

Man's Thoughts vs. God's Thoughts

By REV. J. H. RALSTON
Secretary of Correspondence Department
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—Is. 55:7—"Let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts."



This appeal seems strange, for Christianity insists on its rationality, and rationality implies thinking. God says, "Come, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

Jesus asked the question, what think ye of Christ? There must be some reconciliation between this claim of reason and the text.

In the first place we must have in mind the person receiving the appeal—he is unrighteous. He may be contrasted with the wicked man referred to in the same verse, but the matter of his unrighteousness, or unregenerateness is the thing now to be held in mind. Then we must consider the sphere of thought. The man is not asked to forsake all his thinking, for in some things his thoughts are correct, indeed, more correct than those of the righteous man. Those things belong to the unregenerate state and he thinks rightly on them. Ministers sometimes preach to their congregations on subjects that are not spiritual, and many that are in the pews know far more about the subject than the preacher, and often smile at his ignorance. The unrighteous man thinks quite properly on finance, commerce and politics, but when it comes to spiritual things he is out of his realm. Here the person who may be of very limited intellectual attainments may be his instructor. The African or Korean may know far more of spiritual things, because born again, than the educated European. Thus we find that the appeal is to the unrighteous person, and the sphere of thought is the spiritual. Here is where the unrighteous man is asked not to think. And why?

The words of the lord, "My thoughts are not your thoughts" imply that there is some unfavorable comparison between the thoughts of the lord and those of unregenerate man. God's thoughts are certainly always right. If this be true, man's thoughts are certainly wrong. When man stands naked before God this fact will be demonstrated to the confusion of multitudes.

We may also say the unrighteous man should forsake his thoughts because they have been shown to be usually wrong. That man has some quite correct thoughts in the spiritual sphere may be conceded, or responsibility would be lessened, but the law of his thinking is wrong. Habitually his thoughts are wrong. A comparison of man's thoughts and those of the lord as given in the Bible clearly demonstrates this. When Jesus was on earth he said to the Pharisees that they thought in their prayers they could be heard for their much speaking. That is, a prayer 20 minutes long was twice as good as one ten minutes long. The Bible declares that men thought God to be as one of themselves. Simon Magus thought that the gift of the holy spirit could be had for money, and the apostle pronounced a fearful curse on him. He has successors in these days. Naaman furnishes us an illustration of how men think as to the conditions of redemption. He thought that the prophet Elisha would come out and call on his God and pass his hand over the place of the leprosy—but nothing of the kind. He was simply instructed by the prophet, who did not seem overwhelmed with the great Syrian's magnificence, to dip seven times in the Jordan, and his flesh should be as that of a little child. How squarely are man's thoughts on redemption opposed to God's simple requirement to repent and believe!

Again, as long as man is unregenerate he has a principle in him that vitiate all right thinking on spiritual subjects. Here it may be said sin lieth at the door. The stream cannot be pure if the fountain is foul. One of the tests of a man's regenerate state is his changed thinking on spiritual subjects. He sees things differently, a new world has been opened to him.

Another reason for forsaking his thoughts is that he is wasting time in doing that which has already been done, even conceding that he thinks rightly. One may ask in wonder, am I not to think this religious problem out for myself? No. It has already been thought out, and the record is in the Bible. Some one may say this intimates ready-made thinking, and ready-made things are to be suspected. We do not suspect a suit of clothes ready to be put on if purchased at a reputable store, nor a piece of furniture, nor prepared foods. This is an age of ready-made things, and if we have the guaranty that the maker is reliable we may be content. God has thought all these things out. No man could have done it.

Dark Colored Eggs.
The color of the eggs sold today are considerably darker than they averaged 30 years ago, all of which proves that Asiatic blood has been largely introduced throughout the country, and that it has its effect on the egg.

Late Hatched Chicks.
Late hatched chicks are more apt to suffer from the big head louse than the early ones. If the youngsters look droopy pretty sure that the louse is busy. Little sweet oil on the top of

RICH MENS CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER
Author of "THE MONSTER TOMORROW'S TANGLE," etc.

Illustrations by DOM J. LAVIN
Copyright 1908 by The BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.
Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Corneilus Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother, and she has an invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick Ryan is rescued from a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and she slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife, Tella. Rose doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Bernice quarrel, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it all as a sober year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
On the Saturday morning she went out betimes. Inquiry at the railway office told her that the train which connected with the branch line to Rocky Bar did not reach the city till six in the evening. She ordered a dinner of the choicest viands and spent part of the morning passing from stall to stall in the market on Powell Street spying about for dainties that might add a last elaborating touch to the lengthy menu. The afternoon was dedicated to the solemn rites of massaging, manicuring, and hair-waving at a beauty doctor's. On an ordinary occasion these unwonted exertions in the pursuit of good looks would have tired her, but to-day she was keyed to a pitch where she did not notice small outside discomforts.

Long before six she was dressed, and sitting before the mirror in her room she laid on the last perfecting touches with a short stick of hard red substance and a circular piece of mossy-looking white stuff, which she rubbed with a rotary motion round and round her face. Her new dress of raspberry pink crape betrayed the hand of an expert in its gracefully falling folds and the elegance with which it outlined her slim, long-waisted shape. Her artificially-reddened hair waved back from her forehead in glossy ripples; her face, all lines and hollows rubbed from it, looked fresh and youthful. With the subdued light falling on her through the silk and paper lamp shades, she looked a very pretty woman, the darkness of her long, brilliant eyes thrown into higher relief by the whiteness of her powdered face.

She was tremulously nervous. Every sound caused her to start and move to that part of the parlor whence she could look down the long passageway to the stair-head. Large bunches of greenery were massed here in the angles of the hall and stood in the corners of the sitting-room. Bowls filled with violets and roses were set on the table and mantelpiece, and the scent of these flowers, sweet and delicate, mingled with the crude, powerful perfume that the woman's draperies exhaled with every movement. At intervals she ran into her bedroom, seized the little, round, soft wad of white and rubbed it over her face with a quick concentric movement, drawing her upper lip down as she did so, which gave her countenance with its anxious eyes an exceedingly comical expression.

It was nearly seven o'clock when the bell rang. With a last hasty look in the glass, she ran down the passageway to the stair-head. It was necessary to descend a few steps to a turn on the stairs from whence the lever that opened the door could be worked. As she stood on the small landing, thrown out in bright relief by a mass of dark leafage that stood in the angle of the wall, the door opened and Dominick entered. He looked up and saw her standing there, gallily dressed, a brilliant, animated figure, smiling down at him.

"Ah, Berny," he said in a quiet, unemotional voice, "is that you?"
It was certainly not an enthusiastic greeting. A sensitive woman would have been shriveled by it, but Berny was not sensitive. She had realized from the start that she would probably have to combat the lingering surlyness left by the quarrel. As Dominick ascended, her air of smiling welcome was marked by a bland cheeriness unconsciousness of any past unpleasantness. She was not, however, as unconscious as she looked. She noted his heaviness of demeanor, the tired expression of his lifted face. He came up the stairs slowly, not yet being completely recovered, and it added to the suggestion of reluctance, of difficult and spiritless approach, that seemed to encompass him in an unseen yet distinctly-felt aura.

As he rose on a level with her, she stretched out her hands and, laying them on his shoulders, drew him toward her and kissed him. The coldness of his cheek, damp with the foggy night air, chilled the caress and she drew back from him, not so securely confident in her debonaire, smiling assurance. He patted her lightly on the shoulder by way of greeting and said:
"How are you? All right?"
"Oh, I'm all right," she answered with brisk, determined sprightliness. "You're the one to ask about. You walk stiff, still. How are your feet?"
She was glad to turn her eyes away from his face. It looked very tired, and the slight smile with which he had greeted her stayed only on his lips, did not extend to his fatigued eyes. He was evidently angry still, angry and unforgetting, and that he should be so, when she was so anxious

to forget the ugly episode of the quarrel and be gay and friendly again, dashed her spirits and made her feel unsure of herself and upset. She was determined, however, to show him that she had forgotten all about it, and as he turned the angle of the stairway she thrust her hand inside his arm and walked up beside him. They might have been a happy married couple, reunited after an absence, slowly coming up the stairs together arm in arm.

A few minutes later they were seated opposite each other at dinner. The little table glowed and gleamed, all Berny's bravery of silver and glass mustered for its adornment. The choice and delicate dinner began with a soup that Dominick especially liked, a fact which Berny hoped he would notice and mention. She was one of those women who have an unflinching memory for what people like to eat; a single expression of preference would remain in her mind for years. Dominick and she had not lived together for a month before she knew everything in the way of food he liked or disliked. When she was annoyed with him, or especially bitter against his mother, she would order nothing but dishes that he did not care for, and when she was in a more friendly mood, as to-night, she would take pains and time to arrange a menu composed of those he preferred. He usually did not notice these rewards and punishments, but Berny always thought he did and was "too stubborn," as she expressed it to herself, to show that he was affected by them.

She observed to-night that he neither remarked, nor seemed to relish his food, but she made no comment, talking on in a breathless, lively way, asking questions of his trip, his accident, and the condition of his feet, as though there were no mortifying recollections connected with the cause of his sudden departure. Her only indication of embarrassment was a tendency to avoid anything like a moment of silence and to fly from one subject to another. Dominick answered her questions and told her of his wanderings with a slow, careful exactness. Save in the freezing of his feet, which matter he treated more lightly than it deserved, he was open with her in recounting the small happenings of what he called "his holiday," from the time of his walk from Rocky Bar to the day of his departure from Antelope.

They had progressed through the fish to the entree when her questions passed from his personal wanderings and adventures to his associates. She had been very anxious to get to this point, as she wanted to know what degree of intimacy he had reached with the Bonanza King. Several times already she had tried to divert the conversation toward that subject, but it had been deflected by the young man, who seemed to find less personal topics more to his taste. Now she was advancing openly upon it, inquiring about the snow-bound group at Perley's, and awarding to any but the august name for which her ears were pricked a perfunctory attention.

"How should I know whether her hair was bleached or not?" he said sharply. "That's a very silly question."
Berny was taken aback.
"I don't see that it is," she said with unusual and somewhat stammering mildness. "Most blonde-haired women, even if they haven't bleached their hair, have had it restored."
Dominick did not answer her. The servant presented a dish at his elbow and he motioned it away with an impatient gesture.

Berny, who was not looking at him, went on.
"What kind of clothes did she wear? They say she's an elegant dresser, gets almost everything from Paris, even her underwear. I suppose she didn't have her best things up there. But she must have had something, because the papers said they'd gone prepared for a two weeks' trip."
"I never noticed anything she wore."
"Well, isn't that just like you, Dominick Ryan?" exclaimed his wife, unable, at this unmerited disappointment, to refrain from some expression of her feelings. "And you might know I'd be anxious to hear what she had on."
"I'm very sorry, but I haven't an idea about any of her clothes. I think they were always dark, mostly black or brown."

"Did you notice," almost pleadingly, "what she wore when she went out?" Mrs. Whitting, the forelady at Hazel's millinery, says she imported a set of sables, muff, wrap and hat, for just this autumn. Hazel says it was her finest thing of its kind you ever laid your eyes on. Did she have them up there?"
"I couldn't possibly tell you. I don't know what sables are. I saw her once with a fur cap on, but I think it belonged to Willoughby, an Englishman who was staying there, and used to have his cap hanging on the pegs in the hall. It's quite useless asking me these questions. I don't know anything about the subject. Did you wind the clock while I was away?"
He looked at the clock, a possession of his own, given him in the days when his mother and sister delighted to ornament his rooms with costly gifts and in which he had never before evinced the slightest interest.

"Of course, I wound it," Berny said with an air of hurt protest. "Haven't I wound it regularly for nearly three years?"
This brought the subject of Rose Cannon to an end and she was not alluded to again during the dinner. The conversation reverted to such happenings in the city as Berny thought might interest her husband, and it seemed to her that he was more pleased to sit and listen to her chatter of her sisters, the bank, the theaters, and the shops, than to dilate any further on his adventures in the snow-bound Sierra.

When the dinner was over, they returned to the front of the flat, where next to the parlor there was a tiny hall-room fitted up as a smoking-room and den. It was merely a continuation of the hall, and "the cozy corner" which Berny had had a Polk street upholsterer construct in it, occupied most of the available space, and crowded such visitors as entered it into the corners. It had been Berny's idea to have this room "lined with books" as she expressed it, but their joint possessions in this line consisting of some twenty-five volumes, and the fact that the contracted space made it impossible to accommodate both the books and the cozy corner, Berny had decided in favor of the latter. She now seated herself on the divan that formed the integral part of this construction, and, piling the pillows behind her, leaned luxuriously back under the canopy of variegated stuffs which was supported by two formidable-looking lances.

Dominick sat in his easy chair. He always smoked in this room and read the papers, and presently he picked them up from the table and began to look them over. The conversation languished, became spasmodic, and finally died away. Berny, leaning back on the cushions, tried several times to revive it, but her husband from among the spread sheets of the evening press answered her with the inarticulate sounds of mental preoccupation, and sometimes with no sound at all, till she abandoned the attempt and leaned back under the canopy in a silence that was not by any means the somnolent quietude of after-dinner torpor.

The clock hands were pointing to half-past nine when a ring at the bell was followed by the appearance of the Chinaman at the door, stating that the expressman had come with Mr. Ryan's valises. Dominick threw down his papers and left the room. As Berny sat silent, she could hear the expressman's gruff deep voice in the hall and the thuds of the valises as he thumped them down at the stair-head. Dominick answered him and there were a few more remarks, followed by the retreating sound of the man's heavy feet on the stairs and the bang of the hall door. She sat looking at the clock, waiting for her husband to return, and then as he did not come and the hall seemed singularly quiet she leaned forward and sent an exploring glance down its dim length. Dominick was not there, but a square of light fell out from an open doorway of his room.

"Dominick," she called, "what are you doing?"
He came to the door of the room in his shirtsleeves, a tall figure looking lean and powerful in this closer-fitting and lighter garb.
"I'm unpacking my things, and then I'm going to bed."
"Oh!" she answered with a falling inflection, leaning forward, with her elbows planted on her knees, craning her neck to see more plainly down the narrow passageway. "It's only half-past nine; why do you want to go to bed so early?"
"I'm tired, and it will take me some time to get these things put away."
"Can I help you?" she asked without moving.

"No, thanks. There's nothing much to bother about. Good night, Berny," and he stepped back into the room and shut the door.
Berny sat as he had left her for a space, and then drew back upon the divan and leaned against the mound of pillows. She made the movement slowly and slowly, her face set in a rigidity of thought to which her body seemed fixed and obedient. She sat thus for an hour without moving, her

eyes staring before her, two straight lines bled in the skin between her brows.
So he was still angry, angry and unforgetting. That was the way she read his behavior. The coldness that he exhaled—that penetrated even her unresponsive outer shell—she took to be the coldness of unexpressed indignation. He had never before been just like this. There was a something of acquired forbearance and patience about him—a cultivated thing, not a spontaneous outward indication of an inner condition of being—which was new to her observation. He was not sulky or cross; he was simply withdrawn from her and trying to hide it under a manner of careful, guarded civility. It was different from any state she had yet seen in him, but it never crossed her mind that it might be caused by the influence of another woman.

He was still angry—that was what Berny thought; and sitting on the divan under the canopy with its heretofore-poised lances she meditated on the subject. His winning back was far from accomplished. He was not as "easy" as she had always thought. A feeling of respect for him entered into her musings, a feeling that was novel, for in her regard for her husband



He Came to the Door of the Room in His Shirt Sleeves.

there had previously been a careless, slighting tolerance which was not far removed from contempt. But if he had pride enough to keep her thus coldly at arm's length, to withstand her attempts at forgiveness and reconciliation, he was more of a man than she thought, and she had guessed, she did not melt into anything like self-pity at the facility of her efforts, which, had Dominick known of them, would have seemed to him extremely pathetic. That they had not succeeded gave her a new impetus of force and purpose, made her think, and scheme with a hard, cool resolution. To "make up" and gain ascendancy over Dominick, independent and proudly indifferent, was much more worth while than to bully Dominick, patient, enduring and ruled by a sense of duty.

CHAPTER XI.

The Gods in the Machine.
On the second Sunday after their return from Antelope, Bill Cannon resolved to dedicate the afternoon to paying calls. This, at least, was what he told his daughter at luncheon as he, she, and Gene sat over the end of the meal. To pay calls was not one of the Bonanza King's customs, and in answer to Rose's query as to whom he was going to honor thus, he responded that he thought he'd "start in with Della Ryan."

Rose made no comment on this intelligence. The sharp glance he cast at her discovered no suggestion of consciousness in the peach-like placidity of her face. It gratified him to see her thus unsuspecting, and in the mellow warmth of his satisfaction he turned and addressed a polite query to Gene as to how he intended spending the afternoon. Gene and Rose, it appeared, were going to the park to hear the band. Gene loved a good band, and one that played in the park Sunday afternoons was especially good. The Sunday before, Gene had heard it play Poet and Peasant and the Overture of William Tell, and it was great! That was one of the worst things about living on a ranch, Gene complained, you didn't have any music except at the men's house at night when one of the Mexicans played on an accordion.

The old man, with his elbow on the table, and a short, blunt-fingered hand stroking his beard, looked at his son with narrowed eyes full of veiled amusement. When he did not find Gene disagreeably aggravating as his only failure, he could, as it were, stand away from him and realize how humorous he was if you took him in a certain way.
"What's the Mexican play?" he growled without removing his hand.
"La Paloma," answered Gene, pleased to be questioned thus amicably by his autocratic sire, "generally La Paloma, but he can play The Heart Bowed Down and the Toreador song from Carmen. I want him to learn the Miserere from Trovatore. It's nice to sit on the porch after dinner and listen while you smoke."

"Sort of Court Minstrel," said his father, thumping down his napkin with his hand spread flat on it. "Don't you know how to begin?"
"What is the first step toward remedying the discontent of the masses?"
"The first step," replied the energetic campaigner, "is to get out and make speeches to prove to them how discontented they are."—Washington Star.



"Really, Berny, I Don't Know," Answered the Victim

It was part of the natural perversity of man that Dominick should shy from it and expend valuable time on descriptions of the other prisoners. "There was an actor there," he said, "snowed in on his way to Sacramento, a queer-looking chap, but not bad."
"An actor?" said Berny, trying to look interested. "What did he act?"
"Melodrama, I think. He told me he played all through the northwest and east as far as Denver. The poor chap was caught up there and was afraid he was going to lose a Sacramento engagement that I guess meant a good deal to him. He was quite interesting, been in the Klondike in the first rush and had some queer sto-

wife said, giving her head an agreeing wag. "They say she's just as easy and unassuming as can be. Did you think she was pretty when you saw her close to?"
"Really, Berny, I don't know," answered the victim in a tone of goaded patience. "She looks just the same close to as she does at a distance. I don't notice people's looks much. Yes, I suppose she's pretty."
"She has blonde hair," said Berny, leaning forward over her plate in the eagerness of her interest. "Did it look to you as if it was bleached?"
He raised his eyes, and his wife encountered an unexpected look of anger in them. She shrank a little, being totally unprepared for it.

Genio Cannon, with his minstrel playing to him in the gloaming; it's very picturesque. Did you ever think of having a Court Fool too, or perhaps you don't feel as if you needed one?"
He arose from his chair before Gene, who never quite understood the somewhat ferocious humor of his parent, had time to reply.
"Well, so long," said the old man; "be good children and don't get into mischief, and Rose, see that your brother doesn't get lost or so carried away by the Poet and Peasant that he forgets the dinner hour. Adios, girlsie."

A half-hour later he walked down the flight of marble steps that led in dignified sweep from the front door to the street. It was a wonderful day and for a moment he paused, looking with observing eyes at the prospect of hill and bay which seemed to glitter in the extreme clearness of the atmosphere. Like all Californians he had a strong, natural appreciation of scenic and climatic beauty. Preoccupied with thoughts and schemes which were sensitively responsive to the splendors of the view before him, to the unclouded, pure blue of the vault above, to the balmy softness of the air against his face. Some one had once

asked him why he did not live in Paris as the ideal home of the man of great wealth and small scruples. His answer had been that he preferred San Francisco because there were more fine days in the year there than anywhere else he knew of.
Now he paused, sniffing the air with distended nostril and inhaling it in deep, grateful inspirations. His eye moved slowly over the noble prospect, noted the deep sapphire tint of the bay, the horizon, violet dark against a pale sky, and the gem-like blues and amethysts of the distant hills. He turned his glance in the other direction and looked down the gray expanse of the street, the wide, clear, stately street, with its air of clean spaciousness, sun-bathed, silent, almost empty, in the calm quietude of the Sabbath afternoon. The bustling thoroughfares of greater cities, with their dark, sordid crowds, their unlovely, vulgar hurly, their distracting noise, were offensive to him. The wonder crossed his mind, as it had done before, how men who could escape from such surroundings chose to remain in them.

He walked forward slowly, a thick-set, powerful figure, his frock-coat buttoned tight about the barrel-like roundness of his torso, a soft, black felt hat pulled well down on his head. His feet were broad and blunt like his hands, and in their square-toed shoes he planted them firmly on the pavement with a tread of solid, deliberate authority. His forward progress had something in it of an invincible, resistless march. He was thinking deeply as he walked, arranging and planning, and there was nothing in his figure, or movements, or the expression of his face, which suggested the sauntering aimlessness of an afternoon stroll.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The First Climbers.
A Munich paper has been searching the records of history to discover who were the first mountain climbers. It gives the palm to Moses and his ascent of Mount Sinai, and rules out Noah for his ascent of Mount Ararat because he made it in a boat. There is sufficient evidence to show that the ancients thought mountain climbing sheer madness.
No one in the time of Heracle or Polybius wanted to go climbing for a summer holiday. A Chinese emperor in the seventh century was the first to make climbing fashionable in the east. But the first true tourists in Europe seem to have been Dante, Petrarch and Leonard. Then came the Emperor Maximilian I, who used to hunt in the mountains near Innsbruck, and after him Conrad von Gesner and Josias Simler explored the Swiss mountains. But climbing for pleasure such as we know it today was not thought of until quite recently.—Westminster Gazette.

How to Begin.
"What is the first step toward remedying the discontent of the masses?"
"The first step," replied the energetic campaigner, "is to get out and make speeches to prove to them how discontented they are."—Washington Star.