

## A Man Our Refuge.

Palestine has but two seasons. During six months of the year hardly any rain falls. Vegetation withers and the brooklets run dry. In this period it is a land of lassitude, fatigue and weariness. Sometimes, we are told, when crossing, under the scorching sun, the white, marly flats where one may see nothing but a beetle or two by the way, the wayfarer is glad to throw himself down and shelter his head beneath a bush but a few feet high; and, when the sunbeams are playing around him like swords, we may imagine with what unspeakable joy he beholds, not far away, the great rock, with blue dimness in its shadow, under the jutting ledge of which he may find relief and rest. Sometimes, too, furious wind storms from the arid plains across the Jordan sweep over the land with desolating violence, filling the air with sand and blasting heat and exposing man and beast to deadly peril from their scorching breath.

It is these natural characteristics of the land, and its environs, that lend expressiveness to such Scriptures as Isaiah 32: 2—"And a man shall be an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." No language more apt than this in which to convey a consolatory promise to the heart of the Palestinian. But it speaks to the deepest emotions of men everywhere. We all pass through experiences which those of the Palestinian typified. Death enters all homes, and where there were light and laughter, heaviness and the cloud of sorrow fall. Sickness comes and robs us of our strength. The business that men labor so long to establish is often swept away like a house of cards. Hopes that had been our aspiration for years are blasted in a moment. There is a thirst that every soul must experience. Eager expectation and bitter disappointment create raging fevers of the spirit. Reason, staggering under defeats, weary of the heats of conflict, seeks a fountain in the wilderness. We need the "covert," the "rivers of water," the "shadow of the great rock," many a time.

That a man shall be all these is a consolatory reflection. What higher assurance can there be, indeed, than that the divine becomes human—symbolizing God in us and we in God—"I in them, and thou in me?" In Egypt they sought to bring the divine to human consciousness by representing it under gross and repulsive animal figures. In Greece they sought for it in aerial spirit, which they dreamed of as sitting by a well, or gambolling through moonlit forests. But in the light of the real revelation, how childish these dreams become! It is a "man" with whom we have to deal in the affairs of the soul—the man who blessed the little children; who loved the rich young man; who made his lot with the poor; who edified the learned; who condescended in sweetest simplicity to the simple; who pronounced benedictions on the poor in spirit, the pure in heart, on all who hunger and thirst after righteousness; and who yet bestowed upon every penitent forgiveness, and would not condemn even the poor, sinful woman.

Being man, this blessed, divine Saviour is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He is refuge, covert, river, rock, for all ages and conditions of men.

—God has promised to make all grace abound towards those who are faithful, true and obedient. Those who are obedient are to eat the good of the land.

## Our Young People

## Topic for November 10.—Our National Bondage.

HAB. 1: 13-17; AMOS 6: 1-6.

## Our Gallling Chains.

BY REV. JOHN F. COWAN, D.D.

Twice this country has gone through a terrible chain-breaking: once to free the white man, and once to free the black man.

If we mean to be really free, we have one more set of chains to break to free both white and black, and red and yellow as well. And the sooner it is done, the less fearful will be the struggle.

More of our citizens are in the chains of alcohol than were in slavery in the South. "Why don't you keep sober?" demands the judge of a "drunk" that comes before him for sentence every month. "God knows I would, your honor; but I can't. Give me a long sentence to keep me away from liquor." He holds up his manacled hands. One speaks for a host.

And through such men, and the men who thrive on making them so, and the politician who uses both, our large cities are in chains. The saloon is the slave-trader of this twentieth-century serfdom. It is as cruel, as unscrupulous, as defiant of public opinion as its forerunners in the barter of flesh and blood. So many votes for so much freedom.

The secular press is too largely in chains to the saloon power. Too often its cuckoo tones sneer at temperance reform, and its writers make a joke of the drink-demonized wife-beater. Its pages flaunt lying whiskey advertisements in the faces of respectable readers—whiskey that has no headaches; whiskey that cures consumption; whiskey that is a substitute for bread!

The breaking of these chains is the next great struggle this country must undertake, unless we would cease to be worthy of freedom, or, indeed, cease to desire freedom.

## Daily Readings.

Mon., Nov. 4.—	The deceit of strong drink. Prov. 23: 29-32
Tues., Nov. 5.—	Its chains. Isa. 28: 7; Hag. 1: 1-7
Wed., Nov. 6.—	Habit and slavery. Phil. 3: 15-19; 1 Pet. 2: 9-12
Thurs., Nov. 7.—	A spreading evil. Jer. 4: 14-22; Ezek. 7: 23-27
Fri., Nov. 8.—	An endangered nation. Lev. 26: 14-22; Isa. 60: 12
Sat., Nov. 9.—	The hope of our country. Ps. 144: 11-15; Prov. 14: 34
Sun., Nov. 10.—	Topic. Our national bondage. Hab. 1: 13-17; Amos 6: 1-6. (Temperance meetings.)

## The Unselfish Brothers.

There is a beautiful tradition connected with the site of the temple of Solomon. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family, the other had none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest—the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks—the elder brother said to his wife:

"My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge."

The younger brother, thinking over the

results of the harvest, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family and I have none. I will arise, take of my shocks, and place them with his."

On the following day they found, to their mutual astonishment, that their respective shocks were undiminished. The same thing happened for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; and on the following night they met each other half-way between their respective shocks with arms full.

Upon ground so hallowed was built the magnificent temple of Solomon.—Morning Star.

## Japanese Lullaby.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—  
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;  
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—  
Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—  
Silvery star with a tinkling song;  
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—  
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—  
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;  
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—  
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob  
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,  
As though they were groaning in anguish  
and moaning—  
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—  
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;  
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging—  
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.  
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

## Creed of the Church of Christ in Japan.

The Lord Jesus Christ, whom we adore as God, the only begotten Son of God, for us men and for our salvation was made man and suffered. He offered up a perfect sacrifice for sin; and all who are one with him by faith are pardoned and accounted righteous; and faith in him, working by love, purifies the heart.

The Holy Ghost, who with the Father and the Son is to be worshipped and glorified, reveals Jesus Christ to the soul; and without his grace, man, being dead in sin, cannot enter the kingdom of God. By him the prophets and apostles and holy men of old were inspired, and he, speaking in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the supreme and infallible judge in all things pertaining to faith and living.

From these Holy Scriptures the Ancient Church of Christ drew its Confession, and we, holding the faith once delivered to the saints, join in that Confession with praise and thanksgiving.

Then follows the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty," etc.