

suddenly upon the long, low rectory with its garden and flowers, the ideal home of a nature-loving country rector—just such a low-ceiled, Old-World house as a country dweller loves.

It was a pleasant close to an exciting day, with the lunch and introductions to Mrs. Kingsley and the two daughters, followed by chat about the manoeuvres, books and fishing. Sundry fly-rods on the wall indicated a love of trout, and one of heavier build told of pike, which I was informed, dwelt plentifully in waters on the Bramshill estate, where they were pursued in their reedy haunts by the rector's son.

The time passed all too swiftly, and after a while I tried hard to gratify a pleasant idea that the unexpected visit brought into my mind. For I was at that time editor of a popular magazine, the enterprising proprietors of which did not hesitate to pay liberally for novels written by our best authors. Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins and others had written for our pages novels of a goodly length.

No sooner was the idea formed than I put my project into words, asking my host to write our next story—such a tale as 'Westward Ho!' or 'Hereward the Wake;' but he shook his head.

'No,' he said, 'I shall write no more novels, for I have devoted myself to natural science. But come into the drawing-room.'

I followed him into the pleasant apartment, where Mrs. Kingsley and his daughters were seated at their needlework, and one, I remember, was writing.

He turned at once to his wife.

'My dear,' he said, 'Mr. Fenn has been asking me to write him a novel for his magazine. What do you think?'

She looked up at him, and then at me, smiling and shaking her head.

'I have told him so,' he said.

It was a business matter in which I was acting as the agent, and in my eagerness to obtain the work I ventured to say:

'If it is a question of terms, Mr. Kingsley, I am sure that the proprietors would satisfy you in that.'

'Oh, no,' he said, smiling and stammering a little more than before. 'It is not that. What I write now will be upon natural science.'

The end of the visit came all too soon, and as I had a long walk to the nearest station on the southwestern line, from which by a roundabout ride of many miles I could reach headquarters, I had to take my leave, my host accompanying me to put me well upon my way, but pausing, with a natural love of his district, to show me his church and point out from beneath their shade, the beauties of his great fir-trees, for which he seemed to have a special love.

He came far on the way, and then we parted. In my journey back, the whole scene of the past hours seemed to fix itself upon the tablets of my memory, for it was a red-letter day to me—this of my unexpected meeting with the man whose works, after those of Dickens, had impressed me the most deeply of any I had read.

It was hard, too, to think that the quiet, nervous, hesitating man from whom I had just parted was the eloquent chaplain who preached occasionally in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. But so it was.

When he once faced an audience on platform or in pulpit, Kingsley's nervous nature seemed to give him a greater vigor; the speaker grasped the pulpit rail firmly, he did not stammer, he was the fervid, eloquent preacher so well known.

It was a disappointment to me that he had written his last novel, but I was glad I had grasped his hands and spoken with the man.

## Contradictions in the Bible

(R. A. Torrey, in 'Ram's Horn.')

I am constantly meeting men who say that the Bible is full of contradictions. When I ask them to show me one, they generally reply by saying, 'It is full of them.' When I press them to point out one of the many which they assert exist, usually they have no more to say. One afternoon in Chicago Mr. Moody called me and said, 'Here is one of your sort of men, (meaning sceptics), talk with him.'

I asked the man, 'Why are you a sceptic?'

He replied, 'Because the Bible is full of contradictions.'

'Will you please show me one?'

'It is full of them.'

'Well, if it is full of them you ought to be able to show me one. Please do.'

I handed him my Bible. He was greatly disconcerted and began fumbling with the leaves, saying it was somewhere in Psalms. Finding that he was searching for Psalms over in the New Testament, I offered to find Psalms for him. He did not seem to know much about the book of which he was so sceptical and about which he had been so dogmatic. Having found the book for him, he was now at a loss to tell in which Psalm the contradiction was to be found.

At last he said, 'If I had my own Bible here, I could find it.'

'Will you bring your own Bible to-night and show it to me,' I said.

He promised to do so, and we agreed upon a particular point in the church where we would meet at the close of the evening service, and he solemnly promised to be there. At the appointed time I was there, but my sceptic was not. Months passed by and one night one of the students called me and said, 'Here is a sceptic, I wish you would deal with him. He says the Bible is full of contradictions.'

I looked at him and could not keep from laughing, it was the same old sceptic. He saw I recognized him and said, 'You are the man who lied to me, are you not?'

He dropped his head and for once was an honest sceptic and answered, 'Yes, Sir.'

Most of those who tell you that the Bible is full of contradictions are in reality as utterly ignorant of what is in the Bible as this man, and if you ask them to show you one of these many contradictions, they are at their wit's end and look sheepish enough and you have then a good chance to show them that they are sinners and point them to Christ.

But once when I asked a man to point to one of the many contradictions he cited this: 'In John, i., 18, it says, "No man hath seen God at any time," but in Ex. xxiv., 10, it says of Moses and Aaron and Nahab and Abihu, and seventy others, "They saw the God of Israel."' Now, that certainly looks like a flat contradiction, and many besides sceptics have been puzzled by it. Indeed, one of the most devout men I ever knew, was so puzzled by it, that he left his business and came miles to ask me about it. But the solution to this apparently unanswerable difficulty is very simple.

We must remember, in the first place, that two statements which in terms flatly contradict one another may be absolutely true, because the terms are not used in the same sense in the two statements. For example, if any man should ask me if I ever saw the back of my head I would be obliged to answer, 'No, I never saw the back of my head.' And yet I could make the answer, 'Yes, I have seen the back of my head,' and it would be true; for more than once, when looking into a glass with another glass back

of me I have seen the back of my head. It depends entirely upon what a man means when he asks me 'if I ever saw the back of my head,' what I shall answer him. If he means one thing I answer, 'No, I have never seen the back of my head,' and that is true. If he means another thing, I answer, 'Yes, I have seen the back of my head,' and that is perfectly true.

But some one may object, 'In the latter case you did not really see the back of your head, but a reflection of it in a mirror.' I reply, 'Neither do you see the back of any one else's head when you are looking right at it, but only a reflection of it, upon the retina of your eye. But every one knows what you mean, when you use language in this common sense, every day.'

Now, the case before us in the Bible is very like to this illustration. God, in his eternal essence, is 'invisible (unseeable)' (I. Ti. i., 17.), 'No man hath seen him, nor can see him' (I. Ti. vi., 16), 'He is Spirit not form' (John. 4, 3, 24.) So John tells us the profound and wondrous truth that 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.'

But this essentially invisible God has been pleased in his great grace to manifest himself again and again in bodily form. Such a manifestation of God (or theophany) Moses and the seventy elders saw in the Mount. Such a manifestation Israel saw in the temple. (Is. 6, 1.) Such a manifestation Job saw (Job xl., 5.). It was God that was manifested in their theophanies, and so it was God that they saw. We see then that both of these apparently flatly contradictory statements, that 'No man hath seen God at any time,' and that 'Moses (and the others) saw God,' are perfectly true.

Jesus Christ, himself, was the crowning manifestation of God. In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead in a bodily form. (Col. ii., 9.) So Jesus said to Philip, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' (John xiv., 9.) All other apparent contradictions in the Bible will also disappear if we study them earnestly.

## The Difficult Life.

Fellow ministers, may I plead with you not to take the heroic element out of your societies? Of course, your societies will be what you wish them to be and what you make them. It has always been so. The genius of Christian Endeavor makes any other kind of society, as a rule, impossible. Alter the wording of the Christian Endeavor pledge if you see fit. Shorten it or lengthen it as you desire, but I beg you not to leave out the difficult element. You will take all the ring out of the metal if you do. The temper will depart from the steel. The blood of the Christian Endeavor Society will lose its iron.—The Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., in 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

## The Find-the-Place Almanac

### TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Dec. 8, Sun.—Everyone that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.

Dec. 9, Mon.—Whoso trusteth in the Lord happy is he.

Dec. 10, Tues.—He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Dec. 11, Wed.—A friend loveth at all times.

Dec. 12, Thur.—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Dec. 13, Fri.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.

Dec. 14, Sat.—At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.