

ment on "change." See them ever struggling upwards, yet ever falling backwards deeper into the depths of despair. Look at their wretched dwellings, their scant attire, and the paucity of their comforts. Hell! Why these men are living in one every day. Now look at the palaces of nineteenth century culture and taste. See Dives bejewelled with diamond and pearl. How contemptuously He looks down on this struggling, hopeless mass. Think of his follies, and how he wastes and squanders, what an awful gulf there is between Dives and Lazarus to-day. The rich are grand, you say—yes, but it is the grandeur of a rock. They are magnificent—yes, but it is the magnificence of a Pompeii soon to be overthrown. They have pleasures—yes, but their pleasures are the pleasures of Sodom, soon to be burned up with the fire and brimstone of hate and scorn. Now see that form arising out of you manger. Up He comes. Keep your eye on Him. He is the Son of Man. That is the coming of man, and the only man worth being. Whither wanders He? To the side of the sick, the lame and the blind. What gave He? All that He had. Fix well your eyes on Him, for He overshadows all personalities, and influences all life. See how the lip quivers, the eye blazes, and the face reddens as his tongue scorches this monstrous mass of cowardly selfishness, and see how that face again becomes radiant with a marvelous beauty as he turns to the poor, and as Benevolence becomes incarnated in deeds. He came to seek and to save the soul—yes—all that, but more. He came to save men from poverty and all evils. In Him Friendship, Love and Benevolence passed through an apotheosis which rank them for all time as the divinist of gifts, and the noblest of human excellences.

Benevolence teaches us to have a regard and a concern for others. No man was required to come to this earth to tell man to think well of himself. He has been doing that all the time. There was no need, either, for a Christ to come and show us a man in love with himself. The world has always been full of these. So then, when we think of Benevolence, either as revealed by Christ, or by Pythias, it always teaches us to care for others. Yet in spite of the deeds of both, how man clings to and hugs himself. The old sage taught—man, know thyself—but the teaching of the world is man, mind thyself—first and last. Self has grown to be a divinity, and there is no idol more worshiped, or that has more worshippers. For self, man has roamed over the seas and prairies, ploughed and delved, bought and sold, planned and schemed, dared and fought, and bled

and died. No feat, no sacrifice, has been too great for self. Again, this self he has pumpered, fed, idolised, and honored, until all other selves have become dwarfed into insignificance. Man loves it. To him its wants are everything, and to satisfy them he toils ungrudgingly on. So our brother becomes neglected and despised. Now, this benevolent Christ reveals to us a man thinking of others. We cannot point to one instance or incident in his life in which you could say, he thought more of himself than he did of others. He shows us a self completely subordinated to a grand and glorious regard for others. The world to him was full of human beings, and all he could give, he gave freely to them. That horse leach in man that is ever crying give, give, give, was ever opposed by him, and he came as humanity's Thesus, that he might destroy this horrid Menotaur that lay concealed in the labyrinths of man's nature. To be a follower of the meek and the lowly, you must think of others. The benevolence of Christ and of Pythias says to each one—give a portion of your life and your time to others. Burst this narrow shell of selfishness. Go out, and let your selfish self be lost in your anxiety for others. Tear yourselves away from yourselves, and absorb yourselves in being the ministers of benevolence. Benevolence teaches us that deeds best reflect and show our concern for others. Under the inspiration of this power "we live in deeds, not words." Benevolence has a supreme contempt for words unaccompanied by something more tangible. We slight no good word. Words have a mission in life, but the poor and the needy can't live on words. Benevolence always points to deeds, and whether we think of Christ or Pythias, it is their deeds for which we honor them. Think of Christ going to that pool—disarding its sights of a great city—that He might save a poor brother. Think of Him turning aside from His duties, at the earnest request of a father, that He might save a child. Think of Him leaving His place of solitude, even though He had to face the rowdy mob, that He might comfort two bereaved sisters. Think of Him entering the home of fever and touching the fevered one. Think of His anxious care for the hungry, and His matchless miracle to feed them. Think of His own forgetfulness of His own needs, that He might give the bread of life to a poor woman. Deeds, glorious deeds! say one and all. He did not go up and down telling these poor people that it was better to be sick than whole, and that it was better to be poor than rich: that would have been poor comfort; but their needs prompted him to do deeds chival-

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