

The Thor-Kin and the Angel-Kin.

BY LIVINGSTON T. MAYS

When the Saviour was on earth, one day God spoke to him from heaven, and John says (John xii 29) "The people that stood by and heard it said 'it thundered;' others said 'An angel spake to him'" This divides humanity into two classes the thunder-kin (or) the Thor-Kin and the Angel-Kin. When God spake to Christ after his great sermon the Thor-Kin heard only a loud noise. The Angel-Kin heard the voice of Jehovah. There was one sound or message. To some it was thunder. To others it was a heavenly message.

It is a canon of science that there is no sound without hearing, no music without listening ears. The underlying principle of this truth is found in art, in nature, and in life.

Art.—All men are unawakened Helen Kellers, waiting for some power to reveal to them the music and beauty about them. Wireless messages of priceless worth are penetrating every nook and corner of earth seeking human instruments keyed to receive them. That which beholds art or receives sound waves gives them their harmony and beauty. A piano with a keyboard and strings only, is little better than a tin pan; the sounding board must be there to catch up the ear-racking twang and bang and transform it into sweet music. The fiddle string has in it only a screech and a whang if stretched on a pine board? But put it on a Stradivarius Violin and it will give forth the soul of melody.

It is so with men. To the untrained ear the "canned" music of the phonograph and the blare of the brass band are better music than the sonatas of Bethoven or the Messias of Handel. In painting the same is true. One man sees a yard of canvass with a quart of paint upon it, 20cts worth of paint and 20cts worth of cloth. Another sees in it humble peasant reverence in sunset glory adoring God, and hears the

angelus ringing in yonder Gothic tower, and he gladly parts with a king's ransom that he may own the art treasure.

NATURE.—That which is evident in the appreciation of art is plainer in man's estimate of nature. God has there made free for all, the greatest and best things of creation. But much of it is wasted on man. The Thunder-Kin see in the cloud a sign of rain. The Angel-Kin, Ruskins and Whistlers, see in them color palaces of wonder and delectable mountains. The farmer sees in the red sunset a sign of drought, the sensitive soul sees in it the glory of God and the beauty of holiness.

LIFE.—But all this is wasted if we are unable to see : in painting, not color, but life : in music, not sound, but soul. All toil and art is lost which does not find its end in awakening the best in men and women, so they shall not be like the rough soldiery, who said they heard the wierd cackle of witches, but like Jean of Arc, who perceived that angels were calling to higher things.

But when nature and art have done their best, men are, though elevated, in an unredeemed and pitiable state. Lord Byron who had all that these could give, but lived without God and morality said in his thirty third year :

“ My days are in the yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.
The fire that in my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic Isle ;
Nor torch is kindled at its flame—
A funeral pyle.”

Cultured Nicodemus came to Christ, and the Savior said to him : “ You must be born again.” A man has not half lived who is only a son of Adam. He must become also a son of God, if he understands the language of angels, or knows the preciousness of the

Bible, or feels the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, or sees things eternal, or is enabled to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. If in a besieged castle like Elijah, God shows him the heavenly host encamped about to deliver him. If in prison stocks like Paul, God gives him songs in the night. If on some lone isle like Patmos, he sees visions of heaven's wonders and gold. If he must meet death, he can feel the grasp of the hand which was pierced with nails. And when the end of all things shall come, and the unredeemed herd shall cry to the rocks: "Fall on us and hide us from the wrath of the Lamb," the thunder of Michael's trumpet shall be to him an angel voice calling him to meet his Lord in the air.

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