

THE ORTHODOX ACCENT

What Most People Need Is Plain Christian Perspiration

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father who is in heaven.—Matt. vii. 21.

Perhaps the chief damage done by the confusion of tongues at Babel was that it tended to a multiplicity of words. Whether it was before that time or not, it is certain that ever since there has been a constant likelihood of religion and every other good thing being drowned in floods of rhetoric. Where there are ten ways of saying a thing it is so much easier to use them all than to do the thing in the one way in which it may be done. Words become the chief enemies of works. A volume containing all the words of the great teacher would look mightily insignificant beside the ponderous tomes of the modern exponents of his teachings. That is because the minister has become the preacher.

The tendency also is for laymen to prove their piety by becoming teachers. It is so in every direction. Reformers dissipate into theses; it is always easier to make speeches on the city beautiful than it is to refrain from throwing the refuse in the street. We are all talking about what ought to be done. Perhaps some prophet will arise and institute the order of the practitioners. Dreamers, philosophers, thinkers, writers have poured forth their floods upon a thirsty world. But the only words that have been worth anything to mankind have been those that have grown out of the speaker's soul as it has been molded by his living and doing.

Because it is so easy to be the knowing ones it is not strange that they should water their stock of superstitious prestige with the less knowing ones from their reservoir of words. Then it is the most natural thing for the glib man to set up the thing he can do most easily as the thing essential to salvation, and thus a shibboleth becomes the saving sign.

But salvation does not depend on any shibboleth. No man is going to fall of seeing the Most High because he cannot render the precise name by which one race chose to call him, nor will the sun cease to shine upon him should he seek the highest good in other ways than names. The heart of the universe asks not that we be consistent with the syllabisms of the past, but that

we be true to the truth we know ourselves.

Every man has some creed back of every deed; but when he puts his creed up in front his deeds soon die. Where words reign they soon reign alone, with nothing but words to serve them. Orthodoxy is so general, because it is so easy and so meaningless. Catch the accent and you are orthodox. But if heaven is to be won by an accent most honest men would rather pay board somewhere else.

No life can be interpreted in language alone. The church is but an observation on Christianity when it meets only to analyze the life of its Lord and never to exemplify his deeds. What must heaven think to see a thousand able bodied men and women gather in a beautiful building to sing hymns of praise to their deity and to listen to arguments about his divinity while, within a block of them, there are, in sickness and splendor, distress and sorrow, the ones to whom he sent these people to minister? The doctrines manufactured about him have hidden the directions given by him.

The trouble is not that we have too much doctrine so much as that we have the wrong kind. The Master's great teaching was, Do the divine things, and the divine truths will take care of themselves.

The kingdom will never come until his will is done. Half tones of heaven will not keep people warm in winter; it is half tones of coal they need. The world will believe in any church that tries to do good. But the church does not believe in itself yet, half the people are strenuously endeavoring to fool themselves into what they call spiritual warmth. What they need is plain Christian perspiration. No man really credits his own religion until he converts it into reality.

But the man who prides himself on his heterodoxy is often equally guilty here. He ridicules the old type of piety and thinks to improve on it with new sets of phrases. All these critics have in new arrangements of words. Even the man who rejects all religion satisfies himself with the cant phrase of irreligion.

We need most of all to treat religion as sensibly as we do business, to leave the science to those interested while we give ourselves to the practice of its art, the doing of its deeds, the living its life.

angels together with the saints worship and adore, and on the occasion of the marriage supper of the Lamb (the consummation of the final eternal union of Christ with the church), rejoice with exceeding great gladness (19: 5-9). It is not difficult to see in this figure of "the Lamb slain" the Christ our Saviour and Lord.

2. On this side of the river and on that was the tree of life. The singular ("tree") is evidently used to denote the species of tree with which both banks of the stream were wooded. Compare Gen. 2: 9 and Rev. 2: 7 for references to "the tree of life."

Twelve manner of fruits—A different variety for every month. There being no moon nor sun (21: 23) nor even time (10: 6), the reference to twelve months must be figurative, the real meaning being that the fruit of the tree of life is always in season.

Leaves—for the healing of the nations—Life which has its source in heaven with God is the only hope of nations still estranged from God (outside the city). Note the beauty of the figure in which this truth is clothed.

3. Shall serve him—Hence life eternal is not to be a state of idleness or of indulgent ease. Man's highest and noblest powers will there find opportunity for perfect expression and endless employment to his glory.

4. Shall see his face.—Shall perfectly know Him whom to know is the essence of life eternal (John 17: 3).

His name shall be on their foreheads—They shall be perfectly identified with him.

5. Forever and ever—Literally, unto the ages of the ages; the Greek idiom for infinity of time or endless duration. The unto, implies the sense of from hence forth unto. Hence the reign of the saints with Christ has a beginning but no end.

6. And he said unto me—The vision of the new Jerusalem is ended. The angelic guide and interpreter of the vision is about to leave, and therefore addresses to John a parting word of encouragement and instruction.

God of the spirits of the prophets—God whose Spirit inspired the prophets, their spirits being in harmony with his Spirit and will.

His angel—The one now speaking. To show unto his servants—To all believers, through you (John) to whom this vision and message is entrusted with instructions to record the vision and deliver the message.

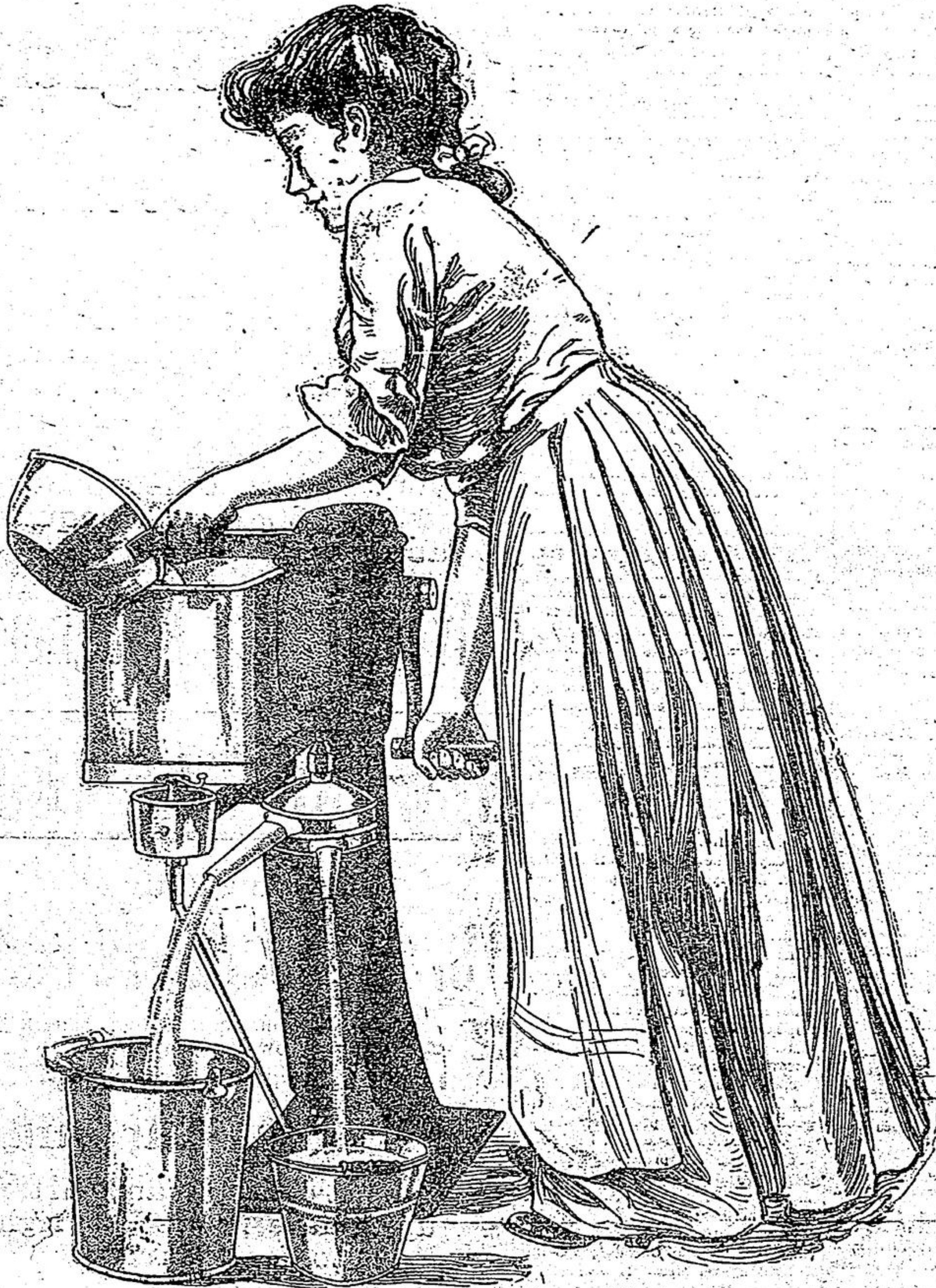
7. Behold, I come quickly—The Angel here speaks for and in the name of the Christ.

Keepeth—A favorite word with John, occurring more frequently in the writings of this apostle than in all the rest of the New Testament together.

This book—Not the Bible, but this apocalyptic only, the book or scroll in which John has been instructed to write what he sees. Neither here nor in verses 18 and 19 can this expression possibly mean anything else.

In this verse (7) this meaning is brought out more plainly by the use of diminutive, little book or scroll.

9. I am a fellow servant—Thus are angels, prophets, apostles, and all who obey God's Word to be one in spirit and fellowship with Christ in eternally.



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The Sharples people have lost in this case practically all they contended for, and their position now in regard to their much vaunted patent is, to say the least, extremely ridiculous.

Should the Sharples Company, or any of their agents, make the claim that this statement is not correct in all points ask them to produce Judge Burbidge's written judgment.

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YOUNG FOLKS

PRINCESS PRETEND.

In the window sat Doris, watching the rain, and her face was all puckered and unhappy. "I'm tired staying in this old house!" she said.

"Dear me," said mother, folding up her work, "we'd better get on our things and go to see a new friend of mine! Run off and get ready."

Doris unpuckered her forehead a little, and hurried on her rainy-day hat and her long coat, and took her little umbrella; then she and mother started.

"This isn't a nice street," she said, discontentedly, as they turned down a narrow street, and O mother, are we going in this ugly house?"

"Yes," said mother, and they went up some shabby steps and, in through a shabby door, and then up two dark flights of stairs. A woman was scrubbing half-way up.

"Can't you mind where you're stepping?" she asked, crossly, as Doris hit her pail in the darkness.

"I'm sorry," said Doris, but her voice did not sound as if she cared very much.

When they had reached the top of the house mother said, "Here we are, and knocked on a door at the head of the stairs—"

"Come in!" called a little girl's voice, and mother opened the door into a room not nearly as big as Doris's play-room, or nearly as light, either, for it had only one window, in the middle of the room was quite a big bed, and in it propped up among pillows, lay a little girl with a pale face and shining eyes.

"How do you do, princess?" said mother, making a courtesy, and the little girl's eyes shone brighter.

"I'm very well, all but a part of me that's under the bedclothes and so doesn't matter," said the little girl in the bed, gaily. She held out a thin little hand and shook hands with mother and Doris.

"How kind you were to come to the palace to see me!" she said. "Was the witch on the stairs?"

"Yes, indeed," said mother, while Doris opened her eyes wide, "she was there with her fairy pail, making things clean in the darkness."

"I knew she would be," said the little girl. "She's a kind witch, you know," she said, turning to Doris, "but her words are sometimes disguised so you might think she was cross."

"I did," said Doris, opening her wide eyes.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said the little girl. "Why she looks after me while my mother, the queen, is away at the Castle of the Books every day. It was she who shut the casement so the gray knights cannot get in to harm me, no matter how hard they try. Hear their dash against the window and then see them fall down! Nothing really hurts them, so I love to watch."

"You mean the rain?" asked Doris. "The little girl in the big bed nodded, with a mischief in her eyes.

"Things have different names here in the palace," she whispered, "just for fun, you know, because I have to stay here all the time. Wouldn't you like to see the greenhouses? Take the first turn to your left."

The first turn to the left was between two old chairs, the greenhouses were below the window on a small table—one flower-pot with grass growing in it, and one with a little geranium, and a such a very pretty geranium, with a red blossom. Doris stood for a long time, looking at them and winking hard every little while.

"The court physician says it may be only one year more before the queen mother can take me out into the world again," she heard the little girl say to mother. "Oh, it's nearly three years since that day I slipped on the stairs. But that's all gone."

"Doris, if you've really seen the greenhouses we must go home now," said mother, at last.

"Sometimes when the palace seems very quiet and just a speck, I come here to visit me," said the little girl in the bed, as she held out her hand again. "I shall see you just as plain!"

"O mother," said Doris, "couldn't I bring Angelina here, so she needn't pretend all the time? Couldn't I?"

"Could you make Angelina sunning here in the palace. Couldn't you come, mother? Angelina and I?"

"Why, yes, I think you could," said mother.

BOYS, THINK THESE OVER!
One of our great men says a boy should learn:
To let cigarettes alone.
To be kind to all animals.
To be manly and courageous.
To ride, row, shoot and swim.
To build a fence scientifically.
To fill the woodbox every night.
To be gentle to his sisters.
To shut a door without slamming.
To sew on a button.

LIVING SUN-DIAL.
An interesting specimen in the way of sun-dials may be seen in the gardens of Stainboro' Castle, near Barnsley. The dial here is laid on the flat garden ground, the Roman figures and lines being formed of closely-cropped box borderings. One of the thickest of yew trees cut into exact shape forms the pin of the dial which in the summer months is covered from the ground to the apex with a thick growth of leaves, and stands about 12 feet high. In spite of the fact that this unique sun-dial has been growing for nearly years, it is still in excellent condition, and moreover, comparatively with those of modern construction so far as its time-propensities are concerned.