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### CHRISTIANITY AND THE SUPER- NATURAL.

The spirit of the age is very dubious in  
regard to stories involving the supernatural.  
It is disposed to take with a great many grains  
of allowance any assertions that involve the  
knowledge of invisible personal agencies. It  
has settled down into a chronic state of scepti-  
cism so far as it involves an experimental  
knowledge of unseen personal beings. It is  
the pride of this age that the ideas we receive  
as valid are the product of definite and positive  
experience. We relegate to the region of  
superstition notions and ideas that cannot be  
subjected to the test of a clear and positive  
verification. We believe only the things we  
see. And the things we see are chiefly only  
the things concerned with the material side of  
life. This is an intensely practical age. We  
do not waste thought or energy on the illimit-  
able or unattainable. Definite results measure  
our endeavour. We have no patience with  
nebulosities and shadowy infinities. We prefer  
to stand upon the solid ground of well-defined  
fact, and verifiable proposition. But at the  
same time we are obliged to recognize the fact  
that the Bible and Christianity run counter to  
this spirit of the age. Religion requires belief  
in the supernatural as its foundation. Chris-  
tianity stands or falls with the truth or falsity  
of this assertion.

If there is no possible relation of human  
life to a higher unseen personal life, by contact  
with which human life may be uplifted and  
regenerated, then the message of Christianity  
has no meaning for men. If we reject belief  
in the supernatural because of its inherent im-  
probability, then we must also reject the Bible,  
for they are essentially the same. If enlight-  
ened intelligence and the illumination of sci-  
ence compel us to place the belief in com-  
munion with supernatural life among the  
superstitions and the myths of semi-civilized  
ages, then we must discard the religious con-  
victions that have come down to us from the  
past. If we are shut up in this life to com-  
munion with visible outward things alone; if  
the human heart can be touched by none except  
human companionships; if there is no hope  
from a superhuman source for the heart that is  
exhausted of its better impulses—for the spirit  
that is broken through the defeats of life; if  
there is no God, to whom the bruised and haf-  
fled life may go for sympathy, for renewal, for  
enlightenment, then the stay and solace of  
religion must be taken away from humanity,  
and the teaching of Christian philosophy must  
go down in a common wreck with the super-  
stitions and traditions of a credulous past.  
Methodist Recorder.

### PEN PICTURES OF MOLTKE AND BISMARCK.

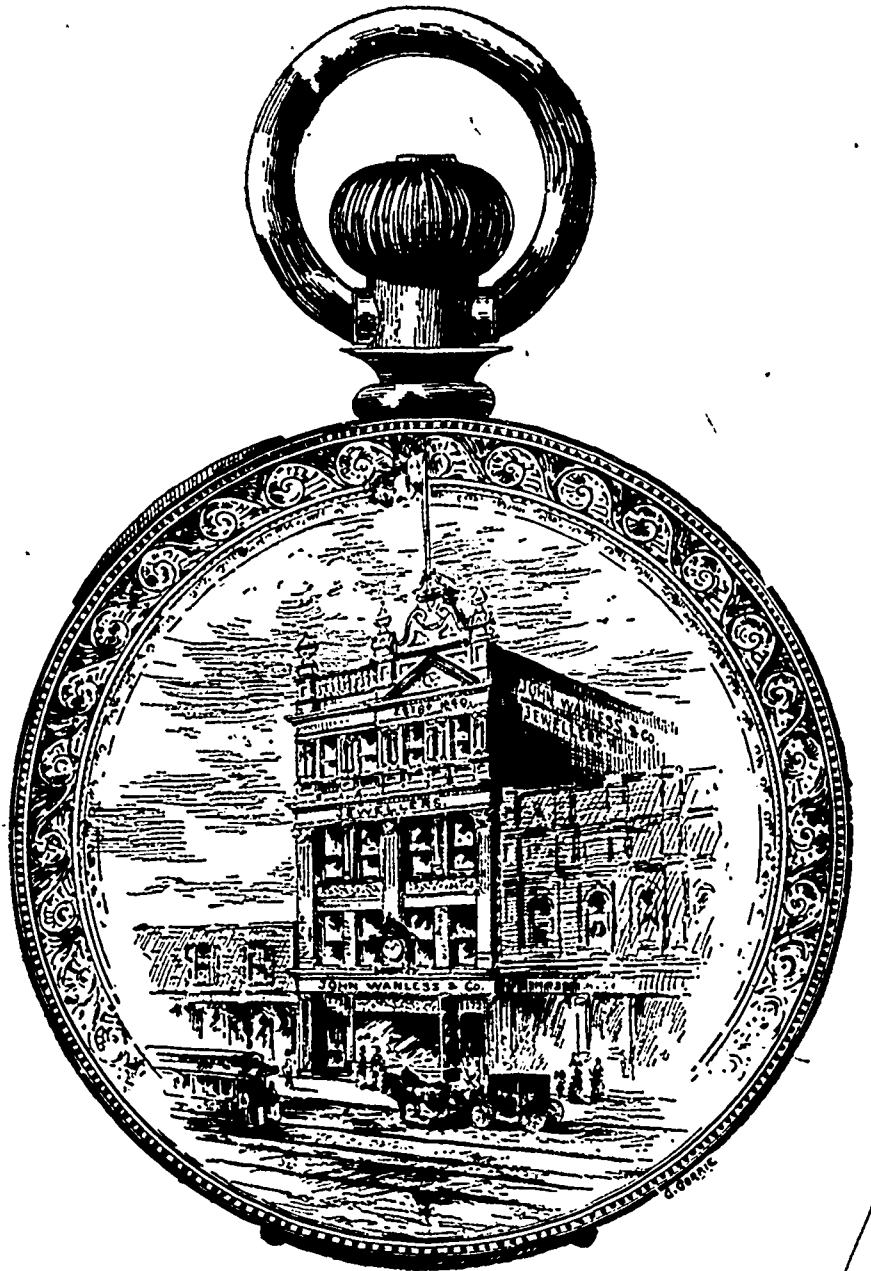
Who is this senior for whom the throng  
makes way reverentially—he with lean, wrinkled  
face, set mouth, yet with something of a half  
smile on it, ever with downcast abstracted eye  
and stooping shoulder, with hands clasped be-  
hind his back and with listless gait—this flesh-  
less, tough-looking man with the bushy eye-  
brows and the long, lean throat? He is worth  
looking at, for he is the greatest strategist of  
the age, and has been the ruling soul of the  
victorious campaign. Moltke, for it is he, has  
been with the Emperor, and is probably on his  
way home to finish Miss Braddon's last novel;  
for when he is not devising strategy he is read-  
ing sensational novels; and his abstraction, as  
like as not, is caused by speculation as to which  
of the two aspirants to her hand the heroine is  
ultimately to marry. A tall, burly man swings  
round the corner of the Friedrich Strasse, his  
loud "Ha! ha!" ringing out above the noise  
of the street as he strides down the Linden.  
The crowd makes way for him when it will for  
few others, and in truth he is the stamp of man  
to drive a path for himself even through an  
obstructive crowd. His step is firm and mas-  
sive, his shoulders are broad and square; the  
undress cuirassier cap sets off well the strong  
face with the heavy snow-white mustache and  
the terrible under-jaw, massive yet not fleshy,  
full but not exuberant, which one never looks  
at without thinking how symbolical it is of the  
"blood and iron" dogma which the stern but  
heartly man once so frankly enunciated. When  
last I had seen Bismarck he was sitting on his  
big horse under the statue of Strasbourg, in the  
Place de la Concorde, on the day the German  
troops marched into Paris, glowering down  
scornfully from under the peak of his metal  
helmet on a group of Frenchmen who had  
identified him, and were shrinking as they spat  
hissings up at him.—From "Historic Moments:  
The Triumphal Entry into Berlin," by Archi-  
bald Forbes, in the Christmas (December)  
number of Scribner's Magazine.

Whoever is satisfied with what he does,  
has reached his culminating point—he will  
progress no more. Man's destiny is not to be  
dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.—F. W.  
Robertson.

Blow, blow, blow! That disagreeable  
catarrh can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsa-  
parilla, the constitutional remedy.

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