homes. We see the miser's withered heart, or the low thought of the man of the world, whose god is money and position; we see the thief and the murderer, and the outcast. "Ye shall be as Gods," indeed! But we see him in the gifted intellects used to deny God and Christ, the richly stored mind crying, "Hath God said." The wealth, and the beauty, and the power of high places, crying "Away with him. We will not have *this* Man to reign over us." Dear friends, could we see Satan as he really is, we would stand aghast; our souls would reel and melt with fear. Power and strength and intellect and beauty. But God has shewn us all we could bear, and He would have us see him from the shelter of His wing. How many a one sees him, but does not *know* him. Why? Because they have not believed what God tells us about him. If we look well at a photograph, we shall recognise the original when seen. A *liar*, a *murderer*, an *adversary*. A roaring lion, seeking to devour—seeking only to drag souls to hell, because he so hates the Redeemer, Christ who met him in the garden, in the wilderness, and at the cross, and bruised his head and vanquished him forever. "Would you talk with him?" said the little one. That is what Eve did. Christ offers you life—Himself. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Satan gives you death. "The wages of sin is death"—a death which he will share with you; no king or conqueror in hell;