

“WE WOULD SEE JESUS.”

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“G EORGIE, have you ever seen Satan?” This, in a semi-whisper, from one cot to another. The occupants, aged respectively four and six years, were having their evening chat, which was “always allowed,” as the latter expressed it, before going to sleep, although a pillow was wisely put between the two little faces, lest the “chat” should be too long, and the sleep too short. The answer to this query was a decided “No.”

“Should you *know* him if you saw him?” returned the persistent-little voice.

“S’pose I should,” rather lazily answered cot number one.

“But would you *talk to him* if you did see him?” again queried the small voice.

Have we ever seen Satan?

In Ezekiel xxviii we see him under the type of the king of Tyrus, “Full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.” “Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering.” And here we find the stones the same as in the breastplate of the High Priest, and the foundations of the heavenly city. But we see him in Eden, the subtle, deceiving, crawling serpent. No glory and beauty there! Deceit and falsehood and murder.

“Thy heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness” (verse 17). And so he fell, and became the enemy of God and man. In the garden he offered