

SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES

Will Pass "Where There Shall be no More Sin."

Put Yourself in his Place—Conditions Necessary to Interpret the Holy Book—St. John's Strange Saying at Patmos Illumined by this Method and the Facts of the Divine Apocalypse May be Symbolized and Grasped.

According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Baily, of Ottawa, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 7.—In this person the reader is taken into an enchanted realm beneath the waves, and a novel and strange interpretation is given to the mystery of the sea. The text is Revelations xxi, 1, "And there was no more sea."

Who was the writer? Where were his feet planted when he saw the spectacles which he describes in his divinely inspired apocalypse? These conditions must be clearly understood before one can in any true way grasp the meaning of the words of any text. Indeed, to properly appreciate the words or the actions of any man we must first put ourselves in that man's place.

We all understand this condition in everyday life. Why, then, cannot we put ourselves in the biblical writers' places when we try to interpret the Holy Book? During the darkest days of the Civil War Congressman Dixon of New York State entered the White House with a long list of grievances, which he and some of his colleagues had drawn up against the Government. Abraham Lincoln heard him patiently until he was through. Then he said: "Dixon, I believe you and your friends were truly honest men when you drew up those criticisms against my administration. But the trouble is you fellows do not put yourselves in my place. If you did, you would do just about what I am doing. I tell you how I will fix those matters. You go home and think up all the things you would like to do, and then come back to-morrow and tell me the result, and I will do just what you want me to do."

Congressman Dixon said: "I went back to my hotel that evening with my head high up among the clouds," said I to myself, "Lincoln said he will do anything I want him to

do; that makes me to-night practically president of the United States." But after supper that night, Congressman Dixon went to his room. He laid the white sheets of paper upon his desk and began to plan what he wanted Lincoln to do. The more, however, he thought, the more difficult it was for him to find anything to write. Why? Because the more he put himself in the president's place, the more he felt he would do just as Lincoln was doing and had done. "The next day came. I did not go to the White House," said Congressman Dixon, "neither did I go the next day or the next. About three weeks later I attended a public reception at the White House. As soon as I entered the room, the president saw me and he called out, 'Hello, Dixon! why did you not keep your appointment with me the day after our conversation?' Because I was ashamed to do so. 'Ah, yes,' said Lincoln, 'I thought you would not come back. The actions and words of a man appear entirely different when you put yourself in that man's place, than when you criticise them from an outsider's standpoint.'"

To-day, in order to rightly interpret the words of my text, we must first put ourselves in St. John's place. In the first instance, we must notice, he is an old man. His life's work was nearly done. A man at eighty looks at conditions in heaven and on earth differently from the way a young man at twenty looks at them. The struggles of life were more to him, like Napoleon at St. Helena, he knew that in all probability he could never again go back to his earthly work. Under the Domitian persecution, he was sent to this lonely, rock-bound island of the Mediterranean. Therefore the sea meant more to him than it might mean to some of us. It meant, as I shall try to show, first, the "Sea of Mystery"; secondly, the "Sea of Fate"; thirdly, the "Sea of Separation"; and fourthly, the "Sea of Spiritual Struggle." By putting ourselves in St. John's place as exiles upon the Island of Patmos, I believe we can symbolize all these facts.

First, the sea is a mysterious monster. Do we have to go to a Johannean vision to know that? Has any man, woman or child ever stood upon the beach and looked off upon the mighty deep and not wondered about what was happening away down in the depths that no fathom line has ever yet been able to sound? The scientists have unraveled a few of the sea's mysteries. They have shown the world that there are different sea currents flowing over one another in different directions, as the different currents of the air allow the aeronaut to journey in one direction or another. By deep sea dredging they have brought up from the lowest ocean depths the primeval ooze, the deposit perhaps of millions of years. They have captured strange creatures which have never been seen before by the eyes of man. The results of their investigations have been collected into one of the greatest of all scientific volumes, entitled the "Book of Oceanography." But, after all, though some of the ocean's mys-

teries have been investigated, the most of those mysteries are as yet unraveled. They will always remain as mysteries until suitable apparatus has been invented by means of which divers can descend and pass at leisure through the paths of the sea now untrodden by the foot of man.

Oh, the mysteries of the sea! Who has ever been able to describe them? It was my privilege, some weeks ago, to see some of the wonders of the mighty deep. I took ship and went to the famous Catalina Islands, off the southern coast of California. I went there for the fishing. I had heard away back in the east of the wonderful sea sport at that place. I heard it was no unusual sight to see there three and four or five fish brought in each weighing upward of 300 pounds. That some fish had been caught there weighing over 500 pounds. These fishermen had told me that there swam the tuna, the greatest fish of all the seas. There are the yellowtails and the barracudas and the rock bass and the whitefish and scores of other fish. But though I saw fish caught at Catalina weighing 360 pounds, the most marvelous sight by far that I ever witnessed there was what was revealed to me in the depths of the sea by the glass bottomed boats.

A strong muscled oarsman, who knew every nook and corner of that coast, rowed us out. The centre of the boat had no keel, but, instead, a glass flooring. As we rowed on we could see down and down, fifty, sixty, seventy and eighty feet. Here were the rocks, piled up in inconspicuous forms, like unto the Bad Lands of the Dakotas. There were walls of rocks, dismantled fortresses in rocks, crumbling cathedrals in rocks, shattered masonry in rocks, whole fallen Jerichos in rocks, pyramids and palisades were in rocks. In columns, rocks aslant, in meninges and infinities of rock. In yonder cavern a fish, hermitlike, was silently kept vigil, watching the other fish swim by. Now darted past hundreds of thousands of sardines, chased by a larger fish. In those depths, as on the land, the "survival of the fittest" is the law of life—the big fish eat the smaller fish.

Now we seem to be pushing our way into the marine farm lands. Whole gardens of vegetables seem to be planted upon the rocks. Many of those forms of vegetable life are named after the table foods we grow in our country gardens. There are the waving wheatfields and silken bearded corn just ready for the husking and the meadow lands green and red with clover tops. Now we seem to be entering the Indian and African jungles. The seaweeds are matted and snarled together. They seem to take upon themselves all colorings. Here are the long, clinging vines, there the broad leaves and the narrow leaves, the short leaves and the long leaves. Now the bare rocks appear again and seem to be like unto mighty mountains in their impressiveness, crying: "Come, man, come, and take my gold! Come and take my silver! My bones are copper, my heart is iron; come and take my wealth!" As we wandered on, peering into this strange and unknown world, I say to myself: "There are the revealed mysteries of the sea seventy feet deep. What must be the mysteries of the sea hundreds of feet deep, miles deep, unfathomably deep? What must be the mysteries of the sea when the 'jew' fish, weighing one-half thousand pounds, rubs up his side against the whale, weighing thousands upon thousands of pounds? Yes, the sea is a mystery, a great unfathomable mystery. What the mysterious sea was to the lonely exile looking off upon the Mediterranean God always has been and always will be to us on earth. He is a mystery. We know that he created the world, but how? We cannot tell. We know that in the beginning Christ was, and yet he was born a helpless babe. How? We cannot tell. We know that John, as the beloved disciple, walked and lived with Christ. Yet concerning many facts about the personality of Jesus Christ, we are as much in the dark as was Nicodemus when he said: "How can these things be?" Paul compares our knowledge of God to a little child's knowledge of a human parent. We know that our babies cannot fully understand us. Therefore Paul says: "Now we look through a glass darkly. Now I know only in part." Do you wonder that when John began to use the mysterious ocean as the symbol of a mysterious God he cried out in the words of my text in reference to heaven, "And there was no more sea?" All the mysteries of earth shall receive heavenly solution when the seas shall vanish away.

Do you suppose that if Carthage had been situated only a few miles from Rome there would have ever been a Hamilcar fighting at Mount Eryx or a Hannibal's greater son, Hannibal, being defeated by Scipio the Great at Zama, in 202? The reason Carthage hated Rome and Rome hated Carthage was because they were separated by a "sea of hate" called the Mediterranean, two thousand miles long and seven hundred miles wide. The "sea of separation" became, like the Dead Sea, a "sea of blood." Do you suppose England would ever have treated the American colonies as she did during the eighteenth century had she not been separated from them by an Atlantic Ocean three thousand miles wide? Why, the American colonists were of the same blood as those who lived on English shores. The children of the Virginia planters and of the Massachusetts aristocrats were all sent over to the English schools to be educated. But no, England would not treat her American subjects as she did those who were earning their bread on the London Strand. The "sea of separation" became the "sea of hate" and the bloody Revolutionary war was merely the echo of the Atlantic's moaning waves lapping Plymouth rock and Dover cliffs.

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But as the "sea of separation" is sometimes the "sea of hate," so it may be also the impassable barrier which separates friend from friend, Napoleon, fretting life away in St. Helena, or Captain Dreyfus, suffering on Devil's Island, or Victor Hugo, in exile on the Island of Guernsey, more separated from their friends than was St. John, on Patmos, separated from his friends. Legend tells us that he was sent to work in the Patmos mines as the Russian exiles are put to work in the Siberian mines. But when the day's work was done St. John was allowed to roam over the Patmos rocks. No prison walls were more so-called than this prison of the apostolic exile. And now, methinks, I can see him, his white hair being tossed by the winds. He strains his eyes as he looks over the Mediterranean waters to Asia Minor, where he knows his Christian co-laborers are working among the churches of Asia. He says the old patriarch, "In heaven I shall never be separated from those I love. I shall never have to part again from those who have labored by my side in the gospel vineyard. I shall never be anxious to have the silver cords of affliction snapped in the grave. These waves of separation shall forever and ever be licked up. There shall be no more sea."

Is not this re-union vision of the Patmos to you a transcendent thought? Is it not an uplifting hope that those who were once snatched away from us by death shall be given back in all the beauty and love of the redemption? Sometimes we must be separated from those we love, even as St. John on the Island of Patmos was separated from his friends in Asia Minor. But in heaven God will give us back our loved ones. Yes, there will be no separations, no partings there. For in heaven, according to the inspired Apocrypha, "there is no more sea."

But the Mediterranean waves beat against the Patmos rocks were not only symbolic of external troubles, but also of an inward spiritual strife. When St. John gave his heart to Christ, in one sense he was emancipated from sin, but Satan never for an instant, this side of the grave, leaves off his struggle to capture a gospel stronghold. The Bible declares a Christian shall not be tempted by a sin greater than he can bear. But Christians always have to be on their guard for more spiritual strength in order to resist the Satan's onslaughts which are daily being made against the strongholds of their hearts.

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W. G. Bartleman could get no Relief till He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

WAPPELLA, ASS., N. W. T., Aug 12 (Special)—This thriving town furnishes one of the most remarkable cures of Kidney Disease that has ever been reported on the prairies. Mr. Wm. G. Bartleman, a well known farmer, is the man cured and he makes the following statement:

"I had Kidney Trouble and it developed into Diabetes. I went to the doctor but his treatment was of no use whatever to me. I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills in December, 1902. I took the all winter and summer pills I was unable to work my farm. I took twelve boxes in all and in August I was able to work."

"Now I am quite strong. I worked all winter with out pain in my back or any part of my body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

If the Kidney Disease is of long standing it will take time to cure. But Dodd's Kidney Pills will do