

**Saturday Night Talks**  
By Rev. F. E. DAVISON  
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**THE KING OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD.**

International Bible Lesson for Mar. 6, '10.—(Matt. 8:2-17).

The work of Christ at the beginning of His ministry is summarized in Matt. 4:23 under the three heads of teaching, preaching and healing. One branch of the work we have now seen in the lessons on the Sermon on the Mount, viz., teaching and preaching, and Matthew now goes on to set forth the other great branch of His work in two chapters of miracles, a group of marvelous works—the signs of the kingdom.

**Signs of the Kingdom.**

The gradation is natural, Christ came into a world that needed something more than counsel, rules of life, good advice and direction. He found a world "where the whole head was sick and the whole heart faint." Men need not only the teacher's voice, but the Healer's touch, and it was because of this that He who spoke as never man spoke, proved Himself the King of the Physical world by His miracles of healing. The healing is as essential as the teaching. For Christ is not a mere ambassador from the court of heaven. He was the King of Heaven, and as such he must have divine credentials and prove that "in Him was life, and the life was the light of men." So the miracles were the signs of the Kingdom of Heaven,—not prodigies, spectacular wonders to startle and dazzle the beholders. They were never performed for vulgar show, but whenever the opportunity and occasion demanded were put forth naturally, easily, without strain or sensation, in a kindly fashion by the King Himself, testifying that he was by divine right King in the physical world. He never seeks out occasions to formally show His power. He steadfastly refuses to work miracles to awe a gaping crowd. He never poses, saying, "Watch me do a startling, mysterious thing." He is always the natural King from Heaven with a heart of love and a hand of power. That heart never was emptied of its love, that hand never failed in its touch of power.

**Chronic Diseases.**

In this lesson we have the account of the healing of two men, and a woman. Of the men one was a leper, the other a paralytic. The leper was healed with a touch; the palsied man was healed at a distance. One man begged for healing, the other man's master appeared in his behalf. One patient was defiled, the other was helpless. Both were healed instantly, both were healed on account of perfect faith. Leprosy and palsy were symbolic diseases; they represented sin wholly possessing its victim, the one, the case of those entirely defiled by sin, the other, the condition of those who are paralyzed in that part of their being which constitutes inward life, unable apparently to do anything for themselves in the way of salvation. They represent the extreme of the unconverted world, whether Jew or Gentile.

**Acute Diseases.**

Coming into Peter's house at the close of the day Christ found His disciple's mother-in-law prostrate with a fever, and immediately relieved the situation, by healing her on the spot. This third case of healing in one day was within the circle of the disciples. And it suggests the spiritual diseases to which those are liable who are the intimate friends of the King. Healed of chronic diseases of the past we yet are liable to contagion, exposed to attacks of acute diseases, which though temporary are dangerous, and which need the touch of the Great Physician. Epidemics sometimes sweep through churches and disciples are attacked by all kinds of fevers, when the fever gets flushed, and the blood hot, the voice strident, and the eye glaring, and the tongue rattling on in delicious speech. Peter himself took a sudden fever several times in his career from which he was only recovered by the Master's prescription.

**Representative Cases.**

These three miracles in this lesson are selected to show that the King is lord of the body. They are representative cases, they are given in detail to lead us up to the statement which follows in the 16th verse: "When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils, and he cast out the spirits with His word; and healed all that were sick: That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

And thus Christ demonstrated that He is King of the physical world. No possible harm can come to those bodies of ours that is beyond His ability. In Christ's day there were no hospitals in Palestine, the only hospital there was a travelling hospital, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And no one ever came to Him to be pronounced incurable, and no one was turned away convalescent. His works of healing were instantaneous, complete, permanent. And why not? If a man makes a machine, he ought to be able to repair it. If Christ is what He claims to be King of the Kingdom of God, it ought to be the easiest thing in the world for him to banish every evil thing from that realm, of thought or word or deed. For, of that kingdom which He set Himself to prepare, it was long ago announced, "And the inhabitants shall not say I am sick."

**BENEATH GROUND.**

**In a British Columbia Gold Mine.**

When the manager of a gold mine at Rossland offered to take us down we accepted readily, and it was only when we were invited to "step in" that we thought of the light summer suits which most of us were wearing. We had left the boat at Cobson and come on to Rossland to learn something of that vast mineral wealth upon which, with lumber and fisheries and fruit growing, the commercial and industrial future of British Columbia is to be built. At the Centre Star the plant of the shaft is one of about 69 degrees and the body of the skip slopes back to the rails upon which it falls into the depths. Which means that when the eight of us are packed tightly in the innocents who have entered first find themselves tilted on their heels, their backs upon the cold, wet, rusty iron, and held fast by the overlying strata of human voidopolis which fills the skip.

It was at the third floor window that the man stood who heard the Optimist, hurrying by on his long fall from the roof of the twenty story skyscraper, murmur to himself that it was "All right, so far." It is at about that stage of his downward journey, probably, that the man who descends a mine for the first time begins to take the cheerful view. His earlier mind is complex, elusive and difficult of analysis, but at any rate it is not cheerful. Sudden blackest darkness; the feeling of falling out of one's hair; the whirling cable that may snap; the engine man who may lose control; an upward glancing of the foot to all Defending Powers; and then oblivion—an oblivion cloven as it were, in part the openings, one below the other, of the dimly lit galleries at deeper and deeper levels. The skip slackens speed, hovers hesitatingly for a moment and then comes to a stand and we step out.

"You'll want candles," says the manager, and on the threshold of this new world we light them propitiatorily, as upon an altar. It is a world of gray. The walls before us and the roof above, upheld by huge timbering, are gray, relieved only at a nearer view by the shimmer of the imprisoned metals. The galleries that extend to right and left, the cars which pass us laden and the men who bend behind them are gray as the ore which they dump between the rails into a chamber below. The electric lamps which line the roofs of the galleries burn gray, as it seems, and the very air is gray. On the mountain above the sun is shining, and thank God for the green world that one can look upon thence.

"Ollabo'd!" cries our guide. Obediently we clamber into the little square trucks which have been brought up in a row to carry us through the mine. Each man has his truck, rides alone upon his own plank and lights himself with his own particular candle.

In a moment we are in the gallery. As we meet the sharp current of air the hot wax gutters over onto our fingers and we slant the candles back to the horizontal.

At the end of a long gallery, where a second shaft descends, we cumb out, penetrate a gloomy, narrow passage in which heaps of ore lie waiting to be trucked away, and croaking enter from below a little chamber, some 8 by 8 feet, blasted in the rock.

Here, where the air is still full of the odor of gelignite, is a driller at work with his machine. We squeeze ourselves flat and bend low against the sloping walls and watch.

The heavy iron arm shoots out and in, striking the face of the rock full square perhaps fifty times a minute, every blow falling with the weight of 1,000 pounds, twisting as it strikes as if to bore through what it cannot break away. The man behind the drill turns on us an impassive face. No one speaks or would be heard for the echoes of the thrust and thud and the vibration of the machine. We wonder that beneath such blows and amid such din the sleeping masters of gray underground should not awake and bring the foundations down upon us.

At the bottom of the shaft we wait while the men of the night shift flash by us, skip after skip, to their work in the lower depths, and then we are drawn out of the void as we came.—London Daily News.

**Bread in Sixty Minutes.**

Reaping began on a field of wheat at Blockley, in Worcestershire, at 9 o'clock in the morning and was served as bread just 60 minutes after.

The 'coon hunters of Three Springs Huntingdon county this state, recently freed a 'coon, shot it, and then had a dog fight under the tree, and all the fun and excitement belonging to a genuine 'coon hunt, only to find later that it was somebody's tabby cat.

There are now in Germany 116 cities with special schools for backward children. The total number of these schools is 203, and the number of pupils is 13,100. Berlin has 31 of these accessory schools.

If you are prosperous you will be envied and if poor despised; get in the middle of the road and turn on steam.—Curo Record.

"How fast does your automobile go?"  
"I can't say," replied the motorist. "It all depends on how many sheriffs we meet on the route."

Many a girl surrenders at the piano-forte.

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