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etc., etc. If you are afflicted with
any of these troubles, this is the
book for you. It is a complete
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plain, simple language, and is
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THE CHRIST MADE KNOWN.

BY THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

J. Cotter Morrison, in his "Service of Man," denounces as immoral the saying of Jesus, "Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed." We who are Christian believers count, on the contrary, this saying as the root of all morality. It is because man does believe what he does not see that he is a moral being. Any honesty that is based on policy is a policy, not a true honesty; true honesty is based on the soul's perception of reality. But honesty is unselfish. We are sorry for those who can see in conversation nothing more than a mere confused babble of voices. To us there is a real touch of spirit with spirit. The invisible looks out upon us through the eyes of a friend; we see something else than the ingenious instrument of vision when love thus looks love into our eyes. The invisible touches our spirit in the presence of a hand; and love touches love in the thrill that stirs our inmost nature. So we look upon the eternal love and see him; our souls are interwoven with him; our life is interwoven with him; he is no hypothesis to account for visible phenomena, but a personal and real presence—more real, more close to us, more vividly and immediately perceived, than father, mother, husband, or dearest friend. Be- holding him who is invisible is no metaphor. Looking upon the things that are not seen is no paradox. The promise, ye know him, for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you, is no mystery. We have no philosophy to explain it to those that know it; not; but it is an experience which we cannot doubt without doubting our existence, for it is a part of our existence.

If we must state our experience in terms of philosophy, we should state it somewhat as follows: All language is an attempt to communicate spiritual impressions through unspiritual media. The medium is inadequate, the expression is always partial and imperfect. But there is a direct and immediate communication of spiritual life, entirely without language. The electricity passes from the surcharged to the receptive soul without a spark. The soul has a sixth sense; and this sixth sense takes immediate and direct cognizance of the invisible and the eternal. If some of our friends and neighbors have no experiences which enable them to understand this statement, we are sorry; but we refuse to deny our own experiences of vision because they are blind. It is in the light of this statement that what follows must be read.

The story appointed for our reading to-day is a parable in history. The Christ is always walking by our side, disguised. In voice and influence of prophet, pastor, teacher, mother, friend, he hides himself. Our hearts burn within us, but our eyes are hidden, and him we do not see. To some the incarnate is never laid aside; to some the Divine Presence is never hidden; but to most it comes perhaps in a gradual disclosure, perhaps in a sudden flash of intuition, perhaps to stay a perpetual and abiding Presence, perhaps to come and go in alternate experiences of light and darkness, spiritual companionship and spiritual loneliness. Some, like Joseph, walk away with God; some, like David and Paul, follow after him, and count themselves never to have attained to the always eluding but ever inspiring and advancing divinity. Let me try to sketch the biography of the soul in its coming to this revelation of Christ, once hidden, now made known.

The boy is brought up in an orthodox family. He is conscientious, not a ways- ward right, nor always putting on sack- cloth and ashes when he has done wrong, —he is the main evidence himself to him-

principles, and generally acknowledging his errors and failures, and seeking to repair the evil they have wrought. He is not intellectually active and inquiring, he accepts the current orthodoxy of his faith, and grows what men call skeptical. He is outspoken his skepticism alarms his mother, and possibly horrifies his pastor. God the Father appears to him to be a ruler having no more personal relation to himself than the Czar might have to a peasant in one of the remote provinces. The Holy Spirit appears to him a tenuous and impalpable spirit, as necessary perhaps to life as the ozone in the atmosphere, but as impalpable and impossible to reach, touch, love. Christ is truly adorable; but Christ lived eighteen centuries ago, and eighteen centuries is a long distance to send weary love in search of a beloved. More- over, no one seems to him really to believe in Christ. It would be beautiful to live according to the Sermon on the Mount; but no one does so, and even in church and Sunday school he is very likely—at least he thinks so—to hear the explanation that the ideals of that Sermon are not to be taken too literally or applied unaccommodatingly to the present state of society. He attends public worship at home, perhaps gets some conscious benefit therefrom; but at college, where he finds it little more than a kind of religious roll-call, he lays aside the reverent habit, and if he is too truly a gentleman to cover his les- sons in chapel from a text-book, he con- pices the time without a text-book in memoriter exercises or in dreamy imagina- tions. It affords perhaps a favorite oppor- tunity to lay out his thesis or literary so- ciety debate. He cannot be called a re- ligious youth; would not call himself so.

And yet he is not lacking in a true rever- ence, faith and love. He reveres the divine wherever he sees it, and he sees it more and more clearly, though not as di- vine. He reveres strength of noble purpose in man, saintliness and purity in woman, self-denial and heroism in all. When a book or a preacher or a friend speaks words that burn, his soul is easily set aflame. It often burns within him. Sometimes it is an inspiring poem, sometimes a heroic deed, sometimes a passionate and genuine spiritual fervor which kindles him, but he is continually being kindled. Hypocrisy, false pretense, conventionalism, grow more and more odious to him. As he often meets them at church, and oftener suspects them than meets them, church services grow indiffer- ent and even distasteful to him. He even thinks that he is growing more and more irreligious, and it is not, therefore, strange that others think this of him. Yet all the time he is growing more and more reverent toward and in love with and loyal to all that is most Christlike in human life. He is walking by the side of the unknown Christ.

If the biography stops here, the life is not wholly joyous; for friends, wife, parents, interpret to him the life which they have received from the Christ. Yet he who might walk in the light of day, walks by the light of the stars and the pale moon. But often it does not stop here. Some incident, some word, some mysterious re- velation within, or some gradual and imper- ceptible dawning, cast upon his life a new and mystic light. It comes to him, perhaps in a flash of sunset dazzling brightness, per- haps in a gradual dawning from gray to white light, as the day comes, but it comes to him that in all the lives which he has cherished, loved, honored, sought to imitate, there is a purpose, in all literature a soul, in all poetry a

spirit in all lives a life. He does not reason it out, he sees it. The Christ stands re- vealed to him. It is the Christ in history, in literature, in poetry, in life, who has walked by his side, looked into his eyes, spoken to his heart, thrilled his spirit. Mother, wife, child, friend—these all are single letters which, when he puts them together, spell Christ. Faith, and devotion, and love, and hope, and joy, and peace, and all the virtues of the Christian life have been laid aside, or denied it the Prince has been discerned in the peasant. Henceforth all life is sacred, all love divine, all rever- ence exalted and exalting, for the Christ has been made known to him, and hence- forth he is his all and in all.

To reverse, love, follow after the Christ- like in humanity, to have the heart in- flamed by the Christ voice, dignified in human utterance, is to walk with the un- known Christ. To see the Christ really and veritably present in all that is Christlike, the universal presence spiritually and actually in all that is venerable, lovely, divine, to see him as he tabernacles in the flesh, to behold his glory in all that is glorious, is to have the before unknown Christ made known.

International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 14, 1890.—Luke xxiii, 26-43.

Ulsters, Irish frieze and Scotch checks in all the newest shades and the latest styles at prices to suit purchasers, at LEXOX's, the tailor, corner Richmond and Carling streets.

Good News For Those Afflicted With Rheumatism.
Rev. Jacob Her, Cotnam, of Essex county, writes: "I, W. Kern; Dear Sir,—For several months I was severely afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. In December last inflammatory rheumatism set in. My family doctor failed to cure me. I tried various remedies, also Coler's Compound and Pride of the Valley, with no benefit. I sent to Essex Center for another highly advertised medicine, also to Kingsville, but could get none. My friend, Mr. James Dean, druggist, of Kingsville, sent me a bottle of Kern's Rheumatic Cure, which vexed me, and caused me to say to my family this preparation is from some irresponsible person of whom we have no knowledge, and if his cure is good why is it not extensively known. I did believe it to be one of those many hundreds of worthless preparations that flood the market these days. After some days I concluded to try the stuff. I can't prove more worthless than the drugs I have been taking. But, sir, I had not taken more than half a dozen doses of it before the pain was entirely removed. That was several months ago, and I have felt nothing of them since. I must pronounce your preparation—Kern's Incurable Rheumatic Cure. In conclusion, I will say I think it is your duty, as well as your interest, to make yourself and your cure more extensively known. I am a Baptist minister of Cotnam, Essex county, Ont."

P. S. The reverend gentleman was so elated over his complete cure after a long period of intense suffering that he put an advertisement in the Essex Center paper recommending Kern's Rheumatic Cure at his own expense. He is upwards of 70 years of age.

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