NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Not long ago a prominent publisher expressed an opinion which many people were glad to hear from him. The historical novel, he said, was beginning to lose its popularity. Pretty soon one may hope there will be occasion for a similar opinion with regard to a kind of book which has become similarly offensive. For three years we have had slang served up to us as sauce for every possible variety of literary edible. We have sometimes had reason to fear without slang literature would cease to be palatable. The beginnings of the thing were harmless enough. Philosophy in saloon slang was charming. Fables in office slang were charming, too. But letters in slang, sonnets in slang, triolets in slang, historical essays in slang, epics in slang! One begins to experience a tedium.

The fact is that people have forgotten that while a tour de force in slang is entertaining, still it is only a tour de force, and is by no means to be regarded as an abiding form of literature, like the ballad, the novel, or the tragedy. Slang has its own place. A proper use of it is diverting. A daring and picturesque foray into that borderland in which new words range as outlaws until with years and maturity they pass over the line into settled habitations, will always have a charm and a fascination. Nothing is more interesting than a new word. How did it originate? Does it stand for a new idea? Or does it cover adjacent parts of old ideas and so provide one with a compact single word where previously one had to use an awkward, straddling phrase? Is it a passing fancy or does it give promise of making itself indispensable? These are questions which no man who knows how the language has been built up will regard as impertinent. The literateur will no more reject a new word than the epicure will reject a new dish. Both new word and new dish will finally be discredited, but they will have had a trial. It is only the hopelessly imaginative person who closes his door on a word simply because it has not yet been admitted into Webster's unabridged. There are interesting and instructive people outside of society and there are interesting and instructive words outside of the dictionary. Let no one scorn a slang word. Some day it may rise in the world and make its former persecutor feel uncomfortable.

All this does not mean, however, that slang is to be given precedence over the substantial, established part of the language. One is a little bit tired, for instance, of the joke which consists in clothing elevated sentiments in a degrading phraseology. The noble and the pathetic, put into comic opera slang, will make the judicious grieve. One is reminded, to use George Eliot's famous comparison, of a monkey daubing paint over beautiful statues and thinking itself witty. Of course, the fashion will change. It used to be fashionable to go slumming. It is not so now. A similar revulsion will take place in the use of slang. Not many people will be sorry. Enough is enough, and just a little more than enough is by a great deal too much. With all respect for slang, and with a sneaking, surreptitious liking for it, it is not bread and meat. It is only a confection or a liqueur. It has to be nibbled or sipped, not devoured in large quantities. We have had a surfeit. A period of almost complete abstinence wouldn't do us much harm.

The new British Academy has received its charter and the names of forty-nine of the fifty academicians are known. It is on the model of the philosophical-historical sections of German academies that the new institution is framed rather than on that of the Academie Francaise, a fact that is made noticeable by the absence of purely literary names. To be sure, we find in it Mr. Lecky, Mr. John Morley, Prof. Jebb and Sir Leslie Stephen, but they are there for their scientific achievement rather than for the literary form in which it is presented. The preponderance of university professors is marked. This follows the German analogy and not the French. Within its limitations the list is a more than respectable one. The roll call of British philologists is very creditable, and the number of names unknown to the outer world is smaller perhaps than usual in such bodies. The noblemen and politicians who are included with Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour in the lead have all made some effort in scientific letters. Some day, perhaps, the British poets, essayists, novelists and playwrights may have their Academy as in France.

The late Duke of Sutherland is said to have left 92 wills.

WORDS OF WARNING

Just as Pertinent Now as They Were 3,000 Years Ago.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: "Isaiah xxxviii 1: 'Set thine house in order for thou shalt die.'"

I am going to stay aboard this planet as long as I can. When the time comes for me to die, I believe sufficient grace will be given to me with which to die. But I have never felt less like dying than at the present time. My home was never so happy, my friends never more kind. My work never more absorbing. Present earthly life is inexpressibly sweet to me. I feel in reference to it a great deal as did Christopher North, the physical and literary athlete, who, with his friends and children, used to race over the heather of old Scotland, his yellow curls a-flying in the winds, singing and shouting as he ran, because he was bubbling over with joy and animal spirits. I am in love with the world, because I like the people who are in it.

But, though earthly life may be a priceless boon to some people, as well as to myself, yet there must come to all a time when we shall have to die. Perhaps, like Hezekiah of my text, who besought God by prayer to increase his earthly day, we may be able to prolong our existence ten, fifteen or even twenty years, by rigidly obeying the well-tested physical laws of health. Dio Lewis, the great lecturer upon hygiene, once declared that every normal healthy child born into the world ought to live to be at least 100 years old. He asserted that nearly all the members of the human race do not live out half their earthly life because they do not eat the right kind of food, wear the proper clothing and take the proper

AMOUNT OF EXERCISE.

In anticipating his earthly demise a common sense man should in the first place set his temporal house in order. That means he should, if necessary, get his life insured. He should make out his last will and testament. He should appoint the executors of his estate, and the future guardian of his children. He should explain the details of his business and invest his moneys in such a manner as that his executors can easily carry out his plans. He should train up his children or his lieutenants so that they may carry on his work after he is dead. He should, if desirable, buy his family plot and make all arrangements for the last resting place of himself and his loved ones. We have contempt for the man who has so little interest in the temporal welfare of his wife and children that he will not make a last will and testament to decide how his estate is to be divided. We despise the selfishly thoughtless man who will leave his business affairs in one grand, big, inexplicable muddle.

(Although I am comparatively speaking a young man, yet I have had a great deal of experience in sick rooms and by deathbeds, and, my brother, I want to warn you as a friend that in all probability when you come to die you will not have any time to fix up your estate and make an intelligent will and testament. In all probability you will be in such physical and mental weakness that you will not have enough strength to do anything else but lie in your bed and murmur a few words of farewell until you are gone. Therefore, my brother, what you want to do in reference to setting your temporal house in order through the influence of your last will and testament you had better do right away. When death comes, your brain may be too feeble to plan and your fingers too

TREMBLING TO HOLD A PEN.

Furthermore, my friend, that statement of yours about being superstitious in reference to making a will is very foolish. It is as foolish as the superstition some people have about sitting one of thirteen at a table or looking at the new moon over the wrong shoulder or carrying a new-born baby downstairs before he is carried upstairs. It is so foolish that I am surprised it should be anywhere entertained among intelligent people. You will not die because you make your last will and testament, but you ought to make your last will and testament in reference to your temporal affairs because your death is inevitable. "Set thine house in order."

But, Mr. Talmage, says some other, what is the good of making a last will and testament? I have nothing to leave except a few clothes in my wardrobe, and there are not many of them. I am a clerk on a comparatively small salary. I live up to the last cent of my income, and I cannot afford to insure my life for the benefit of my children.

My brother, that is a very brave and frank statement to make. You say it is useless for you to make a last will and testament because you have nothing to leave and cannot afford to even get your life insured. If you, a great big, strong man, are having such a hard time to make a living, what will your physically weak wife do with a big brood of little ones strapped about her back when you are dead? If it is so hard for you to swim in the current of life and keep your head above the waters how will she, a poor widow, be able to do it when your strong arm is gone? Will the world be kinder to her than it is to you? Has the cruel world ever been any gentler or extended a more helpful hand to a wife and a mother who is left a poverty-stricken widow than it has for you?

NOW, MY FRIEND,

as you have to take an eternal journey, as, perhaps in the very near future you will have to leave this old planet and go into the endless life beyond, what spiritual preparation have you made for the momentous embarkation? Have you made the proper spiritual preparation for the journey which shall take you into a country where you would like to live through endless eternity, where you would like to live until time itself shall be no longer? Have you, in readiness for this eternal journey, a letter of credit made out at the Bank of Divine Grace? Have you an eternal passport written in red ink—written in the blood which flowed out of the wounded side of a dying and an atoning Christ? If you have not such a letter of credit, you are lost indeed, even though in this world you had all the wealth of a Rothschild, a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller or an Astor, even though you once on earth lived in as magnificent a mansion as did Dives of old, at whose gate the dogs were licking the sores of a dying beggar. Shrouds have no pockets, and a skeleton's bony fingers can hold no gold, and all your worldly riches will then be but dross, which you cannot carry with you on that last journey. But, if you have the letter of credit of divine grace and the passport stamped with the crimson seal of Calvary, then the long journey will be accomplished safely, and the gates of the New Jerusalem will be opened unto you, no matter how financially poor you may have been on earth, because you are pleading there for admittance in Christ's name.

To further carry out the idea of my text, the true Christian should look after the spiritual interests of his children and loved ones as well as prepare for his own celestial translation. The homestead is not a hermitage, not a place built where a man or woman or child can live in solitary grandeur. But the house of the text implies the father and the mother and the children, the brothers and the sisters, the kith and kin and

THE MANY LOVED ONES.

All can live together in peace and happiness within the same four walls and as all the members of a family dwelling within the same house ought to have a common interest, so you cannot separate your own individual spiritual interests from the spiritual interests of your wife and children and loved ones.

The simile of death as a long journey away from the family fireside is very striking. When a man takes a long earthly journey he is very apt to gather his family about him and say, "If I should take this journey in all probability I will return home at such and such a time, or if the father is going into a new country to establish another home he says to his children, 'After I am settled there and find everything all right you can sell the goods and pack up and come to me. I will be in such and such a place at such and such a time.'"

My brother, as you must take this long journey through the valley of the shadow of death with the divine passport in your hands, how can you ever expect to rejoin your loved ones unless you make previous arrangements with them where to meet? Having a letter of credit at the Bank of Grace, you say you expect to journey into the Celestial City. Have you ever told your loved ones about that city? Have you ever told them how to get to that centre of the universe? Have you ever told them there is only one way to reach your destination, and that is for them to obtain forgiveness of their sins by the blood of the Lamb, so that their heavenly advent shall be made possible? If it is important for you to make spiritual preparations for the journey of death by being washed in the Saviour's blood, is it not just as important for your loved ones to be cleansed?

BY THE SAME BLOOD?

But there is one overwhelming thought about my text upon which I love to dwell. If we go to the throne of grace in the right spirit of prayer, God will let everyone of us live as long as is necessary to do the work he wants us to do in his name. When the prophet Isaiah entered the royal palace of Jerusalem and said to the sick Hezekiah, "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order, for thou shalt die," the king turned his face toward the wall and began to weep. Hezekiah was not weeping because he had to die. He was not afraid to die. But he wept because he could not accomplish for God and his people that which seemed necessary for him to do. Then, in answer to Hezekiah's prayer, God said to Isaiah, the prophet, "Go and say to Hezekiah, Thus saith the Lord, the God of David thy father, I have heard the prayer, I have seen the tears. Behold I will add unto thy days fifteen years. So, to-day, if like Hezekiah, we will pray in the right spirit, God will let most of us live long enough to carry the gospel message to all of our dear ones, as well as to spiritually prepare for our own eternal journey. But as our earthly time is short, in order to make this spiritual preparation ourselves and to help make the spiritual preparation of our loved ones by bringing them to the Saviour, we must consecrate ourselves to the Lord's service now. By the power of the Holy Spirit we must consecrate our lives to God's work as we have never consecrated them before. We must so eat and drink and breathe and talk and pray that we shall make Christ the supreme ruler of our lives so that in all things we may do nothing inconsistent with our allegiance to him. Are you and I, like Hezekiah—ready to surrender our lives entirely to the

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DIVINE MASTER'S WILL?

Some of us have seen the noted picture which bears the title "Christ or Diana?" The central figure is a beautiful girl, with one of the sweetest, noblest faces ever painted by an artist's brush. With true dramatic power the master has surrounded that young girl with all the horrors of a Neronian persecution. There in the background of the picture is the amphitheatre in which wild beasts are tearing the martyrs to pieces and crunching the bones of the slain. There are the torches made out of the living bodies of men and women, covered with pitch, who are dying for their belief in the lowly Nazarene. There are the grim faced Roman soldiers. There is the pleading lover, as well as the pleading mother and father, begging the young girl to renounce her belief in her Saviour. And there the young maiden stands between the altar of a heathen God and the solemn upright cross, upon which is hanging the bruised body of a dead Christ.

That picture may be dramatic and powerful, but, oh, my brother, there is a truer scene being enacted here to-day. As I speak the words of my text your own eternal redemption as well as that of all your loved ones, is pleading with you. They are pleading with you to stop worshipping at the altar of Caesar, which is the altar of sin. They are pleading with you because if you do not cease to bow before sin's altar you shall surely die. But if you will in the few years that are left on earth bow before the cross and accept Christ as your Saviour, you shall eternally live. And if you here and now consecrate your life aright to the Divine Master's service your loved ones, by hearing the gospel message from your lips may eternally live also. May the Holy Spirit lead every one of us to make the right preparations for the imminent journey through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

WHY NOSES POINT EAST.

Very few people's noses are set properly upon their faces. When you are walking down street look at the people as they go by, and you will discover that the noses of ninety-nine out of every hundred turn to the right when once attention has been called to this fact it will constantly attract your attention. Some folk there are, indeed, who seem built on a bias—individuals whose eyes slant at an angle, or even at different angles; whose mouths in their expansion of a smile twist forward to a sneer—persons warped from birth or by habit to perversity with such it is the business of a criminologist to deal. But for the majority of plain people some simpler explanation must exist, should nearly everybody's nose turn to the right rather than to the left? There seems to be only one way to account for it, and that is that almost everybody is right-handed, and uses his handkerchief corresponding-ly. So from infancy to old age the kerchief, is persistently held to the right. Hence, the infant passes through childhood and late youth—when the nasal organ, malleable, and in process of formation, so to speak—is obliged gradually but surely to assume an inclination towards the right.

WHEN KISSING WAS PENAL.

Several such laws have been passed at different times in the present State of Connecticut, such a law exists to the present day. In fact, only a short time ago (in 1891) a student of Yale University kissed his sweetheart in a railway station in Boston. Both were fined, sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment under a law passed in the time of Charles II., when Connecticut was a Puritan Colony. Under those or other famous—Blue Laws' few Englishmen could be fined, imprisoned, even put in the stocks for kissing their wives in public on Sunday. It was considered to be a lewd and unseemly behaviour, according to the morals of those days. No such law has been actually in force in Boston but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was an offence for a man to kiss his wife or even children on Sunday and the penalty for such an offence was a fine, imprisonment, doing penance in the church, or even being publicly flogged. In those days it was illegal in Scotland to take a walk of over two miles on Sunday, unless the destination was the church.

REJUVENATED WOMEN.

It is an extraordinary, but undeniable fact that some women at the age when most people die undergo a sort of natural process of rejuvenation—hair and teeth grow again, the wrinkles disappear from the skin, and sight and hearing acquire their former sharpness. A Marquise de Morabeau is an example of this rare and remarkable phenomenon. She died at the age of eighty-six, but a few years before her death she became in appearance quite young again. The same change happened in a nun of the name of Marguerite Verdur, who, at the age of sixty-two, lost her wrinkles, regained her sight, and grew several new teeth. When she died ten years later her appearance was almost that of a young girl.

RATHER DISCOURAGING.

"She told me she had made a study of palmistry."

"Well?"

"Well, she offered to read my palm and I let her."

"Naturally."

"And then she told me I was going to suffer a disappointment in love, but I would get over it and marry a poor girl."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say? She's rich, and I intended to propose to her that very evening."

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen, Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

TESTED RECIPES.

Nut Loaf.—Grease a baking tin thoroughly. Spread entire wheat or rye bread crumbs over the bottom, then a layer of walnut meats chopped fine with a meat chopper. Sprinkle with a little sage, thyme, summer savory and salt and pepper. Pour cream over this. Repeat, with alternate layers of crumbs and nuts until the tin is full, having crumbs on top. Bake an even delicate brown, turn on to a platter and serve hot or cold. For those who wish to use less meat this will prove a pleasant substitute. Milk may be used instead of cream by adding bits of butter to each layer of crumbs.

A NAIL BOX.

This is one of the little things that seems to fill a pretty big place in the home after it once comes. Make a box any size desired, but be careful not to use wood that is too thin, although it is well to have it of light weight, about three-quarters of an inch thick is right for the body of the box. A convenient shape is similar to a knife box, only with straight sides, say about four inches deep and longer than it is wide. Have a partition running through the centre lengthwise. The middle of this partition have taller than the sides and ends of the box so a handle can be cut through it. Use half-inch wood for the little partitions. Put in as many as fancied. Have them run crosswise from the long partition to the sides, thus forming little compartments. These spaces can be varied in size so that the smallest nails won't be given as much room as the biggest ones.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS' COMFORT.

Warm underskirts and night gowns may be made for children from the common cheap gray blankets which have gray borders. Being thick, they need not be very full. One blanket will make two skirts for a girl 10 years old. Fit with darts at the front and sides, having all gathers at the back. Turn up a hem and have the gray stripe come just above it. With the addition of cord and tassels, excellent bath robes for everyday use may be evolved for grown people.

A LITTLE CARE AND OIL.

Do not go on trying to sew with a machine which needs a thorough cleaning and oiling. A well-cared for machine not only lasts longer but gives better satisfaction, sewing with lighter and more even stitch than one which is neglected.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Disraeli.

Aspiration sees only one side of every question, possession many.—Lowell.

Do what you can, give what you have. Only stop not with feelings; your charity into deeds. Do, give what costs you something.—H. Thom.

Rooting out our selfish desires, even when they appear to touch no one but ourselves, we are preparing a chamber for the soul where the divine presence may dwell.—Ellen Watson.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened.—Emerson.

Progress is without doubt the law of the individual, of nations, of the whole human species. To grow, towards perfection, to exist in some sort in a higher degree, this is the task which God has imposed on man, this is the continuation of God's own work, the completion of creation.—Demogeot.

Think of yourself, therefore, nobly, and you will live nobly. You will realize on earth that type of character, and faith which is the highest ideal alike of philosopher and hero and saint.—Charles Wagner.

To him who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combined the possession of moral beauty in his soul with outward beauty of form, corresponding and harmonizing with the former, because the same great pattern enters into both.—Plato.

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head of cauliflower, break into sections, tie in a clean cloth and boil 30 minutes in salted water. Drain and place in a baking dish. Put 1 teaspoon butter in a saucepan, add 1 tablespoon flour. Mix and stir in ½ pt. rich sweet milk, 1 heaping teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon powdered sage and a little pepper. Stir constantly until it boils. Then pour over the cauliflower. Sprinkle 1 cup bread crumbs over the top, dot with bits of butter, and sprinkle lightly with pepper and sage. Bake 15 minutes in a quick oven.

Browned Sweet Potatoes.—Boil sweet potatoes, selecting them as nearly uniform size as possible. When tender, pare and place in a pudding dish. Pour melted butter over them and dust lightly with granulated sugar. Pierce the top of each with a sharp fork and insert a sprig of parsley in the hole. Serve with cream sauce made of 1 tablespoon each butter and flour, 2 cups hot milk, blended together, and ¼ cup chopped parsley. The parsley may

hollowed-out a pot cheese. Use the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, choosing small eggs. Serde with salad dressing. Arrange on a bed of evergreen twigs. Or make a nest of a small head of lettuce, turning the leaves back until it resembles a rose. Make eggs of molded cream cheese tinted green with pistache. Serve with French dressing. Place on a platter which has upon it as a resting spot for the lettuce head, a lattice-work arrangement of cheese straws, re-

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, SEPT. 21.

Text of the Lesson, Deut. xxxiv. 1-12. Golden Text, Ex. xxxiii. 11.

1-3. And the Lord shewed him all the land. Read with prayer and reliance upon the Holy Spirit the parallel passages in Num. xxxvii. 12-17; Deut. i. 23-29; xxxii. 48-52, and notice Moses' great desire to go over into the land, his prayer to God that he might be permitted to do so, God's refusal to allow him, Moses' meek submission, and his request that someone be appointed in his stead so that Israel might not be as sheep which have no shepherd. Observe that it was Moses' sin when he disobeyed God at Kadesh in striking the rock instead of speaking to it and thus failed to sanctify God in the eyes of Israel that kept him from entering the promised land at that time. See Num. xx. 7-13, in connection with the above passages.

4. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.

When Moses pleaded to be permitted to go over, the word from the Lord was, "Let it suffice thee, speak no more unto Me of this matter" (Deut. iii. 26), and that was enough. It was Israel's sin in murmuring and rebelling that led Moses to sin, but that did not excuse Moses. How holy is our God, and what holiness He requires in us! And who is equal to it? Failure is seen in Adam, in Noah, in Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in Moses and Aaron, in David and Elijah, in the apostles and everywhere. There is none good but one. That is God. And Jesus was God manifest in the flesh. It is only as He is manifested in us by His Spirit that our life will be what He desires.

5-7. Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died. His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.

When Aaron died, Moses and Eleazar were with him, but no one was with Moses when he died. He had often been alone with God, on two different occasions for forty days and nights at a time, but previous to this occasion he had always come back to continue with the people. Now in health and vigor of body and in the use of all his faculties he went up into the mountain alone and returned to Israel no more. Out from the earthly tabernacle in which he had sojourned for 120 years Moses, the servant of the Lord, went to live with God forever. No sickness, no suffering, as far as we know, but he just closed his eyes to earth and entered into the presence of God and of the redeemed and of the holy angels absent from the body, present with the Lord, which was very far better for him (Phil. i. 21-23). He is still there alive and well, and after more than 1,400 years from the time of his departure Peter and the others saw him on the Mount of Transfiguration with Jesus Christ, as he and Elijah spake with our Lord of His approaching decease (Luke ix. 30-32). The body of Moses was buried but no man being present, no man knows where, for God has not seen fit to tell. To bury bodies in the earth is Scriptural, to burn with fire is heathenish, though it matters little how the body is disposed of, for God will raise it up (John v. 28; vi. 32, 40, 44, 54).

8. And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days.

Although the great enemy death can only bring gain to the believer, yet his work on the body is to be deplored, and our Lord Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus. Death came by sin, but in due time both death and sin shall be found no more on earth, but shall be destroyed (Hos. xiii. 14; I. Cor. xv. 26; Rev. xxi. 3, 4).

9. And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him.

When Moses asked that some one might be appointed to take his place, God designated Joshua as his successor (Num. xxvii. 18, 19), and now the people hearken to him as they had done to Moses. His story will come before us in the next quarter's lessons. Meanwhile let all be looking up the past mention of him and thus getting better acquainted with him.

10-12. And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face.

In many respects Moses stands alone, none like him. It is written of him: "And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Ex. xxxiii. 11). But in Heb. iii. we see how much greater Christ is than Moses, and in that epistle it is set forth how much higher Christ is than angels, than Moses, or Aaron, or Joshua or any other, our High Priest forever after the order of Melchisedec. The last two verses of our lesson set forth the way in which Moses was greater than any other prophet in the matter of the signs and wonders which God wrought by him in connection with Israel's deliverance from Egypt. A greater deliverance for Israel is drawing nigh, when, with similar, but greater, wonders she shall be delivered from all nations and placed in her own land forever to the glory of God and the blessing of all nations (Jer. xxvi. 17, 18; xxiii. 7, 8; Mic. vii. 15-20). Death may remove from earth a Joseph or a Moses or a Joshua, but the Lord liveth, and all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. And, like Isaiah, when Uzziah died, we may look up into heaven and see our Priest-King, who never dies, who said to John, "I am He that liveth, and was dead, and, behold I am alive for ever more, amen, and have the keys of hell and of death" (I. Cor. xv. 20; Isa. vi. 1; Rev. i. 18).