

Sunday Reading

The Holy Spirit.
 Holy Spirit! Omnipresent!
 Comforter and Guide and Friend!
 Always with us intercessant,
 Even to the very end.
 Thou know'st all our thoughts most hidden,
 Knowest all that's in our mind,
 How our hearts, from thee backslidden,
 Wander helpless, weak and blind.

Holy Spirit! Thy indwelling
 Guide us in the way of life,
 God's commands to keep impelling,
 Lifting us above all strife,
 Makes our hearts a garden blooming
 Full of precious fruits and flowers,
 Tender, sweet and unassuming,
 Fragrant as Edenic bowers.

Thou dost teach, instruct and guide us
 In the way our feet should go,
 Recreate and reconstruct us
 From the chaos of our woe.
 Living water for our thirsting,
 Heavenly manna for our food,
 Flowing inward, outward bursting,
 In a myriad form of good.

In thy might we can do all things,
 Through the strength thou dost impart,
 Go forth fearless without falterings,
 His word hidden in our heart.
 In thy strength can cast down mountains,
 Cast out Satan and his lies,
 From the rock draw living fountains
 For our needs and our supplies.

Holy Spirit, make thy dwelling
 In this lowly heart of mine,
 From all that's wrong expelling,
 Make it pure and wholly thine.
 Hear, O God, my intercession!
 Give me from all sin release,
 Take complete and full possession,
 Fill me with thy perfect peace.

—William G. Haeselbarth.

The Transfiguration of Christ.

Whatever is said of human souls who may have been or will be taken to glory without dying, is true of those whose bodies have been laid in the grave. Moses, no less than Elias, appeared to the disciples with Jesus in glory. What may we infer is the present heaven of departed souls?

They are consciously alive. These two had not ceased to exist. They were not asleep in unconsciousness. They were conversing together with Jesus. We sometimes speak of the dead as if no longer alive in any sense. They are 'no more,' they are 'in the grave,' they lie in yonder church yard. When we hear their last sigh, and the dear hand no longer responds to our grasp, and the light of the eye is quenched, it is natural to think our beloved one has ceased to be. But the life they had in Christ, like his own life, remains—they are more alive than ever! If we had been with Elijah when he was caught up to heaven, we should not have gone home grieving, drawing down the curtains, and abandoning ourselves to woe as if we had forever lost our friend. Neither shall we consider those whom Christ has taken to himself as dead. They, sharing death with Moses, share also continued life with Elias.

Both "appeared in glory." There are higher degrees of glory, ever advancing with everlasting existence. But there is a glory immediately following death. The glory of the calm after storm, of rest after toil, of crown after conflict. Death does not deprive of this, but rather is the instrument of conferring it.

These two were visible on a mountain of the same earthly region to which they belonged when alive. Elijah witnessed for God in the neighbourhood of it—had perhaps worshipped upon it—and Moses had seen it afar off. May it not be possible that departed spirits may sometimes revisit earthly scenes—may sometimes be near us as "ministering spirits," as near us as Moses and Elijah were to Peter, James and John? Have we not sometimes been almost conscious of their visits? If angels are near us, why not saints? And is such nearness not limited to saints in their glorified bodies, but shared by saints whose bodies are in the grave? The possibility of such work may be some element in the joy of heaven.

The two glorified visitants were together. This could not have been while they were alive. Then five hundred years divided them. God has different works for different servants, in different ages and in distant places. We sometimes wish we could grasp the hands of saints of other days and countries—of whom we read, whose hymns we sing. In heaven no barriers of time or place separate the children of God. Abel and Stephen, Abraham and Paul, David and Peter, hold sweet communion yonder. And this will commence with the new life we call death, even as Moses was in the company of Elijah.

Of course there is recognition. These two were not unnamed generic representatives of heaven, but absolutely two individuals, with their distinctive names and personalities. All have one likeness to Christ but all have their peculiar varieties of feat-

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(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,
 Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,
 Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

ure and character. What joy will it be when, cleansed from all faults and infirmities, we shall greet again those we loved here, to enjoy the perfect communion of the saints made perfect! We wish we had been with the three disciples to enjoy the company of the two saints even for so brief an hour. We also shall meet Moses and Elias. And what will at first yield still greater bliss, we shall join the beloved ones known during the present life. We shall greet them, be greeted by them.

Best of all, Moses, the buried one, equally with Elijah, the translated one, was with Jesus. This is the climax of the believer's hope. Absent from the body, present with the Lord.

"We shall be like him, seeing him as he is." They at whose grave we weep are not down in the dark and damp cavern or clay but in the immediate presence of the Lord of glory. We may weep for ourselves awhile, because deprived of their visible presence, but we should rejoice for them as much as if they had been translated like Elijah. They are still alive, are conscious, in glory together with the dear ones gone before, with all the saints, with Jesus himself which is far better, sharing with Moses the heaven of Elijah.

But how to get there? Fitness pervades the universe—plants for the soil, animals for the element in which they live. Likeness and sympathy are needed for enjoyment of society. We must be made 'meet' for their inheritance if we would share with the 'saints in light.' We may not share the lofty endowments of Moses and Elijah, but we must resemble them in the dominant feature in their character—absolute surrender to God.

We may think of these two in another aspect. They represent the Old Testament. This was designated as 'The Law and the Prophets.' Moses represented the Law, Elijah the Prophets. Christ was himself the New Testament. He was charged with opposing the former dispensation. But his presence in friendly converse with them was emphatic testimony of the harmony between Law and Gospel. Draw near and listen to their conversation. Was it about recent events in heavens, or about the

grand reception awaiting his return to his throne? No—it was concerning the death he was about to die! Strange that the glory of Tabor should suggest the gloom of Calvary—the presence of those raptured saints, the hateful mob of murderers! Yet there was no theme so attractive to the three. It was the event to which by type and prediction the Lawgiver and the Prophets had borne constant witness. It was the act of atoning sacrifice to which they owed the ages of bliss they had enjoyed. What other theme so near their hearts? And with Christ—was not his death at Jerusalem the great sacrifice he had come to offer? This was constantly before him. Of this he often spoke.

Here our second question is answered—How to get to heaven, which is so near? By acceptance of that atonement. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. With this as our ground of acceptance with God, our title of admission, and the renewal of our hearts by the Holy Ghost as our certificate of fitness, we may have confidence to enter the gate of heaven when we die, and 'not be ashamed before Christ at his coming.'—Newman Hall, D. D.

CHRIST OUR MODEL.

By Keeping High Models Before us we are Uplifted.

There is no more certain index to one's character than the shadow his life casts. No good deed, no virtuous example, passes unnoticed, neither is any evil or thoughtless action overlooked. Consciously or unconsciously we are revealing day by day our inner being, and making the reputation by which we are known and judged. From our own circle of acquaintances it is possible to select some whose character it would be well to emulate, and others whose pattern it would be wise to shun; and the biographies of strong, brave lives fill us with admiration and thrill us with the noble desire to become as good and as useful as were they.

It is by keeping these high models constantly before us for our imitation that our lives are uplifted and our ideals reach the

highest plane; for, in the words of the poet,

"Lives at great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,"

and although we may not be able to equal them in ability or skill, we may yet, by simply living out our ordinary lives in the best and bravest manner in our power, leave some 'footprints' which will be responsible for the hope and encouragement of another.

There is an old Latin proverb which says 'If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp,' which, being interpreted, denotes the influence of evil associations, and how a character may be stamped in their image and molded to their thoughts and will, and thus it warns us to seek company only with the pure and the good. A great emperor once said, 'I have tried everything, and nothing is of any profit,' and this must be the inevitable experience of all those who copy only the things which seem desirable from this world's standpoint. How different the deduction of one who has striven to imitate the life of the sinless man of Nazareth—Paul for instance—'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' were some of his words. Must not his eyes and heart have been fixed upon that 'perfect copy' who says to every human soul, 'Follow me'?

Christ is our perfect model. As we follow his life while upon earth we find no defect or flaw. Human feet can tread no rougher paths than his, human hearts can feel no deeper sorrows, no keener humiliations, human lives can meet no greater temptations. Everywhere in earth's darkest moments he 'goes before us into Galilee,' and would this loving Saviour ask us to obey his command, 'Follow thou me,' if it were not possible to walk in his footsteps?

Spiritual Problems.

In the life of every Christian there are many questions which rise perpetually for an answer. We puzzle about in hours of reverie. We listen with keen interest to an address or sermon that seems likely to cast light on them, though as often as not we turn away disappointed. We sometimes, in bursts of confidence, intrust them to our friends, asking for help. And yet, after all, we have to waive the verdict; and the solution is given, not definitely or concisely but by circumstances or by an entire change in the conditions of our life. . . . It is almost impossible, therefore, to lay down any authoritative rules of conduct. After all each must decide what is right or wrong for himself. All we can do is to enunciate great principles which always needs to be borne in mind. . . . One of these is, to do nothing on which we cannot ask the blessing of Christ. Whenever doubtful topics confront us, let each say: 'Can I do this for Jesus? Can I do it as one who is abiding in fellowship with him? Can

I ask his blessing? Can I do it for his glory?' If you can; if, as you look up into his face, he answers you with a smile, hesitate no more, but go forward where the way lies open.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

LIFE'S SPRING IS POISONED.

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Interviewer: 'You have lived many, many years. Now, what I wish to ask is, what was the happiest moment of your life?'
 Old Man: 'Happiness has not come yet.'
 Interviewer: 'Not come yet? When will it come?'
 Old Man: 'When people cease to ask foolish questions.'

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