

THE MYSTERY OF ENOCH

OUR SERMON STORY by the
"Highway and Byway" Preacher.
(A Vision Between the Lines of God's
Inspired Word.)

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Scripture Authority:—"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."—Gen. 5:24. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."—Heb. 11:5.



ADINA had fled. The household of Methuselah was in consternation and deep sorrow. That morning she had gone forth with her water pot to draw water from the spring, and late in the forenoon, not having returned, one of the boys was sent in search of her. In a short time he came running

breathlessly back with her empty water jar, and the report that a sheep herder, who had just arrived at the watering place with his sheep, brought the tidings that far down on the road to the land of Nod he had met the missing girl in company with other young people from this part of the country, journeying with a richly-dressed stranger, who was regaling them with stories of the wonders and delights of his land.

"It is the stranger who has been in these parts for some time," exclaimed Ahred, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "I was talking last night with Gether, one of the neighbor's boys, and he seemed much excited over the stories he had heard about Nod. In a half-laughing way he asked me if I would not like to go there."

"Lamech," hastily directed the father, addressing his eldest born, "do you endeavor to overtake your sister, and seek to persuade her and those with her to return. I will go at once and obtain counsel in this matter from Father Enoch. Something must be done, for not only is the godless land of Nod drawing away our people, but the corrupting practices of that worldly-minded place are slowly but surely gaining foothold here."

While he was speaking the father had been busy fastening the leathern sandals to his feet, and reaching for his staff he passed out of the door, just as Lamech, who had completed his preparations, started down the road in the opposite direction.

As Methuselah strode rapidly along he pondered deeply on the conditions which had come to pass. "Where will it end?" he asked himself. "The time was when our people were proud to be called God's people, but now they dislike and despise the name. With the exception of the aged heads of the families, they have quite forsaken their faith in God and are more and more completely centering all thought and ambition in material things. The corrupting influence of the land of Nod is spreading. Our young people are being drawn away by the glitter and pleasure of the world."

The picture grew blacker and blacker the deeper he went into the situation, and in despair he at last exclaimed, over and over again:

"What can be done? What can be done?"

And well might he be sad and troubled, for the religious decline at this time was serious and rapid. It is at such periods of darkness that God chooses sometimes to send forth His brightest light, and to work marvelously, and though Methuselah did not know or realize it, a thing was about to transpire which would set people's ears tingling and their hearts to pondering. God was not going to leave His people without exhausting every effort to turn them from their evil ways—He never does.

It is not strange that Methuselah should turn to Enoch in the present trouble, for ever since the death of Adam, 57 years before, he was the recognized spiritual leader and adviser of the people. His fame as an upright and godly man had spread to the land of Nod, for even the ungodly are quick to recognize purity of life and faithful devotion to high principles. Ever since he was a boy and at his great ancestor Adam's knee had listened with absorbed interest to the story of the creation, of the fellowship with God in the Garden, of sin's entrance and God's gracious dealings with sinful man, he had seemed possessed with a spirit of love and devotion to God. Thus in purity of life and unselfish service for others he had walked with God. No wonder that his was an ever-widening circle of influence and that at Adam's death he should be the one to whom the people would turn as their leader and counselor.

The eight generations of the sons of Adam in the line of Seth had gathered at the aged patriarch's bedside as the end drew near. There was Seth, whom God had given to Adam and Eve in the place of the godly Abel; there

was Seth's eldest son Enos, and Enos' first born Cainan, and Cainan's eldest son Methuselah, and Jared his son, and Enoch the son of Jared, and Methuselah and Methuselah's son Lamech. Adam had rested his hand of blessing upon each one in turn, and then Death's strange hand had claimed him and left the body cold and lifeless.

At the simple but impressive funeral service the multitude of descendants had gathered, and a solemn hush fell upon all as Enoch pointed the lesson of the hour. He spoke of death as the fulfillment of God's word to Adam in the Garden, of how it was the consequence of sin, and then he dwelt upon the promises of God that Satan should be overcome and man delivered, and ended by pointing to the mystery of the sacrifice which God had made and the covering which He had provided for man. As he finished there came a voice out of the Heavens saying:

"God is pleased with thee, Enoch, for thou hast borne faithful testimony for Him."

And all the people wondered and trembled, and from that hour Enoch was recognized as leader and adviser. But the 57 years which had transpired since then had brought sad changes, and the impressions of that hour had long since vanished before the crowding interests and pleasures of this life.

The memory of all these incidents crowded upon the mind of Methuselah as he journeyed, and when at dusk he drew near to his Father Enoch's door his heart was filled with a multitude of emotions.

"Ah, that God's voice might speak again," he cried, "and make His people remember Him."

Was it the cry which through the gathering gloom reached Enoch's ear, or was it the voice of his own heart? All day his soul had been singularly stirred with the thoughts of God and the needs of His people. And now there had seemed to come a voice. Instinctively he turned towards the door, and father and son met on the threshold.

"What brings thee, my son, at this late hour?" asked Enoch, as he welcomed him with hearty embrace.

"A sad errand, father," responded Methuselah, after a painful silence. "Adina, drawn by the enticements of Nod, has fled thither, and not only is my heart heavy over her going, but also because on every hand there is a forgetting of God and indifference to His claims. Lamech has gone in effort to overtake her and persuade her to return, and I have hastened to you that you might counsel as to the right course to pursue in again turning the people to God."

Late into the night the men sat and talked earnestly. Enoch went over step by step the leadings and dealings of God with His children from Adam to the present time, and as they separated for the night, he said with rare sweetness and abiding confidence: "God liveth in the Heavens, and will not leave His people without certain testimony of His nearness and His power."

Long did Methuselah lie pondering these words and then fell into a fitful slumber in which he seemed to see whole troops of angels passing to and fro while a glorious light shed by their iridescent robes filled all the place. Then strains of sweet music, the like of which he had never heard before, floated down, and as it ceased voices were heard in gentle converse. The rhythm of the sound seemed to lull him into deeper repose, and the voices and the light gradually faded and were gone, when suddenly the Heavens seemed to open and a great shaft of light shot down to earth, while a voice said:

"Come, thou shalt walk with Me in Heaven."

The scene was all so real and vivid, the voice so clear, the words so plain, that Methuselah sat bolt upright with a start and could not satisfy his own mind whether he had been asleep and dreaming or whether awake and had seen a vision.

The eastern light was just breaking over the earth. As though impelled by some unseen hand Methuselah moved to the place where his father had spread his mat.

It was empty!

The garments of skin were folded and placed at one side, with the leathern girdle resting on top, while at the head of the couch stood the familiar staff.

But Enoch was gone!

Whither? Methuselah needed naught more than the vision of the night to satisfy the query. Reverently he knelt. Long and silently he thus remained, and as he rose he fervently exclaimed:

"Surely, God hath spoken!"

The household was soon astir, and to Methuselah's strange story gave almost incredulous heed. Messengers were quickly dispatched in every direction bearing the startling tidings.

The aged Seth listened to the story with kindling eye and then exclaimed:

"God is near! Heaven is but a step! Now will the people awake to the reality of God and realize that this life does not end all."

But, as in the later days when Elijah rode into Heaven in God's flaming chariot, the unbelieving prophets sought for him and found him not; so when Enoch was translated the people would

not receive Methuselah's testimony until they had searched the country over for tidings or trace of the missing man.

And they found him not, for God had taken him. Even into the land of Nod they extended the search, some saying that he had gone thither in quest of his missing granddaughter, Adina, not knowing that Lamech had won the fair girl from her evil purpose and had brought her back home. And there the happy father found her next day as he returned home. A new fire burned within his heart, a new purpose ruled his life, and firmer faith reached up towards God. The translation of Enoch had begun a mighty mission, and stayed the progress of evil for a time among the people called by the name of the Lord. And thus does the Lord patiently and faithfully deal with His people, and exhaust all effort to bring them back to Him.

REVIVE MYSTERY PLAYS.

Benedictine Monks Reproduce Bible Stories at Famous Monastery in Germany.

Berlin.—An interesting attempt has been made at the famous Benedictine monastery of the Maria-Laach to revive the medieval mystery plays. The magnificent church was crowded with sightseers. The altar was screened by a thick curtain, which was drawn when the abbot and confraternity took their seats in the choir. Thereupon a host of angels, all clad in white, appeared, among them being the Archangel Michael and Lucifer. Suddenly the altar was illuminated and the manger at Bethlehem was disclosed. Michael and the good angels knelt in adoration, but Lucifer turns his back in contempt. As he does so his white robe falls to the ground and he is revealed in all his blackness. He is then driven away and Michael takes Lucifer's white robe and presents it before the altar.

The second scene represented the temptation of Adam by the serpent. Lucifer appears again, bearing the serpent all decked with flowers, which fall from his scaly length. While this scene is being enacted before the altar the choir sings words in Latin illustrating the proceedings. A procession was then formed and the vast congregation sank on its knees as the abbot and his monks carried an elaborately decorated image of the virgin to the altar. The abbot's benediction closed this singular revival of a medieval custom which is said to have had a profoundly emotional influence on those who witnessed it.

All Is Right at the End.

Mark Guy Pearse in his hopeful vein writes: "The little lad, reading some story, becomes enraptured in the fortunes of his hero—difficulties and dangers thicken about him; his safety is threatened on all sides; how shall it end? Excited and eager, he turns over the pages and looks further on. It is all right; the hero lives and triumphs. Now the lad breathes again, and with a brave heart faces the course of the fight once more. We, like the little lad, have sometimes trembled for the fortunes of our King. Then it is good to skip the pages of time and to look at the end. It is all right. 'Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'"

How to Save Yourself.

In working to save others we do the most good to ourselves. An Englishman who was going to drown himself found two sovereigns in his pocket, and, thinking it was a pity to waste so much, gave them to a poor woman who was starving for bread. When he saw how happy the pieces made the mother and her children, he bethought himself of how much happiness he could occasion by all the hoards of gold and silver he had in his cellar. He gave up the idea of suicide and devoted the rest of his life to doing good. By saving others he saved himself!

Timely Praise.

Some persons are far too much afraid of the effect of even a little generous and well-timed praise. They would keep all their flowers in an ice house. Letting in a little sunshine upon them at times would not be amiss. How lavish was the wise and large-hearted Paul with his words of commendation, whenever they could be honestly spoken or written!

Wanted Souls Saved.

It is said that once when Spurgeon was seriously ill he grew extremely impatient to get back to the pulpit, saying, among other things: "If I ever preach again I will leave out every bit of flourish and preach nothing but present and pressing truth, hurl it at the people with all my might, live at high pressure, and direct all my energies to the salvation of souls."

Great Floral Fete.

Pasadena, Cal., held its seventeenth annual tournament of roses recently. Sixty thousand people participated. The floral display was magnificent. A long procession of florally decorated floats, automobiles and carriages passed along streets and under arches decorated with flowers.

True Riches.

Leanness of soul is the portion of him who has gotten his wealth by fraud; but he who chooses poverty rather than dishonorable gain is richer than the mighty.—United Presbyterian.

DANGERS TO BE AVOIDED IN FEBRUARY.

Intense Cold Breeds Catarrh.

Sudden Changes Breed Catarrh.



Severe Weather. February is a month of severe storms and intense cold.

Even in the South where the prevailing temperature is much above wintry latitudes, February brings sudden changes of temperature.

Mercury sometimes drops 20 degrees in a single night.

Therefore, the following health hints are applicable to the whole of North America:

Ventilation. The sleeping rooms should be well ventilated, but so as to avoid direct currents of air.

Bathing. Those in vigorous health should take a cold water towel bath every morning before breakfast. Those in feeble health should take a brisk dry-towel-rub every morning.

Diet. The diet should be a generous one, including meat, and occasionally fresh vegetables.

Sunshine. The nights being long and the days short, as much sunshine as possible should be let into the house during the day.

Clothing. The head should be kept cool at all times. The feet should be kept warm and dry, day and night.

Peruna. When unavoidably exposed to cold or wet, a few doses of Peruna will avert bad consequences.

Precaution. When seized with a chill, or even slight chilliness, a dose of Peruna should be taken at once.



Rest. As much sleep as possible should be obtained in the forepart of the night.

Catarrh of Head. Mr. Frank Cobb, 175 Summit Street, Deering, Me., writes:

"I was troubled with catarrh in my head. I wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice and he prescribed Peruna."

"I took it and am happy to say it helped me at once. I feel better than I have for years."

Bronchial Trouble. Mr. J. Ed. O'Brien, Pres. American Pilot Ass'n, Pensacola, Fla., writes:

"I heartily give my endorsement to Peruna as an effective cure for catarrh and bronchial trouble."

Throat and Lungs. Frank Battle, Jr., 111 N. Market St., Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"Peruna has cured me of chronic bronchitis."

"It is the grandest discovery of the age for the throat and lungs."

Pneumonia. Mr. A. C. Danforth, St. Joseph, Mich., writes:

"I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was threatened with pneumonia."

"Peruna gave me relief within a couple of days. Three bottles saved me a large doctor bill and a great deal of suffering."

Thousands of Testimonials.

We have on file thousands of testimonials like the above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast array of unsolicited endorsements Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving. Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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