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Concerning Christ and the Church*

Edited by
Dr. H. A. Cameron

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T. D. W. MUIR
DECEMBER, 1930

Joining with a crowd we can use expressions which we would shrink from applying to ourselves personally, but what folly to shelter in a crowd to deceive ourselves when we know that at the very time when shelter is most wanted we shall be separated. God says the wheat shall be separated from the tares; there will be no mixing under that scrutiny. The sheep shall be separated from the goats. Surely no one supposes God will hastily pass him in a crowd by oversight. God cannot be deceived for "our Saviour" has said, "Many shall say unto Me Lord, Lord," "and I will profess I never knew you. Depart from Me." Kings, great men, rich men, mighty men, bondmen and freemen, shall yet call upon the mountains and rocks to cover them. Vain cry! His rocks and His mountains, which He created by the word of His mouth! Is it not folly?

If you, my reader, are yet unsaved, you must either become personally known to and know your Saviour now, or you will be involved in this almost incredible folly at last. Time is passing. Another year has gone; you are a year nearer to that awful day. Surely this matter is of such importance that it is worth your thought.

"God has spoken to us in His Son" and "we ought to give the more earnest heed," for "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

"What think you of Christ—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" Come out of the crowd now, and ask yourself now, Am I saved? Is Jesus my Saviour?

He said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and "If I say the truth, why do ye not believe Me?"

Be honest with yourself. Decide! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ who "came to seek and to save that which was lost", and who is "able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."
—J.

Erratum

In the article "Wayside Preaching" December number, at p. 547, line 29, please read "against his forehead, bowed his head to the mat; while the father yielded to the circumstances of the case so far as to re-seat himself." (A line had been left out).

Conferences

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. The 1939 Thanksgiving Conference was very well attended. Ministry was given by Andrew Douglas, George Landis, Peter Pell, Hugh McEwen, Adam Ferguson, and William Pell. The Saturday afternoon and evening meetings were devoted to reports from pioneer preachers, evangelists, and missionaries. Some 27 brethren took part in these meetings. About 1100 were present at the Lord's table on Sunday morning. Robert Thompson of Texas gave valuable help in the Children's meeting; and a few professed to be saved.

OAKLAND, CALIF. Our conference of Nov. 22 to 26 was a time of refreshing to all. The ministry was varied and harmonious all through and all pointing to that blessed One Whom we love. The numbers were larger than ever, the hall overcrowded so that on Sunday afternoon we had meetings in two other halls to relieve the congestion. —Thomas Hill.

PITTSBURGH, PA. The recent Conference at Friendship Avenue Pittsburgh was considered one of the best in years. The ministry was of a varied character, touching every department of the believer's life and testimony. There was a large gathering including

fifteen of the Lord's servants. "Pressing problems" and "questions" which were new features of the Conference, proved to be very helpful and interesting. —Norman Gunn.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA. Cesare Patrizio is at present in Los Angeles visiting among Italians and hopes to reach those of his nation in that western State.

After the Oakland Conference Messrs. Tharp and Waugh stayed for meetings.

FLORIDA. At Mr. R. T. Halliday's meetings in Tampa there are evidences of interest and blessing on the Word. He purposes to spend the winter in Florida, hoping that the warm climate will be beneficial to Mrs. Halliday's health. His present address is 312 W. Columbus Drive, Tampa, Fla.

ILLINOIS. Messrs. John and David Horn are at present in Chicago seeking to follow up last summer's tent work by helping the young believers in Christ who professed at that time. After a season there our brethren purpose to go West.

MICHIGAN. The Central Hall Assembly had visits from Mr. Oswald McLeod, Mr. John Bernard and Mr. Sam Kellar, who helped in ministry and the gospel in other assemblies in Detroit.

West Chicago Boulevard Assembly. Three professed during 5 weeks of meetings held by C. R. Kellar and A. P. Klabunda. The afternoon and evening meetings on Thanksgiving Day, 23rd November, were helpful and well attended. R. McCrory and local brethren gave help. J. Bernard and O. L. MacLeod have visited us on our regular meeting nights and have given help. —Alexander Stewart

Mr. Frank Pizzulli had good meetings in the Italian Hall.

OHIO, Cleveland. "Our brethren Joyce and Harris are having large and fruitful meetings in Addison Road Hall and quite a few have professed faith in Christ. We hope to see in manifestation some of the things which accompany salvation." W. P. Douglas

PENNSYLVANIA. J. McCullough has had some interesting meetings in the Olney Hall in Philadelphia. The assembly has had much to cheer them this year in conversions and additions to the gathering. Brethren Govan and Klabunda are expected to begin a series in January.

WASHINGTON, D. C. We have had four weeks of special meetings, Bro. Beveridge two weeks and Bro. Winemiller three weeks (one week together). The ministry was Christ-exalting, so most helpful to saved and unsaved. Children's meetings during the week were tried for the first time in our new Hall and were very encouraging, some parents accompanying their children. We have also had much appreciated week end visits from Bro. Hugh Thorpe and Bro. Samuel C. Keller. —Lloyd W. Wineberg, Correspondent.

CANADA

ONTARIO. Mr. R. McClurkin had two weeks' good and well-attended meetings in Mc Nab St., Hall, Hamilton. We also had brother Wilson from the Argentine telling of his work there. —N. L. Goodfellow

Tillsonburg. Eight weeks' meetings were conducted here by Brother Ross McConkey. The meetings well attended, the hall filled to capacity Lord's Day night—the ministry was profitable to God's people and faithful in the Gospel. Four or five professed faith in Christ. In the month of November five were baptised and received into the Assembly. So the Lord has been pleased to give us some encouragement in the meetings here. —Thos. E. Touzeau

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“Lovingkindness That Faileth Not”

A New Year’s Message

W. H. Bennett

Psalm 136 is a call to thanksgiving. It first declares the goodness and supremacy of Jehovah, and then sets forth His works—His wisdom in creation and His goodness in the redemption and restoration of His people. Its peculiarity consists in the repetition of the great temple song, “*His mercy endureth for ever.*” The word for mercy means *lovingkindness*, and expresses the special favour of Jehovah to His own people. This explains vv. 12-20, for judgment on the enemies of Israel meant mercy to Israel.

FIRST MENTION OF THE TEMPLE SONG

The first occurrence of what we have called the *temple song* is in the record of David’s taking “the ark of the covenant” to Jerusalem. Knowing that “the Lord hath chosen Zion, He hath desired it for His habitation” (Ps. 132:13), he takes to the city of God’s choice the symbol of His presence; and, with a deep sense of God’s goodness as shown in the fulfilment of His promises, he delivers a psalm, “to thank the Lord, into the hand of Asaph and his brethren” (1 Chron. 16:7). In that Psalm he ascribes glory and praise to God for the fulfilment of His covenant, and closes with the words, “Oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for *He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.*” Acknowledging what God *is*, and what *He has done*, is true worship. “He is *good*” and thus the fountain of all goodness; and the display of His *lovingkindness* is the flowing forth of the stream that ever enriches His people and never impoverishes Him.

THE SECOND OCCASION

The next occurrence of this song is at the consecration of the temple. The son of David was on the throne of a united people; the *peaceful* one had built the house for which the *warrior* had prepared, and the people gathered in joy and triumph to the dedication of that magnificent building in which

Jehovah would graciously receive their worship. Again the ark was removed, this time from the tent in which David had placed it, to the temple in which it was to abide; and again the singers accompanied the instruments of music with the words, "*For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.*" Jehovah showed His good pleasure in their song by filling the house with His glory, and then, after Solomon had prayed, and "the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house," the rejoicing multitude "bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, *For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever*" (2 Chron. 5:13; 7:1-3).

THE THIRD OCCURRENCE

A century passed, and the glory of Solomon's reign had become a matter of history. The kingdom had been rent; ten tribes had apostatized from the God of Israel, and Judah had been far from faithful. At this time, however, the throne was occupied by a man of faith, and, when Ammon and Moab attacked Judah, Jehoshaphat simply put the matter into the hand of God, and proved—as all must prove who follow his example—the truth of the word, "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee." Accepting God's promise of deliverance, he charged the people, "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper." In this spirit of faith "he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the Lord; *for His mercy endureth for ever*" (2 Chron. 20:20,21).

THE FOURTH OCCASION

We pass over four centuries more. The sins of the people had led to the great Babylonian captivity, but God had not forgotten His covenant, and He "stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, King of Persia," so that he gave the captives liberty to return to the land of their fathers and encouraged them to do so, and to build a house for their God at Jerusalem. Under Zerubbabel and Joshua the foundation of that house was laid, but in what different circumstances from those in which, five centuries before, the first temple was erected! Multitudes, dominion, wealth and magnificence had given place to fewness, feebleness and poverty; but God had not changed, and on His

lovingkindness they could still count. It may be that with even deeper gratitude than in Solomon's day they sang, "*He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever toward Israel*" (Ezra 3:11).

What lessons there are for us here when we are tempted to say "the former days were better than these"! If we think of the weak and scattered condition of the Lord's people, we may be tempted to say that all is lost. But let us remember that we have GOD, and saints of early days could have no more. The present condition of things gives special occasion for the exercise of that faith which "overcometh the world." Though we are in days of weakness and failure, His mercy endureth, and "having received mercy we faint not."

ITS FUTURE USE

Israel as a nation has not done with this song, for the promise given through Jeremiah has yet to be fulfilled, and, in a temple whose glory shall surpass that of the temple of Solomon, they shall sing their *temple song*, "*Praise the Lord of hosts; for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth for ever*" (Jer. 33:7-11). In the language of Psalm 136 they will own the lovingkindness of the Lord, both as proved in the early days of their nation's history, and still more fully by His remembering them in their "low estate," delivering them from their enemies and bringing them into the full blessings promised to their fathers.

THE ABIDING EXPERIENCES OF THE CHRISTIAN

It is in fellowship with Christ that we look forward to the fulfilment of these promises to Israel; but we know that before they are thus blessed we shall come to the end of our pilgrimage, and shall find our abiding rest in the presence of our God—in His holy city and His holy paradise. There shall we perfectly learn and sing the song we have begun to learn below. We shall sing it with a depth of feeling and a height of intelligence with which we never sang it before; for with His perfect light shed upon our wilderness pathway we shall mark the wisdom and love of all His dealings with us. We shall see then, as we see not now, the trespasses against that love that have been forgiven; the deliverances from unseen snares and temptations that have been wrought for us; the interpositions of our God for us in circumstances of difficulty and of sorrow; and how things that seemed to be *against* us were

caused by Him to work together for our good. After the pattern of this psalm we shall in each particular dealing of God see a display of the same eternal mercy that saved us at the beginning, and then at the end set us in eternal glory in His own blessed presence. This seems to be the lesson for us in the *repetition* of this beautiful expression; for there are no *vain* repetitions in the Book of God. As we think of His countless mercies and seek to number them, we shall say with reference to *each one*, "For His lovingkindness endureth for ever"; it never failed while we so tested it below, and now it is our abiding portion (Eph. 2:7).

We shall see all this *then*; but the thing is to see it *now*, so that we may "walk by faith, not by sight," and, as those who already have access in spirit to the heavenly temple, may ever be raising our temple song. We look *back* upon the year that is past, as well as many that have preceded it, and, however much we have to be humbled about in ourselves, we can say that His mercy has never failed: we look *forward*, and can say, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." And though we may be beset with foes that are both subtle and mighty, and we are weak in ourselves and our surroundings, let us be assured that our God, who has put His hand of mercy upon us and made us His own, the objects of His love and care both for time and for eternity, is Jehovah who changes not. Therefore, confiding in Him to give us the victory over all that opposes us, and to make us strong out of weakness, let us press onward in diligence and obedience, still raising the song we shall soon sing in such different circumstances, "FOR HE IS GOOD; FOR HIS LOVINGKINDNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER."
—Echoes of Service, January, 1912



His good hand is upon us, even (and very particularly) in things that are painful. It was not worth while to give a long history of the *prosperity* of Job, but the Holy Spirit of God has given us details of all that took place in his difficulties. That was worth while; and it is for the profit of His own to the end of the age. It is there that the work of our God is found. May He give us to have entire confidence in Him.

—J. N. D.

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

He knew when to cast away and when to keep. "Let her alone," He said of the woman who had been upbraided for breaking the box of spikenard on Him; "she hath wrought a good work on Me." But after feeding the multitudes, He would say, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

This was observing the divine rule, "There is a time to keep and a time to cast away." If the prodigal service of the heart or hand in worship be no waste, the very crumbs of human food are sacred, and must not be cast away. He who vindicated the spending of three hundred pence on one of these occasions, on the other would not let the fragments of five loaves be left on the ground. In His eyes, such fragments were sacred. They were the food of life, the herb of the field, which God had given to man for his life. And life is a sacred thing. God is the God of the living. "To you it shall be for meat," God has said of it, and therefore Jesus would hallow it. "The tree of the field is man's life," the law had said, and accordingly had thus prescribed to them that were under the law—"When thou shalt besiege a city a long time, in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them; for thou mayest eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down to employ them in the siege; only the trees that thou knowest are not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down." (Deut. 20). It would have been waste, it would have been profaneness, to have thus abused the food of life, which was God's gift; and Jesus in like purity, in the perfectness of God's living ordinance, would not let the fragments lie on the ground. "Gather up the fragments that remain," He said, "that nothing be lost."

These are but small incidents; but all the circumstances of human life, as He passes through them, change as they may, or be they as minute as they may, are thus adorned by something of the moral glory that was ever brightening the path of His sacred, wearied feet. The eye of man was incapable of tracking it; but to God it was all incense, a sacrifice of rest, the meat-offering of the sanctuary.

But again. The Lord did not judge of persons in relation to Himself,—a common fault with us all. We naturally judge of others according as they treat ourselves, and we make our interest in them the measure of their character and worth. But this was not the Lord. God is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed. He understands every action *fully*. In all its moral meaning He understands it, and according to that He weighs it. And, as the image of the God of knowledge, we see our Lord Jesus Christ, in the days of His ministry here, again and again. I may refer to Luke 11. There was the air of courtesy and good feeling toward Him in the Pharisee that invited Him to dine. But the Lord was “the God of knowledge,” and as such He weighed this action in its full moral character.

The honey of courtesy, which is the best ingredient in social life in this world, should not pervert His taste or judgment. He approved things that are excellent. The civility which invited Him to dinner was not to determine the judgment of Him who carried the weights and measures of the sanctuary of God. It is the God of knowledge that this civility has on this occasion to confront, and it does not stand, it will not do. Oh how the tracing of this may rebuke us! The invitation covered a purpose. As soon as the Lord entered the house, the host acts the Pharisee, and not the host. He marvels that his guest had not washed before dinner. And the character he thus assumes at the beginning shows itself in full force at the end. And the Lord deals with the whole scene accordingly, for He weighed it as the God of knowledge. Some may say that the courtesy He had received might have kept Him silent. But He could not look on this man simply as in relation to Himself. He was not to be *flattered* out of a just judgment. He exposes and rebukes, and the end of the scene justifies Him. “And as He said these things unto them, the scribes and Pharisees began to urge Him vehemently, and to provoke Him to speak of many things, laying wait for Him, and seeking to catch something out of His mouth, that they might accuse Him.”

Very differently, however, was His way in the house of another Pharisee, who in like manner had asked Him to dine. (See Luke 7.) For Simon had no covered purpose in the invitation. Quite otherwise. He seemed to act the Pharisee

too, silently accusing the poor sinner of the city, and his Guest for admitting her approach. But appearances are not the ground of righteous judgments. Often the very same words, on different lips, have a very different mind in them. And therefore the Lord, the perfect weigh-master according to God, though He may rebuke Simon, and expose him to himself, knows him by name, and leaves his house as a guest should leave it. He distinguishes the Pharisee of Luke 7 from the Pharisee of Luke 11, though he dined with both of them. So we may look at the Lord with Peter in Matt. 16. Peter expresses fond and considerate attachment to his Master: "This be far from Thee, Lord; this shall not be unto Thee." But Jesus judged Peter's words only in their *moral* place. Hard indeed we find it to do this when we are personally gratified. "Get thee behind Me, Satan," was not the answer which a merely amiable nature would have suggested to such words. But again, I say, our Lord did not listen to Peter's words simply as they expressed personal kindness and good-will to Himself. He *judged* them, He weighed them, as in the presence of God, and at once found that the enemy had moved them; for he that can transform himself into an angel of light is very often lurking in words of courtesy and kindness. And in the same way the Lord dealt with Thomas in Jno. 20. Thomas had just worshipped Him. "My Lord and my God," he had said. But Jesus was not to be drawn from the high moral elevation that He filled, and from whence he heard and saw everything, even by words like these. They were genuine words,—words of a mind which, enlightened of God, had repented toward the risen Saviour, and, instead of doubting any longer, worshipped. But Thomas had stood out as long as he could; he had exceeded. They had all been unbelieving as to the resurrection, but he had insisted that he would be still in unbelief till sense and sight came to deliver him. All this had been his moral condition; and Jesus has this before Him, and puts Thomas in his right moral place, as He had put Peter. "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Our hearts in such cases as these would have been taken by surprise. They could not have kept their ground in the face of these assaults which the good-will of Peter and the worship of Thomas would have made upon them.

But our perfect Master stood for God and His truth, and not for Himself. The ark of old was not to be flattered. Israel may honor it, and bring it down to the battle, telling it, as it were, that now in its presence all *must* be well with them. But this will not do for the God of Israel. Israel falls before the Philistines, though the ark be thus in the battle; and Peter and Thomas shall be rebuked, though Jesus, still the God of Israel, be honored by them.



Four Notable "Days" of Scripture

Thos. D. W. Muir

The Day of Salvation

Behold the Man! — In our two former papers we have been looking at events which were of world-wide importance,—the "day" of the incarnation of our blessed Lord Jesus, when He who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God," yet "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men" (Phil. 2). The "day" when the eternal "Word was made flesh," that He might tabernacle among men, when God was manifested in a human body, condescending, in wondrous grace, to be born of a woman into this world, that He should, through His death on their behalf redeem the slaves of Satan to Himself.

We had also before us another "day," universal in its importance,—The "day" of His presentation, when He proclaimed His mission and work in fulfilment of the prophetic Scriptures, which had been written by Isaiah and others, and which awaited this day for its announcement. From that day onward it could be written of Him, that He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil: for God was with Him." As the result of this wonderful "ministry," the blind were made to see, the lame to walk, the lepers were cleansed, the deaf could hear, even the dead were raised; and "to the poor the gospel was preached!" (Luke 7:22). Alas, many were glad to accept of His temporal bounties, who had no ear for His "gospel,"—even as it is today.

But, in Luke 19, we have "a notable day" in the history of an individual,—Zacchæus the publican. At this time, the Lord Jesus was nearing the end of His earthly ministry. He

was even now on His way to Jerusalem, fully aware of what would befall Him there. He had already told His disciples that He would be "delivered into the hands of the Gentiles, and mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on." He told them also how they would scourge Him, and put Him to death; but that on the third day He would rise again. (Luke 18:32-33.) Significantly, Luke 19 opens with the statement that on the way to Jerusalem, "Jesus entered and passed through Jericho." We say "significantly," for we see in the action something akin to the mission He had in coming into this world. For this world, like Jericho is under the curse (See Gen. 3:17-19; Josh. 6:26; 1 Kings 16:34), and through this scene our Lord passed, on His way to the Jerusalem above.

On His way into the city, as recorded in the close of Luke 18, we find Him giving sight to a poor blind man,—causing him to see, to walk, to leap and to praise God! Marvel not at the ecstatic joy of the poor man. It is little wonder he "leaped" and praised God! This is ever the happy result of getting the eyes opened. The work is divine and to God belongs the glory. Nothing is recorded of what transpired in the city, but after He had "passed through Jericho," we find narrated for us, the never-to-be-forgotten incident of the notable meeting between the Lord and Zacchæus. O, what a day that was in the history of that man! Others might forget it,—he might even forget the "day and date" of it himself, but the circumstance of his meeting with the Lord Jesus, and all that followed, would be indelibly fixed on his memory. This day would be forever memorable to him as *the day of his own salvation!* Has my reader such a day in his experience? Are you sure that there has been a time in your history, when like this man you "came down" and "received Him joyfully;" then you can with Doddridge and millions more sing with gladness of that "happy day, when Jesus washed your sins away."

The seeking sinner. — Zacchæus was a "publican," that is he was employed by the Romans as a tax-gatherer. Throughout the gospels you will find the religious element among the people, linking such with "sinners", "harlots" etc. Possibly many if not the most of them merited this classification. Be that as it may, in the heart and conscience of Zacchæus God had been evidently at work, and creating a desire, which it is

hard to believe, in the face of what follows, was a matter of mere curiosity. He wanted to "see Jesus." He was in truth a "seeking sinner!" Personal conditions,—for he was "little of stature", and unfavorable surroundings, — there was a great crowd of people struggling around the Lord, seemed against him. But he was not to be thwarted in his purpose,—he was willing to inconvenience himself, for he was desperately in earnest to "see Jesus." Ignorant he was as to the best way to do it,—but it is blessed to see and know how the Lord stands ready to meet every honest seeking soul in richest grace, and ever "fills the hungry with good things," tho' the "rich,"—the self-satisfied,—"He sends empty away."

Has my reader ever been here? Has there been a time in your soul's experience when everything else was subordinated to the one desire,—to "see Jesus," to have a meeting with Him? The dealings of the Lord with one leading up to this may be varied, but every one who now knows the grace of God in truth, has known in a measure at least, the experience of Zacchæus; that worldly prosperity and such things as men grasp after, cannot satisfy—they *must* see Jesus!

Being "little of stature," he evidently could not gain his object by remaining where he was. So he ran forward, and climbed up into the thick branches of a sycamore tree, determined, from that vantage point to "see Jesus." Little did he know the out-flowing grace of the blessed One he longed to see. Zacchæus would have been satisfied to see Him while sheltered in the thick and leafy branches of the tree,—the Lord would be satisfied with nothing less than that He should have a place in Zacchæus' heart and home.

So we find that when the Lord came to the hiding place of this poor sinner, He looked up and called "*Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house.*" To "come down," was needful then,—it is so still. This poor man must learn as all must learn, that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor God's ways our ways, and the first step in the divine way to "see Jesus" is to "come down," from all self-effort and fancied righteousness.

A seeking Saviour.—But, blessed be God, the Lord did not bring him down to leave him stranded on the barren wastes of disappointment. He was graciously arranging to be *his guest* that day, that He might fill him with a joy to which, in spite

of all his riches, he had hitherto been a stranger. This is ever God's way. Sinners may receive Christ "in the midst of much affliction," but it will be accompanied by "joy in the Holy Ghost" (1 Thess. 1). So we read that Zacchæus "made haste and came down, and *received Him joyfully.*"

The Pharisees, who knew not the secret of the grace of our Lord Jesus murmured, and criticized of course,—they said He had "gone to be the guest with a man that is a sinner." And the best of it is, it was *true*, even as on other occasions they said He was the "*friend of publicans and sinners,*" and that "*this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them*" (Luke 15). Now the climax of the complaint is reached. He had voluntarily gone to be "guest with a man who was a sinner." So the Lord must needs place this matter on a proper basis, and asserting that "*THIS DAY is salvation come to this house!*" He adds, 'for the' Son of Man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost.*" Thus did He justify His actions all through!

What a "day" of all days was this to Zacchæus! Like old Simeon he could exclaim, "Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation." Before him, and beside him was a Person,—not a system of theology,—not a lot of dry-as-dust doctrines, true or false, no,—a living Person, the Christ of God,—the Salvation of God!—Who had brought to him that day the knowledge and assurance of that Salvation being his! That blessed One he had joyfully received, and his soul was filled with rapture and his heart was now at rest forever.



They Worshipped Him

W. J. McClure

(Continued from December number)

Please read Matthew chapter 2

Then they worshipped Him. What is worship? There may be hymns without worship, for you may sing the hymns because you like the sentiment or because you are fond of the tune. Then there may be worship without singing. But what is worship? Worship means to give. What shall we give? Is it my feelings I give to God or is it a little money? These do not reach up to worship. My own thought is that the fact,

that we hear so little now of those precious offerings of the wise men and the truth connected with them, has led to a great lack that can only be met and satisfied by Christ ministered as God has presented Him in the offerings. Take the picture of worship given us in 1 Samuel 10:3. Here are three men going up to God to Bethel. What are they doing? They are carrying three kids, three loaves of bread and a bottle of wine. These speak of the Lord Jesus Christ. The kids speak of His death, the bread speaks of His resurrection, and the wine His coming again. Take another scriptural illustration. Here is a man going to worship and he has a gift: it is a perfect animal. That gift speaks of the Lord Jesus. How will that be realized by us? How will that come out in our worship? When we come together we bring the Lord Jesus to the Father. That is worship.

Take the three things we have here. "They presented unto Him gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh." Gold is the first. I suppose the youngest believer in our meeting this morning knows that *gold* speaks of *deity*, and so we have here the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ suggested. It is blessed to see the little meetings all up and down the country standing fast for the deity of Christ. Today the great religions that were sound at one time are giving up this truth, there are men now occupying leading places in the so-called church who speak of the Lord Jesus as a man of limited intelligence. The idea of giving up the truth that He was God from all eternity and did not cease to be God when He came into this scene as man! Thank God that amidst all the departure and all the evil doctrine now rampart, with all the clouds that are gathering to shut out the truth, there are still companies of believers who hold fast to the eternal deity of Christ. You may perhaps criticize some of them, but let me say—I don't know perhaps that I should say it—the worst of these little assemblies is better than the sects which deny that Christ is God. Let a man get up some Sunday morning in our assemblies and say one word derogatory to the Lord Jesus Christ, let him say one word as to Christ not being God through all eternity, and he would never say it the second time. Never. This, brethren, after these assemblies have been going on for over a hundred years. Many brethren speak in a very pessimistic way, as much as to say that the whole testimony is going, and there

will soon be no such gatherings. I don't agree with them. I see things are going, but I see that God has preserved companies of saints all over the country that are still standing for the truth and will until Jesus comes again. They bring to God every time they come to worship. They tell God about His blessed Son. They take pleasure in saying, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." He was rich. He was in the glory, and the Father's love was showered upon Him. He turned His face toward earth, came down here, but thank God He never ceased to be God. He might hang between two malefactors, and die the fearful death of crucifixion, but as He hung there He was God. That dying thief said, "Lord remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom" and to that poor thief's heart came the reassuring message that only God could give, "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise." Think of what that meant. A man crucified would hang for days until he died from sheer exhaustion, but the Lord Jesus Christ says, "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise." "You are not going to be for long weary hours on that cross. Soon this will end." And so the soldiers brake the legs of the malefactors. They did not need to do that with the Lord Jesus for He surrendered His life. But hanging as a victim between two thieves though He did yet He was God.

Next we have *the frankincense*. Frankincense was put upon the twelve loaves which sat on the table of shewbread in the tabernacle and in the temple, and for seven days the precious fragrance of that incense emanated from the loaves. What does that speak of? It is the Lord Jesus Christ as *man*, walking this scene as man, ever emanating the fragrance as of incense. As the gold speaks of His *deity*, so does the frankincense speak of His *humanity*.

The third thing was *the myrrh*. Myrrh I should say is the real type of death. The fragrance of the incense speaks of Christ in His *life*, the Holy Spirit of God ever dwelling within, but the myrrh speaks of *death*. Let me ask you dear brethren, are your hearts filled with these things? Is it a matter of joy to you to come where you have the opportunity of just pouring out your heart according to His blessed Word? The Lord grant that it may be.

Another thing in this scripture comes to my mind and that is, that the Lord Jesus Christ was the great exemplar of faith. We say of some brethren that they have taken the path of living by faith. We all ought to do that, but in the real sense some of us know what it is to have to trust God for everything, and we thank God He is always true. If I were asked to give my testimony before the world, I would only say this: During those between sixty and seventy years that I have sought to depend upon Him for all my needs He has never disappointed me once. Never. His blessed Son was an example of trusting His Father. So we read in Psalm 22: "Thou didst make Me hope when I was upon My mother's breasts. I was cast upon thee from the womb; Thou art My God from My mother's womb." What does that mean, "I was cast upon thee from the womb"? It means that the Lord Jesus was dependent on the Father's care from His very childhood. Very, very soon this family, Joseph and his wife, must take the babe to Egypt. They must go there to escape Herod. Now it was a journey involving considerable expense. We would judge that they weren't financially prepared for anything like that. I could imagine Mary saying to Joseph, "I don't know what we shall do. We have got to go to Egypt, but where is the means? What shall we do?" But she was to see that brought about in a beautiful way. Here come these three men, and when they see the Babe they worship Him. They open their treasures and present them unto Him, unto the Babe, gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. After they have gone, I can imagine Mary's eyes glisten as she turns to Joseph. "See! We were wondering where the money would come from. See the gold these men have left? God has provided the means." Our God is the same yet. Perhaps He doesn't work in dramatic ways always, perhaps our lives go on in a very even way, but look back, take stock of the things that have happened, and you will find again and again that you came to a place in your life like what I pointed out now. A need arose and you were wondering, "What shall I do?" By and by you saw everything had been provided for by God and you are constrained to say, "Why should I ever careful be, since such a God is mine?"

There is much more in this chapter that must be left, but may the Lord bless these scattered remarks.

The Shepherd, the Stone of Israel

Dr. Alexander Maclaren

"THE MIGHTY GOD OF JACOB. FROM THENCE IS THE SHEPHERD, THE STONE OF ISRAEL." —Gen. 49:24.

A slight alteration in the rendering will probably bring out the meaning of these words more correctly. The last two clauses should perhaps not be read as a separate sentence. Striking out the supplement "is," and letting the previous sentence run on to the end of the verse, we get a series of names of God, in apposition with each other, as the sources of the strength promised to the arms of the hands of the warlike sons of Joseph. From the hands of the mighty God of Jacob—from *thence*, from the Shepherd, the stone of Israel—the power will come for conflict and for conquest. This exuberant heaping together of names of God is the mark of the flash of rapturous confidence which lit up the dying man's thoughts when they turned to God. When he begins to think of Him he cannot stay his tongue. So many aspects of His character, so many remembrances of His deeds, come crowding into his mind; so familiar and so dear are they, that he must linger over the words, and strive by this triple repetition to express the manifold preciousness of Him whom no name, nor crowd of names, can rightly praise. So earthly love ever does with its earthly objects, inventing and reiterating epithets which are caresses. Such repetitions are not tautologies, for each utters some new aspect of the one subject, and comes from a new gush of heart's love towards it. And something of the same rapture and unwearied recurrence to the Name that is above every name should mark the communion of devout souls with their heavenly Lover. What a wonderful burst of such praise flowed out from David's thankful heart, in his day of deliverance, like some strong current, with its sevenfold wave, each crested with the Name! "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer: my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation and my high tower."

These three names which we find here are striking and beautiful in themselves; in their juxtaposition; in their use on Jacob's lips. They seem to have been all coined by him, for, if we accept this song as a true prophecy uttered by him, we

have here the earliest instance of their occurrence. They have all a history, and appear again expanded and deepened in the subsequent Revelation. Let us look at them as they stand.

I. *The Mighty God of Jacob.* The meaning of such a name is clear enough. It is He who has shown Himself mighty and mine by His deeds for me all through my life. The dying man's thoughts are busy with all the past, from the day he went forth from the tent of Isaac, and took of the stones of the field for his pillow when the sun went down. A perplexed history it had been, with many a bitter sorrow, and many a yet bitterer sin. Passionate grief and despairing murmurs he had felt and flung out, while it slowly unfolded itself. When Pharaoh had asked, "how old art thou?" he had answered in words which owe their sombreness partly to an obsequious assumption of insignificance in such a presence, but have a strong tinge of genuine sadness in them too: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." But lying dying there, with it all well behind him, he has become wiser; and now it all looks to him as one long showing forth of the might of his God, who had been with him all his life long, and had redeemed him from all evil. He has got far enough away to see the lie of the land, as he could not do while he was toiling along the road. The barren rocks and white snow glow with purple as the setting sun touches them. The struggles with Laban; the fear of Esau; the weary work of toilsome years; the sad day when Rachel died, and left him the "son of her sorrow;" the heart sickness of the long years of Joseph's loss—all have faded away, or been changed into thankful wonder at God's guidance. The one thought which the dying man carries out of life with him is: God has shown Himself mighty, and He has shown Himself mine.

For each of us, our own experience should be a revelation of God. The things about Him which we read in the Bible are never living and real to us till we have verified them in the facts of our own history. Many a word lies on the page, or in our memories, fully believed but utterly shadowy, until in some soul's conflict we have had to grasp it, and found it true. Only so much of our creed as we have proved in life is really ours. If we will only open our eyes and reflect upon our history as it passes before us, we shall find every corner of it filled with the manifestations to our hearts and to our minds

of a present God. But our folly, our stupidity, our impatience, our absorption with the mere outsides of things, our self-will, blind us to the Angel with the drawn sword who resists us, as well as to the Angel with the lily who would lead us. So we waste our days; are deaf to His voice speaking through all the clatter of tongues, and blind to His bright presence shining through all the dimness of earth; and, for far too many of us, we never can see God in the present, but only discern Him when He has passed by, like Moses from the cleft of the Rock. Like this same Jacob, we have to say: "Surely God was in this place, and I knew it not." Hence we miss the educational worth of our lives; are tortured with needless cares; are beaten by the poorest adversaries; and grope amidst what seems to us a chaos of pathless perplexities, when we might be marching on assured and strong, with God for our guide, and the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob for our defence.

Notice, too, how distinctly the thought comes out in this name,—that the very vital centre of a man's religion is his conviction that God is his. He will not be content with thinking of God as the God of his fathers; he will not even be content with associating himself with them in the common possession; but he must feel the full force of the intensely personal bond that knits him to God, and God to him. Of course such a feeling does not ignore the blessed fellowship and family who also are held in this bond. The God of Jacob is to the patriarch also the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. But that comes second, and this comes first. Each man for himself must put forth the hand of his own faith, and grasp that great hand for his own guide. "*My Lord and my God*" is the true form of the confession. "*He loved me and gave Himself for me,*" is the shape in which the Gospel of Christ melts the soul. God is mine because His love individualizes me, and I have a distinct place in His heart, His purposes, and His deeds. God is mine, because by my own individual act—the most personal which I can perform—I cast myself on Him; by my faith appropriate the common salvation; and open my being to the inflow of His power. God is mine, and I am His, in that wonderful mutual possession, with perpetual interchange of giving and receiving not only gifts but selves, which makes the very life of love, whether it be love on earth or love in heaven.

Remember, too, the profound use which our Lord made of this name wherein the man claims to possess God. Because Moses at the bush called God, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, these cannot have ceased to be. The personal relations which subsist between God and the soul that clasps Him for its own, demand an immortal life for their adequate expression, and make it impossible that death's skeleton fingers should have power to untie such a bond. Anything is conceivable, rather than that the soul which can say "God is mine" should perish. And that continued existence demands, too, a state of being which shall correspond to itself, in which its powers shall all be exercised, its desires fulfilled, its possibilities made facts. Therefore there must be "the resurrection." "God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city."

The dying patriarch left to his descendants the legacy of this great name, and often, in later times, it was used to quicken faith by the remembrance of the great deeds of God in the past. One instance may serve as a sample of the whole. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." The first of these two names lays the foundation of our confidence in the thought of the boundless power of Him whom all the forces of the universe, personal and impersonal, angels and stars, in their marshalled order, obey and serve. The second bids later generations claim as theirs all that the old history reveals as having belonged to the "world's grey fathers." They had no special prerogative of nearness or of possession. The arm that guided them is unwearied, and all the past is true still, and will for evermore be true for all who love God. So the venerable name is full of promise and of hope for us: "the God of Jacob is our refuge."

II. *The Shepherd.* How that name sums up the lessons that Jacob had learned from the work of himself and of his sons! "Thy servants are shepherds," they said to Pharaoh; "both we, and also our sons." For fourteen long weary years he had toiled at that task. "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes." And his own sleepless vigilance and patient endurance seem to him to be but shadows of the loving care, the watchful protection, the strong defence, which "the God, who

has been my Shepherd all my life long," had extended to him and his. Long before the shepherd-king, who had been taken from the sheepcotes to rule over Israel, sang his immortal psalm, the same occupation had suggested the same thought to the shepherd-patriarch. Happy they whose daily work may picture for them some aspect of God's care—or rather, happy they whose eyes are open to see that likeness of God's care which every man's earthly relations, and some part of his work, most certainly present.

There can be no need to draw out at length the thoughts which that sweet and familiar emblem has conveyed to so many generations. Loving care, wise guidance, fitting food, are promised by it; and docile submission, close following at the Shepherd's heels, patience, innocence, meekness, trust, are required. But I may put emphasis for a moment on the connection between the thought of "the mighty God of Jacob" and that of "the Shepherd." The occupation, as we today see it, does not call for a strong arm, or much courage, except now and then to wade through snow-drifts, and dig out the buried and half-dead creatures. But the shepherds whom Jacob knew, had to be hardy, bold fighters. There were marauders lurking ready to sweep away a weakly guarded flock. There were wild beasts in the gorges of the hills. There was danger in the sun by day on these burning plains, and in the night the wolves prowled round the flock. We remember how David's earliest exploits were against the lion and the bear, and how he felt that even his duel with the Philistine bully was not more formidable than these had been. If we will read into our modern notions of a shepherd this element of danger and of daring, we shall feel that these two clauses are not to be taken as giving the contrasted ideas of strength and gentleness, but the connected ones of strength, and therefore protection and security. We have the same connection in later echoes of this name. "Behold, the Lord God shall come with *strong* hand; He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." And our Lord's use of the figure brings into all but exclusive prominence the good shepherd's conflict with the ravening wolves—a conflict in which he must not hesitate even "to lay down his life for the sheep." As long as the flock are here, amidst dangers, and foes, and wild weather, the arm that guides must

be an arm that guards; and none less mighty than the Mighty One of Jacob can be the Shepherd of men. But a higher fulfilment yet awaits this venerable emblem, when in other pastures, where no lion nor any ravening beast shall come, the "Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne," and is Shepherd as well as Lamb, "shall feed them, and lead them by living fountains of water."

III. *The Stone of Israel.* Here, again, we have a name, that after-ages have caught up and cherished, used for the first time. I suppose the Stone of Israel means much the same thing as the Rock. If so, that symbol, too, which is full of such large meanings, was coined by Jacob. It is, perhaps, not fanciful to suppose that it owes its origin to the scenery of Palestine. The wild cliffs of the eastern region where Peniel lay, or the savage fastnesses in the southern wilderness, a day's march from Hebron, where he lived so long, came back to his memory amid the flat clay land of Egypt; and their towering height, their immovable firmness, their cool shade, their safe shelter, spoke to him of the unalterable might and impregnable defence which he had found in God. So there is in this name the same devout, reflective laying-hold upon experience which we have observed in the preceding.

There is also the same individualizing grasp of God as his very own; for "Israel" here is, of course, to be taken not as the name of the nation but as his own name, and the intention of the phrase is evidently to express what God had been to him personally.

The general idea of this symbol is perhaps firmness, solidity. And that general idea may be followed out in various details. God is a rock for a *foundation*. Build your lives, your thoughts, your efforts, your hopes there. The house founded on the rock will stand though wind and rain from above smite it, and floods from beneath beat on it like battering-rams. God is a rock for a *fortress*. Flee to Him to hide, and your defence shall be the "munitions of rocks," which shall laugh to scorn all assault, and never be stormed by any foe. God is a rock for *shade* and *refreshment*. sCome close to Him from out of the scorching heat, and you will find coolness and verdure and moisture in the clefts, when all outside that grateful shadow is parched and dry.

The word of the dying Jacob was caught up by the great law-giver in his dying song. "Ascribe ye greatness to our God. He is the Rock." It reappears in the last words of the shepherd-king, whose grand prophetic picture of the true King is heralded by "The Rock of Israel spake to me." It is heard once more from the lips of the greatest of the prophets in his glowing prophecy of the song of the final days: "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages," as well as in his solemn prophecy of the Stone which God would lay in Zion. We hear it again from the lips that cannot lie. "Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The Stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head-stone of the corner?" And for the last time the venerable metaphor which has cheered so many ages appears in the words of that Apostle who was "surnamed Cephas, which is by interpretation a stone." "To whom coming as unto a Living Stone, ye also as living stones are built up." As on some rocky site in Palestine, where a thousand generations in succession have made their fortresses, one may see stones laid with the bevel that tells of early Jewish masonry, and above them Roman work, and higher still masonry of crusading times, and above it the building of to-day; so we, each age in our turn, build on this great rock foundation, dwell safe there for our little lives, and are laid to peaceful rest in a sepulchre in the rock. On Christ we may build. In Him we may dwell and rest secure. We may die in Jesus, and be gathered to our own people, who, having died, live in Him. And though so many generations have reared their dwellings on that great rock, there is ample room for us too to build. We have not to content ourselves with an uncertain foundation among the shifting rubbish of perished dwellings, but can get down to the firm virgin rock for ourselves. None that ever builded there have been confounded. We clasp hands with all who have gone before us. At one end of the long chain this dim figure of the dying Jacob, amid the strange vanished life of Egypt, stretches out his withered hands to God the Stone of Israel; at the other end, we lift up ours to Jesus, and cry:

"Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The faith is one. One will be the answer and the reward.
May it be yours and mine!

The Captain

James Melrose

Please read II Samuel 23:13-17; Hebrews 2:9, 10

In Hebrews 2, verses 9 and 10, we have a portrait of our beloved Lord as the second Adam, federal Head of a new creation, gathering together around Himself a people to and for His name.

Thus we read "We see Jesus," as the Captain of their Salvation, "bringing many sons unto glory." The Captain Himself fittingly and becomingly made perfect through suffering; the many sons and followers honored with the high privilege of entering into the "fellowship of His sufferings," as well as of "the glory that should follow." "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." Those many sons for whom that wondrous intercessory prayer ascended from God the Son to God the Father, saying "Father, *I will* that they may be with me"—"that they may behold my glory."

It needs no very keen spiritual perception to see in this picture a counterpart of that scene portrayed in the other portion of Scripture: II Samuel 23:13-17.

David, God's chosen king, destined ultimately to rule in "power and great glory," but meanwhile appearing as a captain, made perfect, as such, through suffering—the magnetic center of a loyal band of followers, bound together by one cord of loving, loyal devotion to his person and esteeming it the highest privilege to "know him and the fellowship of his sufferings." He is in a cave's fastness, surrounded by enemies; cut off from all the comforts and amenities of home and social life.

Look well at those two pictures from God's Word, as through a stereoscope, until they blend into one beautiful, harmonious whole, with a descriptive title-block below. What a beautiful description is this that underwrites the picture—"The Captain . . . made perfect through sufferings . . . leading many sons to glory." A mere teacher need not necessarily be a sufferer; but a leader, a true "Captain," a true shepherd, must.

Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, and indeed it was but dim twilight in his own soul, for he came saying "We know (and that was the extent of his light) that thou art a *teacher*."

I fear his college training had been allowed to exercise a bad influence on him by causing him to overestimate the value of *learning*—a valuable asset within its limitations and admirably suited to gain him an eminent place among men as Rabbi Nicodemus, but an elusive “mirage of the desert,” if sought after as a fountain at which to quench the soul’s thirst.

With that inimitable perceptiveness which marked all His dealings with those with whom He came into contact, the Lord Jesus picked up the cue. A teacher? Yes, indeed!

But to be taught will not suffice—he must be captivated. It was not doctrine, but the doctor that he needed,—a doctor to be trusted and obeyed. Not a teacher, but a leader to be trusted, a commander to be obeyed.

“Thou art a teacher!” True, indeed. A teacher par excellence. Wisdom personified and Truth incarnate. But had Nicodemus known that He before whom he stood, was God’s anointed King, he might have selected other ground of approach.

But he came with what light he had—a dim twilight—and found himself in the full blaze of the Light of the World; in the captivating presence of the “Captain of the Lord’s Host.” He came as a student and left as a slave; came with the ear of the learner and left with that ear pierced with the awl of the voluntary bond-servant.

He found in the Lord Jesus no mere theorizer, but a Leader; One whom nothing could stay; an irresistible force; living, sentient, and though opposed by earth and hell, ready to resist, even unto blood, and consequently a suffering leader; with a goal that must be reached. And what a goal! “To seek and to save that which was lost” by way of “the death of the Cross,” thereby glorifying the Father and establishing the throne of God in righteousness and mercy, and taking captivity captive. Happy captives bound to His chariot wheels by golden chains of love, in that triumphal march in which He leads many sons to glory!

(Continued D.V.)



God’s treasury is absolutely inexhaustible. He can never fail a trusting heart. Let us remember this. God delights to be used. He never grows weary of ministering to the need of His people.

The Ascension of Christ

(Continued from December number)

II. Another special reason for Christ's Ascension, was in order that *the gift of the Holy Spirit might be conferred upon the Church*. When that first intimation to His disciples of His approaching departure fell from the Saviour's lips, we may picture to ourselves the agonizing feelings of the attached and loving band. 'What!' would doubtless have been their exclamation, had their individual and united thought found utterance in words. 'What! Go away! Can it be that these brief years of sacred and devout intercourse are to vanish like a dream? Can it be that we are to be severed from Him who has been to us better than the best of masters and the fondest of parents?—that we are to be left as sheep without a shepherd, orphaned, forlorn, in a desolate world? This is death indeed.' Stranger still, perhaps, would be the first impression made by the words in which the sudden announcement was conveyed. "It is *expedient*." (John 16:7). How can it possibly be so? How can it possibly be *better*, for us, timid and inexperienced mariners, to be left without our Pilot to buffet these stormy seas? How can it be better for us, a helpless trembling flock, to be deprived of the Great Pastor's presence; abandoned to grapple, as best we can, with the briars and thorns of the wilderness? How often has He sought that among us which was lost, and brought again that which was driven away, and bound up that which was broken, and strengthened that which was sick! (Ezek. 34:16). When the storm was gathering overhead, and the wolf was prowling on our path, we had this sure *cleft*—the shadow of this "Great Rock" ever to repair to, for safety and repose. But now, we shall be left unsheltered and unsuccoured in the dark and cloudy day! Oh, need we wonder that as the Divine Redeemer, on the occasion referred to, looked around on the sad faces and, perhaps, tear-dimmed eyes which at that moment met His own, He added, "And because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your hearts." (John 16:6).

But having stated the startling fact, He proceeds to assign one very special reason for this departure and its expediency—viz., that there was a divine Agent, a heavenly Paraclete, to come in His stead — whose presence in the Church would indemnify, and more than indemnify, for His own absence.

"It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." (John 16:7). In His valedictory discourse, again and again does He revert to the same cheering truth. As there is often some one prominent thought which fills the mind of a dying parent when he gathers his children around his couch, some one special charge which he endeavours by reiteration vividly to impress on their memories: so does this coming of "the Comforter" seem to be the leading thought or theme of consolation on which the Redeemer fondly dwells, as His own dying hour approaches.

The advent of the glorious Third person in the adorable Trinity is elsewhere, in more passages than one, said to be contingent or dependent on the Saviour's departure. "The Holy Ghost was not yet given because that Jesus was not yet glorified." (John 7:39). No sooner did the ascension take place, than the bereft men of Galilee returned from Mount Olivet to Jerusalem, to wait, according to the last injunction of their ascending Lord, "for the promise of the Father." (Acts 1:4). Day after day they continued in profound expectancy of its fulfilment. In the little room—the upper chamber—where the disciples were gathered—oft-times, we may well believe, would the cry ascend, 'Lord, fulfil Thy gracious assurance! Didst Thou not say, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father which is in heaven, give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." (Luke 11:13). Remember this word unto Thy servants, upon which Thou hast caused them to hope!'

And there were more reasons than one for their anxiety. The advent of the Paraclete would confer new spiritual powers on themselves;—communicating superhuman strength for their gigantic labours, out of weakness making them strong, giving efficacy to their teaching, opening hard hearts and prejudiced intellects and seared consciences to the mighty truths of the Gospel—in one word, inspiring them with the certainty of success in an otherwise hopeless enterprise. But more than this:—It was of the last importance to have some outward and even miraculous attestation to the fact of the Saviour's ascension. These disciples had been the witnesses of His humiliation, some of them had been present at His baptism in the

Jordan, others at His agony in the Garden, and His death on Calvary; they had climbed (some by slow incredulous steps) to a firm assurance of His Resurrection. All these momentous facts had, moreover, been authenticated and accredited by heavenly signs and witnesses,—the descent of the dove and the voice at His baptism—the angels strengthening Him in His agony—the rocks rending, the graves opening, and the heavens darkening at His crucifixion—the angels in white sitting within His vacant grave. But now He had vanished from their view!—a cloud had received Him out of their sight. He had told them He was about to ascend to His Father and their Father. They had accompanied Him to Bethany; they had seen His glorified shape borne upwards on the wings of a cloud: higher and yet higher that Divine form rose, till, attenuating into a speck, it was lost in the hazy distance. Was all this an airy dream—a strange delusion? It could not be; their senses could not be mistaken, their eyes could not have been deceived in the loved and well-known Person: their ears could not have been deceived in the tones of the loving voice and its last tender benediction.

But how is their belief to be verified? It is not, in the case of the Ascension, as it was in the case of the Resurrection! They could visit personally and scrutinise the Tomb. They had it in their power orally to sift and compare the testimony of witnesses. But they have no longer access to the ascended and glorified body, to ascertain by touch its personal identity with that of their own beloved Master who was crucified. They cannot follow that chariot-cloud in its mysterious flight; they can send no messenger; they can delegate no Mary up to these untravelled heavenly heights with the question—They have taken away my Lord, tell me where they have laid Him! It was all important therefore, that, as in the case of the other momentous incidents in the Incarnation, some visible miraculous sign should be vouchsafed to the Church, to attest and certify the reality of the Saviour's session at the Father's right hand. Such a distinct proof He Himself promised ere He departed, in the descent of the Holy Spirit. With what intense and longing eagerness, then, must His disciples have looked for this crowning evidence of their Lord's mission and divinity. It would be with them the testing, or rather the confirmatory, article in their creed. Let there be failure in

this last promise, and they would be driven back again on their own faithless exclamation, "WE TRUSTED it had been He who should have redeemed Israel." (Luke 24:21). As day after day elapsed, how trying would be the postponement! Often would the question pass from lip to lip, 'Is there no sign yet of His appearing? Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?' No weary watcher on a stormy sea, no lonely castaway on a night of tempest, would more wistfully long for the dawn, than these anxious twelve!

But come it does at last. "The Lord is good to them that wait for Him, unto the soul that seeketh Him!" (Lam. 3:25). On the day of Pentecost;—assembled in loving communion ("they are all with one accord in one place")—suddenly, a rustling is heard. It is the "sound of a rushing wind;" and forked lambent flames, like tongues of fire, crown the heads of the praying disciples. The Lord descended of old, first in the tempest, then in the fire, and then revealed Himself in "the still small voice." But on this occasion it is not the soft whisper, it is the voice of *power*—"the Power of the Holy Ghost." That rushing wind symbolised the bestowment of a new energy in proclaiming the glorious truths of the Gospel. Though numerically feeble, a mere handful of untutored and unlettered men, their Lord has given the word, and great is the company of those that publish it. (Ps. 68:11). Hear with what remarkable boldness and confidence Peter (the inspired minister of that hour) speaks, regarding the wondrous attestation of the Saviour's ascension, which had just been vouchsafed. How fully we feel them to be the words of a man whose whole soul had now, by that miraculous confirmatory sign, been finally and for ever surrendered to the service of his exalted Master:—"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof all are witnesses: therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and *having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost*, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear . . . Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ." (Acts 2:32).

Yes! glorious proof and assurance that "that same Jesus" who had vanished from their sight a few days before, from one of the slopes of Olivet, had really entered heaven and taken his seat on His kingly throne! By that baptism at Pente-

cost, the Ascension is left no longer a matter of faith, or conjecture, or probability. It is proclaimed a great fact in the development of the scheme of Redemption. The feeble infant Church on earth may unite with the ingathered ransomed of the heavenly Jerusalem.—“Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive.” (Psalm 68:18). “The Lord hath gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises. Sing praises to our King, sing praises.” (Psalm 47:5). The true Joseph’s exaltation being completed, He can send the message of comfort—the corn-sacks of spiritual blessings to His brethren. Our Heavenly Ambassador having entered the celestial courts, and signed as Mediator of the Church the great treaty of peace, can send now back a glorious Divine delegate, loaded with gifts, which He can dispense “even to the rebellious”! Who, indeed, can read the wondrous story of these days, as it is simply recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, but must be conscious that a new era had dawned on the Church and on the world! It is remarkable, that in the days of the Saviour’s personal ministry, the number of conversions was small. Even His Divine words and wondrous works seemed to make comparatively little way in breaking down Jewish prejudice and Gentile unbelief. After three years of preaching and miracle—what *was* His success? See the muster-roll of the Church immediately before Pentecost—“The number of the names together were about an hundred and twenty.” (Acts 1:15). He seemed purposely to restrain His own power, in order to magnify the grace and work of the Holy Spirit in the new dispensation which this Divine agent was to inaugurate. No sooner, however, are the windows of heaven opened, no sooner does the Promised Paraclete descend, than unprecedented results follow. Hard hearts are broken, blinded eyes are opened, dry eyes are unsealed, and scoffing souls propound the question, “What must we do to be saved?” (Acts 16:30.) The Lord is once more in His holy place, as in Mount Sinai—rending the mountains and breaking in pieces the rocks. “Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance when it was weary.” (Psalm 68:9). Oh when the wondering disciples are witnesses of these moral miracles—thousands on thousands flying as doves to their windows, and nations, through their representatives then gathered at Jerusalem, “born

in a day"—whatever may have been the sorrow with which they once heard of their divine Master's severance from them; however deeply, since the hour they parted from Him on Olivet, they might have missed His personal companionship and love—they would cease at all events now to marvel at His saying or to dispute the expediency of His announced purpose,—“It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.”

Lord, come! hide us in this new cleft of the one Glorious Rock:—and as the Beloved Disciple tells us he was “*in the Spirit,*” when his eyes were opened to the transcendent visions and his ears to the wondrous words of his ascended Lord, so may He open our ears to receive the soul-stirring message which gave heart-cheer to the lonely exile of Patmos, “Fear not; I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore!”

—J. R. M.



Cry Aloud! Spare Not!
Rowland Hill

Rowland Hill used to tell this story of himself: “People say when I preach the Gospel very earnestly, ‘How excited Mr. Hill gets!’ Why, I was walking through Wotten-under Edge one day, and saw some men digging gravel. All of a sudden the earth gave way and buried two or three of the men. I ran off as fast as my old legs would carry me, and shouted, ‘Help! help! help!’ But people did not say, ‘Poor, old Mr. Hill is getting dreadfully excited!’ Oh, no. He might be as excited as he pleased when men’s lives were in danger; but when a man’s soul is in danger the proper thing to do is to quietly and calmly say to him, ‘My dear friend, unless something shall interpose, you shall one of these days become somewhat different from what you now are, and it will not be quite so well for you in another world as, perhaps, you might desire.’”



It is not a question of taking upon us much or little, but of doing our appointed work and filling our appointed places. It is by the effectual working of all the members, according to the measure of every part, that the edification of the whole body is promoted.

The First Page of the Bible

Professor Bettex

ANIMALS ON THE DRY LAND

"And the Evening and the Morning Were the Fifth Day. And God Said, Let the Earth Bring Forth the Living Creature After His Kind, Cattle and Creeping Thing, and Beast of the Earth After His Kind, and it Was So. ...And God Made the Beast of the Earth After His Kind, and Everything That Creepeth Upon the Earth After His Kind; and God Saw That It Was Good."

Once more the earth was covered with darkness and a mighty destructive commotion passed over it, and for a time the creative power of God rested. But when on the morning of the sixth day the light again poured over the earth, when innumerable new kinds of plants came forth; when all kinds of water-animals began to move in the oceans and innumerable birds to fly about in the air—then a new wonder was performed; *new, higher kinds of animals* began to inhabit the earth. To us, of course, the many kinds of animals which we daily see are no longer a wonder, as is the case with many other wonders of God! A horse is to us a horse, and a dog a dog, and nothing else. But should there appear for the first time some strange thinking being upon the earth, a being created by God, to him, to be sure, man would appear the most wonderful. Man, the divine image, the fallen king, so small and yet so great, so changeable and yet eternal, so insignificant and yet so important. But next to man the greatest wonder to him would be the animal world, which God created on the sixth day. Such a visitor would ask: What are these things that move about with such a variety of form and shape? Like you, they have feeling and memory; they love and hate. They look up to you in silence, and yet they seem to speak. They willingly follow you; fear death, like you, and die, like you, in anguish and pain.

Indeed, there is something mysterious about these animals. We find them in the garden of Eden, where everything was pure and happy. God will require the blood of man at the hand of every beast, and the blood of beasts at the hand of man (Gen. 9:5). They have the capacity to see angels, where the eyes of men are holden (Numbers 22:23). They are

even mentioned in connection with the invisible, heavenly world (II. Kings 6:17, 2:11; Rev. 19:11, 14). They are a part of the "creation" to which the Apostle refers when he speaks of the earnest expectation of the creation and its final delivery from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God (Rom. 8:19, etc.). And has God not made use of the animal world in order that the people of the Old Testament covenant should know the distinction between clean and unclean, holy and unholy (Lev. 11)? True, we learn in the New Testament that every creature of God is good, but it is nevertheless remarkable, that here Jesus is designated as the "Lamb of God," and that the Holy Ghost comes down in the form of a "dove," while on the other hand we read: "For without are dogs" (Rev. 22:15; *cf.* Matt. 7:6). Thus also in the New Testament the animal-world serves as a divine picture-book, in which the contrast between the holy and the unholy, the clean and the unclean, is presented to our view.

"Everything after its kind"—thus God created the animals on the sixth day. The Bible, therefore, knows nothing about "Darwinism," so called after its founder, Darwin. According to his theory the higher animals and even man, in the course of many millions of years, have developed from the lower animals, and these again in the same way, by means of an inherent power have come out of a "cell," i. e., a little bubble. No, as the plants, so also the animals were created entirely distinct from each other and complete as to their kind. True, since the day of creation many kinds of animals and plants have become extinct, but no one has been able to prove that new kinds have come into existence since the creation of man. Man has been able to produce only a number of varieties in the case of dogs, flowers and plants, but the species itself remains unchanged. Since the world began no ox has changed into a horse, and the old idea that has again been brought forth in the last century, though in different form, according to which man is descended from a monkey-like animal which inhabits the interior of Africa (which, in an unconscious desire after perfection, has given up its animal appearance and appropriated to itself a language), is, not only from Biblical, but also from a purely scientific standpoint, considered an unfounded fancy of worldly-wise men, which has thousands of facts against it.

As from the plants, which came forth on the third day, and from the fishes and birds, which came forth on the fifth day, so the layers in the interior of the earth contain from the four-footed animals, created on the sixth day, numberless, and, in fact, well preserved remnants, and the reader need only visit a museum to find them in abundance. And in order that the Bible also here may prove itself trustworthy, because it states that these animals were created on the sixth day, the remains of the same are not found in the older layers of the earth, which would indicate that they had been created at the same time with the plants and water-animals, but for the first time we find them in the later, the chalk-layers, which cover the older layers, but here they are found in great abundance. They are not found petrified skeletons of transition-formations, as if, according to the Darwinian theory, the water animals had slowly and gradually changed into four-footed animals, as, for example, crocodiles into oxen, but they appear all at once, hundreds and thousands of them, the ancestors of our elephants, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses, the giants of those days, much greater and more powerful in their youthful strength than they are at present, with jaw-teeth as large as a fist, and front teeth as thick as the trunks of small trees, and from ten to twelve feet long, and a skeleton of bones put together like rafters, so that when looking at them one is reminded of that wonderful description of behemoth in the book of Job, Chap. 40:15-24.

There was, for instance, the "megatherium" or "great animal," nearly twice as high and long as a steer, with enormous thick bones, pillar-like legs and claws a foot long; it was covered with a hard skin, two inches thick, and had powerful chisel-like teeth, which enable it to grind up trunks of trees like soft grass. This mighty creature of God walked slowly through the forests, and, shielded like a fortress, feared no attack. Through its skin neither claw nor tooth could penetrate, and neither the dash of a lion nor of a tiger would have caused it to tremble. With a single stroke of its paw it could have crushed any of the animals of prey existing at the present day. There was also the "Dinotherium" or "Fright animals" (of which you may see a powerful skull with teeth in the museum at Stuttgart), which God created on the sixth day. It is shaped like a hippopotamus, but is much larger,

having a strong snout with great teeth, which are bent downward and with which it was able to hold itself in the current of a rushing stream. This animal, too, as far as we know, lived on herbs and water-plants. There were also at that time many "mammoths" and "mastodons," two species of great elephants. The last named was covered with a thick, shaggy fur, and had enormous teeth, and lived towards the north as far as Siberia, where, at the present time, numerous teeth of this animal are found which constitute a large part of the ivory sold by merchants. Many such animals have been frozen solid in the ice in the polar regions, which were driven there perhaps at the time of the great flood. They are so well preserved that dogs now can live on their flesh, and even explorers do not despise eating the meat, which may have been thousands of years old. Besides the animals just mentioned, there roamed about through the forests during the time of the sixth day of creation enormous lizards seventy feet long, and taller than a steer; also animals from 14 to 24 feet long, covered with six-cornered or pointed scales as hard as steel. Some of these species are still found in South America, of course six times as small. In addition to these, there were numerous smaller species of animals, coming down even to the dragon fly and the spider, found at the present day nicely embalmed in amber, which itself is only the gradually hardened pitch of the pine tree of those days.

Thus the animals were created, which still inhabit the earth in endless variety. What shall become of them upon the new earth we know not. But as they were allowed to walk under the trees of the first paradise, so they will also be allowed to walk under the trees of the second paradise, as the Scriptures clearly indicate. (Cf. Is. 11). The conservative spirit of the Scripture does not allow us, on the one hand, to enter upon doubtful speculations and fantastic paintings, yet, on the other hand, we must not portray to ourselves the life to come as poor, barren and meagre. The heaven of our God is not a mere big hall, in which we are all to sit together, but a glorious world, yea, many worlds, which are all filled with His brightness and glory. Then it will be the entire universe. The millions of starry worlds, which we now see shining in the heavens, are only a small part of the great divine creation—a dominion, in which there is room for millions of creatures of all kinds, of

which we have no conception and presentiment here upon our little earth.



Evolution and its Danger

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The word Evolution is used with so many different meanings, that it is first necessary to say in what sense we are using it. For several distinct kinds of progress and development are all termed an evolution. But here, we are discussing what is known as "organic evolution," from the time when life began in the world; which claims that one type of creature can change into a wholly different kind; as for example, a fish into a lizard or a bird.

(1) *The Physical world.*—If there is any change of one kind of creature into another, this ought to accord with the behaviour of material things in physics and chemistry. For nature is one. But in that realm we find no gradual uplift of higher elements from lower ones. On the contrary, the only change of one substance into another that goes on naturally, is disintegration; or the breaking up of higher elements to form lower ones in the series. So, where the laws of nature are most simple and definite, there is no indication of Evolution.

(2) *The past.*—Of all the sciences, Geology affords the best field in which to trace the succession of living beings. We find there two outstanding features: First, in each type of life, there were in the past more highly developed forms, as well as greater variety, than in the world today. This is most clearly seen in the types or classes that have been longest in the world; such as the corals, shells and cuttlefish, crabs and lobsters, and very notably the reptiles. Secondly, a large number of creatures can be traced through long ages without any change whatever. These statements cannot be challenged; and they are true also of some organs of the body, such as the "multiple eye" of the crab or the housefly which shows no development from the

earliest times. It was perfect from the first.

(3) *The present.*—If any type of creatures should show change during descent, it is those that have the most numerous generations. The one-celled organisms are in immense variety, classed broadly as bacteria; and they propagate from one to another, twice or three times in an hour. So there are as many generations in one year, as with sheep or cattle in 175 centuries. Among them all, the disease germs have been the most thoroughly studied. Yet, if there were any change from one species to another in 15,000 or 20,000 generations a typhoid germ might turn into a malaria germ from one year to the next. The whole investigation of germ diseases would thus become futile, with no reliable basis.

(4) *The cause of change.*—If creatures change from a low type to a higher level, there must be some cause for this. It is all the more necessary to find the cause, when the chemical elements of which their bodies are made testify against spontaneous uplift. Darwin was well aware that unless some reason could be found, his theory of Evolution would fail. Yet the three causes or compelling impulses which he proposed, to explain upward progress have proved inadequate, and are now discredited by outstanding evolutionists; and they do not know what other causes to suggest; nor can they agree upon them.

Such points as the above show how easy it is to teach Natural Science in the usual one-sided way; emphasizing all that may seem to favour Evolution, and overlooking what is so telling against it. But on the moral side, the matter is still more serious.

(5) *The moral side.*—If mankind has risen from the animal level, and his intelligence has developed through his own endeavour to cope with nature, what is the meaning of Sin? Evolution tells us that what is called sin is merely some inherited taint or animal propensity, without responsibility on our part and which further development will overcome. No one is therefore to blame for such things; on the contrary, man deserves congratulation that he has progressed so far, and that the future is in his own hands. This is clearly the logical conclusion to which Evolution leads. The practical outcome of this doctrine that we are only "improved animals" is seen in the

conduct of those who no longer recognize responsibility or regard sin as serious.

Yet even so modernist a leader as Harry E. Fosdick, urges us to recognize that sin is real. "Personal and social sin," he declares, "is as terribly real as our forefathers said it was, no matter how we change their way of saying it. And it leads men and nations to damnation as they said it did, no matter how we change their way of picturing it."

(6) *Christianity*.—The outstanding doctrine of Christianity is that man is responsible for his wrong-doing; that he needs to be forgiven and cleansed if he is ever to stand in the presence of a holy God; and that it is only through the Atonement made by Christ that this is possible. The central sacrament of the Christian Church testifies to the truth of this belief. But the evolutionary view of continuous development sets all this aside; because it makes any atonement for sin superfluous and unnecessary. If any of our Church leaders are unable to see this, it is at least plain to the Atheist who stresses this outcome of Evolution as his most powerful argument against Christianity.

Who then can gainsay the right of strenuous objection to the instilling of evolutionary ideas into the minds of our young people of school age, when this can only turn them aside from belief in the Gospel? If Evolution must be taught, its place is amongst the philosophies in the advanced classes in the University. The student can then make his choice between accepting views which closely resemble the old pagan philosophies; or believing the revelation from God which the Scriptures give us, as the guiding star of his life.

NOTE.

For brevity we have omitted quotations and references; but for the statements made, authorities could be quoted or examples given in confirmation.



It is hardly possible for anyone to occupy a prominent place of service, or to be preeminently used of God, without, at some time or another, having to encounter the attacks of certain radical and discontented men who cannot bear to see any one more honoured than themselves.

A Faithful Saying

A party of gay young officers were walking up and down the New-bridge platform, waiting the arrival of the up train to Dublin, where they were going to a ball.

As the train came up to the station, with the conservativeness of railway travellers, they looked into each first class compartment to find one empty. At length they decided upon a carriage in which only one gentleman sat reading. It was such an ordinary occurrence to see a traveller reading, and they were so occupied with one another, laughing and talking together, that they did not at first notice the book he was intent upon, for had they seen it was the Bible, they would not have chosen him for a companion.

Soon after the train left the station they began to smoke, the one sitting next to the gentleman saying,

"I hope you don't object to smoking."

"Indeed I do."

"Then so much the worse for you." At which sally they all laughed.

The gentleman said nothing for a time; then leaning over to the officer next to him, he inquired, "Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Shut your mouth," was the ready rejoinder.

Quietly looking the officer in the face, he said, "If you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned."

"Who asked you your opinion? Don't be annoying us."

"My not annoying you will not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned."

"What business have you speaking to us? We don't want your cant."

"Your not wanting my cant does not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned."

"Let us sit on him."

"Your sitting on me will not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned."

"Shove him out of the window."

"Your shoving me out of the window does not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned."

It was getting too hot for the young fellows, and the train coming to a station, they cried—"Let us get out of this into an-

other carriage, and leave the old hypocrite to himself." He followed them to the door, and spoke aloud after them,

"Your leaving the carriage does not alter the fact; if you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you'll be damned."

Some years passed; and this gentleman was travelling in England by the London and North Western Railway. At Chester he went into the refreshment room, and while there, a military looking man came in. He looked at our friend once or twice, as if to make sure he was right, then stepping over to where he stood, said, "Pardon me! if I don't greatly err, we have met before. Do you recollect travelling in Ireland by the G. S. and W. Railway, and a party of young fellows getting into your compartment at New-bridge?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, I was one of that party, and the one who sat next you, to whom you addressed your question. I was thoughtless and worldly then, and we were all engrossed with the gaiety of the scene we were going to that night. But your sole answer to our many insults, 'If you don't believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you'll be damned,' lodged in my heart. I went with the rest, and dressed for the ball; but I could hardly see to attire myself properly, your words swam before my eyes.

"I attended the ball, but could enjoy nothing; for every voice seemed to re-echo your sentence.

"I could endure it no longer; I pleaded indisposition, and withdrew. How I cried for mercy! and, thank God, I saw that if the terrible negative was awfully true, the grand positive "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31,) was none the less happily so. And, like the Philippian jailor, I 'rejoiced, believing in God.' (verse 34)."

Have you thought, my reader, that simple and easy as is the way of salvation, so also is the way of damnation—"He that believeth not, shall be damned" (Mark 16:16). "Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee," (Job 26:18).



The world is not changed. It may have changed its dress, but it has not changed its nature, its spirit, its principles. It hates the Lord Jesus as cordially as when the cry went forth, "Away with Him!" "Crucify Him!"

The Ant-lion

I was going into a deep forest alone on foot, with my blanket, food, and cooking utensils on my back. The day was very hot, and I sat down to rest. Every leaf was still, and the only sound was the distant murmur of a waterfall away in the forest.

Very soon I noticed that something was causing the sand to fly up not far from where I was sitting, and after a few moments I satisfied myself as to what it was.

It was a small insect that had burrowed down into the sand, and with his tail or some other apparatus, which I could not see exactly, he was throwing up the sand thick and fast.

How the sand flew! In a very few moments he had a hole about the diameter and twice the depth of a large coffee-cup. The sand was dry in a few moments, and of course would very readily roll down into the center. I had read of this creature, but had never seen one before. He was a little dark-looking fellow, and now he put himself into the very center of his den, burying himself completely out of sight, except his horn, which appeared sticking like a rusty needle out of the sand.

This was the ant-lion, and soon I had a specimen of his skill and power. A little red ant came running along seeking her food in her usual busy way. So she climbed up on the rim of this sandy cup and peeped over to investigate. Presently, suspecting danger, she turned to scramble off. Alas! it was too late; the sand rolled from under her feet, and down she went to the bottom; when in an instant that little black horn opened like a pair of shears, and "clip," the poor ant had lost a leg. And now the poor thing struggles to climb up, but one leg is gone, and she finds it hard work.

The little monster does not move or show himself. He knows what he is about. The ant has got almost to the top and liberty, when the sand slides, and down she goes. "Clip," go the shears, and another leg is gone. She struggles hard to rise, but she gets up only a little way and slips again, and a third leg is off. She now gives up the struggle, and the lion devours her in a few minutes, and then with a flip of his tail throws the skin of the ant entirely out of the cup, and the trap is at once set for another victim. A fly crept down to see what

was smelling so good, when "clip," he had but one wing, and here was the second course.

I found several such dens with the skins of the dead all around, but the inside looked pure and clean. There was no lion in sight, but the destroyer was there. The dead are shoved out of sight.

O ant-lion, thou art a preacher to me! I now see how it is the feet of the sinner slide as they walk over sandy places. They go to the saloon. It is all fair and inviting. But "clip," they are crippled. They will soon come back and take another glass, and every time the destroyer cripples them. They go to places of sin, to the ball, the opera, the billiard table, the racecourse, and know not that the dead are there! And every fall makes the next easier, and the probability of escape less and less.

O ant-lion! I wish all could see thee, and learn from thee, so cunning and bloodthirsty, so cruel to thy victims, and withal so remorseless, so like the devil—that roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.



"Tell ye your children of it"

"No Need For Me to Die"

Dr. W. T. P. Wolston

The evening rays of a July sun were filling a small room in the North of London, in which I sat studying botany.

A knock at the door arrested my study, and saying, "Come in," John, the only son of the godly couple with whom I lodged, entered, with a slate under his arm, a book in his hand, and a cloud on his brow.

A bright intelligent lad of thirteen, his errand was quickly told. He had met with an algebraical difficulty he could not surmount, and his mother gave him leave to ask my aid. We settled down to the sum in algebra, and very soon the problem was solved, and the equation worked out all right.

John was immensely pleased, and thanking me for my help, he was marching off, with the full conviction that to-morrow would find him at the top of his class, when I said, "There is a more difficult question than that, John; I wonder whether you have got it settled yet?"

"What's that?" said the boy.

"How are you to be saved, my little man? Is that question settled yet? Are you saved?"

"I am sorry to say it is not settled," he replied; "I wish it were."

"How do you think it can be settled, John?"

"There is only one way," he responded.

"And what way is that?" said I.

"It is only by the Lord Jesus Christ, by believing in Him," he added.

"Quite true, and do you believe in Him?"

"Yes, I think that I believe in Him, but I don't feel sure that I am saved."

"Feeling has nothing in the world to do with it. You have but to believe in Him, and be saved, for God has said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved' (Acts 16:31). Before a man knows he is saved, he generally finds out that he is lost. Have you found that out?"

"Yes, I am sure I am a sinner, and God's Word says I am lost: I believe His Word;" and tears rolled down the cheeks of the manifestly awakened lad.

"Well, I have good news for you. You say you are a sinner, and God says, 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us' (Rom. 5:8). It says, moreover, 'Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures' (1 Cor. 15:3). Scripture also tells us regarding Christ that, 'Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered TO BEAR THE SINS OF MANY; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation' (Heb. 9:26-28). Thus, you see, the work by which the sins of sinners are put away, has all been finished by the Lord Jesus Christ, when He died on the cross. All God's claims against us have been met by Him, the death and judgment due to us have been borne and exhausted by Him, and God has shown His appreciation of Christ, and of His work, by raising Him from the dead, and setting Him now at His own right hand in glory. A risen, glorified Saviour, is God's declaration of His perfect delight and satisfactions in the work that was accomplished for sinners, when His Son died for them. Do you see that?"

"I see that," said John, "and I believe it too;" and as he thus spoke, joy began to beam in the lad's face.

"And so you really believe in Jesus?" I said.

"Oh yes, I believe Him now; I can trust Him now. I believe He died for me, that He died for my sins, and I believe He has borne them all, and put them all away."

"Very good," I said, "and therefore now you may know they are all forgiven, for the Word of the Lord says, 'To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins' (Acts 10.43.)"

John nodded his approval, and then added, "I believe in Him. I believe my sins are forgiven. I see it all quite clearly, the difficulty is all gone. I know now that I am saved."

Now I am a profound believer in sudden conversion, but the reception of the truth by this lad was so rapid, that I wondered if he really had grasped it in his heart, or whether he had been merely assenting, in an intellectual way, to the statements of Scripture. I therefore put him through his facings, as I said, "Now, John, you tell me you believe in the Lord, that you are sure you are forgiven and saved, how would you feel if the Lord were to come just now?"

"I should feel very happy. I should like to see Him very much."

"You would not be afraid to meet Him?"

"Oh, no, I should love to meet Him."

"But again, supposing, on the other hand, that you were to die, what then? Would you be afraid to die?"

"Not at all," he said, "I should die quite happily now, but—but, there is no need for me to die now, is there?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well, sir, I thought, as you have been telling me Jesus died for me, that there would be no need for me to die."

That boy's answer let a flood of light into my soul, for although I had been a Christian for over three years, and believed in the coming of the Lord too, I never saw till that moment, distinctly, and clearly, that the death of the Lord Jesus absolutely delivers the believer from the necessity (I do not say the possibility) of death.

"You are quite right, John," I replied to the deeply inter-

ested lad, "you are quite right. Death has now no claim on you, because Jesus has met that claim. And though it is quite possible that both you and I may die, still it is the truth that death has now no claim on us, because Jesus has met this claim. There is indeed no need that we should die. His death for us clears us entirely."

The boy's face shone with heavenly joy as he heard this, and again thanking me for speaking to him about his soul, he left me.

I remained about a month in London after this conversation, and many a happy talk had John and I. Then my medical studies took me to Scotland, and more than a quarter of a century rolled by ere I met my young friend again.

Some fifteen years afterwards, I heard of a godly Episcopal clergyman, labouring in Glasgow, and being the means of many conversions to God. From the descriptions I received of him, I thought I recognised my young friend. But the Lord did not let me cross his path there, and soon after he removed again to England.

A professional call in the summer of 1891 to a fashionable South of England watering-place, at length gave me my desire. The wife of the patient I was visiting said to me, "There is a well-known preacher in this town whom I think you must know."

"What is his name?" said I, and she told me.

"That is the man I have been for long trying to see. I will see him to-night."

I set off at once to his house, and, calling, found that he was at home. His servant, however, added, "The Doctor is at dinner, and never sees any one after six o'clock, sir."

"He will see me, I think."

"I'm afraid not, sir; he won't see anybody," she reiterated.

"I think he will see me," I rejoined; "take in my card." So, admitting me, she put me in the drawing-room to wait, while she took my card to her master.

The next moment the door opened, and in came a middle-aged man, who with outstretched hands, exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come: I would not have missed this interview for worlds."

Twenty-seven years had rolled by since we last met, but each recognized the other, and we had sweet converse about

the Lord, as he recalled the details of the above-given narrative.

He told me of his college life, his entrance into the ministry, his being located here and there, preaching the Word of God, and the blessing which God had given with that ministry, of the conversion of many souls to God, and of the joy that filled his heart as he told perishing sinners of a living, loving Saviour, who died for them, and of a quickly returning Lord for His deeply loved Church.



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

In Everything Give Thanks

Dr. John G. Paton

of the New Hebrides

During a period of privation, my orphans suffered badly. Once they said to me, "Missi, we are very hungry."

I replied, "So am I, dear children, and we can have no more white food till the *Dayspring* comes."

They continued, "Missi, you have two beautiful fig trees. Will you let us take one feast of the young and tender leaves? We will not injure branch or fruit."

I answered, "Gladly, my children; take your fill!"

In a twinkling each child was perched upon a branch; and they feasted there, happy as squirrels. Every night we prayed for the vessel, and in the morning our orphan boys rushed to the coral rocks and eagerly scanned the sea for an answer. Day after day they returned with sad faces, saying, "Missi, *tavaka jimral*" ("No vessel yet").

But at grey dawn of a certain day we were awoken by the boys shouting from the shore and running for the Mission House with the cry, "*Tavoka oa! Tavoka oa!*" ("The vessel, hurrah!").

We arose at once, and the boys exclaimed, "Missi, she is not our own vessel, but we think she carries her flag. She has three masts, and our *Dayspring* only two!"

I looked through my glass, and saw that they were discharging goods into the vessel's boats; and the children, when I told them that the boxes and bags and casks were being sent on shore, shouted and danced with delight. As the first boat-

load was discharged, the orphans surrounded me, saying, "Missi, here is a cask that rattles like biscuits! Will you let us take it to the Mission House?"

I told them to do so if they could; and in a moment it was turned into the path, and the boys had it flying before them, some tumbling and hurting their knees, but up and at it again, and never pausing till it rolled up at the door of our storehouse. On returning I found them all around it, and they said, "Missi, have you forgotten what you promised us?"

I said, "What did I promise you?"

They looked very disappointed and whispered to each other, "Missi has forgot!"

"Forgot what?" inquired I.

"Missi," they answered, "you promised that when the vessel came you would give each of us a biscuit."

"Oh," I replied, "I did not forget; I only wanted to see if you remembered it!"

They laughed saying, "No fear of that, Missi! Will you soon open the cask? We are dying for biscuits."

At once I got hammer and tools, knocked off the hoops, took out the end, and then gave girls and boys a biscuit each. To my surprise they all stood round, biscuit in hand, but not one beginning to eat.

"What," I exclaimed, "you are dying for biscuits! Why don't you eat? Are you expecting another?"

One of the eldest said, "We will first thank God for sending us food, and ask Him to bless it to us all."

And this was done in their own simple and beautiful child-like way; and then they *did* eat, and enjoyed their food as a gift from the Heavenly Father's hand. (Is there any child reading this, or hearing it read, who never thanks God or asks Him to bless daily bread? Then is that child not a *white* heathen?) We ourselves at the Mission House could very heartily rejoice with the dear orphans. For some weeks past our European food had been all exhausted, except a little tea, and the cocoa-nut had been our chief support. It was beginning to tell against us. Our souls rose in gratitude to the Lord, who had sent us these fresh provisions that we might love Him better and serve Him more.

The Garments of Salvation

Isaiah 61:10

COUNT NICHOLAS ZINZENDORF

Translated from the German by John Wesley

Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand at that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 While by Thy blood absolved I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the Saints redeemed by blood,
 Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,
 And all their boast is in Thy name.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came—
 Who died for me, for me t' atone—
 Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood—
 Which at the Mercy-seat of God
 For ever doth for sinners plead—
 For me, even for my soul, was shed.

This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruined nature sinks in years;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The robe of Christ is ever new.

When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies—
 Even then shall this be all my plea
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.

Till I behold Thee on Thy Throne
 In Thee I boast, in Thee alone,
 My beauty this, my glorious dress,
 "Jesus the Lord, my righteousness."



W. J. McCLURE

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

Angels have their joy over the repentance of sinners. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." It is happy to have this secret of heaven disclosed to us, and to read one illustration of it after another, as we do in Luke xv.

But there is something beyond this. The joy there, though in heaven, is *public*. It utters itself, and has companionship. Very proper that it should be so; very proper that the whole house should share it, and find it a common joy. But there is something beyond this. There is the joy of the *divine bosom*, as well as this joy of heaven. John iv. 27-32 gives it to us, as Luke xv. gives us the public joy in heaven. And this joy of the divine bosom, I need not say, is the deeper thing. It is full, silent, and personal. It asks not to be raised or sustained by others. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of" is the language of the heart of Christ as He tasted this joy. The glory was filling the house, so that the ministers of the house must stand by for a time. The Shepherd had but just brought home the stray one of the flock, having laid it on His shoulders rejoicing, and as yet the joy was all His own. The household had not been called to rejoice with Him, when the woman left Him a saved and happy sinner. Disciples felt the character of the moment. They would not trespass. The fat reserved for the altar, the richest portion of the feast, "the food of God," was spread, and the disciples were silent, and stood apart. This was a wondrous moment—not many like it. The deep, unuttered joy of the divine bosom is known here, as the public ecstatic joy of heaven is known in Luke xv.

But He that could be thus feasted was weary betimes, and hungry, and thirsting. This is seen in the same chapter—John iv., as again in Mark iv. But there is this difference in the two cases: He finds sleep for His relief and restoration

in Mark iv., He is independent of it in John iv. And why was this? In Mark iv. He had gone through a day of toil, and in the evening He was weary, as nature will be after labor: "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening." (Ps. civ.) Sleep is then provided for him, to restore him to his service when morning returns. Jesus proved all this. He was asleep on the pillow in the boat. In John iv. He is weary again, hungry and thirsty too. He sits at the well, like a tired traveler, waiting till the disciples came from the neighboring village with food. But when they come, they find Him feasted and rested, and that too without food or drink or sleep. His weariness had had another refreshment than what sleep would have brought Him. He had been made happy by fruit to His labor in the soul of a poor sinner. The woman had been sent away in the liberty of the salvation of God. But there had been no woman of Samaria in Mark iv., and He has therefore to use the pillow in His weariness.

But how true all this is to the sensibilities of our common humanity! We all understand it. The Lord's heart was merry, as I may say, in John iv.; but there was nothing to make it merry in Mark iv. And we are taught to know (and our experience sets to its seal that the word is true) that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." (Prov. xvii. 22.) So that the Master can say in the one case, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," while in the other, He will use the pillow which care for His weariness had provided.



All believers are priests, and they are called to offer spiritual sacrifices, according to Hebrews 13:15, 16.



There is not a single member, however obscure, that does not derive positive benefit from the duly discharged functions of the prominent member. And on the other hand, the prominent member is a debtor to the duly discharged functions of the obscure one. Let the eyes lose their power of vision, and every member will feel it. Let there be functional derangement in the most trivial member, and the most honourable member will suffer.

Four Notable "Days" of Scripture

Thos. D. W. Muir

The Day of Manifestation

A COMING DAY. Scripture is constantly referring to a coming day,—a day of cloudless sunshine to the people of God. He who was the Light of the world is gone; men sought, in death, to quench that light. Where He has gone, and what will come next they know and care not. But faith knows where He has gone. Faith sees Him at the right hand of God, and waits for His return. But because He is absent, the present time is reckoned by them as the "night," and their hearts are taught to look for the Morning,—meanwhile serving Him while they wait. The Lord has announced Himself as the "Light" and "the Morning Star," and for their comfort He has said, "Surely I come quickly." So that while the world goes on its way, content with its material projects, possessions, and prospects, the children of God are taught to look beyond this scene and period, called in the Word of God "Man's day" (1 Cor. 4:3), to that coming Day of Manifested Glory! Today man sits on the judgment-seat, passing sentence according to the thoughts of his own heart on God, His Word, His people, and His ways. God's people may claim to be the sons of God, but they are unrecognized as such—the world knows them not even as it knew Him not (John 1:10, 1 John 3:1). But, when He comes He will usher in the "day of Christ,"—the day of His and their manifested glory for *then* shall He be "glorified in His saints," and then will be the "manifestation of the sons of God," of which Romans 8.16-19 and other scriptures speak.

THAT DAY! This predicted time is variously designated. Sometimes it is simply spoken of as "the day," or "that day." Again, it is called "the day of Christ," or "the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." But, whatever the shades of meaning, which may be indicated by the varied expressions, they all look on to the future, and are linked up with His coming and His glory. It is pre-eminently "the day", because associated with Christ in His coming honors. The wonder of it is, that vile sinners, such as we were, and who have been saved by

the grace of God, are those destined to be sharers with Him of those honors. Now, we find the Spirit of God would use this as an incentive to holiness of life and walk; as a plea to arouse us from drowsiness; as a reminder of the time of promised reward; and as a solace in present times of trial.

Writing to the Philippian saints, Paul by the Spirit exhorts "that ye may be sincere and *without offense till the day of Christ*; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1:9-11). Again, to the saints in Corinth he speaks of them as "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall confirm you unto the end, that ye may be *blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ*" (1 Cor. 1:7-8). Still again he urges, "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. 4:29-30). In view of that day, when our lives will be seen in their true character, and knowing that we shall then meet them again, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness" (2 Pet. 3:11).

"*It is high time to awake!*" How often do we find this world to be what Bunyan called an "enchanted ground" so that as we pass through it, our spirits become drowsy, and we need to be stirred up. Hence, the Spirit of God sounds an alarm, such as:—"Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light," etc. (Rom. 13: 11-14). The world sleeps on to its doom, but "we are not of the night nor of darkness; therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch and be sober" (1 Thess. 5:5-6). "Our salvation,"—that is, the full completion and manifestation of that which we received by faith at the beginning,—"*is nearer than when we believed;*" Christ is coming, then the "salvation" (for which we have waited), will be complete, for these bodies of humiliation will be changed into the likeness of the body of His glory, and so we shall be forever with and like the Lord.

"AND SO MUCH THE MORE." In Hebrews 10 we have a group of exhortations, which follows the unfolding of the fulness of Christ's redemptive work, such as, "Let us draw near"—to worship:—"Let us hold fast the confession of the

hope" (R. V.) "Let us consider one another,"—"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see *the day* approaching" (Heb. 1:23-25). They say these are the "last days"—that we are living in "remnant times", and from that some have argued that we cannot carry out the truth concerning the separation and gathering together of the people of God according to the Word. We see the "manner of some" was, even in Apostolic days, to forsake the "assembling together" of themselves, but the Spirit, "knowing the time" urged with increasing intensity for faithfulness in this, especially as they saw "the day approaching." The close proximity of that approaching "day" of His coming again, with its attendant "manifestation," is one of the very strongest reasons why we should assemble together,—and "*so much the more,*" because the time of our testimony is short, and of His and our glory is near. May we, however, be preserved from merely holding *the doctrine of His coming* in our heads. May we the rather prove the grip it is having on our souls, by the ready obedience we render to His commands, and by our walking in His ways.

A DAY OF REWARDS. "Judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who both will bring to light, the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have his (own) praise of God" 1 Cor. 4:5). It is to this time the Apostle refers when he says:—"We must all be made manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad" (2 Cor. 5:10 R.V.). It is *not* the judgment of our *sins*, but of our *walk* and *service*. To this we have reference made in 1 Cor. 3:13-15, where we read that—"Every man's work shall be made manifest, for *the day* shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what *sort* it is." The test of our work will be that of *quality*, not *quantity*; nor *size* but *sort*. That which has been done for and with Him, He will reward,—that which was but for self shall be burned up in His presence, and we shall "suffer loss." But, we doubt not that grace will reign even here, for the cup of all will be full,—be it large or small.

The saints who have died, are now with Christ, but they have not yet entered into their full reward,—that remains for “the day of Christ,”—for the true reward will be rendered at the “resurrection of the just,” when He comes. This was the thought of the Apostle when he wrote, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give unto me in *that day*, and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing” (2 Tim. 4:7-8.) Eternal life He gives us freely, and then amply rewards every act done for Him. What marvelous grace!

A DAY OF RECOMPENSE. We are living in an enemy’s land, and while with many of us the laws of the land protect us in our liberty to serve God, it is not so everywhere, and it may not always continue with us. The “great tribulation,” we believe will occur in connection with another group of His saints (Matt. 24), yet even now it is written, “They that *will* live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution” (2 Tim. 3), and our God would encourage all such when He says:—“Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you: and to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels... When He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe,—*in that day*.” In other words, God will then set all such matters right. Meanwhile, dear fellow saints, may we go on, press on, and plod on,—our testimony for Him being more true, more real, more heavenly, as we embrace this blessed hope, and like those of old, confess that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, looking for another country, even a heavenly, of which Christ is the Center, and His praises our chief employ!



Nothing can be more worthless than seeking a place for oneself. It is sure to end in disappointment and confusion.



The grand thing for each one is to be found filling his appointed place and doing his appointed work; and the more humbly, quietly, and unpretendingly, the better.

Saul

A Picture of Present Day Profession and its End W. J. McClure

There were two men who were very much interested in David, when he came from the fight in the Valley of Elah; they were Saul and his son, Jonathan. But there was a very great difference in what each thought of David, which became more manifest soon after.

Jonathan's attitude towards David is seen in 1 Sam. 18.1. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." The next verse gives us the attitude of Saul, and that verse reveals more by what it does not say, than by what it does say. But it might be put thus, Jonathan took David to his *heart*, while Saul took him to his *house*.

That first meeting between Jonathan and David is very suggestive and it is followed by a very touching scene, which shows the reality of Jonathan's love for David. "And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." (18:4). We cannot imagine Saul ever entering into the spirit of these two verses. Such devotion as is displayed by Jonathan to David was unknown to him.

Dear Jonathan *failed* it is true, but he never *faltered* in his love for David; right on till his sad and tragic end David filled his heart. He is a picture of the real believer in the midst of false profession, who in spite of failure loves the ONE Who died for him.

Saul rejoiced in David's victory, as Jonathan reminds him in Chap. 19:5, but it was in the consequences of that victory that he rejoiced. It was different with Jonathan, with him it was the victor more than the victory, for we read that he "delighted much in David." Mere self interest in Saul led him to rejoice at David's victory. He had felt the humiliation of the Philistine's challenge which he was unable to accept, and he was glad that David met and defeated his and his people's enemy. But he wanted the benefits without David, and was willing to stain his soul with the blood of his deliverer.

Like Saul the great mass of professors today are glad of the benefits that have come to the world through the coming into it of our Lord Jesus. They can see the difference between those lands where the gospel has been preached and those where it has not been proclaimed. It is not difficult to see that the heathen systems have never produced the self denying men and women who adorn the *profession* of Christianity and have never given to the world those activities that make for the moral and material betterment of mankind, such as Hospitals, Orphanages, Homes for the Aged, Asylums for the Insane, Institutions for the reclamation of the vicious and the fallen, etc.

These all tell of the influence that the coming of Christ has had on men, and men are glad of them but they do not want Christ. Religion is tolerated for it has been adapted to their taste. Grand buildings, elaborate rituals, splendid music, eloquent preachers, good society, etc., all play their part in leading men to keep up the profession of Christianity. But only those who have felt the burden of sin, desire Christ. Unto all the rest Isa. 53:3 is still true, "He is despised and rejected of men."

Saul in professedly honouring David and then seeking to kill him is but a shadow of Christendom, which is ripening for judgment. Who has not heard or read the wicked things which professed ministers of Christ say of Him? His virgin birth is denied; the Son of God is regarded as the son of Joseph, born of natural generation, like any other poor sinner of Adam's fallen race. Were such a thing true, then His death would have no more virtue than that of any other man. But it is not true.

When He was on earth He asserted His Deity and accepted worship as God, but the leaders of Christendom speak of Him as a man of very limited intelligence, for He taught that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, that the story of Eden was true, that the Deluge was a fact, and that Jonah in the fish's belly was real history and not a myth, and all this is sufficient in their estimation to stamp Him as not up to date in knowledge.

No amount of pleasing phrases about our Lord being a good man whose example we are called to follow, can hide the Saul-like enmity of those who spread such teachings of

demons. And the sheer hypocrisy of such men should be apparent to anyone. If Christ was not God He was not good, for He accepted the worship which belongs to God alone. When at Lystra men would do homage to Paul and Barnabas as gods, the servants of Christ were horror stricken, and, rending their garments, prevented the priest of Jupiter from giving to them the honour due to God only. But when Thomas addressed Christ as "My Lord and my God" He did not rebuke him, but commended him.

It would indeed be strange to have a man held up as a good man and an example, who being only the son of a labouring man, who had learned how to conduct himself as a butler, if he were to go into some community and pass himself off as the Earl of Carrick, and be feted and feasted as such. Few would be content to apply such a mild word as "Impostor" to him. And yet, according to a great many present day theologians, that is what our blessed Lord did.

Saul's end is like the end of Christendom. Having rejected the Word of the Lord, which gives sure guidance, he turned to spiritism; he went to the "witch of Endor," the prototype of the modern spiritist medium. Christendom is honeycombed with that dreadful thing. Men who have no faith in God or His Word, feel the need of some help in the perplexities of life and they are turning to spiritism. Thus the way is being prepared for the "man of sin", to the time when all unreal profession will be given over to his worship, as we see in 2 Thess. 2:1-12.

Saul's death followed soon after his apostasy, and the judgment of the professing church as detailed in Revelation chapters 17 and 18 will come close on what we get in 2 Thess. 2. After Saul fell on mount Gilboa, we read that the Philistines came to *strip* the slain. And this calls to mind Rev. 17:16, 17 where the ten kings strip the fallen apostate church of all her vast wealth, accumulated through centuries. They were first her dupes, then they become her judges, God's instruments. How solemn for the child of God to be helping on that whose trend and end is portrayed by Saul the king of Israel.



If Balaam's heart had been right with God, he would have made very short work with Balak's message.

Abram the Hebrew*Dr. Alexander Maclaren*

This is a singular designation of Abram as "The Hebrew." It is in plain English a nickname, and it means neither more nor less than "The man from the other side," or "The man that has come across the water." Just as a certain prince in the Middle Ages bore the name Outremere—the "man from beyond the sea"—so Abram to the inhabitants of Canaan was known simply as the foreigner, "the man from the other side" (of the Jordan or of the great river Euphrates), the man from across the water. (Gen. 14:13).

Now that name may suggest just two things, which I seek now to press upon our hearts and consciences. The first is, as to how men become Christians, and the second is, as to how they look to other people when they are.

First: Men become Christians by a great emigration. "Get thee out from thy father's house, and from thy country, and from thy kindred," was the command to Abram. And he became the heir to God's promises and the father of the faithful, because he left behind him all his past, his associations, his loves, much of his possessions, and put a great impassable gulf between him and them all. And what I desire to impress upon you is, that, unless you are only religious people after the popular superficial fashion of the day, there will be something like that in your lives. There will be a change in a man's deepest self, so that he will be a "new creature," with new tastes, new motives stirring to action, new desires pressing for satisfaction, new loves sweetly filling his heart, new aversions withdrawing him from old delights which have become hateful now, and new powers bearing him along a new road. There will be a change in relation to God and God's will. God in Christ will become his Centre, instead of self, which was so before. He lives in a new world, being himself a new man.

Our Lord uses this very illustration when He says, "He that heareth My Word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." That is a great migration, is it not, from the condition of a corpse to that of a living man? Paul, too, gives the same idea with a somewhat different turn

of the illustration, when he gives "thanks to the Father who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love." The illustration is probably drawn from the practice of the ancient conquering monarchs, who, when they subjugated a country, were wont to lead away captive long files of its inhabitants as compulsory colonists, and set them down in another land. Thus the conquering Christ comes, and those whom He conquers by His love, He shifts by a great emigration out of the dominion of that darkness which is at once tyranny and anarchy, and leads them into the happy kingdom of the light. My question to you is, Are you "men from the other side" who have passed out of the native land of Chaldea into the land of union with God?

Second: This designation may be taken as teaching that a Christian should be known as a foreigner, a man from across the water. Everybody that knew Abram at all knew him as not one of themselves. "The Hebrew" was the name he went by, because his unlikeness to the others was the most conspicuous thing about him. Abram found himself, when he had migrated into Canaan, in no barbarous country, but in an organized and compact civilization, with walled cities, and comforts and conveniences; and in the midst of it all what did he do? He elected to live in a tent. "He dwelt in tabernacles," as the Epistle to the Hebrews comments upon his history, "because he looked for a city." The more his expectations were fixed upon a permanent abode, the more transitory did he make his abode here. Although he bought and sold with them, and acquired from them land in which to bury his dead, he was not one of them, but said, "No! I am not going into your city. I stay in my tent under this terebinth tree; for I am here as a stranger and a sojourner." No doubt there were differences of language, dress, and a hundred other little things, which helped the impression made on the men of the land by this strange visitor who lived in amity but in separation, and they are all crystallised in the name which they gave him, "The man from the other side."

That is the impression which Christians ought to make in the world. They should be recognized as plainly belonging to another order. If we seek to keep fresh in our minds that

we do so belong to another country, it will make itself manifest in all our bearing and actions. And so that exhortation to cultivate the continual sense that our true city is in heaven, is ever to be reiterated, and as constantly obeyed, as the necessary condition of a life worthy of our glorious hopes. If you do that you will not need to say, "I am from another country." Your conduct will say it for you. Follow Christ, and people will be quick enough to say of you, "The man from the other side. He does not belong to our city." There is no need for ostentation, nor for saying, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord" nor for blowing trumpets before us. The less of all that the better. The more we try to do the common things done by the folk around us, but from another motive, the more powerful will be our witness for our Master.

For instance, when John Knox was in the French galleys, he was fastened to the same oar with some criminal, perhaps a murderer. The two men sat on the same bench, did the same work, tugged at the same heavy sweep, were fed with the same food, suffered the same sorrows. But do you think there was any doubt as to the infinite gulf between them? We may be working side by side, at the very same tasks, with men who have no share in our faith, and no sympathy with our hopes, and yet, though doing the same thing, it will *not* be the same thing. And if we keep Christ before us, and follow His steps Who has left us an example, depend upon it people will very soon find out that we are men "from across the water."

May I venture to suggest yet another and very different application to this name? To the aboriginal inhabitants of heaven, the angels that kept their first estate, redeemed men are possessors of a unique experience, and are in the eyes of the angels, "men from the other side." They who entered on their pilgrimage through the Red Sea of conversion, pass out of it through the Jordan of death. They who become Christ's by the great change of yielding their hearts to Him, and who live here as pilgrims and sojourners, pass dryshod through the stream into His presence. And there the angels who have always dwelt in the sunny highlands of the true Canaan, gather around them, and call them (perhaps envying their experience) "The men that have crossed." The "He-

brews of the Hebrews” in the heavens are those who have known what it is to be pilgrims and sojourners, and to whom the promise has been fulfilled in the last hour of their journey, “When thou passest through the river, I will be with thee.” *They* sing what angels cannot, “Thou hast led us through fire and water, and brought us into a wealthy place.”



Christ the Intercessor

“WHO ALSO MAKETH INTERCESSION FOR US.”

Rom. 8:13.

With the contemplation of every new Rock-cleft, the “treasures hid in Christ” seem to grow upon us, not only in number and variety, but in value and preciousness.

This is specially the case in meditating on the Redeemer as the INTERCESSOR of His Church and people. In that beautiful grouping of the great apostle’s “Confidences” in his divine Lord, to which we have more than once adverted, the crowning one is that which heads this chapter;—“It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God; *who also maketh intercession for us!*” It is when climbing, step by step, he reaches this height of his high argument, that he turns round with the challenge, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” (Rom. 8:34, 35).

The intercession of the Saviour is based on His atonement. It has been well defined as “the efficacious virtue of the atonement perpetuated by a divine official act.” Some theological writers have ingeniously drawn an analogy between creation and providence, atonement and intercession; that just as Providence is the sustaining of the *creative* work—so that if Christ’s continual upholding arm were withdrawn, the outer material world would soon lapse into disorganisation;—so, the intercession of Jesus is the carrying out, and carrying on, of His propitiatory and mediatorial work,—the complement of the great salvation consummated on Calvary. The Atonement, indeed, is in itself complete; just as this outer creation, (to revert to the analogy), was complete, when it came in all its glorious mechanism from the hands of God, and was pronounced “very good.” But in order to perpetuate the benefits of Redemption, and make them available for His people,

it is needful for Him, as the High Priest, to continue His sacerdotal office "at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens—a minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man." (Heb. 8:2). The temple-service of old was the shadow of these sublime heavenly things. The Jewish High Priest, having offered on the great day of Atonement the sacrificial oblation on the altar of burnt-offering, attired himself in a dress of pure white linen,—linen robes and linen girdle, and linen mitre, white from head to foot. Thus arrayed, he carried the blood in one hand, and the censer of live coals in the other, into the Most Holy place. Beating some fragrant incense small, he mixes it with the burning coals. A grateful cloud arises;—the whole Temple Court is redolent with the perfume, and enveloped in smoke. Significant type, surely, of Him who has entered through the rent veil of His own crucified body into the Holiest of all; carrying with Him the memorials of His own precious blood-shedding and the fragrant incense of His adorable merits. As the Jewish High Priest sprinkled the blood on the pavement *before* the mercy-seat as well as *on* the mercy-seat; so our Divine High Priest sprinkled His blood first on the floor of earth where He shed it, and now He sprinkles it on the throne of heaven. There, with the true incense and fire He pleads. Attired in the white linen vesture of His perfect obedience and righteousness, He confesses His people's sins—He stands between the congregation in the outer court of earth and the Divine shekinah. The mercy-seat is sprinkled; He waves the fragrant censer;—and the whole heavenly house is filled with the odour of the incense.

We dare not, indeed, presume to speculate or dogmatise on the *manner* of this intercession. It is a silent inarticulate speech and pleading. The voice of Abel's blood is represented, by a bold figure, as crying from the ground. That blood, it need not be remarked, was in reality mute. So doubtless is it with our Divine Intercessor. There may be no articulate accents, no audible utterances. He sprinkles no material blood. But this we know, that He has carried with Him to His intercessory throne a glorified body, still bearing the visible marks of earthly humiliation and suffering—the perpetual memorials of His atoning sacrifice;—so that that blood may still be

said to have *a voice* before the throne—"The blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel." (Heb. 12:24.) When on earth He poured out His soul "in strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death He was heard in that He feared." (Heb. 5:7). In heaven, He pleads in silence; His wounds are His argument; He is heard in that He *suffered!*

But in this, we are anticipating. We shall proceed, as the most befitting method of illustrating the great truth, to enumerate one or two characteristics of the Saviour's intercession.

(Continued D. V.)

—J. R. M.

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True Success

Dr. Grenfell

The heroic Missionary of Labrador, told the students of Mount Hermon College something worth repeating:

"When you and I have come to the end of life, supposing that we had the wealth of a Croesus, and that we could look upon our life as having been spent in filling bags of gold, would the retrospect be satisfying? Can you measure success in that way?

"If there is a poor child in Labrador dying because it has no food, or a young fellow here in Hermon going down to hell because he has no one to love him, would not service for such better fit a man's life than hoarding wealth?

"Looking back on the little things of life, I would rather have them than all the gold. When we come before the Judgment Seat at the day of reckoning, we shall measure our success in no other way than by what the Gospel of Jesus Christ has enabled us to do. What have we been doing with it?

"What kind of a superstructure is being built upon the foundation laid here by Mr. Moody? The foundation that Mount Hermon stands on is that upon which Mr. Moody built his life, upon faith in Jesus Christ. This is the dynamic which is to raise the world! Put your honest, faithful, single trust in Him. I commend Him to you in the name of the founder of this institution, whose name is already honored, blessed, and revered, when I think of him, because he gave me that indestructible faith in Jesus Christ."

The Captain

James Melrose

*An Address in Central Gospel Hall, Detroit.**(Continued from January number.)*

Please read 2 Samuel 23:13-17. Hebrews 2:9, 10.

But to return to the picture of David and his men, let us attempt a somewhat closer study of this particular episode in his career. We cannot but feel, as we read, that here we have something outstanding; something noble; something stirring; something so beautiful that it is found to be too good for earth and is poured out as an offering before the face of God; "A thing of beauty and a joy forever" wherewith to adorn the Palace of the King; something upon which earth is incapable of placing a value; good for pictures and poetry, but of no practical value; a colossal blunder, men would say; a waste of effort—but in *heaven's* reckoning, it stands *priceless*.

When the woman of whom we read in the Gospels broke her alabaster box of ointment "of spikenard, *very precious*," and poured it upon the person of our blessed Lord, some were shocked and said "What a waste!" But the divine verdict was "Worthy of a memorial for time and eternity!" Whereas the monuments of earth's greatest have crumbled into dust, her memorial still stands, for "Wheresoever this gospel is preached, this that she hath done is spoken of for a memorial of her."

The incident which we have recorded in the narrative before us (2 Kings 23:13) occurred after David's anointing as God's chosen King of Israel, by the hand of Samuel, the Lord's prophet. Much had transpired since then. Glorious victories, like that over Goliath, had been gained, but only to stir up the envy, jealousy and rage of Saul and to bring upon David bitter persecution. But, spite of that, he will not grasp at the throne. He will bide *God's* time. He is God's anointed, and in His own due time, God himself shall place His king upon His holy hill of Zion, and they who shall then support his throne and form his court, shall be those whom God has caused to gather together now around his person—a willing people, sharing his rejection and sufferings.

As we proceed, we would seek to weave together type and antitype. Here we see a type of Him of Whom the poet has sung;

Hail! to the Lord's anointed,
 Great David's greater Son,
 Hail! in the time appointed
 His Reign on earth begun.
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captives free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

"He came unto His own (God-appointed inheritance) but His own (people) received Him not." He came doing mighty works, in which the spiritual Goliaths of disease and death and hell fell before His face—works that for a time at least called forth "Hosannahs to the Son of David:" albeit these were soon followed by "Away with Him." "But to as many as received Him, He gave the right to become sons of God." Truly God's anointed, the Messiah, the Christ—rejected, despised, but awaiting the day—"the day of the Lord"—when it shall please the Father to take away the sceptre from the hands of "the powers that be" (for the time being, ordained of God as was Saul) and "set His king upon His holy hill of Zion."

Meanwhile, "a people are being gathered to His name" and person. "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37). The writer heard the call of God in the Scripture just quoted and responded. Perhaps some reader hears it now. If so, "make haste and delay not to keep His commandment." "Arise, *He* calleth Thee." Be like dear Matthew, the publican, who "straightway arose and left all and followed."

Years after the anointing oil was poured upon his head David was still not in control of the kingdom. Those were strenuous days and days of depression, which had driven him to the point of despair, so that he said "I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul"; days when faith was tried to the straining point, and they were beginning to tell, despite the presence of a noble Abigail and those splendid men. Besides

the persecutions of Saul the Philistine enemies are stirred to fresh effort and rather than jeopardize the people for his sake, he retires, with a chosen few, to his mountain retreat—to the seclusion and security of the cave of Adullam.

This flitting like a partridge—to use his own expressive speech—was wearing him down and stirring up, by contrast, memories of simple village home-life in Bethlehem.

The Philistines are encamped at Bethlehem—the enemy is in control of the “House of Bread” and of the well by the gate. How suggestive of these closing days of this age, when the kingdom is at hand and the enemy is stirred up! Those “perilous times” when not only the world opposes, but “apostates” in the professing church of God, “evil men and seducers;” “wolves in sheep’s clothing” would seem to be in possession of the very house of bread and to cut off the means of grace. The God appointed channels through which the bread of life and the water of life should be dispensed to hungry and thirsting men are corrupted and cut off, creating a famine and a drought in the midst of plenty.

I doubt not but that the presentation of stones for bread and a nauseating concoction, (consisting largely of the effervescent vaporings of vain minds with a small per cent of scripture flavoring) for water, may be largely accountable for the turning away of many with loathing from present-day gospel testimony, esteeming all to be in the same category, and glad, no doubt, of an excuse to shun the way of the cross so offensive to the flesh.

David has taken his place once more “outside the camp.” Like Moses, he chooses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, cut off from his beloved Bethlehem; his father’s house, where “all fulness dwells”, where there is always “bread enough and to spare”; and from that springing well of water by Bethlehem’s gate, pure and clear as crystal, ever-flowing, and always so free and so satisfying.

As this man of destiny stands by the cave, scanning from his vantage point the familiar surroundings, he notes the little town of Bethlehem but a few miles distant. In pensive mood, his mind traverses the course of his changing fortunes through the past years, until again, in fancy, he is the shepherd boy in these same Judæan Hills, tending his father’s sheep, and when his day’s or night’s work is done, weary and thirsty,

taking his homeward journey, he stops by yon springing well which stands like a welcoming host by the gate of the little city of Bethlehem bidding him lave his travel-stained feet and slake his thirst in its cool, refreshing stream.

Inadvertently, as he dreams, he speaks aloud: "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate."

It was but a wish, uttered to the winds, but intercepted by the ever-alert ears of the three Mighties, whose motto might have been "Be Vigilant."

"Didst hear?" said one.

"Let's go!" said another.

"Agreed!" exclaimed the third.

And the fight was on! One of those noble, impromptu deeds which spring spontaneously from devoted hearts—"presenting their bodies a living sacrifice."

Oh, a wondrous thing is prudence!

And they are useful friends

Who are chary of beginnings

Until they see the ends;

But give us now and then the man

That we may crown him king

Who spurns to count the consequence

That he may do the thing.

Three nameless men, "The Mighties". But their deed endures. As nameless, I like to think of them as representative of a great multitude. After the World War was over, each of the nations selected one from among the host of unknown dead and erected over his tomb a fitting memorial dedicated to "The Unknown Soldier," as representative of that mighty army who had suffered, bled, and died for the land of their nativity or adoption.

I like to think of these three nameless ones as representative of that multitude which no man can number—mighty by reason of the *Holy Spirit* within; mighty as strengthened with might in the inner men and able to do all things, *through Christ*, who strengtheneth—(a might so highly appraised by the great apostle Paul that he could say, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities that the *power of Christ* might rest upon me"); mighty, because God, by whom

one man shall chase a thousand, is for, and who can be against?; mighty in the triple power of a triune God; the "overcomers" we read of in the book of Revelation; the nameless ones bearing no name but His.

The nobly dumb who did their deed,
 And scorned to blot it with a name,
 Men of the plain, heroic breed
 Who loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

And can we—may we fill our vessels and bring a tribute of devotion to the feet of our beloved Lord and Master? If we be born from above, we surely *can*, and by the grace of God, we *may*. But only such can and only such may, for the "natural man receiveth not the things of God," but, "he that believeth on Me, out of his inward parts shall flow rivers of living water." Are we not exhorted to yield our bodies a living sacrifice; holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service?

Then let's go, brethren! Let's go! Lay aside every weight and sin and go! Let's put on the whole armor of God and take the sword of the Spirit and prayerfully go, and fill our vessels to overflowing in the presence of the enemy—the giants of the world, the flesh, and the devil—with their doubt and discouragement, and their thrusts of jibe or jest. Fill those vessels with that water of life, the source of which is in the highlands of our blessed Captain's homeland. "The river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," coming down to this arid wilderness and breaking out at the sacred spot called Bethlehem. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old—from everlasting."

"The Living Water!" And as we bring our little vessels full to Him, He takes them and pours them out before the face of God at the place called Calvary; for this water, too, must find its original level.

One day, our blessed Lord sat weary, travel-stained, and thirsty by a well, and there He said to the woman of Samaria, "Give me to drink." But as it was with David, so here beneath the simple request, there lay a hungering and thirst-

ing and longing that no stream of earth could satisfy. We do not read in the record that He ever got the drink He asked for from the woman, though I doubt not but He did. But it is of no further consequence to the record and so drops out of sight and loses itself in the larger spiritual issue.

Only a draught of living water from the place from whence He came could satisfy those deeper longings, and heaven answered His request as He sat by Sychar's Well, for the hosts of darkness that surrounded that poor woman fell before heaven's onslaught. As He gave that "coup de grace" that ended all resistance—"I that speak unto thee am He (the Messias)," the eyes of a sinful woman looked full into the eyes of the Holy One of God, and she knew it, in her inmost being, and was won for God. Without another word of argument (one occasion in which, contrary to tradition, a woman did not have the last word), she left her water pot to be a missionary, to say "Come see a Man . . . is not this the Christ?" And her vessel, filled to overflowing from heaven's own well, lay at the dear Redeemer's feet, so that He could say to the returning disciples "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." He had gotten the longed for drink!

Again, the Mighty Warrior of Calvary's hill, midst "the confused noise of the battle and garments rolled in blood," cries aloud, "I thirst," and out from the midst of the mocking, jeering, seemingly triumphing host, from the midst of seeming defeat, from the very jaws of hell, there issues the trembling cry of the agonizing malefactor by His side, "Lord, remember me" and a feeble hand held out its vessel, and into it there poured the crystal life-giving stream—"Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!" Another filled vessel lay at His blessed feet to be presented before the throne of God by way of the Cross.

Today, He still says from Glory "Remember Me." It is but a simple request. Shall we not respond with alacrity and with deepest sincerity, say "Yea, Lord thou knowest that I love thee and while a breath, a pulse remain, would I remember Thee." And when the Captain shall finally have led the many sons into glory, where they hunger no more neither thirst any more, His thirst, as well as ours, shall be forever quenched, for He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.

The First Page of the Bible

Professor Bettex

THE HUMAN BODY

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so."
(Gen. 1:26-30).

The earth was now completed, and there was glorious life everywhere and yet the creatures were looking for a visible ruler. Then God did not merely speak a creative word, but as the Triune Being, held, so to speak, counsel with himself, and this resulted in a great, eternal decree: *"Let us make man in our image after our likeness."* How dignifying! A viceregent upon earth, God-like, his image, an absolute ruler over all creatures, a mediator between God and the creatures—that was what man was to be! And now what have Satan and sin made out of him? A poor slave of his lusts and desires, his body languishing under disease, bowed down to earth, perspiring and shedding tears, no longer controlling the entire creation, but living in constant fear. He fears the heat of the sun and the cold of the air; he fears the fire and the water and the animals of the field; he fears life and fears death, and his entire power and knowledge prove helpless against the grape-bug and the potato disease or against the invisible poisonous germs of cholera, which give him fearful pain and deadly malady. How is the king of the earth fallen and his glory gone!

And yet you may behold traces of his dignity by looking at his bodily form. He does not walk horizontally, with his head toward the earth like the animals, but erect, his head upward, touching the earth only with his feet. And in his body he unites a diversity of qualities. While in the case of animals one is known by its swiftness, another by its strength, a third one by its fine hearing or keen sight, in no one are these qualities found in such beautiful harmony as in man. The properly developed human body unites them all. History recites exhibitions of human strength, which, if one considers the weight of the human body, surpass the strength of the horse and the ox, yea, even of the lion. The swiftest animals have already been outrun by man. The Arab of the desert distinguishes on the clear sky of the Sahara desert, at a distance of nine miles, a horse or a camel, where a European would see nothing but a dark spot. The Tunguse of Siberia sees with the naked eye the four moons of Jupiter. Furthermore, man is not covered with scales, feathers or hair, for those, though they protect the animal against cold, dull the sensibilities and lessen the sense of touch, but with a fine skin, which is very susceptible to the least impression. And what animal would be able, like man, to endure the 40 degrees of cold in Siberia as well as the 42 degrees of heat in Africa? What animals could live in the regions of eternal snow and ice as well as in the glowing sand, upon the summits of mountains, as well as three thousand feet deep in the earth, like the miners at Falun in Sweden?

And what a wonder is this body of his! The eye, which, according to its need, widens and contracts, adapts itself to the laws of the telescope looking into the distance, as well as to the microscope near by, is already in itself a wonderful world of fine nerves and muscles, which receive millions of rays of light and pictures, and give the soul reliable information concerning the things in the outer world. Likewise the human ear, in which there are found 43,000 wonderful small little staffs, like the strings of a harp, which vibrate to every tune and noise and through which the soul receives the wonders of sound. But, above all, the greatest of wonders is speech. In order that these noble senses may perform their functions, it is necessary that there should be nourishing organs. The mouth, throat and stomach receive and rapidly

convert suitable food into blood, so that the bread, which a few hours ago lay upon your table, has become now a part of yourself, has been changed into blood on which you subsist, and into brain with which you think; and the blood, this mysterious liquid, of which the Bible tells us that it contains the life of the soul, is now taken up by the heart, that wonderful center of life, and it pumps this life-juice incessantly by day and night, whether you think about it or not, through the finest arteries, up into the brain and down into the stomach, into the tips of your fingers and toes, and nourishes therewith the whole body. If this heart were merely a mechanical contrivance by man, made out of steel and diamond, it would have been worn out and unable to perform its functions long ago. For it beats seventy times in a minute, in a day 100,800 times, and in a year 36,792,000 times. If you are fifty years old and a healthy man, your heart has beaten, without a pause, 1800 million times, and yet feels no weariness! So likewise the lungs breathe incessantly and untiringly the fresh air through thousands of cells, and suck it up as a sponge the water, and provide the blood with fresh air in order that it may perform its function. They also, by the process of breathing, remove the impure air that has become useless, and all this is done whether you think about it or not.

Besides these wonderful organs for nourishing, circulation of the blood and breathing, the body is interwoven by a fine net-work of white threads, all of which unite in the spinal marrow or brain. These are the nerves, the telegraph and telephone wires, by which the soul is informed of what is going on in the body, pain or enjoyment, warmth or cold. And all these different activities work harmoniously together. One cannot do without the others. The nerves and the brain need a constant supply of blood, and if this ceases only for a half minute, or a few drops of it are spilled, it will result in a paralytic stroke, and man will fall to the ground. Likewise the heart needs the assistance of the nerves for its activity, and must be nourished by the stomach. The same is true of the lungs and their functions. And all this is done, not in a manner like unto our machinery with much noise and bustle, but so easily and gently that you do not notice it yourself. It is the breath of God within you that moves all these

wonderful forces and compels to united action what we call life. If you reflect upon all these things, you must cry out with David: "I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made" (Ps. 139:14).

Moreover, in another respect our body must be considered a wonderful mechanism. We are accustomed to look upon it as something solid and unchangeable, but we are mistaken. Our body is something in the highest degree *changeable*, something that is in a constant state of dissolution and reconstruction. That it constantly needs food in order to sustain itself, you know; but from the fact that this food amounts to several pounds daily, while the body increases in weight only a few grains, you will conclude that there is a continual waste of matter. For instance the water evaporates, and even solid substances like metal gradually, though very slowly, dissolve when they come in contact with the air. In this way our body finds itself in a continual process of disintegration and evaporation. This even affects the bones for it has been discovered that these, though in the center of the body, undergo a constant change, continually wasting away, and by this means of nourishment are formed into new ones. Yea, our entire body is made new about every seven years, so that not the least particle of the former remains. A man of forty-two years, therefore, would have changed his body completely six times; and yet how remarkable! His form remains, his appearance in the main is the same, and in the midst of the changeable, there remains a mysterious unity and unchangeableness. Does this not point to a secret divine power, which lies here at the bottom? Yes, behold, the human soul, *your* soul, has received the power from God to draw to itself by day and by night, whether you sleep or wake, constantly innumerable little parts of matter in order that it may build and maintain for itself a body, by means of which it comes in constant contact with the world outside. And 'not only so, but it has also power to create for itself to a certain degree a picture of its own making. Have you ever, after a certain interval of time, again seen a man who, during that time had given himself up to a life of vice, fallen away from God and gone to ruin? And have you not noticed in his body, in his face, that he is on the down-grade, though he should be dressed ever so handsomely,

washed and combed? And, on the other hand, have you ever seen the face of a man expressing a benevolent disposition, divine peace, though he did not say a word? Thus, as God created man after His own image, the immortal soul shines always more or less through this transient and mortal body. This soul is still a much greater wonder than the body of man, and about it we will now speak.

(Continued D.V.)



The Teaching of Evolution

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It is often said that we cannot deny evolution, because it is all around us on every side. Do we not see the budding leaf, the egg that hatches into a chicken, and so on, everywhere? So "evolution" is made to include almost everything that happens in nature, as well as all the developments and progress in human inventions; and we are asked to accept the whole thing without question. At this rate, it is truly well said that "evolution is the most over-worked word in the English language." Now, when we look into all this, we find that the word Evolution is made to include a number of entirely different things. This is very misleading and quite illogical, if we wish to know what we are talking about. We must, therefore, ask the evolutionists to say definitely what he really means by evolution.

If we confine our attention to living things, that is, plant life and living creatures, we find that two very different things are mixed up under the term evolution. One of these is properly called the "life history" of a creature; and the other is the change of a plant or animal into something else of an entirely different kind, which is the proper meaning of evolution. To take a simple example: A hen lays an egg which hatches into a chick, and the chicken becomes a hen and this hen lays an egg. This is its circle of life or its life history. At some stages there is development, but there is no evolution as there would be if the hen turned into an eagle. This, indeed, would only be a very small step: for in

evolution we have to suppose that a sea snail turned into a fish, the fish became a crocodile with legs, and the crocodile or some other reptile developed into a bird; because this is the order in geology. We must be careful, therefore, to distinguish clearly between the life history of any one kind of creature and the supposed change of a creature into another of an entirely different kind, which evolution properly means. Otherwise, we cannot expect to understand the question at all.

In regard to Darwin's writings, it is only fair to explain that he put forward evolution as a theory. He also recognized that if any theory is to hold good, there must be some adequate causes which made it operate. He gave three causes which he maintained to be sufficient to change one species into another. They were: Natural Selection, the Struggle for Existence and the Survival of the Fittest. This theory and these causes for its operation, which were first published in 1859, at once gave rise to discussion and investigation among scientists; as well as the search for a "missing link" to connect the animals with man; a search which has now been carried on over the face of the whole earth.

FAILURE OF DARWIN'S THEORY.

It would, of course, be impossible even to outline here the discussion and the research during the seventy years since Darwin's time; but the outcome is that the causes which he put forward have proved inadequate to produce the result. It has been ascertained, for example, that "Natural Selection" follows a definite law in the results which it produces (in accord with Mendel's Law), and that it does not give rise to new species. Again, a large amount of experimentation has shown that the "Struggle for Existence" does not conduce to improvement. Plants or animals need favourable surroundings for their development; and when subjected to the most severe disadvantages, such as want of moisture and scanty food, they do not improve by struggling against these; they deteriorate. The theory of evolution, as Darwin propounded it, has, therefore, failed; as the change of a plant or an animal into another of a different kind cannot be effected by the causes which he relied upon. Leading evolutionists admit, accordingly, that Darwinism is a thing of the past. Dr. H. F. Osborn, a most staunch advocate of evolution, puts the matter thus: "Between the appearance of

the *Origin of Species* in 1859 and the present time, there have been great waves of faith in one explanation and then in another; each of these waves of confidence has ended in disappointment, until finally we have reached a stage of very general scepticism."

We find, then, as things are at present, that evolution is confronted with two difficulties: (1) The difficulty to prove that evolution actually took place, either in the records of past ages or by any means that can be used in the present world and (2) the difficulty to find any cause which can be considered at all adequate to produce the change of one creature into another. To say, for example, that everything has an inherent tendency within itself to improve is pretty near to the edge of nonsense; for it is not only an unsupported statement, but it is not even plausible, because it runs counter to all the physical laws. In regard to this question of a cause, we find that evolutionists now differ fundamentally among themselves and they have reached no conclusion about it which is generally accepted. In these circumstances, evolution can only be regarded as a theory which is still under discussion. The question of evidence is in an equally unsatisfactory position, for throughout geology nearly all the great classes of animals which still exist in the world have deteriorated from their magnificence in the past, and many species continue to the present day exactly as they were long ages ago without any development whatever. There are thus great outstanding groups of facts which are quite out of line with any evolutionary hypothesis and which it does not serve to explain.

EVOLUTIONISTS ADMIT FAILURE

The most candid evolutionists who take a wide outlook admit that so far they have failed to find any conclusive evidence for their theory or to discover any causes adequate to bring it about. Dr. William Bateson, the eminent biologist, made this very clear at the meeting of the British Association at Toronto a few years ago. He stated that "the origin and nature of species remains utterly mysterious." Yet he does not abandon the idea of evolution because of this, although he may be constrained to say frankly that "he holds it only as an act of faith." If evolution has thus become a creed or dogma, the Christian believer is surely quite as much entitled

to his faith in what the Scriptures declare—that the Almighty Creator “made the beast of the earth after his kind” and that He “created man in His own image”; for it is “through faith that we understand” these things. Many well-meaning attempts have been made to reconcile this belief with evolution; but the wide discussion upon this has made it clear that a choice must be made between the one belief and the other. Professor Huxley himself, whose mind was trained in logical reasoning, saw that this choice is essential, for he said: “The doctrine of evolution is directly antagonistic to that of creation. Evolution, if consistently accepted, makes it impossible to believe the Bible.”

When evolutionists have come to abandon the Darwinian views and are now at variance among themselves in regard to the very foundations on which evolution is based, it is surely quite unfair to teach evolution to our young people as firmly established. Many of our school text-books on plants and animals life take evolution for granted, as though there could be no dispute about it. Yet Dr. Osborn, of the Museum of Natural History in New York who is a most ardent advocate of evolution, makes this remark in a recent book of his: “It is best frankly to acknowledge that the chief causes (of evolution) are still entirely unknown, and that our search must take an entirely new start . . . The old paths of research have led nowhere, and the question arises: What lines shall new researches and experiments follow?” In regard to man, evolutionists have been obliged to change their ground entirely, and instead of the former opinion of descent from some ape or monkey, their present view is that man and the monkey are related as cousins with a common ancestor. But this supposed ancestor can no more be found than the missing link which was required under the former supposition, for which a world-wide search has been made without success. In these circumstances, the remark of Lord Kelvin, the eminent physicist, is as forceful and applicable as when it was first made many years ago: “I marvel at the undue haste with which teachers in our universities and preachers in our pulpits are restating truth in terms of evolution, while evolution itself remains an unproved hypothesis in the laboratories of science.”

(Continued D. V.)

The Ethiopian Serenader

Some few years ago, I was sojourning at a very beautiful and much frequented English watering-place. I met with an earnest Christian tradesman of the town, whose labours in the cause of God are many and great. Although his occupation was not that of selling books, yet he had, in a prominent place in his shop window, an assortment of Bibles, with an illuminated card containing this announcement — "Luther's Sword sold here!" With one of these "swords" that Christian soldier, Mr. Carr, fought and won the following battle.

A band or "troupe" of young men, with hands and faces blackened, calling themselves "Ethiopian Serenaders" and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves before this Christian's door one day for an exhibition of their peculiar "performances." After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the "look" of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for a few "dropping pennies" of the people. Mr. Carr taking one of the Bibles out of his window, thus addressed the youth:—

"See here, young man," he said, "I will give you a shilling, and this book besides, if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates: "I'm going to give you a public reading!"

Mr. Carr opened at the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and pointing to the eleventh verse, requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

"Now, Jem, speak up!" said one of the party, "earn your shilling like a man!"

Jem took the book and read, "And He said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances, that lulled all to silence; while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth, which still further commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on: "And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's thee, Jem!" ejaculated one of his comrades; "it's just like what you told me of yourself and your father!"

The reader continued, 'And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.'

"Why, that's thee again, Jem!" said the voice. "Go on!"

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

"That's like us all!" said the voice, once more interrupting; "we're all beggars; and might be better than we are! Go on; let's hear what came of it!"

And the young man read on, and as he read his voice trembled:—"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my fathers have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father!"

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved. The whole reality of the past rose up to view; but, in the clear story of the Gospel, a ray of hope dawned upon him for the future. His father—his father's house—and his mother too; and the plenty and the love ever bestowed upon him there; and the hired servants, all having enough; and then himself, his father's son; and his present state, his companions, his habits, his sins, his poverty, his outcast condition, his absurdly ungodly mode of living—all these came climbing, like an invading force of thoughts and reflections, into his mind, and fairly overcame him.

That day—that scene—proved the turning point of the young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long-lost and dearly-loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and, still better, in his return to his heavenly Father! He found, as I pray many of my readers may, how true are the promises in the parable of "the Prodigal Son," both for time and for eternity! Reader, where are you?

“My sword shall not return unto Me void”

One Sunday evening, a young man was walking along the streets on his way to a place of pleasure when he was accosted by a person who thrust a small bit of paper into his hand. The young man took it, and read, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” (Isaiah 1:18).

A sneer passed over his face and he hastened on.

“‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,’ doesn’t apply to me, at any rate, for I am an infidel, and do not believe anything of the kind,” thought he. “‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Hang the thing; I can’t get rid of it.” “‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Sins? Conscience? But I acknowledge neither a future life nor a God, and therefore I am not responsible. What do I care to have my sins made white, to use the figure, seeing that I own no duties beyond those necessary to natural human existence?” “‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ I am an infidel,” (stamping his foot), “I don’t believe in the Bible, the God of the Bible, future existence, nor anything beyond the still dark grave. So here’s for a short life and a merry one.” “‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ I wish I could get it out of my head. ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ It is very forcible. Very poetical. Certainly that Bible is a wonderful book. Given for the sake of argument, that it is true, and that a God exists, I can easily understand religious people who believe in a future either of joy or suffering, clinging to such sentences with a tenacity proportioned to their belief. ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Admirable writing. Terse, forcible language. I wonder who wrote it? God, I suppose. God?—why, there is no God. I forget myself. If I could only remember my principles, and how logical and well founded the arguments are which support them, I should be all right . . . ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Confound the thing, will nothing put a stop to this? There is a church, I may as well turn in to it.”

He entered, and was shown quietly into a pew. A solemn silence reigned. The preacher had just read the text, paused a moment, then in a gentle voice, he repeated the words,—
“Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

The vestry of that church was always open for a time after service, to receive those whom the message of the Lord had touched. That evening, among the anxious, there was one who said with tears, “Jesus, though my sins be dyed deeper than the deepest scarlet, do Thou make them whiter than the purest snow.”



The Banker and the Bible

Men may rail and scoff at Christianity as they please, yet the instincts of their hearts pay homage to the excellence of Christ's teachings. They know, in spite of all their scoffing, that a godly man is a safer neighbour than an infidel; that life and property are more secure where men pray than where they blaspheme; and that a Bible or a hymn-book found in any house is a better sign than a rum bottle or a pack of cards. The following incident illustrates every sensible sceptic's honest convictions, no matter what his words or boasts may be.

Many years ago a Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was travelling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he found that he was lost through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from threatened danger, he knew not.

In this state of alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and, urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched-looking cabin. He knocked; the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting but would soon return and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can better be imagined than described. Here he was with a large

sum of money, and perhaps in the house of the robber whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer-skin shirt, a bear-skin cap, and seemed much fatigued, and in no talking mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that it was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose, and reaching to a wooden shelf, took down an old Book and said, "Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is always my custom to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the sceptic's mind, and though an avowed infidel, he had now confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He knew that a man who kept the Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, and at once dismissed his fears, and lay down and slept as calmly in that cabin as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the Scriptures, later he became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey to prove the folly of infidelity.



A Word Fitly Spoken

A gay young fellow, travelling in a coach to London, took it upon him to ridicule the Scriptures, and particularly made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. To confirm his statement he appealed to a grave Quaker who sat silent in one corner. "Indeed, friend," he replied, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Nerwa

Dr. John G. Paton of the New Hebrides

Chief Nerwa of Aniwa was a keen debater; all his thoughts ran in the channel of logic. When I could speak a little of their language, I visited and preached at his village; but the moment he discovered that the teaching about Jehovah was opposed to their Heathen customs, he sternly forbade us. One day, during my address, he blossomed out into a full-fledged and pronounced Agnostic (with as much reason at his back as the European type!) and angrily interrupted me:—

“It’s all lies you come here to teach us, and you call it Worship! You say your Jehovah God dwells in Heaven. Who ever went up there to hear Him or see Him? You talk of Jehovah as if you had visited His Heaven. Why, you cannot climb even to the top of one of our cocoanut trees, though we can, and that with ease! In going up to the roof of your own Mission House you require the help of a ladder to carry you. And even if you could make your ladder higher than our highest cocoanut tree, on what would you lean its top? And when you get to its top, you can only climb down the other side and end where you began! The thing is impossible. You never saw God; you never heard Him speak; don’t come here with any of your white lies, or I’ll send my spear through you.”

He drove us from his village, and furiously threatened murder, if we ever dared to return. But very soon thereafter the Lord sent us a little orphan girl from Nerwa’s village. She was very clever, and could soon both read and write, and told over all that we taught her. Her visits home, or at least amongst the villagers where her home had been, her changed appearance and her childish talk, produced a very deep interest in us and in our work.

An orphan boy was sent from that village to be kept and trained at the Mission House, and he too took back his little stories of how kind and good to him were Missi the man and Missi the woman. By this time Chief and people alike were taking a lively interest in all that was transpiring. One day the Chief’s wife, a quiet and gentle woman, came to the Worship and said,—

“Nerwa’s opposition dies fast. The story of the Orphans did it. He has allowed me to attend the Church, and to get the Christian’s book.”

We gave her a book and a bit of clothing. She went home and told everything. Woman after woman followed her from that village, and some of the men began to accompany them. The only thing in which they showed a real interest was the children singing the little hymns which I had translated into their own Aniwan tongue, and which my wife had taught them to sing very sweetly and joyfully. Nerwa at last got so interested that he came himself, and sat within earshot, and drank in the joyful sound. In a short time he drew so near that he could hear our preaching, and then began openly and regularly to attend the Church. His keen reasoning faculty was constantly at work. He weighed and compared everything he heard, and soon out-distanced nearly all of them in his grasp of the ideas of the Gospel. He put on clothing, joined our School, and professed himself a follower of the Lord Jesus. He eagerly set himself at once an energetic and very pronounced helper to the Missionary.

I have seen him clasping my Bible like a living thing to his breast, and heard him cry,—

“Oh, to have this treasure in my own words of Aniwa!”

When Matthew and Mark were at last printed in Aniwan, he studied them incessantly, and soon could read them freely. He became the Teacher in his own village School, and delighted in instructing others.

After years of happy and useful service, the time came for Nerwa to die. He was then so greatly beloved that most of the inhabitants visited him during his long illness. He read a bit of the Gospels in his own Aniwan, and prayed with and for every visitor. He sang beautifully, and scarcely allowed any one to leave his bedside without having a verse of one or other of his favourite hymns, “Happy Land,” and “Nearer my God to Thee.” On my last visit to Nerwa, strength had gone very low, but he drew me near his face, and whispered,—

“Missi, my Missi, I am glad to see you. You see that group of young men? They came to sympathize with me; but they have never once spoken the name of Jesus, though they have spoken about everything else! They could not have weakened me so, if they had spoken about Jesus! Read me

the story of Jesus; pray for me to Jesus. No! stop, let us call them, and let me speak with them before I go."

I called them all around him, and he strained his dying strength and said, "After I am gone, let there be no bad talk, no Heathen ways. Sing Jehovah's songs, and pray to Jesus, and bury me as a Christian. Take good care of my Missi, and help him all you can. I am dying happy and going to be with Jesus, and it was Missi that showed me the way. And who among you will take my place in the village School and in the Church? Who amongst you all will stand up for Jesus?"

"Now let my last work on earth be this:—we will read a chapter of the Book, verse about, and then I will pray for you all, and the Missi will pray for me, and God will let me go while the song is still sounding in my heart!"

At the close of this most touching exercise, we gathered the Christians who were near-by close around, and sang very softly in Aniwan, "There is a Happy Land." As they sang, the old man grasped my hand, and tried hard to speak, but in vain. His head fell to one side, "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken."



"Answer the words of truth to them"

Never was a better reply made than that a poor Irishman gave to a Catholic priest, while he was defending himself for reading the Scriptures for himself. Said the priest, "The Bible is for priests, and not for the likes of you." "Ah! but sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children,' and sure the priests have got no children." "But, Michael," says the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It is not for you to understand it, my man." "Very well, yer riverance; if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, but what I can understand does me a heap o' good." "Mike," said the priest "you must go to the Church, and the Church will teach you; the Church will give you the milk of the Word." "And where does the Church get it from, but out of the Bible? Ah, your riverance, I would rather keep the cow myself."

“Tell ye your children of it”

“God is kind unto the unthankful and the evil”

D. L. Moody

A friend of mine who had a large Sunday-school had a theory that he would never turn a boy out of the school on account of bad conduct. “I considered” said he, “that those boys who behaved badly in Sunday-school had not had the advantages of a good bringing up, and for that very reason ought not to be turned out. I found out” said he “that it was one thing to have a theory and another to put it into practise.”

On one occasion a boy came into his Sunday-school who nearly upset his theory. He put him under one teacher and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and the result was just the same. So he made up his mind to expel him, and do it publicly, and let the whole school know that he was expelled.

But a lady teacher came to him and said: “I wish you would let me have that boy.”

“But,” said he, “he’s such a bad boy, and uses vulgar language. Not one of those men can do anything with him, and I am sure you can’t.”

“Well, I am not doing as much as I ought to for Christ, and it may be that I can win him.”

She was a lady of wealth and refinement, and he thought she wouldn’t have patience with him. He gave her the boy, and for a few Sundays he behaved very well; but one Sunday he behaved badly, and when she corrected him, he spat in her face. She quietly took her handkerchief and wiped her face.

“Johnny,” she said, “I wish you would go home with me. I want to talk with you.”

“Well, I won’t. I won’t be seen on the street with you, and what’s more I ain’t never coming to this Sunday-school no more.”

“Well, if you won’t walk home with me, let me walk home with you.”

“No, I wouldn’t be seen on the street with you, and I’m not coming to this Sunday-school again.”

She knew if she was going to reach him she must do it then, and she thought she would try. So she said, "If you should come to my house next Tuesday morning I shall not be there, but if you come, ring the front door bell and tell the servant there is a little bundle on my bureau for you, and she will give it to you."

"I don't want it. Keep your old bundle."

But she thought he might change his mind. He thought it over, and the more he thought about it the more he wanted to know what was in that bundle. His curiosity was excited. So he went up to the house on Tuesday morning and the bundle was handed to him. In it was a little vest, a little neck-tie that she had made with her own hands, and a kind note which read:

"Dear Johnny: Ever since you have been in my class I have prayed for you every morning and every evening. I love you and want you to stay in my class. Do not leave me."

Before she was up the next morning the servant came up to her door and told her that a boy was in the drawing-room and wanted to see her. She went down and found Johnny weeping. She spoke kindly to him, and said: "What is the trouble, Johnny?"

"Oh, teacher," he said "I have had no peace since I got that note from you. I want you to forgive me."

"Wouldn't you like to have me pray that Jesus may make you a Christian?" she asked. And she kneeled down and prayed with him.

"And," said the superintendent, "after that there wasn't a better boy in the school." Love conquered him.



The Christian is always solemnly bound to submit himself to the revealed mind of God. To plead circumstances as an excuse for doing wrong, or for neglecting any truth of God, is simply flying in the face of divine authority, and making God the author of our disobedience.



You may sometimes see men envying others in a certain sphere of service, and longing to occupy that sphere themselves. Let them try it; and they are sure, in the end, to break down and retire, covered with shame and confusion of face.

The Ministry of Song

Sing! Oh sing' to the little children. Yes, sing to the little ones; they like it well, they will remember it ever. When you, Christian mother, are joining in the new song of Moses and the Lamb, your infant boy, to whom you now sing a sweet soft and tender lullaby, will remember the sound of your voice amidst the noise of the world's strife, and it shall be to him like the harp of the shepherd-boy in the palace of the tempest-tossed king of Israel. And the words you sing, too, he will remember, it may be in some distant land, far away from home, and kindred, and country, and the remembrance of home and mother, and the lullaby song, may awaken solemn thoughts in the heart of the reckless, world-driven man, and he will weep and pray to his mother's God. Yes, sing!—sing away to the little children.

"One day," wrote Herbert Bradford from a distant clime, "I was passing the rude home of one of the native mothers, when I heard her singing to her little dark baby a cradle song she had learned from a missionary's wife. My ear and my heart listened; for oh, it was the same tune, and she sang the same words, that I heard my own mother sing when I was a happy child on her knees:—

'Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Hard and rough where thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.'

I stood transfixed to the spot. I was taken back to the home of my happy infancy, and my sainted mother. Tears came from my hard heart. I knew I was living far from my mother's God. I had always avoided the missionaries, and everybody else who reminded me of my early teaching; but the sound of that mother's song I could not resist, and from that moment my course has been changed. I have now a hope that I shall sing with my mother in heaven."

Say, mother, will you not sing? Oh yes, sing to the little children; sing something you will like them to remember when you are with Jesus. Some young women who have the care of dear little children may read this page. Sing to your young charges, dear friends. Sing something about the love of Jesus, and how He cared for and blessed the little ones,

when He lived in our world; and how He likes now to hear the prayers and the songs of those little ones. If they are fretful, sing to them; if they are tired, sing to them; if they are restless and what you call tiresome, sing to them: sing, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" or "I think when I read the sweet story of old"; the child will be comforted and soothed, and you will be made more happy yourself.

——
God's King

A PARAPHRASE OF PSALM 72.

James Montgomery

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, obeyed, revered:
 For He shall judge the poor.
 Through changing generations
 With justice, mercy, truth,
 While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth;
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him on the mountains,
 Shall Peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see;
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealthy of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore Him;
 His praise all people sing;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The heavenly dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
 He on His throne shall rest;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest,
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever,
 That name to us is—Love.

Mr. Benjamin Bradford

The condition of our brother's health though still frail is one of gradual improvement. He has been to the meeting and has taken a little part but apparently there must elapse a considerable time ere he will be fit for public ministry. One thing sure is that God is able to restore him again in His blessed will to service in the Gospel and in the Church.

Addresses

Mr. George Gould Jr. has moved. His address is now R. R. 2, St. Catherines, Ont.

Conferences

TORONTO, ONT. The West Toronto and Brock Ave. Assemblies' Annual Convention will be held (D.V.) in West Toronto Gospel Hall, 425 Pacific Ave., on March 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th. A hearty welcome to all the Lord's servants who seek to walk in the old paths. Address communications to CONFERENCE, % James Crawford, 318 Indian Grove, or Joseph Coleman, 15 Spencer Ave., Toronto, Ont.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. The Annual Easter Conference will be held (D.V.) commencing with Prayer Meeting Thursday, March 21st at 8 p.m. and continuing Friday, Saturday and Lord's Day, in the Gospel Hall, 1181 Seymour St., —C. G. McClean, 3250 W. 34th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

HADDON HEIGHTS, N. J. A very nice, genial spirit prevailed throughout the Conference: the ministry was varied and yet well-balanced, calculated both to instruct the mind and to feed and exercise the souls of both young and old.

KANSAS CITY, MO. The Annual Convention this year was well attended and seemed pervaded by a spirit of unity throughout the entire conference. The ministry was practical and exercised the consciences of the Lord's people. Some of the older Christians said it reminded them of conferences in the old days and some said they had never attended one as good.

The occasion was solemnized by two very striking happenings. Our brother Paul Cole, who formerly lived here but who now resides in Detroit, became suddenly ill Sunday afternoon and was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. His condition now seems satisfactory and the doctors consider him out of danger. At the close of the conference, Christmas night, our dear sister Mrs. Maude Charles, wife of the evangelist, Jack Charles, was stricken in front of their apartment and was "with the Lord" when her body was found a few minutes later. She had helped in the dining room all through the conference and though she complained of being very tired, had not been ill.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. The Conference was good. Mr. W. J. McClure gave two addresses, the Scriptures being read for him by Mr. Joseph Pearson. Thirteen preachers were present, ten of whom took part in the ministry. Messrs. McClure and Pearson also preached the gospel Sunday night at which meeting three professed.

PITTSBURGH, PA. The Conference held at Thanksgiving season was considered equally as large as former years, attended by Christians from several states, New York, Virginia, North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. Ministry was given by fourteen of the Lord's servants, and was of a simple, practical, and helpful character. Special sessions on Friday and Saturday forenoons were arranged for the discussions of pressing problems in the individual and assembly life, led by elder brethren, and created quite an interest.

Sowing and Reaping UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA. Messrs. Joseph Pearson and Hector Alves have started a gospel campaign in W. Jefferson St. Hall, **Los Angeles**. Brother Rankin in **Monrovia**.

Mr. Cesare Patrizio has begun Italian meetings in **Monterey**. He has already visited homes in other parts and desires prayer for this work.

FLORIDA. Mr. Hugh Thorpe (% Mr. J. Donaldson, P. O. Box 1712, Hollywood, Fla.) has been spending most of his time in services at Ebenezer Hall, Miami, where he had encouraging meetings. He is now having a series in Key West where he hopes to remain for a month. He mentions having dinner with the well-known missionary to Labrador Sir, Wilfred Grenfell, M.D., and found him to be a humble, modest, great man.

Brother A. R. Crocker has rented a small hall in **Hollywood** for gospel meetings on Sundays and for ministry on Thursdays. A Sunday School was started a month ago and there are now 23 children in attendance and 15 in the Bible Class. As a result of our brother's efforts three from Hollywood were recently baptized in the 29th St. Gospel Hall in **Miami**.

F. W. Marshall of Portland, Ore. was with us for two months. His ministry was timely and refreshing. The Gospel Meetings were exceptionally well attended. Bro. McCune of Nassau is spending two weeks in Miami before proceeding to the Canal Zone. There is plenty of opportunity in Florida for the Lord's servants who want to pioneer as there are no assemblies between Palm Beach, Fla. and Savannah, Ga., a distance of over 400 miles.

We wish to suggest to those who purpose visiting Miami that they bring letters of commendation.

NEW ENGLAND. S. McEwen is encouraged by the growing attendance and interest at his meetings in **Bridgeport, Conn.** He also preaches over the Yankee Network while here. Mr. McCullough has begun gospel work in **S. Manchester, Mass.** and Messrs. James Smith and Lorne McBain in **Pawtucket, R. I.** Mr. W. P. Douglas is having appreciated meetings in **Cambridge, Mass.**

NEW MEXICO. "The Assembly meeting in South Highland Gospel Hall, 1122 S. Edith St., is going on nicely in the old paths and the blessed Lord adds now and then one or two to the number for which we are thankful and look up to Him for further blessing. Our brother Sam. Kellar had a week of Gospel meetings which were well attended. We are enjoying again a visit from brother C. G. Davis." —J. B. Rey.

NEW YORK. James Lyttle hopes to begin special work in **Yonkers** a large and needy city.

PENNSYLVANIA. Brethren John Govan and A. Klabunda are at present in Olney Gospel Hall, Philadelphia, and shall value a prayerful interest in their gospel effort. Mr. W. P. Douglas had meetings in **Bryn Mawr**.

Other efforts in Philadelphia and vicinity are being conducted by Mr. McIlwaine from Nova Scotia in Hall at 20th and Dickinson, W. H. Hunter in **Camden, N. J.** and Messrs. Duncan and Beveridge in **Barrington, N. J.**

TEXAS. Mr. L. Sheldrake and Mr. F. W. Mehl began a series in **Houston** Jan. 7th and were early cheered by tokens of blessing. They covet the prayers of the Lord's people for blessing on saved and unsaved.

Conferences

MANCHESTER, CONN. The Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) March 22-24 in Masonic Temple, preceded by Prayer Meeting in Gospel Hall, 445 Center St. Thursday, March 21st at 7:30 p.m. Wm. McBride, 83 Laurel St., Manchester, Conn.

TORONTO, ONT. The West Toronto and Brock Ave. Assemblies' Annual Convention will be held (D.V.) in West Toronto Gospel Hall, 425 Pacific Ave., on March 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th. A hearty welcome to all the Lord's servants who seek to walk in the old paths. Address communications to CONFERENCE, % James Crawford, 318 Indian Grove, or Joseph Coleman, 15 Spencer Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Bracondale Gospel Hall (Arlington and Benson Aves.) We expect (D.V.) to have meetings during the Easter Season, March 22, 23, 24th in the above Hall. The Lord's servants will be gladly welcomed to minister the Word as He may give it. Correspondence may be addressed to S. Moore, 882 Palmerston Ave., Toronto.

Central Hall is expecting to have their Annual Special Easter Meetings on the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of the Holiday Season, as previously. It is expected that brethren, Dr. Northcote Deck, Leonard Sheldrake, Wm. Pell, and others will be with us to minister the Word.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. The Annual Easter Conference will be held (D.V.) commencing with Prayer Meeting Thursday, March 21st at 8 p.m. and continuing Friday, Saturday and Lord's Day, in the Gospel Hall, 1181 Seymour St., —C. G. McClean, 3250 W. 34th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.



MONTREAL, QUE. The three-day Conference was a most helpful one. The following are some tit-bits culled from the various messages given.

1. "The Lord Jesus did not believe in long prayers, long clothes, or long faces."

2. "Three men in Scripture are described as meek: Moses, Christ and Stephen; and it is of these three we read that their faces shone."

3. "Paderewski is quoted as having said: 'If I neglect the piano one day, I know it; if I neglect it two days, others know it; should I neglect it for a week, the world would know it.' The same is true if we neglect communion."

4. "Humility is one of the choicest flowers that bloomed in Eden's garden and has rarely been seen since. If it looks on itself it vanishes; and he who dares to think he has it, proves by that thought he has it not."

5. "In John 21 we have these three things brought before us: catching fish, feeding sheep, and minding one's own business!"

6. "Judas (not Iscariot) saith, Lord . . ." The Holy Spirit is careful to distinguish this Judas from the other. We also should be careful to prevent misunderstandings. Iscariot never called Jesus, 'Lord,' but only 'Master'.

7. A little girl overheard her mother speaking about baptism. Said she afterwards: "Mother, if you were baptized, it didn't take!"

8. "Saul . . . sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his hand" (1 Sam. 19:9). What is in your hand? Some brethren are more skilled with the javelin than with the harp.

—Sent by Andrew Stenhouse.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. (Supplementary Report). The Annual Conference held December 31st and Jan. 1st was a refreshing time, the word being ministered with much power. Many Christians from the California Assemblies, and some from Arizona and elsewhere were present. Two at least professed faith in Christ at one of the Gospel meetings causing much gladness indeed at the end of the day.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. In the Feb. issue report of the Los Angeles Conference a mistake occurred. Mr. Joseph Pearson was not present at the Conference as he did not arrive in Los Angeles until Jan. 4th. It was in the Jefferson Ave. Hall that Mr. McClure and Mr. Pearson ministered and preached the gospel on January 7th.



Sowing and Reaping

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles. Brethren Joseph Pearson and Hector Alves are having a good series of meetings in Gospel Hall, 1231 West Jefferson Boulevard. The Christians have been much helped by their visit.

CONNECTICUT. Our brother, James McCullough is preaching in **Manchester** in the fourth week of a gospel effort, and has seen some fruit in salvation.

Mr. Frank Pizzulli (332 Chelsea Ave., Long Branch, N. J.) spent a week among Italians in **Waterbury**, three weeks in **Hartford**, later went to Bristol. He purposes going to East Boston to help the young Christians reached through the tent work there last summer.

MASSACHUSETTS. Mr. Rocco Cappiello (22 Byron St., Malden, Mass.) reports the work among Italians in **East Boston, Methuen** and **Worcester**, goes on encouragingly, some confessing Christ and others obeying the Lord in baptism.

MICHIGAN. Mr. Wm. Ferguson has had special meetings in the Schoolcraft Hall, **Detroit**, two nights each week and in the Gospel Hall **Lansing**, two other evenings.

We hope to have our brethren Samuel McEwen and Hugh McEwen with us in **Detroit** for a special series beginning March 3rd. Please pray for blessing upon the Word.

NEBRASKA. Mr. Arthur B. Rodgers has returned from West Virginia to his home, 4420 Decatur St., **Omaha**. Brother W. G. Smith has seen some encouraging work done in **Lincoln**, and is now located there. His post office address is Box 72, University Place Sta. Lincoln, Neb.

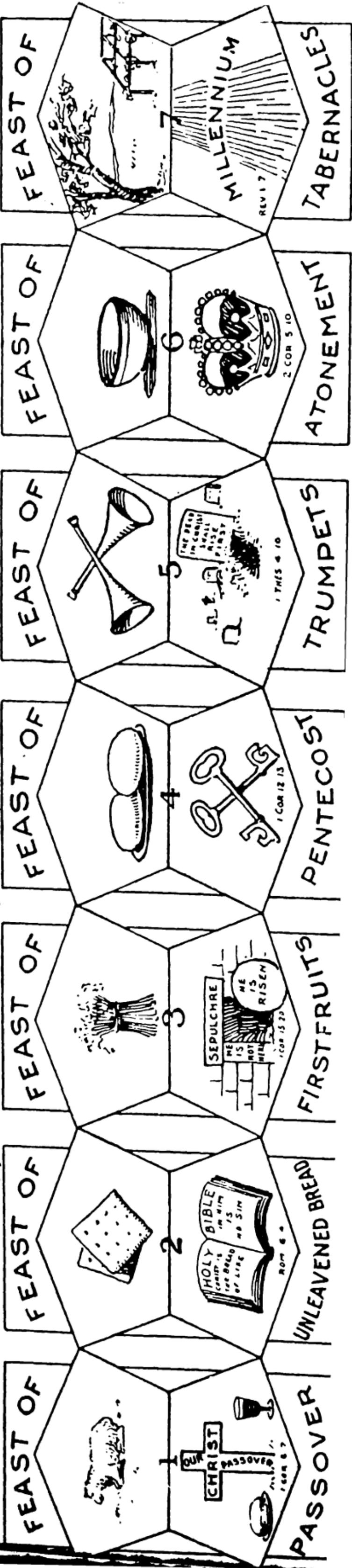
NEW JERSEY. "Mr. Edward Richmond had over two weeks' well attended English meetings in the Italian Hall, **Orange, N. J.** and God has graciously given us the joy of seeing some restored and others exercised. We would value prayer for the seed sown. Also pray for my daughter who is very ill that it may please the Lord to restore her to good health" —Jos. Rannelli.

NEW MEXICO. "Brother C. G. Davis is with us at present here in the Gospel Hall, 1122 So. Edith St., **Albuquerque**, preaching on the Feasts of Jehovah, illustrated by a large chart. The attendance is encouraging. We will value prayer for this work." —J. B. Rey

NEW YORK. Mr. Louis Montalvo (1005 Flushing Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.) is encouraged by the Lord's blessing in his work among the

THE FEASTS OF JEHOVAH Lev 23.

and their antitypical fulfillment (through The Lord Jesus Christ) to the Church.



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The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE PASSOVER

Our subject tonight—(read Exodus 11:4; 12:14; 29:42)—is the Feast of the Passover. You will notice from the Chart here, that we have Seven Feasts named:—(1) The Feast of the Passover; (2) The Feast of Unleavened Bread; (3) The Feast of Firstfruits; (4) The Feast of Pentecost; (5) The Feast of Blowing of Trumpets; (6) The Day of Atonement; and (7) the Feast of Tabernacles,—also called the Feast of Ingathering. Seven is the perfect number.

There are several well-known “Sevens” in the Word of God. Especially noticeable are the seven days of Genesis 1. These seven days are not only an account of the creation, but they give us a typical history of the world, and God’s dealings with man. Again in the 13th of Matthew we have seven parables in which the Lord Jesus gives a complete history of this dispensation, right on to the millennium. Then in the first three chapters of Revelation, God has given us a complete history of the Church from Pentecost until the Lord’s coming again, in His messages to the seven Churches of Asia.

The number Seven stands for completeness, and in these seven feasts we have a double picture of God’s dealings with Israel and the Church.

All the seven feasts are found in Leviticus 23. At verse 4 we read: “These are the feasts of the Lord, even holy convocations, which ye shall proclaim in their seasons. In the fourteenth day of the first month at even is the Lord’s Passover,”—and that is followed by the other six.

In our chart the color scheme is meant to be suggestive. In the case of the Passover the color is *red*, and that color is chosen as suggestive of the blood of Christ, who is our Passover sacrificed for us. For the Feast of Unleavened Bread, *white* is the color used, for white is indicative of righteousness. In the third, the Feast of Firstfruits, the color is *green*, sug-

gestive of life from the dead, for when we see the trees budding with green leaves we think of resurrection. Then we come to Pentecost, and there the color is *blue*. When you think of heaven you look at the sky above you, for just as green speaks of the earth, blue speaks of heaven. And this again speaks of the gathering out of the Church, God's heavenly people. The Feast of Pentecost gives us the subjects of the kingdom of heaven. The Lord committed to Peter the keys of the kingdom, and Peter used them first to open the door to the Jews on the Day of Pentecost, and this is depicted by the letter "J" on the first key, and later he opened the door of faith to the Gentiles when he preached to Cornelius and his household, and this is represented by the letter "G" on the second key. In the Feast of Trumpets we have something that speaks of both heaven and earth, and so we have *green* the color of earth, and *yellow* that speaks of Glory. In the feast of Trumpets we have foreshadowed the resurrection of believers. The moment will come when the grave will be robbed of every sleeping saint. From the days of Adam, all that sleep in Jesus, both Old and New Testament saints, will be raised, and that is suggested by the Trumpets.

Here in the Day of Atonement the color scheme is again *red* because it tells of Israel's restoration and their acceptance by faith in the work of the cross. It speaks of Israel once more restored to the Lord Jesus Christ, brought to Him as their Messiah. And it speaks to us of the Judgment Seat of Christ, when our lives will be reviewed and our service rewarded.

The Feast of Tabernacles tells that all is done. At that feast Israel was called to sit under booths that they had made from branches of trees, and for seven days Israel rested. They did not need locks and bars, they had only to feast. And that speaks of a time when Israel will be back again in Palestine, dwelling safely under the reign of their Messiah. To us it speaks of our gathering home, for it is also called the "Feast of Ingathering," (Exo. 23:6), when we shall be caught up to be with our Lord Jesus Christ and for ever with Him. As to the colors appropriate to the Feast of Tabernacles or Ingathering: the booths are *green* naturally, but the predominant color is *yellow*, the gilt letters with golden rays shining upon the earth, a globe which again is *green*.

These are the leading thoughts connected with the different Feasts, but each is so full of teaching that words of mine could not exhaust their lessons.

Naturally the first Feast is the basic one. The first gives us the foundation teaching of all the others; all rest on that. And so the Feast of the Passover has its perfect answer in the last, the Feast of Glory. Grace first, and Glory last: first the work of Christ upon the cross, and then the glory with Christ by and by.

In the Scriptures that we read, we have first God's warning. He tells them what He is about to do,—something that will rend the heart of Pharaoh as nothing else could,—such a crisis in his kingdom as was never known before, namely that He would go through the land of Egypt and smite the first-born in every house. But God never executes judgment without first giving warning and providing a way of escape. The scriptures we read tonight gave us the way of escape.

God tells them to take a lamb on the tenth day of the month, and on that day you might see an old Israelite go to his flock and scan it carefully, and from the flock he takes a lamb and says, "This one will do." Then that lamb is kept until the fourteenth day, and every day between the tenth and the fourteenth you would see that old father with his wife, sons, and daughters look at it most intently. They look at it while it is eating and while it is sleeping. Why is this? It must be perfect. If not, it will not do. If it is not perfect they might as well not have it at all. It was taken on the tenth day, but on the fourteenth day it is seen to be perfect and therefore fit to be a sacrifice. Now all that speaks to us of the Lord Jesus Christ, the One concerning Whom John the Baptist said, "Behold the Lamb of God."

What is the evident teaching in thus taking the lamb on the tenth day and keeping it under observation till the fourteenth day? The lamb is not spoken of in the first ten days of the month, but from the tenth to the fourteenth day it is very much in evidence. The Lord Jesus Christ came into the world as the Babe of Bethlehem. For thirty years He lived in Nazareth, and on those thirty years, God has drawn a veil of silence over His Son. Did it ever strike you how little God has said about Him in that time—only two verses;—but at the age of thirty He came to the river Jordan to be bap-

tized. John demurred and said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee" but the Lord stilled his fears saying, "Suffer it to be so now." That was like the "setting aside" for ten days. From that day till He hung on the cross He was like the lamb, constantly under the gaze of the people. His own disciples saw Him at all times, and the world scrutinized Him. They viewed Him as He healed the sick and opened the eyes of the blind. Wherever He was He was always in evidence. What was the object of the keeping of the lamb? Did they keep it to make it perfect? No, it was perfect, and keeping it could not make it more so: it was only to make manifest that it was perfect.

Why was the Lord Jesus ever in the eyes of the people? Why was He scrutinized so closely? Was it to make Him perfect? No, He could not be made more perfect, for He was perfect. But just as these days stilled the mind of the family in Egypt concerning the lamb, so I see the Lord Jesus Christ tested in every possible way, tested by friends and foes, and I see nothing but perfection, and I say, "Thank God! Now we know that Jesus is a real Man: now we know He is a sinless Man." If there had been a single flaw in that paschal lamb it would have been no good as a sacrifice, and if there had been in the Lord Jesus a single flaw or sin, He could not be our Saviour. He must be sinless; He must be perfect. And so I see in these years Jesus as a perfect Man, the sinless One,—and thus fitted to bear my sins, and be my Saviour.

(Continued D.V.)



The Local Assembly

Thos. D. W. Muir

The expression "The Local Assembly" is not found in Scripture, but for want of a better term it is useful to an understanding of what IS there, namely, the coming together of God's people, in the localities where they may have resided, that they might carry out the Word of God. These were called "Assemblies" or "Churches,"—not because all the people of God were connected with them,—but because God recognized them as "called out" and "called together" companies of His people. For we know from the Word that evil doc-

trine and evil practice debarred some from being allowed among them. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that some had to be "put away," and others for Scriptural reasons refused the fellowship of this or that assembly, these Assemblies existed, and were owned of God as His.

The Church of God AT Corinth, was not the Church of Corinth,—that is, there was no establishment of a state church at Corinth,—nor was it a denomination differing from the Church at Ephesus. These and other churches in cities, towns and districts were the gathering together of His saints in these places. They were, in other words, the "local assemblies,"—meeting sometimes in a private house, sometimes in a barn or loft, for specific purposes, as the Holy Spirit might lead them, in seeking to carry out the Word of the Lord.

At the beginning of its history, the Church was so filled with God that, "of the rest,—that is the unsaved—durst no man join himself unto them." Acts 5-13. Hypocrites and mere professors did not desire to get in among them, and the isolation this gave them, with the added persecution from the world, drew the saints together, and love and harmony prevailed. "Perfection" there was not, as witness the corrective words addressed to one such local assembly, in the epistles known as 1st and 2nd Corinthians. But, professedly, they gave Christ His place as Lord in their midst, and claimed to be subject to the Word of God, and so God bore with them, and through His servants sought to help them on in His ways. And surely it ill becomes God's people, and especially His servants now, to give up seeking to recover such companies until God has manifestly done so. And when He does it, He will make it plain to all, both then and afterwards.

In the early days the local assemblies were centers of gospel Testimony,—as witness the one at Thessalonica. Their "faith was spread abroad" everywhere, even into neighboring provinces, so that, as the Apostles went about preaching Christ, they found the Gospel had already been heard by the people through the energetic testimony from Thessalonica.

In the local assemblies there was the constant development of various gifts for the edification of the saints, as well as the preaching of the gospel. "Clerisy" was unheard of. "The Minister," at so much per year, was unknown in these days.

Yet the saints were not unmindful of the temporal necessities of God's servants, who devoted their time to His service, and they gave voluntarily of their substance for that purpose.

In the local assemblies the coming of the Lord was a weighty factor. They "came behind in no gift waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 1. Again they "served the living and true God, and waited for His Son from heaven." 1 Thess. 1:10. The imminence of His Coming was a constant theme of ministry, and while it had power over them, it kept them weaned from the world, and enabled them to go on as strangers and pilgrims through it.

In the local assemblies, the saints gathered together for worship. Christ was the divine center, The Word of God their authority, and the Spirit of God the power for all worship. On the first day of the week they, for this purpose, gathered together. This was in contrast to Judaism, which in accord with its legal character, kept the Seventh, or "Sabbath day." The first day was the day of His resurrection, around whom they gathered, and the main object of their thus coming together was to "remember Him" in the breaking of the bread. Some might be present to minister the Word,—which was acceptable—but the real object was to "break bread," and in view of what it signified, to worship God.

In the local assemblies, He was pleased to manifest Himself. Of such gatherings together He said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. 18:20. He it was instituted the "Forget-me-not feast," on the night in which He was betrayed, Matt. 26:26-28. Through His servant, Paul, He explained and emphasized its character in 1 Cor. 11:23-26. And in Acts 20:7, and such like passages, we see a local assembly gathered together, and keeping the feast. In 1 Cor. 11:26, we are told this is to continue "till He come!"

Lastly: the local assembly is the sphere of godly care and discipline. If one is truly a child of God, he is a member of "the Church which is His body," and He the Head of the Church will care for such. But in the local assembly, where Christians are brought together in the enjoyment of practical fellowship, there is through the saints the exercise of the various gifts of the spirit, to the edification of one another.

Then there is also the further extension of this "care," in

what we have come to speak of as discipline. This is by the application of the corrective Word to each case. A kindly visit to one going astray, by one whose heart goes out in love to the erring one, may result in his restoration (Gal. 6:1). Of course the man who cannot control his temper, or who takes a lofty stand—as though he felt “I am holier than thou,” had better leave such cases alone. He needs restoration himself.

If every means of restoration, however, fails, in cases where evil practice or evil doctrine breaks the fellowship of the saints, then the solemn responsibility is laid upon the Church, to “put away from among themselves that wicked person,” 1 Cor. 5. Thus only can they clear themselves from complicity with the evil. And, if, at such a time, God is waited on, and His help sought, the action will if scripturally carried out, commend itself to all the saints, and especially such as are walking intelligently with God. Thus the wisdom needed for this, as also every service for God, must be given them from heaven. Rome, and other worldly systems, use legal or brute force to carry out their discipline if needs be. Not so the Assembly of God. Having the Word of God, they can count on Him to commend their act.

Such is the local Assembly, as seen in the Word of God. How far short of the ideal, however, is oftentimes the real. Human limitations and failure enter into it, and God has to continually rectify our mistakes, and “revive us again.” Only God can keep us right, individually and collectively. The company going on with God today may be cold and wayward a year hence. But God and the Word of His grace is sufficient for all. May we draw our supplies therefrom, till He comes to call His church home.



If God sets a man in a certain position, and gives him a certain work to do, and his fellows think proper to quarrel with him simply on the score of his doing that work, and filling that position, then is their quarrel really with God, who knows how to settle it, and will do it in His own way. The assurance of this gives holy calmness and moral elevation to the Lord's servant, in moments when envious and turbulent spirits rise up against him.

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

How perfect in all its sympathies was the humanity the Son had assumed! Surely, indeed, it was the common humanity, apart from sin.

*“Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame.”*

But again. There is a temptation in the time of confusion to cast up all as hopeless and gone, and to say, It is endless and needless to be still distinguishing. All is in disorder and apostasy; why, then, attempt to distinguish?

But this was not the Lord. He was *in* the confusion, but not *of* it, as He was in the world but not of it, as we said before of Him. He met all sorts of people, in all sorts of conditions,—heaps upon heaps where all should have been compact together; but He held His even, narrow, unsoiled, and undistracted way through it all. The pretensions of the Pharisee, the worldliness of the Herodian, the philosophy of the Sadducee, the fickleness of the multitude, the attempts of adversaries, and the ignorance and infirmities of disciples were moral materials which He had to meet and answer every day.

And then the condition of things, as well as the characters of persons exercised Him; the coin of Cæsar circulating in Immanuel's land; partition-walls all but in ruins; Jew and Gentile, clean and unclean, confounded, save as religious arrogance might still retain them after its own manner. But His one golden rule expressed the perfectness of His passage through all,—“Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.” The remnant in the day of captivity, a like day of confusion, carried themselves beautifully, distinguishing things that differed, and not hopelessly casting all up. Daniel would advise the king, but not eat his meat: Nehemiah would serve in the palace, but not suffer the Moabite or the Ammonite in the house of the Lord: Mordecai would guard the king's life, but would not bow to the Amalekite: Ezra and Zerubbabel would accept favors from the Persian, but not Samaritan help, nor Gentile marriages: and the captives would pray for the peace of Babylon, but would not sing Zion's songs there. All this was

beautiful; and the Lord, in His day, was perfect in this remnant-character. And all this has a voice for us; for ours is a day, in its character of confusion, not inferior to these days of the captives, or of Jesus. And we, like them, are not to act on the hopelessness of the scene, but know still how to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.

All His moral beauty becomes a pattern to us. But then we see Him stand in God's relationship to evil also, and that is a place which, of course, we never could fill. He touched the leper, and He touched the bier, and yet He was undefiled. He had God's relationship to sin. He knew good and evil, but was in divine supremacy over it; knowing such things as God knows them. Had He been other than He was, these touches of the bier and of the leper would have defiled Him. He must have been put outside the camp, and gone through the cleansing which the law prescribed. But nothing of this kind do we see in Him. He was not an unclean Jew; He was not merely undefiled, He was undefilable; and yet such was the mystery of His person, such the perfection of the manhood in company with the Godhead in Him, that the temptation was as real in Him as was the undefilableness.

But we pause. Our place toward much of this needed though mysterious and deeply precious truth is, to receive it and worship, rather than to discuss and analyze it. It is happy, however, to one's own spirit to mark the yearnings of some simple souls, who give you the impression that it is *Himself* that is before them. We oftentimes traffic with truths in such wise as in the end leaves with us a rebuking conviction that we did not reach Himself, though so occupied. We find out that we had been loitering in the avenue.



No worldly gain, no earthly advantage, could compensate for the loss of a pure conscience, an uncondemning heart, and the light of your Father's countenance.



"God metes not out our life in one long length,
 But in a tenderer, wiser way.
 Have faith, and take thy bread, thy cross, thy strength,
 Day by day."

Christ the Intercessor

"WHO ALSO MAKETH INTERCESSION FOR US."

Romans 8:13.

(Continued from February number)

I. It is a *righteous Intercession*.—This is the attribute which specially suggests itself to the apostle John in his First Epistle, where, under a new figure, he thus speaks of his Lord's intercessory work: "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." (1 John 2:1). "*The Righteous*"—a word which refers not so much to the righteousness of the Saviour's *person*, as to the righteousness of His claim in behalf of His people. It is the Divine Advocate appealing to the equity of the Judge—resting His plea on the majesty of justice. An earthly counsel is only the hired and often venal pleader. The righteousness or unrighteousness of the cause he has espoused is no matter to him. His sole object is to gain his client's case; although even in the successful conducting of it before an earthly tribunal, he may have the tacit conviction of guilt and criminality, and that even-handed justice is evaded or perverted. Varied, too, are his appeals to the pity of the jury or the mercy of the judge. Many a cause is determined, not on its merits, but by skilful and adroit pleadings, by dexterous sophistry, or by the sorcery of eloquence! Not so is it with the Great Intercessor. He pleads not, indeed, the personal innocence of His clients. On the ground of their merits, they stand, in the sight of heaven, convicted and condemned,—destitute of all argument to support their cause. But they are made righteous through the righteousness of Him, their federal Head and Surety-Redeemer. The merits of His obedience and death constitute His plea on their behalf. It is because "He bare the sin of many," that He makes "intercession for the transgressors." (Isa. 53:12). In thus, therefore, advocating the cause of His people, it is not the plea of the suppliant imploring mercy—the appeal of an obsequious petitioner. It is a plea of *right*. It is the triumphant Conqueror claiming His stipulated reward. It is the Covenant-Surety claiming the fulfilment of the Father's promise. Addressing His Father in His last intercessory prayer, He appeals to Him in His character of *Righteous*. "*O holy Father,*" "*O righteous Father.*" (John 17:11,25). All the

blessings of the atonement which are to us the free gifts of free grace, are to Him of *debt*. They are the purchase of His dying love. They come to Him, and through Him to us, as an old writer expresses it, "with the mark of the cross and the print of nails." This Righteous Advocate, standing before the throne, has only to utter His omnipotent *formula*, "Father, I *will!*" (John 17:24). And all that is within the compass of omnipotence to bestow is His: "Son, Thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is Thine!"

II. This leads naturally to a second characteristic resulting from the one just mentioned— viz., that it is a *prevalent Intercession*. — Jesus is emphatically "the Prince" who has power with God and "*prevails.*" All power has been committed to Him. (Matt. 28:18). Him "the Father heareth always." (1 John 11:42). They are His own remarkable words in the 16th chapter of John: "And in that day ye shall ask Me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. At that day ye shall ask in My name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you." (John 16:23,26). What means He by this? Is it not that the very mention of His all-prevailing *name* in the Father's ears, will be sufficient to ensure the suit of His people being heard and their claims regarded. "Ask in My *name.*" As if He had said, 'It will dispense with the need of My formally pleading on your behalf. It will itself be a passport to the Father's regard. So intensely does He love Me for My work's sake and righteousness' sake, that you have only to give utterance to "the name that is above every name," and its music will unlock to you the heart of God.'

How prevailing that name and that plea moreover must be, when we look to the host of petitioners who are warranted to use it. It is a beautiful part of the vision of the pleading covenant-angel in Revelation, with "the censer full of much incense" in his hand, that they are "the prayers of ALL saints," which perfumed with His adorable merits, ascend before God's throne and are accepted! It is not merely the pleadings of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, men strong in faith giving glory to God. Neither is it the prayers enshrined and intoned in imposing ritual, rising from the great congregation amid fretted aisles, and borne on the wings of

luscious music: but the groan, the glance, the tear, the tremulous aspiration of smitten penitents, the veriest lisping of infant tongues; the unlettered petitions morning and evening of the cottage home, where the earthen floor is knelt upon, where the only altar is the altar of the lowly heart, and the sacrifice that of a broken and contrite spirit. It may be affirmed of the Father regarding one and all of these pleadings of the Divine Intercessor, in the prophetic words of the Psalmist, "Thou hast given Him His heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of His lips." (Psa. 21:2).

Nor, having Him thus as our prevailing Intercessor, stand we in need of any other auxiliary, any other advocacy. On the great day of atonement in the Jewish Temple-service of old, no Levite, no subordinate Temple officer was permitted to assist the High Priest, either in the sacrificial offering, or in the subsequent carrying of the blood and incense. No voice within the veil was suffered to be heard, saving his. The congregation stood in the outer court. No other footstep dared venture within the holy precincts. There were crowds—thousands on thousands—close by. But this solitary priest of God is unaided, unaccompanied, at that solemn hour. Alone he pled; alone he sprinkled the blood; alone he waved the censer. So Christ hath entered *alone* into the holy place, having Himself obtained eternal redemption for us. (Heb. 9:12). The alone Surety on earth, He is the alone Intercessor above. No other voice pleads with the Father; no other priest or minister, saint or angel, can be of any avail in coming between the sinner and God. As on earth He made the prophetic announcement, "I have trodden the wine-press *alone*, and of the people there are none with Me:" so, standing by the golden Altar above, and stretching down the golden sceptre, He, and He only, has the right and prerogative to ask, "What wilt thou, and what is thy request, it shall be even given to thee?" (Esther 5:3).

J. R. M.

(Continued D.V.)

Man's need has ever been the occasion for the display of God's grace and mercy.

When Israel murmured, the serpent's bite was the answer.
When Israel confessed, God's grace was the answer.

The Devil's Cradle

"Lord rock us in Thy Cradle." So spoke a little child, the leader in prayer of a group of little ones who were overheard praying. It is a beautiful thought; and may the desire which it childishly expresses be the continual desire of every heart. Yes, God has a Cradle for His wearied children, and they are happiest who know best by experience the perfect peace of those who in it sleep the soft sleep of faith which He giveth His beloved. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord only makest me dwell in safety." (Ps. 4:8).

But every cradle is not God's Cradle; Neither is every sleep the sleep which God sendeth. Satan too has his cradle, in which with cruel craft he lulls to sleep the ruined victims of his wiles. Alas, for the myriads that are sound asleep in the Devil's Cradle. "The whole world lieth in the wicked one," (1 John 5:6), and lieth sound asleep, (1 Thess. 5:6). Despite of all appearances to the contrary, despite of steam and telegraph, of feverish change and restless bustle, man everywhere is locked in deepest slumbers, and all these seeming activities are only the idle night dreams with which he is diverted during his brief hour of guilty sloth. The wily destroyer spares no pains to keep the sleep unbroken, that thus his goods may be in peace. (Luke 11:21).

Christian brethren, let us not sleep as do others round about us, but let us watch and be sober. If we be kept awake it is neither for want of a sluggard's couch beside us nor a cunning tempter coaxing us to try its softness. He spreads his downiest pillows for believers, and smiles his sweetest smile as he persuades us to rest a little from our watching and our toil. Full well he knows that no earthly weapon serves his frightful purpose half so effectively as does a sleeping saint, and therefore no stone is left unturned to get us in his cradle fast asleep. Alas for those who listen to his sugared lies! He soon makes mournful work of them, and many have found it far harder to get out of his cradle when once they were in it, than they found it to escape from his prison house at the first.

And no past experience of the need and the blessedness of watching will preserve us. Look at Noah, trained by bitter discipline through centuries to watch, yet tempted at

last into the Devil's Cradle; and he, who while awake, had stood unsexed by a world's crime, is seen, after a little rocking, a spectacle of shame within his tent. Look, too, at Lot. In filthy Sodom his righteous soul was daily vexed, but a little while of the Devil's Cradle brought that righteous soul to rival the atrocities he had once bewailed. And no urgency of danger will keep us awake. When once Jonah lay down in the Devil's Cradle, the tempest that could startle even heathen sailors, could not disturb his callous slumbers. Neither will any measure of past fellowship with God preserve us now. Look at David—the man according to God's own heart. Alas even he was seduced into the Cradle, and looking half asleep over its edge he saw what drew him on to awful crimes, and might have drawn him any length, had not God in mercy sent his prophet to awaken the demented sleeper. And no degree of natural wisdom will suffice to keep us. Solomon was the wisest of mere man, yet Solomon was tempted to lay down his head on Satan's pillow; and the wisest of men has left us the lesson of his last years as a beacon to all ages for stupendous folly. Ah, who amongst us has strength to stand, when these men of might have been so shamefully befooled? What will not Satan attempt? So daring is he, that he tried to get even the Jehovah's Servant, the Lord Himself, to lie down for a little in his Cradle. Aye, and to tempt Him to it, he succeeded in getting the use of an apostle's tongue—"Then Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him, saying, Pity thyself, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee" (Matt. 16:23, margin). The snare, of course, was in a moment detected, and He who alone could say, "The prince of this world hath nothing in Me," cast aside the lure—"Get thee behind me, Satan, "Who of us, then, can hope to escape his assaults; or who of us, if he assail us, can, in our own strength, hope to stand? No one of us can imagine how eagerly Satan's efforts are expanded in trying to quench our poor little spark of light which we have from God; and which, feeble as it may be, is yet his constant torment.



If the Lord's people will not walk happily and contentedly with Him, they must taste the power of the serpent—alas! a terrible power, in whatever way it may be experienced.

The Christian's Prayer Life

William H. Ferguson

Notes of address in Central Hall, Detroit

I would like to read with you a few scriptures in connection with the important subject of prayer—one which is vital to every child of God.

In Acts 9:11 we note how the first scene of this truly noble Christian—Paul—reveals him in the attitude of prayer, kneeling before the Lord—“And the Lord said unto Ananias, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus: *for, behold, HE PRAYETH*”. What a marvellous effect of God's grace towards this truly remarkable character, formerly so full of enmity towards God, but now bowing in supplication before Him.

To see how important a place Prayer occupied in the lives of the early saints, we only have to read a few scriptures in the Book of Acts such as Acts 2:42—“And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and PRAYERS”. It constituted a definite part of their lives, and fellowship without it would have been an impossibility. How often the prayer meeting in the assembly of the saints is looked upon lightly. A very trivial excuse serves to keep one at home from such gatherings, and as a result the testimony is weakened, and the individual life suffers, for there is little likelihood that there is much individual prayer if there be not corresponding collective prayer. We certainly should all be interested and exercised about praying together, as precious promises are made to those who indulge in this holy exercise collectively, as well as privately in the quiet of one's own room.

The life of the beloved Apostle opens with him on his knees before God and as we look at its close (with years of constant faithful service mingled with much suffering and heavy toil lying in between) we find that he ends his life so far as the sacred canon is concerned, with prayer. Writing to his faithful and loved companion, Timothy, and with a true desire for *his* welfare, he breathes out his closing prayer—“The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Grace be with you. Amen.” How beautiful for the life to be closed

with an AMEN—the spirit of prayer permeating its whole cycle and extent. Such is a precious example for us to follow.

We find an interesting prayer meeting in Acts 12. Note verse 5—“Peter therefore was kept in prison: but instant and earnest prayer (margin) was made without ceasing *of the church* unto God for him”. vs. 12 “And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where *many were gathered together praying*”. The damsel Rhoda heard knocking at the door and upon answering discovered Peter (the subject of their prayers) standing at the door and, amazed, she ran in and told the praying ones that God had answered their prayers; but they said unto her “Thou art mad”, and as she affirmed, they said “It is his angel”—“But Peter continued knocking”. They couldn’t deny it, God had answered their prayers. I often think we are very much like them—we really would be surprised to see such an evident answer so speedily and marvellously granted. God does not always give the answers in such fashion but we should nevertheless persevere in prayer both *privately* and *in the Assembly prayer* meeting. This was a very ancient custom as we may see by reading Gen. 4:26. In the tents and habitations of the godly seed (in contrast to the ungodly ones who were indulging in all sorts of worldly things they could attain to) we hear from the earliest ages prayer ascending to God both from the individual and also from prayer groups. To say that prayer is a vital part of Assembly testimony is so evident, that it should need no insistence.

Prayers may be stereotyped: this was characteristic of the Pharisee. Prayers may be long and yet not spiritual. On the other hand, they may be short, real and very effectual bringing a ready response from the hearts of the saints. Again they may be stumbling in their utterance but yet nevertheless perfectly understood by God (Rom. 8:26, 27).

Do you really believe in PRAYER? Look at men like George Mueller, Hudson Taylor, Andrew Fraser and others who were noted as praying men. You say that these were exceptional men. Truly they were, but George Mueller used often to say there was nothing great about George Mueller but George Mueller had a great God. Therein lay the secret

of the remarkable answers he received to his simple and believing prayers.

I heard recently of a lady in St. Louis, who years ago felt led of the Lord to open a home for old ladies and, later for children who were homeless. A Christian in one of our assemblies was for a long time identified with this home in its early years and tells of some of the truly marvellous answers to the prayers of the godly sister who opened the home and those identified with her, for everything was carried on through faith in God. One day there was no money on hand whatever to supply the milk necessary for the evening meal. The home was situated across the street from the railroad yards and that day, unexpectedly, a stock train was detained in the yards. Towards late afternoon, a man knocked at the door, saying, "Could you use some nice fresh milk? You see, we are detained here tonight and the cows have to be milked and you can have all you want." Needless to say the few Christians who were so exercised about the needs of the home were delighted with such an answer to their prayers. The table was supplied that night with plenty of good, sweet milk provided by the hand of an everfaithful God. Many were the evidences in these early days of that Home that God was the hearer and answerer of prayer.

What about your private prayer life? What about the assembly prayer meeting and your attendance thereat? What about the prayer meeting before the Gospel meeting at night? Some cannot attend these meetings as they would like, but there are many who have strength and time and ability to be there and yet neglect this precious privilege. I trust this will exercise the hearts of each of us.

Many are the results of prayer. We have, in this holy attitude, God's favor and reward and in our hearts the peace and security promised thereby. May we be able to close our lives somewhat after the fashion of the great apostle to the Gentiles with a spiritual breathing and a true—AMEN.



Be whole-hearted. Give up at once the unclean thing, whatever it be, habit, or association, or anything else. Cost what it may, give it up. Entail what loss it may, abandon it.

The Bible's Self-Interpreting Power

Dr. A. T. Pierson

"If any man will do His will, he shall *know* of the doctrine" (John 7:17). In other words, obedience is the organ of spiritual revelation. True Biblical learning is not so much mental as experimental. There are professed teachers and preachers who no more grasp the truth they profess to hold than does the sparrow grasp the message that passes through the telegraph wire on which it perches—as Norman Macleod quaintly put it.

One very conspicuous feature of the Bible is its Self-Interpreting power. In the mastery of human books, help is needful from large libraries and patient research in the realms of science and philosophy. Grammars and glossaries, histories and biographies, copious lexicons and learned encyclopedias, often become necessary to furnish the mere sidelights to interpret the terms and illumine the sense of human literature.

But, in studying this Divine Book, confessedly the crown of all literature, other writings though often helpful, are never indispensable. To a remarkable degree, God's Word explains and interprets its own contents, is its own grammar and lexicon, library and encyclopedia. Within itself may be found a philosophy which interprets its history, and a history which illustrates its philosophy. Even what in it is most obscure and mysterious is not dependent upon outside helps for its complete unlocking or unveiling.

The humblest reader, if shut up by circumstances to this one Book, as was Bunyan in Bedford jail, might without any other guide than the Bible itself, by careful, prayerful searching, come to know the Word, exploring its contents, till he become another Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures.



The very feeblest saint in the Church of God, is as much a priest as Paul was. It is not a question of capacity or spiritual power, but simply of position.



The trials of the desert put nature to the test; they bring out what is in the heart. Forty years' toil and travail make a great change in people.

Songs of the Night

J. N. Darby

"In the night His song shall be with me"

Psalm 42:8.

And oh! how deep the peace when, nature gone,
Thy Spirit fills the Soul, strengthened with might,
With love divine; and God as love is known!

Lord! keep my soul, and guide my steps aright.

Praise be for ever His,

Who giveth songs by night.

The most important victory has often come when we have been most afraid of being beaten; the brightest songs when an evil day has forced us to lean on God.

God's hand is always better than man's; His seeming harshness is better than the world's favor; the spring which guides it is always love, and love directed by perfect wisdom, which we shall understand by and by.

He makes His own feel that His support is worth all the trouble we have in the world.

The soul needs daily the comfort of the Blood.

Broken vessels are often better than whole new ones to shew the sufficiency and grace of Christ.

Christianity was sown in the tears of the Son of God. It is the travail of His soul which He shall see in that day. So in all service (and we must make up our minds to it) where there is to be real blessing there must be the sorrow of the world's opposition, and even in the church where we desire to see Christ fully represented, the greater sorrow of trials, of failure, and shortcoming.

If the needed work can be done without the sorrow, He will not send the sorrow. His love is far better than our will. Trust Him. If He strikes, be assured that He will give more than He takes away.

The loss of a mother is always an immense loss. No one can mother but a mother; but God can be everything to us in all our cares.



Desert life tests every one. It proves what is in us, and, thanks be to God, it brings out what is in *Him* for us.

The First Page of the Bible

THE HUMAN SPIRIT

God Created Man After His Image

The full meaning of this word we shall doubtless not know, until we come into the bodies of our resurrection, glorious like the sun and strong with heavenly power. But what dignity, what honor, that God himself—Jehovah—should reveal himself in human form, and also that He has made the angels in our likeness! This we are not to understand as if we could judge by the form of man how God looks, but we are to understand here the essential powers and attributes of the human soul, as well as the position of man toward the rest of creation. As God rules the entire universe, so man is to rule, through God, the earth and all creatures, and this he does in a certain sense even after his fall. Of course, the creatures he rules in the love of God for the sake of their happiness are no longer his subjects in filial obedience, but rather they fear him, according to the Word of God to Noah: "And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth" (Gen. 9:2); and instead of being their God, he is, alas! too often their *devil*. He has still great power nevertheless. There is not a being on earth, who could call him to account saying: Why are you doing this? Plants and animals are given over into his hands. He can take up a plant at one place and let it grow at another; and if this appears to us a matter of little importance, because we are used to it, let us remember that no animal can do it. Likewise, he not only can kill an animal, but can bring it up tame and improve it. And were he to take care of the animate world as becomes a king, instead of considering them his slaves which he may torment at his pleasure, he could now already on his part satisfy many an earnest expectation of the creature. Thus man is the only creature of God upon the earth who has power over the fire, this element of the wrath of God. Though many performances of animals, for instance, the building of houses by the beaver, seem to require more sense than when man, in the primitive ages, attempted to preserve the fire of a tree when struck by lightning in adding more wood, yet no animal, not even the monkey, would have conceived such an idea.

But still more than in his control over nature we have to look for the *essential powers* of the human mind, wherein his "God-likeness" appears. What else are human art and science, the waging of wars and founding of kingdoms, the building of cities and making of laws, than a continual revelation and manifestation of an immortal, divine soul, which can find no peace till it rests in the eternal, infinite God himself? Why is it not satisfied and content like the ox with a filled manger? The reason is: it is God's image.

A part of this "God-likeness" is our *conscience*. As nothing evil can stand before God, so also nothing can stand before the divine in man, which inexorably judges and punishes his deeds, words and thoughts. How often has it happened that a murderer after ten and twenty years has voluntarily offered himself to the courts and asked for punishment, in order that at last that fearful, unbearable judge within him may come to silence. Or look at the rich man who, by bad and dishonorable trickeries, has acquired a great fortune. Well may he possess a magnificent house and sit at a sumptuous table; well may his friends call him a rich, clever, honorable and esteemed man, which he himself is almost inclined to believe. But when his friends are gone and the lights are extinguished, he rolls about on his magnificent bed, restless and anxious, his mind occupied with new speculations, only that he may not hear that small, still voice, which in the stillness of the night incessantly whispers: "You are a thief."

Think also of your memory. What a power over time and space does it not possess, a part as it were, of God's omnipresence! Things long past, which the soul at one time has taken hold of, and now, after the floods of pain or joy have passed, after it has thought, spoken, done and experienced things innumerable, perhaps an entire life gone by, it still has the power to bring forth at its will out of the ocean of the past, this or that which has apparently vanished long ago. And the man seventy or eighty years of age again sees the room in which he played when a little child, and hears the voice of the mother who died long ago. This is a mighty power of the human soul. From observations, which one may make of men far advanced in years, this power is much greater and more complete in sickness, in insanity and at the dying hour, than we commonly imagine. One must assume that

the human soul really forgets nothing, but that this or that experience is only for a time, as it were, covered up, and that there will be a time when every experience, every deed and every word, yea, every thought out of the depths, will come to life again, living, true and perfect, in order that the soul might be judged thereby.

And now the greatest wonder of man—speech! The animals too, have a kind of language, and are able, by means of the voice, to express joy and pain in an impressive manner; but they have not the power of speech. Never has the most intelligent dog invented a single monosyllabic word with which to call his master. And why not? Because he has not a mind that understands and grasps men and things as to their real nature. But as we read that at the time of creation, "God said," "He called," so Adam, too, "gave names to all cattle" as a beginning of his work on earth. This means a great deal. Have you never thought about this wonderful capacity of the human soul to give expression by means of speech to its inward being, yea, so to speak, to breathe itself forth? With your lips and tongue you put a portion of the air into vibration: the sound-waves are caught up by the ear of your neighbor, and immediately he knows your deepest thoughts! With this apparently insignificant act, with this little air put into motion, you can accomplish that which is good or bad. By means of speech we create anger, give comfort, lead immortal souls either to God or to Satan. By means of speech kingdoms are daily founded and destroyed, cities are built, states and laws established, art and science fostered. And how exceedingly simple are the means by which such great things are accomplished! Five vowels and about twenty consonants have been sufficient for the last six thousand years for the most civilized nations of the earth, and will be sufficient for them as long as the earth stands, to express anything that the human heart thinks, feels, meditates and discovers. In these twenty-five signs are hidden all the books and writings that ever have been made, all languages and dialects, which mankind ever has spoken or will yet speak. Man can invent many things, but he can invent no new letter, no sixth vowel to the five already existing, which God has given him. Is this not wonderful? And have we not in this a presentiment of the fact that the eternal Son of God is

called in the Scriptures "The Word of God"? But if you wish to understand something of the power which is contained in a human word, remember only the sentence: "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matt. 12:37). Recall what Noah said: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren" (Gen. 9:25), and with this saying the prophetic man of God sealed the destiny of an entire continent for thousands of years to come, for history proves it: Africa always has been and still is the land of slavery. And when Isaac had blessed Jacob, no prayers and no tears could alter what had been said. The word was spoken and Jacob remained blessed. How great is the power of the word spoken in the name of God! Therefore it is a lamentable sign of our times that speech among us has become so degenerate. The old Greeks and Romans laid much stress on the proper use of language. Socrates said: "To speak incorrectly is damaging to the soul," or, "Speak in order that I may see you." Therefore it was considered the main object of an education to teach men how to speak in a few words precisely and truthfully. At the present day what a flood of meaningless, hollow, empty words are constantly poured forth into the world, spoken and written so that it is said depreciatingly: "They are but words!" This is much to be regretted.

Thanks be to God that the Word of God has more power, validity and permanency than such empty human speech, and that even Satan is not allowed to interfere. The Word of God is eternal and cannot pass away. Having once said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let him have dominion over the whole earth," the complete fulfillment of this word may be interrupted by sin, but not annulled. Redeemed through Jesus Christ and renewed in the image of God, man will sometime rule over the whole earth, yea, will even judge the angels (1 Cor. 6:31), and his word will again have a creative and judicial power. But as its highest and noblest aim, the word of man, as completed in Christ, will consist in this, that, by means of the same, he will give praise and honor and glory to God in all eternity; for He created all things, and for His pleasure they are and were made (Rev. 4:11). "And I saw heaven new and earth new; for the first heaven and the first earth are gone" (Rev. 21:1). These

words of creation, which we have considered hitherto, are immortal; the light and the air, the mountain, the plant and the animal, these are eternal thoughts of a God who will never give up His work as a failure. Upon the new earth we will be allowed to behold this new creation in still greater splendor and glory, and inherit all things (Rev. 21:5).

It is, indeed, a great pity that even many Christians are so slow to believe the promise of God to create a new heaven and a new earth. That birds and trees, hills and rivers are here no one would undertake to deny. But that the same God who once created them, will make a new earth on which there will be rivers of crystal and hills of light, trees of life and a city of wondrous glory, in which we shall live in our risen, immortal, glorified and incorruptible bodies, clothed in white, with hands to feel and feet to walk, and a mouth to eat and drink, sing and praise—this many will not believe; and in spite of the bodily resurrection of Christ and the promises of the Word, they regard heaven as a hazy, indefinite and undefined state of existence somewhere, without any clear idea as to its locality. That this present world should have created itself is a piece of incomprehensible nonsense. But if God created it, why can He not re-create it? Is His hand shortened? Can the Creator no longer create? Or shall the world of heavenly bliss, in which dwells no evil thing at all, be less real and substantial than this present world which is so full of sin? O, fools and slow of heart to believe all that God has promised in His Word!

There is also a wonderful correspondence between the last page of the Bible and the first. Thus the Word proves itself to be one throughout, a glorious revelation of the counsels of God with respect to mankind. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." At the end he will create a new heaven and a new earth. The first earth He watered with four rivers; on the new earth a river of crystal will flow from the temple. In the first paradise there was a tree of life; in the second there will be trees of life. On the first earth there were mountains; on the second the Lord's house shall rise on a mountain, great and exceeding high.

But glorious also will be the differences between the first creation and the second. Sun and moon lit the first, and in Paradise itself day alternated with night. But on the new

earth there will be no night; they will need neither light of lamp nor light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light (Rev. 22:5). Adam and Eve were naked, in token of their innocence; on the new earth the saints will walk, clothed in white, in token of their righteousness. In the first Paradise man dwelt in a garden; in the second his home will be in the glorious palaces of God. In the first he was forbidden to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; in the second there is no prohibition, for no tree of the kind grows there. In the first there was a "No"; in the second it will all be "YEA and AMEN." "And death shall be no more; neither shall there be sorrow, nor crying, nor pain any more; the first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said: Behold, I make all things new."

May God, through the blood of Christ, fit us for the inheritance of the saints in light! Amen.



The Teaching of Evolution

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(Continued from February number)

We cannot here enter upon a discussion of the evidence which is proffered in support of evolution, and the reasons against it; as these reasons carry us forward to moral and religious questions of the highest importance. But, keeping to a purely scientific and common-sense standpoint, we protest against the teaching of evolution in any of our school grades, as well as in the earlier years of a university course. For evolution professes to explain how things came to be as they are, throughout the whole domain of what is broadly known as Natural Science. Indeed, if the explanations which it offers are to hold good, they should include the more foundational realms of nature as well; for an eminent scientist, though himself a biologist, has said with reason: "Every theory of evolution must be such as to accord with the facts of physics and chemistry, a primary necessity to which our predecessors paid small heed."

NOT AN "ELEMENTARY" SUBJECT.

We find, then, that evolution as an explanation borders closely upon philosophy; and many thinkers consider that it should rank as philosophy rather than as science, for it is very similar to the ancient Greek philosophies, and even older ones. Is it not rational, therefore, to hold that young people should first have a thorough grounding in the facts, before they enter upon theoretical explanations to account for them? To be able to grasp any intelligent discussion of evolution they must first have a good knowledge of chemistry, botany and zoology (or else a combination of these in biology) and some acquaintance with geology. It is plain, therefore, that from the standpoint of progressive instruction, evolution is entirely out of place in elementary text-books. An "elementary" book is, properly speaking, one which begins at the beginning of a subject, however rapidly it may advance; for it does not take for granted that the learner has any previous knowledge of the subject. If, then, a pupil who is beginning zoology, for example, finds it stated that some creature is a development from another type which is lower, this evolutionary teaching comes to him merely as a dogma, backed by authority; which he is forced to learn and repeat to pass his examinations. Let the pupil first be taught what this creature is, what it does, and what purpose it serves in the domain of nature, before theoretical explanations are thrust upon him. His mind should at least be left free at this primary stage to decide later whether he will regard this creature as the design of the Creator or as a product of evolution.

The next objection to the introduction of evolution into elementary text-books is the one-sided and unfair way in which it is taught. Of all the sciences, astronomy is probably better taught than any other; for astronomers make so clear a distinction between, firstly, what we definitely know; next, what we can infer from this knowledge regarding the size and distance of the stars, and can be reasonably sure of; and thirdly, what as yet we do not know. With such teaching the student grasps the situation; and his ambition is stimulated to decrease by further research the wide region of our ignorance. But when teaching has the evolutionary bias, the darkest corners where we know least are continually pointed out as the places where evolution most probably occurred. In

geology, which is the best testing ground for evolution, all the features are emphasized which the evolutionist considers to be a support for his theory, and other features which are directly against it and cannot be explained on any evolutionary hypothesis, are passed over or ignored. It is surely quite unfair to present any subject in such a way to a beginner before he has some comprehensive grasp of the facts as they stand. Natural Science is thus treated as though the whole object in teaching it was to find support for an advanced philosophical theory. The learner has as yet no adequate knowledge to enable him to judge of such matters; and he has no choice but to accept the theoretical explanations which are passed on to him.

DETERIORATION AND PERSISTENCE.

We may give very briefly a few illustrations to make our meaning clear. In the case of nearly all the great groups of creatures there was a time in the geological ages when they were more highly developed than they are in the present world. Take the wide group of the sea shells (the mollusca), and the cuttlefish. These upperclass types were far more numerous in proportion away back in the Silurian than they are to-day; as the humbler mollusca, the sea-snails, mussels and clams, are now very largely in the majority. Why, then, did the higher types die down, and the lower-class mollusca gain upon them, till the present? This does not look like the survival of the fittest. Probably the best answer is that the place in nature occupied by these more active mollusca was taken later on by the fishes, which had not then come into existence. This same deterioration, in the sense of the dying out of the highest types in a large group, is also true of the class of trees which formed the forests of the coal formation, now represented in their class by the lowly mosses and rushes. It is the same with the early insects, and very conspicuously so with the great group of the reptiles that were once the lords of creation.

We have also the wondrous persistence of many forms, without change. Two little snail shells will exemplify this. There is a land snail (a pupa) and a common fresh-water snail (a limnæa), that are found about the middle of the geological ages, which are quite indistinguishable from species now living. Why, then, have they not developed into some-

thing better during these ages? There can hardly be "an inherent tendency in everything" to develop. Other examples of this could readily be given, among plants as well as animals. When we turn again to the organs of the body we find examples of the same want of development. The multiple eye, such as the house-fly has, is well preserved in fossils; and the very ancient crabs and lobsters, in one of the earliest geological ages, had this type of eye. It is precisely the same in its structure, among modern crabs and insects, as it was at the first. Why then has there been no improvement in all these long ages? The only answer is, it was perfect from the beginning; perfectly adapted to the creatures that use it.

UNFAIR TO STUDENTS.

These considerations strengthen the conclusion that evolution is entirely out of place in elementary textbooks, whether in schools or in the earlier years of the university course.

From the point of view of a proper sequence in education, and the stage reached by the mind of the pupil in relation to any branch of Natural Science that he is beginning to learn, it is not right that evolutionary teaching should be mixed in with the facts of the subject. It is specially unfair to give the impression to the uninformed student, that evolution is an established principle in science, and to teach it accordingly in the very one-sided way that is usually followed; in view of the continual change of attitude toward it, and the inconclusive discussions regarding it, which are still going on among evolutionists themselves.

If evolution must be taught, it should be put in the place where it properly belongs, in the most advanced classes in the university. The student will then be in a position for its discussion, with an unbiased mind, when he is already well grounded in the various branches of Natural Science as a basis. This is the only rational procedure from a purely educational standpoint. Evolution can then be discussed in its relation to Greek philosophy, which it closely resembles; and the student will then make his choice between accepting the views of a pagan philosophy, or believing the revelation from God which the Scriptures give us, where the relation of man to his Creator and to nature around him is so impressively explained.

God's Universal Command

Let me draw your most earnest attention, dear reader, to a requirement of God, which is painfully overlooked on all hands, but which is, nevertheless, of primary moment and of universal obligation. It is more than a requirement; it is a plain and positive command! Yet it is not one of the ten which go to form the well-known Decalogue. It is not a prohibition against the commission of any particular sin.

Nor is it an appeal to love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself, which is, I may say, the Decalogue presented in a positive way. It is not a law limited to a certain nation, nor a bond of relationship between God and a certain people. No, it has its application to every soul throughout the wide world; and I wonder, my friend, whether you have personally rendered obedience to it.

That you should do so is of eternal importance. Your salvation from hell, and your acceptance into God's everlasting kingdom hinge upon your response or otherwise.

It is God's call to repentance. Here are the words: "GOD NOW COMMANDETH ALL MEN EVERYWHERE TO REPENT" (Acts 17.30). Let us patiently take these words in their order and examine them:—

"GOD",

to whom you are responsible, and against whom you have sinned. Your Creator, the omniscient and almighty Ruler of all, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and He who, withal spared not His Son but gave Him up to death for sinners, and has raised Him from the dead in proof that the atoning work of Calvary is sufficient.

"NOW",

Yes, God now commandeth, at a time when He has shown by that death and resurrection the way of present pardon, and peace, and reconciliation, and when He has therefore spoken as never before. No prophet's voice could equal that of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; no moment of time could out-value that wherein sin was borne and its awful curse endured. The cross stands alone; it was the event of supreme impor-

tance for fallen man. And therefore, on the ground of that wondrous and finished work, God now

“COMMANDETH”!

It is no mere appeal, no gentle behest, no passing call! It is a command! It carries authority; it demands attention; it silences opposition. God’s present command makes itself heard at the eternal peril of the disobedient. If to disobey Moses’ law meant certain death, how much worse a fate shall befall the offender in this case? This voice speaks from heaven! It is universal, and hence God now commandeth

“ALL MEN,”

Jew and Gentile alike, men of every clime and country, of every rank and station; the king, the captive; the wise, the ignorant; the rich, the poor; the priest, the people—all, without one single, solitary exception. It is the bounden duty, the strongest and most unalterable obligation, of all men to yield to this command. Submission, the fullest and most absolute, must be rendered, and that

“EVERYWHERE,”

from palace to hovel, and from court to cottage, in the streets and lanes of the city to the highways and hedges, on the ocean wave or the bleak moorside—not one corner of this sin-blasted and rebellious earth but must see the effect of obedience to this all-embracing command

“TO REPENT.”

Yes, to repent! Explanation is not needed. We all know what this means. Theological definitions might only bewilder and lead us away from the scent. A naughty child knows in its conscience the philosophy of repenting. He requires no lengthened tutoring in the art of confessing his offence.

No explanation is given in the verse I quote. God commands repentance! That is quite enough; and woe betide the soul that refuses to cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner”! Yes, a thousand times woe!

And why? Because we read that, “Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish” (Luke 13:3).

Friend, have you repented? Pause, I beg of you—for, if not you shall certainly perish! Repentance is absolutely necessary.

God chose that Athens, and its famous court of Mars Hill, should be the first earthly auditor of this command. That proud, intellectual city! It was she who first heard this command to repent.

And did she repent? Well, the response given at the moment was deplorably small. Pride made it so! Ah! that wretched pride of intellect, or position, or wealth, or morality. What a curse it is!

Friend, your soul is at stake! God commands—do you obey?



The Seamstress and the Actress

Look into this small room with one occupant. The hand of poverty is here; but it is the abode of a child of God—a young sewing girl. It is her closet for prayer, as well as the spot for plying her needle. When employment fails she kneels, in pious trust, to her Heavenly Father. One morning she had been thus engaged with unusual earnestness, when there was a knock at the door, and in stepped a young woman full of life and gaiety, with a large bundle.

“Can you sew for me?” asked the dashing young girl.

The question was met with a smile.

“It is just what I have been praying for,” said she.

The bundle contained rich dresses, and rich materials for more.

“I am an actress,” said the young visitor, “I am under engagement to play in Philadelphia, and these dresses must be altered, and this must be made at once. I will pay you handsomely.”

“I do not know about this work,” said the sewing girl. “It is true I have been praying for work, and am in much need of it, but I do not know about this,” she said hesitatingly.

“Why?”

“Because it seems that in doing this work I should be serving the devil instead of the Lord Jesus,” she answered meekly.

“But did you pray for work?”

“Yes.”

“And has not this come in answer?”

“It seems so, and yet I feel as if I ought not to do it.”

“Well! what will you do about it?”

"I will ask my Heavenly Father. Will you kneel with me?"

She poured out her heart to God, and prayed that she might not fall into sin, urging her petition with childlike simplicity, not thinking of any effect which her prayer was having on her visitor, until in the agony of her spirit, the latter threw her arms around the neck of the suppliant and cried, "Oh, do not pray any more about the dresses, but pray for me!"

The poor seamstress was taken by surprise, and now prayed that if her visitor was not in earnest she might be made so, and then and there give herself to the Lord Jesus, to be His for ever. She prayed that she might be convinced of the sinfulness of her present manner of life, and forsake it.

They rose from their knees and looked at each other in silence.

"I shall not let you do this work," said the actress; "no one shall do it."

"What will you do?"

"I will leave it as it is."

"You have an engagement in Philadelphia?"

"I will write to the manager that I cannot play for him, and I will pray for him."

"How long have you been connected with the stage?"

"Five years; and I have followed it with an enthusiasm that swallowed up my life. But I shall quit the stage for ever. I will not put my foot on it again."

"What will you do with these things?"

"I will keep them in their present state. They shall remain as a memento of this hour and this room, and of God's mercy in arresting me here!"

"What will you do now?"

"I know not what, but I will do all for Christ, and ask counsel of Him."

She then expressed her gratitude to the meek sewing girl for her faithfulness to her principles, and to her. So they parted.

Often they met afterwards for conversation and prayer, and for acknowledgment of their obligations to the Saviour. The faith of the converted actress grew stronger—she adored the amazing goodness of God in snatching her as a brand from the burning, and went on her way rejoicing.

She is now in one of the Eastern States, has made a public

profession of her faith, and joined herself to the people of God. She writes often to her young Christian friend, the sewing woman, in Twenty-ninth Street, New York, and the sewing woman is often seen at the prayer meetings in that city.

In a letter received from the converted actress, she says that she is a wonder to herself; that she loved the stage so well she did not suppose it possible that she could leave it. But now she finds Christ infinitely more precious—that she is truly happy—that her peace is like the flowing spring, ever-flowing—that her gratitude knows no bounds—and that her desire grows stronger continually to do something for God.

The dresses remain as they were, memorials to her of God's mercy and love, and she intends to keep them to her dying day.

Work pours in on the young sewing woman, and her needle is kept flying. Her Heavenly Father will not forsake His child.

And what of the actress? She writes:—"My old associates sneer at me and call me crazy; but I have been enabled to draw two from the stage—one a dancer, the other a ballad-singer. They are seeking Christ also. I will do all I can to save them. Pray for me that I may have Christ with me, and then I shall not be afraid to act for Him."

Reader, is not truth stranger than fiction? Canst thou doubt the wonderful, all-conquering power of the divine love?



"Tight Ho, Sir"

Frank T. Bullen

Born in a Lancashire slum, over sixty years ago, Johnny Wilson early became a waif of the streets. He graduated from the gutter to a collier's brig at about thirteen years of age. Of kindness he knew nothing, and while he learned many things on shipboard, he knew not one that was good. Blasphemy, drunkenness, cruelty and debauchery he became an adept in, and knew every trick whereby to shirk his duty. Up to the age of thirty he drifted, like a derelict log, from ship to ship over the world. He knew most of the seaport jails in the world, from his drinking and violence.

At last, in Calcutta, he was enticed to the "Sailor's Rest"

one Sunday evening, when he had neither money nor credit. Harry Carter, finding him wandering through the bazaars aimlessly, proposed a feed to him, and so got him into the Rest, and to the evening meeting. Two American missionaries were preaching there the simple story of the cross, in a manly fashion. Johnny sat with his eyes astare, and mouth agape, as the straight, brave, certain words sunk into his awakening mind. Wonder, incredulity, shame, all struggled within him, all newly born there. The speaker said, "Some of you may never have known a friend, yet there has been a Friend by your side, only begging you to be a friend of His. Some of you have never had a home, yet this Friend has been preparing a home for you in heaven, beyond all you could imagine. Some of you have never had any real joy: this Friend has for you pleasures for evermore." Other sweet words followed but Johnny hardly heard them. In his dark soul was such a turmoil as he had never before known. Needs and desires struggled for expression, and when the preacher gave the invitation for any to remain behind who would like to know more about this wonderful gift, Johnny sat still in his place with wide staring eyes. At last the preacher came to him and taking one of Johnny's gnarled hands in his said "Brother, let Him have you. He wants you to be happy. He wants your love. He died that you might be happy with him for ever."

With a vehemence that was startling, Johnny turned and said, "Does He know me? And He's got all these things for me? I'll work all the rest o' the voyage, but what I'll have this. I don't care what it costs me, I'll have it. You see if I don't. I know now it's what I've been wanting all my life."

"Gently, my dear brother. You can't buy it. He bought it with His blood to give it to you, and you can't pay anything for it."

"Why, I never had anything given to me in my life," said Johnny. "'Taint right. Everything's got ter be paid for, and I'm going to pay for this. I'm no beggar, if I'm a bit of a thief when I gets the chance."

The hardest task was to convince this poor white savage that the gift of God was a gift. Gladly, joyfully would he have sold himself into a long slavery to have purchased what

he felt he must have. Yet for a long time he could not believe that it was without money and without price. At last despairingly he said "Oh, wont He take a shilling for it? I got one in my chest, a lucky shilling with a hole in it. I've had it for years. Let me go aboard and get it."

At last with great difficulty he was convinced that buying salvation was impossible, but, impressed with the fact that he was bought with a price, even the precious blood of the Son of God, and, while the weary evangelist was toiling to explain, the Lord took the matter up, and a joyful shout burst from Johnny's lips "Light Ho, sir. I see it all. He's got me, and He'll never let me go. Oh, why didn't I know of this afore."

He was a saved man. Let those argue who will, Johnny Wilson was a standing proof of the power of God to save the most ignorant and callous of men. From that day on, without any more teaching, save what he could get from anyone who would read the Gospels to him, he grew in grace. He was no more trouble aboard: he did his work well, and you could trust him to work by himself, for, as he said, "My Jesus is alonger me, allwus."

Johnny was a real saint: nothing could move him. He used to be hated by everyone; now, no matter what they thought, all conspired to love him. When on a voyage he died of a blow he received from falling aloft, all hands got round his bunk to hear the story that transformed him. He gushed it out: "Jesus Christ, God's Son, came down from heaven to look for me and make me happy. I wasn't worth a rope of yarn to anybody, but He came and found me, and made me so glad. And now I'm going ter see Him. Dear Jesus Christ, the friend of poor devils like me."



"Good Night" or "Good Bye"?

Dr. Langdale of New York tells of a devoted Christian business man who was struck by an automobile and hurried to a hospital; he was informed he had only about two hours to live.

"GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR"

He had his family called to him and thus addressed them: "Wife, you have been the greatest woman in the world to

me. Through sunshine and shadow we have walked together. You have been my inspiration in everything I have undertaken. Especially has this been true in reference to my religious life. Many times I have seen the Spirit of God shining in your face. I love you far more than the day you became my bride. Good-night, Dear, I'll see you in the morning. Good-night."

"GOOD-NIGHT, MARY"

"Mary, you are our first-born. What a joy you have been to your father. How glad I am that you have looked so much like your mother. In face and spirit you have always reminded us of her. I see in you the sweet, beautiful young woman who left her home to be the builder and keeper of mine. What a Christian you are. Mary, you will never forget how your father loved you. Good-night, Mary. Good-night."

"GOOD-NIGHT, WILL"

He then turned to his eldest son. "Will, your coming into our home has been an unmixed blessing. You were a manly boy; you have become an exemplary man. You love the God of your father. How proud I am of such a son. You will continue to grow in every Christian grace and virtue. You have your father's love and blessing. Good-night, Will, Good-night."

"GOOD-NIGHT, GRACIE"

Charlie was the next. Charlie had fallen under evil influences and had grievously disappointed his father and mother. *The dying man skipped him* and spoke to the youngest child, a beautiful young girl. "Gracie, your coming was like the breaking of a new day in our home. You have been a song of gladness, a ray of light. You have filled our hearts with music. When not long ago . . . you surrendered your soul to Christ . . . your father's heart, out of happiness, was full to overflowing. Good-night, little girl, Good-night."

"GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE"

He then called Charlie to his side. "Charlie, what a fine promising boy you were. Your father and mother believed you would develop into a great and noble man. We gave you all the opportunities that we gave the other children. If there has been any difference you yourself must admit that that difference was all in your favor. You have disappointed

us. You have followed the broad and downward road. You have not hearkened to the call of the Saviour. But I have always loved you, and love you still, Charlie; God only knows how much I love you. Good-bye, Charlie, Good-bye. Good-bye."

"FATHER, WHY?"

Charlie seized his father's hand and between his sobs he cried out: "Father, why have you said 'Good-night' to the others, but 'Good-bye' to me?"

"For the simple reason that I will meet the other members of the family in the morning, but by all the promises that assure us of a reunion . . . by those same statements of God's Word I can have no hope of seeing you 'over there.' It's Good-bye, Charlie, Good-bye."

"GOOD-NIGHT, CHARLIE"

Charlie fell on his knees by his dying father's bed and cried out in the agony of his soul, praying God to forgive his sins and give him the hope of meeting his father again.

"Do you mean it, Charlie? Are you in earnest?"

"God knows I am," said the heart-broken young man.

"Then God will hear you and save you Charlie, and it is Good-night and not Good-bye. Good-night, Charlie, Good-night. I am grateful to God it is not Good-bye, but only Good-night. Good-night, my boy." And he was gone.

Charlie is now a preacher of the Gospel.

Oh! members of home circles, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, . . . when the loved one goes to "sleep in Jesus," will it be to you who are left, "Good-bye!" forever, or a short "Good-night?"

—S.T.H.



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Namakei, Chief of Aniwa

by Dr. John G. Paton of the New Hebrides

In claiming Aniwa for Christ, and winning it as a small jewel for His crown, we had the experience which has ever marked God's path through history—He raised up around us and wonderfully endowed men to carry forward His own blessed work. Among these must be specially commemorated Namakei, the old Chief of Aniwa. Slowly, but very steadily, the light of the Gospel broke in upon his soul, and he was

ever very eager to communicate to his people all that he learned. In heathen days he was a cannibal and a great warrior; but from the first he took a warm interest in us and our work—a little selfish, no doubt, at the beginning, but becoming soon purified, as his eyes and heart were opened to the Gospel of Jesus.

On the birth of a son to us on the island, the old chief was in ecstasies. He claimed the child as his heir, his own son being dead, and brought nearly the whole inhabitants in relays to see the white Chief of Aniwa! He would have him called Namakei, the Younger, an honour which I fear we did not too highly appreciate. As the child grew, he took his hand and walked about with him freely among the people, learning to speak their language like a native, and not only greatly interesting them in himself, but even in us and in the work of the Lord. This too, was one of the bonds, however purely human, that drew them all nearer and nearer to Jesus.

It was this same child who, in the moment of our greatest peril, when the Mission House was once surrounded by savages who had resolve to murder us, managed in some incredible way to escape, and appeared, to our horror and amazement, dancing with glee amongst the armed warriors. He threw his arms around the neck of one after another, and kissed them, to their great surprise—at last, he settled down like a bird upon the ringleader's knee, and therefrom prattled to them all, while we from within gazed on in speechless and helpless terror! He roundly scolded them for being "Naughty! Naughty!" The frowning faces began to relax into broad grins, another spirit came over them, and, one after another, they rapidly slipped away. The Council of Death was broken up; and we had a new illustration of the Lord's precious word, "A little child shall lead them."

The death of Namakei had in it many streaks of Christian romance. He had heard about the Missionaries annually meeting on one or other of the islands and consulting about the work of Jehovah and in his old age, and when very frail, he formed an impassioned desire to attend our next meeting on Aneityum, and see and hear all the Missionaries of Jesus gathered together from the New Hebrides. Terrified that he would die away from home, and that that might bring great reverses to the good work on Aniwa, where he was truly

beloved, I opposed his going with all my might. But he and his relations and his people were all set upon it, and I had at length to give way. He assembled his people and took an affectionate farewell, pleading with them to be "strong for Jesus," whether they ever saw him again or not, and to be loyal and kind to Missi. The people wailed aloud, and many wept bitterly. Those on board the *Dayspring* were amazed to see how his people loved him. The old chief stood the voyage well. He went in and out to our meetings and when he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work there, and how island after island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said, "Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree. I am growing tall with joy!"

On the fourth or fifth day, however, he sent for me and when I came to him, he said eagerly, "Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the fair world."

I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again and restore him to his people; but he faintly whispered, "O, Missi, death is already touching me! I feel my feet going from under me. Help me to lie down under the shade of that banyan tree."

So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree, and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again, "I am going! O, Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer and then my soul will be strong to go."

Amidst many choking sobs, I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a stronger and clearer tone, "O, my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before you, but I will meet you again in the Home of Jesus. Farewell!"

That was the last effort of dissolving strength; he immediately became unconscious, and fell asleep. My heart felt like to break over him. He was my first Aniwan convert—the first who ever on that island of love and tears opened his heart to Jesus; and as he lay there on the leaves and grass, my soul soared upward after his, and all the harps of God seemed to thrill with song as Jesus presented to the Father this trophy of redeeming love.

“Tell ye your children of it”

Passing near an encampment of gipsies, I went in among them. Whilst buying some of the skewers they were making I learned that one of their company was ill, and I begged to be allowed to see him.

The father said: “Do you want to talk about religion to him?”

“No.”

“What then?”

“About Christ.”

“Oh, then you may go. But if you talk religion, I’ll set the dog on you.”

In the caravan I found a lad in bed lying alone, and evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked to me as one already dead. Very slowly I spoke into his ear the scripture, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.” I repeated it five times without any apparent response: he did not seem to hear even with the outward ear. But on repeating it the sixth time, he opened his eyes and smiled, and to my delight he whispered, “And I never thanked Him! But *nobody ever told me*. I ’turn Him many thanks—only a poor gipsy chap! I see! I see! I thank Him kindly!”

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside Him I thanked God. The lips moved again and I caught the words “That’s it.” There were other words but I could not hear them.

On going next day to the camp I learned that the dear lad had died—or rather had fallen asleep in Jesus—eleven hours after I left. His father said the boy had been very “peaceable” and had a “tidy death.” There was no Bible or Testament in the encampment: I left one of each. The poor men wished me “good luck,” and gave me a little bundle of skewers the “boy Jamie” had made. My dear young friends, it was apparently the first time dear Jamie ever heard of God’s salvation, and with unquestioning faith he took God at His word and with his dying lips thanked Him for His love in giving His only begotten Son. God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ: the poor lad was also satisfied,

and this mutual satisfaction brought instant and everlasting salvation. In eleven short hours later he exchanged that forlorn, rickety caravan, for the Paradise of God and found that God is as good as His word. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared." Will you take it and so flee from the wrath to come?

☀

"Follow Me"

"This one thing I do—forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before—I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3:13, 14.)

While pressing forward to the goal,
A pilgrim through the world I go;
No treacherous "Excelsior" leads
To leave me lifeless in the snow;
But in my heart there rings a Call,
And footprints stained with blood I see,
The blood of One gone on before,
Who beckons, saying, "Follow Me."

Strange voices hail from every side,
Enchanting siren songs so sweet,
And pleasure's devotees oft glide
Across my path with dancing feet;
The Call I hear enchants me more
Than all the siren songs so sweet;
The blood-stained tracks that go before
Attract me more than mirthful feet.

As to the lamb its mother's bleat,
As to the sheep the shepherd's voice,
As to the maid her lover's step,
That Call doth bid my heart rejoice;
So I press on the prize to gain,
To see the Lord who died for me,
To see the feet that left the stain,
The nail-pierced hands that set me free.

To hear again that gentle Voice
 Which erstwhile whispered "Maid, arise",
 The Voice of power that stilled the wave,
 That hailed mad Saul from opened skies;
 That challenged death at Lazarus' tomb;
 That Voice divine which brought me life;
 The Voice which calls me to my home
 Away from earth's black sin and strife.

The tyrant hand that held me bound
 Is gone; for He that tyrant slew;
 The death wherein my soul He found
 He hath transformed to life anew.
 And now He says, "A place prepared
 Where with Me thou shalt ever be—
 My Father's House where I have gone—
 Awaits thee here. Come, Follow Me."

—James Melrose



"God . . . Who giveth songs in the night"
 (Job 35:10)

"Songs in the night"! Yes "Songs in the night."
 Strange combination, yet none the less right.
 We can be singers, if only we'll let
 God be the Giver, and God the time set.

"Songs" tell of all that is cheery and glad;
 Songs never rise from a soul that is sad.
 "Songs" tell of gladness, of joy, and of mirth,
 The language of souls, redeemed from the earth.

"Night" speaks of darkness, of gloom, and of woe;
 All things that trouble us down here below;
 Seasons of doubt, and depression, and fret;
 Things of the night that are blacker than jet.

But while our feet in the dark places tread,
 Our eyes we may fix on the glory ahead,
 Where, ever watchful, our God Who is Light
 Waiteth to give us these "songs in the night."

—K. M. Hooper

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ J. G. Bellett

The Lord was "poor, yet making many rich," — "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." These high and wondrous conditions were exhibited in Him in ways that were and must have been peculiar—altogether His own. He would receive ministry from some godly women out of their substance, and yet minister to the need of all around Him out of the treasures of the fullness of the earth. He would feed thousands in desert places, and yet be Himself a hungered, waiting for the return of His disciples with victuals from a neighboring village. This is "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But while thus poor, both needy and exposed, *nothing that in the least savored of meanness* is ever seen attaching to His condition. He never begs, though He have not a penny; for when He wanted to see one (not to use it for Himself), He had to ask to be shown it. He never runs away, though exposed, and His life jeoparded, as we speak, in the place where He was. He withdraws Himself, or passes by as hidden. And thus, again I may say, nothing mean, nothing unbecoming full personal dignity attaches to Him, though poverty and exposure were His lot every day.

Blessed and beautiful! Who could preserve under our eye such an object,—so perfect, so unblemished, so exquisitely, delicately pure, in all the minute and most ordinary details of human life? Paul does not give us this. None could give it to us but Jesus, the God-Man. The peculiarities of His virtues in the midst of the ordinariness of His circumstances tell us of His person. It must be a peculiar person, it must be the divine Man, if I may so express Him, that could give us such peculiarities in such commonplace conditions. Paul does not give us any thing like it, again I say. There was great dignity and moral elevation about Paul, I know. If any one may be received as exhibiting that, let us agree that it was he. But his path is not that of Jesus;—he is in danger of his life,

and he uses his nephew to protect him. Again, his friends let him down the wall of the town in a basket. I do not say he begs or asks for it, but he acknowledges money sent to him. I say not how Paul avowed himself a Pharisee in the mixed assembly in order to shelter himself, or how he spake evil of the high-priest that was judging him. Such conduct was morally wrong; and I am speaking here only of such cases as were (though not morally wrong,) below the full personal and moral dignity that marks the way of Christ. Nor is the flight into Egypt, as it is called, an exception in this characteristic of the Lord; for that journey was taken to fulfill prophecy, and under the authority of a divine oracle.

But all this is really, not only moral glory, but it is a moral wonder: marvelous how the pen that was held by a human hand could ever have delineated such beauties. We are to account for it, as has been observed before and by others, only by its being a truth—a living reality. We are shut up to that blessed necessity. Still further, as we go on with this blessed truth, it is written, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." Our words should prove themselves as thus, always with grace, by ministering good to others—"grace to the hearers." This, however, will often be in the pungency of admonition or rebuke; and at times with decision or severity, even with indignation and zeal; and thus they will be "seasoned with salt," as the Scripture speaks. And having these fine qualities—being gracious and yet salted, they will bear witness that we know how to answer every man.

Among all other forms of it, the Lord Jesus illustrated this form of moral perfectness. He knew how to answer every man, as with words which were always to his soul's profit, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear; but at times seasoned,—nay, seasoned highly, with salt.

Thus, in answering inquiries, he did not so much purpose to satisfy *them*, as to reach the *conscience or the condition of the inquirer*.

In His silence, or refusal to answer at all, when He stood before the Jew or the Gentile at the end, before either the priests or Pilate or Herod, we can trace the same perfect fitness as we do in His words or answers; witnessing to God

that at least One among the sons of men knew "a time to keep silence and a time to speak."

Great variety in His very tone and manner also presents itself in all this; and all this variety, minute as it was as well as great, was part of this fragrance before God. Sometimes His word was gentle, sometimes peremptory; sometimes He reasons, sometimes He rebukes at once, and sometimes conducts calm reasoning up to the heated point of solemn condemnation; for it is the *moral* of the occasion He always weighs.



Reality in the Service of God

T. D. W. Muir

John M. was a simple God-fearing man, who in his simple way sought to fill his niche in the district where his lot was cast. There was a sturdy, straight-forward way about his speech which betokened sincerity, and won the confidence of many who would oppose the "theology" of his addresses. Personally, he had a strong sense of the solemn character of the gospel message, and the responsibility of such as would preach it. He recognized it as a service from God—a stewardship committed to them, and for which they would have to give an account at the judgment seat of Christ. One night he was heard to pray somewhat as follows:

"O God, Thou dost want reality in us, and in our service, and we pray that we may be real. Thou, O God, art real—Heaven and Hell are real—the danger of many of our fellow-beings is real—for the power of Satan to hold them in his grasp is real, so that nothing but the mighty power of God will avail us at this time. Withhold not Thy power from us. Keep us, Lord, from becoming professional preachers, who can preach without the Holy Ghost, for we confess there is a great temptation at times to try it. For our own good, and for the blessing of others, do not allow us to get on without God—teach us to lean on Thee. And, as in this big world there are many who have never heard of Thee or Thy gospel, help us to go forth in simple faith on Thee, and tell them of their danger and of Thy grace. May we, as the disciples of old, who at the Master's command loosed their little boat from its moorings by the dock, and launched out into the deep—where 'a multitude of fishes' rewarded their labors—also

go forth at His Word into the 'great deep' of this world and 'catch men,' that we may bring them to Thee."

This, or something like it, might well be the prayer of all engaged in the work of God, for there is sad and sore need for reality in that service! A service that can be rendered without that deep soul exercise, which is expressed by the term "travailing in birth," for souls, can only be fruitless, or, worse still, produce spurious results, deceiving, rather than delivering men from Satan's cruel grasp. The forces of evil are all real, and no stone is left unturned by them to secure their destructive ends, a contrast to the lethargic efforts of the professed followers of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Where is the burning zeal for God, that of old consumed the souls of those in His service? Where is that well directed energy that will not be content to tread beaten paths in which others have pioneered, and where things are now made ready and comfortable to the hand of such as are satisfied to follow, but rather trusting God for the grace and strength needful to carry them through, and for the supplies to meet the requirements of the way—temporal and spiritual—and going forth in the full confidence that God is with them, and thus do exploits for God? Of certain it is written, "The people that do know their God, shall be strong and do exploits," Dan. 11:32. The secret of their power and success, however, was that they "knew" their God, and, in His strength, did His work! There can be no improvement on that.

The line of service which commends itself to the prayerful fellowship of the saints of God, who themselves are following Scriptural ways, is that which follows closely on Apostolic practice. When men are seen energetically carrying the gospel of God into places where people have not heard it—and we do not need to go to any foreign land to find that—when they are found preaching Christ, not in word only, but in the power of the Holy Ghost (1 Thess. 1:5), and when they see fruitful results following, in the way of sinners being saved, and saints gathered together according to God's pattern, as given in the Scriptures, thus forming a corporate witness for Christ, their rejected Lord—then it is that God is glorified, the saints lifted up, and all are led to feel that "This is the thing that the Lord hath commanded." Thank God for all who are thus seeking to serve Him, the living and true God,

while they wait for His Son from Heaven (1 Thess. 1:9-10). There are some who are still seeking to do such work for God, and they are leaving their mark behind them. They may not be heard from very often—a man who knows God and has learned to trust Him does not need to advertise himself or his work—for God has His eye on them, and on all His stewards also, to make them channels through whom He can and does supply the varied necessities of His servants!

It is, alas, too true, however, that there are many whose style of work indicates that they are more of the “professional preacher” class, from which our friend prayed to be delivered, than of the workers of which we speak. Some like the old soldiers in the Soldiers’ Home will tell you of the battles they used to fight, and the pioneer service they used to render, but it might be an embarrassment should some of the Overseeing brethren of the Assemblies to whom they apply for meetings, ask for the addresses of the assemblies in this land where they were instrumental through their labors, of the gathering out and gathering together of such to the Name of the Lord Jesus. Certainly, for strong able-bodied young men—or even middle-aged ones to spend their time and strength in going from one well ordered assembly to another holding weekly or fortnightly “missions,” is far enough removed from Apostolic practice. It is an easier path, that is true, but it is not a happier one, for there is nothing which gives greater joy to the heart of a true servant of God than to go forth in the Name of the Lord, to where the people sit in gross darkness, and carry to them the light of the glorious gospel of Christ and then to act the part of a nursing mother, nurturing them, and teaching them to walk in the ways that be in Christ! (Read 1 Thes. 2:1-12).

Said that noble Evangelist, Paul the Apostle, “So have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man’s foundation: but as it is written, to whom He was not spoken of, they shall see, and they that have not heard shall understand.” (Rom. 15:20-21). And again, to the Corinthian saints, to whom he had carried the gospel, and taught patiently the truth of God, “We stretch not ourselves beyond measure, as though we reached not unto you; for we are come as far as to you also in preaching the gospel of Christ: not boasting of things without our measure—that is of other men’s labors; but having hope, when your

faith is increased, that we shall be enlarged by you . . . to preach the gospel in the regions beyond you, and not to boast in another man's line of things made ready to our hand. But he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord. For, not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." (2 Cor. 10:14-18).

Such words might well be pondered by all who would occupy a place in the service of God. They are the words of one who was no "professional preacher"—to preach Christ was his mission, not his trade, much less was it a means of livelihood. To these same Corinthians he could write, "I will not be burdensome to you; for I seek not yours but you." Again, "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you the less I be loved" (2 Cor. 12:14,15). Such a man had well learned the lesson contained in the words he had quoted from the Lord to the Elders of Ephesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts 20:35).

May our Lord grant to all a sense of the sacred character of His service in the gospel, and among the saints. May we be lifted above the sordid ways of the world, who serve with eye service and as men pleasers—may we rather, recognizing that ours is a service to the Lord Christ, yield ourselves, our strength, our all, to the Blessed One Who gave His all for us, and in the consciousness of the importance of that service, and the shortness of our time to accomplish it—may the stamp of divine reality be upon our sorry effort. The Lord is at hand!



One who comes forward much in public, will need that chastened spirit, that matured judgment, that subdued and mortified mind, that broken will, that mellow tone, which are the sure and beautiful result of God's secret discipline; and it will generally be found that those who take a prominent place without more or less of the above moral qualifications, will, sooner or later, break down.



The moment a child of God makes himself a debtor to nature or the world, he loses his dignity, and will speedily be made to feel his loss.

The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised Notes of Addresses by

W. J. McClure

THE PASSOVER

(Continued from March number)



Look now at what they did with the lamb:—they killed it. They caught the blood in a basin, and they put the blood on the two side-posts and upon the upper door-post of their houses, but none upon the threshold. Then they went in and closed the door, and feasted upon the body of the lamb, roast with fire.

What does all this tell us? It tells us that the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified. That is the best attested fact of history. Whether you believe it or not, Jesus died, and it is a blessed fact that God is satisfied with His death. The One that died there, and gave Himself a ransom for me, is now upon the throne of God.

Now the blood might have been shed, and not sprinkled. But they were commanded to “sprinkle” it. What would that mean? It would mean that it is the personal application of the blood that avails. I can look back to a time when the Spirit of God made me conscious of my sin. It is not natural to you, me, or anybody, to see our guilt and danger, causing us to cry, “What shall I do?” I could see in the judgment on Egypt that there will be a day when God will go forth in judgment and take a dealing with this world. I could see that if I am not sheltered I will be exposed to God’s judgment. What shall shelter me? I need a shelter as Israel did. When God went through that land He looked for the mark of blood, and wherever there was blood upon the door-posts and lintels, He passed by, but wherever there was no blood, whether it was Pharaoh’s palace, or a dungeon, the first-born felt the judging hand of God. God had said, “When I see the blood I will pass over you,” and wherever there was the sprinkled blood God said, “Here judgment has fallen already,—the lamb has been slain,”—and so they were saved.

Now in your history, was there ever a time when the blood was sprinkled? I recall the first time I knew that the blood of Christ was between me and the wrath of God. Nothing will do but the blood,—but alas, sinners will try anything else rather than that!

A poor Hindu, feeling the weight of his sins, started on a long journey with spikes driven up through his sandals, to make a pilgrimage to a sacred river, hoping by bathing therein to get peace to his soul. On he went until one day he stopped to rest beneath a great banyan tree. It so happened that under that very tree the people were accustomed to assemble to hear a Christian missionary preach the Gospel, and while he rested the missionary appeared and began to tell the story of the cross, for he preached, not as modern clerics in this land do who give their congregation something about history or poetry,—this man had one theme, and it was the blood of Jesus. He sought to reach their consciences and also to declare that, by the death of Christ, God's claims had all been met. The Hindu sat and listened, and the parched earth never drank in the rain more greedily than he did the story of the shedding of the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. After listening for a time he was completely overcome, and taking off the sandals with their cruel spikes, he threw them from him saying, "This is the blood for me." His own blood had been shed in vain, and the water of the river Ganges was valueless, but he had learned that the blood of Jesus had been shed for him, and that, although he deserved to die, Christ's death was sufficient for him. I also, when I was a lad of sixteen, saw that I was a poor sinner and that my sins would keep me from entering God's heaven, but when I saw that Christ had died for me, what rest it gave! Although I did not know the stanza then, I could have entered fully into the meaning of Dr. Valpy's hymn, and the lines he gave to a nobleman,—the Earl of Roden,—in my native county, whose castle was not far from my own home. The Earl of Roden thought it was so precious that he had it framed and hung it over the mantelpiece of his living-room. These were the words:

*"In peace let me resign my breath, and Thy salvation see,
My sins deserve eternal death, but Jesus died for me."*

And the Earl of Roden knew in his own soul the purport of these words.

He had a guest staying with him on one occasion,—a General in the British army,—and many a time when the Earl would come into the room he would see the General studying those lines. One day he said to him, “General, I should think you would know these lines by heart.” “Yes,” answered his friend, “and what is better, my heart has grasped their meaning.”

That is the story of the Passover—the Israelite is exposed to death and judgment, but he takes the blood of the lamb which speaks of death and judgment, he sprinkles it, and then goes within the blood-sprinkled door.

Now suppose you could see inside. The whole family is standing around the table, and upon that table is the lamb and they are feasting upon its body. And among them is one that is most vitally affected. If there is to be death it will be his death. He is the one involved, but look at him: he is eating as heartily as the others. You say to him: “Young man, don’t you know the message that Moses has promulgated, that God will go through the land and smite the first-born. You do not seem to be very much afraid.” “No, I am not afraid.” “What is the ground of your confidence? You are not anxious, yet every moment is bringing you nearer the hour of judgment.” “That is true,” he answers, “but I saw my father sprinkle the blood, and then we came in and shut the door.” “But you do not see the blood.” “Yes, that is true, but God sees it, and He says that when He sees the blood He will pass over me. I saw my father sprinkle the blood, and God says ‘The plague shall not be upon you.’ My safety depends on that blood, and my peace and rest and confidence depend upon God’s Word.”

Now, thank God, the same may be true of some dear one here tonight, who up till now has never thought of these things. It is true of all that trust Christ. I do not see the blood, but God sees it, and God says concerning the blood of Jesus Christ, “When I see the blood I will pass over you.” Now tell me, have you fled for refuge to shelter under that blood? I ask you affectionately, as one that loves your soul and wishes your good, Have you fled for refuge? You say, “Nobody knows,” but I tell you tonight many in this city do know. If you do not know, others do. God says, “When I see the blood I will pass over you” and “The blood of Jesus

Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Dear friend, you can leave this meeting tonight assured that you are safe from the judgment when it falls,—beyond the possibility of doubt, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The God that gave to Israel the lamb that sheltered them in Egypt, gave also His Son to die on the cross. Can you say that you have everlasting life? You answer "Nobody can say that." Thank God I can say that if the angel Gabriel came here tonight and said, "W. J. McClure, you are saved," I would say "Thank you, Gabriel, but I want to tell you that for fifty years I have known that on better authority than yours." That would be very bold, you say. Listen. "God so loved the world that He gave His . . . Son." Who is speaking? God. What is He saying? "That whosoever believeth shall not perish but have everlasting life." I say "O God, I believe it." Awakened to a sense of my danger and fleeing to the Lord Jesus, now I have nothing but the blood of Jesus,—here I rest.

Just imagine again: there is that blood-sprinkled door. What meets the eye of God? It is blood. And no credit to me: It was only the infinite mercy of God that saved me. If you were to take from me all my praying, and money-giving, and preaching for the last fifty years, it would not be worth my while to follow you around the block for it. I would say "Take it all." You ask, "What would you have left?" I would have all I want,—the blood of Christ. If I had to go into God's presence tonight before nine o'clock, I would go there with all confidence, for I am trusting only the blood, just as the Israelite who was sheltered by the blood of the lamb. I say I deserve nothing but judgment, but Jesus died for me.

The moments went by, the evening passed, and the moment of judgment drew near, and just at the hour of midnight the evidence of doom began. What is that? An ear-piercing shriek. What does it mean? A young man, a fine strapping fellow, is in the throes of death. There is a moan in the dungeon, for a captive is holding a dead son in her arms. You pass the palace of Pharaoh and you hear him groaning in agony, for the heir to the throne has been smitten before

his eyes. God had prophesied judgment. Had they taken the lamb, they would have been saved, but now all alike are under the judgment of God. "There was not a house where there was not one dead." In some houses a dead lamb, in others a dead son. The believer does not expect to go to heaven because he is better than others, but he is going to heaven through the death of another. It is grand to be saved from death by death!

During the wars in the low countries, when the Duke of Alva, at the bidding of Rome, was dealing death on every hand, one city held on till it could resist no longer, and at last it fell. The people knew that because of their resistance they could expect, and would receive no mercy from the soldiery, but one family escaped destruction by resorting to a ruse. They brought a lamb into the house and killed it and allowed the blood to trickle outside. By and by the yell of the soldiers was heard and soon they came to the door, but, when they saw the blood they said, "Our boys have been here already, and we need not go into that house." They were saved by the blood of that lamb. Thank God, the blood on the door in Egypt told a great truth, a New Testament truth, whereby every believer knows that he is safe through the blood of Christ.

Let me ask you, When are you going to be sheltered under the blood of the Lamb? That means conversion. The Lamb has been slain, whether you believe it or not, but the most important thing for you is to know that you are sheltered by it. When I came to God as a poor guilty sinner, I said, "O God, I deserve nothing but judgment, but Jesus died for me." May God help you tonight to put it off no longer. If you trust Him now, you will be able to enter with us upon the study of these "Feasts of Jehovah" as you have never done before, for that is what makes the truth of God a possibility and a pleasure to you.



Many a vessel has sailed out of harbour, in gallant style, with all its canvas spread, amid cheering and shouting, and with many fair promises of a first-rate passage; but alas! storms, waves, shoals, rocks, and quicksands have changed the aspect of things; and the voyage that commenced with hope, has ended in disaster.

Christ the Intercessor

"WHO ALSO MAKETH INTERCESSION FOR US."

Romans 8:13.

(Continued from March number)

III. It is a *personal Intercession*.—It is not a mere general advocacy for His Church in its collective capacity—like Aaron rushing between the crowded masses of living and dead when the plague was stayed: but pleading for individual members of that Church with a discriminating personal interest, as if each separate case enlisted His sympathy and engrossed His regards. As the High Priest of old wore on his breastsplate, gleaming with Urim and Thummim—not the one word *Israel*—but the separate distinctive names of all its tribes:—so with the Great Antitype. It is not His Church in the aggregate, but the name of each separate believer He has imperishably engraven on His heart. He, the Great Shepherd, seated on the heavenly hill and looking down on the earthly pastures, "callest His own sheep by *name*, and leadeth them out." (John 10:3). He, the great Captain of Salvation, gazing down on His fighting warriors in the earthly battle-field, is represented as exclaiming, "Him that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his *name* out of the book of life, but I will confess his *name* before My Father and His holy angels." (Rev. 3:5). He, the mighty Intercessor, watching the assaults of the great Accuser of the brethren, is comforting every faint-heart with the old words addressed to a tempted disciple, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee that he might sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for THEE that thy faith fail not." (Luke 22:31). How does John (in speaking of Jesus the Intercessor under the title of *Advocate*), introduce the Divine Pleader's name? Is it, "If His *Church*, if His people, if His members sin," they may rush in a crowd to the Intercessor on high, and cast their conjoint petitions at His feet or into His censer? No! there is a beautiful individuality—unit by unit in the mighty family of the ransomed have the comfort of it, "If *any man* sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." Blessed truth! As in His own impressive parable of the Good Shepherd, He follows the ONE erring wanderer *until* He finds it;—

the *one* stray sheep engrossing all His sympathies, as if He had no thought, no room in His heart but for the ONE. So in His intercessory work. He has a loving regard for each separate child of His redeemed family; He carries the case of each before God. His infinite wisdom, power, and love, are the Divine guarantees that none can be overlooked; none left unsuccoured. An invisible golden chain links every tempest-tossed vessel to the eternal throne. Zechariah's decription of Joshua, the High Priest, is a faithful portraiture of each saint of God to this hour. Satan at his right hand ("the public prosecutor") resisting him; pleading against him; advocating his overthrow. But at his other side stands a Defender mightier than the mightiest;—the Divine Angel Intercessor, saying, "The Lord rebuke thee: Is not this (*this ONE*) a brand plucked out of the fire?" (Zech. 3:2). And that personal intercession will never cease, from the hour when the believer is first brought a lowly suppliant to the foot of the cross, until the final petition (unheard by weeping relatives in the death-chamber on earth) ascends from the lips of the Great Intercessor in heaven, "Father, I will, that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." (John 17:24).

IV. It is a *merciful and compassionate Intercession*.—On earth the successful mediator for the oppressed and suffering—the successful philanthropist—is, generally speaking, not the man of stern nerve and iron will; but rather, the possessor of keen and tender sensibilities, who can himself enter into the tale of sorrow; who, it may be, from dear-bought experience, can make the cause of the wretched his own. The most potent advocate of the captive, is he who has himself been familiar with the wrongs he denounces. He who would most successfully plead, — indeed, who has most successfully pleaded the cause of the slave, is the man who is the liberated slave himself; who has had personal experience of the cruelty and indignity of the tyrant's scourge.

Jesus is a compassionate Intercessor—"a merciful"—as we have seen Him to be a "faithful High Priest;" for He can enter with liveliest sensibility into all the diversities of His people's experience. Their every pang and sorrow He has Himself endured. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." (Isa. 63:9). What a confidence this merciful character of

the Great High Priest gives in approaching His intercessory throne, and soliciting His direction and guidance! Even on earth, what a joy and comfort it is in seasons of difficulty, to resort to a tried and loving friend, in whose tenderness and affection you can place unhesitating reliance! What an ease to unbosom in that brother's ear the difficulty that is harassing you, and solicit his wise and faithful counsel! Jesus is this Blessed resort in all time of your tribulation. What a privilege, when Providence is dark and duty is perplexing, to repair straightway to this "Wonderful Counsellor;" to take your case, as Hezekiah did Rabshakeh's letter, spreading it out before Him in prayer, and saying in simple faith, "I am oppressed, undertake for me." (Isa. 38:14). An earthly advocate may ably conduct the cause confided to him, and vindicate or assert disputed rights. But it is not, we repeat, necessarily any more than the work of a hired pleader. He may never have seen his client's face, or claimed his acquaintance, far less his friendship. Not so the Heavenly Advocate. "We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." (Heb. 4:15). "He is not ashamed to call us brethren." (Heb. 2:11). "I have called you friends." (John 15:15). In the Epistle of James, God—"the God of Sabaoth"—is said to hear the cry of the defrauded reapers—the common laborer—when he utters the appeal of oppressed and down-trodden poverty (James 5:4). How much more will the cries of His spiritual children enter with acceptance into the ears of their Intercessor! How tenderly will He compassionate, protect, defend, those whom He has redeemed with His own precious blood! J. R. M.



There is nothing the heart can crave which we have not in Jesus. Does it long for genuine sympathy? Where can it find it, save in Him who could mingle His tears with those of the bereaved sisters of Bethany? Does it desire the enjoyment of sincere affection? It can only find it in that heart which told forth its love in drops of blood. Does it seek the protection of real power? It has but to look to Him who made the worlds. Does it feel the need of unerring wisdom to guide? Let it betake itself to Him who is Wisdom personified, and "who of God is made unto us wisdom." In one word, we have all in Christ.

The Man of Sorrows

J. N. Darby

“A MAN OF SORROWS AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF”

Isa. 53:3.

O Lord! Thy wondrous story
 My inmost soul doth move;
 I ponder o'er Thy glory—
 Thy lonely path of love!

“Jesus therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well” Oh! to think of the Lord Himself, whom none of the princes of this world knew, but who was the Lord of glory, sitting weary on the well, thirsty, and dependent upon this world for a drink of water—the world that was made by Him, and knew Him not.

He was the display, at all cost to Himself, of divine love to man.

I adore the love that led Him to be made sin for me. There was the full testing of the love that carried Him through all. It is deeply instructive, though very dreadful to see there what man is. What do I expect of my friends, if I am on trial? At least that they will not forsake me. They all forsook Him and fled! And what do I expect in a judge, if I am on trial? I expect him to protect innocence. Pilate washes his hands of the blood of this Just One and gives Him over to the people. And what do I expect in a priest? That he will intercede for the ignorant and for them that are out of the way. They urge the people to cry “Away with him, away with him.” Every man was the opposite of what was right, and that one Man was not only right, but in divine love He was going through it all.

His sorrows must ever be a depth into which we may look over from the edge with solemn awe . . . It exalts His grace to the soul to look into that depth, and makes us feel that none but a divine Person (and one perfect in every way) could have been there.

“He looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but found none” . . . He was tested and tried to the last degree of human suffering and sorrow, standing alone in this, praying in agony and alone, none to sympathize with Him.

None of us can fathom what it was to One who had dwelt in the bosom of the Father to find His soul as a man forsaken of God.

In the measure in which He knew what it was to be holy, He knew what it was to be made sin before God. In the measure in which He knew the love of God, He felt what it was to be forsaken of God.

He is the resurrection and the life. Wonderful that He, Master of death, Himself steps into death for us.

He has purchased us too dearly to give us up.

With Thee evermore, Lord,
Our hearts will adore, Lord;
Our sorrowing o'er
At Thy coming again.



Out of Doubt Into Faith

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY

Howard A. Kelly, M.D., F.A.C.S.

I have, within the past fifty years, come out of all uncertainty into a faith which is a dominating conviction of the Truth and about which I have not a shadow of doubt. It has been my lot all through life to associate with eminent scientists and at times to discuss with them the deepest and most vital of all questions, the nature of the hope of a life beyond this. I have also constantly engaged in scientific work and am fully aware of the value of opinions formed in science as well as in the religions of the world. In an amateurish, yet in a very real sense, I have followed the developments of archeology, geology, astronomy, herpetology, and mycology with a hearty appreciation of the advances being made in these fields.

At one time I became disturbed in the faith in which I had grown up by the apparent inroads being made upon both Old and New Testaments by a "Higher Criticism" of the Bible, to refute which I felt the need of a better knowledge of Hebrew and of archeology for it seemed to me that to pull out some of the props of our faith was to weaken the entire structure.

Doubts thus inculcated left me floundering for a while and, like some higher critical friends, trying to continue to

use the Bible as the Word of God while at the same time holding it to have been subjected to a vast number of redactions and interpolations: attempting to bridge the chasm between an older, reverent, Bible-loving generation and a critical, doubting, Bible-emancipated race. Although still aware of a great light and glow of warmth in the Book, I stood outside shivering in the cold.

In one thing the higher critics, like the modernists, however, overreached themselves, in claiming that the Gospel of John was not written in John's time but well after the first century, perhaps as late as 150 A.D. Now, if any part of the Bible is assuredly the very Word of God speaking through His servant, it is John's Gospel. To ask me to believe that so inexpressibly marvelous a book was written long after all the events by some admiring follower, and was not inspired directly by the Spirit of God, is asking me to accept a miracle far greater than any of those recorded in the Bible. Here I took my leave of my learned friends to step out on another path, to which we might give the modern name of Pragmatism, or the thing that works. Test it, try it, and if it works, accept it as a guiding principle. With its genius for brevity, the Latin language, a couple of thousand years ago, expressed it in two words, *experto crede*—first test, then trust.

So, I put my Bible to the practical test of noting what it says about itself and then tested it to see how it worked. As a short, possibly not the best method, I looked up "Word" in the Concordance and noted that the Bible claim from Genesis 1 to Revelation 22 to be God's personal message to man. The next rational step then was to accept it as the authoritative textbook of the Christian faith just as one would accept a treatise on any earthly "science," and I submitted to its conditions according to Christ's invitation and promise that, "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:17).

The outcome of such an experiment has been in due time the acceptance of the Bible as the Word of God inspired in a sense utterly different from any merely human book, and with it the acceptance of our Lord Jesus as the only begotten Son of God, Son of Man by the Virgin Mary, and the Saviour of the world.

I believe, therefore, that we are without exception sinners, by nature alienated from God, and that Jesus Christ, Son of God, came to earth, the representative Head of a new race, to die upon the cross and pay the penalty of the sin of the world, and that he who thus receives Christ as his personal Saviour is "born again" spiritually, with new privileges, appetites, and affections, destined to live and grow in His likeness forever. Nor can any man save himself by good works or by a commendable "moral life," although such works are the natural fruits and evidences of a saving faith already received and naturally expressing itself through such avenues.

I now ever look for Christ, according to His promises and those of the Old Testament as well, to appear again in glory to put away all sin and to reign in righteousness over the whole earth.

To state fully what the Bible means as my daily spiritual food is as intimate and difficult a question as to formulate the reasons for loving my nearest and dearest relatives and friends in an effort to enlighten one who has known no such experiences. The Bible is as obviously and truly food for the spirit as bread is food for the body. Again, as faith reveals God my Father and Christ my Saviour, I follow without question where He leads me daily by His Spirit of love, wisdom, power, and prayer. I place His precepts and His leadings above every seeming probability, dismissing cherished convictions and holding the wisdom of man as folly when opposed to Him. I discern no limits to a faith vested in God and Christ who is the sum of all wisdom and knowledge, daring even to trust Him though called to stand alone before the world.

Our Lord's invitation with its implied promise to all is, "Come and see."



The only thing in all this world that truly delights and refreshes the heart of God, is the faith that can simply trust Him; and we may rest assured of this, that the faith that can trust Him, is also the faith that can love Him, and serve Him, and praise Him.



There is a vast difference between God's using the creature to minister to me, and my using it to shut Him out.

The Devil's Cradle

(Continued from April number)

Perhaps we err if we think Satan's great work is among the myriads of godless souls. These he leads "captive at his will." He deceiveth the whole world, and that whole world lieth in the wicked one. But possibly it is among God's children that the great skill of the enemy himself, and the most persistent efforts of his unnumbered agents, are expended. And his great aim in our day and in our land is to get us asleep in his Cradle! In past ages he sought to terrify the heavenly pilgrims by his wanton cruelties and his lion-like roarings. These, however, have failed; so now, in our land at least, he changes his policy while his nature is unchanged, and seeks to gain by flatteries and sweet words what he has failed in getting by his utmost force. For the present, among us, he has locked up his dungeons, and quenched his fires, and flung aside his racks and gibbets; but with a malignity as malicious as ever, and with a craft perhaps more perilous to us, he uses as his instrument of mischief a harmless-looking, well-cushioned Cradle. To tempt us into it he can change himself into an Angel of Light; and, pretending love, he can speak to us holy words out of the book of God; but all the while his aim is to dishonor God, and to destroy His children. He always was, and always is, a murderer and a liar; and he is never more murderous, or more false, than when he seems most fair. Says Rutherford, "Seeing that we must have a devil to keep the saints waking, I wish a cumbersome devil rather than a secure and sleeping one." Yes, a Black Devil—raging, burning, beheading—is far less to be dreaded than a White Devil, quoting Bible words, and working plausibly on the sluggishness, and unbelief, and worldliness of our hearts. Ah, let us beware of our danger and our need of constant watchfulness. *It is just those who are in extremest peril that are least of all afraid of it.* "I am much more afraid of Satan than I used to be," says McCheyne: and many of us are feeling the very same thing. Perhaps one of the most unwholesome features of the present day is the too general ignoring of Satanic power and craft. His enmity does not seem to be a fact so constantly realized as it has formerly been. Throughout the New Testament and in the experience of our godly fathers,

we find Satan's power continually recognized as a something with which they were distressingly familiar: whereas in much of the experiences of the present day, it might be said, "We know not whether there be any devil." There are many who seem to be little troubled by him. Whence is this? Is it because he has withdrawn? Nay, verily. He is as busy with the Church as ever, but it is oftentimes in such guise that he is taken to be anything else than what he is. Nay, in more quarters than one he has taken to preaching the Gospel! But, as Luther speaks of his day, so is it now: "Satan uses the Gospel to pervert the Gospel." To those who know no better, he still gives to eat the husks of abject superstition; but to those who know, at least intellectually, what bread is, he will offer what seems the very Bread of Life, only he mixes some narcotic in it, and the hapless eater is soon asleep in the Devil's Cradle. Ah, we have need to cry continually to a wiser than ourselves for gracious keeping. And let us take our bread from God's own hands, for if it pass through Satan's hands it is sure to be poisoned bread. "I am of opinion," gravely says Bunyan, "that there is nothing that is more abused among professors in this day than is *the Love of God*." And this word is as applicable still; for, as Bunyan elsewhere says, "The Gospel of grace and salvation is of all doctrines the most dangerous if, *in word only*, it be received by graceless men; if it be not attended by a revelation of man's need of a Saviour; if it be not accompanied in the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost." So then, whether we know the letter of the Gospel or not, we can be safe only as kept by the power of God; and those whom He keeps He will incite to mistrust of self, to prayer and watching.



If I am looking at the people of God "from the top of the rocks," I shall see them as God sees them, and that is as clothed with all the comeliness of Christ—complete in Him, accepted in the Beloved. This is what will enable me to get on with them, to walk with them, to have fellowship with them, to rise above their points and angles, blots and blemishes, failures and infirmities.



Faith lays up its treasure in a place which nature would never dream of examining.

“Give ye them to eat”

In early colonial days in Massachusetts an Indian who had been converted to God through the preaching of Elliot, happened to be in town one Sunday and ventured into the church of the white men. No one wished to be contaminated by contact with the Indian, and he was left to stand alone in one of the aisles. The preacher went through his usual routine, and was about to close the service, when the Indian modestly lifted up his voice and requested liberty to speak. His request could not well be denied, for it was evident that the congregation was curious to hear what the “red man” had to say. He commenced by relating the history of his conversion to Christ, and then proceeded to exhort the people. He had burning thoughts which, being spoken in artless simplicity, soon brought tears to almost every eye.

After he concluded the preacher descended from his pulpit and approached the Indian. “How is it possible” he asked the red man, “that you, an untutored savage, possess the power so greatly to affect my hearers as even to bring them to tears; whilst I, an ordained minister, who have received a regular theological education, have never been able, after preaching many years, to move them in this manner?”

“Oh,” replied the Indian, “it is all very plain. You come here—bring silver bowl, all very nice, and silver spoon, all handsome, but you have *no succotash in your bowl*. You give the people nothing to eat. But I, poor Indian, come here, bring wooden bowl and wooden spoon, *but I bring succotash in my bowl*—I bring the people something to eat. They glad to get it—they all be hungry—no satisfied with looking at silver bowl. I bring them the bread of life: they eat. I bring them the waters of salvation: they drink. And they so glad they cry for joy; they bless God and be thankful to Him. You go to the fountain of living waters and fill your bowl; then your people glad to come here—then they no more go to sleep when they hear you preach.”



Let us remember that there is something more in our precious Lord Jesus Christ, than the pardon of our sins and the salvation of our souls. What do the burnt-offering, the meat-offering, and the drink-offering set forth? Christ as a sweet savour, Christ the food of God's offering, the joy of His heart.

*Man's Great Duty**Dr. Thomas Guthrie*

LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE.—1st Timothy 6:12.

ON the deck of a foundering vessel stood a negro slave—the last man on board, he was about to step into the life-boat at her last trip. She was already loaded almost to the gun-wale; to the water edge. Observed to bear in his arms what seemed a heavy bundle, the boat's crew, who had difficulty to keep her afloat in such a roaring sea, refused to receive him unless he came unencumbered, and alone. He pressed to his bosom what he carried in his arms, and seemed loth to part with it. They insisted. He had his choice—either to leap in and leave that behind him, or throw it in and stay to perish. He opened its folds; and there, warmly wrapt round, lay two children whom their father, his master, had committed to his care. He kissed them; bade the sailors carry his affectionate farewell to his master, and tell how he had faithfully fulfilled his charge; and then, lowering the children into the boat which pushed off, the dark man stood alone on that sinking deck—and bravely went down with the foundering ship. A noble and touching example that of the love that seeketh not her own! yet it shews how the means of salvation may be inadequate to the occasion. No poor sinner need perish, nor lose eternal life. Unlike the overloaded life boat—there is room for all in Christ. Our cry to the perishing is Come to Jesus, Come; “yet there is room.”

While there is eternal life in the gospel sufficient for all, none are specially excluded from its benefits. Those only are excluded who exclude themselves, and refuse to be saved on God's own terms. His proclamation of mercy to a lost, rebel world, is clogged with no exceptions. After Britain had crushed that terrible revolt which shook its Indian Empire to its foundations, and filled many of its homes with grief, an amnesty was proclaimed, but not to all. Some were by name excluded from its grace; and, as might have been expected, these desperate men fought it out to the last in the fastnesses and deadly jungles of Nepaul. They did not come in to accept the amnesty. There was no reason why they should. It was not for them. Heads of revolt, and guilty of cold-blooded murders, as well as of the blackest treachery,

there was no hope of mercy held out to them; and so, standing to their arms, they resolved to spin out their lives to the last thread, and sell them at the dearest price. What a contrast to this is the gospel! Whatever be men's sins and crimes, none are excluded, by name or by character, from the amnesty which God proclaims, from the benefits of eternal life, "Who-soever cometh unto me," says Jesus, "I will in no wise cast out;" on no account; for no crimes—no depth of guilt—no length of resistance to My gracious offers; let him come with all the sins on his head which any man ever committed or it is possible for man to commit; let him come in life's last worthless hour, I will not turn away from him—from the vilest, hoariest sinner; I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked—nor am I willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Me and live.

Thus, though the words of my text are addressed to a man of God, they admit of a wider than their first application; and, therefore, to those that are not, as well as to those that are, men of God, in His great name we address this call, Lay hold on eternal life. There is enough of it to supply the wants of all. No child of Adam stands excluded from its precious blessings.

FIRST, CONSIDER OUR NEED OF ETERNAL LIFE.

Greatest gift of God! eternal life is deliverance from eternal death, the curse of a broken law, and the doom of a burning hell. Eternal life is eternal blessedness—the pardon of sin's guilt, and freedom from its tyrannous power; the pleasures of a pure heart, and the enjoyment of peace with God; joy without any bitter admixture, and riches without wings; health that never sickens, life that never dies, and a glory hereafter that never fades away; perfect holiness in the likeness, and perfect happiness in the bosom of God. These are what we need; and how great is our need of them!

Sin has brought death into this world; and we are all of us involved in the calamity—buried in the ruins of the fall. We may not have sinned as others have done; that is very possible. But in vain the Pharisee thanks God that he is "not as this publican;" in vain the self-righteous, shrinking from the touch of some low and loathsome outcast, says, Stand aside, I am holier than thou. Ah, pity rather than pride is the feeling with which the best men regard the worst; con-

scious, as they are, that they would have been no better than others, had they been left to themselves, and exposed to as great temptations! All by nature lying under the same sentence of condemnation, pride, which is not for angels, still less befits felons—those whose crimes have brought them to a common prison, and doomed them to a common death.

But, though we have sinned less than others, we cannot be saved by merit; even as, thank God, though we have sinned more than others, we may be saved by mercy. How idle to talk of other men being greater sinners than we are—to flatter and deceive ourselves with that! He drowns as surely who has his head beneath one inch of water, as he who, with a mill stone hung round his neck, has sunk a hundred fathoms down. Let the strain of the tempest come, and the ship that has one bad link in her cable, as certainly goes ashore to be dashed to pieces on the rocks, as an other that has twenty bad. It is, no doubt, by repeated strokes of the woodman's axe that the oak, bending slowly to fate, bows its proud head and falls to the ground, and it is by long dropping that water hollows the hardest stone. But those who speak of great and little, of few or many sins, seem to forget that man's ruin was the work of one moment, and of one sin. The weight of only one sin sank this great world into perdition; and now all of us, all men, lie under the same sentence of condemnation. Extinguishing every hope of salvation through works, and sounding as ominous of evil in men's ears as the cracking of ice beneath our feet, or the roar of an avalanche, or the grating of a keel on the sunken reef, or the hammer that wakens the felon from dreams of life and liberty, that sentence is this—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them."

Such is our position; and instead of shutting our eyes to it, like the foolish ostrich that hides her head in the bush when the hunters are at her heels, it is well to know and to face it. With that curse of a broken law impending over us, in danger of perishing every moment so long as we are out of Christ, how should we cry, *Save me, I perish*; and give immediate heed to the call, that Christ, seeing our danger, rises from his throne in heaven to sound down, *Lay hold of eternal life*.

SECOND, CONSIDER HOW WE OBTAIN ETERNAL LIFE.

Nothing in one sense more difficult, yet in another easier—a wish, a word, a look, and it is ours! I have read the story of a captive who, immured in an Austrian prison, with no tool but a nail in his bleeding hands wrought night by night for twelve weary months, to mine its solid walls. Agitated by alternate hopes and fears, he at length accomplished his task; and then, on a dark, blustering night, by means of a rope that he had twisted, he swung himself over the dizzy depth; and, reaching the ground, swam the moat, and was free! What will a man not do, and not dare, for dear *life and sweet liberty!* But for eternal life—for the precious liberty of the sons of God, you have no such time to wait; nor hardships to suffer; nor desperate risks too run. You have only to wish, and, as if struck by a magician's rod, the walls of your prison house open. You are free.

During long years of care and, fears, and harassing thought, how do many toil for *wealth*; to be rich! And how often do their efforts fail! and, even when they have succeeded, how have we seen fortune, in a fit of caprice, suddenly desert her favorite; and his riches take themselves wings and flee away! But now, at this very moment, far happier than any worshipper of Mammon, you may enrich yourselves with wealth such as the fairy wand of old story never gave its possessor. Again, what tortures have I seen people patiently endure, through a long protracted illness, to regain in *health* heaven's best earthly boon? But you have only to join the crowd, like the woman of old, to press through the throng, and lay your eager, trembling finger on the hem of a Saviour's robe, to possess a health that never sickens; and is proof alike against the sharpest arrows of disease, and the dart of death. Again, see yonder, amid the smoke of battle and in the throat of the deadly breach, how an ambitious soldier, bleeding from many wounds, fights his way upward to win an *earthly crown!* wins it, but lives not to wear it. He is just seen on the top of the fire-girdled battlement; but ere his less fortunate comrades have time to envy him his honours, the mark of a foe-man's rifle, he is struck through the heart; and, reeling back, falls headlong from the heights of fortune into the ditch below—dead as a stone. But you have no such risks to run; no such dangers to face. In the quiet house of God—there

or anywhere else—now—at this moment—you have only to reach out the hand of faith, and it grasps the crown; a crown of glory that fadeth not away. One short step carried the dying thief, and may carry you, from eternal death to eternal life. So near at all times are we to heaven or to hell. What a solemn position!

Do you ask, What shall we do to inherit eternal life; to be saved? I reply with Paul, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; but reject him whom I offer, and you may be damned,—lost this hour, and lost for ever. The gift of God, say the Scriptures, is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. He purchased it for us by his sinless obedience, his suffering, his atoning death. For that great end his infant head was pillowed on straw, and his dying head on thorns; for that great end, his lowly cradle was a manger, and his death-bed was a bloody cross; and what it cost him so much to buy, his Father is ready to bestow “without money and without price.” He gives it for the asking; nay, more, much more than that, rare thing in the experience of the poor and needy, He presses His bounty on our acceptance.

On these streets, I have seen the poor hanging on the steps of the rich, and refusing to be ordered away; to move pity, laying bare their sores; and holding out their skinny hands to implore men’s charity. But whoever saw the rich following the poor, with a hand filled with gold; pressing money on their acceptance; stopping them; entreating, beseeching, imploring them to take it? Yet thus, to the amazement both of angels and devils, God does with you, in offering his Son; and through Him the gift of eternal life. The truth is, he knows how wretched our fate if we refuse his mercy. He has looked on the fire that never has been quenched; he has heard the wail of those that are for ever lost; and as a father over his poor prodigal, a mother over her fallen daughter, he yearns over you—crying Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die.

**THIRDLY, CONSIDER WHAT WE HAVE TO DO, TO OBTAIN
ETERNAL LIFE.**

Do! It is not to make ourselves worthy of it; nor to attempt to merit it; nor to wait till we are holy before we come to Christ. Salvation is not of works, but of faith. “Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regenera-

tion and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, that, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life—this is a faithful saying.” We have nothing to do then, but to believe; to open the door and receive Him into our hearts, who is knocking there. Jesus is ready to come in, as a king into his palace—followed by penitence, humility, goodness, meekness, temperance, hope, peace, joy, charity; a long, shining train of graces. It is only by the hand of faith that we can lay hold of Christ. Do you say, But I cannot believe! I reply, true! you cannot of yourself, for No man, says Jesus can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me, draw him. Still, if you ask faith of God, he will certainly give it; working it in you by the power of his Holy Spirit. For what argument is at once so unanswerable, and so comfortable as Christ’s. “If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.” Thus, by the aid of the Spirit, and through the exercise of faith, you are to lay hold on the Saviour; and laying hold on him, though it were in the hour of most imminent destruction, and in the very jaws of death, you lay hold of life—of eternal life.

In his voyage to the Polar Regions, the arctic explorer Kane, when involved with his brave companions among broken ice fields, found himself placed between two mighty, moving bergs. Each a towering, floating mountain of ice, they rapidly approached to give battle—threatening to crush his ship between them, like an empty shell. The danger was imminent; destruction seemed inevitable. There was not a breath of wind to fill their sails; and their ship, as if herself paralyzed with terror, lay still on the water—waiting her doom. At that moment of terrible suspense, when no power of theirs could extricate them, or clear their way through the ice that choked the only path of escape, just then, a low, water-washed berg set in motion by some strange current, came driving up from the southward. If they could follow in its wake, it might make a way for them through the floating ice; and they might yet be saved—plucked from the very jaws of destruction. Their despair was now turned into hope. It nears them; it is passing them. They seize the opportunity; and God blessing

the attempt, succeed in planting an anchor on its slope—holding on it by a whale line. “It was an anxious moment,” says Dr. Kane “our noble tow-horse hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as in scorn.” The two great ice mountains, whirling on their axes, and roaring, grinding through the sea, encroach on the ship as it advances; they drew nearer and still nearer, to each other; the channel is now narrowed to forty feet; another moment and their fate is sealed. With the promptitude of sailors, they fly to the rigging and brace the yards to clear the ice-walls. They pass clear—saved as by the skin of their teeth; and “Never,” writes Dr. Kane, “did men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.” A striking story; and yet but an imperfect illustration of our salvation from eternal death, by laying hold on Christ. He comes from heavenward; a Saviour in our great peril, and hour of need. By your faith lay hold on Him; by your hope cast anchor on Him; and you are saved. Through the righteous wrath of God and through the closing jaws of death, He will open you a triumphant way; till, safe in heaven, with harp in hand, and more gratitude of heart than the rescued seamen, you “acknowledge your merciful deliverance” from a more than wretched, even from eternal death.

AND LASTLY, CONSIDER WHEN WE ARE TO LAY HOLD ON
ETERNAL LIFE.

When—but now? If the body is in great danger and means of safety and escape are offered, there is no occasion to press them on men; to cry, Lay hold on life, or say, Do it now. In such circumstances, how does a man improve each moment, and clutch at life? I only wish I saw people as eager to be saved from hell, as I once saw a man to be saved from drowning. It was at yonder ferry. Procrastination, the ruin of souls, was almost his death. The time was up; the bell was rung; the gangway withdrawn; the boat in motion; when, after too many delays, he came running along the pier, and, deaf to the cries of warning, took a bold and desperate spring to catch our bulwark. He caught it, but lost his hold; fell backwards; and went down instantly—engulphed in the roaring sea. Sucked out by the receding wave, he rose to the surface a good way off. And though it was a blessed

sight to see his head emerge from the water, every eye was still anxiously fixed on him. He floated on his back, but could not swim; and therefore must soon perish. And he had perished; but that then one, bearing a life-buoy aloft in his hand, came rushing down the pier at the top of his speed. Anxiety was now wound up to the highest pitch. Shall he save him? He stops; and with the spray of the stormy sea flying in his face, takes aim; now he bends like a bow; and then, rising to the spring, with herculean arm he sends the life-buoy spinning through the air, away over the waves, to the drowning man. What a moment of suspense for him; for us — the on-lookers! Well thrown by man, and well directed by a watchful providence, it fell right over his sinking head. With what joy he caught it! How he laid hold of it! Never lover embraced lover with such eager happy arms. I saw him holding on, pulled from a watery grave; and thought, Would God, that poor sinners, that every man ready to perish laid hold as eagerly of eternal life? I gave God thanks that he was saved! He might have been damned if he had been drowned. Besides, I rejoice to think how happy that night his wife and children to have him safe at home; and how bright the home which held a living father, rather than a widow stunned with grief, and children weeping by a cold, livid corpse.

But would you now lay hold on Christ, all the angels in heaven would sing, and all the bells in heaven would ring as the glad tidings were told, and your Father cried, Prepare a mansion, make ready a crown! for this My son that was dead is alive again, that was lost is found.

In the name of Him who purchased it, and offers it, and urges you to accept of it, I intreat you to lay hold of eternal life. He promises it now—to-day; but not to-morrow. The angels hovered, on wings of astonishment, over a Saviour's lowly cradle, and around His bloody cross; may they not be as much astonished to see a man refuse a crown of glory as they were to see the Son of God wearing the crown of thorns? Oh, what would the devils give for the offer which you hesitate to accept of? Why destroy your souls? Why scorn the love of Jesus? Why provoke a loving and long-suffering God to say, My spirit shall not any longer strive

with that man—his blood be on his own head—he is joined to his idols, let him alone.

But "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away." Happy day this, indeed, were you to lay hold on eternal life now! His head lies on a downy pillow whose heart is at peace with God. Sweet the bitterest cup, and calm in life's stormiest hour, the soul of him who has his sins forgiven—have laid hold of eternal life. Accept it then so long as it is in your reach. Scatter money in a crowd, how they scramble for it; offer bread to the starving, how greedily they seize it; throw a rope to the drowning, how he eagerly grasps it! With like eagerness and earnestness may the Spirit of God help you to lay hold on Christ, till, amid a crowd of saints ready to receive you, you are brought ashore, safely landed in the heavenly kingdom.



The Sailor

A LIVING TESTIMONY TO THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

"How old are you?" I enquired of an aged, weather-beaten man, whom I met at a sea coast town. "Just six months, sir," he replied. "Why, how is that?" I answered. "Well sir," he said, "if you will just sit here awhile, and listen to an old man's story, I will gladly give you a bit of my history." After we were seated, my new-found acquaintance gave me an interesting history of his life.

"It is now 63 years," said the old tar, "since I left my happy home. I will never, never forget that morning, sir;" and at the bitter remembrance, the tears chased each other down his furrowed cheeks. "I can never, till my dying day, forget the sad parting with my dear father and mother, and little brothers and sisters. My mother held my hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break; my father covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child; while my dear little brothers and sisters clung about me, and refused to let me go. 'Willie, Willie,' said my father, 'ye're gaun to leave us, and ye're mither and me will gang doun to the grave sorrowing. O, Willie, may God tak' care o' ye; lippen tae the precious blood o' Christ.' 'Oh Willie,' said my mother, 'will ye promise yer faither and me, to trust the blood o' Christ; it 'll mak' ye whiter than the very snaw, Willie.

Mak' ye're father's God ye're ain; He'll forgi'e a' yer sins, and tak' ye tae heaven when ye dee.'"

"I promised again and again, and then tore myself from their embrace, and ran down to the sea-shore to join the vessel, which was waiting for the sailors coming on board. Need I say, that in a short time, my father and mother's parting counsels were soon forgotten. The ship was like a hell upon earth. The very air seemed polluted with the frightful oaths, curses, and profane language that was used by almost all on board, while fighting, drinking, and obscene conduct of every sort, made up such a scene as cannot well be described. I soon became a ringleader in every species of sin and iniquity; and became a terror to my very shipmates. I sailed to almost all parts of the world, and had numerous hairbreadth escapes from all sorts of perils, by sea and land; but my career of wickedness was drawing to a close. A hoary-headed sinner like me, sir, was picked up by God—snatched from the jaws of wickedness, and from the burning flame, to shew forth God's abundant mercy, and the worth of His Son's most precious blood—for it has cleansed the biggest sinner—and saved the worst wretch out of hell. Yes, six months ago, I heard a man in the street preaching, and His words reached my stony heart and touched my guilty conscience." "What were the words?" I said. "The precious blood of Christ," replied my brother. "I'll tell you more," added my friend, "the blood of Jesus has left my conscience without stain or spot; I am accepted in the Beloved, and stainless in Christ."

We parted, soon to meet in heaven, and share the glory of our risen coming Saviour, through the precious blood He shed upon the Cross.



A father loves an obedient child, and will make such a child more the depositary of his thoughts and plans. And is this not true in reference to our heavenly Father? Unquestionably.



When the soul is led to taste the sweetness of spiritual communion with Christ—to feed upon Him, in peace and thankfulness, in the divine presence—it is drawn out in earnest desire to know more of the wondrous mysteries of His person.

The Miner

A DYING TESTIMONY TO THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

A miner in the West of England went one evening to a meeting in the village near to which he lived. Although he came into the room careless, he was awakened by the address, and he began to think, "I am not ready to meet God, should He call me to do so to-night. My peace is not made with Him. My sins are not forgiven." As the faithful preacher went on to warn his hearers that the time might be very near when they would have to stand before the judgment-seat, and give an account of their actions, the miner grew more and more uneasy, his sins rose before his mind's eye, and his conscience told him he was not right with God. After the others went out, he remained behind, and told the preacher his fears. He wanted to have peace with God, he said, and *now*, because to-morrow night it might be too late. He was pointed to Jesus. "He has paid the debt," the preacher said, "He is your peace. God is satisfied. You have nothing to do but claim your pardon from Him for what Jesus Christ has done and suffered for you, and He will give it to you."

The miner could find no peace. In vain the preacher spoke and prayed—the sinner could only see his sins. "You must go home now," said the preacher, "I can do no more for you." "Sir," said the miner, "to-morrow I may be in hell, it must be settled to-night." Again the preacher explained the way of salvation, again he prayed with the anxious man, but in vain. "It is late," he said, "you had better go home now. I can do no more for you." "Sir," said the miner, "I cannot go until I have peace with God; it must be settled to-night." Moved by his earnestness, the preacher again made the gospel as plain as he could, and then prayed that the Holy Spirit would reveal Jesus to his soul. But no light came to him, and at last the preacher said he must go and leave him, it was so late. "Go home," he said, "and seek God there. I have a meeting here to-morrow night, come back then, and it may be you will find peace."

"To-morrow may be too late," said the poor man; "I cannot go away till I find the Saviour. If I let this opportunity go by I may never have another. Stay a little longer,

sir, and pray for me, for it must be settled to-night." Once more they knelt in prayer, the miner repeating the words after the preacher with tears and sobs, and at last the "Sun of righteousness arose with healing in His wings." The blind eyes were opened. "I see," he cried, "my peace is made already. Jesus died for me; He finished my salvation long ago. I have to take my pardon and thank Him for it. I do! I do! Praise His name. It is settled, yes, settled for ever." They knelt again to bless God for His mercy and power, and went their ways rejoicing. The next day the miner went to his usual work below ground. He worked all day, but before they went up he went to the other end of the mine, to fetch a tool that was wanted. As he was a long time absent the other workmen went to seek him. To their horror they found that a quantity of rock and earth had fallen down and buried the poor man in the ruins.

They set to work with spade and pick, hoping they might save him, and at last they uncovered one of his hands. It was still warm. They worked with renewed vigour, and as they bent over the place, from under the rubbish came a sound—he was speaking; They listened, and this was what they heard—"I thank God that it was settled last night. It was settled forever. Thank God, it was settled last night." When at last they uncovered his poor crushed body his soul had gone to God.

Reader! how is it with you? Are you ready to meet God? Are your sins forgiven? Have you been born again? "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Have you experienced this great change? Can you say, like this miner, "I have now peace with God. Thank God the great matter of my eternal salvation is settled for ever?" You must live as eternally as God Himself, either in Heaven or Hell. Have you settled which it is to be? It must be one or other. You know it. You may try to forget it, but that will not alter the fact. Again I ask, have you settled which it is to be? If not, when are you going to settle the matter? Remember you may not live till to-morrow. You may say, "My calling and work is not in any place of great danger, as that miner's was." True, but do we not daily read and hear, of strong men going to their work in the morning, and carried home dead at night. Are not men

and women falling daily around us, unprepared, unwarned!
We do not know who will go next. God knows! Do settle
it now and for ever!

O do not let the Word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart—
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night!

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded night;
This is the time, oh then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night!

Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



The Miser

In the lovely island of Madeira, lived an old gentleman, Senhor Arsenio Nicos da Silva. In regard to the present world, he was happy; he enjoyed the love of a devoted wife and an affectionate daughter; the latter was married to one of the two chief judges on the island. He was rich and courted by the world, and in the enjoyment of every luxury which can make life pass pleasantly. But his soul was dark with superstition and selfishness. He believed in all the corrupt doctrines of popery, and so narrow was his heart, that the need of the poor never warmed him into bestowing a crumb from his table on the destitute around him. So marked was this characteristic that he was commonly known by the epithet of "O avarento," "The miser."

His beloved daughter fell sick, and the native physicians being unable to help her, her father brought her to a Scottish physician, then residing on the island. This physician was Dr. Kalley, a Christian, who had been himself driven to the island by the illness of a beloved wife, and had there opened a hospital for the relief of suffering natives.

Having prescribed for Senhora Coelho, the old man's daughter, Dr. Kalley conversed with him a little about the health of his own soul. These visits were repeated for some time;

at length the old man expressed a desire to have a little private conversation with the doctor at the house of the latter.

When alone together, Dr. Kalley inquired about what subject he wished to speak with him.

"About the way," he replied, "in which a guilty man can, under the government of a just God, escape the punishment which he deserves."

"Well," said Dr. Kalley, "tell me what you think about it?"

"I understand," said Senhor da Silva, "that in baptism the death of Christ is applied so as to free us from original sin." And then he went on to speak of penances etc. for actual transgressions.

The doctor interrupted him by saying, "I understand that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, of every kind."

"Tell me that again," cried the old man.

"No," said Dr. Kalley, "but read it here, for yourself." At the same time he pointed out to him one text after another in the Portuguese Testament.

Great tears of wonder and joy, gratitude and astonishment, chased each other down the poor old man's cheeks, as he read the Word of God attesting the wondrous truth: and the doctrine of God's free favour in pardoning the chief of sinners seemed, for the first time, to break upon his soul.

The change was not merely one of the understanding; his heart also was changed, and from thenceforth he began to walk as one redeemed with a precious price.

One of the first evidences which became apparent was that he lived no longer to himself, and the treasures he had long hoarded were freely bestowed on others.

Dr. Kalley was at that time furnishing a small hospital. Da Silva sent him a large basketful of sheets, towels, and other useful articles, with a letter, saying, "My heart was gangrened; it has felt the power of the love of God, and I send you the first fruits of it."

It was but the first fruits. He soon joined himself to the little despised band of converts; and when persecution arose for the truth's sake, he was among the first to bear the brunt of it. He grew in grace; and when those who had sown the seeds of truth in the island were obliged to flee for

their lives Senhor Arsenio da Silva remained with the little flock of persecuted ones left on the island. Subsequently, he also was obliged to flee for his life, leaving wife and children, house and wealth, all those possessions which once he idolized; now he counted them but as dung and dross; yea, he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy, and fulfil his ministry faithfully. This desire was accorded. In a far distant land, in the new world of America, whither the little band had wandered for the privilege of serving God and obeying the truth in peace, he calmly closed his eyes, surrounded by the loving and beloved companions of his faith and sufferings. Among his last words were, "Lord, let me depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. Jesus is always my hope."

My dear reader, pass not on to another subject till you consider the momentous question which Senhor da Silva put to Dr. Kalley.

Do you know that God is just, and that you are a sinner? And have you ever been concerned to know how a sinful man can, under the government of a just God, escape the punishment he deserves?

You may not be so ignorant as to think that salvation can be purchased by penances, and indulgences, and prayers to the Virgin and departed saints; but are you seeking to buy salvation by anything you can do, or feel, or experience?

If so, be assured you will never find true peace by these means. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." Nothing else can cleanse at all, but the precious blood of Christ cleanses wholly all who believe.

"To Him (Jesus) give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10:43).



There are moments in the history of God's people, in the which tenderness to man becomes unfaithfulness to God; and it is of the utmost importance to be able to discern such moments.



Ought we not to be sufficiently at leisure from ourselves, when we assemble in His presence, to be able to present to Him something besides our own things?

“Be ready to give an answer”

During the Revival of 1859 a clergyman who went to see that great work, but who did not believe that any person could be saved until after a life-time of working for it, questioned a young Irish girl, who had trusted Christ, as to her assurance of salvation.

She told him: “I was a poor sinner, but God took me and hid me in Christ, the Rock of Salvation, and so I’m safe.”

“But are you not afraid you shall perish yet?” asked the clergyman.

“Oh, no,” she replied, “though once I was in the miry clay and horrible pit, and was near perishing eternally, yet Jesus came down and took me up out of the pit, and set my feet on the Rock—Christ—that is Himself.

“But are you not afraid of falling after all?” said he.

“Oh no; I never heard of any one falling through a rock.”

“But don’t you think it possible you might fall off the Rock?” he inquired.

“Sure that can never be,” she answered, “for the Word of God speaks of the Rock having been cleft; and seeing God has put me in that cleft, I cannot fall out, for the Rock was cleft from above, and not from below.”



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Nasi, the Murderer

Dr. John G. Paton of the New Hebrides

Nasi, the Tanna-man was a bad and dangerous character. During a great illness that befell him, I ministered to him regularly, but no kindness seemed to move him. When about to leave Aniwa, I went specially to visit him. On parting I said, “Nasi, are you happy? Have you ever been happy?”

He answered gloomily, “No! Never.”

I said, “Would you like that dear little boy of yours to grow up like yourself, and lead the life you have lived?”

“No!” he replied warmly; “I certainly would not.”

“Then,” I continued, “you must become a Christian, and give up all your heathen conduct, or he will just grow up to quarrel and fight and murder as you have done: and, O Nasi, he will curse you through all eternity for leading him to such a life and such a doom!”

He was very much impressed, but made no response. After we had sailed, a band of our young native Christians held a consultation over the case of Nasi. They said, "We know the burden and terror that Nasi has been to our dear Missi. We know that he has murdered several persons with his own hands, and has taken part in the murder of others. Let us unite in prayer that the Lord will open his heart and change his conduct, and teach him to love and follow what is good, and let us set ourselves to win Nasi for Christ, just as Missi tried to win us."

So they began to show him every possible kindness, and one after another helped him in his daily tasks, embracing every opportunity of pleading with him to yield to Jesus and take the new path of life. At first he repelled them, and sullenly held aloof. But their prayers never ceased, and their patient affection continued to grow. At last, after long waiting, Nasi broke down, and cried to one of the teachers, "I can oppose your Jesus no longer! If He can make you treat me like that, I yield myself to Him and to you. I want Him to change me too. I want a heart like that of Jesus."

He rubbed off the ugly thickly-daubed paint from his face; he cut off his long heathen hair; he went to the sea and bathed, washing himself clean; and then he came to the Christians and dressed himself in a shirt and a kilt. The next step was to get a book—his was the translation of the Gospel according to St. John. He eagerly listened to every one that would read bits of it aloud to him, and his soul seemed to drink in the new ideas at every pore. He attended the church and the school most regularly, and could in a very short time read the gospel for himself. The elders of the church took special pains in instructing him, and after due preparation he was admitted to the Lord's Table—my brother missionary from Tanna baptizing and receiving him. Imagine my joy on learning all this regarding one who had sullenly resisted my appeals for many years, and how my soul praised the Lord who is "mighty to save"!

During a recent visit to Aniwa, in 1886, God's almighty compassion was further revealed to me, when I found that Nasi the murderer was now a Scripture reader, and able to comment in a wonderful and interesting manner on what he read to the people! On arriving at the island, after my tour

in Great Britain (1884-85), all the inhabitants of Aniwa seemed to be assembled at the boat-landing to welcome me, except Nasi. He was away fishing at a distance, and had been sent for, but had not yet arrived. On the way to the Mission House he came rushing to meet me. He grasped my hand and kissed it, and burst into tears. I said, "Nasi, do I now at last meet you as a Christian?"

He warmly answered, "Yes, Missi, I now worship and serve the only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bless God, I am a Christian at last!"

My soul went out with the silent cry, "Oh, that the men at home who discuss and doubt about conversion, and the new heart, and the power of Jesus to change and save, could but look at Nasi, and spell out the simple lesson—He that created us at first by His power can create us anew by His love!"



"Tell ye your children of it"

The Children's Bible

D. L. Moody

During the first year of the Civil War I visited my Sunday School scholars in Chicago, and I went into a home where the news had just come that the father had been killed in battle. The mother was the first soldier's widow I had met. She had two little girls, one about three years old and the other five. A few days after, the landlord came for the rent. She told him her pitiful story. She didn't know what she could do to pay the rent; she didn't own a sewing machine; she must get her living with her needle; and she didn't know whether she could find work. The landlord told her that if she didn't pay her rent on the first day of the month he would turn her out of doors. She began to weep. The oldest little girl wanted to comfort her. Blessed little ones! They light up our lives and cheer us in our loneliness. The mother, grieving for the loss of her husband, and fearing the bleak winter that was coming, gave way. Hope seemed gone. And the little girl said:

"Don't cry, mamma. Won't God take care of us? Won't He hear us?"

"Oh, yes, my child."

“Well, then, what makes you cry, mamma? Mayn’t I go and ask Him to take care of us?”

She went into her room. The door was ajar, and the little one knelt down by her bed, and this was her prayer:

“Oh, God, you have come and taken away my papa, and my mamma hasn’t any one to pay the landlord, and he is going to turn us out of doors. We will sit on the doorsteps and catch cold and die. Won’t you lend us a little house to live in?”

Then she said to her mother, “Mamma, don’t cry; I am sure God will hear my prayer. He will give us a home.”

I just made that known among the business men of Chicago, and a lot was bought and a house put up for that woman, and it was, I think, the first house put up for a soldier’s widow in Chicago.

Not long after this she brought her two little girls to see me. They had a penny bank, and they said:

“We want to do something for the soldiers. We want you to take this money and buy a Bible, and take it into the army, and find a soldier who is not a Christian, and give it to him so that we can pray for him.”

I went to the Bible House and got two Bibles and took them with me into the army, and when in front of Richmond I stood up and told the story, I held up one of the Bibles and said,

“If there is a soldier here who is not a Christian, who wants to come forward and take this Bible, and have the prayers of that widow and those little children in Chicago, will he come forward?”

It is pretty hard to get a soldier to move in that direction. But they came forward by scores. I gave only one Bible, and that night several—I believe a great many—started for the kingdom of God. The next night I was in another part of the army, and I told the story, and the soldiers sprang forward to get the Bible and the prayers of the children and the widow. I believe that God used this widow and her children to bring a good many unto the kingdom of God.



How frequently do we hear persons defending a continuance in a position which they admit to be wrong, on the plea that they thereby enjoy a wider sphere of usefulness.

Some of the Last Words of John G. Bellett

WHO DEPARTED TO BE WITH THE LORD IN 1864

Thou hast given him his heart's desire. Thou hast made him exceeding glad with Thy countenance.—Psa. 21:2-6.

My Pilgrim days are waning;
 The voice of Him I love
 Has called me to His presence
 In my Father's house above.
 Long, long, by faith I've known Him,
 But now I go to see
 The One Who sits in Heaven—
 The Man who died for me.

But ere I leave the desert,
 I long yet more to know
 The joy His blessed presence
 Can give me here below.
 In all these fleeting moments—
 Oh, I would nearer be,
 My precious, loving Saviour—
 The Man who died for me.

He gave me all I asked for,
 And more than I can tell.
 He filled my heart with rapture—
 With joy unspeakable.
 The loving hand of Jesus
 Was gently laid on me;
 I have for my companion
 The Man who died for me.

The glories of the Kingdom
 Are coming, bye and bye,
 And I shall see my brethren,
 Be crowned with them on high.
 I know that I shall reign there,
 But best of all to me,
 Is a time alone with Jesus,
 The Man who died for me.

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To fall asleep in Jesus,
'Tis what I think of now;
To be forever with Him
Before Himself to bow.
O, yes, with Him who summoned
Zacchaeus from the tree,
With Him who hung on Calvary—
The Man who died for me.

There lives the Man, Christ Jesus;
With Him I go to dwell—
The Man Who spake at Sychar,
To the sinner at the well,
Whose matchless wisdom thrilled her
And gave her eyes to see
That He was God's anointed—
The Man who died for me.

I leave the world that spurned Him,
I'll be with Him up there,
Before the Kingdom's Glories,
Or the many crowns appear.
Oh! gracious Man of Sychar,
There I Thyself shall see,
Perfection of Perfection,
The Man Who died for me.



Why is the tone of our public meetings frequently so low? Why such feebleness, such barrenness, such wandering? Why are the hymns and prayers so wide of the mark? Why is there so little that really deserves the name of worship? Why is there such restlessness and aimless activity? Why is there so little in our midst to refresh the heart of God? So little that He can really speak of as "*His* bread," for *His* sacrifices made by fire, for a sweet savour unto Him? We are occupied with self and its surroundings—our wants, our weakness, our trials and difficulties; and we leave God without the bread of His sacrifice. We actually rob Him of His due, and of that which His loving heart desires.

HAMILTON, ONT. The annual S. S. Teacher's Conference conducted by the McNab St. and Kensington Ave. Assemblies will be held D. V. on Friday, May 24th in this city. Further information will be given in the May issue. Address, "Convention", 29 Stirton St., Hamilton, Ont.

Sowing and Reaping **UNITED STATES**

CALIFORNIA. Messrs. J. F. Pearson and Hector Alves Jr. had five weeks in Jefferson St. Hall, **Los Angeles** with large audiences, the ministry being chiefly for the Lord's people. They then went to **Long Beach** for the preaching of the gospel and were encouraged by the goodly numbers of strangers coming in.

CONNECTICUT. Mr. Wm. Robertson is seeking to encourage the faithful few in **Groton** who are loyally bearing testimony for the Lord there. He hopes to spend some time in the State as the way is opened up.

Manchester. "The Lord gave us a rich time of blessing during the five weeks' series here. Interest was good from the beginning and we had the joy of seeing a few souls led to Christ."

J. McCullough

GEORGIA. Chas. R. Keller has had several weeks' meetings in **Brookhaven** near **Atlanta** using his chart on "The Seven Churches in Asia". The assembly here was started 18 years ago, as a result of his, and Robert Curr's labors in tent work. He was encouraged to see all the original brethren in the assembly still going on for God, except one who has moved to other parts.

Mr. Gordon N. Reager (Box 141, Decatur, Ga.) is glad to be back in his field of labor once more and hopes to begin activities soon. It was a matter for joy to find the little assembly in **Brookhaven** going on nicely.

IOWA. Mr. O. G. Smith is encouraged in the proclamation of the Gospel in **Manchester**: nice crowds and professions of faith in Christ.

MICHIGAN. **Bay City.** We enjoyed a visit from Brother D. McGeachy who gave appreciated ministry. W. N. Mowat.

Detroit. The meetings of brethren Sam. and Hugh McEwen are very encouragingly attended with tokens already of blessing upon the Word preached.

Mr. Adam Ferguson, (6457 S. Justine St., Chicago, Ill.) paid us a short visit at Central Hall, Detroit. Mrs. Ferguson and he purpose returning to their field of labor in Zululand, So. Africa, at the beginning of May.

NEW YORK. Mr. Louis Montalvo who labors among the Spanish-speaking people of **New York City** and **Brooklyn** reports that three Spanish believers have been baptized and been added to the Assembly.

Mr. F. Carboni has been visiting the different Italian assemblies in the **New York** and **New Jersey** district, cheered by blessing in salvation to some. He is at present having special meetings in **Orange, N. J.** and would value prayer upon the Word, and also for guidance as to the tent season among the Italians.

OHIO. Brethren Gordon N. Reager and Robert Crawford conducted a six weeks' series in **Akron** during January and February and saw the Lord's hand in blessing. Some fifteen professed faith in Christ, which gave joy and encouragement.

PENNSYLVANIA. Brethren John Govan and A. P. Klabunda had five weeks good meetings in **Olney Hall, Philadelphia** without visible definite results. God's presence was felt and the saints look yet for

blessing to follow. These brethren next went to **Bryn Mawr** where in the four weeks of effort they were encouraged by splendid interest which they hope will be followed by blessing.

RHODE ISLAND. The six weeks' gospel meetings of Messrs. James Simth and Lorne McBain in **Pawtucket** were a blessing to saved and unsaved. Ten confessed Christ, the Christians were refreshed and some were restored.

CANADA

ONTARIO, Hamilton "We have had brother J. J. Rouse at McNab St., assembly for a few meetings, bringing refreshing words to the Lord's people." —N. L. Goodfellow

Toronto. Birchcliff Assembly had J. H. Blackwood with them for two weeks ministering the Word to the Lord's people and it was much enjoyed by all. He also visited **Guelph** and **Galt**.

With Christ

The command "Call the laborers" has lately gone forth in striking tones, for within the last year many outstanding servants of Christ have been taken from our midst. Among these we must now enroll the names of **Alexander Livingstone** and **William Beveridge**, ministers of the Word and of the Gospel, well-known in our assemblies.

Alexander Livingstone

On Sunday night, February 11, 1940, in his 82nd year, after several weeks illness, **Alexander Livingstone** of Toronto, Canada, passed into the presence of the Lord whom he had diligently served for many years.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, he was saved at the age of 19 years, baptized and received into fellowship of the saints meeting at Govan. He began preaching at once and soon the Lord led him to devote his whole time to the preaching of the Gospel, so that nearly all of his 61 years in Christ were spent in the service of his Master. About 33 years ago, after a quarter of a century spent in preaching the Word in the British Isles, he came to America, settling in Philadelphia, Pa. Some 15 years later he removed to Toronto, Ont. where he was in fellowship in the Pape Ave. Gospel Hall. An able minister of the word, his labours extended not only over the British and Shetland Islands, but also from coast to coast of both the United States and Canada.

The funeral service in the Pape Ave. Gospel Hall on Feb. 14, 1940, was attended by a large gathering of Christians as well as by a number of fellow-servants of Christ. Mr. Gordon Johnston spoke from 2 Tim. 4:6-8; Phil. 1:21-24; "The time is up for me to go home." Mr. Robert McCrory spoke from 2 Cor. 12:1-10; 1 Thess. 4:16; "Caught up." Mr. A. Stewart conducted the service at the grave-side.

Remember in prayer Mrs. Livingstone and his two daughters, Mrs. Wm. H. Litson and Mrs. James Rainey, both of Philadelphia,

William Beveridge

1862 — 1940

(Communicated by Leon F. Miller.)

On February 20th, 1940, **William Beveridge**, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, went home in answer to a summons from the Captain of our Salvation, in whose service he had fought and labored for over fifty years. The previous day he had undergone an operation

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Old Series

May, 1940

New Series

Vol. XIV—No. 5

Vol. VII—No. 5

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

Our Lord Jesus Christ knew how to answer every man. Matthew 15 has struck me as a chapter in which this perfection, in much of its various beauty and excellency, may be seen. In the course of it, the Lord is called to answer the Pharisees, the multitude, the poor afflicted stranger from the coasts of Tyre, and His own disciples, again and again, in their different exposure of either their stupidity or their selfishness; and we may notice His different style of rebuke and of reasoning,—of calm, patient teaching, and of faithful, wise, and gracious training of the soul: and we cannot but feel how fitting all this variety was to the place or occasion that called it forth. And such was the beauty and the fitness of His neither *teaching* nor *learning*, in Luke 2, but only hearing and asking questions. To have *taught* then would not have been in season, a child as He was in the midst of His elders. To have learnt would not have been in full fidelity to the light, the eminent and bright light, which He knew He carried in Himself; for we may surely say of Him, "He was wiser than the ancients, and had more understanding than His teachers." I do not mean as God, but as One "filled with wisdom," as was then said of Him. But He knew, in the perfection of grace, how to use this fullness of wisdom, and He is therefore not presented to us by the evangelist in the midst of the doctors in the temple at the age of twelve either *teaching* or *learning*; but it is simply said of Him that He was hearing and asking questions. Strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God upon Him, is the description of Him then, as He grew up in tender years; and when a man, conversing in the world, His speech was always with grace, seasoned with salt, as of one who knew how to answer every man. What perfection and beauty suited to the different seasons of childhood and manhood!

And further. We find Him, besides this, also in various

other conditions. At times He is slighted and scorned, watched and hated by adversaries, retiring, as it were to save His life from their attempts and purposes. At times He is *weak*, followed only by the poorest of the people; wearied, too, and hungry and athirst, debtor to the service of some loving women, who felt as though they owed Him every thing. At times He is *compassionating the multitude* in all gentleness, or companying with His disciples in their repasts or in their journeying, conversing with them as a man would with His friends. At times He is *in strength and honor* before us, doing wonders, letting out some rays of glory; and though in His person and circumstances nothing and nobody in the world—a carpenter's son, without learning or fortune, yet making a greater stir among men, and that, too, at times in the thoughts of the ruling ones on earth, than man ever made.

Childhood and manhood, and human life in all its variousness, thus give Him to us. Would that the heart could hold Him! There is a perfection in some of the minute features that tell of the divine hand that was delineating them. Awkward work would any penman, unkept, unguided by the Spirit, have made of certain occasions where these strokes and touches are seen. As when the Lord wanted to comment on the current money of the land, He asked to be shown it, and does not find it about Himself. Indeed, we may be sure He carried none of it. Thus the moral beauties of the action flowed from the moral perfection of His condition within.

He asked His disciples, in the hour of Gethsemane, to *watch with Him*; but He did not ask them to *pray for Him*. He would claim sympathy. He prized it in the hour of weakness and pressure, and would have the hearts of His companions bound to Him then. Such a desire was of the moral glory that formed the human perfection that was in Him; but while He felt this and did this, He could not ask them to stand as in the divine presence on His behalf. He would have them give themselves to Him, but He could not seek them to give themselves to God for Him. Thus He asked them, again I say, to watch with Him, but He did not ask them to pray for Him. When, shortly or immediately afterward, He linked praying and watching together, it was of themselves and for themselves He spoke, saying, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Paul could say

to his fellow-saints, "Ye also helping together by prayer to God for us: pray for us, for we trust we have a good conscience." But such was not the language of Jesus. I need not say, it could not have been; but the pen that writes for us such a life and delineates for us such a character is held by the Spirit of God. None other than the Spirit could write thus.



"Lord, Teach Us to Pray"

Unrevised Notes of a Prayer Meeting Address by
T. D. W. Muir

I was struck in reading the first verse of Luke 11, with the circumstances in which this disciple made his request. It was as the Lord was praying and his disciples were listening. The disciple did not say, "Lord, teach us what to pray for," nor "how to pray well," but only this simple thing, "Lord, teach us to pray." A man might pray and not make a sound or utter a word,—if only his heart is praying; and on the other hand, he might make a great deal of noise and pray none at all. Praying does not consist in the fashion of it, but in the spirit of it, when we are before God in realized need and knowing God as the all-sufficient supply of that need.

"Lord, teach us to pray." If there is one thing needed in the Church more than another it is for men of prayer; not men of eloquence, but men who know and feel today's need and, because they know and feel it, must express it in prayer. We profess in coming to this prayer meeting that it is because we know our need. If we did not know our need we would not come here. From the tone of the letter to Laodicea we would learn that, because the Laodiceans had "need of nothing," therefore they had no need of a prayer meeting. The Lord must rebuke them and tell them that they manifestly know not their need—for they are poor, and wretched, and blind and naked.

The Psalmist was a man of prayer. "I give myself to prayer." He speaks of himself as "poor and needy," the very opposite of being "rich and increased in goods, and having need of nothing." "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me." "The Lord heareth the poor." "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him."

It is not necessary that we should express ourselves in fine language that men might hear and the people talk about it. A newspaper reporter, a poor unconverted man, who was writing up a meeting that he had attended, said concerning a certain preacher's "prayer" that "It was probably the best prayer ever offered to a Boston audience," and it was likely just that kind of a prayer. The preacher was evidently using his eloquence to tickle the ears of his audience.

I remember Mr. Ross once asking at a Conference, "What becomes of all our prayers?" We pray and pray and what becomes of it all, and then he answered his question by telling us of a lumber room in their home where they put the trunks, and things of no value and he thought that was likely the place for most of our prayers.

But when the Lord Jesus prayed, He prayed with a purpose and He always prayed to the point. And when He answered His disciples in this chapter, He gave them and us not a form of prayer but a pattern. The glory of God is the first thing. "Hallowed be Thy name." First He ascribes to the Father the honor that is due to God's name, and then that which is nearest to God's heart comes next, "Thy Kingdom come." "A millennial scene," you say, and yet in principle it should be true of us as the people of God. The spreading of His truth and the extension of His kingdom should ever be before us.

Then after God's glory and interests we come to *ourselves*. "Give us this day (or day by day) our daily bread." That which we need is put before God.

"And forgive us our sins for we also forgive those that trespass against us." I wonder how many of us are willing to accept that limitation. I am afraid some of us would hesitate about that and feel that we must first examine ourselves. Lurking down in our hearts there is distrust, maybe even hatred of someone, and all the time we are praying for forgiveness. These are truths of course that will have a place in a coming day, but don't let us "give them all to the Jews," especially in the matter of real prayer and the spirit of it.

"And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him? And

he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."

I do not think that this man's answer gives us God's attitude. A sleepy man in bed unwilling to get up, is not a good illustration of God's relation to His people. It is rather a matter of contrast. The friend goes to his friend's house at midnight and finds him unwilling at first to give him what he needs. That is not like our God. I go to Him at the most unseasonable times and He is always willing to hear. But if this unwilling friend yields because of his friend's importunity how much more will our God give us what we need.

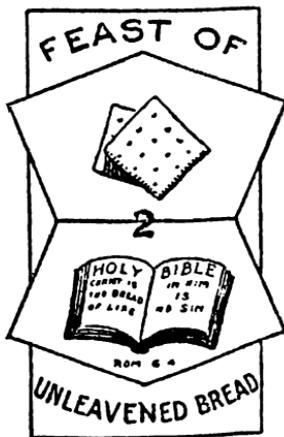
"If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" There is no doubt about God's ability and willingness to meet the needs of His people, but how much we need to know the true spirit of prayer. Let us remember that if it be the stammering utterances of His little child His ear is open to hear.



The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by
Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD



Tonight we speak of "the Feast of Unleavened Bread." (Lev. 23:6-8). Perhaps the two feasts that are more nearly linked together than any others, are the Feast of the Passover, and the Feast of Unleavened Bread. In fact, in one Scripture in the New Testament, it is written: "Christ our Passover, is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast . . . with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" (1 Cor. 5:7). But while there is such a linking of

the two, nevertheless they are two separate feasts, and we have no difficulty in seeing how God brings before us, that the fact of the death of Christ must ever be followed by holiness,—

holiness unto the Lord founded on the blood of Jesus. In Exodus 12:15, we read: "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses: for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day that soul shall be cut off from Israel . . . and ye shall observe the Feast of Unleavened Bread, for in this selfsame day have I brought your armies out of the land of Egypt: therefore shall ye observe the day in your generations by an ordinance forever. In the first month, on the fourteenth day of the month at even. Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses; for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, even that soul shall be cut off from the congregation of Israel, whether he be a stranger or born in the land. Ye shall eat nothing leavened: in all your habitations shall ye eat unleavened bread." And in Exodus 13:6-7 we read: "Seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread and in the seventh day shall be a feast unto the Lord. Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and there shall no leavened bread be seen with thee, neither shall there be leaven seen with thee in all thy quarters."

That is the type. Now turn to 1 Cor. 5:6-8: "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

As soon as the Feast of the Passover began, you would find the Israelites searching their houses from top to bottom, and wherever there was a bit of leaven, or a bit of sour dough found, they put it away, and from that day, and for eight days they were to eat unleavened bread,—putting all leaven away from their houses for seven days. Now we know that putting leaven into their bread did not make them better or worse, morally. The point was in the type. To those who do not see the teaching of it, it is a matter of no importance whatever, but when you see what God means to elucidate, then it becomes very important. It does not matter whether you put yeast in your bread or not; that is only a matter of taste; but at that time God was teaching a lesson, and He was very particular in saying that when the feast began, leaven was to

be put away. Now in Scripture, *leaven always means evil*, and evil in its active opposition to God.

But someone might say, "I know one place that leaven means *good*. I have heard sermons preached upon it. Surely you do not mean that that case is not excluded in your sweeping statement: for in Matthew 13:33 we read, The Kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened. Is not that the Gospel,—the leaven of the Gospel working and working till at last all will be affected by the Gospel?"

It is a very pretty theory but it is not a fact. A man cannot live in the world and believe that.

"Do you not believe that?"

No, I do not believe that. It is a case of putting light for darkness, and bitter for sweet.

"Then what does that Scripture parable mean?"

It does not mean that the Gospel is leaven and the world three measures of meal. The meal is good and leaven is bad. Here it is not "good" being put into the "bad," but bad being put into the good. The parable really means that it is the Lord Jesus Christ who is represented by the three measures of meal,—that is the "Meal Offering,"—the truth of God about Christ. You remember that when Abraham had a visit of those angels he said to Sarah, "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it and make cakes upon the hearth,"—(that is, unleavened bread). He did not mean that they would eat all, but he could not ask for less. "Three" is the measure of fulness in manifestation. When we speak of God as "fully manifest," we mean Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—and the "three measures" mean the whole, manifested, revealed truth about Christ. The "woman" in the parable is the Church, and "hiding" the leaven suggests doing something clandestine. The leaven works and works, until it corrupts the whole of the meal. And this tells us how the professing Church has put in their mere human conceptions, until the whole truth of God has been corrupted by men's teachings. The "leaven" typifies the teachings of men introduced into the truth of God. And for what purpose are they introduced? You give unleavened bread to a family, and they will turn up their noses against it. They want that which is palatable,—that which will suit their vitiated taste. And what then

does the introducing of men's thoughts mean? It means the teaching of doctrines and theories that make the truth palatable to those that do not like it. Leaven puffs it up and man always wants things big. Now if anyone ever again speaks to you about the Gospel being like leaven, tell him that the word "leaven" means something bad, and that the parable teaches that the bad leaven has been put into the truth of God to corrupt it, and that leaven never means the Gospel.

The man who teaches that the Gospel will go on working until the whole body politic is touched by its influence, must be one of the most sanguine men upon whom the sun has ever shone. Eighteen hundred years ago the Gospel concerning the Christ of God was sent into the world. It has been working, and, if the world is being leavened, what is the effect? Perhaps you know something about the present condition of the world. There are about two hundred million Protestants, two hundred and eighty million Roman Catholics, one hundred and ten million Greek Catholics, ten million Jews, two hundred and twenty-five million Mohammedans, and eight hundred and seventy-five millions who are rank heathen and pagans. Now let me put it to you as thinking men and women,—when is the leaven going to leaven the whole lump? Does anyone mean to say that the two hundred million Protestants mean two hundred million Christians? You will not look for Christians among the Jews, Mohammedans, and Pagans. No doubt God has many of His own among the Roman Catholics, more perhaps among the Greek Catholics, and most among the Protestants, but none among the others, and it is only the real Christians that have experienced the grace of God. Then what a small number of Christians there are! But according to that interpretation we shall have to wait for the whole to be leavened,—and yet the heathen world is increasing by leaps and bounds, more quickly than the Christians.

But what does God mean us to understand by this use of the leaven? It indicates the work of an apostate Christianity,—mixing into the truth its doctrines,—its higher criticism, its baptismal regeneration, its no-hell theories, its teaching that the Lord Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, etc. "Well, then," you ask, "how is the world to be converted?" It is *not* to be converted. Read please, in Acts 15:14: "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the nations to

take out of them a people for His name." God is sending His Gospel to take men out of the world. Thank God, we are "taken out" and are no longer a part of that great world that is going on to judgment. So much for that Scripture. "Leaven," in Scripture, is bad—always and everywhere bad. We saw the meaning of it in the Epistle to the Corinthians. (1 Cor. 5:6-8).

Let me say that the word leaven comes from a Hebrew word, meaning "left-over," and it refers to the fact that leaven was a portion left over from the old baking, a little of the old dough. "Yeast cakes" were not known then, but the Hebrews managed in this way: when the dough had arrived at a certain stage of fermentation, a little was taken out and kept until the next day of baking, and this in turn was put into the new dough, and true to its nature it did not cease working until it had leavened the whole lump. The nature of leaven is, that a little bit of sour dough will permeate the new until all is leavened. And the spiritual meaning is that the old nature, if allowed, will work for evil in the new sphere. God did not take away the old nature when He saved us. He knows what is best, so He left it. That old nature, if it is not kept under, and a careful scrutiny maintained, just as in the case of the leaven, operates in the new sphere. The trouble in Corinth was that the flesh, the old nature, was allowed to work instead of the new nature. And the exhortation is "Therefore purge out the old leaven."



Christ the Intercessor

"WHO ALSO MAKETH INTERCESSION FOR US."

Romans 8:13.

(Continued from April number)

V. Finally. It is an *unchanging Intercession*.—Under the Levitical economy, the intercessor for the nation was removed by death. It was a temporary, hereditary, transmissible priesthood. Ever and anon the nation was clothed in sackcloth, as they mourned their departed ecclesiastical head.

Not so Jesus! "This man because He continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood." (Heb. 7:24.) He is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the

power of an endless life (Heb. 7:16). Many a good and righteous cause on earth has been lost by the death of its advocate. But our Advocate, as He is without beginning of days, is without end of years. As the tinkling bells of the High Priest's vestments were heard by the crowd in the outer court, while he himself was ministering within the veil,—the sound conveying to them the assurance that he was still engaged in the solemn act of intercession; so the ear of faith can still catch up the music of these sacred chimes—these golden bells in heaven.—“Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound!” The Jewish Hierarch acted as the nation's Intercessor for *one day only*—once every year—and for only a part of that one day. But, day without night is our Intercessor pleading. He never intermits; His love never cools; His ardour never decays! The true Moses on the Heavenly Rephidim, His hands never grow heavy; for of Him it is sublimely said, “He fainteth not, neither is weary.” (Isa. 40:28). Nor, we believe, will He ever entirely abdicate His office as the Divine medium of communion and intercourse between God and His people. Even in the Church triumphant, “the Son,” we read, is “consecrated *for evermore*.” (Heb. 7:28). “He *ever* liveth to make intercession for us.”

Thus, then, have we endeavoured briefly to illustrate some of the characteristics of the Redeemer's Intercession; as a Righteous Intercession; a Prevalent Intercession; a Merciful Intercession; an Unchanging Intercession.

In conclusion, let us seek to receive this great truth, not as a figure of speech, but as a glorious and sublime verity. Not a few are at times tempted to say, ‘If Christ were still among us; if He still trod our streets as once He did those of Nazareth and Jerusalem; if He ministered on our shores as once He did on those of Jordan and Gennesaret; if penitence could still creep, as it did of old, unbidden to His feet, to pour out in silent tears its tale of sorrow; if trembling conviction could steal (Nicodemus-like) under the curtain of night to listen to the Heavenly Teacher's loving tones; if sorrow could rush, as once it did, with throbbing emotion, and cry out, “Lord, if Thou hadst been here, our brother had not died;” if I could take my darling child, as once the Jewish mother did, and hurry through the crowd to receive the omnipotent

touch and the healing word, all would be different. But alas! He is invisible. I am told to pray; but in vain I look for that countenance of compassion. In vain I listen at my threshold for that footfall of love! My sick chamber is like John's place of exile, a lonely Patmos: but, unlike him, I behold no one in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. I see no symbol, I hear no voice! I pray, but it is to a Saviour-Intercessor I do not see!

"Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." (John 20:29). "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." (1 Peter 1:8). Yes! prayer can still carry you into that glorious and glorified *Presence*, and the hand of faith can still touch as on earth the hem of His garment! Jesus of Nazareth still passeth by. The spiritually blind and impotent can still breathe the prayer for mercy—for He ever "liveth!"

Think for a moment what it would be were that intercession suspended? Or, recurring once more to the analogy with which we started, think what this fair creation of ours would be, were the Divine Providential hand to be withdrawn! All would immediately collapse! Chaos and night would again rise to the ascendant, and the world rock to ruin. And what would be the result to the spiritual world—the Church—were the intercession of its Head intermitted? How would every Asahel become a Ready-to-halt; every warrior's hand drop paralysed on the battle-field. It is sad to be deprived of the loving sympathy and counsel of the earthly friend we most valued;—when distance separates, or coldness estranges; or (saddest of all) when death puts his irrevocable seal on the sweet counsels of the past. What must it be were we deprived of the prayers and counsels and sympathies of *Jesus*! See that ye forfeit not these by sin. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will *not hear me*." (Ps. 66:18). Oh, saddest of all responses from the Heavenly Oracle is that of this Righteous Intercessor, when He looks down on His faithless people "hastening after another god," and says, "Their drink-offerings of blood will I *not offer*, nor take up their names into My lips." (Ps. 16:4).

God grant that we may know, from personal experience, the blessedness of repairing to such a Rock-cleft as this: "He shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me, He shall set me up upon a *Rock*." (Ps. 27:5) The Divine Intercessor, the Mighty Pleader before the throne issues the gracious invitation: "Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast." (Isaiah 26:20). Let it be ours to respond with the ardent aspiration, the votive prayer: "Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: Thou hast given commandment to save me; for Thou art MY ROCK." (Psalm 61:3). —J. R. M.



Faith and Works

Dr. Thomas Guthrie

"What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." —James 2:14, 26.

By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. —Eph. 2:8, 9.

There is no analogy between mind and matter more remarkable than the reactions to which both are liable. Set free the pendulum which you have drawn to one side, and, obeying the law of gravitation, it returns to its centre; but in doing so, swings over to the other side. Or, twist a suspended cord that has a weight attached to it; and being let loose, whirling rapidly on its axis, it untwines itself; but does more, taking many a turn in the opposite direction. Or, follow the billow that, driven by the tempest and swelling as it advances, flings itself on the iron shore; its bursts, thundering, into snowy foam; but does more—like men from a desperate charge, it rolls back violently into the sea. Even so on a change of opinions and manners, how prone are men to pass from one to the opposite extreme, borne by the recoil beyond the line of truth—a danger this against which reformers, whether of

states or churches, of public morals or private manners, need to be on their guard.

Thus we account for the extraordinary judgment that such a man as Martin Luther, that champion of the faith, pronounced on the teaching of St. James, fancying that something in his Epistle was at variance with the doctrine of justification by faith.

Nor is it difficult to account for Luther's error. One day while climbing on his knees "Pilate's stair" at Rome, in hope of thus climbing to heaven, of meriting salvation through such pains and penances, the Spirit of God flashed this great truth into his mind, with the effulgence and force of lightning, "The just shall live by faith." He rose a new man; a second St. Paul; his mission henceforth on earth, to preach life by faith—the glorious doctrine of justification by faith without works, through the blood and merits of Jesus Christ. Well, look now at his position. There stood the old walls of Rome, hoary with age, strong in the personal interests of her priests and the profound prejudices of her people, resting on salvation by works, ceremonies, pay, and penance, and on their ramparts, Tetzal, the cowled Dominican, selling indulgences, and boasting—(I quote his very words)—"I would not exchange my privilege against those that St. Peter has in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than he by his sermons. Whatever crime one may have committed, let him pay well, and he will receive pardon." Tetzal said all this, and something about the Virgin more shocking—too shocking for your ears. This profanity, this daring blasphemy, and that whole Romish system which substitutes the crucifix for the Crucified, and for Christ's merits man's wretched works of penance and pilgrimages, sackcloth for the skin, and fish on Friday, these produced on Luther's impulsive mind such a tremendous recoil, that in the rebound from error he passed the line of sober truth. Thinking as we have said that something in the Epistle of St. James was at variance with the doctrine of justification by faith, as set forth in the writings of St. Paul, he was scared by a phantom, the mere *appearance* of discrepancy. And doing so, he has furnished the Church of God with another illustration of the words, "Put not your trust in princes,"—nor in Luther, nor Calvin,

nor in Cranmer, nor Knox—"nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help."

Between the sentiments of these two apostles there is no real discrepancy. Before St. James had written his Epistle, the doctrine of justification by faith without works had been abused, and turned to the vilest purposes. Men were "wresting," to use St. Peter's language, the words of St. Paul from their true meaning; some made them a cover for the grossest sensuality, holding this immoral, horrible doctrine, that men could be saved by mere knowledge of the truth, mere intellectual assent to sound doctrines—miscalled faith, though they were impious in heart, and in practice impure. It was against this pestilent heresy, this poisonous weed, that, native to every soil, has sprung up in all ages,—it was against those who confessed Christ in words, but in works denied Him, that St. James took pen in hand, saying, "What doth it profit, my brethren, that a man say he hath faith and have not works? Can faith—this faith, such a faith—save him? Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

We are saved by faith in the merits of Jesus Christ.

Can faith save? Certainly; if it be not that false and spurious thing which St. James pronounces dead; but true faith. Sooner than believe otherwise, even on the authority of an epistle attributed to St. James, I would rather believe that the apostle's name was a forgery; and that the epistle which bore it, and was bound up with the Bible, had, like Satan among the sons of God, or bad money among the current coin, got into company better than its own.

But how are we saved by faith? Not by any merit in our faith, for that is the gift of God and the work of His Holy Spirit; and is, so to speak, but the rope which the drowning man clutches, and by which another pulls him living to the shore. God its author, the heart its seat, good works its fruit, Christ is its object; and saves by bringing us to the Saviour. It weeps at His feet with the woman that was a sinner; it prays with the thief, "Lord remember me;" with the blind it gropes for Christ, crying, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us!" and with Peter, as he sank amid the roaring billows, seeing help in none else, it stretches out its arms to Jesus, with "Lord save me, I perish!" Greatest act of the soul, it sees my sins on Jesus laid, and so relieves my

conscience of a load of guilt; and, taking off my rags to put Christ's righteousness on me, it covers a poor sinner with a robe fairer than angels wear.

May any be thus saved; without works; without merit; guilty—as he who said, “I believe that I have committed every sin possible to man unless murder”? Ay, and with murder to boot. It is the glory of Christ's blood that it cleanseth from all sin, and was poured out freely for the chief of sinners; so that if any man, troubled because of his sins, in terror of divine wrath, afraid to die, afraid even to go to sleep lest he should awake in hell, is crying, “Oh, sirs, what shall I do to be saved?” I say with St. Paul,—when the jailer, at midnight, on his knees, was putting the same question,—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” I know no other way. There is none. There is no name given under heaven whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus; and united to Him, though by the weakest, slenderest faith, you are safe. And thanks be to God that, united to Christ, even by the feeblest faith, we can affirm that “Neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.”

Good works are the certain fruit of this saving faith.

One of the greatest marshals of France had for his opponent in a civil war the Prince of Conde. In him Turenne found a foeman worthy of his steel—the only man indeed who could rival him in military genius, in moving troops, in the arrangement and fighting of battles, in sudden surprises and successful attacks. One night, when the prince was supposed to be many leagues away, Turenne lay sleeping securely in his camp. He was suddenly roused, to hear in cries and shouts, in the roar of musketry and cannon, the signs of a midnight assault. Hasting from his tent, he cast his eye around him; and at once discovering, by the glare of burning houses, the roar of the fight, the skill with which the attack had been evidently planned, and the energy with which it was being executed, the genius of his rival, he turned to his staff, and said, “Conde is come!” Now, in some cases especially of sudden conversion, the advent of faith may be as certainly pronounced upon. The peace of death is broken, conscience awakes, sin appears

exceeding sinful, empty forms no longer yield any comfort, carelessness about divine things gives place to all absorbing and intense anxieties, Death seems crowned with terrors, Sinai clothed with thunders, and exclaiming, "What shall I do to be saved," the trembling soul hies to the Cross, clasps it, clings to it, to cry, "Lord, save, I perish." In such circumstances, you can safely say, conversion is come, salvation is come, Christ is come; and there is no presumption then in using, as we fall at Jesus' feet, the language of him who said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"

But though thus saved through faith, and not of works, as St Paul says, lest any man should boast, St Paul is not less explicit about works; on that subject his trumpet has an equally certain sound; for in the very same passage he tells us that believers, they that have a true saving faith, are not only cleansed through Christ from guilt, but are "created in Christ unto good works," which, he adds, "God hath foreordained that we should walk in them"—that these in fact are, in all cases, as surely as divine foreordination can make them, the fruit of living faith.

How should it be otherwise? Is not faith in every condition of its existence full of works; the world's great worker? Look abroad! In yonder husbandman—who, though snow lies on hill-tops and frost bites the air, and nights are long and days are short, and woods are bare, and birds are mute, believing that spring will come, summer come, and autumn come, gives his labour to the naked fields,—Faith ploughs the soil. And in yon sailor, who though he sees the land sink beneath the wave boldly pushes out on the pathless deep, and trusts not to sight, for he sees only a wide waste of water where other keels have left no furrow, but to his charts and trembling needle,—Faith ploughs the sea. And there are men,—inspired with confidence in their comrades' bravery and commander's skill, who march to their positions on the battle-field as on parade, stand up facing the deadly hail, or, crouching like lions to the spring, wait the word to rise and charge,—Faith fights and wins. Not cannon, nor bayonets, but mainly Wellington's faith in his men, and his men's faith in Wellington, won Waterloo; and whoever takes time to follow out the thought will find that faith in God's providence, in what are

called the laws of Nature, in the fidelity of husbands and wives, in the affection of children and parents, in the justice of masters and honesty of servants, in man's integrity where they buy and sell, exchange or manufacture goods, in every mill and market, in every harbour and counting-room,—Faith is the working power of the world—the mighty wheel that turns its machinery.

Well, if faith is so productive of works outside the region of religion, how much more within it? If faith in man so works, how much more faith in God? Such faith just as naturally produces what are called good works, as vines produce grapes, or sorrow produces tears, or joy produces smiles; as the soil beneath us yields fruits and flowers, or the skies above us showers and sunshine. In the character of God, in the person, love, and work of His Son, in an eternal world, in the Bible, its gracious promises and its glorious prospects, faith has to do with the grandest truths; and for a man whose heart is not devout, nor his life holy, to say that he has that faith, is to deceive himself—and furnish an awful illustration of the saying, “The heart is deceitful above all things, and deperately wicked.” Let no man deceive you. Not I, but God says, “No whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God.”

Therefore the hopes of salvation that rest on a faith without works are false, and being false, are fatal.

Last century, faith was out of fashion; the peculiar doctrines of the gospel were ignored. “Christ and Him crucified” were thrust out of sight. Virtue and vice, the beauty of the one and the deformities of the other, were the favourite topics of the pulpit, but men drank deep; swore profanely; talked obscenely; and indulged in a very loose morality. Strange to say, good works were never before so much preached, and so little practised. The more they were found in Sunday sermons, the less they appeared in everyday life. Yet not strange! With Jesus, His love, His life, His death, excluded from pulpits, there was nothing to produce good works; no pith in preaching; no seed to yield a harvest; no straw to make bricks; no solid backbone, so to speak, to support the soft parts, and keep the frame erect. And the attempt at home to have a

morality without religion proved as signal a failure as that abroad, in France, to have a nation without a God.

Morality without *religion* is a dream; but not less a dream is religion without *morality*—a faith that lies in an orthodox creed without a godly and honest life—that lies in the cold assent of the understanding to truths that never touch the heart or affect the conduct. This won't stand the day which shall try the tree by its fruits, and by Christ's own lips pronounce perdition on the workers of iniquity. We need a religion that says "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners." We need a religion that is not dressed only for Sundays but one that descends into common and everyday life; is friendly, not selfish; courteous, not boorish; generous, not niggard; sanctified, not sour; that loves justice more than gain; and fears God more than man; to quote another's words—"a religion that keeps husbands from being spiteful, or wives fretful; that keeps mothers patient, and children pleasant; that bears heavily not only on 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing; that banishes small measures from counters, sand from sugar, and water from milk cans"—the faith, in short, whose root is Christ, and whose fruit is works.

Any other kind of faith than this St James pronounces dead—not like the dead stone which in flashing diamond, or sculptured marble, may be beautiful—but dead like a lifeless body; putrid, horrible, in decay. Not more loathsome to me is the fetid corpse where no trace of beauty lingers, than to a holy God is the man who holds good doctrines, but lives a bad life; who unites a low practice to a high profession; who, in words, exalts the Saviour's Cross, but in works won't take up his own. Like some of old, does he say, I am for St Paul, not for St James? Then St Paul is not for him. I can fancy that apostle, in horror, rending the garment he wears in heaven; repudiating the connexion. One in glory before the throne, he and St James are one in sentiment in this Bible. St Paul, indeed, counted all things loss for Christ. He held the Cross aloft; and, shaking that banner from its folds in the face of friend and foe, he waved it over the scaffold where his testimony was to be sealed with his blood.

But the faith he preached was a faith that worketh—worketh by love; crucifieth the flesh; purifieth the heart; and overcometh the world. Mark his last words to the Christians of a city in whose dungeons he had sung Christ's praises, and whose jailer he had conducted to Christ's feet. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Believers are called by Christ's Word *to be workers*.

There are times—and such are ours—when the inspiration of God's Word, the propitiation of the Cross and the necessity of conversion are being denied. At such times sound men are called to close their ranks, and contend together for the faith once delivered to the saints. The Captain of our salvation now seems to address His Church, as a commander does the hollow square that with its front rank on the knee presenting a hedge of bayonets, and the second on their feet, with eyes glaring along the deadly barrel, is formed to receive cavalry. Their swords flashing in the sun, the enemies come thundering on with the impetus of a tremendous shock. The moment, how critical! Let courage but fail, the line waver and offer an opening, and in would sweep the foe like a whirlwind of steel. But this is the moment for the commanding officer, as he runs his eye along the grim and stern faces, and gives the word that, in a burst of musketry, empties many saddles, and rolls back that array like a broken, bloody wave, to cry, "Be steadfast, immovable!" In regard to matters of doctrine, attacked in our day from strange quarters, so Christ speaks to us now; but He adds as when He first spake these words by the mouth of St Paul, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." Yes! Believers are now and then to be *warriors*; but always to be *workers*.

Indeed, an idle Christian is a contradiction in terms. For is not the Church a body, that has Christ for its Head, and His people for his members? But did God ever make a body which He encumbered with idle members? Never. What part, what member of this frame, moulded of clay, yet so fearfully and wonderfully made, does not work, or was

not made for working? The eye is formed to see; the ear to hear; the tongue to speak; the feet to walk; the hands to grasp; the lungs to breathe; the brain to think; the busy heart—the first to live and the last to die, a clock that needs no winding—is formed to beat and beating, sends its blood through all the throbbing arteries. Let all, or even some of these members cease to work, I die instantly. Let any work irregularly, my health suffers; the whole body, where each member has sympathy with another, suffers. Every member works. And the harbour, with its forest of tall masts, or the city, with the grinding noises, and rolling carriages, and hurry of crowded streets presents no scene of activity so wonderful as that which, covered and concealed by our untransparent skin, is going on within us—innumerable organs all at work—working the livelong day and through the night that stills the hum of streets, and throws the world's machinery out of gear, bringing no pause to them.

Although a member of an Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, or Independent Church, if that member is not a working Christian, he is no member of Christ's Church. Let those who are Christ's, work—do all the good, to all the persons, at all the times, in all the ways they can—abounding in good works. Every day they live, the busier—the shorter the time, the busier—the nearer the grave, the busier; as a stone, descending the hill, rolls with increasing speed, till, taking its last bound, it plunges into the lake, and sinks into its placid bosom.

So may the grave, with its "rest for the weary," close above our heads; and, as heaven opens to receive our spirits to the repose of the just, may the Lord Jesus meet us at the gate, with His "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Believers are called by Christ's example *to be workers*.

It is common to speak, by way of distinction, of the *working classes*. But whatever be their sex, sphere, or talents, all true followers of Jesus are of the *working class*. They were otherwise no followers of Him who is not our Propitiation only, but also our Pattern; who is not our Propitiation unless He is also our Pattern; and whose life, begun in Bethlehem, and closed in Calvary, was spent in "doing good."

Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, true Man as well as God, He drank of our cup—enjoying as much and more than we, the pleasures of friendship, the loveliness of nature, the feast that kindness spread, the happy faces of a marriage scene, seasons of welcome rest amid mountain solitudes, by Galilee's smiling lake, in the sweet society of Bethany. But was it for these He lived? for enjoyment, or for employment? for others, or Himself? Himself! He denied Himself; forgot Himself; barely allowed Himself the rest that nature needed. His heart felt, and His eye wept, and His hand was ready for all human wretchedness. Who so patient with the bad—so gentle to the erring—so tender to the penitent? Who sought His help in vain? What poor beggar unpitied, or poor sinner unpardoned, ever left His presence? What blessings fell from the hands, on what errands of mercy went the sacred feet, they nailed, O Calvary, to thy cruel, accursed tree!

In the charity that covereth a multitude of sins, that hopeth and believeth all things, I can believe much. I believe that God will have mercy on the chief of sinners. I believe there is no sin you or I have done but may be washed out in the fountain where sins are lost and souls are saved. I believe that the vilest creature who pollutes society and degrades humanity, may creep into heaven at the back of the thief and shine with the purity, and mingle his voice with the song of angels. I believe no one is to be despaired of; not even the man who is just going over into the pit. Let him turn to Christ—He saves at the uttermost. But I cannot believe that a God of truth, with reverence be it spoken, will tell a lie—and what but a lie were it to say to a man that had wasted his life in ease, and pleasure, and self-indulgence, "Well done!" How could He, who made it His meat and drink to do His Father's will, who lived and laboured for His Father's glory, who died for the good of men, say to one who comes with his talent in a napkin, "Well done, good and faithful servant—follower of mine, Well done!" Certainly not. None share in Christ's joy but those that, in a sense, have shared in His agony. They enter into His rest who, baptized with the Spirit as well as the blood of

Calvary, have entered into His labours. The wages, no doubt, are of grace; yet no work, no wages! No cross, no crown. Crowns are for living brows, but faith without works is dead.



The Devil's Cradle for Saints

(Continued from April number)

Let no one hope to escape notice among the crowd. Satan has a sharp eye on each of us, and has considered us as carefully as he considered God's servant Job. No physician ever investigates all the symptoms of a patient's case with half the care that Satan has expended in the searching of you and me. He knows us well, our vanity, our pride, our worldliness, our everything, and he will spare no pains to make his knowledge of our weak points ruinously available. Our earthly comforts he will use to ensnare us into *fleshly ease*. How many there are who, as long as they were poor, were in measure active, but since they increased their comforts have gone to sleep in the Devil's Cradle! He will try to use even our spiritual comforts to seduce us. He can make a lullaby song out of the believer's unbounded privileges, and keep chanting to him of his place with Christ already in the heavenlies; while all the time he holds back the view of present duties and awful responsibilities, till the ease-loving heart drops over, lulled to sleep by Satan's siren singing about "Grace! Grace!"

He can use the *love of the brethren* to our ruin. Says old Ignatius to the Romans. "I fear your love, lest it do me an injury." He can use *worldly company* to do it, and this to any saint whomsoever, if only without his guard, that he will venture into. Says Henry Martyn: "I no longer hesitate to ascribe my stupor and formality to its right cause, *unwatchfulness is worldly company*. I thought that any temptation arising from the society of the people of the world, at least such as we have had, was not worthy of notice, but I find I was mistaken." And he can use *solitude* quite as effectually as company. Says Luther: "When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone. The human mind, unless it be occupied with some

employment. leaves space for the Devil, who wriggles himself in and brings with him a whole host of evil thoughts." In truth, he works through *everything*, and works *everywhere*, and works on *every one*.

And if once he gets a soul under his influence, who can tell how far his power may go? The heat of *spiritual love* he cools down rapidly, till from Ephesus, losing its first love, it comes down, down as low as Laodicea, far worse than cold, for it is lukewarm and ready to be spewed out as a loathsome thing. And just in proportion as it loses the fervor of love, so too does it lose the fervor of *true prayer*, which alone can bring it help. The empty form may indeed be carefully retained, for there are many asleep in Satan's arms, who yet would not dare to abate a single unit of their full tale of daily prayers. And as it is with Love and Prayer, so too is it with all the manifestations of spiritual life—the soul passes rapidly down through growing languor towards death. To man's eyes, indeed, the branch may retain some of its green leaves upon it, but it seldom now strikes a blossom, and never, never, bears a grape. As a fruitless branch it is ready to be cut off, if grace prevent not, and to be cast into the fire.

Meanwhile as spiritual joy declines, the love of fleshly ease and worldly comfort increases, for there is nothing else to fill the empty heart. The cross, felt to be a burden, is quietly laid down, and the pilgrim spirit of self denial is completely abandoned. The earthly aims, once rolled into the Sepulchre of Jesus along with the heavy load of a life-time's sins, are now one by one resumed: for the poor heart cannot possibly be empty, and if Jesus do not make it happy, then it will turn to the world to feed its hunger. There is now nothing whatever to distinguish the professor from a decent man of the world, save only his profession; and yet, so far from suspecting his danger, or mourning his declension, he is likely enough to be self-satisfied. He may be much troubled with the sins of his neighbors, but very little anxious about his own. Alas, poor sapless professor! Who shall wake thee? A little longer, and you shall be like unsavored salt, good for nothing in God's house, good for nothing in man's world, cast forth on the highway to be trodden under foot of men.

Beloved reader, this is what Satan aims at with *you* and with *me*, when he tempts us to rest in his sluggard's Cradle. Do you know any reason why he should not accomplish it in our case, as well as in the case of thousands in every past age, and of thousands round about us just now? Let us be aware of our danger; let us realize our helplessness; let us realize the power of the grace of our Divine Helper, and keep ourselves hid in the secret of His presence. God's Cradle is our only true refuge from the danger of lying down in the Devil's Cradle.

Ah, beloved, this is not our time for slumber. We are not children of the night, but children of the day: why then should we sleep? We are Christ's watchmen, with His earnest and oft-repeated call "Watch," still ringing in our ears: why then should we sleep? There is a rest remaining for us—a sweet repose prepared for the warriors of the Cross when our day of battle is over: then why should we think of sleeping *now*? Sleep in the midst of battle! Sleep when he who plots our ruin never sleeps! Sleep when *the whole world is sleeping round us*! Nay, nay, let us rouse each other by our urgent exhortations, and press on to fight the good fight of faith, to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We must never ungird our armor till our LORD COMES, or till death, our heavenly Father's messenger, shall ungird it for us, and, hailing us as more than conquerors, shall bring the wearied soldier his welcome dismissal—HOME!



Ministry

J. R. Caldwell

I fear that in our recoil from a false and human ministry in the things of God, we have fallen into an opposite error, and have to a large extent ignored and undervalued true Scriptural ministry.

The subject very properly divides itself into two heads: the *evangelist's ministry* being essentially towards the world, and the *pastor and teacher's ministry* towards the Church. The work of pastor or shepherd and that of teacher or feeder of the flock are closely connected, and often the qualifications for

both ministries are found in one person. One may have more of the "earnest care" that leads to lowly visitation of the saints, especially the young, the weak, the backsliding; another may have more of the ability to expound the Scriptures publicly, and apply their teachings to daily experience; but whether combined in one person, or found in different individuals, these ministries are nearly allied, and must co-operate in order to efficiency.

The pastor, bishop or overseer, are in Scripture the same. His work is described as "shepherding." That implies both ruling and feeding the flock. The word oftenest used, means principally to feed. The other word implies to rule, not in the sense of "lording it," but in the sense of going before, leading, guiding the sheep. ...

David was taken from the sheepfolds to feed Israel; "So, he fed them according to the integrity of his heart and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands" (Psalm 78:70-72).

When Jacob kept the flocks of Laban, if any were lost, he bore the loss himself, (Gen. 31:39, 40). Neither he nor David were hirelings—they had shepherd hearts. David encountered the lion and the bear for the sake of a lamb; and Jacob would not over-drive them "one day" (Gen. 33:13).

Such was the spirit of the Master. He loved the sheep. He laid down His life for the sheep. He went before the sheep. He encountered the adversaries of the sheep. Blessed pattern in all things!

And if such are the ways of the Good Shepherd, the Great Shepherd, the Chief Shepherd, such ought to be also in measure the ways of those who, as His servants and as put in responsibility by Him, are seeking to be shepherds in His flock.

A man who won't deny himself can never be a shepherd. He has to learn the first lesson in discipleship. A man who takes offence at any thing cannot be a shepherd. The spirit of the shepherd is, "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you the less I be loved" (2 Cor. 12:15). A man who cannot rule his own temper cannot be a shepherd; "not soon angry" is an important qualification. Oh! the shame, the disgrace, of hot

temper and angry words, and manifestations of jealousies at a meeting of those professing to be overseers of the saints! A man who cannot rule his own house, whose wife does not respect him, whose children are not subject to his gentle but firm authority, cannot be a shepherd: "How can he rule the Church of God?" A man who has an ill report amongst the ungodly cannot be a shepherd, "lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil."

Is the standard too high? Do you ask, where are the men with such hearts and such lives? I answer they are few, very few.

But I would ask another question. Are the saints desirous of such? Would they submit to such, and not call it a one-man ministry? Would they esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake? Would those that are taught in the Word, communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things, that is, of their substance?

How often, instead of being prayed for and helped and submitted to, are they watched, and envied, and ridiculed, and subjected to the harassment of a sort of "opposition bench", which recognises no rule, and no good motive in those who seek to guide the saints.

If the saints feel the need, the deep need of God-given pastors and teachers, why is it that they are so seldom prayed for? Has not the Lord of the vineyard these gifts still, and can He not bestow them as of old, if only He be inquired of for them?

As to the ministry of the Word of God, I believe this is a service that is sadly, and fearfully neglected. It is a common belief that the Spirit of God will enable a man to teach and preach without labour. That a man will just get from God, "on the spur of the moment," something to say! Hence the responsibility of ministering the Word of God is cast aside, and any one who can readily talk, though only as a parrot and who delights to hear his own voice, occupies precious time with that which neither comforts, nor edifies, nor sanctifies, but is a positive infliction.

Edifying ministry will never be found apart from humble, diligent, prayerful, searching of the Scriptures. A man who

desires to excel to the edifying of the Church must make it his business—must be prepared to be counted ignorant, it may be, as to the world's learning; but give his whole energy, mind and heart to understand and to communicate simply, clearly, practically to the understandings of the saints the mind of God.

In connection with this subject there is a passage of Scripture on my mind of late which I commend to you. Daniel 12:3 "They that be wise (or rather literally, 'they that make wise,' or as in the margin, 'they that teach') shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Here are the two departments of the ministry, as we noticed at the beginning. Those who minister wisdom to the saints, and those who minister righteousness to the ungodly.

What a promise to encourage the weary labourer! When knowledge is increased, and love waxes cold, and many run to and fro in restless feverish hurry—blessed is he who calmly but resolutely sets himself to serve the Lord. He shall in no wise lose his reward. —(From *The Barley Cake*).

(Note, appended to above article by Donald Ross: "There are three kinds of ministers. (1) Man-made ministers: they are found among the sects. (2) God-made ministers—these profit. (3) Self-made ministers: they are found principally among those termed "Brethren"—they are the most intolerable of all.")



Love

J. N. Darby

LOVE IS OF GOD

When love leads us, men are indeed those *for* whom we give ourselves; but God, He *to* whom we offer ourselves. (Eph. 5:2).

It is a serious though a most happy thing to undertake service. The mere fact of an inclination does not shew that we are called to it. I believe the surest sign is earnest love to souls and communion with Christ about it. It is not the desire to speak, but for souls and the building up of saints which is the real moving spring of service.

“He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.” I beseech you earnestly to maintain this spirit of love which is the presence of God. Walk then in love, and you will walk in power, and in the glory of God.

Love enables a man to meet all trials. Should one spit in his face, this makes no difference: for love abides: it never draws its strength from circumstances, but rides above all circumstances.

“Love to all the saints” is an element of the blessing spoken of by the apostle; because they are in Christ’s heart, and if not in ours, *He* has not His place, and self has so far excluded Him.

Love does not grow weary of serving, though service may be often in trial, indeed, always in the general run of it, is “Therefore I endude all things for the elect’s sake.”



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

The First Book in Aniwān

Dr. John G. Paton of the New Hebrides

The printing of my first Aniwān book was a great event, not so much for the toil and worry which it cost me, though that was enough to have broken the heart of many a compositor, as rather for the joy it gave to the old Chief Namakei. He had eagerly helped me in translating and preparing this first book, and he had a great desire “to hear it speak,” as he graphically expressed it. It was made up chiefly of short passages from the Scriptures, that might help me to introduce them to the treasures of Divine truth and love. Namakei came to me, morning after morning, “Missi, is it done? Can it speak?”

At last I was able to answer, “Yes!”

The old chief eagerly responded, “Does it speak my words?”

I said, “It does.”

With rising interest, Namakei exclaimed, “Make it speak to me, Missi! Let me hear it speak.”

I read to him a part of the book, and the old man fairly shouted in an ecstasy of joy, “It does speak! It speaks my own language, too! Oh, give it to me!”

He grasped it hurriedly, turned it all around every way, pressed it to his bosom, and then, closing it with a look of great disappointment, handed it back to me, saying, "Missi, I cannot make it speak! It will never speak to me."

"No," said I; "you don't know how to read it yet, how to make it speak to you; but I will teach you to read, and then it will speak to you as it does to me."

"O Missi, show me how to make it speak!" persisted the bewildered chief. He was straining his eyes so, that I suspected they were dim with age, and could not see the letters. I looked out for him a pair of spectacles, and managed to fit him well. He was much afraid of putting them on at first, manifestly in dread of some sort of sorcery. At last, when they were properly placed, he saw the letters and everything so clearly that he exclaimed in great excitement and joy.

"I see it all now! This is what you told us about Jesus. He opened the eyes of the blind man. The word of Jesus has just come to Aniwa. He has sent me these glass eyes. I have gotten back again the sight that I had when a boy. O Missi, make the book speak to me now!"

I walked out with him to the public village ground. There I drew A B C in large characters upon the dust, showed him the same letters in the book, and left him to compare them, and find out how many occurred on the first page. Fixing these in his mind, he came running to me, and said, "I have lifted up A B C. They are here in my head, and I will hold them fast. Give me other three."

This was repeated time after time. He mastered the whole Alphabet, and soon began to spell out the smaller words. Indeed, he came so often, getting me to read it over and over, that before he himself could read it freely he had it word for word committed to memory. When strangers passed him, or young people came around, he would get out the little book, and say, "Come, and I will let you hear how the book speaks our own Aniwan words. You say it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong to try! If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you."

One day I heard him read to a company with wonderful fluency. Taking the book, I asked him to show me how he

had learned to read so quickly. Immediately I perceived that he could recite the whole from memory! He became our right-hand helper in the conversion of Aniwa.



“Hidden Treasure”

A poor French shepherd, who had bought an old Bible, discovered one day that several of its leaves were pasted together. Separating them he found a bank bill for five hundred francs (worth at that time, \$95), accompanied by this will and testament: “I gathered together this money with very great difficulty, and having none as my natural heirs except those who already need nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir.”

In every copy of God’s Word there are treasures richer than those that were found by the shepherd. Is it not a perpetual marvel that men are not searching for them day and night? Just as successive generations, in ignorance of their rich resources, till the ground in the soil of which lie valuable deposits of silver and gold, so men toil and weep and pass away, ignorant of the riches within God’s revelation — better than thousands of gold and silver”.

“Search the Scriptures . . . they testify of Me” said the Lord Jesus. “The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus”. Thus and then shalt thou be able to say in the words of the old couplet:

Holy Bible, Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!



It is of the utmost importance to see that what really stamps man’s character and condition is his ignorance or knowledge of God.



The great question is not so much what the enemy may think of God’s people, or what they may think about themselves, or what they may think of one another. The real—the all-important question is, What does God think about them?

Beyond the Gate - What Is There?

Late one stormy evening an old doctor was summoned to see a man who had been attacked with sudden illness on the cars, and had stopped at a little inn near the railway station, about three miles from the village. The patient proved to be Squire Joyce, from the neighbouring county, whom the doctor slightly knew. He examined him carefully, and gave him medicine. Then he rose to go, smiling cheerfully down at the anxious face of the sufferer.

"You will, I think, find yourself better in the morning; able, I hope, to go on your journey," he said.

"Yes. Stay a minute, doctor. I want you to be honest with me. I have had seizures like this before. Shall I have them again?"

"It is probable."

"I want the truth—all of it."

"Yes, they will return."

"I may die in one of them—tomorrow?"

"Yes. Or it may be, not for years. It is uncertain. Do not waste your life in anticipating them. We all must go through the same gate some day."

"The gate—yes! But beyond the gate—what is there?" His eyes were on the doctor's face, full of doubt, almost of pain.

The two men were silent a moment.

"What is there?" Joyce repeated harshly. "You are a member of a church—a Christian. I have no religious belief. Tell me, for the love of God, what is there beyond? If I may go tomorrow, what shall I find?"

"I do not know."

Joyce did not speak for a while, and then gave a forced laugh.

"I need your help more for this than for my disease. I'd rather talk to you than to a clergyman. You are a shrewd man of the world, and a good man. Sometimes I am greatly depressed, thinking of this darkness into which I am going. For thousands of years men have gone out into it, leaving their loved ones behind, and not one has sent back a word to say how it fares with him—not one."

In the silence that followed the rain beat against the windows. There came a slight whimpering cry from without.

"You are an old man, doctor," said Joyce, turning quickly on him. "You are not far from the gate yourself. Are you not afraid of what may be beyond?"

"No," said the old man; "no, I'm not afraid. May I ask you to look here?"

He rose and opened the door. Outside, in the dark hall, lay a little fox-terrier, drenched with rain. He was crouched on the floor, his eyes fixed on the closed door.

"This is my dog, a bright affectionate little fellow. He followed me through the storm, knowing that I was in this closed chamber. He never was here before. He did not know what was in the room. He did not care to know. I was in it, his master whom he loves, and who has cared for him. He was not afraid."

Joyce looked at the doctor keenly a moment before he spoke.

"You mean—"

"I mean that I am like my poor little terrier. I am not afraid of the dark room to which I am going. I do not ask to know what is there. I believe that my Lord and Master is there. In all these later years of my life I have felt that He has cared for me. My confidence has been such that I have been assured that in my hours of trial He has never failed me here. I sincerely believe He will not fail me yonder."

"But I—I do not know Him."

"He knows you. I think I am authorised by the declarations of the Bible to say that His hand is stretched out to you. I think, too, that I can reverently ask you to take it. You must accept Him as your Saviour, Guide, and Teacher. That done in sincerity, you will not fear the gate, nor all that lies beyond it." Anonymous.



God delights in those who appreciate and enjoy the provision of His love—those who find their joy in Himself.



The prodigal was just as much a sinner, and as positively away from the Father, when he had crossed the threshold, as when he was feeding the swine in the far country.

The Conversion of John Jasper
THE CELEBRATED NEGRO PREACHER
OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

William E. Hatcher, LL. D.

John Jasper, the negro preacher of Richmond, Virginia, stands pre-eminent among the preachers of the negro race in the South. He was for fifty years a slave, and at the time of his conversion he was illiterate and working in a tobacco factory in Richmond. From the first Jasper's religious experiences showed forth the Lord Jesus as their source and centre. His thoughts went to the Cross. His hope was founded on the sacrificial blood of Christ, and his rhapsodic demonstrations ever sounded a distinct note in honor of his Redeemer.

Jasper's conviction as to his call to the ministry was clear-cut and intense. His boast and glory was that he was a God-made preacher, that God had put him into the ministry: and so reverential, so full of noble assertion and so irresistibly eloquent was he in setting forth his ministerial authority that even his most sceptical critics were constrained to admit that, like John the Baptist, he was "a man sent from God."

And yet Jasper knew the human side of his call. He gratefully recognized the human influences which helped him to enter the ministry. While preaching one Sunday afternoon Jasper suddenly stopped, his face lighted as with a vision, a rich laugh rippled from his lips while his eyes flashed with soulful fire. He then said, in a manner never to be repeated: "Marser Sam Hargrove called me to preach de Gospel—He was my old master, and he started me out wid my message." Instantly the audience quivered with quickened attention, for they knew at once that the man in the pulpit had something great to tell.

"I was seekin' God six long weeks—jes' 'cause I was sich a fool I couldn't see de way. De Lord struck me fus' on Cap'tal Squar' and I left thar badly crippled. One July morning somethin' happened. I was a tobaker-stemmer—dat is, I took de tobaker leaf, and tore de stem out, and dey won't no one in dat factry could beat me at dat work. But dat mornin' de stems wouldn't come out to save me, and I tore up tobaker by de poun' and flung it under de table. Fac' is, bruthren, de darkness of death was in my soul dat mornin'.

My sins was piled on me like mountains; my feet was sinkin' down to de regions of despair, and I felt dat of all sinners I was de wust. I thought I would die right den, and with what I suppose was my last breath, I flung up to heaven a cry for mercy. 'Fore I kno'd it, de light broke; I was light as a feather; my feet was on de mountain; salvation rolled like a flood through my soul, and I felt as if I could knock off de factory roof wid my shouts.

"But I sez to myself, I gwine to hold still till dinner, and so I cried, and luffed and tore up de tobaker. Presently, I looked up de table, and dar was an old man—he love me, and tried hard to lead me out of de darkness, and I slip round to whar he was, and I sez in his ear as low as I could: 'Hallelujah; my soul is redeemed!' Den I jump back quick to my work, but after I once open my mouf it was hard to keep it shet any mo'. 'Twan' long 'fore I look up de line again, and dar was a good ol' woman dar dat knew all my sorrers, and had been prayin' for me all de time. Dar was no use er talkin'; I had to tell her, and so I skip along up quiet as a breeze, and started to whisper in her ear, but just den de holding-back straps broke and what I thought would be a whisper was loud enough to be heard clean across Jeems River to Manchester. One man said he thought de factory was fallin' down; all I knowd I had made my fust shout to de glory of my Redeemer.

"But for one thing, there would have been a jinral revival in de factory dat mornin'. Dat one thing was de overseer. He bulged into de room, and wid a voice dat sounded like he had his breakfast dat mornin' on rasps and files, bellowed out: 'What's all dis row 'bout?' Somebody shouted out dat John Jasper dun got religion, but dat didn't work 'tall wid de boss. He tell me to get back to my table, an' as he had sumpthin' in his hand dat looked ugly, it was no time for makin' fine points, so I said: 'Yes, sir, I will; I ain't meant no harm; de fust taste of salvation git de better un me, but I'll get back to my work'. And I tell you I got back quick.

"Bout dat time Mars Sam he came out'n his orfis an' he say: 'What's de matter out here?' An' I hear de overseer tellin' him: 'John Jasper kick up a fuss, an' say he dun got religion, but I dun fix him, an' he got back to his table'. De devil tol' me to hate de overseer dat mornin', but de love of

God was rollin' through my soul, an' somehow I didn't mind what he said.

"Little after I hear Mars Sam tell de overseer he want to see Jasper. Mars Sam was a good man; he was a Baptist, and one of de head men of de old Fust Church down here, an' I was glad when I hear Mars Sam say he want to see me. When I git in his orfis, he say: 'John, what was de matter out dar jes now?'—and his voice was soft like, and it seemed to have a little song in it which played into my soul like an angel's harp. I sez to him: 'Mars Sam, ever since de fourth of July I ben cryin' after de Lord, six long weeks, and jes now out dar at de table God took my sins away, an' set my feet on a rock. I didn't mean to make no noise, Mars Sam, but 'fore I know'd it de fire broke out in my soul, an' I jes let go one shout to de glory of my Saviour.'"

"Mars Sam was settin' wid his eyes a little down to de flo', an' wid a pretty quiver in his voice he say very slow: 'John I believe dat way myself. I love de Saviour dat you have jes' foun', an' I want to tell you dat I do'n complain 'cause you made de noise jes' now as you did'. Den Mars Sam did er thing dat nearly made me drop to de flo'. He git out of his chair, an' walk over to me and give me his han', and he say: 'John, I wish you mighty well. Your Saviour is mine, an' we are brothers in de Lord.' When he say dat, I turn 'round an' put my arm agin de wall, an' held my mouf to keep from shoutin'. Mars Sam well know de good he dun me.

"After awhile he say: 'John, did you tell any of them in thar 'bout your conversion?' And I say. 'Yes, Mars Sam, I tell 'em 'fore I know'd it, an' I feel like tellin' eberbody in de worl' about it.' Den he say, 'John, you may tell it. Go back in dar an' go up and down de tables, an' tell all of 'em. An' den if you want to, go up-stairs an' tell 'em all 'bout it, an' den down-stairs an' tell de hogshead men an' de drivers an' everybody what de Lord has done for you.'

"By dis time Mars Sam's face was rainin' tears, an' he say: 'John, you needn' work no mo' today. I give you holid-ay. Atfer you get through tellin' it here at de factry, go up to de house, an' tell your folks; go roun' to your neighbors, an' tell dem; go anywhere you want to, and tell de good news.

It'll do you good, do dem good, an' help to honor your Lord an' Saviour.'

"Oh, dat happy day! Can I ever forget it? Dat was my conversion mornin', an' dat day de Lord sent me out wid de good news of de kingdom. For mo' den forty years I've ben tellin' de story. My step is gettin' ruther slow, my voice breaks down, an' sometimes I am awful tired, but still I'm tellin' it. My lips shall proclaim de dying love of de Lamb wid my last expirin' breath.

"An' my dear ol' marster He sleeps out yonder in de ol' cemetery, an' in dis worl' I shall see his face no mo', but I don't forgit him. He give me a holiday, an' sent me out to tell my friends what great things God had done for my soul. Of'n as I preach I feel that I'm doin' what my old marster tol' me to do. If he was here now I think he would lift up dem kind black eyes of his and say: 'Dat's right, John; still tellin' it; fly like de angel, an' wherever you go carry de Gospel to de people.' Farewell, my old marster; when I land in de heavenly city, I'll call at your mansion dat de Lord had ready for you when you got dar, an' I shall say. Mars Sam, I did what you tol' me, an' many of dem is comin' up here wid da' robes washed in de blood of de Lamb dat was led into de way by my preachin' an' as you started me I want you to share in de glory of der salvation.' And I tell you what I reckon, dat when Mars Sam sees me, he'll say: 'John, call me marster no mo'; we're brothers now, an' we'll live forever roun' de throne of God.' "

This is Jasper's story, largely in his own broken words. When he told it it swept over the great crowd like a celestial gale. The people seemed fascinated and transfigured. His homely way of presenting the Gospel came home to them. Let me add that his allusions to his old master were in keeping with Jasper's kindly and conciliating tone in all that he had to say about the white people after the emancipation of the slaves. He loved the white people, and among them his friends and lovers were counted by the thousands.

—(Life of John Jasper: Fleming Revell)



The man of faith is not exempt from the assaults of the enemy; and it frequently happens that immediately after a victory, one has to encounter a fresh temptation.

"Tell ye your children of it"

The Little Boy's Question

A man who was in anxiety about his soul's eternal salvation came home one day from his work and lifted his little boy upon his knee. The child took his father's watch from his pocket and, holding it to his ear, he said, "It says 'Tick, tick, tick' papa. How many 'ticks' does it say in a day, papa?"

"Oh, I don't know, my child."

"How many 'ticks' have I lived, papa?"

"A lot, ever so many."

"How many have you lived?"

"Oh, don't bother me—thousands."

"How many more 'ticks' will you live, papa?"

The question went home to his heart as a message from God. He ate his supper in silence, and then tried to read the newspaper. The child was put to bed. His wife went out and he was left alone.

All was silent—except the clock. "Tick, tick, tick. How many more ticks will you live?" it seemed to say.

"Bother the thing," said he. But it went on with its "tick, tick, tick." At last he arose and stopped the clock. Ashamed of his weakness, he went out, but under the guidance of God, he found himself near a hall where the gospel was being preached. He thought he would go in. As he entered the preacher gave out the hymn:

Swift the moments fly away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Next the weeks, the month, the year,
Steal away and disappear.

That night he trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ and he was saved. "Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation".



The Potentialities in a Child

It is said of the German schoolmaster, John Trebonius, the instructor of Martin Luther, that he always in the class room appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "Who can tell" said he, "what may yet rise up amid these youths? There may be among them those who shall be learned doctors, sage legislators, nay, princes of the empire." Even then there was among them him that later was the "solitary monk that shook the world."

The Cruise of the Cachalot*Frank T. Bullen*

OUTWARD BOUND

At the age of eighteen, after a sea-experience of six years from the time when I dodged about London streets, a ragged Arab, with wits sharpened by the constant fight for food, I found myself roaming the streets of New Bedford, Massachusetts. How I came to be there, of all places in the world, does not concern this story at all, so I am not going to trouble my readers with it; enough to say that I was there, and mighty anxious to get away. Sailor Jack is always hankering for shore when he is at sea, but when he is "outward bound"—that is, when his money is all gone—he is like a cat in the rain there.

So as my money was all gone, I was hungry for a ship; and when a long, keen-looking man with a goat-like beard, and mouth stained with dry tobacco-juice, hailed me one afternoon at the street corner, I answered very promptly, scenting a berth. "Lookin' fer a ship, stranger?" said he. "Yes; do you want a hand?" said I, anxiously. He made a funny little sound something like a pony's whinny, then answered, "Wall, I should surmise that I want between fifty and sixty hands, ef yew kin lay me onto 'em; but, kem along, every dleep's a drop, an' yew seem likely enough." With that he turned and led the way until we reached a building, around which was gathered one of the most nondescript crowds I had ever seen. There certainly did not appear to be a sailor among them. Not so much by their rig, though that is not a great deal to go by, but by their actions and speech. One thing they all had in common, tobacco chewing; but as nearly every male I met with in America did that, it was not much to be noticed. I had hardly done reckoning them up when two or three bustling men came out and shepherded us all energetically into a long, low room, where some form of agreement was read out to us. Sailors are naturally and usually careless about the nature of the "articles" they sign, their chief anxiety being to get to sea, and under somebody's charge. But had I been ever so anxious to know what I was going to sign this time, I could not, for the language might as well have been Chinese for all I understood of it. However, I signed and passed on, engaged to go I knew not where, in

some ship I did not know even the name of, in which I was to receive I did not know how much, or how little, for my labour, nor how long I was going to be away. "What a young fool!" I hear somebody say. I quite agree, but there were a good many more in that ship, as in most ships that I have ever sailed in.

From the time we signed the articles, we were never left to ourselves. Truculent-looking men accompanied us to our several boarding-houses, paid our debts for us, finally bringing us by boat to a ship lying out in the bay. As we passed under her stern, I read the name "Cachalot," of New Bedford; but as soon as we ranged alongside, I realized that I was booked for the sailor's horror—a cruise in a whaler. Badly as I wanted to get to sea, I had not bargained for this, and would have run some risks to get ashore again; but they took no chances, so we were all soon aboard. Before going forward, I took a comprehensive glance around, and saw that I was on board of a vessel belonging to a type which has almost disappeared off the face of the waters. A more perfect contrast to the trim-built English clipper-ships that I had been accustomed to I could hardly imagine. She was one of a class characterized by sailors as "built by the mile, and cut off in lengths as you want 'em," bow and stern almost alike, masts standing straight as broomsticks, and bowsprit soaring upwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. She was as old-fashioned in her rig as in her hull; but I must not go into the technical differences between rigs, for fear of making myself tedious. Right in the centre of the deck, occupying a space of about ten feet by eight, was a square erection of brickwork, upon which my wondering gaze rested longest, for I had not the slightest idea what it could be. But I was rudely roused from my meditations by the harsh voice of one of the officers, who shouted, "Naow then, git below an' stow yer dunnage, 'n look lively up agin." I took the broad hint, and shouldering my traps, hurried forward to the fo'lk'sle, which was below deck. Tumbling down the steep ladder, I entered the gloomy den which was to be for so long my home, finding it fairly packed with my shipmates. A motley crowd they were. I had been used in English ships to considerable variety of nationality; but here were gathered, not only the representatives of five or six nations, but 'long-shoremen of

all kinds, half of whom had hardly set eyes on a ship before! The whole space was undivided by partition, but I saw at once that black men and white had separated themselves, the blacks taking the port side and the whites the starboard. Finding a vacant bunk by the dim glimmer of the ancient teapot lamp that hung amidships, giving out as much smoke as light, I hurriedly shifted my coat for a "jumper" or blouse, put on an old cap, and climbed into the fresh air again. For a double reason, even my seasoned head was feeling bad with the villainous reek of the place, and I did not want any of those hard-featured officers on deck to have any cause to complain of my "hanging back." On board ship, especially American ships, the first requisite for a sailor who wants to be treated properly is to "show willing," any suspicion of slackness being noted immediately, and the backward one marked accordingly. I had hardly reached the deck when I was confronted by a negro, the biggest I ever saw in my life. He looked me up and down for a moment, then opening his ebony features, in a wide smile, he said, "Great snakes! why, here's a sailor man for sure! Guess that's so, ain't it, Johnny?" I said "Yes" very curtly, for I hardly liked his patronizing air; but he snapped me up short with "Yes, sir, when yew speak to me, yew blank limejuicer. I'se de fourf mate ob dis yar ship, en my name's Mistah Jones, 'n yew jest freeze on to dat ar, ef yew want ter lib long 'n' die happy. See, sonny." I saw, and answered promptly, "I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't know." Ob cawse yew didn't know; dat's all right, little Britisher; naow jest skip aloft 'n' loose dat fore-taupsl." "Aye, aye, sir," I answered cheerily, springing at once into the fore-rigging and up the ratlines like a monkey, but not too fast to hear him chuckle, "Dat's a smart kiddy, I bet." I had the big sail loose in double quick time, and sung out "All gone, the fore-taupsl," before any of the other sails were adrift. "Loose the to-gantsle and stayles" came up from below in a voice like thunder, and I bounded up higher to my task. On deck I could see a crowd at the windlass heaving up anchor. I said to myself, "They don't waste any time getting this packet away." Evidently they were not anxious to test any of the crew's swimming powers. They were wise, for had she remained at anchor that night I verily believe some of the poor wretches would have tried to escape.

The anchor came aweigh, the sails were sheeted home, and I returned on deck to find the ship gathering way for the heads, fairly started on her long voyage.

What a bear-garden the deck was, to be sure! The black portion of the crew—Portuguese natives from the Western and Canary Islands—were doing their work all right in a clumsy fashion; but the farmers, and bakers, and draymen were being driven about mercilessly amid a perfect hurricane of profanity and blows. And right here I must say that, accustomed as I had always been to bad language all my life, what I now heard was a revelation to me. I would not, if I could, attempt to give a sample of it, but it must be understood that it was incessant throughout the voyage. No order could be given without it, under the impression, apparently, that the more curses the more speed.

Before nightfall we were fairly out to sea, and the ceremony of dividing the crew into watches was gone through. I found myself in the chief mate's or "port" watch (they called it "larboard," a term I had never heard used before, it having long been obsolete in merchant ships), though the huge negro fourth mate seemed none too well pleased that I was not under his command, his being the starboard watch under the second mate.

As night fell, the condition of the "greenies," or non-sailor portion of the crew, was pitiable. Helpless from sea-sickness, not knowing where to go or what to do, bullied relentlessly by the ruthless petty officers—well, I never felt so sorry for a lot of men in my life. Glad enough I was to get below into the fo'lk'sle for supper, and a brief rest and respite from that cruelty on deck. A bit of salt junk and a piece of bread, i.e., biscuit, flinty as a pantile, with a pot of something sweetened with "longlick" (molasses), made an apology for a meal, and I turned in. In a very few minutes oblivion came, making me as happy as any man can be in this world.



Balak would fain have Israel cursed; but blessed be God, He will not suffer any one to curse His people. He may have to deal with them Himself, in secret, about many things; but He will not suffer another to move his tongue against them. He may have to expose them to themselves; but He will not allow a stranger to expose them.

Satan

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their
fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
to let the Dragon through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a
fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the
world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that
palsies heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year with
ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was? Won't
somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and
digs the pits for his feet?
What enemy sows the tares in the field
wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course
the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil
alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roar-
ing lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the
everlasting row,
That is heard in home, in church and state,
to earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is no-
where to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day
spring up—for surely we want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of
course the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who
carries his business on.

Anonymous.

Conferences

AKRON, OHIO. The annual Conference will be held (D.V.) on May 31, June 1 and 2 in the W. B. A. Hall, 507 West Market Street, preceded by a prayer meeting on May 30, at 7:45 p. m. in the Gospel Hall, 397 Locust Street. Joseph Bercau, 928 Buson Ave., Akron Ohio.

BAY CITY, MICH. The Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) May 25th and 26th preceded by a Prayer Meeting, Friday evening 24th: all meetings to be held in the Masonic Temple, corner of Madison Ave. and Sixth St. William N. Mowat, 1610 Sixth St., Bay City, Mich.

CALGARY, ALBERTA. Three days Special Services for Christians (D.V.) May 24th — 26th, preceded by a Prayer Meeting on Thursday May 23rd at the Calgary Gospel Hall, 106—6th Ave., E. Meetings to be held at Penlup's Academy, 620—8th Ave. E., Calgary.

—Correspondent, J. E. Reid, 218—13th Ave., E., Calgary.

DETROIT, MICH. Annual Sunday School Teacher's Convention will (D.V.) be held in Central Gospel Hall, Grand River and Harrison Avenues, Saturday, May 18. Meetings at 2:30 and 7:00 p. m. A hearty invitation to the Lord's people. Address communications to C. A. Popplestone, 4078 Beniteau Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. The annual S. S. Teacher's Convention, conducted by the McNab St. and Kensington Ave. Assemblies, will be held D. V. on Friday, May 24th, in the Philpott Tabernacle Bldg., Corner of Park and Merrick Sts. Meetings will be at 2 and 6:30 p. m. Lunch will be served at noon for those coming from a distance. Kindly advise us as to the number we may expect for noon lunch. No circulars will be issued. All S. S. Teachers and others interested in the work among the young, are heartily invited. Address communications to "Convention" 29 Stirton St., Hamilton, Ont.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. "We have had requests for a week's Bible Camp Conference where Christians can come together and spend all or part of their vacation and have Christian fellowship, help, rest and recreation.

The North East Gospel Hall Christians are to sponser such a camp at Lake Independence, 25 miles west of Minneapolis, a place removed from any commercial resorts. Date—from July 20 to 27.

For information on rates write to: Jay Walden, 4126 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn."

PAWTUCKET, R. I. The Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) in the Gospel Hall, Lonsdale Avenue, one block north of Weeden St. Prayer meeting Friday night May 24, meetings all day Saturday and Sunday, May 25 and 26. Communications to: John Moore, 15 Livingstone St., Lonsdale, R. I.

PUGWASH JUNCTION, NOVA SCOTIA. The Annual Mid-Summer Conference will be held (God willing) here commencing with Prayer Meeting Friday June 28th, at 7:30 p. m. and continuing Saturday, Lord's day and Monday. (June 29, 30, and July 1st). No circulars will be issued. Address communications to Ansley Goodwin, Pugwash Junction, Nova Scotia. Will the Lord's people please pray for these meetings.



FRAMINGHAM, MASS. The Semi-Annual New England Sunday School Conference held at Framingham, April 7th, was well attended and was most interesting and profitable.

HARTFORD, CONN. The Italian Conference was very good. Nearly 200 broke bread, and about 300 were present at some of the meetings.

VANCOUVER, B. C. The Conference held in Seymour Gospel Hall at Easter was well attended, ministry good. Six of the Lord's Servants present amongst whom our dear aged brother W. J. McClure who though very feeble in body, spoke to the hearts of God's people. —C. G. McClean.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT. "You will be pleased to hear of blessing in the Gospel here in **Waterville**. We have had Mr. Roberts of Toronto with us for eight weeks, and God has come in and blessed to the salvation of souls" —W. Batterton.

Mr. Cesare Patrizio is now in **Waterbury** ministering the Word in the Italian Hall. He has also visited the Italian assemblies in **Worcester** and **Methuen, Mass.**

MASSACHUSETTS. Mr. Frank Pizzulli is continuing the work among the Italians in **East Boston**, where he finds the Young Christians growing quite rapidly in the things of God. They are cheered by seeing God's power of the Gospel unto the salvation of souls.

MICHIGAN. The special evangelistic services conducted by Messrs. Sam and Hugh McEwen in **Central Hall, Detroit** were throughout the series largely attended and richly blessed. The ministry of these brethren to Christians was also heart-searching and edifying, tending to a closer walk and fellowship with our beloved Lord.

MISSOURI. Leonard Sheldrake and Will Pell have been having special gospel meetings in Troost Avenue Gospel Hall in **Kansas City**, and the Christians are looking to the Lord for blessing. Special meetings are also held for the children and for the deaf-mutes, many of whom have been reached with the gospel through the efforts of the Kansas City brethren.

NORTH CAROLINA. "Brother Wm. McBride from Manchester Conn., is with us at present. We have been having meetings together here (**Hickory N. C.**) and are in our fifth week. Attendance and interest have been very disheartening. However we are thankful that a few strangers have come in, also a number of children, and we have sought to present the gospel to both. Tent season is almost upon us. We expect (D.V.) to start in Granite Falls where we worked last summer and closed with a good interest. A number there are anxious for us to go back again." —O. L. MacLeod, Box 431, Hickory, N. C.

WEST VIRGINIA. Messrs. W. C. Bousfield and A. T. Stewart have begun special meetings in a new locality and shall value prayer. They visit from house to house and also have access to the large jail on Sunday afternoons.

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA. Mr. Geo. B. Morgan visited the assemblies at **Nanaimo, Albernie, Courtenay, and Powell River** the Lord blessing the Word to His people and to the salvation of souls.

Mr. James Waugh remained for meetings in **Vancouver** after the Conference.

NOVA SCOTIA. Brethren J. McCracken and A. Ramsey began their ninth week of meetings in **River Herbert East** with continued interest and conversions. At **Debert**, where there is a little assembly,

like to sign a contract with me for a year at the present rate of exchange? You will not need to bother with fluctuations in the price, and as it will be the same all the year through it will simplify the question of remittances for you.' I thought his suggestion a good one, accepted his advice and signed a year's contract at the current rate of buying for the rupee. Well, do you know, from that day the price of the rupee went down and down, and never once did it in the whole year return to the figure that I bargained for, so that in each transaction I lost by having to keep my contract at the high price. The year rolled by, however, and then the broker said 'Mr. Caldwell, how about renewing the contract?' and I said 'Never again; that one experience in gambling is enough,' and I declined to have anything more to do with such bargaining; but again, strange to say, the price of the rupee went up and up, and I had to pay the higher figure because I had not signed the contract. But that was my first and only experience of 'taking a chance,' in business dealings."

A playful kitten attracted our attention just then by its gambols, and Mr. Caldwell introduced it to us as "Mercurius." This peculiar name for a kitten aroused our curiosity, for we knew it belonged to a homeopathic remedy, and to our query he told us the origin of its application to the kitten. It seems that when the little pet came into the family it proved a great attraction as a playmate to the children, but it soon outgrew its welcome because of an unfortunate ailment that made it a perfect nuisance. A family council was held and it was decided that the kitten must die, but at this juncture one of the children pleaded "Oh, papa, why don't you give it a remedy?" Mr. Caldwell said he had never thought of such a thing, but as a result of the suggestion he looked up the kitten's symptoms in the *Materia Medica*, with the result that he decided to give the little sufferer Mercurius. It proved to be the indicated remedy, a cure resulted, the death sentence was revoked, and the kitten now named Mercurius, lived to provide pleasure to the children once more as their playmate.

While we were discussing these various interesting matters, Mrs. Caldwell had been busy getting ready a "tea" for the visitors, and soon we were seated in the dining room around a large table, in the centre of which was a pyramid of "London buns" a delicacy to the Scotch boys as tempting as any of Pharaoh's bake-meats. But while eyeing these viands appreciatively, the young men were brought back to reality by Mrs. Caldwell's announcement, "Now boys, you must work your way up to the cookies," meaning in other words that there should be first a good sub-stratum of bread and butter before the buns would be tackled, and good healthy appetites soon made great inroads into both.

At last came the more serious business of the day—the distribution of gospel tracts and the open-air meeting. These over we took train for the City carrying with us sweet memories of a P. S. A. which was the slogan at that time of the Railroads and Steamboat companies signifying a Pleasant Saturday Afternoon. —H. A. Cameron

Addresses

The address of the Gospel Hall formerly 541 Central Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is now 810 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Correspondent: Thomas Wylie, 191 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conferences

CLEVELAND, OHIO. The Addison Road and W. 85th Madison Assemblies will (D.V.) have their Conference, Aug. 31st, Sept. 1 & 2. Prayer meeting Fri. evening Aug. 30th. Meetings morning, afternoon and evening. Breaking of Bread Lord's Day 10:00 A. M. II Thess. 2:15 "Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." Jude 3 "Beloved, it was needful to write unto you and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith." Rev. 3:11 "Behold I come quickly, hold that fast which thou hast that no man take thy crown." A hearty welcome to the Lord's people. For conference information please communicate with J. H. Smith, 3366 Meadowbrook Blvd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT. Frank Pizzulli had a two weeks' series in the Italian hall in Danbury, and now purposes going to New Rochelle, N. J. Later, brother Carboni and he hope to operate the tent again in East Boston, Mass. He desires prayer for the saints and for these several efforts among those of that nation.

DELAWARE. Mr. Edward Richmond (P. O. Box 62, Dover, Delaware) began gospel work on April 19th in a rented store in Dover, the capital of the State, and has been cheered by tokens of interest and blessing. He desires prayer for this pioneer effort.

FLORIDA. Robert T. Halliday has been cheered by large audiences listening to the Gospel in Key West, and by seeing some turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God. Nine believers were baptized in the ocean. He will keep on as long as interest continues and hopes later to go to Georgia for tent work.

MICHIGAN. Bible Coach Work. "We would value prayer for the purposed season with the Bible Coach—this will be our 22nd. (D.V.) and we are hoping to visit parts of Northern Wisconsin and Northern Michigan. We trust we shall have His blessing as in the past, in greater measure, and His definite guidance."

—William Ferguson,

NORTH CAROLINA. Lester Wilson reports the beginning of a second summer tent campaign in Greensboro, finding those who professed last summer going on well, and an increasing interest in the gospel. His present address is 413 North Edgeworth St., Greensboro, N. C.

OHIO. "Brother Douglas is home in Cleveland at present. He passed his 80th milestone on May 2nd and still preaches the gospel with energy. It cheered him that a number of the Christians sent greetings. Thank God that a few of such men are left."

—John H. Smith.

Mr. W. G. Foster is holding cottage meetings in Mansfield and seeking to help the little assembly.

WEST VIRGINIA. As the result of a month's special meetings conducted by A. T. Stewart and W. C. Bousfield in Huntington some professed faith in Christ. There was also a good deal of house to house visiting with the gospel.

Assembly Annals

Old Series
Vol. XIV—No. 6

June, 1940

New Series
Vol. VII—No. 6

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

Our Lord Jesus Christ did good, and lent, hoping for nothing again. He gave, and His left hand did not know what His right hand was doing. Never, in one single instance, as I believe, did He claim either the person or the service of those whom He restored and delivered. He never made the deliverance He wrought a title to service. Jesus loved and healed and saved, looking for nothing again. He would not let Legion, the Gadarene, be with Him; the child at the foot of the mount He delivered back to his father; the daughter of Jairus He left in the bosom of her family; the widow's son at Nain He restores to his mother. He claims none of them. Does Christ give in order that He may receive again? Does He not (perfect Master!) illustrate His own principle—"Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again"? The nature of grace is, to impart to others, not to enrich itself: and He came that in Him and His ways it might shine in all the exceeding riches and glory that belong to it. He found servants in this world, but He did not first heal them and then claim them. He called them and endowed them. They were the fruit of the energy of His Spirit, and of affections kindled in hearts constrained by His love. And sending them forth, He said to them, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Surely there is something beyond human conception in the delineation of such a character. One repeats that thought again and again. And very happy is it to add that it is in the very simplest forms this moral glory of the Lord shines forth at times,—such forms as are at once intelligible to all the perceptions and sympathies of the heart. Thus He never refused the feeblest faith, though He accepted and answered, and that too with delight, the approaches and demands of the boldest.

The strong faith which drew upon Him, without ceremony or apology, in full, immediate assurance was ever welcome

to Him; while the timid soul that approached Him as one that was ashamed, and would excuse itself, was encouraged and blessed. His lips at once bore away from the heart of the poor leper the one only thing that hung over that heart as a cloud. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," said he. "I will: be thou clean," said Jesus. But immediately afterward the same lips uttered the fullness of the heart, when the clear, unquestioning faith of the Gentile centurion was witnessed, and when the bold, earnest faith of a family in Israel broke up the roof of the house where He was, that they might let down their sick one before Him.

When a weak faith appealed to the Lord, He granted the blessing it sought, but He rebuked the seeker. But even this rebuke is full of comfort to us; for it seems to say, "Why did you not make freer, fuller, happier use of Me?" Did we value the Giver as we do the gift,—the heart of Christ as well as His hand, this rebuke of weak faith would be just as welcome as the *answer* to it.

And if little faith be thus reprovèd, strong faith must be grateful. And therefore we have reason to know what a fine sight was under the eye of the Lord when, in that case already looked at, they broke up the roof of the house in order to reach Him. It was indeed, right sure I am, a grand spectacle for the eye of the divine and bounteous Jesus. *His heart* was entered by that action as surely as *the house in Capernaum* was entered by it.



"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

Thos. D. W. Muir

This question, originally asked by Cain, in his reply to the Lord (Gen. 4:9), has within it that which might well serve as food for serious reflection on the part of all children of God, especially such as seek to "go before the flock." For instance, let us ask ourselves: Am I responsible, in my measure, for the spiritual welfare of other children of God? Do I, by precept and example, exert an influence for good or ill upon such as I am brought in contact with?

Am I accountable for the effects of my own conduct and teachings upon the life and ways of others?

Does the Lord take notice of such things,—and will the judgment seat of Christ make manifest what is approved by Him?

We believe an answer in the affirmative can be given to all such questions, for in this, as in all else, “none of us liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself” (Rom. 14:7).

That “there is one body” (Eph. 4) and that we are “every one members one of another” (Rom. 12), is a bond that establishes a *relationship* between one child of God and another. It is a divine bond that links them to Christ who is the “Head of His body, the Church;” and also to one another as members of the same body.

From this fact, however, flows another, equally of God, and that is brought before us in 1 Cor. 12:25 and elsewhere, that “the members should have the same care one for the other.” In this we see our *responsibility* — a responsibility which will call for an accounting at the judgment seat of Christ. What I teach, and what I do may have a far-reaching influence over others,—moulding their thoughts and going far, it may be, to make or unmake their Christian character and conduct. So that, in that sense, I am “my brother’s keeper.”

The Use of God’s Word.—God’s Word has been given that His people might be fed, led, builded up, established and strengthened by it. He has also purposed, that through it we should be corrected, chastened, humbled and restored. Hence it is written that “All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works” (2 Tim. 3:16-17).

Now, it is but natural to have preference for the style of the ministry from the Word which we think needful. Some are strong on doctrine,—and can see good and profit only in that. With others, words of reproof and exhortation are much set by. But God has given both, and ordained both for the proper moulding of Christian character and ways. We need the doctrine of the Word, for none of us are as intelligent in the truth of God as we might be. But to hold back that which is profitable in corrective ministry, because

it may not be pleasing to the hearers, is not a manifestation of godly care for God's people. It may be policy, but it is not godly!

The Apostle Paul says that in preaching Christ, he warned every man, and taught every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus (Col. 1:28). And that word "perfect" means "complete," or shall we say "all-around" Christians! Not warped by one-sided teaching, but symmetrical, through the ministry of all God's Word. Oh, the importance then, of impressing on our hearts, and the hearts of others, the authority of God's Word to regulate the ways of all His own, in every department of life. For if, in a spirit of self-defense, or it may be defiance of others, I proclaim my liberty to do as I please, I manifest not godly care for my brethren, but the opposite, I in effect ask "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Teaching Rebellion in Israel.—In Jeremiah 28 and 29, we read of two men, who, at a critical time in Israel's history, "taught rebellion in Israel." God's hand was upon His people, in judgment, for He had allowed the king of Babylon and the army of the Chaldeans to come up against the land of Judea, and carry many of the people away captives.

Already had God marked out the duration of their captivity as *seventy* years (Jer. 25:11-12). But in Jer. 28, we read of one *Hananiah*, the son of a prophet,—and one that posed as a prophet, himself, who declared that he had it from God that the yoke of the king of Babylon would be broken from the necks of His people within *two* years. By this he implied that their case was not as desperate as Jeremiah would have them believe, and that God's judgment would not be as severe as Jeremiah was preaching.

This was what the people there would probably call "comforting" ministry,—but God looked on it as that which can only foster rebellion or revolt in Israel, and thus harden them against His dealings with them. It was no doubt pleasant and palatable, but certainly was not profitable to a backslidden people, to have the edge taken off the plain word, which God had given, by the mouth of His faithful servant. Hence we find that God resented it, and in due time visited in judgment that would-be prophet! For, in that same year, Hananiah

did. His father had given him a good name,—it meant, “graciously given of Jehovah,” but he was untrue to it, for in teaching “rebellion in Israel,” he was a curse and not a blessing to the people. It is subjection to God’s Word ourselves, and in emphasizing that Word in the consciences and hearts of others, that we prove that we are truly acting, under responsibility as “our brother’s keeper.”

In *Shemaiah* the Nehelamite, we have another man who taught rebellion against the Word of the Lord (Jer. 29:24-32) and on him and his did God’s judgment fall (see verse 32). The margin of our Bibles calls him the “dreamer,” and he told his dreams to offset the truth by Jeremiah, whose chief crime was, that he was urging upon the people to be subject to, and humble themselves under the hand of God, which was then upon them.

God’s Judgment on Dreamers.—It was probably to such as Shemaiah, that the Spirit of God refers, in Jeremiah 23:25-32: “I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in My name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed, which cause My people to forget My name, by their dreams. The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream, and he that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord. Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces? Therefore, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that use their tongues and say He saith,” etc.

Now, in Jeremiah, we have one who preached “both sides” of God’s truth. He had warned them, and he also encouraged them as to the future of God’s purposes regarding them. But the “present truth” called for humbling of themselves under God’s mighty hand, that He might exalt them in due time. And while Jeremiah spoke faithful words from God to them, he could and did what men of the Hananiah and Shemaiah stripe would not do—he would weep over them and their ways in the presence of God. Like Daniel, who lived at a later day, he made their sin and failure his own, and sought in all he said and did, to bring them back to God, that they might walk in His ways.

Nearly a century after Jeremiah prophesied unto Israel, and Hananiah and Shemaiah did all they could to oppose him,

the words of Jeremiah were fulfilled, and God brought back a remnant of His people to Jerusalem—the city and place He had chosen for His name. The story of this remnant and what befell them, is told in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah.

Ezra's Testimony and Work.—In Ezra 7, we read of the coming up of Ezra the priest and those who accompanied him, from Babylon. Already a company of 40,000 and more whose hearts had been stirred up by the Spirit of God, had come up to set up the altar and rebuild the house of the Lord. But their love had waxed cold. Many of those most active in the first days of this revival in Israel, had died, and there was little heart in those who occupied their place.

Truly the days when Ezra came to the front, were days of weakness, coldness and departure from God. The heavens were silent—no fresh revelation was being given from God. Many were in ignorance of what God had written—and some of even the leaders of the people were living contrary to the Word of God; thus, by their example, leading others astray. The Shekinah glory that had filled the holy place in the former temple, was a-wanting in this one. There was no Moses to speak with God, “as a man speaketh with his friend,” and get messages of power from Him. There was not even a Samuel through whom the silence could be broken, and the Word of the Lord might come again to all Israel. In such a day, and at such a time, “Ezra had prepared his heart to *seek* the law of the Lord, and to *do* it, and to *teach* in Israel statutes and judgments” (Ezra 7:10). Can we wonder that such a man should be a benefit and blessing to others, in leading them back to God and His ways?

Right with God, himself, he sought the true welfare of Israel, by leading them back to the Book! And the first step towards being a help to his brethren of Israel, was, he “prepared his own heart,” to seek God’s law in order to practice it in his own life first, and *then* he could, with a good conscience, and full confidence in God, teach in Israel the statutes and judgments of the Lord. It was not anything new he had for them—it was no attempt to modify the commandments of the Lord, by which He marked them out as a separate people unto Himself—it was simply the law as given

through Moses, which would be for their "good," and be their "righteousness," as Moses had said (Deuter. 6:24-25).

Ezra took Israel back—beyond the practices of Joshua and Zerubbabel, who had come up with the first company. Worthy of emulation, they were in many things, but they were not the authority Ezra sought and taught. He took them still further back—beyond Solomon, and David and even Samuel. Back to Moses, and the ways established of the Lord for His people then!

And our earnest endeavor, now, in leading God's people on, should be to manifest a godly carefulness to search the Word of God, in order to promote our own obedience. Then should we be able with confidence to say to others, "This is the thing that the Lord hath commanded."

An aged and honored servant of Christ was wont to say, in his exhortations to younger Christians. "Our knowledge of God and His truth can not be measured by the things we say from the platform, but by the things we practise; for we just know as much of God's Word as we are obeying!" We would add to our quotation but this other thought:—We can only lead others on in the truth of God, as we are walking in it ourselves! We cannot lead them to walk upon a higher or holier plane than we occupy ourselves, for we cannot raise them above our own level.

How important, then, that each child of God, and especially those who are by virtue of gift, age and experience looked upon as "guides" among God's people, should seek to so walk in God's truth, as to have a conscience void of offense towards God and men, and thus be a help, and not a hindrance, to their brethren, whose welfare and stumbling among the people of God, by wayward ways that they see in us, will not be forgotten by Him who speaks of His own—the weakest of them—as the "apple of His eye." Neither will He forget those who seek their good in obedience to the Book!



We must never measure the standing by the state, but always judge the state by the standing. To lower the standing because of the state, is to give the death-blow to all progress in practical Christianity.

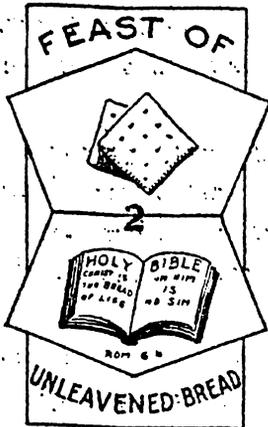
The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF UNLEAVENED BREAD

(Continued from May Number)



There are three kinds of leaven spoken of in the New Testament Scriptures. In Matthew 16:6-12, we read, "Then Jesus said unto His disciples 'Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees' . . . Then understood they how that He bade them not beware of the leaven of bread but of the doctrine of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees." And in Mark 8:15, "He charged them saying, 'Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the leaven of Herod.'" Now surely God meant to teach us something by this, for there is no part of Scripture concerning which we might say that it does not apply to us. These verses apply, in principle, as much today as when the Lord Jesus Christ spoke them. These are three ways in which the old nature is opposed to God and will give trouble to believers, and they are called the leaven of the Pharisees, the leaven of the Sadducees, and the leaven of Herod.

The "*leaven of the Pharisees*" is hypocrisy and legality; seeking to seem to be something that one is not. Whenever you see a tendency to legality,—when people try to appear more devoted than they are in reality,—then you may be sure that that is the leaven of the Pharisees. The Pharisee is a man that wears his religion outside; unreal within but showing great punctiliousness without. "The leaven of the Pharisees is hypocrisy," (Luke 12:1).

The *leaven of the Sadducees* is false doctrine. The sum of their teaching was: "No angel; no spirit; no resurrection." (Acts 23:8). They were those that laughed to scorn the thought of a future life. You remember how they came to the Lord Jesus with a trap. They said "He teaches that there is a future life" and so they fixed up a wonderful scheme.

They came to Him saying, "Master, Moses said, if a man die, having no children, his brother shall marry his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother. Now there were with us seven brethren; and the first, when he had married a wife, deceased and, having no issue, left his wife unto his brother; likewise the second also, and the third, unto the seventh. And last of all the woman died also. Therefore in the resurrection whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her." They could hardly conceal their pleasure waiting for an answer to this dilemma. "What kind of condition will that existence be?" was their triumphant proposition. "But Jesus answered and said unto them, 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven. But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead but of the living.'" (Matt. 22:23-32). And the argument they had built with such confidence fell like a house of cards. The great fort that they thought they had filled with guns fell and it fell in a moment. Have ye not read how God said, "*I am* the God of Abraham"—not "*I was*." And if there is anyone that is in danger of imbibing the modern doctrine, that some parts of Scripture are unnecessary today, note that here is one part of the Scripture concerning which the Lord Jesus Christ stresses a point in grammar, and proves that Scripture to be the Word of God. "*I am* the God of Abraham. He is not the God of the dead but of the living," and thus He confuted and confounded them. Abraham's body had lain in the grave for over three hundred years at the time that God spoke that word but his spirit was alive before God. (Exod. 3:15-16). The "leaven of the Sadducees" is the leaven of false doctrine, and Protestantism is reeking with it. Perhaps there are some here who are holding and defending teachings that the Word of God condemns on the face. What is that but the leaven of the Sadducees—false doctrine, heresy, materialism, refusing to take the Word of God in its plain meaning?

The leaven of Herod. That is worldly grandeur, amusements, politics, all that men, not necessarily religious, go in

for. I wonder how many here go in for worldly pleasures and attainments and show? These are the things in which are manifested the attitude of the men of the world against God.

Now in 1 Cor. 5 we have the Scriptural explanation of the meaning of leaven. "Purge out the old leaven . . . and let us keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." Now I would not confine this to the observance of the Lord's Supper. The child of God, sheltered by the blood, is now keeping the feast. And how long does he keep this feast? From the moment that he is saved until the coming of Christ, or until he goes to be with Christ by death. The blood of the lamb was put by the Jews upon the outside of their door, and then they retired inside the house and feasted. Christianity was not meant to be a *funeral*,—at which men go about with a long face. It is a *feast!* I thank God that none of my friends know me as a melancholy man. Why should I be? The greatest question between man and God has been settled for me. What is that? My eternal future. That is as much settled as God can settle it, settled by the blood of Jesus Christ upon the Cross. Why should I not be happy? The worst that could happen to me would but send me into the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, there is one thing that all this teaches, and that is that the believer feeds on Christ, feeds upon Him from the beginning of the week to the end. But there is another meaning in the Lord's Supper, and not to be confined to that. The Christian should take care not to have anything about him that would hinder him from keeping that feast. The Jews kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days, and there is something very suggestive in that, for it indicates the whole course of my life during which I should ever feast upon Christ, — the unleavened Bread. But there is still another meaning. Some years ago I met a brother called Boswell. His father was a minister in the church of England and he made it a rule for his family that, for three days before, and for three days after communion, they could not accept an invitation to a ball or any other worldly party. By and bye the Lord saved two of his sons and their sister, and not only saved them, but showed them the simplicity of gathering

to the Lord Jesus Christ,—gathering along with believers. When they saw the truth of gathering unto Him, outside the camp, that cut out for them all the “leaven of Herod,” and all worldly doings. The father, however, thought that that was going too far, and one day he called them into his presence to ask them why they went no longer to any social functions. They answered, “Father, we are going according to your instructions.” “My instructions?” “Yes, it was your rule that we should not go to a dance for three days before, or three days after communion. Well, we partake of the communion every week and therefore it is in accordance with your own instructions that we go in for worldly amusements no longer.” Would it not be well if we who know better than they, should see that going to the “movies” and other worldly amusements, does not go with the Lord’s Feast.

But you ask, “Can a Christian live without sin?” There is one Scripture (Gal. 5:17) that I would like to read to you “For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other so that ye might not do the things that ye would.” Someone says, “Is not the flesh taken away when the believer is saved?” No, it is not taken away. What happens then? The believer receives the Holy Spirit of God, and the Spirit fights against the flesh so that ye *might not* (not ye *cannot*) do the things that ye would. If a man says he is saved, and he goes on just the same as he did before, you are justified in saying that that man is not saved at all. If he continues to lose his temper and tell lies he is not a saved man. “Oh, yes,” you say, “that is true, but I believe that all the old nature is taken away when the believer is saved and sanctified.” No, it is there still, but the Spirit is also there and fights against it, and gives the Christian victory over it.

Mr. Brooks tells of an old man in Scotland who died, as they thought: the doctor said, “You need not be afraid to bury him: he is dead.” But before he was buried he sat up in his coffin. His wife, who was sitting by, said to him, “Don’t you know you are dead? The doctor says you are dead and you must be dead. Lie down.” But he was not dead. Now, that is just like what people say of the old nature,—that it is dead and gone. But it is not, it is very

much alive. It is told that when this doctrine of sinless perfection began to go around and Percival Smith took it up that some thought they would like to get Mr. Spurgeon to embrace the doctrine,—teaching that the old roots were wholly taken away. Mr. Spurgeon thought he would give them a lesson when they called. He happened to be shaving at the time, and he asked that they be shown in, and while he shaved they began to preach that all the sinful roots were gone and no bad was left now. Mr. Spurgeon took his shaving brush and gave one of them a splash on the face, lathering him well. How he sputtered and stormed for awhile! Mr. Spurgeon said, “Where did that all come from? If there was not an evil root left where did that spring from?” The old nature was there just the same and their pretensions were a sham.

You remember how all the Apostles received the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and in the early chapters of the Acts you remember reading that the believers were full of the Holy Ghost,—and among them was Barnabas, and yet later we read how he had a most bitter controversy with Paul. And again Paul in Galatians 2, tells us how he had to withstand Peter to his face when he dissembled. And yet Peter was in that wonderful work on the day of Pentecost. Let us remember, therefore that while we have the *new* nature we still have the *old*, which must be kept down, or it will work, to our distress, and the Lord’s dishonor!



The All-Sufficiency of Christ

J. N. Darby

“MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE” (2 Cor. 12:9).

It is a blessed truth that we cannot be in circumstances which Christ is not sufficient for. Whether it be the Church or individual saints, it is impossible to be in a place for which Christ is not sufficient.

I was noticing how perfect the words, “Rejoice in the Lord *always*,” — that is the positive portion. “Be careful for *nothing*” then, as to all that is down here.

Above all, believe ever—“My grace is sufficient for thee.”

When the heart gets to Christ, all is easy: it is away from what is a snare to us.

He is always the same, sufficient for the young, and sufficient also for the old, and so full of tenderness and grace. May we be kept humble, so as to know Him, and all the resources that are in Him.

The more we know of Him, the more we know He is everything.

The secret of peace is to be occupied with Him for His own sake, and then we shall find peace in Him and through Him, and be more than conquerors when trouble comes. The power of Christ in us can set us entirely above everything.

God allows us to be disappointed with ourselves, in order that we may better learn our need of, and be satisfied with, Christ.

“Lead me in the way everlasting.” Is not this Way Christ Himself, the only way, the Way everlasting? He is pleased to shew us that Christ must be practically to us that which He declares Himself to be—“the first and the last,” our “Alpha and Omega.” All is well that leads us “in the way everlasting,” that takes us out of our own ways and brings us there, that makes us value Christ for the way, both at the outset and the end—Christ learnt as our portion to live upon, as well as known for the pardon of our sins.



Christ the King

“HE HATH ON HIS VESTURE AND ON HIS THIGH A NAME WRITTEN, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.”—Rev. 19:16.

In speaking of the Ascension of the Divine Redeemer, we have already so far anticipated consideration of the subject which is now to engage our attention—the *Kingship* of Christ:—“Set as King upon His holy hill of Zion”. But the theme is one which volumes cannot exhaust. Well might the inspired Psalmist thus speak of it. “My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King.” (Psalm 45:1). How sweet should be the music of these words to every believing heart—“He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death—even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him

a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. 2:9-11).

When He disappeared from the sight of His disciples on Mount Olivet, His extended hands poured a *priestly* benediction on these representatives of the Church of the future. But it is as a *King* He is next pictured to us in the page of inspiration. In the lofty poetry of the Psalmist, it is as a *King* He enters heaven. The summons of His attending retinue outside the celestial portals is—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." The response is made, "Who is this King of glory?" And the reply is returned, "The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory." (Psalm 24:8-10).

His Regal office, indeed, did not date its commencement with His session at the right hand of God. In human language that was the only date of His public investiture with royal honours;—when, in phrase borrowed from earthly coronations, He was said to be "anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows," (Psalm 45:7)—after being "made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour." (Heb. 2:9). But His Kingship had a more ancient pedigree. He was designated King from the ages of eternity. "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." (Prov. 8:23). Among other types, His royal dignity was foreshown in the person of Melchisedek, who was "King of Salem as well as Priest of the Most High God." (Heb. 7:1). Also in the persons of King David and Solomon: the former, with more special reference to the years preceding His resurrection, when He was "the Man of sorrows" — reproach often breaking His heart—a King in the midst of enemies:—while Solomon, in the splendour of his reign, was typical of the risen and glorified Head of His people; riding forth in the chariot of salvation, surrounded with the valiant of His spiritual Israel. His regal power was predicted by the lips of patriarchs and prophets, from the Shiloh of Jacob to the Messiah-King of

Zechariah. And when His advent in the flesh did take place; though His only apparent palace was a stable at Bethlehem, and His throne a manger; yet, even at His natal hour, representative potentates were present to do Him homage, bearing their kingly gifts of "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Throughout the period of His Incarnation—though wearing a garment of humiliation and a crown of thorns—He was clothed to with an invisible robe of glory and honour. Like some of our own ancient monarchs, He was King in disguise; a sovereign in beggar's garb. Ever and anon the golden tassel of royalty revealed itself under the assumed ragged attire: while, on one memorable occasion, branches of royal palm strewed the highway across Mount Olivet—and the air rang with the acclamation—"Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" (Matt. 21:9). In the very moment of His deepest abasement, in answer to the interrogation of a heathen judge, "Art Thou a King, then?" Jesus answered, "Thou sayest." (John 18:37).

It is important, moreover, to regard the Kingly office of Christ as the complement of His Priestly functions. Or, rather, it is the combination of the two which imparts to the believer surpassing comfort and confidence. As the great covenant Angel, He has both the censer and the sceptre; while standing robed by the altar, He has "a crown of pure gold put upon His head." (Psalm 21:3). All earthly rule is but the shadow of this great prototype of Sovereignty. The correct view, indeed, to take of Christ's Kingship, is not that of a mere figure or emblem derived from the rule of earthly monarchs; but rather are earthly crowns and sceptres derivations and emanations from this great central everlasting throne. They have their archetype or primal pattern in the kingdom of heaven—in the Person and dignity of Him who is "for ever set down at the right hand of the throne of the majesty in the heavens."

—J. R. M.

(Continued D. V.)



God knows us perfectly; and it is with Him we have to do, and we can say, in the triumphant language of the apostle, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8).

Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

The day was hot, but not oppressive, as we took our seats in the train for London. Roger and I had arranged to make our long-talked-of excursion to the great metropolis, some of whose treasures I hoped to explore under Roger's guidance. On the opposite seat were a gentleman and a lady, who, it was soon apparent, were father and daughter. The reticence all too common in railway travelling, had commenced to thaw at the outset under the genial readiness with which the stranger submitted to a necessary re-arrangement of his luggage; and it soon melted entirely away with remarks on the lovely scenery and glorious weather.

It soon transpired that our fellow-travellers were Americans on a visit to Great Britain. Naturally, questions were asked regarding some of the towns through which we passed, and to these Roger replied with his customary courtesy. The conversation, once begun, soon turned to other matters. On one of these Roger made a statement which aroused our new friend's special interest. He asked for details which Roger at the moment was unable to give, but which, he said, he would be pleased to obtain and forward. The American thanked him and handed him his card. I observed that Roger looked at it with some surprise. This was quite natural, as the surname was identical with that of a well-known religious teacher whose special doctrines had attracted widespread attention, the latest word being that he had entirely lost his former faith.

A question of Roger's evoked the reply that our fellow-traveller was this famous man's brother. "May I enquire," said Roger, "whether he still repudiates his former beliefs?" "I do not think his position has changed at all lately," replied our friend, whom I shall henceforth call Mr. Smith; "and I may say," he continued, "that I share his present opinions. It is simply impossible in these swiftly advancing times to stand where our fathers stood."

"I do not see," said Roger, "that there is any necessity for such change. There are some beliefs that unite the ages, and those that are truly founded upon a Divine revelation can never be outgrown."

"That is just where we differ," said Mr. Smith, with some warmth. "I have no faith whatever either in the fact, or in the possibility, of a Divine revelation. Science has made it utterly impossible to believe in miracles. Crossing a street in New York one day a friend of mine, in whose company I was, seized my arm and exclaimed: 'Behold, a miracle!' I looked to where he pointed, and saw a Jew. I own that I was impressed at the time, but reflection showed me that the Jew's case is *not* singular. The Gypsies are also widely scattered; they continue to exist; they are quite as separate from all the peoples among whom they sojourn; they have their own customs and language; and so the Jew-miracle vanished, as superstitions usually do when they are firmly faced."

As our new acquaintance went on, it was amusing to note how Roger's battle-look crept into his features. "I cannot say that I agree with you in thinking that the cases of the Jew and of the Gypsy are on all fours," said Roger; "there is one point in which you will admit that they essentially differ. The scattering of the Jews among the nations; the cruel persecutions to which they have been subjected; their continued existence in spite of all these, and their separateness *were all predicted.*" Mr. Smith's surprise told that the shot had gone home. "Those *predictions,*" Roger went on, "are certainly *miracles.* This one fact established by scientific investigation is quite sufficient to show that, notwithstanding all our advance, we are still with the miraculous."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Smith, whose magazine had gradually descended to her knee; "really, this is extraordinary! You think that science proves that there are real miracles?" "Certainly," rejoined Roger, with a smile; "and I venture to think that you will agree with me. There is one miracle, repeated every year in your country and in mine, which science has long ago noted, but which no scientific advance promises to explain away. I refer to the formation of ice. Dr. Whewell dealt with it long ago in his Bridgewater treatise, and it is marvelous that so little has been made of it. It is one of the best-known laws of nature that metals and other things expand in heat and contract in cold. That law, of course, affects water also. When the temperature falls the water on the surface contracts, and becoming in this way heavier than the water beneath, it sinks to the bottom. Now if this law

went on, affecting water as it affects other matter, a terrible calamity would result. The water in freezing would descend to the bottom; and as the cold continued its deadly work a solid mass of ice would be built up, rising from the bottom to the surface of stream and river, of pond and lake, and of northern and southern polar seas. All in them would perish. The face of nature would be changed, and the ministry of the waters would be arrested. For subsequent summers, however hot they may be, would melt a few feet on the surface of these ice-blocks, but could never restore to us again the waters that had been.

“Now, mark how all this has been averted. In the case of water *there is a sudden arrest and reversal of this natural law*. As the temperature approaches the freezing point, the water, which had previously contracted and grown heavier, expands and grows lighter. Therefore, instead of descending, it floats upon the surface of the water; and in freezing it expands still more, and spreads its glassy shield over the waters beneath, thus preserving their fluidity and all the animal and vegetable life which they contain. Let the cold be never so intense, it only thickens and strengthens that protecting shield. Such a reversal of a natural law is a miracle; its evident purpose is to preserve life; it proclaims the beneficence of the Creator.”

Miss Smith, who had followed with the deepest interest Roger's little lecture, turned with an inquiring look to her father. “That is certainly striking,” said the latter, “but you are mistaken in imagining that water alone is affected in that way. It is well-known that cast-iron is similarly affected.” “Pardon my saying,” replied Roger, “that that notion about cast-iron is an entire mistake. The statement, indeed, has been made by scientific men. I know of one instance in which it was made by a certain professor, but he was speedily put right by some members of his class who had practical acquaintance with casting, and the professor frankly apologized. He had made the statement, as you have now done, in dependence upon an assumed authority. Cast-iron obeys the general law and contracts in cooling.”

“You surprise me, and I shall look into the matter,” said Mr. Smith. “But are you aware that the late Professor Tyndall denied that water is the only exception to this law?”

"Yes," responded Roger, "he makes a great deal of the discovery that a rare element or two is similarly affected. I believe his jubilation was due to the impression which the ice-miracle had made upon him. But he has only emphasized the marvelousness of this fact. With all his knowledge of nature and after that tireless energy of his had pondered and experimented, *Tyndall had to confess* that among all those things with which we are in daily contact, *water, and water alone*, is excepted from this great natural law; and that, just when life is threatened with extinction by the further action of the law, the law is suddenly reversed. That change is a miracle; and to me it speaks loudly of Him whose 'tender mercy is over all His works.'"

The ice-miracle was a revelation to me. It showed how conviction may spring upon one from a most unexpected quarter. It was plain that our American friends were also impressed. Miss Smith had grown thoughtful and her father's uneasiness had increased. I expected that the conversation would have stopped, or been turned to some less trying topic, but Miss Smith was too deeply interested to suffer matters to rest where they now were. "You have scored there, I guess," she said. "It shows how much there is in common things if one would only think. But you have nothing like that to show for your beliefs."

"Excuse me," rejoined Roger, "we have miracles to show that are quite as clear and as convincing." "Miracles!" she repeated in amazement; "why, this is better than Dowie!" "I have no desire to rival the Chicago preacher," protested Roger, "but it is easy to show that there are miracles which place it beyond doubt that Christianity is of God." "If you are really able to show *that*," interjected Mr. Smith, "you will minister the greatest relief to a vast and rapidly increasing multitude of people."

Miss Smith's amused and incredulous smile was an eloquent commentary upon her father's words. There was a challenge in the attitude of both father and daughter which I knew Roger's devotion to the old faith would not leave without response.

(Continued D. V.)

*Shibboleth**Dr. H. A. Cameron*

The Word of God, by means of its thousand and more translations into the languages of the world, has become part of the daily speech of millions throughout the earth. Instances of its convincing aptness in argument, in illustration, in encouragement, in warning, will readily occur to any thinking person, and all these in things mundane, apart from its heavenly message of glad tidings. For example, the President has recently made one scriptural phrase a household word throughout the country, namely "the more abundant life." But just as the meanings of words change, so these quotations are seen to vary greatly in their application. An illustration of this is evidenced in the word *Shibboleth*, to which in modern speech a sinister twist has been given. Even the Dictionary is guilty of helping on this trend, by saying that *Shibboleth* means "a pet phrase of a party." Thus when a man declares "I am not bound by your shibboleth," it is equivalent to saying, "I am not so narrow-minded as you are: I despise your little creed; I am more liberal than you and refuse to bow to your miserable slogan." And so "Your shibboleth" is used to express contempt and scornful reproach.

But in its original setting the word had no such meaning nor application. Then it was a matter of life and death to be able or unable to pronounce that name correctly. Whether a man agreed or disagreed with the one who questioned him: whether or not he considered himself superior to the interrogator and viewed with contempt the test propounded: no matter what his opinion might be, his answer to the question decided his salvation or his destruction. Far from being a mere subscribing to a bigot's creed, it was the vital passport to bliss, or the grim self-pronouncement of one's doom.

The story as recorded in the twelfth chapter of Judges runs this way. The tribe of Ephraim had invaded the land of the Gileadites and made an unprovoked attack upon their compatriots, and in the battle that ensued the aggressors were defeated and fled homeward. But not quickly enough, for when these Ephraimites reached the border of Canaan and essayed to cross the Jordan they found the fords were already in the hands of the victors, the men of Gilead, and to their request

“Let me pass over” they were met by a test as to their right to pass. “Say Shibboleth” (which means in Hebrew “a stream or flood”) was the demand of the guards posted at the fords, and on the ability of the Ephraimites to pronounce it correctly depended their salvation. Now it was a well known fact that the whole tribe of Ephraim spoke with a lisp and therefore could not frame their tongue to pronounce the password right. In spite of every effort on their part they would say “Sibboleth” (which in Hebrew means “an ear of corn”) and this fatal flaw sealed the doom of forty-two thousand men. It seems a terrible tragedy to read about, that the slight difference in pronunciation between Shibboleth and Sibboleth should decide the fate of such a multitude, but so it was. Their speech betrayed them, out of their own mouth they were judged, for from thence came the evidence that condemned them. But does it seem fair that a mere physical and family defect should thus doom a man to death? Oh, no: that was only superficial: the true reason lay deeper: it was a question of the heart. The lisping Ephraimites professed to be friends, but they were really bitter, sworn, murderous enemies. And this is how it came to pass that each man pronounced sentence upon himself. When a man of Judah or Benjamin, travelling that way, advanced and gave the correct countersign, the Gileadite guard would answer, “Pass over, friend,” but not so the poor Ephraimite, for, whatever he professed, he was an enemy, and spelled his destiny with his own lips.

Now to bring the story and its key-word “Shibboleth” down to our own day, let us remember that (apart from all dispensational relationship) the Jordan, both in common speech and in sacred song, is a type of the river of Death, which flows as a border between this world and the heavenly Canaan’s fair and happy land, the home of the Christian. Does he not often cheer his heart by singing: “On the other side of Jordan there remains a land of rest, where my Saviour’s gone before me to fulfil my soul’s request”? Using that very common application then, we can see in the ancient story the prime necessity for the correct countersign at our passage of the Jordan. Upon the right answer to the simple test hangs a destiny. It will not avail to say, “I don’t believe in your party’s pet phrase: I take no stock in your Shibboleth”. It

is imperative to "frame the answer right." Life and death—eternal—are the issues. In travelling along the way thither we are to "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason for the hope that is in us;" that is, not to brush aside the question with "It's none of your business," or, more politely, "That is a question between me and God." If the command for the journey is "Be ready," what about the demand at the end of the road when confronted with "the swellings of Jordan"? To your request "Let me pass over," are you prepared for the challenge "Give the countersign"?

Now what is this word so imperatively essential for us today at the crossing of the Jordan? Happily the story in Judges which tells of the challenge, also gives us a clue. "Shibboleth" means "*a stream, a flood,*" and we find that, besides its use in that history, it occurs also in Messianic prophecy. In Psalm 69:2 it is written: "The floods (shibboleth) overflow Me." Here is surely, in the second use of that word Shibboleth, "an undesigned coincidence." The Lord Jesus is the Speaker. He alone fully knew the meaning of death at the Jordan. By His baptism in that stream at the beginning of His ministry He typified his death at the end of that ministry. His baptism in Jordan was a foreshadowing of that other "baptism" which He underwent during the overwhelming flood of God's judgment at Calvary. Concerning that dread experience He exclaimed, "All Thy waves and billows have gone over Me." His submission to that death, richly deserved by us as sinners, but voluntarily and vicariously endured on our behalf by Him, the sinless One, gives us the key-word. As rebels we should perish at the river of death but there He bore our doom. The poor Indian woman's confession of faith was "He die, or me die. He die, me no die." The believer in Jesus sees in the substitutionary work of Christ that which he himself should have suffered, and so by faith he sings:

"Death and judgment are behind me,
Grace and glory are before;
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There exhausted all their power."

Yes: here to weary travellers along life's highway is divinely revealed the countersign that will ensure an abundant en-

trance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Apart from this, any deviation from that divine "Shibboleth" spells everlasting destruction.

Knowledge of the countersign in an army is vital—it proves the possessor thereof to be a friend, whereas ignorance of the same when challenged subjects a man to arrest as an enemy. In one of the galleries of Gibraltar a sentry was accosted by the officer of the guard who demanded the watchword of the day. The soldier, a Christian, had been meditating with joy upon the work of the Lord Jesus at Calvary, and on the spur of the moment answered "The precious blood of Christ." The officer's astonishment brought the sentry back to earth and he quickly corrected himself by saying "Trafalgar," thereby proving himself to be a genuine soldier of that regiment. Now at the far end of that gallery was another sentry burdened with a load of guilt, and the question of his soul was "What can wash away my sin?" when echoing along the passage came the answer from the unwitting lips of his fellow guardsman "The precious blood of Christ." He believed the glad tidings and from that moment could say "My password to the realms of bliss is 'Jesus died for me'."

Dr David Livingstone tells of being present at the death-bed of an African chief to whom he had previously preached the Gospel. Leaning down to catch the last word of the dying chieftain he heard the warrior pronounce with his expiring breath the blessed name "Jesus", and he rose gladly with the assurance that "the Judge of all the earth would do right". For the white man as for the black man, "There is none other name under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."



We are not to carry things with a high hand and a strong will, though we have ever such strong faith, but be ever ready to yield ourselves to the adjusting power of the whole truth of God.



God delights in Christ, and it should be our constant aim, to present to God that which He delights.

Needed but not Wanted*Dr. W. T. P. Wolston*

Somebody said to me only today, "What do you mean by a rejected Christ?" My dear friend, do you know what rejection is? You are not wanted. The world does not want Jesus. Indeed, from the day of His birth, I might say, the sad truth came out—He was not wanted. He was needed. But was He wanted by King Herod? No! Did the scribes want Him? No! Did the men of the world want Him? No! Do you want Him now? If you are an awakened sinner, you do; but if you are not, you do not want Him. Oh no! Do you know the finest way to spoil a worldly party? Go into the midst of it and speak about Christ. Go into a ball-room, or on to a race-course, if you like, and witness for Christ, and you will find He is not wanted. No, the world does not want Jesus.

Some years ago I was in a third-class carriage coming up from Musselburgh on a Saturday night. The train was crowded, and the carriage I was in had five communicating compartments, so there were about fifty people in the carriage. As we journeyed, a party of ten who occupied the middle compartment began to sing. They sang very well—Scotch songs—and all the rest of the people in the carriage stopped talking and listened. When we reached Portobello they got out, and other people got in. At that moment I rose and said, "My friends, I have observed that you have been listening with interest to these Scotch songs. I am not a Scotchman, but I should like to tell you about the song of my native land." Everybody looked and listened. Then I went on: "My native land is heaven. I belong to heaven. I am redeemed by the blood of the Saviour, and I belong to heaven. I cannot tell you the tune of the song sung there, but its words are these: Thou art worthy to take the Book and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and has redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." From these words I preached the gospel for two or three minutes, and then sat down. At the same moment the train was drawn up by a danger signal, and there was a dead silence. The first words that broke the silence were, "Is he drunk?" They came from the further end of

the carriage. "No" said another man, "I do not think he is drunk; I think he is a good man." "He is not a wise man," said a third. "And why not?" asked a fourth. "Because he does not know the time nor the place for these things," said the first speaker. And this sentiment was applauded. It just expressed the world's opinion. It never has time nor place for Jesus. And the fact is, my unsaved friend, you have no time for Christ: you have no place for Christ. Alas! you do not want Jesus.

But you will want Him one day. He was rejected in the day of His birth, and He has been rejected ever since. You say—Oh things are altered since then. Are they? How many times have I stood with others at the corner of a street, and sought to speak a word for our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, and gathered a crowd, and just as we were beginning to get into the sweetness of the proclamation of the gospel, Policeman No. B 246 has come along and said—"Move on, please; by the order of the magistrates; we can't have the thoroughfare blocked." "All right" says some one, and we move on. We go down three blocks, and there is a German band, with the listening crowd reaching over to the other side of the thoroughfare, but you do not find Policeman No. B 246 coming and telling them to move on. No, the world likes music, but it cannot tolerate Christ.

Do tidings of Christ trouble you now? Are you like Herod? "When Herod heard these things, he was troubled." I would to God you were troubled, but on a right account. Would to God that you were anxious about your soul, and crying, "What must I do to be saved?"

Jesus is a living and a loving Saviour. He passed through this scene unloved and unwanted by man. He was rejected. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." But then, as now, grace led some to Him, and it is written of them: "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." Though He was rejected, He would still be a Saviour. Whom will He save? Anyone that will trust Him. Whom will He receive? Anyone that will come to Him. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out."

Old John Is Dead - I Am New John

Old John, the fish-seller, was a remarkable character, but remarkably bad; in fact, so bad that neither God nor man could repair him; he must be made new, or be useless—worse than useless, lost for ever. He was known in his home-town as “drunken John, the fish-seller.” One night he stumbled into a hall, where the gospel was being preached. In bewilderment there he sat, with his big Kilmarnock bonnet on his head.

Before long, he was surprised to see the speaker come along to where he was sitting, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, begin to speak to him kindly. John shrank back, and pushed the hand off his shoulder—not that he was displeased, but thought it was a little too much for a clean hand to touch his shoulder, which was covered with little more than black rags. But the servant of God, with all the love of his Master, looked John full in the face. Seeing his misery, wretchedness, and sin, his soul was moved with compassion for him, and putting his hand on his shoulder again, he just said, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” The truth went right home to John’s dark heart. “God” he thought, “God—God so loved—the world, then God must have loved poor drunken John, for drunken and guilty as I am, still I am part of the world; there is no mistake about that.”

His eyes were opened; he saw the wide arms of God’s love embracing a lost world—embracing him. His heart melted, large hot tears washed white gutters down his blackened face. He saw it all—how that God loved him, and that when the broken law demanded John’s life, and that John be punished, God’s Son was punished, and died in his stead. Poor old John thus received that Son whom God had given. He was saved. “For as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.”

John went away a new man. For God says, “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.” Full of joy and peace, he went home—at least to the miserable cellar which he called home. Such a home! We need not describe it.

On entering the wretched place, his wife and only son were there. Addressing her: "Sal, lass," he said, "I have been converted." They knew as little about conversion as he had known until that night, and so only muttered, "Drunk as usual!" After a little time, his wife remarked that it was bed-time. "Oh! but, Sal, lass," said John, "I've been converted, and before we go to bed we must pray." "Well," thought Sal and her son, "this is a new thing," but they at last agreed to kneel with John, if he would do the praying. Down on their knees they went, but now John was completely stumped. He never tried to pray before in his life. He knew nothing of prayer, but his heart was full with a new joy which struggled for expression. He remembered how he used to express his worldly joy, if ever he had any; so taking off his Kilmarnock bonnet, he gave it a swing round his head, and shouted, "Hurrah for Jesus"—Another swing, and "Hurrah for Jesus"—a third, and again came "Hurrah for Jesus".

That was John's first prayer. It went from his overflowing heart. Jesus was the beginning, middle, and end of it; and through Him, it went right to the throne of God with acceptance indeed.

The news spread abroad that John was converted, and the women of the town gathered round his cart in the street, some to buy his fish, but more to see what John was like, now that he was converted.

"Sure enough, there is a great change in him," said one. "He is not drunk," remarked another. "Not swearing as before," said a third. There was old John, with his face shining with joy, selling his fish, and telling all around; "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." He could not stop it coming from heart and tongue. Thought many, "We'll watch him and see how long this will last." But it soon became too evident for any doubt that John was a new man.

"Father," said his son one day—"father, if you are to keep on converted, it would be as well if we could get a better house."

John said little, but shortly after, seeing a nice house to let in a respectable street, he went to the landlord and said, "You have a house to let in such a street, sir." "Yes, I have;

who wants it?" "I want it." "You want it?" "Yes, I want it." "Do you think I would let one of my respectable houses to you?" "You do not know who I am, sir." "Oh, yes, I know you too well." "I think you are mistaken." "Oh, no, I am not mistaken; you are drunken John, the fish-seller." "Ah! sir, I thought you were mistaken. OLD John is dead. I am NEW John, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out some gold sovereigns, and said, "If you're afraid, sir, about your rent, I'll pay in advance." This was too much for the landlord. John's words and actions went together. He got the house, and lived in it for long, telling to all around what great things the Lord had done for his soul.

John could say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Won't you receive Jesus now, and rejoice in being saved?

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18). "For while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans 5:8).

"Be it known unto you, therefore, that through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13:38, 39). Anon.



Donald the Crofter

A Scottish nobleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. One of his tenantry, a Highland crofter, called Donald, rented a farm, upon which his forefathers had lived for above 200 years. The lease which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to put the farm into the hands of a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain; at length he bent his steps to the castle, determined to make his case known to his lordship. Here again he was repulsed; the porter had received orders from the steward, and refused him admittance.

Donald turned away almost in despair, and resolved upon a bold measure, as his only chance of success. He climbed the garden wall in an unfrequented part, and entered the house by a private door. At length he approached the private apartments of the nobleman; he heard a voice, and drawing near, found it was his lordship's, and that he was engaged in prayer. Retiring to a short distance, he waited till the prayer was concluded, and could not but hear his lordship pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, for their intercession in his behalf. At length his lordship ceased. Donald who had stood trembling with anxiety for the result, now gently knocked at the door. "Come in," was his lordship's reply; and Donald entered. "Who are you, man? What do you want?" was the inquiry. Donald stated his case. The peer listened, was touched with the tale, and having heard something of Donald, assured him of his protection, and that his lease should be renewed. Many artless but earnest thanks followed, and he was departing, when a thought of anxiety for his noble land-lord occurring to his mind, Donald returned, and spoke thus: "My lord, I was a bold man and you forgave me, and have saved me and my poor family from ruin. Many blessings attend you! I would again be a bold man if I might, and say something further to your lordship." "Well, my man speak out." "Why, my lord, I was well nigh a ruined man, so I was bold and came to your lordship's door, and as I stood there I could not but hear your lordship praying to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, and you seemed unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you no good, any more than your lordship's steward and porter did for me. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to them, but I came DIRECT to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if your lordship would just go DIRECT TO THE LORD JESUS HIMSELF, and look to Him for what you need, He will receive you, for He has said, 'HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.' Will your lordship forgive me, and just try for yourself?"

It is said that his lordship was struck with the simple argument, and afterwards found what a poor sinner looking to Jesus always finds—pardon, peace, and salvation!

The Chief of Sinners

One day when Joseph Milner, the Church historian, was preaching at Ferriby, near Hull, in England, there was present in the audience a man, fifty years of age, who had led a life of great and open wickedness. The sermon was from the text, "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John 5:28,29). The conscience of the profligate was awakened. His life had been spent in doing evil, and at the prospect of coming judgment he trembled. Of a Saviour he never thought, for he thought that sins like his could never be forgiven, and he only wished that the race had been extinguished in Noah's flood, so that he himself had never been.

Weeks passed in misery. He tried to repent; he tried to soften that hard heart of his, but all in vain; it lay like a ball of iron within him. At last he called on the preacher, and, as well as he could, described his feelings.

Mr. Milner listened, and then replied, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." He then added, "I now stand in Paul's place, and I beg you to believe this invitation. I beg you to accept the pardon of all your sins, which Christ has purchased for you, and which God freely bestows on you for His sake."

William Howard stared. "Dear sir," he said, "how can I believe that God should invite a sinful wretch like me to be reconciled to Him?" and although Mr. Milner pointed out the scripture in 2 Cor. 5:20, and explained how God's ways are not as our ways, he was by no means satisfied. He thought Mr. Milner's copy of the Bible could hardly be correct; but when he went home and read in his own Testament the self-same words, he sank into a sort of swoon of blissful wonder. Here, on the one side, was a hell-deserving wretch, a horrible transgressor; there, on the other, was the God of grace, opening heaven's door and inviting him to enter.

He lived ten years after this and testified of the grace of God in free forgiveness.

Reader, have you found it? If not you may have it now. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." (Acts 13:38).



The Devil's Beans

Rowland Hill once illustrated the folly of sinners by his story of seeing a butcher walking along a road followed by a herd of swine which he led right into the slaughter-house. As pigs are not usually in the mind to go where they are wanted, it seemed a mystery to him how these animals were so eager to follow their executioner; but when he saw that the butcher carried a bag of beans with which he enticed the creatures onward, the riddle was solved at once. Unsuspicious of impending death, the hogs cared only for the passing gratification of their appetites, and hastened to the slaughter—and in the same manner ungodly men follow the great enemy of souls down into the jaws of hell, merely because their depraved passions are gratified by the lusts of the flesh and the pleasures of sin, which the devil gives them by the handfuls on the road. Alas, that there should be such likeness between men and swine! —C. H. Spurgeon



"Tell ye your children of it"

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble"

A young girl had learned in the Sunday-school to trust the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She knew her sins were pardoned, and she believed that the Lord would never leave her nor forsake her, and that He was always a very present friend. Her parents did not love the Lord and this was a great sorrow to Emma, for they did not like even to hear of the things of God.

The father was a stonemason in the country and being out of work he resolved to go to the big city with his wife and child, to seek employment there. On reaching the great city, he took up his abode in a small top room of a tenement and then he posted a letter of commendation which he had received from a gentleman for whom he had worked in the country. He awaited an answer to his letter hoping to get a reply say-

ing that he might call for work, but no answer came. In a few weeks their little stock of money was gone, and Christmas morning, the weather cold and frosty, found the poor family without fire and food. The man and his wife sat in gloomy silence, whilst Emma was kneeling in prayer at the foot of the bed. She rose up, looking bright and happy, and said joyfully: "Father, this is Christmas day. I am so pleased," and she began to sing a hymn.

"Leave off that noise," said the father. "If God was love as you make out, why does He not send us something to eat, and coal to warm ourselves on this bitter cold day?"

"Oh, father," said the child, "God is love, and I can trust Him this morning as firmly as ever. I feel quite sure that He will send us something before the day is gone. Jesus will not fail us; I have been asking Him in prayer."

The father made no answer, so Emma went on singing.

Twelve o'clock struck on the big clock in the tower near by their room, and the family began to feel hungry. Emma was very sorry that her parents had nothing to eat but she still trusted the Lord. Just at the stroke of one they heard footsteps on the stair coming up to their room, and then a knock at the door.

"Come in" said the three together. A gentleman made his appearance and asked the father, "Are you the person who sent me this letter?"

"Yes, sir, I am" said the mason.

The gentleman then said he was very sorry not to have answered it sooner, but that he was away from home when it arrived. "It was written," he continued, "by a friend of mine who speaks of you as being a good sober workman. I shall be glad to employ you if you come to me the day after tomorrow."

"Thank you very much for coming, sir," said the man, "as we have spent all our money, and today we have neither food nor coals."

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I shall be most happy to advance your money to get you some dinner: and hope you may have a brighter Christmas Day next year."

When he was gone, Emma sang again her hymn with all her heart. "Yes, father," she said, "I must give God the

glory for having answered my prayers. I was sure that something would come today."

"Well," said the mother, "This is a wonderful thing—next to a miracle—that the gentleman, the master himself, should come here on a Christmas Day."

"That is to show you, mother, that with God all things are possible, and that He puts into people's hearts what to do."

"It seems like it, my child," she replied looking wonderingly at Emma.

"Don't you remember, mother, what I read to you out of the Bible, that once upon a time God commanded the ravens to feed the prophet Elijah? The God of Elijah is our God, and He it is that sent the gentleman to us."

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." —J. L. M. V.



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Naswai, the Friend of Namakei

Dr. John G. Paton

Naswai, the friend and companion of Namakei, was an inland chief. He had, as his followers, by far the largest number of men in any village on Aniwa.

He was younger and more intelligent than Namakei, and in everything, except in translating the Scriptures, he was much more of a fellow-helper in the work of the Lord. He was also the teacher in his own village school, as well as an elder in the Church. His addresses were wonderfully happy in graphic illustrations, and his prayers were fervent and uplifting. Yet his people were the worst to manage on all the island, and the very last to embrace the Gospel.

I must here recall one memorable example of Naswai's power and skill as a preacher. On one occasion the *Dayspring* brought a large deputation from Futuna to see for themselves the change which the Gospel had produced on Aniwa. On Lord's Day, after the Missionaries had conducted the usual meeting, some of the leading Aniwans addressed the Futunese, and amongst others, Naswai spoke to the following effect: "Men of Futuna, you come to see what the Gospel has done for Aniwa. It is Jehovah the living God that has

made all this change. As heathens, we quarrelled, killed and ate each other. We had no peace and no joy in heart or house, in villages or in lands; but we now live as brethren and have happiness in all these things. When you go back to Futuna they will ask you, 'What is Christianity?' And you will have to reply, 'It is that which has changed the people of Aniwa.' But they will still say, 'What is it?' And you will answer, 'It is that which has given them clothing and blankets, knives and axes, fish-hooks and many other useful things; it is that which has led them to give up fighting, and to live together as friends.' But they will ask you, 'What is it like?' And you will have to tell them, alas, that you cannot explain it; that you have only seen its workings, not itself, and that no one can tell what Christianity is but the man that loves Jesus, the Invisible Master, and walks with Him and tries to please Him. Now, you people of Futuna, you think that if you don't dance and sing and pray to your gods, you will have no crops. We once did so, too, sacrificing and doing much abomination to our gods for weeks before our planting season every year. But we saw our Missi only praying to the Invisible Jehovah, and planting his yams, and they grew fairer than ours. You are weak every year before your hard work begins in the fields, with your wild and bad conduct to please your gods. But we are strong for our work, for we pray to Jehovah, and He gives quiet rest instead of wild dancing, and makes us happy in our toils. Since we followed Missi's example, Jehovah has given us large and beautiful crops, and we now know that He gives us all our blessings."

Turning to me, he exclaimed, "Missi, have you the large yam we presented to you? Would you not think it well to send it back with these men of Futuna, to let their people see the yams which Jehovah grows for us in answer to prayer? Jehovah is the only God who can grow yams like that!"

Then, after a pause, he proceeded, "When you go back to Futuna, and they ask you, 'What is Christianity?' you will be like an inland chief of Erromanga, who once came down and saw a great feast on the shore. When he saw so much food and so many different kinds of it, he asked, 'What is this made of?' and was answered, 'Cocoa-nuts and yams.' 'And

this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and bananas?' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and taro.' 'And this?' 'Cocoa-nuts and chestnuts,' etc., etc. The chief was immensely astonished at the host of dishes that could be prepared from the cocoa-nuts. On returning, he carried home a great load of them to his people, that they might see and taste the excellent food of the shore people. One day, all being assembled, he told them the wonders of that feast; and, having roasted the cocoa-nuts, he took out the kernels, all charred and spoiled, and distributed them amongst his people. They tasted the cocoa-nut, they began to chew it, and then spat it out, crying, 'Our own food is better than that!' The chief was only confused, and only got laughed at for all his trouble. Was the fault in the cocoa-nuts? No; but they were spoiled in the cooking! So your attempts to explain Christianity will only spoil it. Tell them that a man must live as a Christian before he can show others what Christianity is."

On their return to Futuna they exhibited Jehovah's yam, given in answer to prayer and labour; they told what Christianity had done for Aniwa; but did not fail to qualify all their accounts with the story of the Erromangan chief and the cocoa-nuts.



The Cruise of the *Cachalat*

Frank T. Bullen

The hideous noise always considered necessary in those ships when calling the watch, roused me, effectively at midnight, "eight bells." I hurried on deck, fully aware that no leisurely ten minutes would be allowed here. "Lay aft the watch," saluted me as I emerged into the keen, strong air, quickening my pace accordingly to where the mate stood waiting to muster his men. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Can you steer?" in a mocking tone; but when I quietly answered, "Yes, sir," his look of astonishment was delightful to see. He choked it down, however, and merely telling me to take the wheel, turned forrard roaring frantically for his watch. I had no time to chuckle over what I knew was in store for him, getting those poor greenies collected from their several holes and corners, for on taking the wheel I found a machine under my hands such as I never even heard of before.

The wheel was fixed upon the tiller in such a manner that the whole concern travelled backwards and forwards across the deck in the maddest kind of way. For the first quarter of an hour, in spite of the September chill, the sweat poured off me in streams. And the course—well, it was not steering, it was sculling; the old bum-boat was wobbling all around like a drunken sailor with two left legs. I fairly shook with apprehension lest the mate should come and look in the compass. I had been accustomed to hard words if I did not steer within half a point each way; but here was a “gadget” that worked me to death, the result being a wake like a letter S. Gradually I got the hang of the thing, becoming easier in my mind on my own account. Even that was not an unmixed blessing, for I had now some leisure to listen to the goings-on around the deck:

Such brutality I never witnessed before. On board of English ships (except men-of-war) there is practically no discipline, which is bad, but this sort of thing was maddening. I knew how desperately ill all those poor wretches were, how helpless and awkward they would be if quite hale and hearty; but there was absolutely no pity for them, the officers seemed to be incapable of any feeling of compassion whatever. My heart sank within me as I thought of what lay before me, although I did not fear that their statement would also be mine, since I was at least able to do my duty, and willing to work hard to keep out of trouble. Then I began to wonder what sort of voyage I was in for, how long it would last, and what my earnings were likely to be, none of which things I had the faintest idea of.

Fortunately, I was alone in the world. No one, as far as I knew cared a straw what became of me; so that I was spared any worry on that head. And I had also a very definite and well-established trust in God, which I can now look back and see was as fully justified as I then believed it to be. So, as I could not shut my ears to the cruelties being carried on, nor banish thought by hard work, I looked up to the stately stars, thinking of things not to be talked about without being suspected of cant. So swiftly passed the time that when four bells struck (two o'clock) I could hardly believe my ears.

I was relieved by one of the Portuguese, and went forward

to witness a curious scene. Seven stalwart men were being compelled to march up and down on that tumbling deck, men who had never before trodden anything less solid than the earth.

The third mate, a waspish, spiteful little Yankee with a face like an angry cat, strolled about among them, a strand of rope-yarns in his hand, which he wielded constantly, regardless where he struck a man. They fell about, sometimes four or five at once, and his blows flew thick and fast, yet he never seemed to weary of his ill-doing. It made me quite sick, and I longed to be aft at the wheel again. Catching sight of me standing irresolute as to what I had better do, he ordered me on the "look-out," a tiny platform between the "knight heads," just where the bowsprit joins the ship. Gladly I obeyed him, and perched up there looking over the wide sea, the time passed quickly away until eight bells (four o'clock) terminated my watch. I must pass rapidly over the condition of things in the fo'lk'sle, where all the greenies that were allowed below, were groaning in misery from the stifling atmosphere which made their sickness so much worse, while even that dreadful place was preferable to what awaited them on deck. There was a rainbow-coloured halo round the flame of the lamp, showing how very bad the air was; but in spite of that I turned in and slept soundly till seven bells roused us to breakfast.

American ships generally have an excellent name for the way they feed their crews, but the whalers are a notable exception to that good rule. The food was really worse than that on board any English ship I have ever sailed in, so scanty also in quantity that it kept all the foremast hands at starvation point. But grumbling was dangerous, so I gulped down the dirty mixture mis-named coffee, ate a few fragments of biscuit, and as the bell struck I hurried on deck—not one moment too soon—for as I stepped out of the scuttle I saw the third mate coming forward with a glitter in his eye that boded no good to laggards.

Before going any farther I must apologize for using so many capital I's, but up till the present I had been the only available white member of the crew forward.

The decks were scrubbed spotlessly clean, and everything was neat and tidy as on board a man-of-war, contrary to all

usual notions of the condition of a whaler. The mate was in a state of high activity, so I soon found myself very busily engaged in getting up whale-lines, harpoons, and all the varied equipment for the pursuit of whales. The number of officers carried would have been a good crew for the ship, the complete afterguard comprising captain, four mates, four harpooners or boatsteerers, carpenter, cooper, steward and cook. All these worthies were on deck and working with might and main at the preparations, so that the incompetence of the crowd forrard was little hindrance. I was pounced upon by "Mistah" Jones, the fourth mate, whom I heard addressed familiarly as "Goliath" and "Anak" by his brother officers, and ordered to assist him in rigging the "crow's nest" at the main royal-mast head. It was a simple affair. There were a pair of cross-trees fitted to the mast, upon which was secured a tiny platform about a foot wide on each side of the mast, while above this foothold a couple of padded hoops like a pair of giant spectacles were secured at a little higher than a man's waist. When all was fast he could creep up on the platform, through the hoop, and restings his arms upon the latter, stand comfortably and gaze around, no matter how vigorously the old barky plunged and kicked beneath him. From that lofty aerie I had a comprehensive view of the vessel. She was about 350 tons and full ship-rigged, that is to say, she carried square sails on all three masts. Her deck was flush fore and aft, the only obstructions being the brick-built "try-works" in the waist, the galley, and cabin skylight right aft by the taff-rail. Her bulwarks were set thickly round with clumsy looking wooden cranes, from which depended five boats. Two more boats were secured bottom up upon a gallows aft, so she seemed to be well supplied in that direction. Mistah Jones, finding I did not presume upon his condescension, gradually unbent and furnished me with many interesting facts about the officers. Captain Slocum, he said, was "de debbil hisself, so jess yew keep yer lamps trim' fer him, sonny, taint helthy ter rile him." The first officer, or the mate as he is always called par excellence, was an older man than the captain, but a good seaman, a good whaler, and a gentleman. Which combination I found to be a fact, although hard to believe possible at the time. The second mate was a Portuguese about forty years of age, with a face

like one of Vandyke's cavaliers, but as I now learned, a perfect fiend when angered. He also was a first-class whaleman, but an indifferent seaman. The third mate was nothing much but bad temper — not much whaler, generally in hot water with the skipper, who hated him because he was an "owner's man." "An' de fourf mate," wound up the narrator, straightening his huge bulk, "am de bes' man in de ship, and de bigges'. Dey ain't no whalemen in Noo Bedford caynt teach me nuffin, en ef it comes ter man-handlin'; w'y I jes' pick 'em two't a time 'n' crack 'em togerrer like so, see!" and he smote the palms of his great paws against each other, while I nodded complete assent.

The weather being fine, with a steady N.E. wind blowing, so that the sails required no attention, work proceeded steadily all the morning. The oars were sorted, examined for flaws, and placed in the boats; the whale-line, manila rope like yellow silk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch round, was brought on deck, stretched and coiled down with the greatest care into tubs, holding, some 200 fathoms, and others 100 fathoms each. New harpoons were fitted to poles of rough but heavy wood, without any attempt at neatness, but every attention to strength. The shape of these weapons was not, as is generally thought, that of an arrow, but rather like an arrow with one huge barb, the upper part of which curved out from the shaft. The whole of the barb turned on a stout pivot of steel, but was kept in line with the shaft by a tiny wooden peg which passed through barb and shaft, being then cut off smoothly on both sides. The point of the harpoon had at one side a wedge-shaped edge, ground to razor keenness, the other side was flat. The shaft, about thirty inches long, was of the best malleable iron, so soft that it would tie into a knot and straighten out again without fracture. Three harpoons, or "irons" as they were always called, were placed in each boat, fitted one above the other in the starboard bow, the first for use being always unused before. Opposite to them in the boat were fitted three lances for the purpose of killing whales, the harpoons being only the means by which the boat was attached to a fish, and quite useless to inflict a fatal wound. These lances were slender spears of malleable iron about four feet long, with oval or heart-shaped points of fine steel about two inches broad, their edges kept keen as a surgeon's lancet. By

means of a socket at the other end they were attached to neat handles, or "lance-poles," about as long again, the whole weapon being thus about eight feet in length, and furnished with a light line, or "lance-warp," for the purpose of drawing it back again when it had been darted at a whale.

Each boat was fitted with a centre-board, or sliding keel, which was drawn up, when not in use, into a case standing in the boat's middle, very much in the way. But the American whalers regard these clumsy contrivances as indispensable, so there's an end on't. The other furniture of a boat comprised five oars of varying lengths from sixteen to nine feet, one great steering oar of nineteen feet, a mast and two sails of great area for so small a craft, spritsail shape; two tubs of whale-line containing together 1800 feet, a keg of drinking water, and another long narrow one with a few biscuits, a lantern, candles and matches therein; a bucket and "piggin" for baling, a small spade, a flag or "wheft," a shoulder bomb-gun and ammunition, two knives and two small axes. A rudder hung outside by the stern.

With all this gear, although snugly stowed, a boat looked so loaded that I could not help wondering how six men would be able to work in her; but like most "deepwater" sailors, I knew very little about boating. I was going to learn.

All this work and bustle of preparation was so rapidly carried on, and so interesting, that before supper-time everything was in readiness to commence operations, the time having gone so swiftly that I could hardly believe the bell when it sounded four times, six o'clock.



Daniel Webster being once asked what was the greatest thought that ever occupied his mind, replied, "My individual responsibility to God." That every man is responsible to God, and *must meet Him*, the Scriptures plainly testify. This thought is not a pleasant one to those who are living in their sins and therefore unprepared to face the tremendous issues involved. But whether or not, the solemn fact remains.



A bold and simple faith is always sure to be rewarded. It glorifies God, and God honours it.

The Burial of Moses

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Fades in the setting sun,
Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
That grand procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance some lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
They lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
The dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave.
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave?

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
Through Christ the Incarnate God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.

—Cecil Frances Alexander

to the offended gods. Off went the Greeks but only to the nearest island where they awaited the result of their strategy. The Trojans trooped out to view the gift and glad to get rid of the Greeks at any price they voted to drag the horse into the city. One wise old Senator opposed this decision of theirs, saying "I fear the Greeks, even bringing gifts," but in vain, for his counsel was refused, and the horse was put on rollers, and brought within the city wall, part of which had to be broken down to admit it. That night the Trojans slept in peace, for the first time in ten years, but while men slept sudden destruction came upon them, for that horse was loaded with Greek warriors, and a fifth columnist within the city opened the door, and Troy which was invincible to siege was overcome by strategy and treachery. Today this old story has been revived, and with the fear of the Fifth Column the cry has gone forth "Ware the Trojan Horse."

While we as men in this world naturally feel antipathy at the disgusting exhibitions of treason and treachery coming to light these days, we as Christians must remember that "our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour our Lord Jesus Christ." And with all, and above all else, we must never forget that as children of God we also are ever in a state of war. Our warfare however is not one in which we contend with flesh and blood, reinforced with tanks and bombs; our adversary is a foe more powerful and more subtle than earth's aggressors, and in this conflict our enemy's strategy is even more to be feared than his frontal attacks. Satan, our opponent, comes in different guises—as a roaring lion, when force must be met by force; hence the command "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." But says the inspired apostle, "We are not ignorant of his devices," for he also comes as a serpent, insinuating and fascinating, and transforms himself from the Prince of darkness into an angel of light; so that every advance is to be scrutinised as a possible lurking danger, a Fifth Column penetration more to be dreaded than an open assault.

An old Puritan divine, we believe it was who said: "We have an enemy internal, that is, the flesh; we have an enemy external, that is, the world; we have an enemy infernal, that is, the devil: but, thank God, we have no enemy eternal." The **Devil** by force, device, and transformation, is a real foe, and forewarned we are forearmed. The **World** allures the child of God; as he passes through Vanity Fair he is tempted by all its wares and attractions, and the lust of the eye would quickly entrap him, but he hears a Voice "Love not the world," and again the enemy is foiled. There remains the **Flesh**, the foe within the citadel, and what do we find there? Even an Apostle says, "Sin dwelleth in me," "Evil is present with me," "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." This Triad—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil—is more to be feared by the Christian (for it is a stronger confederacy) than the Rome—Berlin—Tokyo axis. "The **flesh** desireth contrary to the Spirit" (Gal. 5:17); **Satan** seeks by his devices "to get an advantage of us" (2 Cor. 2:11); "The friendship of the **world** is enmity with God" (James 4:4). The prowess of Benaiah, one of David's mighty men was seen in his victory over an Egyptian, two Moabites, and a lion, and one of Mr. Muir's Bible marginal notes classifies these as "the world (Egypt), the flesh (Moab), and the Devil (Satan)." Only as "built up of God" which is the translation of the name "Benaiah" can we face and fight and conquer in this spiritual warfare.

(Continued D.V.)

—H. A. Cameron

Addresses

Mr. Leonard Sheldrake has moved from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., to Kansas City, Mo. His new address is 3719 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

HARRISBURG, PA. The new Gospel Hall is located at Seventeenth and Herr Streets. It was opened on Lord's Day, April 7. Brother William H. Hunter of Fairhaven, Mass, conducted the opening meetings. Correspondent: Leon F. Miller, 2715 N. 4th St. Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kramer of **Quezaltenango, Guatemala**, after years of exercise about it, have moved to **Guatemala City**, where there is a small assembly. Their new address is Apt. 258, Guatemala City, Guatemala, Central America.

Conferences

CLEVELAND, OHIO. The Addison Road and W. 85th Madison Assemblies will (D.V.) have their Conference, Aug. 31st, Sept. 1 & 2. Prayer meeting Fri. evening Aug. 30th. Meetings morning, afternoon and evening. Breaking of Bread Lord's Day 10:00 A. M. II Thess. 2:15 "There, brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." Jude 3 "Beloved, it was needful to write unto you and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith." Rev. 3:11 "Behold I come quickly, hold that fast which thou hast that no man take thy crown." A hearty welcome to the Lord's people. For conference information please communicate with J. H. Smith, 3366 Meadowbrook Blvd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE. The Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) August 11th to 18th beginning with prayer meeting Saturday evening in the tent. Meetings on the two Lord's days will be held in tent, on other days in Camp Grounds, located at foot of Central Ave corner of Woodland Ave. Several brethren have been asked to be responsible for the ministry during the conference. A cordial invitation to the Lord's people. For further information write H. F. Stultz, 819 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

BAY CITY, MICH. The conference was largely attended by both the Lord's people and the Lord's servants, sixteen of the latter being present. The ministry instructive and practical was appreciated. Brother John Govan remained over for special gospel meetings, and already there is manifestation of blessing.

BOLTON, ONT. Our one-day Conference on June 2nd was well attended by the Lord's people from Toronto and elsewhere. Four brethren ministered the good word of God.

GARNAVILLO, IOWA. The Conference was very large and a season of help and profit. Ten of the Lord's servants were here to minister the Word. Messrs. Lorne McBain and Archie Stewart remained after the Conference for gospel meetings, and there is good attendance at them. Brethren S. Keller went to La Crosse, Grierson to Manchester, Iowa and F. W. Schwartz to Blue River and Lynxville.

MIDLAND, ONT. The attendance at our Conference was large and the ministry most helpful, causing God's people to lift up their heads in these trying times.

ORANGE, N. J. The sixteenth Italian Conference held June 1st and 2nd was well attended. The ministry was good, varied and with power, and the gospel was preached to many unconverted.

Assembly Annals

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Vol. XIV—No. 7

JULY, 1940

New Series
Vol. VII—No. 7

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

We see glories and humilities in our Redeemer; we see both; and we need each.

The One who sat on the well in Sychar is He who now sits on high in heaven. He that ascended is He that descended. Dignities and condescensions are with Him;—a seat at the right hand of God, and yet a stooping to wash the feet of His saints here. What a combination! No abatement of His honors, though suiting Himself to our poverty: nothing wanting that can serve us, though glorious and stainless and complete in Himself.

Selfishness is wearied by trespass and importunity. "He will not rise because he is his friend; but because of his importunity, he will rise and give him as much as he needeth." Thus it is with man, or selfishness; it is otherwise with God, or love; for God in Isaiah 7 is the contradiction of man in Luke 11.

It is the unbelief that would not draw on Him, that refused to ask a blessing, and get it with a seal and a witness, that wearied God,—not importunity, but, as I may say, the absence of it. And all this divine blessedness and excellency, which is thus seen in the Jehovah of the house of David in Isaiah 7 reappears in the Lord Jesus Christ of the evangelists, and in His different dealing with weak faith and full faith.

All these things that we are able to discover bespeak His perfections; but how small a part of them do we reach!

We are aware in how many different ways our fellow-disciples try and tempt us, as, no doubt, we do them. We see, or fancy we see, some bad quality in them, and we find it hard to go on in further company with them. And yet in all this, or in much of it, the fault may be with ourselves, mistaking a want of conformity, of taste or judgment, with ourselves, for something to be condemned in them.

But the Lord could not be thus mistaken; and yet He was never "overcome of evil," but was ever "overcoming evil with good,"—the evil that was in them with the good that was in Himself. Vanity, ill-temper, indifference about others and carelessness about themselves, ignorance after painstaking to instruct, were of the things in them which He had to suffer continually. His walk with them, in its way and measure, was a day of provocation, as the forty years in the wilderness had been. Israel again tempted the Lord, I may say, but again proved Him. Blessed to tell it!—they *provoked* Him, but by this they *proved* Him. He suffered, but He took it patiently. He never gave them up. He warned and taught, rebuked and condemned them, but never gave them up. Nay, at the end of their walk together He is nearer to them than ever.

Perfect and excellent this is, and comforting to us. The Lord's dealing with the conscience never touches His heart. We lose nothing by His rebukes. And He who does not withdraw His heart from us when He is dealing with our conscience is quick to restore our souls, that the conscience, so to express it, may be enabled soon to leave his school, and the heart find its happy freedom in His presence again. As expressed in that hymn, which some of us know,—

"Still sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimmed my sight,
When passed, Eternal Lover,
Toward me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright."



Our Heavenly Partnership

T. D. W. Muir

"God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord." —1 Cor. 1:9.

When two persons enter into partnership their interests become mutual. They may have been diverse in all their thoughts, ways, and pursuits before, but when this partnership is formed, a new order of things take place. The interest which had no claim upon them before, now claims their time, their talents and their energies. This scripture directs our minds to the fact that God who is faithful has called us into the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. There was nothing in common between us and God before our conversion.

"All we like sheep had gone astray;" we had turned, each one to his own way. But when as guilty sinners we received the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, from that moment God looked upon us as His beloved children. He linked us together with His own Son, and made us partakers of His eternal life and glory. I may be the poorest of men as far as this world's wealth is concerned; but being brought into partnership with Christ I am made an heir of God and a joint heir with His Son in all unto which He is heir.

Turn to 1 John 1:3. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ." The one who is in fellowship with God cannot have fellowship with the world, "for the friendship of the world is enmity with God" (James 4:4). There is nothing in common between an unconverted man and God; but when he accepts His testimony concerning His Son, then there being a common object between God and him they can have fellowship together. God and the saved sinner have delight in Christ; therefore they participate in a common joy.

In John 6:33, Jesus speaks of Himself as "*The Bread of God*"; that which God and His people feed upon,—that is fellowship. In speaking of brethren being united with a certain meeting, it is customary to say "he is in fellowship with the believers in that assembly." Very often it only means that they sit at the same table and partake of the same bread and wine. True fellowship is that which is the result of fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. If you are in fellowship with God and I am in fellowship with Him, then when we gather around the table of the Lord we have a common object in which we have fellowship together. But we are apt to drift into mere formalism in this matter. I may be in the position or place in which I ought to be; and I may be able to give you chapter and verse for everything that I am in fellowship with; and yet I may not be in a right *condition* of soul. God is not satisfied with mere *position*. What we need is the *condition* of soul fitting us for the position He has given us.

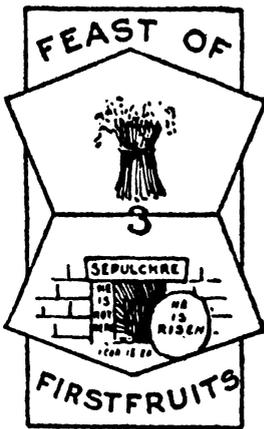
What is the state of our soul, are we delighting ourselves in the Lord? Is He our chiefest joy? Are we feeding daily on Him and becoming like Him in our ways and in the spirit

of our minds? "If we say we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." This fellowship can only be enjoyed in the light of God (1 John 1:7). God wants us to walk with Him; and we can only walk with Him in the light. If we abide in the light, then we shall not "do what we please", but it will be our delight to do the will of God.

The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by
Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF FIRST FRUITS



Tonight we speak of the "Feast of First Fruits," the type of the resurrection of Christ (Read Lev. 23:9-14; 1 Cor. 15: 1-3, 16-23). We have been looking at the "Feast of the Passover," and the "Feast of Unleavened Bread," and I might remark now that which I did not last night, that in the little chart before us, there is something suggestive in the color scheme. In the Passover the color is *red*. Red stands for sin, as we see in Isa. 1:18, and

it also reminds us of the blood of Christ "which cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7). In the next Feast the ground is *white*, for the Feast of Unleavened Bread speaks of holiness,—holiness founded on the death of Christ, or the purity of the life of those who are born again. Thank God, that which has put sin away from before God, also makes the believing sinner pure.

It is said that a child was once sitting on the knee of the late king Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, and the little one asked him if he knew anything whiter than snow. He replied that he did not, and the child answered him, "A soul that is washed in the blood of Jesus." David Rea, a most wonderful preacher of the North of Ireland, was once standing in the hallway of a doctor's office in the city of Armagh, looking out through the red glass of the door. Just then a company of soldiers passed by, and he exclaimed, "Doctor, see those soldiers wearing white coats. I never knew that soldiers

wore white coats." But the doctor just opened the red glass door, and lo, the soldiers had on regulation red. Red seen through red looks white. How does God see you?

Red speaks of the blood of Christ, white speaks of purity through the blood, but what does the *green* of the present section of our chart speak of? Green is emblematic of resurrection. If you are acquainted with the country districts of the North, you will know that at this time of the year everything is withered up, brown and bare. But go there in the Spring, and all is covered with verdant green,—resurrection from the death of Winter. So the great truth brought out in the Feast of First Fruits is life from the dead, or the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We have been reading, "Ye shall bring a sheaf of the first fruits of your harvest unto the priest; and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you; on the morrow after the sabbath the priest shall wave it." The "morrow after the sabbath" is the "first day of the week," and on that day the priest was to wave the sheaf before the Lord. It would be as much as the hand could grasp of the grain first to ripen of their crops. Well does it speak of Him Who was the "corn of wheat," Who went down into death (John 12: 24), and Who was raised again, and, thank God, the corn of wheat has become the "sheaf", for as we shall see, He is not alone in resurrection.

We go back to a morning of the first day of the week long ago, and we see a priest waving the sheaf, with a horizontal motion. What is he doing? He is carrying out the instructions God gave in Lev. 23:9-14. It is the Feast of First Fruits. Had we lived then, and had known the truth as we know it now, we could have gone to that priest and told him, "You need not go through that ceremony any more." Had he asked why we said so, we could have told him that He, of whom that feast was a type, had been raised from the dead that very morning, and the substance having come, the shadow ends. But in the blindness of unbelief they held on to the shadows, and rejected Him in whom they were fulfilled, until God brought the whole thing to an end, by allowing the city and the temple to be destroyed and the nation scattered.

We have in 1 Cor. 15 the definite teaching of the Feast of

First Fruits, where we read, "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep." (1 Cor. 15:20 R.V.). This chapter is one of the great chapters of the New Testament. In verses 3-4 we have the gospel declared, and it consists of *three accomplished facts*, "*Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.*" "*He was buried.*" "*And He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.*" Notice that the death and resurrection of Christ were declared to be "*according to the Scriptures.*" From the entrance of sin, God began to speak of that death in types and in prophecy; all down the ages till He came, that death was ever kept before men. It was an absolute necessity in order that the Scriptures be fulfilled, and that we might be saved. For as the Lord said in John 12:24, "*Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.*" Thus we see that but for the death of Christ, He would have been alone for all eternity, so far as having a single soul of Adam's race in the glory with Him. But necessary as the death of Christ was, resurrection is not one whit less so. I think it is one of the weaknesses of present day preaching that so little is made of the resurrection of Christ, yet very little thought is needed to see its immense importance. If He had not been raised, how would we have known that His death was any different from that of any other man? If He had not been raised we should have been still in our sins, and of all men we would have been the most miserable (vers. 17, 19).

But God has been careful to establish the truth of Christ's resurrection. God in this chapter brings forward no less than six different sets of witnesses to the fact of Christ's resurrection: 1. He was seen of Cephas. 2. Then of the twelve. 3. Next He was seen of about five hundred brethren at once. 4. He was seen of James. 5. Then of all the apostles. 6. Last of all He was seen of me (Paul) also (vers. 5-8). When Paul wrote this epistle,—a portion which has fared better at the hands of High Critics than many other parts of the New Testament, he was able to say that the greater part of those five hundred brethren, who saw Christ after He arose from the dead, were still alive. He could have said, "If you go up to Judea you can interview three hundred living witnesses of the resurrection of Christ." Pretty good evidence, is it not?

(Continued D.V.)

Christ the King

(Continued from June number)

The earthly Sovereignities with which we are familiar, may serve to suggest a few simple thoughts regarding the Kingship of Christ.

The Lord Jesus Christ, as an exalted King, has a *Throne*. It is a throne of Righteousness. Righteousness is at the foundation of all rule. History and experience are ever reading and rereading, that the earthly throne not established in righteousness—based on tyranny and wrong,—bolstered up by oppression and perfidy—will, sooner or later, totter to its fall. The Intercessory and Kingly offices of Christ, are alike founded on the great work of righteousness wrought out and completed by Him on earth. "Righteousness is the girdle of His loins." (Isa. 2:5). "This is the name whereby He is called, The Lord our Righteousness." (Jer. 23:6). "Thou lovest *righteousness* and hatest wickedness; therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows. All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made Thee glad." (Psa. 45:7, 8).

The Lord Jesus as King, has a *Sceptre*. It is called "the rod of His power:" (Psa. 110:2). "The Lord shall send the rod of Thy strength out of Zion." (Psa. 110:2). By it He is said to rule in the midst of His enemies. (Psa. 110:3). As His throne is a throne of righteousness, so the "sceptre of His kingdom is a right (or righteous) sceptre." (Psa. 45:6). In the proclamation of the Gospel, His design is to vindicate the righteous of His law in the salvation of sinners, and to foster and advance the cause of righteousness among His people. "The Spirit of the Lord," was the opening sentence of the Messiah's ministry, "is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach glad tidings to the meek." (Isa. 61:1; Luke 4:16). And when that ministry was terminating, and He was about to delegate the work to others, this was still the parting apostolic commission, "Go ye into all the world and *preach* the gospel to every creature."

Nobly did His followers fulfil His royal decree. Hear the boldest and bravest of these ambassadors—the great apostle of the Gentiles. Whether he stood amid the soldiers and sena-

tors of imperial Rome, or among the merchant princes of Corinth, or the sailors of the Adriatic, or the cultured philosophers on the Athenian Areopagus—hear him proclaiming, as he holds out the same golden sceptre delegated to him by the heavenly King—"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Rom. 1:16).

This suggests, that Jesus Christ the King has, like earthly sovereigns, *subordinate Officers to carry on the administration of His vast empire.*

But we know with certainty that He has appointed such officers in His Church and kingdom on earth, to gather in "ransomed spoil" against the day of His final appearing and enthronement as Lord of all. He has selected, moreover, these subordinate ministers of His court, not from among angels, not from among the unsinning inhabitants of heaven; but from those whom He has purchased with His own blood;—dust and ashes—earthen vessels—with no badge of distinction or human greatness: often purposely the weakest instrumentality, that the excellency and the power may appear to be of Him alone. "As My Father sent Me," said He, as He invested His disciples with divine authority, "even so send I you." (John 20:21). These specially gifted and endowed office-bearers of the Gospel age, clothed with miraculous powers needful for laying and consolidating the Church's foundations, are indeed now withdrawn. But while the extraordinary ministrations have ceased, the ordinary remain. The "prophets and apostles" have been followed by "pastors and teachers": and though claiming no 'apostolic succession' in the conventional sense of the word—no gift of tongues or of prophesying;—yet we assert and maintain the Divine institution of the pastoral office. The King has still heralds, as of old, to prepare His way before Him; and these in their turn are charged by Him to commit their work to faithful men, who will be able to teach others also. Ministerial power is derived, not from priestly ordination or hereditary virtue, but directly from the Lord Himself. "To every one of us is given grace *according to the measure of the gift of Christ.*" (2 Cor. 3:5). "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God." As the earthly King has his ambassadors at foreign courts, empowered to speak in

his sovereign's name, and to vindicate his sovereign's rights, so He hath committed unto His servants "the ministry of reconciliation," and empowered them thus to deliver their high behest: "Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." (2 Cor. 5:20).

As an earthly King has *Subjects*, so has the heavenly King. His sway is indeed, in one sense, universal: "His kingdom ruleth over all;" "All things were created," not only by Him, but "for Him." (Col. 1:16, 17). His true subjects, however, are composed of those whom He hath redeemed with His blood: chosen by Him "before the foundation of the world." (Eph. 1:4). "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up an horn" (*horn*, the type of kingly rule) "of salvation for us in the house of His servant David." (Luke 1:69). These, His people, are said to become "willing in the day of His power." What day is that? Today doubtless it is the momentous era in their lives, when, by the efficacious grace of His Spirit, they are brought to surrender their weapons of rebellion; to renounce the service of Satan, and enroll themselves under the banner of their Saviour-King. To effect this result, at times the terrors of the law are employed: those arrows which "are sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under Him." (Psa. 45:5). At other times, "the still small voice" proves, as in the case of the prophet, more efficacious than tempest, and earthquake, and fire. The heart is conquered and won by love, and a two-fold change is at that great crisis-hour undergone.

There is, first a change of *state*. These newborn subjects are enrolled among the pardoned. Enemies once, with the sentence of death recorded against them—they receive a full forgiveness:—a royal amnesty is extended to them—they are "accepted in the Beloved." (Eph. 1:6). From being by nature and practice (to use the simile in the Song of Solomon), like "pillars of smoke," they become redolent "with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant." (Song of Sol. 3:6). Captives once—the chains are struck off; prodigals once—the home of their Father is thrown open. God in His judicial character justifies them—in His paternal character

He adopts them. They are received into the number and invested with all the privileges of sonship.

But, in addition to the change of state, it brings along with it a change of *character*. It not only captures the citadel of the heart, which had long held out against the heavenly King, but all its magazines and resources are now willingly laid in tribute at His feet. The understanding is enlightened, the affections purified, the will renewed. The body, which was formerly the slave of unrighteousness unto sin, is now consecrated to His service. Inspired with love and loyalty, His people reverence His laws. It is their supreme delight to serve and honour Him. Their interests are identified with His. Their obedience is not the coerced duty of the slave, but the delight of a voluntary heart-surrender. The moral and spiritual transformation is likened to the working of that mighty power which God wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead. (Eph. 1:19). More than this:—just as in the case of friends with whom we are in the habit of daily and familiar intercourse, we insensibly catch up their tone and manner and conversation, and imbibe their tastes and likings:—so it is with believers and Him, who, though a King, delights to call them “friends.” They imbibe His spirit; they reflect His image. “The King’s daughter,” like her Lord, becomes “all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold” (Psa. 45:13) (the inwrought graces of the Spirit). So that it may be said of Christ’s true people as of the brethren of Gideon, “each one resembled the children of a king.” (Judges 8:18).

Thus then His subjects receive the double boon of having their natures changed as well as their sins pardoned; or as this is briefly stated by St Peter in his address before the Jewish council, “Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give *repentance* to Israel and *forgiveness* of sins.” (Acts 5:31).

Does the personal question here occur, How are we to become the subjects of this exalted Sovereign? What is the passport of admission into His royal favour and within His palace-gates? Have we to fight our way to it, like desperate men, through blood and death? Have we in our own strength to scale inaccessible ramparts before reaching “the city of the great King?” Listen to the words of the beloved disciple,

“As many as received Him to them gave He power (or the right) to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His name” (John 1:12). We have no merit in the attainment of these royal privileges and prerogatives. They are all derived from grace and bestowed through faith. The hand which “delivers from the power of darkness” translates also into “the kingdom of His dear Son” (Col. 1:13). The charter of our rights is delivered to us in the same way as the *cure* was dispensed to the cripple at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple:—“*In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk*” (Acts 3:6). Or, to employ an older Bible simile, He, the true Ahasuerus, extends the regal sceptre, and of His sovereign good pleasure confers the rich blessings of His spiritual kingdom.

While, however, it is by grace we are redeemed, we must never forget that *holiness* is the distinguishing badge of all true subjects of the Saviour’s rule. This is their characteristic—a *holy people*. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God” (Matt. 5:8). “Christ also loved the Church and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it through the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, that it should be holy and without blemish” (Eph. 5:26, 27). If we are partakers of this heavenly citizenship, denizens of this glorious spiritual empire, let us listen to the word of power, divinely recorded as the test of our loyalty and allegiance, “As He who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.” (1 Pet. 1:15).

—J. R. M.

(Continued D. V.)



Instead of refreshing the Lord, Lot gets his righteous soul vexed; instead of enjoying communion *with* the Lord, he is at a lamentable distance from the Lord; and lastly, instead of interceding for others, he finds enough to do to intercede for himself.



Genuine faith, while it always renders us independent, never renders us indifferent. It will never wrap itself up in fleece while a brother shivers in the cold.

Divine Energy*J. N. Darby*

"THIS ONE THING I DO."

The man with one object is the energetic man. The Christian's one object is Christ.

The secret of real progress is personal attachment to Himself.

It is devotedness that God will have; one may lose one's first love as to the work while continuing to work; may God kindle in us again that energy of love.

Where there is the energy of the Spirit there is light, and a single eye which makes us judge that Christ is worth all, and that all else is worth nothing; and this purifies the heart.

We need to be constantly renewed; without that spiritual energy does not keep up. And it is not progress in knowledge that effects that; what is of moment is the keeping of oneself near God. There love maintains itself and grows—His love in our soul.

Christ is presented in glory as One who leads us on in energy, conforming us to what He is according to glory; when the question is of nourishing the inward life and character, it is the humbled Christ on whom we have to feed. This is the case in Philippians 2 and 3, the former the inward state and character, Christ coming down; the latter a glorified Christ, the Object after which we run.

2 Cor. 2:23-33. Troubles and dangers without, incessant anxieties within, a courage that quailed before no peril, a love for poor sinners and for the assembly that nothing chilled—these few lines sketched the picture of a life of such absolute devotedness that it touches the coldest heart; it makes us feel our selfishness, and bend the knee before Him Who was the living source of the blessed apostle's devotedness, before Him whose glory inspired it.



The more I love Jesus, the closer I shall walk with Him; and the closer I walk with Him, the more faithfully I shall imitate Him; and the more faithfully I imitate Him, the more I shall suffer with Him.

Thou and Thy House

Andrew Stenhouse, Santiago, Chile

Address at Cleveland Conference, September, 1939

Genesis 13:8; 14:11-16; 18:1-5, 11-19; 19:1, 2, 12-14;
22:1, 2, 15-18.

The subject I have before me this afternoon is, The Christian household. Perhaps some of you are thinking, "You are not the man to speak about that subject." It may be you remember that word "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast as he that taketh it off" but we are persuaded nevertheless that it is a very necessary subject and if we speak of it humbly in the fear of the Lord I believe that some things which have engaged my attention recently may be profitable for all of us.

I believe that the thought of the Christian household has largely been lost amongst believers meeting in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are accustomed to think of the pathway of the individual believer and the pathway of the assembly, but we should never forget that in the mind of God there is not only the individual and the Church, there is also the Christian household. It seems to me that the Christian household is a kind of bridge between the individual and the assembly, and if we are careless about that bridge, if we do not give due attention to the instructions contained in the Word of God upon the family and for the household, we can expect very little regarding the success and testimony and blessing of the assembly. I would go a little further and say with all kindness that I believe in this country a great deal of what is to be lamented in the assemblies of the Lord's people is due to the neglect of Christian principles in the household and in the family.

Now in the scriptures which I have read as illustrative of these principles, there are some five aspects of the Christian household. I want to look at it first of all as *a sphere of salvation*. How encouraging it should be to parents and heads of households that God in His Word has revealed His promise not only to save and to bless the individual but to save and to bless the household. I trust you won't misunderstand me when I say this. I don't want to go a whit beyond what scripture teaches, but you will readily bring to your mind scriptures in which the Lord speaks of His intention to bless

the household; for example the word to the jailer at Philippi "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." Very often we leave off the last part because we just don't know why it is there. If we had to write it we probably would have left it out altogether. But you remember that in that very household the Lord not only saved the man himself but his whole family. If you look around in that same portion of scripture—in Acts—and trace the matter through the epistles you are bound to observe that in the early days it was the common thing not only for individuals to hear and believe and be saved, but for whole households to be brought instantaneously into blessing. Now, dear friends, if our experience is otherwise, I think we ought to look for the reason within ourselves. God's intention has certainly not changed. God is just as willing to save and to bless today in the family, in the households, as He was at the beginning. The principle of this is to be found not only in the New Testament but from the very earliest days of human history.

I have taken you back to Abraham because I believe in a special way Abraham stands out as an example for us. I have also read a little concerning Lot because we may learn not only by the good examples that people have given, we may also learn and take warning from the awful failures of others. I would like to pause a moment and ask the question, "What lessons could be learned from our household? What kind of example have we given? What kind of testimony has our family been for God in the world?" God's purpose in connection with salvation is illustrated even in the case of a man like Lot, a man who had gone so far in the pathway of disobedience, a man who was apparently so ignorant of the principles which should govern a child of God, a man who had gone so far as to take up his residence in the city of Sodom, whose wife and daughters were apparently mixed up with the society of Sodom, a man who had absolutely no testimony for God in the place in which he lived. And yet, in spite of all that man's failures, God sends the message of mercy to him through the two angels that come to his door at midnight. Such is the condition in the house of that man, such is the failure of that man's testimony, that the angels protest and say, "Nay, we shall not enter." And yet we hear those messengers of mercy saying, "Hast thou here any besides?"

Oh that that word would come home to fathers and mothers of unsaved children in this meeting today. "Hast thou any here besides?" God is not only interested in your personal salvation, not only are you expected to rejoice because God in His mercy and grace has saved your precious soul; the word of God to you is this, "Hast thou here any besides?" What about the others, what about the family, what about the unsaved ones?

I was glad when our brother Robertson spoke as he did last night so earnestly (the only way in which we should ever speak about such vital matters), and if we think of children born into our own homes growing up beside us, to see us day by day more than anything else, the witness we can give them, and to think of those children going out into the blackness of darkness forever, surely there is no thought that can be more solemn for the human mind. God help us to be concerned about them. God help us to respond to that question, "Hast thou here any besides?" God wants to bless and save them. Influence has a great deal to do, much more than preaching, and example much more than all the words we can say. It is not time lost to stop again and again and ask the question, "What is the impression that I am giving my family, my household? What is going to be the outcome of it?"

I read not long ago something concerning John Nelson Darby. On one occasion a brother who was wealthy and had shown something of the spirit of Christianity in giving of his wealth to others, said to Mr. Darby, "There is one thing I know, that it is foolish to desire to be rich. But one thing that I would desire if I had a family—I would desire to be able to give that family a good education." And Mr. Darby the man who was so highly educated and so able to rightly estimate the value of culture, replied, "If I had a family, if I had children, I would rather see them earn their bread by the roadside breaking stones if only I could insure for them the grace of God for the salvation of their souls." I wonder, dear friends, what are our desires, our ambitions for the precious beings that God has placed under our care at the present time? Do we desire that they shall be for God? Do we desire that they shall be for God's kingdom? Do we desire to save them from the world as well as from hell? How many examples do we have in scripture of godly parents who,

even before the birth of their children, had those children wholly dedicated to God. Was that a peculiar privilege of Old Testament saints? I have heard some very different things from people of our present evil age and from people in our assemblies. I have heard a mother say concerning her children who were engaged in every kind of worldly pursuit and seldom or never seen in meetings, that she believed in letting them have their fling so that they might be persuaded of their sinfulness and more easily converted. Was there ever a worse perversion of thought in a person feigning to be a Christian? Was there ever such a thought engendered by the reading of Holy Scripture? No. Some scriptures would almost seem to suggest what *we* do has a very great deal to do with their salvation. But I do not want to occupy all the time with this part of the subject. I bring before you the purpose of God that you and your family should be saved, and in a special way you should claim the promise of God and lay hold upon Him and give yourself no rest until you see every one brought in and saved. Think of the households of Lydia, of the jailer, of Philemon, of Gaius—all these beautiful households which became not only subjects of salvation but scenes of testimony where many a Church was born and nurtured in its early days. God's plan is still the same today.

(Continued D.V.)

Quiet Christians

After forty years of age it is not easy to conquer a constitutional repugnance to public speaking. With some timid persons it is a moral impossibility. If they attempt to utter a "few remarks," they are no sooner on their feet than their ideas take wing like frightened birds, and nothing comes out of them but a terrible perspiration; they sit down mortified, and determined never to "make fools of themselves again."

I have a hearty liking for these shy, silent brethren, especially after I have been pestered with Brother Garrulous Glib's stereotyped exhortation, which I have just heard for the forty-fifth time. These speechless Christians number in their ranks some of the most pure-minded, useful disciples, that I encounter. They love that God who overhears the breathings of the inmost soul. They are always at the meetings. They

sing; they listen intelligently; they are good hearers and good doers. If they do not preach, they practice. Whatever sins they commit, they are never guilty of "vain babbling," or of talking nonsense in the name of the Lord. Bunyan's "Mr. Fearing," and "Miss Much-afraid," suffered not a little from their bashful timidity; but they made better headway for heaven than loquacious "Mr. Talkative," who had a hundred Scriptures at the end of his noisy tongue. I can show more than one tongue-tide church member whose life is a power in the community. He can open his purse for the Lord easier than he can open his mouth; he can glorify his Master by bearing much fruit in godly living. But in public meetings, his "strength is to sit still."

It is not the duty of pastors or of leaders of prayer meetings to persecute these shy brethren by continually "calling them out." They will not come. It was not "fore-ordained" that every converted man should edify the brotherhood by speaking in meeting, or else conversion would bring with it the gift of fluent speech. Christ needs workers and givers, as well as speakers. Let those who are so invincibly diffident that they cannot serve their Master with their tongue, be content to serve Him in other ways.

They commune with God in secret. They can come and worship in devout silence, or in the song of praise. They can consecrate their money and influence to the Lord. They can visit the poor and distribute Bibles and wholesome tracts; they can let their light shine in a hundred ways. God will not hold them responsible for what they can't do; but only for doing what they can. Dorcas' needle was more useful than some tongues that I wot of. Andrew has left no recorded speeches, but he brought his powerful brother Peter to the Lord. Be of good cheer! ye shy brethren, who possess your souls in silence; if you cannot speak publicly for your beloved Master, you can witness for Him by holy and useful lives. "I canna speak of my Lord," said the timid and confused Scotch woman, "but I could dee for Him." Hearing and doing go together.



The man who walks in the Spirit will be filled with Christ; and, being filled with Him, he will not be occupied with suffering, but with Him for whom he suffers.

To Which Church?

Rice T. Hopkins

Three or four years ago while travelling by train to Aberdeen, I had my Bible open in my hand. A lady was sitting opposite with a copy of Bradshaw's *Railway Guide* in hers. She said,—“I see you travel with a good companion.” I said, “Oh, it is just like Bradshaw.” “Whatever do you mean?” said the lady in astonishment. I replied, “Bradshaw tells you the way to London, does it not?” “Certainly,” she said. “But” I said, “Bradshaw won't take you there. It tells you when the train leaves Aberdeen, and when it arrives in London, and you may commit that to memory; but yet you don't get to London by doing that. My Bible tells me I am a poor guilty sinner on the way to hell; but that if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ I shall be saved and get to heaven; but reading that does not take me there. It is just as I said like Bradshaw. I may have Bradshaw and never get to London, and I may have a Bible and never get to heaven.” She asked me “To what Church do you belong?” “Well,” I said, “since you ask me, I don't mind telling you that I belong to the Established Church; but I may say that I also belong to the Free Church.” She looked as if she did not know what to make of me when I said “I also belong to the Independent Church, and perhaps you will wonder more when I tell you that I belong to the High Church.” A gentleman looked over from his newspaper as if I had just come out of Bedlam. So I said, “Praise God, I belong to the Church that is *established* on the Rock, that the gates of hell shall never prevail against, and oh how *free* it is. The Son has made us free, and we are free, indeed.” “We are also *independent* of the devil, independent of the world, independent of creeds, and of paid ministers.” I said, “Praise God it is a *High Church*, for we are seated in heavenly places, and we cannot go higher than that.” The lady said, “I think I know what you belong to,” and I said, “Thank God, I know what I belong to. It is the Church of God, which Jesus bought with His own blood.”



Abraham and Sarah had to endure the bondwoman and her son for a number of years, and then get rid of them in God's way.

The Rest and the Rest-Giver

Dr. Horatius Bonar

“COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR, AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST”. Matt. 11:28.

I. *The Speaker here is the Son of God.* It is not man speaking to man and sympathising with man, but it is God Himself coming to us and uttering His divine compassion. He sees our case. He knows exactly what we need. He is *able* to bless us to the full. It is not *helpless* love giving vent to kind but unavailing sympathy; it is the love, the pity, the tenderness of Omnipotence. It is *heaven* that is pouring out its compassionate yearnings over *earth*, and stretching down to it the helping hand of power. It is the great Creator drawing near to His alienated but sorrowful creature, and presenting him with rest. After the great work of Creation God *rested*. He invites His weary creatures to share His rest. Rest *in* Me, and rest *with* Me, is His gracious message. It takes omnipotence to give rest to the weary sinner.

II. *The persons spoken to are the inhabitants of Galilee.* That region was reputed to be the worst in the land; yet it was to them that the Son of God spoke. The crowd that He was speaking to was composed of the inhabitants of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum—the worst in Galilee. They had more advantages than others. They were the cities in which most of His mighty works were done. They were the least deserving of favor; the most deserving of *wrath*.

III. *The character in which they are spoken to is that of toiling, burdened ones.* “All ye that labour and are heavy laden.” They were *sinner*s, but that was not all; there were *sinner*s “toiling” and “borne down with heavy burdens.” The “burdens” are such as those with which the Pharisees loaded their followers (Luke 11:46). It is no particular kind of labor or burden that is meant here; but *any* labour, *any* burden whatsoever. It is human wretchedness and weariness from whatever cause—human thirst, human hunger, the emptiness of an aching heart that would fain be happy, but knows not how or where to find happiness. They who are spoken to are spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not. The words there are

very wide, wide as the earth. They are unconditional and universal. They mean every one. They take in every weary son of Adam. The question is, "Are you a weary sinner?" And who is not? Though indeed some are more weary than others.

But let us now mark the substance of the Lord's invitation. That which is promised is *rest*. This rest is for the *weary*. This rest is a *gift*. This gift is *from Christ*. This gift is obtained by *going to Christ*.

(1) *Here is rest*. It is what God calls rest; and therefore must be truly such. It is what man needs. You need rest, O man! Here it is for you. Do not reject it. Rest for the weary! This is our message.

(2) *This rest is a gift*. It cannot be bought with money, nor found by search, nor obtained by travel. It is a *gift*. *Free* rest. This is our gospel. Rest to all who need it. Rest to any one who will take it. O free gift of rest, how art thou despised by the sons of men! They are weary, and they would buy rest at any price; but they will not take it free!

(3) *This rest is Christ's gift*. "I will give you rest." From the hand of Christ alone it comes. It is blood-bought rest. It is love-given rest. Jesus stands with this precious blessing in His hand: or rather He goes to every weary child of Adam and offers him rest—His own rest—the rest of the Father and the Son.

(4) *This rest is for the weary*. Simply for those who need it! For all Christ's gifts are suitable. As the thirsty man drinks, because he is thirsty, and the hungry eats because he is hungry, so the weary rest because they are weary. How near is rest to us! How simple is God's way of giving it!

(5) *This rest is got by coming to Christ*. It is only from Him that we can get it; and there must be a direct dealing with Him concerning it. The knowledge of Him is *rest*! His words are *rest*! His cross is *rest*! All we know concerning Him is *rest*! Let us go to Him. It is the weary that He welcomes! Go to Him for rest, O weary one! He will not deny it.

He invites. "Come unto Me." Is not that enough? Do you need further warrant?

He beckons. He stretches out His hands—beckoning you to draw near.

He beseeches. He is in earnest. He *entreats* you to take His rest.

He commands. The words are imperative. He commands you to come. You cannot lose this rest, but only by deliberately disobeying His command. Could rest be brought nearer than this?



“Did He Say ‘Yes’ Mother?”

“Mamma is talking to Jesus,” said little Mary, one day, as she heard the familiar voice of her mother praying in another room. And when her mother returned, the little daughter ran to her, and, looking up in her face, inquired, “Did Jesus answer? Did He say ‘Yes’ mother?”

It is a blessed thing to become as little children, and to make faith, and prayer, and blessing, seem like sure and glad realities in this world of cheats and shams. The test of prayer is the answer. If there is no answer, there is no value in the prayer. If the pipe brings no water, it is unprofitable and vain. And it is the Christian’s privilege to know that God hears him when he prays. It is his privilege to talk to Jesus of all the joys and sorrows which fill his heart. And we may know if Jesus answers. We may know whether our petition is acceptable and accepted.

Reader, you may have often bowed before the Lord, and uttered words before the throne of grace. One word in your ear—Did Jesus answer? Did He say ‘Yes’? Do not pass by this vital matter. If Jesus does not sooner or later answer your prayers, they are all in vain. And if Jesus does not say “Yes” there is some good reason for it. Do not rest till you know what the hindrance is. Test yourself with the question, Did Jesus answer? Did He say ‘Yes’? and never rest till you can say, “Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.”



Grace forgives the sin and restores the soul, but that which is sown must be reaped.

Boysing With Christ

James Melrose

Matt. 14:22-33; Hebrews 13:13; Hebrews 12:1&2 Jn. 14:12

The narrative which we have now read presents a miracle within a miracle. Jesus walks by night upon the storm-tossed waters of Lake Gennesaret, and at his disciple, Peter's request, He invites and enables him to do likewise! This linking together of the disciple with his Lord and Master, in a display of supernatural power, at once brings before the mind those wonderful words of our Lord, which we read in John 14:12: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

The gospel story thus ceases to be just a tale that is told and Peter's venture ceases to be a feat so far beyond us as scarcely to serve even as an inspiration or object of emulation; for John 14:12 brings you and me, dear fellow-believer, right into this story. This same Jesus who said to Peter "Come!" (under the most adverse, nay seemingly the most impossible, of circumstances), also says, "He that believeth on Me" — the equivalent of that grand word, "whosoever." That brings *us* right in. Into what? Into the place where we may accomplish the seemingly impossible. "The things that I do he shall do also, and greater works than these shall he do."

Oh, you say, that *is* impossible! To do greater things than *He* did, we would have to be superhuman! And, indeed, that is just what the Lord Jesus has come to do for us. As this same Peter, writing later, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and with Apostolic Authority, says, "That ye might be partakers of the Divine nature." (2 Peter 1:5). Or, as the Hebrew Epistle has it, "partakers of His holiness." (Hebrews 12:10). And—"partakers of Christ." (Hebrews 3:14) "The things that I do, shall ye do also"—that is to be "partakers of Christ," is it not?

Doubtless, when the Lord Jesus issued this astounding pronouncement of John 14:12, He foreknew what would be the reaction to His words in the minds of those to whom He spoke and in the minds of the millions who afterwards would read them; and so He prefaced the statement with the words "Verily, verily" (truly, truly). Not that His words could

ever be other than truth, but this is a statement that challenges our credulity, and, as forestalling our question, "How can these things be?" comes the reassuring answer, "Verily, verily"!

And in this darkest hour of the world's history—that surely precedes the dawn—across a sea of trouble, comes Faith's challenge once again from those same lips "that spake as never man spake"—"Come!" Nor think it impossible. While we conjure up before our mind's eye, the responsive act of the devoted Peter, as he steps over the gunwale of the boat in the teeth of the tempest, there comes to us another utterance from the Hebrew Epistle, Chapter 13, verse 13, that seems to prompt us to a like response. "Let *us* go forth therefore, unto Him, without the camp, bearing His reproach."

We sometimes sing, "Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there," and from the hymn-writer's point of view, this is true. But it was no heavenly prospect that immediately confronted Peter that morning, as he sought to go forth unto Him. And so with us. "Without the camp"—that speaks of separation, ostracism, being cut off from the social centres and all their activities, both sacred and secular. Outcast: despised; rejected; "bearing *His* reproach." That is where *He* is today, in relation to this present evil world—at the very vortex of the maelstrom of a world's enmity and Satan's rage; despised and rejected of men; but supremely impervious to it all. And, into this immediate prospect, from the midst of the place of suffering, outside the gate, out of the darkness of Calvary, comes the sweet invitation, "Come"! And the prompting exhortation of the Holy Spirit says "Yea, 'Let us go forth unto Him.'"

"And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked upon the water," and that calls for a "Hallelujah"! It can be done! Peter is a new man by faith in Christ Jesus and not subject to the ordinary mundane laws. It can be, has been, and is being done by thousands, spiritually.

Henry F. Milan, plunged from the highest heights of success in New York publishing offices to the lowest depths of a drunken derelict's existence in the Bowery. He was held up by a medical professor of Belvidere Hospital, in the City of New York, before the students as a perfect example of the hopeless addict, for whom medical science can do nothing—

This man goes into a Salvation Army hall, hears the voice of Jesus, and goes forth unto *Him*, to be lifted from "out of the depths" and his feet placed solidly upon the habits of a lifetime that had threatened to engulf him in a drunkard's grave. Albeit that is an extraordinary, although by no means an only case, it stands, nevertheless, typical in character of the experience of millions who have, by faith contacted the Lord Jesus with less spectacular, perhaps, but no less real results.

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink" . . . This is an experience of another kind, that does not call for any hallelujahs. Although, be it carefully noted, neither does it call for any "I told you so's," for after all, he did not sink, which places all the glory where it belongs. He hath said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." It does, however, set forth an all too common experience, both with individuals and with companies of God's children. For, did not the Apostle have to say to the Galatian Church, "Ye *did* run well, what did hinder you?" and again, "Having *begun* in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?"

What was the trouble, the cause of this near disaster? Peter saw the wind boisterous. He became taken up with the wrong object. And here again comes to our aid from our Heavenly Paraclete a most apt word, (culled again from the Hebrew Epistle), the preventative for backsliding: "Looking (off) unto Jesus." "Let us run with patience, the race that is set before us, looking (off) unto Jesus, the Author (file-leader or originator) and finisher of faith." "I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but wholly lean on Jesus name."
(Continued D.V.)



The Fool Hath Said "No God"

C. H. Spurgeon

Let me tell you a striking story that sets out in a true light how easily men will be brought to believe in a God, and a God of justice too, though they have denied Him before.

In the backwoods of Canada there lived a good minister, who one evening went out to meditate, as Isaac did, in the fields. He soon found himself on the borders of a forest

which he entered walking along a track which had been trodden before him; musing, musing still, until at last the shadows of twilight gathered around him, and he began to think how he would spend a night in the forest. On a sudden he saw a light in the distance among the trees, and imagining that it might be from the window of some cottage where he would find hospitality, he hastened to it, and to his surprise saw a space cleared, and trees laid down to make a platform, and upon it a speaker addressing an audience. He thought to himself "I have stumbled on a company of people, who in this dark forest have assembled to worship God, and some minister is preaching to them at this late hour of the evening," but to his surprise and horror, when he came nearer, he found a young man declaiming against God, daring the Almighty to do his worst upon him, speaking terrible things in wrath against the justice of the most High, and venturing most bold and awful assertions concerning his own disbelief in a future state. It was altogether a singular scene, lit up by pine-knots, which cast a glare here and there while the black darkness in other places still reigned. The people were intent on listening to the orator, and when he sat down thunders of applause were given to him. Thought the minister, "I must not let this pass: I must rise and speak; the honor of my God and His cause demands it." But he knew not what to say having come there suddenly; yet he would have ventured, had not something else occurred. A man of middle age, hale and strong, arose and said: "My friends, I have a word to speak to you. I am not about to refute any of the arguments of the orator; I shall say nothing concerning what I believe to be the blasphemies he has uttered; but I shall simply state to you a fact, and after I have done that you shall draw your own conclusions. Yesterday I walked by the side of yonder river; I saw on its floods a young man in a boat. The boat was unmanageable; it was going fast toward the rapids; the young man could not use the oars, and I saw that he was not capable of bringing the boat to the shore. I saw that young man wring his hands in agony; by-and-by he kneeled down in the boat and cried with desperate earnestness, 'O God, save my soul! If my body cannot be saved, save my soul!' I heard him confess that he had been a blasphemer; I heard him vow that if his life were spared he would never be such

again; I heard him implore the mercy of heaven for Jesus Christ's sake, and earnestly plead that he might be washed in His blood. These arms saved that young man from the flood; I plunged in, brought the boat to shore, and saved his life. That same young man has just now addressed you, and cursed his Maker. What say you to this, sirs?"

You may imagine what a shudder ran through the young man himself, and how the audience in one moment changed their note, and saw that after all, while it was a fine thing to brag and use bravado against Almighty God when danger was distant, it was not quite so grand to think ill of Him when near the verge of eternity. There is enough conscience in every man to convince him that God must punish him for his sin, but "If he turn not, He will whet His sword."

Hear God's word: "Come, now, let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as white as snow." And all this for Jesus' sake, all this for His blood's sake. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



"Oppositions of Science Falsely so Called"

There are scientific errors that involve moral consequences. There is a species of superstition which inclines men to take on trust whatever assumes the name of science. Owing mainly to the wide diffusion of this credulous spirit of the modern type, little disposed to examine what it receives, the development (evolution) doctrines are doing much harm on both sides of the Atlantic, especially among intelligent mechanics and a class of young men engaged in the departments of trade and law. And the harm, thus considerable in amount, must be necessarily more than merely considerable in degree. For it invariably happens, that when persons in these walks of life become materialists, they become also turbulent subjects and bad men. That belief in the existence after death, which forms the distinguishing *instinct* of humanity, is too essential a part of man's moral constitution not to be missed when it is away, and so, when once fairly eradicated, the life and conduct rarely fail to betray its absence.

—Hugh Miller, Geologist.

Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Continued from June Number)

"If I can show you" said Roger to Mr. Smith, "that a whole series of events, in themselves among the things most unlikely to happen, were fully and clearly foretold, you will acknowledge that such insight into the future shows a distinct Divine interposition." "Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Smith, "the argument from prophecy is as dead as the Dodo. It used to be dismissed too cavalierly, I grant, as having been written after the events. A great deal of it was due to a rhetorical custom in the ancient East; and much was also the language of desire for a better condition of things. Put an ingenious mind to work in things of that sort, and what more do you want for an important branch of Christian Evidences?"

"Mr. Smith," said Roger, "you are really helping my case! You contend that these are in reality no predictions at all. If the old explanation has to be given up, a new one, such as you have just ventured, must be found. Now, pray ask yourself what this means. Is it not that you are satisfied that a *genuine prediction would be a miracle?* There is, in fact, no possibility of resisting that conclusion. Everyone is aware *how utterly beyond all human power it is to read the future.* Neither of us can sketch the history of the next day; and every other man is just as incapable of it as ourselves. If, then, it is shown that the greatest events of history were foreseen, and that they were clearly and minutely described centuries before they happened, it is impossible to deny that here is the finger of God. In other words, we are witnesses to an actual Divine miracle."

"I guess," said Miss Smith, "that we shall be able to pronounce judgment upon your predictions when we know what they are." "Thank you!" returned Roger. "Let us get at once, then, to the heart of the matter, and run over a few of the Old Testament predictions about the Messiah. Here there is no doubt whatever as to the words having been written before the events happened. The Jew, who rejected and who still repudiates Jesus as the Christ, is the best of witnesses to that important fact. Our Old Testament is a

faithful and wonderfully correct translation of the Jewish Bible, which the Jew possessed ages before our Lord was born; and the Jew was not at all likely to change anything in it to suit a faith which he abhors.

“Let us look at the first prediction it contains about the Messiah (Gen. 3:15). In that scene in Eden, God is represented as saying to the Serpent: ‘I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it (or he) shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.’”

“You amaze me,” interposed Mr. Smith with a gesture of impatience. “Who believes now in your talking serpent, your flaming sword and the rest of that stuff? If we are to have an Old Testament lecture, let us at least have something sensible.”

“There is quite sufficient answer to all that,” said Roger; “but let us have one thing at a time. What I want you to note is the broad fact that these words—no matter for the moment in what connection they appear—were placed upon the page of Scripture *ages before Christ* came. The serpent is here associated with the entrance of evil into human life. From him the suggestions come which tempted Eve to dissatisfaction with the Divine arrangements, and then to distinct disobedience to a Divine command. Thus he broke the bond of perfect trust and child-like obedience which bound man to God. He marred man’s life and caused his banishment from the presence of God. That is the setting; and here comes the promise, when that mighty wrong will be avenged, and when man’s loss will be repaired; the coming Avenger and Redeemer was to be *the woman’s offspring*. He was to enter into conflict with the tempter. The result would be, first the wounding of this coming Antagonist: ‘Thou shalt bruise his heel.’ But the struggle in its final issue would be fatal to the tempter: ‘He shall bruise thy head.’ That such has been, and is, the mission of Jesus Christ is too evident to be denied. He has come for that purpose, manifestly—to put away sin and destroy Satan’s power. It distinguishes Him from every other man that has ever lived. Is it not marvelous that this first prediction of the Deliverer should go straight to the heart of the matter and describe Him by his one great distinguishing attribute?”

In asking that question Roger had looked from Mr. to Miss Smith who sat opposite to her father. "As you have now put it," she said, "it is certainly extraordinary. I never saw it just so before; but it looks right enough, doesn't it?" Mr. Smith, to whom she had turned, kept silence, and Roger resumed. "Excuse my asking your attention also to the words which speak of Him as the offspring of *the woman*. It is striking that this first description of the Messiah should leave room for, and even suggest the doctrine of His virgin-birth. But let us take one or two more of these predictions which tell us what the Christ was to be. We have just seen that He was to be a member of the human family; that, however, is very wide as a prediction. But one prophecy was added after another, narrowing the circle in which Christ was to appear. A promise made through Noah apparently assigned the Christ to be a descendant of Shem. The words to which I refer are these: 'Blessed be the Lord God of Shem . . . God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem' (Gen. 9:26, 27). I should like you to note two things here. In that phrase, 'The Lord God (*Jehovah-Elohim*) of Shem,' *Elohim* is the name applied to the Deity as the maker and maintainer of the universe; and *Jehovah*, as we all know, is closely associated with God's relation to Israel. 'The Lord God of Shem' consequently indicates that the full revelation of God, especially the Messiah-revelation, is to be the portion of Shem. That is one thing: the other is the promise to Japheth. God will enlarge him. Persia, Greece, and Rome, all of them representatives of the Japhetic race and successive possessors of the sovereignty of the world, tell how the promise was kept in ancient times. The vast extension of the race, both in numbers and in influence, as shown in the European nations, in America, North and South, the British and other European colonies, tell how the promise has been fulfilled. Japheth was to occupy Shem's dwelling-place, and for well-nigh nineteen centuries the Japhethites have enjoyed and handed on the Christian revelation—a religion given in the first instance to the Jews, but rejected by that people, has been preserved by the Japhetic Gentiles. Japheth dwells in the tents of Shem."

"Excuse me!" interrupted Mr. Smith, "I have hitherto been under the impression that the Jews have continued to

possess their own religion. Have they not their synagogues everywhere? Shem, I imagine, still keeps his tabernacles, and Japheth, if he ever enters, has small desire to remain in them."

"The Jew has still his synagogues," said Roger, "and, so far, Shem retains his tabernacles; and there Japheth leaves him severely alone. *But it is hardly exact to say that the Jew has still his old religion.* What was ancient Judaism without sacrifice? Without the shedding of blood there was no remission of either national or individual sin. Other equally essential parts of that religion were the Aaronic priesthood and the ritual of the Temple. Now, for more than eighteen centuries the Jew has had neither Temple nor Temple-ritual, nor Aaronic priesthood, nor sacrifices. They have never presented during all these ages a single offering according to the Law, not even on the Day of Atonement; for they have had no Altar to sacrifice it at, nor priest to present it. All were swept away when Jerusalem was destroyed in the year 70 A.D.—forty years after the Crucifixion. Since that time Judaism has been a dead and withered thing. The light and power of Christian truth, on the other hand, have been the portion of the Church. Japheth has dwelt and is dwelling now, in the tents of Shem."

Roger is never greater than when aroused by an objection, and his words told upon us all. Mr. Smith himself was evidently impressed.

(Continued D.V.)



Christ should ever be the material of our worship; and He will be, in proportion as we are led by the Spirit of God. How often, alas! it is otherwise with us the heart can tell. Both in the assembly and in the closet, how often is the tone low, and the spirit dull and heavy! We are occupied with self, instead of with Christ; and the Holy Ghost, instead of being able to do His own proper work, which is to take of the things of Christ and shew them unto us, is obliged to occupy us with ourselves, in self-judgment, because our ways have not been right.



There are three things which faith does; it "purifies the heart;" it "works by love;" and it "overcomes the world."

A Problem

A young man distinguished for his mathematical attainments was fond of challenging his fellow-students to a trial of skill in solving difficult problems. One day a class-mate came into his study, and, laying a folded paper before him, said: "There is a problem I wish you would help me to solve," and immediately left the room. The paper was eagerly unfolded, and there, instead of a question in mathematics, were traced the lines, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

With a gesture of impatience, he tore the paper to atoms, and turned again to his books. But in vain he tried to shake off the impressions of the solemn words he had read. The Holy Spirit pressed home convictions of guilt and danger, so that he could find no peace, till he found it in believing in Jesus. He subsequently became a preacher of the Gospel he had once despised, and his first sermon was from the words, so eminently blessed to his own soul: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

—*American Messenger.*



"Tell ye your children of it"

A Story From Southern France

One Sunday, some years ago, a village priest in the south of France preached a sermon which made a lively impression upon his hearers. He had been hearing alarming reports of the work done by certain Protestants in the surrounding towns and villages. They had sent out colporteurs who sold Bibles and Testaments: they had hired halls in which they preached not only to Protestants but to Roman Catholics who went to hear them. Therefore, the priest thought it was time to sound a note of warning, even though his own parishoners, in their mountain village, had never yet been brought into contact with any species of heretics.

"The Protestants", said the priest, "are people raised up by the devil to mislead the faithful, and to drag them into destruction. They are people who, even to look at, fill one with horror. Instead of having two eyes, like all good Chris-

tians, they have but one glaring eye, and that in the middle of their foreheads."

It was this last sentence which made a profound impression upon the village people. How terrible would it be to meet on some lonely road a monster such as the priest described! But yet it was unwise in the priest thus to describe the Protestants, for there were some, especially among the boys and young men of his congregation, who were thenceforth eagerly anxious to see such remarkable people. They had paid their pennies sometimes at fairs to see two-headed lambs, or people who were fatter, or taller, or shorter than their neighbors, but to see a Protestant would be a sight far more wonderful and interesting.

Not long after, one of these lads went to live in the large town of Nice, and he immediately enquired if any Protestants were to be found there. Yes, there were a good many, he was told, and they had a church of their own to which they went in large numbers every Sunday. The young man was delighted to hear this.

The next Sunday he enquired the way to the Protestant church and stationed himself outside the door. Alas, only good Catholics appeared to be going in, for all had two eyes and very common-place faces. He ventured at last to stop one of these harmless-looking people, and enquire where he could see any Protestants, and whether this was really the Protestant church?

"Yes, certainly," said the man to whom he spoke: "and if you want to see Protestants you have only to go in; there are plenty of them inside."

The young man went in, sat down, and began to scrutinise the many faces around. Meanwhile a man with two eyes went up into the pulpit, and read out of a Book a few words, but they were wonderful words. For a moment he forgot the Protestants and began to listen. The preacher explained the words, and out of the fulness of his heart, and in the power of the Spirit of God, he preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The young man went again and again to hear, and one day he remained, after the sermon was over, to ask if there was salvation for him, for he saw and believed that Jesus had died for sinners. By this time he had learnt that the priest had been teaching him fables, and all the more did

he wish to learn of Jesus, the Way, the Truth and the Life. Soon he became a true disciple of the Lord Jesus and rejoiced in the knowledge that He had saved him with an everlasting salvation. He has lived since then, in the service of his Lord, helping forward the Lord's work, thanking and praising God for leading him in a way so strange and unlikely, to the streams of Living Water.

—F. B.



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Chief Ruwawa

Dr. John G. Paton

A great friend of Nerwa was Ruwawa the chief, and he waited upon Nerwa like a brother till within a few days of the latter's death, when he also was smitten down with apparently the same disease. He was thought to be dying, and he resigned himself calmly to the hands of Christ. One Lord's Day afternoon, sorely distressed for lack of air, he instructed his people to carry him from the village to a rising ground on one of his plantations. It was fallow; the fresh air would reach him; and all his friends could sit around him. They extemporized a rest—two poles stuck into the ground, slanting, sticks tied across them, then dried banana leaves spread on these and also as a cushion on the ground—and there sat Ruwawa, leaning back and breathing heavily. After the church services, I visited him, and found half the people of that side of the island sitting round him, in silence, in the open air. Ruwawa beckoned me, and I sat down before him. Though suffering sorely, his eye and face had the look of ecstasy..

"Missi," he said, "I could not breathe in my village; so I got them to carry me here, where there is room for all. They are silent and they weep, because they think I am dying. If it were God's will, I would like to live and to help you in His work. I am in the hands of our dear Lord. If He takes me, it is good; if He spares me, it is good! Pray, and tell our Saviour all about it."

I explained to the people that we would tell our Heavenly Father how anxious we all were to see Ruwawa given back to us strong and well to work for Jesus, and then leave all to His wise and holy disposal. I prayed, and the place became a

very Bochim. When I left him, Ruwawa exclaimed: "Farewell, Missi; if I go first, I will welcome you to Glory; if I am spared, I will work with you for Jesus; so all is well!"

One of the young Christians followed me and said: "Missi, our hearts are very sore! If Ruwawa dies, we have no chief to take his place in the church, and it will be a heavy blow against Jehovah's worship on Aniwa."

I answered: "Let us each tell our God and Father all that we feel and all that we fear; and leave Ruwawa and our work in His Holy hands."

We did so with earnest and unceasing cry. And when all hope had died out of every heart, the Lord began to answer us; the disease began to relax its hold, and the beloved chief was restored to health. As soon as he was able, though still needing help, he found his way back to the church, and we all offered special thanksgiving to God. He indicated a desire to say a few words; and although still very weak, spoke with great pathos thus.

"Dear friends, God has given me back to you all. I rejoice thus to come here and praise the great Father, who made us all, and who knows how to make and keep us well. I want you all to work hard for Jesus, and to lose no opportunity of trying to do good and so to please Him. In my deep journey away near to the grave, it was the memory of what I had done in love to Jesus that made my heart sing. I am not afraid of pain—my dear Lord Jesus suffered far more for me, and teaches me how to bear it. I am not afraid of war or famine or death, or of the present or of the future; my dear Lord Jesus died for me, and in dying I shall live with Him in Glory. I fear and love my Lord Jesus, because He loved me and gave Himself for me."

Then he raised his right hand, and cried in a soft, full-hearted voice: "My own, my dear Lord Jesus!" and stood for a moment looking joyfully upward, as if gazing into his Saviour's face. When he sat down, there was a long hush, broken here and there by a smothered sob, and Ruwawa's words produced an impression that is remembered to this day.



Moses spent forty years in the desert. Thus it must be with all God's servants. They must be "tried" first, that being found "faithful," they may be "put into the ministry."

The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

FISHING BEGINS

During all the bustle of warlike preparation that had been going on, the greenhorns had not suffered from inattention on the part of those appointed to look after them. Happily for them, the wind blew steadily, and the weather, thanks to the balmy influence of the Gulf Stream, was quite mild and genial. The ship was undoubtedly lively, as all good sea-boats are, but her motions were by no means so detestable to a sea-sick man as those of a driving steamer. So, in spite of their treatment, perhaps because of it, some of the poor fellows were beginning to take hold of things "man-fashion," although of course sea legs they had none, their getting about being indeed a pilgrimage of pain. Some of them were beginning to try the dreadful "grub" (I cannot libel "food" by using it in such a connection), thereby showing that their interest in life, even such a life as was now before them, was returning. They had all been allotted places in the various boats, intermixed with the seasoned Portuguese in such a way that the officer and harpooner in charge would not be dependent upon them entirely in case of a sudden emergency. Every endeavour was undoubtedly made to instruct them in their duties, albeit the teachers were all too apt to beat their information in with anything that came to hand, and persuasion found no place in their methods.

The reports I had always heard of the laziness prevailing on board whale-ships were now abundantly falsified. From dawn to dark work went on without cessation. Everything was rubbed and scrubbed and scoured until no speck or soil could be found; indeed, no gentleman's yacht or man-of-war is kept more spotlessly clean than was the "Cachalot."

A regular and severe routine of labour was kept up; and, what was most galling to me, instead of a regular four hours watch on and off, night and day, all hands were kept on deck the whole day long, doing quite unnecessary tasks, apparently with the object of preventing too much leisure and consequent brooding over their unhappy lot. One result of this continual drive and tear was that all these landsmen became rapidly imbued with the virtues of cleanliness, which was extended to

the den in which we lived, or I verily believe sickness would have soon thinned us out.

On the fourth day after leaving port we were all busy as usual except the four men in the "crow's-nest," when a sudden cry of "Porps! porps!" brought everything to a standstill. A large school of porpoises had just joined us, in their usual clownish fashion, rolling and tumbling around the bows as the old bark wallowed along, surrounded by a wide ellipse of snowy foam. All work was instantly suspended, and active preparations made for securing a few of these frolicsome fellows. A "block," or pulley, was hung out at the bowsprit end, a whale-line passed through it and "bent" (fastened) on to a harpoon. Another line with a running "bowline," or slip-noose, was also passed out to the bowsprit end, being held there by one man in readiness. Then one of the harpooners ran out along the back-ropes, which keep the jib-boom down, taking his stand beneath the bowsprit with the harpoon ready. Presently he raised his iron and followed the track of a rising porpoise with its point until the creature broke water. At the same instant the weapon left his grasp, apparently without any force behind it; but we on deck, holding the line, soon found that our excited hauling lifted a big vibrating body clean out of the smother beneath. "'Vast hauling!" shouted the mate, while as the porpoise hung dangling, the harpooner slipped the ready bowline over his body, gently closing its grip around the "small" by the broad tail. Then we hauled on the noose-line, slacking away the harpoon, and in a minute had our prize on deck. He was dragged away at once and the operation repeated. Again and again we hauled them in, until the fore part of the deck was alive with the kicking, writhing sea-pigs, at least twenty of them. I had seen an occasional porpoise caught at sea before, but never more than one at a time. Here, however, was a wholesale catch. At last one of the harpooned ones plunged so furiously while being hauled up that he literally tore himself off the iron, falling, streaming with blood, back into the sea.

Away went all the school after him, tearing at him with their long well-toothed jaws, some of them leaping high in the air in their eagerness to get their due share of the cannibal feast. Our fishing was over for that time. Meanwhile one of the harpooners had brought out a number of knives, with

which all hands were soon busy skinning the blubber from the bodies. Porpoises have no skin, that is hide, the blubber or coating of lard which encases them being covered by a black substance as thin as tissue paper. The porpoise hide of the boot maker is really leather, made from the skin of the "Beluga," or "white whale," which is found only in the far north. The cover was removed from the "tryworks" amidships, revealing two gigantic pots set in a frame of brickwork side by side, capable of holding 200 gallons each. Such a cooking apparatus as might have graced a Brobdingnagian kitchen. Beneath the pots was the very simplest of furnaces, hardly as elaborate as the familiar copper-hole sacred to washing day. Square funnels of sheet-iron were loosely fitted to the flues, more as a protection against the oil boiling over into the fire than to carry away the smoke, of which from the peculiar nature of the fuel there was very little. At one side of the try-works was a large wooden vessel, or "hopper," to contain the raw blubber; at the other, a copper cistern or cooler of about 300 gallons capacity, into which the prepared oil was baled to cool off, preliminary to its being poured into the casks. Beneath the furnaces was a space as large as the whole area of the try-works, about a foot deep, which, when the fires were lighted, was filled with water to prevent the deck from burning.

It may be imagined that the blubber from our twenty porpoises made but a poor show in one of the pots; nevertheless, we got a barrel of very excellent oil from them. The fires were fed with "scrap," or pieces of blubber from which the oil had been boiled, some of which had been reserved from the previous voyage. They burnt with a fierce and steady blaze, leaving but a trace of ash. I was then informed by one of the harpooners that no other fuel was ever used for boiling blubber at any time, there being always amply sufficient for the purpose.

The most interesting part of the whole business, though, to us poor half-starved wretches, was the plentiful supply of fresh meat. Porpoise beef is, when decently cooked, fairly good eating to a landsman; judge, then, what it must have been to us. Of course the tit-bits, such as liver, kidneys, brains, etc., could not possibly fall to our lot; but we did not complain, we were too thankful to get something eatable, and

enough of it. Moreover, although few sailors in English ships know it, porpoise beef improves vastly by keeping, getting tenderer every day the longer it hangs, until at last it becomes as tasty a viand as one could wish to dine upon. It was a good job for us that this was the case, for while the porpoises lasted the "harness casks," or salt beef receptacles, were kept locked; so if any man had felt unable to eat porpoise—well, there was no compulsion, he could go hungry.

We were now in the haunts of the Sperm Whale, or "Cachalot," a brilliant lookout being continually kept for any signs of their appearing. One officer and a foremast hand were continually on watch during the day in the main crow's-nest, one harpooner and a seaman in the fore one. A bounty of ten pounds of tobacco was offered to whoever should first report a whale, should it be secured, consequently there were no sleepy eyes up there. Of course none of those who were inexperienced stood much chance against the eagle-eyed Portuguese; but all tried their best, in the hope of perhaps winning some little favour from their hard taskmasters. Every evening at sunset it was "all hands shorten sail," the constant drill rapidly teaching even these clumsy landsmen how to find their way aloft, and do something else besides hold on to anything like grim death when they got there.

At last, one beautiful day, the boats were lowered and manned, and away went the greenies on their first practical lesson in the business of the voyage. As before noticed, there was two greenies in each boat, they being so arranged that whenever one of them "caught a crab," which of course was about every other stroke, his failure made little difference to the boat's progress. They learned very fast under the terrible imprecations and storm of blows from the iron-fisted and iron-hearted officers, so that before the day was out the skipper was satisfied of our ability to deal with a "fish" should he be lucky enough to "raise" one. I was, in virtue of my experience, placed at the after-oar in the mate's boat, where it was my duty to attend to the "main sheet" when the sail was set, where also I had the benefit of the lightest oar except the small one used by the harpooner in the bow.

The very next day after our first exhaustive boat drill, a school of "Black Fish" was reportel from aloft, and with

great glee the officers prepared for what they considered a rattling day's fun.

The Black Fish ("Phocœna Sp.") is a small toothed whale, not at all unlike a miniature cachalot, except that its head is rounded at the front, while its jaw is not long and straight, but bowed. It is as frolicsome as the porpoise, gambolling about in schools of from twenty to fifty or more, as if really delighted to be alive. Its average size is from ten to twenty feet long, and seven or eight feet in girth, weight from one to three tons. Blubber about three inches thick, while the head is almost all oil, so that a good rich specimen will make between one and two barrels of oil of medium quality.

The school we were now in sight of was of middling size and about average weight of individuals, and the officers esteemed it a fortunate circumstance that we should happen across them as a sort of preliminary to our tackling the monarchs of the deep.

All the new harpoons were unshipped from the boats, and a couple of extra "second" irons, as those that have been used are called, were put into each boat for use if wanted. The sails were also left on board. We lowered and left the ship, pulling right towards the school, the noise they were making in their fun effectually preventing them from hearing our approach. It is etiquette to allow the mate's boat first place, unless his crew is so weak as to be unable to hold their own; but as the mate always has first pick of the men this seldom happens. So, as usual, we were first, and soon I heard the order given, "Stand up, Louey and let 'em have it!" Sure enough, here we were right among them. Louis let drive, "fastening" a whopper about twenty feet long. The injured animal plunged madly forward, accompanied by his fellows, while Louis calmly bent another iron to a "short warp," or piece of whale-line, the loose end of which he made a bow-line with round the main line which was fast to the "fish." Then he fastened another "fish," and the queer sight was seen of these two monsters each trying to flee in the opposite directions, while the second one ranged about alarmingly as his "bridle" ran along the main line. Another one was secured in the same way, then the game was indeed great. The school had by this time taken the alarm and cleared out, but the other boats were all fast to fish, so that didn't matter. Now, at the

rate our "game" were going, it would evidently be a long while before they died, although, being so much smaller than a whale proper, a harpoon will often kill them at a stroke. Yet they were now so tangled or "snarled erp," as the mate said, that it was no easy matter to lance them without great danger of cutting the line. However, we hauled up as close to them as we dared, and the harpooner got a good blow in, which gave the biggest of the three "Jesse," as he said, though why "Jesse" was a stumper. Anyhow, it killed him promptly, while almost directly after another one saved further trouble by passing in his own checks. But he sank at the same time, drawing the first one down with him, so that we were in considerable danger of having to cut them adrift or be swamped. The "wheft" was waved thrice as an urgent signal to the ship to come to our assistance with all speed, but in the meantime our interest lay in the surviving Black Fish keeping alive. Should he die, and, as was most probable, sink, we should certainly have to cut and lose the lot, tools included.

We waited in grim silence while the ship came up, so slowly apparently, that she hardly seemed to move, but really at a good pace of about four knots an hour, which for her was not at all bad. She got alongside of us at last, and we passed up the bight of our line, our fish all safe, very much pleased with ourselves, especially when we found that the other boats had only five between the three of them.

The fish secured to the ship, all the boats were hoisted except one, which remained alongside to sling the bodies. During our absence the ship-keepers had been busy rigging one of the cutting falls, an immense four-fold tackle from the main lowermast-head, of four-inch rope through great double blocks, large as those used at dockyards for lifting ships' masts and boilers. Chain-slings were passed around the carcasses, which gripped the animal at the "small," being prevented from slipping off by the broad spread of the tail. The end of the "fall," or tackle-rope, was then taken to the windlass, and we hove away cheerily, lifting the monsters right on deck. A mountainous pile they made. A short spell was allowed, when the whole eight were on board, for dinner; then all hands turned to again to "french" the blubber, and prepare for trying-out. This was a heavy job, keeping all hands busy until it was quite dark, the latter part of the work being carried on

by the light of a "cresset," the flames of which were fed with "scrap," which blazed brilliantly, throwing a big glare over all the ship. The last of the carcasses was launched overboard by about eight o'clock that evening, but not before some vast junks of beef had been cut off and hung up in the rigging for our food supply.

The try-works were started again, "trying-out" going on busily all night, watch and watch taking their turn at keeping the pots supplied with minced blubber. The work was heavy while the energetic way in which it was carried on made us all glad to take what rest was allowed us, which was scanty enough as usual.

By nightfall the next day the ship had resumed her normal appearance, and we were a ton and a quarter of oil to the good. Black Fish oil is of medium quality, but I learned that, according to the rule of "roguery in all trades," it was the custom to mix quantities such as we had just obtained with better-class whale-oil, and thus get a much higher price than it was really worth.

Up till this time we had no sort of an idea as to where our first objective might be, but from scraps of conversation I had overheard among the harpooners, I gathered that we were making for the Cape Verde Islands or the Azores, in the vicinity of which a good number of moderate-sized sperm whales are often to be found. In fact, these islands have long been a nursery for whale-fishers, because the cachalot loves their steep-to shores, and the hardy natives, whenever and wherever they can muster a boat and a little gear, are always ready to sally forth and attack the unwary whale that ventures within their ken. Consequently more than half of the total crews of the American whaling fleet are composed of these islanders. Many of them have risen to the position of captain, and still more are officers and harpooners; but though undoubtedly brave and enterprising, they are cruel and treacherous, and in positions of authority over men of Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon origin, are apt to treat their subordinates with great cruelty.



The only true place of dignity and power is the place of felt-weakness and dependence.

“A Little While”

What is this that He saith, “A little while”? (John 16:18).

Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile,
 Oh, for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright “forever”,
 Amid the shadows of Earth's “little while”.

“A little while”, for patient vigil keeping,
 To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong,
 “A little while” to sow the seed with weeping;
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

“A little while” to wear the robe of sadness,
 To toil, with weary step, through miry ways;
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

“A little while” 'midst shadow and illusion,
 To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
 Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
 And hail sight's verdict “He doth all things well”.

“A little while” the earthen pitcher taking,
 To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
 Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking,
 Beside the fulness of the fountain head.

“A little while” to keep the oil from failing,
 “A little while” faith's flickering lamp to trim,
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
 To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
 The future glory and the present smile,
 With the bright promise of the glad “for ever,”
 Will light the shadows of the “little while”.

—Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

IOWA. Mr. Oliver G. Smith is operating a Gospel Tent in **Morrison** where there is interest and manifest blessing with the usual accompaniment of Satan's opposition.

MAINE. Mr. James Lyttle has commenced gospel work in a little country town named **Alfred Mills**, in a community where every evil doctrine seems to flourish, and specially Unitarianism. The people are indifferent to things eternal and as they do not come into the Hall an effort is made to reach them by tracts and the loud speaker as they sit on their porches.

MASSACHUSETTS, East Boston. Messrs. Frank Carboni and Frank Pizzulli are under canvas preaching in English and Italian in a Catholic district and many of Irish extraction are coming to hear the Word of God. "Please pray that souls may be saved in this effort in the gospel."

Messrs. Cesare Patrizio and Louis Rosania are laboring in the Gospel conducting services in a tent at **Springfield**. They preach both in English and Italian and have in their audience Roman Catholics, Baptists, Russellites, Pentecostals, Salvation Army, and many children. Cesare writes "Pray that He may give us wisdom to present the good news to sinners and that we may see souls brought to Christ."

MICHIGAN. Messrs. Arch. T. Stewart and Lorne E. McBain are carrying on tent meetings at **Jonesville** on M. 112 a town which brother McBain has been much exercised about. They trust to see God's hand in salvation there.

TEXAS. A new tent has been purchased and is now being operated at **Corpus Christi** by Brethren T. C. Bush and G. B. Morgan. This is entirely new territory and no doubt will be hard. Pray that God will work in this new field.

VIRGINIA. After three weeks in **Richmond** Mr. F. W. Schwartz went to **Raleigh** and **Asheville**, N. C. helping the little assemblies.

WEST VIRGINIA. Brethren W. C. Bousfield and W. G. Foster desire the prayers of God's people for the gospel effort in the tent at **Huntington**. The attendance is fair and to the children's Bible School three mornings a week about fifty are coming.

WISCONSIN, Lake Geneva. "We were encouraged by three requests for baptism last week, two of these from the neighboring town of **Delevan** where we seek to maintain a gospel testimony. We are thankful for this evidence of the Word of God working in the hearts and trust it is the beginning of further blessing. We have had our brother Wm. Ferguson with us for a few days. We will appreciate a continuance of your prayers." —Dan. M. Dunnett

CANADA

ONTARIO, Forest. Tom Wilkie (Box 183, Forest, Ont.) writes: We had a baptism at Grand Bend last Lord's Day, when fifteen obeyed the Word of God in this ordinance. An elderly lady of 85 years was among the number. A letter from Hamilton last week, conveyed the news of their having baptized seventeen, and received them into the Assembly.

I have had Bible Readings at Grand Bend all this week, and there was a good turn out of all the young believers. I expect to finish there tomorrow, when those who were baptized will be received into the Assembly. We expect to have a baptism in Forest some time soon.

Hamilton. A special Gospel series is being held in connection with the opening services of the Union Assembly Hall, Mount Hamilton, for which prayer is asked.

NOVA SCOTIA. Brother McCrory continued meetings at Pugwash after the Conference. Our brethren Glasgow and McMullen, expect to pitch their tent in **New Brunswick**, John and Robert McCracken hope to pitch their Wooden Tent somewhere in the Western part of Nova Scotia, and brother McIlwaine and I think of pitching our tent on the South Shore of this Province. Am not sure about brethren Harris and Joyce, but understand they intend pitching their tent somewhere near Charlottetown, P.E.I. We would value the prayers of God's people who read "Assembly Annals" for the Lord's work in these Maritime Provinces. —W. N. Brennan.

GREECE. Theof. Zafiroopoulos (Stam. Koumanisti, Patras, Greece) writes: "We are very thankful to the Lord for the encouragement He has given us through our little paper "Echo of the Truth", which the enemy is endeavoring to stop by all means. Yet the Lord has been with us up to this moment and we are sure He will always be. Satan is working hard against the work of the Gospel in this land and we need your help in prayer that in spite of all his devices souls may be reached and saved and saints helped. In the midst of the winds and high waves which surround us it is good and calming to remember that the Lord is Master."



With Christ

CLEVELAND, OHIO. Frederick R. Phare went home May 30, 1940 at the age of 78 years. Saved in Cleveland in 1895 and since that time in fellowship at Addison Road Assembly. Was a regular attender at the assembly meetings. His widow, a son and two daughters mourn their loss. Mr. Geo. Gould Jr., spoke at the funeral services.

DETROIT, MICH. Our brother **Angus McKinnon**, aged 53, passed into the presence of the Lord on July 18th, after a brief illness. Saved in England at South Shields on Tyne, when a lad of 17, has been in fellowship with assemblies here on the Eastside and in Central Hall, for a number of years.

A conscientious man, staunch, and exemplary in his faithful attendance. Leaves a widow and two daughters and son. Funeral services were conducted by Bren. Jas. McCullough and John Govan.

DETROIT, MICH. Suddenly on May 23rd **Mr. L. L. Hitt**, one of the elder brethren associated with assemblies of the Lord's people in Valparaiso, Toledo and Detroit. Born in 1869, from the age of ten years he earned his own way and obtained his first teacher's certificate at 16. Taught country school for 16 years in Southern Ohio, between terms taking courses in law at Valparaiso and Ohio Northern Universities. It was at the age of 24 that he came to know Christ as his Saviour through contact with Christians in the assembly. On arriving at Valparaiso, the drayman who was a believer and in the local

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

In the characters which, in the course of our Lord's ministry, He is called to take up (it may be for only an occasion, or a passing moment), we see the same perfection, the same moral glory, as in the path He treads daily. As, for instance, that of a Judge, as in Matt. 23, and that of an Advocate or Pleader in Matt. 22. But I only suggest this—the theme is too abundant. Every step, word, and action carries with it a ray of this glory; and the eye of God had more to fill it in the life of Jesus than it would have had in an eternity of Adam's innocency. It was in the midst of our moral ruin Jesus walked; and from such a region as that He has sent up to the throne on high a richer sacrifice of sweet-smelling savor than Eden, and the Adam of Eden, had it continued unsoiled forever, would or could have rendered. *Time made no change in the Lord.* Kindred instances of grace and character in Him, before and after His resurrection, give us possession of this truth, which is of such importance to us. We know what He is this moment and what He will be forever from what he has already been—in character as in nature—in relationship to us as well as in Himself—"the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." The very mention of this is blessed. Sometimes we may be grieved at changes, sometimes we may desire them. In different ways we all prove the fickle, uncertain nature of that which constitutes human life. Not only circumstances, which are changeful to a proverb, but associations, friendships, affections, characters, continually undergo variations which surprise and sadden us. We are hurried from stage to stage of life; but unchilled affections and unsullied principles are rarely borne along with us, either in ourselves or our companions. But Jesus was the same after His resurrection as He had been before, though late events had put Him and His disciples at a greater distance than companions had ever known or could ever know. *They* had betrayed their

unfaithful hearts, forsaking Him and fleeing in the hour of His weakness and need; while *He* for their sakes had gone through death—such a death as never could have been borne by another, as would have crushed the creature itself. They were still but poor feeble Galileans,—He was glorified with all power in heaven and on earth.

But these things worked no change; “nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,” as the apostle speaks, could do that. Love defies them all, and He returns to them the Jesus whom they had known before. He is their companion in labor after His resurrection,—nay, after His ascension, and sojourn with them. This we learn in the last verse of St. Mark. On the sea, in the day of Matt. 14, they thought that they saw a spirit, and cried out for fear; but the Lord gave them to know that it was He Himself that was there, near to them, and in grace, though in divine strength and sovereignty over nature. And so in Luke 24, or after He was risen, He takes the honeycomb and the fish, and eats before them, that with like certainty and ease of heart they might know that it was He Himself. And He would have them handle Him, and see; telling them that a spirit had not flesh and bones as they might then prove that He had.



Is it True?

T. D. W. Muir

Just before the Lord Jesus went to the Cross, He gathered His little band of disciples together in a prepared upper room, that there He might eat the Passover with them, commemorating Israel's deliverance from Judgment in the land of Egypt, and at the same time instituting the simple memorial feast, whereby His own death—as the true Paschal Lamb (1 Cor. 5:7)—might be held in perpetual remembrance by His own redeemed ones. Later, He revealed to His servant Paul the termini of this new memorial: “As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup ye do shew the Lord's death, till He come!” (1 Cor. 11:26). The “Cross” was at the beginning of it, and the Coming at the end of it. Between these two events lies the history of the Church.

That His coming back again was most surely believed in by those early saints, and longed for, is evident—and it is just

as evident that He encouraged them in it. Ere He parted with them on that occasion, He said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also" (John 14:1-3). It is not death—that grim messenger—nor an Angel—it's Himself—"I will come and receive you." And as though to stay their hearts, when He was actually gone from them, His messenger assured them "This same Jesus . . . shall so come again in like manner as ye have seen Him go" (Acts 1:11). The "same" Jesus would return whom they had known, and believed, and loved—He had been parted from them in the attitude of blessing (Luke 24:51)—in "like manner" would He return again!

This became to them the "hope" of their Christian course. They waited for Him (1 Cor. 1-7)—they looked for Him (Phil. 3:20-21)—but not as visionaries, who ignored their surroundings, for they "served the living and true God," while they "waited for His Son from heaven" (1 Thess 1:10). So that it was a very practical force in their lives, for it made them "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" (1 Cor. 15:58).

But were they mistaken? Was it a delusion, or misconception of His meaning that led these early disciples to wait for Him, and to feel alarmed as to what it meant, when some of their neighbors who were Christians, or some of their loved ones, died, and He had not yet come? Evidently that was the difficulty—perplexing those Thessalonian saints to whom Paul wrote, concerning those who had "fallen asleep" (1 Thess. 4:13-18). Their hope was so real, and their expectation so imminent, that they looked for Him at any time, and when friends died they wondered if they had missed Him. The words of 1 Thess. 4 were to set their minds at rest—not by rebuking their hope or suggesting that He was not coming for two thousand or more years, but by assuring them that His coming would embrace the dead in Christ, as well as the living saints, raising them first and taking them, and His living saints whom He had at the same moment "changed" (2 Cor. 15:51), up to meet Him in the air and so to be forever with Him. They were therefore right in looking "for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ," who would change their bodies of

humiliation and fashion them like unto the body of His glory" (Phil. 3:20).

That generation and many others have passed away, and He has not come yet, and the scoffer asks, "Where is the promise of His coming?" (2 Pet. 3). And the worldly minded professor says. "My Lord delayeth His coming," and begins "to eat and drink with the drunken." In view of this the heart of the Child of God needs to stay itself on those words, "He that shall come will come and will not tarry." Not one moment longer than needful will He wait—not a second's delay when the right time has come. He is waiting up yonder, far more eagerly than His people are waiting down here, but He would have us on the tiptoe of expectation answering His echoing cry of "Surely I come quickly," by the glad response, "Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus" (Rev. 22:20).

To "set dates" is absolute folly, and in its pernicious effects, wickedness—bringing into disrepute the blessed hope of His return. Hundreds from various angles and with ingenious computations, have "figured it out," and in every instance have of course failed—some of them to unblushingly start over again, blaming something or someone else than their system of misinterpretation. The folly of the whole proceeding is the result of confounding things that differ—the earthly hopes of Israel and the heavenly hopes of the Church. This period is unknown to Old Testament prophecy. We know when it began—at Pentecost—and we know it will end at His coming. When that coming will be He has not told us, but says it will be directly. May the Lord then keep us looking, waiting and watching for Him, the "Bright and Morning Star" (Rev. 22:16).



Obey the Word of Christ in its simplicity, in wholeness of purpose, and serenity of sacrifice, and truly you shall receive sevenfold in your bosom in this present life and in the world to come life everlasting. All your knowledge will become to you clear and sure, all your footsteps safe, in the present brightness of domestic life you will foretaste the joy of Paradise and to your children's children bequeath not only noble fame but endless virtue.

—*John Ruskin*

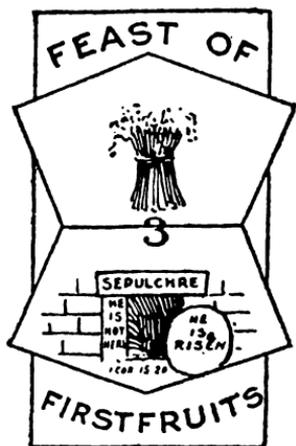
The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF FIRST FRUITS

(Continued from July number)



Now we shall look at some of the reasons why God has been so very particular to buttress the fact of Christ's resurrection.

1st. *It vindicated Christ as the Son of God.* "Declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." Rom. 1:4. He was charged with blasphemy, and crucified because He said He was the Son of God (Matt. 26:65; John 10:36). Thus the Father by resurrection

proclaims the Deity of His Son.

2nd. *It was the justification of Christ as man.* What cruel wicked things they said against Him in the palace of the High Priest, and in Pilate's Hall, but never a word escaped His lips in self vindication. He committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. He could wait the Father's time, knowing, as we see in Isa. 50:8, "He is near that justifieth me." So in resurrection, God rewarded Him according to His righteousness, and according to the cleanness of His hands (Psa. 18:20).

3rd. *His resurrection was for our justification.* "Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4:25). Did you ever stop to think what this means? Had the Lord Jesus not been raised from the dead, what would His death have availed us? Nothing; we would still be in our sins, and without hope for the future (1 Cor. 15:17-19). We look back to the Cross, and we see Christ there bearing our load of guilt and sin; we see Him go down to the grave; but thank God we are not left to contemplate a dead Christ, but One who has been raised, and now sits at the right hand of God. On the Cross He paid my debt, on the Throne He proves that God is satisfied with His death for me.

The story is told of a man who was sentenced in court to pay a fine or spend a term in jail. He could not pay the fine, and

a friend took pity on him and paid it. This man not knowing the ways of the court, looked for a receipt, and the clerk just pointed to the liberated prisoner, and said, "There is your receipt." Christ went down into death as my Surety, and unless the claims of God's holy law had been satisfied, He would still be there; but He is not, He is on the throne. Where are my sins? Not in heaven; no, they have been put away forever.

Peace for the sinner comes, not from good feelings, but from seeing that Christ who died on the Cross is now on the Throne. To look within for peace would be like a captain, when his vessel is being driven on the rocks of a lee shore, orders the sailors to cast the anchor into the hold of the ship. Such an act would but hasten the doom of the ship. What does he do? He orders that the anchor be cast overboard. Then if the anchor gets a hold, and the cable is strong enough, the vessel will be held until a change of wind will enable her to beat off. So we look outside ourselves, and faith like a cable, lays hold on Him who has entered within the veil,—the One who was "raised for our justification." (Heb. 6:19-20).

4th. Resurrection is Christ's Crowning Victory over Death and Hell. "And having spoiled principalities and powers he made a show of them openly triumphing over them in it" (Col. 2:15). If one will read Psalm 18 intelligently, he must note it is a description of the resurrection of Christ. In the garden, when they came to apprehend Christ, He said, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness" (Luke 22:53). Here we have a union of two powers, human and infernal. They were united in putting Christ to death, and having put Him to death, they conspired to keep Him in the tomb. On the human side, the might of Rome, was seen in the "watch" and the "seal." But beyond the sphere of human sight, hosts of evil angels of various grades, "principalities and powers" were there, to see that He would not rise.

But when God came on the scene, the military guard became as dead men,—the might of earth melted in the presence of the Lord. Psa. 18 describes a conflict with infernal powers of which the earthquake was all that man could hear. Verses 7-14 give us a graphic portrayal of that struggle. Verses 6-20 could apply to none but Christ, and to no other time than

His resurrection. But in vain they joined forces to keep the Christ of God in the domain of death. "He spoiled principalities and powers." As we sing:

"Death cannot keep its prey,—Jesus my Saviour,
 He tore the bars away,—Jesus my Lord.
 Up from the grave He arose,
 With a mighty triumph o'er His foes,
 He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
 And he lives forever with His saints to reign;
 He arose! He arose! Hallelujah, Christ arose!"

We have a very fine picture of Christ's triumph over His enemies in resurrection in Judges 16:1-3. Samson is in Gaza, which means "strong place," and may well speak of the tomb. The Philistines wish to kill him, but it is night and they are so sure that he cannot get out of Gaza that they do not deem it necessary to grope around in the dark. They are sure of him, so they wait till morning. But imagine their chagrin, when morning came, as they saw Samson on the top of the hill, with door, bar, posts and all. The Devil and his satellites must have felt, at Christ's resurrection, like the men of Gaza. And may not this explain the enmity which preaching the resurrection invariably drew forth from the unsaved in apostolic days. (See Acts 17:32). It reminded Satan of his discomfiture.

5th. *The Resurrection of Christ is the Pledge and the Pattern of our resurrection.* "But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first fruits of them that are asleep." (1 Cor. 15:20. R.V.) The "first fruits" just means that there are other "fruits" to follow later on, so we read in ver. 23, "But every man in his own order, Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming." That the Lord Jesus was raised, is thus the guarantee of the resurrection of every child of God. In farm or orchard there may be failure, the first fruits may not be followed by the successful garnering of the rest of the crop. But there can be no failure here. The "first resurrection" (Rev. 20:6), began with the resurrection of Christ as the "firstfruits," then the great harvest will be at His coming, and the gleaning will be when those are raised who suffer death for Christ after the Church has been raptured, and before the Lord comes forth to set up

His kingdom, when they are raised and find their place in the heavenly department of that kingdom. Then, and then only, will the first resurrection be complete. His resurrection secures that of the last one of those post-church sufferers, just as it does that of the Church now, and all believers of past dispensations.

The Resurrection of Christ is the Pattern of ours. Broadly speaking, all Christendom believes in the resurrection of the dead, while only a few believe in the resurrection from among the dead. Mark 9:9-10 will illustrate this. "And as they came down from the mount, He charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead. And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean." They knew the truth of the resurrection of the dead, but here is a puzzle, rising from among the dead,—some being raised and other remaining in their graves. Such was the manner of His resurrection,—the tombs of Palestine retained their occupants that morning, when Joseph's new tomb was vacated by the Holy One, who had lain three days and three nights in it.

This truth of the "out resurrection," which will be the portion of all believers, Paul takes as his guerdon. "If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection from the dead." (Phil. 3:11 R.V.) We understand the dear apostle to mean, that he wished to grasp, and live and walk in the power of this wondrous revelation, that he was to have a resurrection like that of his beloved Lord. Not that it was an attainment, which some believers might miss. Ah no, but his soul was thrilled by that truth, the resurrection "from among" the dead.

The hope of the believer is the coming of the Lord, not death; but should it be death, then what an unspeakable joy, to be raised after the pattern of our Lord's resurrection. To Paul it mattered not where his body was laid, in Rome or in the sacred soil of Palestine where the dust of his fathers lay. That which filled him with joy and delight was that the day was coming when he would hear that Voice which first thrilled his soul on the Damascus road, calling him up from among the dead, to be a partaker in the "first resurrection," of which his beloved Lord was the "Firstfruits!"

Christ the King

(Continued from July number)

One other observation is suggested by the analogy between an earthly and heavenly sovereign. As a truly great earthly king has ever in view *the good of his subjects*, so it is with our gracious Redeemer. In His beneficent administration, He has constantly and invariably at heart the welfare of each individual member of His spiritual realm. The children of Zion may well be "joyful in their King." They may trust His combined power, and wisdom, and faithfulness; for all things, by immutable covenant, are working together for their good, for all providences are under His control. Even when He afflicts, He afflicts not willingly. Chastisement is one of His love-tokens. This royal Shepherd often seeks out His flock in "the dark and cloudy day." He will not suffer trial to go too far. He will not allow His people to be tempted above what they are able to bear. "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations." (2 Pet. 2:9). We may well, in all that concerns us and ours, trust Him in the dark; remembering that He is infinite in His wisdom and boundless in His resources. Let "the shout of a King" be in the midst of His spiritual Israel. He has but one object in view in all His dealings with them—the "bringing many sons unto glory." (Heb. 2:10). And He will not leave His work undone till their salvation is complete. They may well take up the words of the prophet, and say with triumphant assurance, "The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our *King*; He will save us." (Isa. 33:32).

We have thus shortly contemplated some of the characteristics of the rule of Christ over His people. But there is one special phase of His sovereignty constantly unfolded in Scripture, to which we may make a brief reference in closing. It is the exercise of that Sovereignty over His enemies. While we are told of "the rod of His strength out of Zion" by which He rules His people, we are told of a rod of iron by which He "breaks" His foes; "dashing them in pieces like a potter's vessel." (Psa. 2:10). As the warrior of Edom, He is represented, with blood-stained raiment, coming up from the overthrow of His adversaries:—first of all, indeed, "speaking in righteousness—mighty to save;" but to those who re-

ject that righteousness, mighty to destroy and to condemn. (Isa. 63:1). "The Lord," we read in Ps. 110 "said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine *enemies* Thy footstool." "And I saw," says John, "heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness doth He judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on His head were many crowns." (Rev. 19:12). The power of His enemies is only temporary—the triumph of His own cause is certain. "The rod of the wicked" will not always "rest upon the lot of the righteous." (Ps. 125:3). Despotism, Tyranny, Atheism, Popery, Infidelity, and the other foes of His Church and forces of evil, may do their worst. But every anti-Christian confederacy will at last be broken like a gossamer thread. "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet." (1 Cor. 15:25). It is a comforting and elevating contemplation, and especially in these days, to think of Christ as King of nations, as well as King of His people;—King of providence as well as King of grace;—and making all events work out His own ends for the advancement of the cause of righteousness. He who manifested Himself in olden time, by His visible interpositions, as God of nature;—who made the outer materialism, alike earth and firmament, subservient to His purposes;—putting a drag on the burning axles of the sun,—causing the stars in their courses to fight against Sisera, —drying up the tongue of the Red Sea,—making the hail of heaven—drifting sleet—the white arrows of His quiver—to accomplish the conquest of Israel's foes:—"When the Almighty scattered kings, it was white as snow in Salmon:") (Psa. 68:14)—this sovereign Mediator superintends and controls the revolution of the still more complex and often apparently capricious wheels of Providence. He "holdeth the stars (the emblems of political rulers) in His right hand," as well as "walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." (Rev. 2:1). See how in the bold figure used by the Prophet, He put a bit in the mouth of haughty Sennacherib! That heathen king was the instrument, employed by a Mightier, for the needed chastisement of apostate Judah: "Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so." (Isa. 10:7). Never, doubtless, did that tyrant dream, that his whirlwind

march through the passes of the Lebanon, so graphically described by the inspired narrator, was at the dictate and to fulfil the sovereign purposes of the great God of armies. He would have spurned the thought of being the rod of Jehovah's anger and the "staff of His indignation." As such, nevertheless, he was employed—the minister of divine retribution; and then, when he had done his work, his legions were scattered like chaff before the whirlwind! "I am Jehovah of hosts," says the Divine Messiah, "and besides Me there is no God" (Isa. 44:8). And all the plottings and counterplottings of tyrants and despots, civil and ecclesiastical, will be similarly overruled for the spread of His cause, and the discomfiture and final overthrow of His enemies;—when they shall be "consumed with the breath of His mouth, and destroyed with the brightness of His coming." (2 Thes. 2:8).

'Prince of peace, take to Thyself Thy great power, and reign!' "Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most mighty, with Thy glory and with Thy majesty, and in Thy majesty, ride prosperously!" (Psa. 45:3, 4). We know the day is coming when Thou shalt be "King over all the earth, and Thy name one" (Zech. 14:9)—when Thou shalt become, as prophecy has described Thee, "the Desire of all nations" (Hag. 2:7)—when to Thee as the true Shiloh, shall "the gathering of the people be." (Gen. 49:10). "Violence shall no more be heard in Thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders." (Isa. 60:18). The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of Thy millennial glory. (Rev. 21:24). The shout of jubilant loyalty recorded in the Canticles will have its true fulfilment in that great coronation-day:—"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon, with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart." (Song. 3:11). What a mighty multitude will bow down before that chariot of victory, in which are yoked the white horses of salvation;—a multitude with palms in their hands, out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people:—the Bride of the King—seated alongside her Lord, wearing on her person the costly jewels (her royal dowry) of "glory, honour, immortality, eternal life!" (Rom. 2:7).

Let us, in conclusion, hear this Warrior-king, standing, as He did of old before Joshua with a sword drawn in His hand, and asking each of *us* individually, "Art thou *with* Me or *against* Me?" (Josh. 5:13). Reader! have you ever pondered all that is comprehended in the reality—"AGAINST Him"? Let Balaam's description be true of you now, as one whose "dwelling is in the clefts of the Rock", so that the same sooth-sayer's other awful words may never be verified in your experience—"I shall see *Him*, but not near; I shall behold Him, but not nigh." (Num. 24:17). "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." (Psa. 2:12).



Hoagging With Christ

James Melrose

(Continued from July number)

In the revealing spotlight of the Scripture, we have looked for a little at the central feature of this fascinating scene. Four A.M., and a stormy night, in black darkness on the deep (save perhaps for the fitful storm-light glinting on the black, rolling waves and dashing spray) rides the little fishing boat, making but scant headway, as its sturdy crew strains at the oars against a contrary wind. Suddenly a figure appears, outlined in the glowing light of His own Divine effulgence.

Let us now, so to speak, step back a little and take a wider view of this scene—take in the background. How came this to be just so? We have read Matthew's account, as this Gospel alone gives the record of Peter's venture—the miracle within a miracle. It may be that some can discern here one of those distinguishing touches of the Holy Spirit that go to make up the portrayal of our Divine Lord in the particular character assigned to Him in the first Gospel. But aside from that, I think the Divinely-controlled human element enters into the narrative of the incident, as something which appealed to Matthew; for I think Peter was a man after Matthew's own heart. Although differing widely by nature and calling, yet between—shall we say—the gambling spirit of Matthew, the publican, that seemed ready to risk all on a venture, and the reckless impetuosity of Peter, the fisherman, with the warm

devotion and fidelity that characterized both, there was surely a common bond.

Either of them might have been a dangerous character, if committed to the leadership and control of other than the Lord Jesus. You will recall the nature of Matthew's calling, as we have it recorded in Luke 5:27. Jesus, passing by, saw him sitting at the receipt of custom and said "Follow me," and "he left all, rose up, and followed," made a feast in his own house, invited all his fellow publicans, and introduced to them his new-found Lord and Master. "Soon as my all I ventured on the atoning blood, the Holy Spirit entered, and I had peace with God," might well have been the theme-song for his party and ever after. Do you wonder, then, that Peter's venture so appealed to this Gospel writer that he felt he must needs incorporate it in the record?

How came all this, we have asked. Jesus had miraculously fed the five thousand who had sought him in his wilderness retreat; and as evening drew on, sought to dismiss them and to retire to the mountain for prayer. We read, "Jesus constrained His disciples to get into a ship and to go before Him unto the other side, while He sent the multitude away." Evidently the disciples did not want to leave their Master, as He had to constrain them to depart and to get into a ship. To constrain His own to depart from Him seems somewhat unfamiliar speech on the gracious lips of the Lord Jesus. "Come!" seems better to fit those lips, concerning which it is written, "They wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." (Luke 4:22). But here, He constrains them not only to depart, but to get into a ship without Him. Did He not know that a storm was brewing? He surely did. Yet, He deliberately directs them into it!

In the storm, they might have said among themselves, "If only He had been here!" There were times when the Lord *did* that. When the home at Bethany sent out an S.O.S. call to the Great Physician, saying "Lazarus is sick," they waited in vain for the coming of the Physician. Did not that seem cruel? He abode two days where He was, saying, "This sickness is not unto death, but for God's glory." And we all know the sequel, how that it was indeed for God's glory. So it was in this case. "God moves in a mysterious way, His won-

ders to perform. He plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust Him for His grace. Behind a frowning Providence, He hides a smiling face." — A principle in God's dealings with men, clearly traceable all through the Divine Record, and necessarily so, for the intrinsic fire in the jewel of faith glows brightest in the dark.

We think, too, in this connection, of that reassuring word spoken under the shadow of Calvary, "It is expedient for you that I go away." Those dear disciples—"His own"—left to themselves to battle in the darkness with wind and waves and tides. Is there not a balm of Gilead here, for wounded hearts, distraught minds and depressed spirits? The answer to life's baffling problem!

The whole of the wonderful book of Job is given over to the discussion of this mystery, summed up for us in the laconic commentary of the Epistle of James: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." And again, we see the same principle in the Lord's dealings with Israel as so beautifully described in the language of "Rap't Isaiah's wild seraphic fire," when he says: "For a *small* moment, I have forsaken thee, but with *great* mercies will I gather thee." Or again, "Oh, thou afflicted! Tossed with tempest and not comforted—*great* shall be the peace of thy children."

When meditating upon this subject, I had before me particularly the thought of giving a word of encouragement to young Christians, although, doubtless, we all might well profit by it. For, when I consider how little I seem yet to know, and, in the light of eternity, think how far-reaching is that eternal life of which, by the grace of God, I have been made the happy possessor, I feel that, in that sense, I, too, am still scarce more than a babe. The world says that life begins at Forty. I think sometimes, they might make it Sixty! "The half hath not been told me."

I would like here to remark that there is a boat which it would be well for all who now occupy it to forsake without delay. That is, the world's boat. The boat that has no Christ in it. The Christless boat, whose occupants Ephesians 2:12 so aptly describes as "Without Christ . . . aliens . . .

strangers . . . having no hope and without God in the world." The voyage of that ship is doomed to end in disaster—"Now is the judgment of this world,"—and its captain and crew to destruction—"Now shall the Prince of this world be cast out." "And," our Lord continues to say, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto *Me*." We are thus invited by the Lord Himself to leave that ship of the world and come to Himself as "Once in the end of the age, He hath appeared," on the world's troubled sea.

(Continued, D. V.)



Thou and Thy House

Andrew Stenhouse, Santiago, Chile

Address at Cleveland Conference, September, 1939

(Continued from July number)

I want to refer now to the Christian household as a sphere of testimony and training. I think of Moses born in Egypt when it seemed impossible, because of the dictates of Pharaoh on the throne, to bring up a child as God would have it brought up. Yet there was that godly couple who feared not the king's command, but kept that child in their home in its early days as long as was best to keep it undiscovered. The mother saw in that child the possibility of one who would be useful for God, who would be a witness for God. We have been hearing something this afternoon about the greatness of Moses. Let us not forget how much depended on the mother of Moses and the decision of that family as they looked upon that child. God rewarded their faith. God will reward your faith and mine. But it is not simply a question of believing the promise of God. The home is expected to be a place where the child will be subject to every influence conducive to its salvation. I want to ask the question, "Is my home, is your home, so very different from the homes of the unbelievers around us as to deserve to be called a testimony for God in the midst of the surrounding darkness? Is it?"

Think of the Israelites in Egypt. God not only had the intention of separating His people unto Him in a special way after He took them out of Egypt, but of drawing a line of demarcation right there in Egypt. Often we read that God made a difference. God separated His people when He

brought the plagues upon the Egyptians. Those homes were protected. The flies filled the homes of Egypt, but the flies were not in the home of the Israelites. I wonder if there are any flies in your home? There are flies, you know, that can't be kept out with window screens. They get into the home and into the ointment as well. You know what the scripture says about that. There is a great deal of lightness, of vanity, of things which should be kept outside as belonging to Egypt. God has made a difference. When He brought the plague of darkness upon the Egyptians, the Israelites had light in their dwellings. I want to ask you, "Is the difference between your home and the homes of your neighbors such as to be described as the difference between light and darkness?" God intends the home to be a center of light in the midst of the surrounding darkness of our days, not in the individual only, not only amongst our fellow workers, not in the assembly only where we speak to the public who may know little or nothing about our personal life, but right there where we spend most of our time, where we have the greatest, most intimate responsibilities—in the home. God expects of Christian householders that they make their homes a center of light, a center of testimony. God intended that those children should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Have you thought much about that? What a lovely phrase, what a divinely inspired expression — not the carelessness which would allow the children to do as they please, nor yet that severity of a despot which would harden and embitter those children against the discipline—but the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that authority combined with gentleness, with tenderness, that Christian spirit which shows the love and grace of God. It is the nurture and admonition of the Lord. What do you know about the nurture and admonition of the Lord? "Even when He chideth, tender is His tone." The nurture and admonition of the Lord. That nurture which we have received from Him, that admonition which we have received from Him, is the example for us towards those whom God has placed in our charge.

Another word in this connection is "Provoke not your children to wrath." How easily that is done. How sensitive the children are to any manifestation of the flesh in us. Re-

member the flesh can never correct the flesh and no manifestation of the flesh in another can be corrected by any manifestation of the flesh in us. The epistle to the Hebrews speaks of how our fathers chastised us according to their pleasure. They did it as it pleased them. But the nurture and admonition of the Lord means what is conveyed in the following verse—God does it for our good. He is interested in our welfare and thinks of us as a precious treasure watched over and cared for because He has a certain result in view. Was there ever a work so very deserving of an artist's care and skill to the utmost of his ability? Was there ever a work in any kind of employment so deserving of careful attention and skill as the work of a parent with his or with her children? They are beings which have been brought into this world in our presence and before our eyes and who will exist eternally and who will perhaps bear eternally the impress of our influence upon them. It is a solemn thing to die, more solemn it is to live, because every day we give an impression which will endure for ever.

The Lord expects the home to be a place of training. Go back to the law. Go back to Israel and listen again to those words concerning the reading of the law to the children, the bringing of the Word of God before them daily. Go back to the example of Timothy reared up in that believing home. We don't know when his grandmother and his mother became converted, actually were brought into the light of the gospel, but I do know there was the fear of God in that home and it is recorded concerning Timothy that from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures. Let us see that our children do not have to depend upon what they hear in the gospel hall one day out of seven. Let us see to it that the Word of God is brought before them every day, and that our entire practice, our conduct towards them, would be so consistent with that Word of God as to give force to it and cause them to yield to its powerful influence in their most tender years.

We have read concerning Abraham. He was called the friend of God. We did not read that scripture, but we read the reason why he was so called. He was called that because God communicated to him what He was about to do. You remember what the Lord said in John's gospel, that they are

not servants, but friends to whom their Lord communicates what He will do, and Abraham was in that unique class. Abraham was the friend of God. God said concerning him, "I know that he will command his children and his household after him." Abraham's home, Abraham's household, was a sphere of authority, a sphere of government, a sphere of order. Is my home a sphere of government? Is your home a sphere of government? God intends that the head of the house should govern, should control, should command, order, restrain. Abraham was a man who was able to do it.

In the same passage we read that Sarah, referring to her husband, called him "lord." That which would probably have escaped our attention had we only read it there, is again brought to our notice in the New Testament, and God speaks of that as an example for Christian women today. Sarah showed her subjection to Abraham by calling him "lord." God honored her for it. Thousands of years afterwards He brought up that little word in order to give an example to this generation. Abraham's household was orderly. Here his word was law.

(Continued D.V.)



The Disembodied State

T. Shuldham Henry, M.A., LL.D.

Resurrection, not death, is the hope of the believer, in this dispensation; the clothed, not the unclothed state; Christ's coming for His saints, not their departure to be with Him.

It is this that forms one great and blessed distinction between us and the Old Testament saints. No doubt they held the doctrine of the resurrection in the abstract, but to them it was at such a remote distance that it failed to have the power over their souls and lives that it exercises now over the Lord's people, who are waiting "for His Son from Heaven."

In Job 19:25, for instance, we find Job saying "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." David also in Psalm 17:15, "As for me I shall behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness."

But of their state after dissolution they had vague and indistinct, dim and comfortless views, which led them to cling to life and dread death.

Our translators too, seemed to have had such confused ideas on the subject that they failed to discern the difference between the words "hell," "the pit," "the grave," and often used them interchangeably, confounding the place for the body, with the place of disembodied spirits.

The Old Testament saints desired the light, brightness, and the companionship of friends in this upper world, to the uncertainty of the under world of gloom and silence, to which they expected they were going.

It required the trials of a Job, and the sorrows of a Jeremiah, to make them long to be at rest. David under such a prospect pleaded, "Oh! spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence to be no more." (Psalm 39). King Hezekiah also, when he was sick unto death had a dread to depart to the unknown and unseen world of disembodied spirits. He wept sore at the thought, and wrote afterwards, "I said in the cutting off of my days I shall go to the gates of the grave, I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see Jehovah, even Jehovah, in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world." (Isa. 38:10, 11).

They had no wish to depart. It was then easy to live and hard to die. How different it is now with us. Paul said "to die is gain," and "to depart is far better." Now it is hard to live, but easy to die, on account of the glorious victory which Christ's death has obtained for us. It is a falling asleep in Jesus. It is "to be present with the Lord." We ought to be thankful that our lot is not cast in Old Testament times before the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

In some of our circles, when all are spending the evening in the drawing room at home, and the children are so happy in that bright scene, some are reading, some working, others having games. Nine o'clock comes, and mother, looking at the clock, says to one of the little ones, "It is time for bed now." What pleading to be allowed to finish the chapter,

or the game, or to stay till a quarter past! Great is the reluctance to leave that scene of light and joy for the dark and solitary chamber upstairs.

One evening when the father is away from home, and as nine o'clock comes, mother says to her child, "It is time for bed now, darling; but tonight you may sleep with me." Oh! what joy fills the little one's heart. She puts away her things at once. There is no pleading for delay, as she hurries out of the room she says, "Don't be long, mother." The mother's presence makes all the difference to the dear child. Her dark and solitary chamber she had seemed to dread, and therefore pleaded to be allowed to stay longer in the scene of brightness.

Here we have a picture of the difference between the Old Testament saints clinging to the brightness and light of the upper world, instead of going to the gloomy and unknown region of departed spirits. And what a difference now, when saints depart it is to be with Christ, which is far better, and many can hope it won't be long till it is so. "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

We shall now draw your attention to this subject under four heads. 1st. Hell. 2nd. Paradise. 3rd. Some collateral truths connected therewith. 4th. Answers to questions asked.

I. HELL

The word "Hell" as used in our version of the Bible, is very misleading. There are two words so translated, one Hades, which means "the unseen place," the other Gehenna. The first is the place of disembodied spirits, good and bad, up to the death of Christ; the other is the "lake of fire" where the finally impenitent are cast body and soul, after the "Resurrection of judgment" and the Great White Throne. This latter name, Gehenna, is derived from the Valley of the son of Hinnom, southwest of Jerusalem, (Jeremiah 7:31) celebrated for the burning of human sacrifices to Moloch. It was also called "Tophet", which means "a drum". Drums were continually being beaten in this awful place to drown the cries of the helpless children who were constantly thrown alive on the flames; thus a fit emblem of that awful place where the unsaved must spend their eternity.

Let us look first at the place named "Hades," or "the unseen world," called in Hebrew "Sheol," which is derived from

a word "Shaal," which signifies "to demand," in allusion to this fact that it is "never full," "never satisfied." (Proverbs 27:20 and 30:16). The word Sheol occurs sixty-five times in the Old Testament, and is rendered by our translators thirty-one times by the word "grave," three times by the word "pit," and thirty-one times by the word "hell"; showing how little discrimination they had.

In addition to these words, the verb b'ehr, a well, and bohr, a dungeon, are sometimes used of "the pit" of Sheol, in allusion to souls going down the shaft into it, (Psalm 55:23, 28:1, and Isaiah 38,18, also Revelation 9:2, which latter literally means "He opened the shaft of the abyss.") It is supposed to be first, under the earth, and second, divided into two compartments.

1. UNDER THE EARTH.

Jehovah, in speaking of the impossibility of sinners escaping His judgment says, "Though they dig into Sheol," that is, through the earth's crust, "thence shall mine hand take them." (Amos 9:2.) It is well known that the center of the earth is hollow, and full of active fire. Where did the Lord cast "Korah, Dathan, and Abiram" who presumptuously defied Him? Let us read Numbers 16:29-33. Moses said, "If these men die the common death of all men," that is, by the soul, separated from the body, going down to Sheol, while the body corrupted; "or if they be visited after the visitation of all men, then Jehovah hath not sent me. But if Jehovah make a new thing," that is, do something out of the ordinary course of things, "and the earth open her mouth, and swallow them up, with all that appertain to them, and they go down (alive) into Sheol, then shall ye understand that these men have provoked Jehovah." Now what took place? We are told by non-eternity teachers that it was a mere earthquake—an ordinary circumstance, and that they only went into the grave—that is a little way into the earth. Let us see.

"And it came to pass, as he had made an end of speaking all these words, that the ground clave asunder that was under them, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods. They and all that appertained

unto them, went down alive into Sheol, and the earth closed upon them; and they perished from among the congregation." The same thing will take place, when, at the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ "the Beast" and "the false Prophet" will both be cast alive into the lake of fire (Gehenna), its first tenants, and where they will be alone for at least a thousand years.

Again in 1 Samuel 28, Samuel came up at the bidding of the witch of Endor. It was no familiar spirit of hers that was conjured up in the likeness of Samuel, as some assert, and as she expected. The Word of God tells us it was *Samuel* who "ascended out of the earth" and stood before Saul. He said to Saul, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up."

Again, the Lord Jesus at death "descended into the lower parts of the earth" before He ascended. (Ephesians 4:9).

Again in Phil. 2:10 we read "that in" (not 'at') "the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of beings (not things) in heaven, beings in earth, and beings under the earth,"—fulfilment of Phil. 2.

From these Scriptures we are compelled to come to the conclusion that the place, not merely the condition, of departed spirits is "under the earth," though we have no wish to dogmatize about it. Surely it is not figurative language, but descriptive of the place where departed spirits for 4037 years went before the death of Christ. (Psalm 89:48).

2. IN TWO COMPARTMENTS.

This place was divided into two separate and distinct compartments; one where the righteous were carried, and the other where the ungodly were cast; lower and lowest Sheol; the one "Abraham's bosom" of Luke 16, and the other, a "place of torment." Job, speaking of the wicked "who live, become old, yea, are mighty in power, . . . and spend their days in wealth (or mirth, see margin); and in a moment they go down into Sheol," (Job 21:7) the place allotted to such.

Again we read, "He shall be driven from light to darkness and chased out of the world." (Job 18:18). And again, "Drought and heat consume the snow waters, so doth Sheol those that have sinned." (Job 24:19).

In the prophecy of Ezekiel, chap. 31:14-18, we have an awful description of this part of Sheol. He is speaking of

the multitude of the Egyptians slain by Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon, which is a type of those to be slain under the future Assyrian king, and their awful destiny. In the next chapter, verses 2-12, and 18-32, he withdraws the veil from the unseen world of spirits, and shows us the myriads of the lost—the enemies of the Lord Jehovah.

In Deut. 32:22, God says, "For a fire is kindled in mine anger and shall burn to the lowest Sheol, and consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains." This time is referred to by the Apostle Peter when he says, "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (2 Peter 3:13). Taking place at the close, not at the beginning, as some suppose, of "the day of the Lord."

Then comes the Great White Throne and the awful doom of the impenitent, when they will be cast body and soul into the lake of fire, Gehenna, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched; for there "every one shall be salted with fire" so as to preserve them in existence for the eternal punishment to which they have been assigned by a righteous Judge. See also Prov. 9:18, and Psalm 86:13.

In Luke 16, our Lord gives us a description of this place, and a brief history of two of its occupants; in fact, taking a sample, so as to show us what happened to the righteous and the unconverted, before His death; and what happens still to the latter since, as His death did not alter their condition.

This is evidently *narrative* and *not parabolic*. It begins, "There was," (verse 19). There were two men, one rich, the other poor. One lived in luxury, ease and carelessness; the other, a true child of Abraham by faith, was a beggar, depending upon the kindness of this rich man's servants, to keep his poor diseased body alive. Both died—the rich man as he lived, thoughtless and indifferent, fulfilling the solemn words of Job, "they spend their days in wealth and in a moment go down to Sheol." (Job 21:13). The poor man had a glorious exit from his loathsome body.

He was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, viz., that part of Sheol where all the righteous and Abraham then were.

The rich man was buried, and in Sheol, Hades, he lifted up his eyes "being in torment."

Thus we see that the spirits of the Lord's dear ones were in a state of safety, security, and rest there; and that the state of the ungodly was one of misery and anguish, even though they had an existence apart from their bodies. This state exists for the latter, till the resurrection of damnation, when spirit and body are re-united. This passage perfectly agrees with the Old Testament scriptures, as to the two separate portions into which Sheol or Hades was divided. It tells us more. It tells us of an awful, impassable gulf, or chasm "fixed" (by the great Fixer of all things) so that there was no passing from one place to the other. They could see and converse with, as well as recognize, one another, but could not go from one place to another. This is the view of Hades Christ has given us, prior to His death and resurrection.

(Continued D.V.)



Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Continued from July Number)

"But the circle, from which the Messiah should come," continued Roger, "was made narrower still. In the next great step, *Abraham* is selected from among the Semites, and the pledge is given to him. 'In thy Seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed' (Gen. 22:8)—a most remarkable promise to be found in a Jewish book, and to be preserved as their dearest hope by the most exclusive of all nationalities. *This Seed of Abraham is to be the hope of humanity.* And note what He is to bring. All the nations are to be 'blessed' in Him. What blessing? It is the forgiveness of sins and the enjoyment of the favor of God. It covers more, no doubt, but these are in the forefront. Humanity, therefore, is to be endowed with these high blessings by One who will spring from Abraham. But this was still wide. The Ishmaelite Arabs are also descended from Abraham. And another selection is made. Ishmael is set aside and *Isaac is chosen.* From Isaac, again, two nations descend — the Edomites and the Israelites. A further selection consequently takes place. Esau

is rejected, and *Jacob is chosen*. The covenant is made with him: 'In thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed' (Gen. 28:14). As time went on still narrower lines were drawn. Of the twelve Israelite tribes one is taken—*Judah*, and in that tribe a special house—that of *David*. Note the distinct and repeated prediction that THE MESSIAH IS TO BE A JEW. He is to spring from one of the smallest of the nations; one from which the world expected least. Yet what promise has ever been more grandly fulfilled? Is it not undeniably true that in this Jew, men of every nationality have been blessed?"

"But what," said Mr. Smith, "of Buddha and Confucius, and Mahomet, and other founders of religion? Christ is not the only Saviour or giver of supposed blessedness to men."

"What reasonable person could compare these with Jesus Christ? or their teachings with those of Christianity?" replied Roger. "Christianity meets the human need which none other does. But I do not ask you to compare those that you have named with Christianity; I am now inviting your attention to the fact that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour *whose advent has been foretold*. You have there the Christian Evidences in a nutshell. *The testimony of genuine prediction is unanswerable*. This is a marvelous testimony. The prophecies so far have told us the Messiah is to be a Jew. But they also make it plain that He is more: that He is to be *Divine!* There are various passages which show this clearly; but one will be enough. Isaiah pictures Israel's recognition of Him in the time of their final deliverance. 'Unto us,' he says, 'a child is born, unto us a Son is given'—again, you will notice, the Deliverer is to be an Israelite. 'And the government,' the prophet proceeds, 'shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace' (9:6)."

Mr. Smith, whom this last quotation had specially aroused, said with asperity: "You are surely not ignorant, sir, that the sense in which you take these words has been repudiated by men of undoubted learning?" "I am quite aware of that," Roger replied, with undisturbed serenity. "But it is quite impossible to saddle those extraordinary words with any other sense. Even the Revised Version, in spite of its well-known

tendencies, has to render them in the same way as the Authorized. It gives them thus: 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.' It is a startling doctrine, I admit, and one attempt after another has been made to get rid of it. But every attempt has failed. It is the very heart of the Christian faith; for how could a mere Jew (no matter if he possessed all the abilities and virtues that men have ever had) save the world? A mere man could not have saved himself. But there is no need to argue the matter. Here is God's testimony. *Israel's Redeemer, who is to be an Israelite, is also to be Divine.*"

Miss Smith here asked with evident surprise: "Is it really so that other prophecies speak as plainly about the Deity of Christ?" "Yes, there are several, I may say, many," replied Roger. "In Psalm 45 the Messiah is actually addressed as God. It begins: 'My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King. My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men,' etc. And then, in verse 6, we come upon the words: '*Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever. A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom,*' and so on. We meet the same representation in Jeremiah. In chap. 23:5, 6 we read: 'Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is the name whereby He shall be called—**THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**' The word Lord in the original is Jehovah, the name of the living God—a Saviour-God. In Micah 5:2 also, the Messiah is also described as He 'Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.' The doctrine, as I have said, is a startling one. It alone explains the unique personality of Jesus. He is indeed 'Emmanuel, God with us.' But the point with which we are dealing now is that the Deity of Christ was distinctly and repeatedly 'predicted.'"

"Thank you," said Miss Smith, "you quite amaze us with these things." "You may well call them 'amazing,'" said Roger; "but there are still stranger things in front of us."

(Continued D.V.)

The Story of Anthony O'Brien
How a Young Irishman Got Rid of His Burden
ANTHONY'S AWAKENING

Some years ago a young man named Anthony O'Brien crossed from Ireland to visit a sister who lived in Wigtownshire, Scotland. Landing at Stranraer, he set out to perform the rest of his journey on foot. It was a bright Spring morning as he trudged along, with his bundle slung over his shoulder, and before he had gone many miles a fellow-traveler joined him. This was Mr. F——, the colporteur for the district, whose calling took him along the same road for a good many miles.

A pleasant "Good morning" on both sides soon made the travelers friends, and Anthony began to tell the stranger some particulars about his journey, and how he came to be in a country to which he was an entire stranger. By and by Mr. F—— asked him how, if he had never been at Kirkinner before, he knew he was on the right way to it. He explained that he had made quite sure before he set out, by asking those who ought to know. Then the colporteur reminded him of another journey on which they had both set out, telling him that though they both wished to reach heaven and get a welcome there, yet that all depended on whether they had taken the right road, and kindly asked him if he had made as sure of being on that road as he had of being on the way to his sister's house.

Anthony had looked puzzled at first to understand his companion's meaning, but his brow cleared as he went on, and he replied, in a reverent tone of voice: "Oh, I think I see now what you're after. Shure, sir, I have—don't I pray to the blessed Mary ever Virgin, and to the blessed Michael the Archangel, and the blessed John the Baptist, and the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and the saints in heaven, and won't they help me to get there when I die? Shure, hasn't the priest told me the right way?"

The young man was both earnest and sincere in the belief of what he had been taught, and was roused to great anger when his companion began to tell him that the saints themselves had once been sinners, and could not save others or bring them to heaven. "I tell you I'll not hear you say that," he interrupted; "these are just like your Protestant lies. What! do you mean to say that our blessed Virgin was a sinner like

me, and that she needed to be saved by her own Son? No, no, I won't listen to such wicked blasphemy!" "Yes, that is just what I mean," replied the colporteur, and he tried to show how God's Word has said, "There is none righteous; no, not one," and how Mary herself had said, "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my SAVIOUR" (Luke 1:47).

Pale with horror and indignation, poor Anthony suddenly stopped, saying fiercely, "May the holy mother of God forgive me for listening to such blasphemous lies. I'll not walk another step with yez. Go on by yourself, ye preaching hypocrite—ye Protestant heretic," and with a threatening gesture he motioned to his companion to walk on, while he stepped to the roadside and sat down.

But Mr. F—— did not go on. He only went to the other side of the road, and waited till the young man's wrath had cooled a little; and when he got up to pursue his journey, he again joined him, and tried to show him the one way of pardon through faith in the Lord Jesus. After some argument, occasionally growing fierce, about priestly power to forgive sins, Mr. F—— at last said, "I suppose you have never read the Bible?"

"Well, no, I needn't—I can't understand its meaning; but shure I have heard the priest read bits of it in the chapel, and he knows and tells us what it says." Mr. F—— asked him whether with all the help of saints and priests he never felt any fear at the thought of meeting God.

He replied, with something like a sigh, "Troth, to tell yez the truth, I cannot say but sometimes I have a bad feeling like that, especially after taking a good drop of the 'cratur' alongst with Mick Tracey and other companions. But then, shure, I just go to the priest and confess my sins, and when I have done what he bids me do as penance, and paid him what he asks for the church, I get them all forgiven, and have peace in my mind for a while."

"You pay the priest money; what for?"

"Shure, for the pardon of my sins."

"Then you can't get this pardon without paying money to the priest for it?"

"Shure, no; and troth isn't it right we should pay something for the peace it brings. Shure, you Protestant heretics know

nothing of the sweet peace we have when the priest forgives our sins."

"Don't we? Those who have got Jesus only as their Saviour have a far sweeter peace—a real peace which passeth all understanding. But tell me, friend, how does the priest procure the forgiveness you speak of, to give you? Has he the power in himself to bestow it?"

"No; but he prays to the Holy Virgin to intercede with her Son for it, and Jesus intercedes with God, and thus gets the pardon."

"Has the priest to pay any money for the forgiveness you speak of?"

"Yes, shure, he says he has. We pay him the money, and he pays it to God."

"What! Do you really believe that the priest pays to God the money you give him?"

"Well, not directly to God, but he sends it through the Holy Virgin. He has power to send the money to heaven in this way, just as he has power to forgive sins. The Holy Virgin gives it to her Son, and He hands it to His Father."

The young man was greatly puzzled when Mr. F—— replied to his strange statement, by showing that even if it were true, there could be no merit in giving God His own, for the silver and gold were dug out of His earth, and belonged to Him.

Again and again poor Anthony, wavering between anger and perplexity, tried to shake off his troublesome companion, by sitting down as before; but Mr. F—— would not leave him, and patiently waited for opportunities to renew the conversation, and tell him more fully of Jesus, His finished work, and His free gift of eternal life.

"But hasn't the priest got power from God to forgive my sins and to give me absolution? Shure, he says he has," exclaimed the young man, in a tone which betrayed the struggle going on within, and showed that new and painful thoughts were beginning to rise in his mind.

At length they reached the place where their roads diverged. The colporteur proposed that they should join in prayer before parting. His companion refused, but appeared to hesitate. Mr. F—— then asked him to hold his bag for him while he prayed: and kneeling down by the roadside, poured out an

earnest prayer. The Roman Catholic stood, with bowed head, at some distance off, but listening to every word.

Mr. F——, after taking his bag again with thanks, took out of it a little book and tract, which he begged his companion to accept. Anthony would not touch the book, which was "God's Way of Peace," by Dr. Horatius Bonar, but submitted to have it pushed into his pocket, protesting all the while that he would give it to the first Protestant he met. They then parted, after having been in each other's company for more than six hours, although the distance they had walked was only six miles.

ANTHONY'S CONVERSION

The colporteur heard nothing more of his interesting fellow-traveller for three months, and then his heart was made glad by the following letter:

D——, on the 12th June.

I am now going to speak to you by this letter. You will not mind me, but I will tell you who I am. About twelve weeks ago, I was across at Scotland, at a place they call the Townlands, Kirkinner, and came from here in a jigger boat to Stranraer, and then I walked to Newton-Stewart, and then started in the morning to see my sister. You'll not know me, but I'll tell you who I am. I am not a very big man, but a stout, tight man; and you preached to me that none but Jesus could forgive sins; and you will know me now. You know I was a Catholic, and you'll know me best when you mind I got angry and told you to stop preaching against the Fathers, but you did not; and I sat down and told you to go on and leave me, but you sat down on the other side and waited with me, and kept on telling me that it was useless for me to pray to the blessed Mary ever Virgin, and blessed Michael the Archangel, and blessed John the Baptist, the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and the saints. You mind you said, God only hears prayer, and you said a great deal to me about it. God bless you! I have not time to tell you all you said, but mind it bothered me, and I could not get it out of my head! and I tried too, sure; and I had a drop of the cratur at Kirkinner, but it was no use; but I forgot, and I needn't forgotten, the books and tract you gave me, and the Protestant prayer you prayed on the roadside before I left you; but you mind the

book. I said I might take it, but I would give it to the first Protestant I met if he would take it, and you put it in my breast coat pocket; and God bless you, for it bothered me. It lay in my pocket for three weeks, and one night I read it, and another night I read it again, and God bless you and the man that made it, for it made me miserable. Yes, indeed, I was miserable; but I got better after some time, and my heart got well and strong and happy. I could leap and do anything when the book told me that Jesus, God's Son, died for my sins. God bless the book! It told me, and sure it's true, for I know it in my heart. The priest is no use, for he is sure a mighty big sinner, as bad as myself. He sins against God as well as me. He has enough to do with himself without me. He cannot pardon sin, but, thank God, your book and your Protestant Bible tell me that Jesus is the great High Priest, who alone can forgive sin; for He is pure and undefiled, and no guile was found in His mouth; and, O! God be praised, I know it now—Jesus is both able and willing to save me and to forgive my sins, for He died for my sins—and I am happy. I used to be a little peaced in my mind when the priest would forgive my sins, but sure I was always frightened to die; for the priest was always telling me that I had not done enough for the church or of penances and works of mercy to get to heaven. But God bless the man that made the book, and bless God who spoke the words in your Protestant Bible, for sure it says, and sure it's true, no man nor child can do anything but Jesus; and sure He is my Saviour, for God says if I believe on Him I shall go to heaven when I die, and be safe for ever, for Jesus died for me and for my sins 1800 years since on Calvary's Cross. Thank God I have nothing to do with priests or saints.

I am just going to live to Christ, for He died to save me, and sure He will pardon all my sins and take me to heaven when I die. O! I wish I was near you, for I daren't speak here, for the priest and neighbors would kill me or do me some harm—for they are nearly all Catholics. Sure they tried to do me some harm already; but I am going to America in three weeks, and I will not be quiet in that free country. You told me that you knew all the Irishmen at the ——— steamers. Would you be pleased to send twelve of the books, same as

mine, to Mr. — at — steamers, and he will send them to his brother David in Belfast, and I will get them from him, for I am afraid my father, mother or brothers would open the parcel, and, sure, they would burn them; but send them to M——, Belfast; there is no fear of him, he is a good Protestant—a Scotchman—and here is four shillings for them, and send them soon, and then if they are any more I will send you the money. God bless you, and the man who made the book, for I am happy, happy now in Jesus. I will write to you yet before I go away, but I am sure I have bothered you a good deal with this long letter; but God bless you, and I will while I live. O, if I could just see you to tell you how happy I am in Jesus, a sinner saved by grace and not by works.

Yours,

A. O'Brien.

Send your letters to D. M—— and I will get them.

I will meet you in heaven. If I die before you I will be waiting for you. God bless you!

A. O'B.



“Thou hast the words of eternal life”

R. L. Stevenson

Now, every now and then, and indeed surprisingly often, Christ speaks a word that transcends all commonplace morality; every now and then He quits the beaten track to pioneer the unexpressed, and throws out a pregnant and magnanimous hyperbole; for it is only by some bold poetry of thought that men can be taken up above the level of everyday conceptions to take a broader look upon experience and accept some higher principles of conduct. To a man who is of the same mind that was in Christ, every such saying should come home with a thrill of joy and corroboration; he should feel each one beneath his feet as another sure foundation in the flux of time and chance; each one should be another proof that in the torrent of the years and generations, where doctrines and great armaments and empires are swept away and swallowed, he stands immovable, holding by the eternal stars.



It is much better to be *drawn* by the joys of heaven, than *driven* by the sorrows of earth.

“Tell ye your children of it”

How a little girl's petition for her brother was answered

D. L. Moody

During the Civil War I remember reading of a young man, not twenty years of age, who was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The story was this: One night his comrade was going on picket duty and, being ill, he was excused and this young man was detailed to take his place. The next night he was ordered out himself; and having been awake two nights, and not being used to it, he fell asleep at his post, and for the offence he was tried and sentenced to death. It was just after the order issued by the President that no more interference should be allowed in cases of this kind. That sort of thing had become too frequent and it had to be stopped.

When the terrible news reached his father and mother in Vermont it nearly broke their hearts. They had no hope that he could be saved by anything they could do. But they had a little daughter who had read the life of Abraham Lincoln, and learned how he loved his own children and she said: “If Abraham Lincoln could only know how dearly my father and mother love my brother he wouldn't let him be shot.” The little girl made up her mind to go to Washington and see the President. She went to the White House, and the sentinel, when he saw her imploring looks, passed her in; and when she reached the door and told the private secretary that she wanted to see the President he could not refuse her.

When she entered the room the President was surrounded by his generals and counsellors, but when he saw the little country girl he asked her what she wanted. The little maid told her sad, simple story—how her brother, whom her father and mother loved so dearly, had been sentenced to be shot; how they were mourning for him, and if he was to die in that way it would break their hearts. The President's heart was touched with compassion, and he immediately sent a telegram revoking the sentence, and giving the boy a furlough so that he could go home and see his father and mother.

I relate this to show how Lincoln's great heart was moved to compassion; and if he showed so much tenderness, do you not think the Son of God will have compassion upon you if you go to Him?

Missionary Labours in Many Lands*The Story of Lamu**Dr. John G. Paton*

My first Lord's Day on Aniwa, after my tour in Great Britain and the Colonies, gave me a blessed surprise. Before daybreak I lay awake thinking of all my experiences on that island, and wondering whether the church had fallen off during my four years absence, when suddenly the voice of song broke on my ears! It was scarcely full dawn, yet I jumped up and called to a man that was passing, "Have I slept in? Is it already church time? Or why are the people met so early?"

He was one of their leaders, and gravely replied, "Missi, since you left we have found it very hard to live near to God! So the chief and the teachers and a few others meet when daylight comes in every Lord's Day morning, and spend the first hour of that day in prayer and praise. They are met to pray for you now, that God may help you in your preaching, and that all hearts may bear fruit to the glory of Jesus this day."

I returned to my room and felt wonderfully "prepared" myself. It would be an easy and a blessed thing to lead such a congregation into the presence of the Lord! They were there already.

On that day every person in Aniwa seemed to be at church, except the bed-ridden and the sick. At the close of the services the elders informed me that they had kept up all the meetings during my absence, and had also conducted the communicants' class and they presented to me a considerable number of candidates for membership. After careful examination, I set aside nine boys and girls, about twelve or thirteen years of age, and advised them to wait for at least another year or so, that their knowledge and habits might be matured. They had answered every question, indeed, and were eager to be baptized and admitted; but I feared for their youth, lest they should fall away and bring disgrace on the church. One of them, with very earnest eyes, looked at me and said, "We have been taught that whosoever believeth is to be baptized. We do most heartily believe in Jesus, and try to please Jesus."

I answered, "Hold on for another year, and then our way will be clear."

After much conversation, I agreed to baptize them; and they agreed to refrain from going to the Lord's Table for a year, that all the church might by that time have knowledge and proof of their consistent Christian life, though so young in years. This discipline, I thought, would be good for them; and the Lord might use it as a precedent for guidance in future days.

Of other ten adults at this time admitted, one was specially noteworthy. She was about twenty-five, and the elders objected because her marriage had not been according to the Christian usage on Aniwa. She left us, weeping deeply. I was writing late at night in the cool evening air, as was my wont in that oppressive tropical clime, and a knock was heard at my door. I called out, "*Akai era?*" (Who is there?)

A voice softly answered, "Missi, it is Lamu. O, do speak with me!"

This was the rejected candidate, and I at once opened the door.

"Oh, Missi," she began, "I cannot sleep; I cannot eat; my soul is in pain. Am I to be shut out from Jesus? Some of those at the Lord's Table committed murder. They repented, and have been saved. My heart is very bad; yet I never did any of those crimes of heathenism; and I know that it is my joy to try to please my Saviour Jesus. How is it that I only am to be shut out from Jesus?"

I tried all I could to guide and console her, and she listened to all very eagerly. Then she looked up at me and said, "Missi, you and the elders may think it right to keep me back from showing my love to Jesus at the Lord's Table; but I know here in my heart that Jesus has received me; and if I were dying now, I know that Jesus would take me to Glory and present me to the Father."

Her look and manner thrilled me. I promised to see the elders and submit her appeal. But Lamu appeared and plead her own case before them with convincing effect. She was baptized and admitted along with the other nine.

It has often struck me, when relating these events, to press this question on the many young people, the highly privileged white brothers and sisters of Lamu, Did you ever lose one hour of sleep or a single meal in thinking of your soul, your God, the claims of Jesus and your eternal destiny?

The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

BAD WEATHER

Nautical routine in its essential details is much the same in all ships whether naval, merchant, or whaling vessels. But while in the ordinary merchantmen there are decidedly "no more cats that can catch mice," hardly, indeed, sufficient for all the mousing that should be done, in men-of-war and whale-ships the number of hands carried, being far more than are wanted for everyday work, must needs be kept at unnecessary duties in order that they may not grow lazy and discontented.

For instance, in the "Cachalot" we carried a crew of thirty-seven all told, of which twenty-four were men before the mast, or common seamen, our tonnage being under 400 tons. Many a splendid clipper-ship carrying an enormous spread of canvas on four masts, and not overloaded with 2500 tons of cargo on board, carries twenty-eight or thirty all told, or even less than that. As far as we were concerned, the result of this was that our landsmen got so thoroughly drilled, that within a week of leaving port they hardly knew themselves for the clumsy clod-hoppers they at first appeared to be.

We had now been eight days out, and in our leisurely way were making fair progress across the Atlantic, having had nothing, so far, but steady breezes and fine weather. As it was late autumn—the first week in October—I rather wondered at this, for even in my brief experience I had learned to dread a "fall" voyage across the "Western Ocean."

Gradually the face of the sky changed, and the feel of the air, from balmy and genial, became raw and cheerless. The little wave tops broke short off and blew backwards, apparently against the wind, while the old vessel had an uneasy, unnatural motion, caused by a long, new swell rolling athwart the existing set of the sea. Then the wind became fitful and changeable, backing half round the compass, and veering forward again as much in an hour, until at last in one tremendous squall it settled in the N.W. for a businesslike blow. Unlike the hurried merchantman who must needs "hang on" till the last minute, only shortening the sail when absolutely compelled to do so, and at the first sign of the gale's relenting, piling it on again, we were all snug long before the storm burst upon

us, and now rode comfortably under the tiniest of storm staysails.

We were evidently in for a fair specimen of Western Ocean weather, but the clumsy-looking, old-fashioned "Cachalot" made no more fuss over it than one of the long-winged sea-birds that floated around, intent only upon snapping up any stray scraps that might escape from us. Higher rose the wind, heavier rolled the sea, yet never a drop of water did we ship, nor did anything about the deck betoken what a heavy gale was blowing. During the worst of the weather, and just after the wind had shifted back into the N.E., making an uglier cross sea than ever get up, along comes an immense four-masted iron ship homeward bound. She was staggering under a veritable mountain of canvas, fairly burying her bows in the foam at every forward drive, and actually wetting the clews of the upper topsails in the smothering masses of spray, that every few minutes almost hid her hull from sight.

It was a splendid picture; but—for the time—I felt glad I was not on board of her. In a very few minutes she was out of our ken, followed by the admiration of all. Then came, from the other direction, a huge steamship, taking no more notice of the gale than as if it were calm. Straight through the sea she rushed, dividing the mighty rollers to the heart, and often bestriding three seas at once, the centre one spreading its many tons of foaming water fore and aft, so that from every orifice spouted the seething brine. Compared with these greyhounds of the wave, we resembled nothing so much as some old light-ship bobbing serenely around, as if part and parcel of the mid-Atlantic.

Our greenies were getting so well seasoned by this time that even this rough weather did not knock any of them over, and from that time forward they had no more trouble from seasickness.

The gale gradually blew itself out, leaving behind only a long and very heavy swell to denote the deep-reaching disturbance that the ocean had endured. And now we were within the range of the Sargasso Weed, that mysterious "fucus" that makes the ocean look like some vast hayfield, and keeps the sea from rising, no matter how high the wind. It fell a dead calm, and the harpooners amused themselves by dredging up great masses of the weed, and turning out the many strange

creatures abiding therein. What a world of wonderful life the weed is, to be sure! In it the flying fish spawn and the tiny cuttle-fish breed, both of them preparing bounteous provisions for the larger denizens of the deep that have no other food. Myriads of tiny crabs and innumerable specimens of less-known shell-fish, small fish of species as yet unclassified in any work on natural history, with jelly-fish of every conceivable and inconceivable shape, form part of this great and populous country in the sea. At one haul there was brought on board a mass of flying-fish spawn, about ten pounds in weight, looking like nothing so much as a pile of ripe white currants, and clinging together in a very similar manner.

Such masses of ova I had often seen cast up among the out-lying rocks on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, when as a shipwrecked lad I wandered idly about unburying turtle eggs from their snug beds in the warm sand, and chasing the many hued coral fish from one hiding place to another.

While loitering in these smooth waters, waiting for the laggard wind, up came a shoal of dolphin, ready as at all times to attach themselves for awhile to the ship. Nothing is more singular than the manner in which deep-sea fish will accompany a vessel that is not going too fast—sometimes for days at a time. Most convenient, too, and providing hungry Jack with many a fresh mess he would otherwise have missed. Of all these friendly fish, none is better known than the “dolphin,” as from long usage sailors persist in calling them, and will doubtless do so until the end of the chapter. For the true dolphin (*Delphinidæ*) is not a fish at all, but a mammal—a warm-blooded creature that suckles its young, and in its most familiar form is known to most people as the porpoise. The sailor’s “dolphin,” on the other hand, is a veritable fish, with vertical tail fin instead of the horizontal one which distinguishes all the whale family, scales and gills.

It is well known to literature, under its sea-name, for its marvellous brilliancy of colour, and there are few objects more dazzling than a dolphin leaping out of a calm sea into the sunshine. The beauty of a dying dolphin, however, though sanctioned by many generations of writers, is a delusion, all the glory of the fish departing as soon as he is withdrawn from his native element.

But this habit of digression grows upon one, and I must do my best to check it, or I shall never get through my task.

To resume then: when this school of dolphin (I can't for the life of me call them "*Coryphæna hippuris*") came alongside, a rush was made for the "granes"—a sort of five-pronged trident, if I may be allowed a baby bull. It was universally agreed among the fishermen that trying a hook and line was only waste of time and provocative of profanity, since every sailor knows that all the deep-water big fish require a living or apparently living bait. The fish, however, sheered off, and would not be tempted within reach of that deadly fork by any lure. Then did I cover myself with glory. For he who can fish cleverly and luckily may be sure of fairly good times in a whaler, although he may be no great things at any other work. I had a line of my own, and begging one of the small fish that had been hauled up in the Gulf weed, I got permission to go aft and fish over the taffrail. The little fish was carefully secured on the hook, the point of which just protruded near his tail. Then I lowered him into the calm blue waters beneath, and paid out line very gently, until my bait was a silvery spot about a hundred feet astern. Only a very short time, and my hopes rose as I saw one bright gleam after another glide past the keel, heading aft. Then came a gentle drawing at the line, which I suffered to slip slowly through my fingers until I judged it time to try whether I was right or wrong. A long hard pull, and my heart beat fast as I felt the thrill along the line that fishermen love. None of your high art here, but haul in hand over hand, the line being strong enough to land a 250 pound fish. Up he came, the beauty, all silver and scarlet and blue, five feet long if an inch, and weighing 35 pounds. Well, such a lot of astonished men I never saw. They could hardly believe their eyes. That such a daring innovation should be successful was hardly to be believed, even with the vigorous evidence before them. Even grim Captain Slocum came to look, and turned upon me as I thought a less lowering brow than usual, while Mr. Count, the mate, fairly chuckled again at the thought of how the little Britisher had wiped the eyes of these veteran fisherman. The captive was cut open, and two recent flying-fish found in his maw, which were utilized for new bait, with the result that

there was a cheerful noise of hissing and spluttering in the galley soon after, and a mess of fish for all hands.

Shortly afterwards a fresh breeze sprang up, which proved to be the beginning of the N.E. trades, and fairly guaranteed us against any very bad weather for some time to come.

Somehow or other it had leaked out that we were to cruise the Cape Verde Islands for a spell before working south, and the knowledge seemed to have quite an enlivening effect upon our Portuguese shipmates.

Most of them belonged there, and although there was but the faintest prospect of their getting ashore upon any pretext whatever, the possibility of seeing their island homes again seemed to quite transform them. Hitherto they had been very moody and exclusive, never associating with us on the white side, or attempting to be at all familiar. A mutual atmosphere of suspicion, in fact, seemed to pervade our quarters, making things already uncomfortable enough, still more so. Now, however they fraternized with us, and in a variety of uncouth ways made havoc of the English tongue, as they tried to impress us with the beauty, fertility and general incomparability of their beloved Cape Verdes. Of the eleven white men besides myself in the fore-castle, there were a middle-aged German baker, who had bolted from Buffalo; two Hungarians, who looked like noblemen disguised—in dirt; two slab-sided Yankees of about 22 from farms in Vermont; a drayman from New York; a French Canadian from the neighborhood of Quebec; two Italians from Genoa; and two nondescripts that I never found out the origin of. Imagine, then, the babel of sound, and think—but no, it is impossible to think, what sort of a jargon was compounded of all these varying elements of language.

One fortunate thing, there was peace below. Indeed, the spirit seemed completely taken out of all of them, and by some devilish ingenuity the afterguard had been able to sow distrust between them all, while treating them like dogs, so that the miseries of their life were never openly discussed. My position among them gave me at times some uneasiness. Though I tried to be helpful to all, and was full of sympathy for their undeserved sufferings, I could not but feel that they would have been more than human had they not envied me my immunity from the kicks and blows they all shared so im-

partially. However, there was no help for it, so I went on as cheerily as I could.

A peculiarity of all these vessels, as I afterwards learned, was that no stated allowance of anything was made. Even the water was not served out to us, but was kept in a great scuttle-butt by the cabin door, to which every one who needed a drink had to go, and from which none might be carried away. No water was allowed for washing except from the sea; and every one knows, or should know, that neither flesh nor clothes can be cleansed with that. Of course when rain fell we might have a good wash, if it was night and no other work was toward; but we were not allowed to store any for washing purposes. Another curious but absolutely necessary custom prevailed in consequence of the short commons under which we lived. When the portion of meat was brought down in its wooden kid, or tub, at dinner-time, it was duly divided at fairly as possible into as many parts as there were mouths. Then one man turned his back upon the carver, who, holding up each portion, called out, "Who's this for?" Whatever name was mentioned by the arbitrator, that man owning it received the piece, and had perforce to be satisfied therewith. Thus justice was done to all in the only way possible, and without any friction whatever.

As some of us were without clothes except what we stood upright in, when we joined, the "slop chest" was opened, and every applicant received from the steward what Captain Slocum thought fit to let him have, being debited with the cost against such wages as he might afterwards earn. The clothes were certainly of fairly good quality, if the price was high, and exactly suited to our requirements. Soap, matches, and tobacco were likewise supplied on the same terms, but at higher prices than I had ever heard of before for these necessities. After much careful inquiry I ascertained what, in the event of a successful voyage, we were likely to earn. Each of us was on the two hundredth "lay" or share at \$200 per tun, which meant that for every two hundred barrels of oil taken on board we were entitled to one, which we must sell to the ship at the rate of 40 pounds per tun or 4 pounds per barrel. Truly a magnificent outlook for young men in such a business for three or four years.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have done”

Not what these hands have done

Can save this guilty soul;

Not what this toiling flesh has borne

Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do

Can give me peace with God;

Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,

Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,

Can ease this weight of sin;

Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,

Can give me peace within.

No other work, save Thine,

No meaner blood will do;

No strength, save that which is divine,

Can bear me safely through.

I bless the Christ of God;

I rest on love divine;

And with unfaltering lip and heart,

I call this Saviour mine.

His cross dispels each doubt;

I bury in His tomb

Each thought of unbelief and fear,

Each lingering shade of gloom.

In Him is only good,

In me is only ill;

My ill but draws His goodness forth

And me He loveth still.

'Tis He Who saveth me,

And freely pardon gives;

I love because He loveth me,

I live because He lives.

My life with Him is hid,

My death has passed away.

My clouds have melted into light,

My midnight into day.

—Horatius Bonar

Sowing and Reaping

FLORIDA. After a long spell of meetings in Key West with real blessing manifest our brother Halliday visited Tampa and then went into tent work at **Roanoke, Va.** with W. Fisher Hunter.

GEORGIA. Mr. Gordon N. Reager (Box 141, Decatur, Ga.) had the help of Mr. Robert Crawford at the tent meetings here, and they were encouraged by the attendance. Mr. Reager writes "Will value prayer for this little corner of the vineyard."

IOWA. W. G. Smith (General Delivery, Dawson, Iowa) has been cheered by fruits in the Gospel from tent work in **Dawson** and **Rippey**, where quite a few real bright cases of conversion have resulted.

MASSACHUSETTS, East Boston. Messrs. Frank Carboni and F. Pizzulli (% Mr. Grillo, 62 Princeton St., East Boston, Mass.) are preaching in Italian and English. Many Catholics of Irish descent are coming to the meetings. These brethren desire prayer for this effort in the Gospel.

MICHIGAN.

Deckerville. The following brethren gave us short but refreshing visits recently: A. P. Klabunda, James Lyon, John Govan, A. R. Crocker and George Duncan. —Charles G. Decker

Detroit. Two Gospel Tents have been operated for over a month in our district: in **East Detroit** where the gospel has been preached nightly by Messrs. John Dickson and J. McCullough, and in **Lincoln Park** where the meetings were conducted by Messrs. John Govan and F. W. Schwartz. Interest and blessing have encouraged God's servants in these efforts. A visit from Mr. Wallace Logan, missionary from Northern Rhodesia, interested the Lord's people in assemblies here, who heard his reports of the triumph of the gospel in Central Africa. Ministry of the Word in Central Hall by Messrs. Dickson and McCullough and W. J. Pell was also appreciated by the Christians.

NEW JERSEY, Orange. Brother Rocco Cappiello saw good interest among the Lord's people at nightly meetings here. Later he went to **Bristol, Conn.** where Italians came out well; he purposes next to go to **Worcester, Mass.** where some desire to obey the Lord in baptism. He requests prayer for the Italian work in these various towns.

NORTH CAROLINA. Brother Lester Wilson, (413 North Edgeworth St., Greensboro, N. C.) reports: "We are in the seventh week of our second tent series this summer in **Greensboro.** Twelve professed in the first series of eight weeks, thirteen thus far in this series. Will go on two more weeks God willing. This will mean the end of another summer's tent work. We look for a number more to get saved in this series as some are troubled. We are buying a vacant church building so as to carry on the work during the winter. Interest is increasing and we have every reason to believe that this building will be the place for a testimony to His Name. Brother Raymond Schuster is with me now and is a real help. He has done a good work in this series among the children."

PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh. After special meetings with brethren Reager and Curry, Mr. Robert A. Crawford pitched his tent in Carrick near Pittsburgh, where he experienced opposition from Roman Catholics. The tent was pulled down the second day. He continues the meetings to which several interested ones come nightly in spite of intense heat and violent thunderstorms. He looks for blessing still.

SPANISH WORK. Mr. Louis Montalvo (223 Varet St., Brooklyn, N.Y.) visited a group of Mexicans in **Lancaster, Pa.** and found a num-

ber of believers who are anxious for the truth. On a later visit he baptized six in the river, and subsequently they gathered together to remember the Lord in assembly capacity. A Conference of Spanish-speaking Christians held in Brooklyn recently was a very happy occasion. The work in that city and in New York goes on well.

VERMONT and NEW HAMPSHIRE. Two brethren—Messrs. Geo. Hatherly and James Donaldson Jr. (% Mr. R. Spence, P.O. box 88 Chester, Vermont) have felt exercised about these two large States, now without an Assembly testimony. The blights of Adventism and Unitarianism have kept the people not only in darkness but in a state of antagonism to the gospel. By tent and trailer the two brethren mentioned have, in spite of determined opposition, obtained a site for aggressive effort and there has been at their meetings quite an interest with some blessing in salvation. This work should have our prayerful consideration.

VIRGINIA, Roanoke. The Tent meetings conducted by brethren W. Fisher Hunter and R. T. Halliday (General Delivery, Roanoke, Va.) have been most encouraging: large audiences, interesting children's work, and anxious souls, have been cheering features. The last report was to the effect that torrential rains flooding the city and damaging the tent and the seats had prevented meetings for three nights, but the brethren hoped to continue for the sake of interested ones.

WEST VIRGINIA, Huntington. "We finished a month's tent meetings in this city last week. The Lord blessed His Word in salvation. Brother Foster has gone to join brother R. Young in New Jersey. We have now pitched the tent in the country for August, a new place, and the attendance is good. We shall value prayer." —W. C. Bousfield, 2830 Overlook Drive, Huntington, West Virginia.

WISCONSIN. Brethren Sam McEwen and Steve Mick (1514 Wisconsin Ave., Boscobel, Wis.) are engaged in tent work in **Prairie Du Chien**. The interest is increasing but, as brother McEwen says, the people are "canny" listeners.

CHINA. Mr. and Mrs. John McGehee have arrived safely in Yunnan (their present address—P.O. box 173, Kunming, Yunnan, China) and are busy studying the language, at the same time working among English-speaking Chinese, of whom there are many in the city.

CUBA. Mr. Hugh Thorpe was present at the first meeting of the new assembly here. He ministered the Word by interpretation, and the little company of Christians enjoyed the messages. Ten Christians were present at the first "remembrance" feast, which was a happy occasion for the dear Christians. Others are desirous of baptism and fellowship, thus cheering the heart of our brother Mr. Thomas Smith.

REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS, CENTRAL AMERICA. Mr. James Scollon, Trujillo, writes: We are grateful to God for the peace and liberty we enjoy here. Some aliens have been having difficulties because of voicing their opinion, but we seek to know nothing among the people save Christ and Him crucified. The Lord continues to work and souls are being saved. Last month we had a conference at a banana camp near Tila and about 200 attended. A short time ago the Gospel could find no entrance to this camp but now there is only one household where there is not someone saved. Mr. Hockings baptised four at the Conference and about 80 broke bread. The little meeting in La Ceiba goes on faithfully. Last week I had well attended meetings in Olanchito with good interest. We trust your continued prayers will follow us.

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

In John 3, He led a slow-hearted Rabbi into the light and way of truth, bearing with him in all patient grace. And thus did He again in Luke 24, after that He was risen, with the two slow-hearted ones who were finding their way home to Emmaus.

In Mark 4, He allayed the fears of His people ere He rebuked their unbelief. He said to the winds and the waves, "Peace: be still," before He said to the disciples, "How is it that ye have no faith?" and thus did He as the risen One in John 21. He sits and dines with Peter in full and sweet fellowship, as without a breach in the spirit, ere He challenges him, and awakens his conscience by the words, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

The risen Jesus who appeared to Mary Magdalene, the evangelist takes care to tell us, was He who in other days had cast seven devils out of her—and she herself knew the voice that then called her by her name, as a voice that her ear had long been familiar with. What identity between the humbled and the glorified One,—the Healer of sinners and the Lord of the world to come! How all tell us that, in character as in divine personal glory, He that descended is the same also that ascended! John, too, in company with his risen Lord, is recognized as the one who had leaned on His bosom at the supper. "I am Jesus," was the answer from the ascended place—the very highest place in heaven—the right hand of the throne of the majesty there, when Saul of Tarsus demanded, "Who art Thou, Lord?" (Acts 9) And all this is so individual and personal in its application to us. It is our own very selves that are interested in this. Peter, for himself, knows his Master, the same to him before and after the resurrection. In Matt. 16 the Lord rebukes him, but shortly after takes him up to the hill with Him was as full freedom of heart as if nothing had happened. And so with the same Peter,—in John 21, he is again rebuked. He had been busy, as was his way, med-

dling with what was beyond him. "Lord, what shall this man do?" says he, looking at John,—and his Master has again to rebuke him—"What is that to thee?" But again, as in the face of this rebuke, sharp and peremptory as it was, the Lord immediately afterward has him, together with John, in His train, or in His company up to heaven. It was a *rebuked* Peter who had once gone with the Lord to the holy mount; and it is a *rebuked* Peter, the same rebuked Peter, who now goes with the Lord to heaven,—or, if we please, to the hill of glory, the mount of transfiguration, a second time.

Full indeed of strong consolation is all this. This is Jesus our Lord,—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,—the same in the day of His ministry, after His resurrection, now in the ascended heavens, and so forever; and as He sustains the same character, and approves Himself by the same grace after as before the resurrection, so does He redeem all His pledges left with His disciples.



Holdings Fast The Truth

Thos. D. W. Muir

"BUY THE TRUTH AND SELL IT NOT, ALSO WISDOM AND INSTRUCTION AND UNDERSTANDING." PROV. 23:23.

It has ever been needful that those who have received "the Truth," should hold it fast, but probably never more so than in the present day, when the principles of the truth, and the practices which would necessarily flow therefrom, have so little grip upon the consciences and hearts of many, even of God's people. For Satan, with the cunning craftiness that is part of his very being, does not attempt to rob the saints of their heritage by violent measures that might alarm, but transformed into an angel of light, he works through ministries which make pretensions to righteousness, yet whose work it is to undermine, or at least nullify, in the hearts of God's people, the truth of God.

The co-called "higher criticism" is an example of this. Foiled in his attempt at the overthrow of the truth, through the blatant and blasphemous mouthings of the Voltaires, Paines, Ingersolls, etc., the Devil turned to a more fruitful field of operation, which he found in the seminaries, colleges and religious training schools of Christendom, and thus succeeded in filling the so-called evangelical pulpits with men who wore the livery

of heaven to do Satan's work of breaking down all faith in the truth of God.

Thank God, the little assemblies of God's people, who gather unto the precious name of the Lord Jesus Christ, have been kept free from such unholy teachings, nor is there at present any special menace from that quarter. Nevertheless, the exhortation that heads our paper this month is needful among them. Those who have bought the truth, —perhaps at a great cost to themselves, —must not let it go at any price. Some because of the truth they found written in the Book for their obedience, sacrificed associations, friendships and much they held dear, in order to stand with the truth of God, and to have the smile of Him who is God of Truth. Being the truth of God that has called them in separation from the world, secular and religious, unto the still rejected Lord Himself, that truth does not change with time and varying conditions and circumstances, and on no account can they give it up. They hear that word saying, "Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go." Prov. 4:13. Men there are who would rob them of it —men there are who would lead the saints back into associations from which God's truth has separated them, but the instruction of "Wisdom" is to be taken fast hold of, and on no account to be "let go." And if godly ministry along these lines is given in addition to a godly example by the elders of the assemblies, who consistently maintain a separated path for their own feet, it would do much towards safeguarding the Lord's dear people from these specious assaults of the enemy.

The Apostle could write to the Roman saints and thank God that they had "*obeyed from the heart* that form of doctrine which was delivered unto them." Rom. 6:17. By it they learned their freedom from the mastery of sin. But it was *heart* obedience, not mere intellectualism. And if our obedience to the truth which separates us from the world is that of the *heart* it will have a grip of the very citadel of our being, and we will not let it go. We may expect, of course, that those who have not seen *Him* "outside the Camp," and whose hearts have not been affected by that fact, will see little importance in the call that we should "go forth unto Him, bearing His reproach." But it is part of the truth that Satan is assailing and seeking to rob God's people of just now, and we must hold it fast!

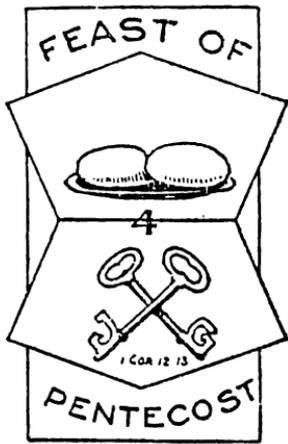
It is a striking and suggestive fact that in the epistle which gives us the last exhortation of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, ere he gave up his life because of the truth, that there is such urgent stress laid upon holding fast the things God had given. It would almost seem as though one of the characteristic perils of the "last days" would be that men would seek to minimize the power of the truth on the heart obedience of the saints. By so doing the enemy would rob them of it. Hence the word, "*Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony.*" "*Hold fast the form of sound words.*" "That good thing which was committed unto thee *keep*,"—"the same *commit* thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly *dividing* the Word of Truth." "*Continue* thou in the things that thou hast learned and hast been assured of." "Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season." The "peril" of our days is not to life and limb, but in an easy going indifference to the claims of God's truth upon us, that makes men to feel that nothing of that kind is of much importance, and so as in the days of the Judges, "every man" can do "that which is right in his own eyes." This is lawlessness, from which Christ died to deliver His own, and should not be found among us.

We have been "assured" (2 Tim. 3:14) that the truth which calls us in separation from the world in its many forms, is for us to obey. Then let us in the fear of God, and with all due forbearance toward those who do not know these things, maintain our place of individual and collective testimony, and not be turned aside from it by any of the arguments of the enemy. As with the people returned from Babylon to the place of the Name, we are but a feeble remnant, as compared with the whole, who if obedient to the Word, would also be seeking thus to carry out the Word of the Lord. Nevertheless, the truth is not affected by the standing or the numbers of those who adhere to it. Hence, if it be but "two or three" who seek to give His heart joy by walking in His truth (3d John 4), let us be found with them; or if there be not even the "two or three" to yield heart obedience to the form of doctrine He has delivered to us, may we have grace to stand alone for God (Jer. 15.16-17), and "hold fast the faithful Word." Tit. 1:9.

The Feast Of Pentecost

W. J. McClure

READ LEVITICUS 23:15-21; ACTS 2



Our subject tonight is the Feast of Pentecost, typifying God's masterpiece of creation work, whether in the past or in the future. We have now come to a Feast which brings before us something new in the work of God. The name of the feast is, therefore, "a new meat offering." This expression indicates something that was hitherto unknown in God's work, that is,—the Church. Up till the day of Pentecost there was no Church. "Oh," says

someone, "don't we read in the Psalms and in the prophecy of Isaiah about the blessings and the triumphs of the Church?" Yes, you read that in those epitomies at the head of chapters, but not in the chapter itself. Very often these explanatory words lead you astray, for though they are sometimes right, they are often wrong. But in the inspired Word of God we have no "Church" till we come to the New Testament. "Why," says someone, "was not David in the Church?" No. God had a nation, and that nation (Israel) had in it many who were truly the Lord's; and before that nation He had individual saints, back to the days of Abel and Adam. They were saved, just as you and I, by the work of the Lord Jesus Christ—by what He *would* do, just as we are saved by what He *did*. They were saved by the coming Saviour, as we were by One Who came. They were made to feel their need just as we, but, having said all that, still they were never said to be in the Church!

The Church has been likened to a *building*, to a *body*, and and to a *bride*. In Matthew 16:18, after Peter had *confessed* the Lord Jesus as "the Christ, the Son of the living God," our Lord said to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and upon this *rock* (not upon Peter, whose name means 'a stone') but upon this rock (the truth that I am the Son of God) I will *build* my church." There had not up till then been one stone of that building called the Church, put upon the foundation. Believers there had been,—men and women, saved by grace, but not a "Church." The

first thing needful in building a Church, is to have a foundation, and in Ephesians 2:20, we read: "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner-stone, or "Foundation Corner." Had it been the other way "prophets and apostles" people would have said, "Oh, yes, the Church was in the Old Testament," but God has been very careful to tell us that it was the apostles and New Testament prophets (Eph. 3:5) that were in the foundation, and upon that *foundation* (that is, their inspired teaching as to the Lord Jesus Christ), the building rises, growing unto a holy temple, a "habitation of God through the Spirit."

Then when we think of the Church as a body, we realize that before the members could be added, the Head must be glorified in heaven. We saw that the Lord Jesus Christ was the risen Head, and now the members can be added to that Head. So if we take God's Word and learn from it alone we may have to discard theories that we have learned before, and, among them, the theory that the Church's history went back to Abraham and Noah. There is a very precious *figure* of the Church in Genesis 24, where we have the story of Abraham calling his servant so go to Mesopotamia and bring back a *bride* for Isaac. In the twenty-second chapter we see Isaac on the altar. We see the knife above his head, but God keeps back the knife, and Isaac is spared and given back to Abraham. In the New Testament we read that this was a "figure" or picture (Heb. 11:19). And now in Gen. 24 we learn that he who was on the altar is the subject of his father's solicitude in regard to a bride. The servant of Abraham is sent to obtain a bride and after many days he comes back with Rebekah. The old servant is a picture of the Holy Spirit's work. Christ has been on the Cross, and the Holy Spirit comes down for the purpose of gathering out a bride for the Lord Jesus Christ, and that bride is the Church. This is not a doctrine that pleases one particular class of people. It does not flatter any particular sect. It applies to all Christians whether in the church of Rome or in the Greek church or among the Protestant sects. If a man is born again, he is a member of the Church, which began on the day of Pentecost.

Pentecost means "fifty." From the day that the sheaf of first fruits was waved before the Lord, fifty days were counted,

“seven Sabbaths complete,” bringing them to another first day of the week,—and on that day they offered a “new meat offering.” Seven Sabbaths have been numerated, and again it is “the morrow after the Sabbath,”—the day of Pentecost, and on that morning two loaves are brought, and waved back and forth before the Lord. Now, if we had gone into Jerusalem on the fiftieth morning,—exactly fifty days after Christ rose from the dead,—we would have seen the priest go in and wave those two loaves back and forth in the temple. You could have gone to that priest and said, “Priest, you need not do that any longer.” “Why?” “Because this very morning that of which this is a type was fulfilled, for *the Holy Spirit of God has come down* from heaven, and yonder in Jerusalem a number of men and women who were saved, have been baptized into one body, and that which the earth never knew before has been instituted.” One minute before the Spirit came, they were individual saints—so many units—but one minute after the Holy Spirit came, they were made “one body”—all members of one body.

Here is a lot of lumber and brick and lime. I might say to you, “Look, that is a house there.” But you would say, “No, that is not a house,” and it would be true, but nevertheless that is the *material* for a house. And if you came to Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost you might say “There is a church” but it would not be true until the Spirit of God came, and the believers were all baptized into one body, for only then the Church began. It did not take place during Christ’s life, but after He ascended, and sent down the Holy Ghost, then the Church began.

You notice that in the “new meat offering” there are two loaves presented. Now turn to Ephesians 2:13: “Now in Christ Jesus ye who were once far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace, Who hath made *both one*, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; to make in Himself of *twain*, one new man, so making peace; and that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the Cross, having slain the enmity thereby.”

Now here we find what the two loaves meant. In our chart you will see a “J” on one key to represent the Jew, and on the

other a "G" to represent the Gentile. Now that was something that never was in the past, and never will be in the future. There is only one place in which both are one and that is the Church. They were not one in the past, and they will not be one in the millennium, but in the Church of God both Jew and Gentile are one: there is no difference. We make a difference. Society makes a difference, both in race and color, and this line they say must not be crossed, but in the Church of God there is no such line. He has made of both one body. Thank God, that every one that is born again belongs to that which is called the Church of God. We read (in 1 Cor. 10:32), "Give none offense, neither to the Jew nor to the Gentile, nor to the Church of God." Here is a man; he was a Gentile, but the moment he trusted Christ he ceased to be a Gentile and became a member of the Church of God. The Jew, that boasted in the fact that he was a Jew, the moment that he trusted Christ ceased to be a Jew and became a member of the Church of God.

There are two loaves, and they are made of two tenth deals of fine flour. Now in that we have a plain suggestion of what is in the Church of God. "Two" speaks of testimony, and "ten" speaks of responsibility—as for example in the Ten Commandments and also in the parable of the nobleman who went into a far country and first called his ten servants and delivered them ten pounds and said unto them, "Occupy until I come." But here we have the Church. What is the Church's business upon the earth? Is it to be only a kind of religious society, something that will cater to that in men which the world does not cater to? There are societies for the advancement of music, art, amusement, etc. But what is the Church for? "Oh, for religion." No, you will have to get a better thought than that. In Acts 1:8 we read that the Lord Jesus said, "Ye shall be *witnesses* unto Me"; and in 1 Tim. 3:15 we read, "The Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." When you see a pillar you see a monument that perpetuates the memory of some man for notable service he has rendered. Now the Church of God is to be a pillar, a witness for the Lord Jesus Christ, and unless it is witnessing for Christ, it is not worth its room. Give me half a dozen men who know what it is to be witnesses for Christ, and you can have the hundred who don't know this.

Thou and Thy House*Andrew Stenhouse*

(Continued from August number)

I know there are many difficulties in regard to the Christian household which I have not personally experienced. I know that in many homes it has been very difficult for Christian parents to do what they would desire to do concerning their children. I only bring before you that the teaching of Scripture is that God holds you responsible for what goes on in your household and it is God's purpose for you that you should retain your dignity as head of the household. If there are children here, whether saved or unsaved, I wish to say to them, "Honor thy father and thy mother." God will honor and reward you for that subjection to your parents, whether they be right or wrong in what they command you. They will be mistaken many times but your business is to be subject. God will honor you for obeying Him in honoring your father and mother. Many a converted person, humanly speaking, is converted, is saved today because of having respected the wishes of parents, in attending gospel meetings, listening to the Word of God when the natural desire or instinct would have been otherwise. I believe God intends parents to exercise that influence and authority as long as it is possible for us to do, and God will look after the righteous. The classic example of Old Testament scripture is that of Eli who was the representative religiously of the people of God, Eli who was the priest and whose sons nevertheless became a reproach to the people of Israel, and the blame is laid at the door of Eli because "his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." God help you fathers and mothers to restrain your children. You know when God took up Israel He did not take them up to give them the gospel immediately, but first of all to give them the law, and He left them under the law until they had learned the reason. God intends that lesson should be ours. It is a lesson for the world. It is an object lesson to all mankind. Man under the law has been prepared for the reception of the gospel. The same thing happens today when people endeavor to seek salvation by good works or merit. The claims of God as manifested in the law are brought to bear upon them until, as the poet says, "Legal fears shook me, I trembled to die." In

those days they had not learned to appreciate the gospel, for they had not received Christ as their Saviour and did not understand things as you understand them. Not as a mother said not very long ago, "I allow my boy to go to the picture show sometimes because then I know what he is going to see. I choose the occasions, otherwise he would go without my knowledge and there is no saying what he would see." That mother was well intentioned but profoundly mistaken. That mother will reap what she has sown. If he will go of his own accord and in spite of parental restraint and authority, he will go with a bad conscience. God also will honor mothers today who trust Him and who act in faith in connection with their families.

The home is intended to be a sphere of worship. Abraham dwelt at Mamre and built an altar there. You have often heard it said in meetings at conferences that there was no altar in Sodom, and of course you would not have expected an altar to be built there, but I would expect an altar to be built in your home, father, mother. I want to ask you, I want you to ask yourself this afternoon this very solemn question: "Is there any worship for God in my home?" "Oh," you say, "worship. I thought that was for the time when we come to the hall. I thought an assembly was the sphere of worship." I am sorry for the assembly if that is all. Worship is a continuous attitude of the soul. If this is true of the individual, should not that attitude have its expression in the home? There are many households which are composed of Christians and they are not Christian households, just as there are many companies of people who are Christians but these companies are not true assemblies or churches of God for they are not gathered in accordance with the principles of Scripture. So it is that a household is not a Christian household although every member be a converted one unless it is run on Christian lines. I ask you, dear friends, is your household a Christian one? God intends there should be that sanctity, that separateness from the world which will cause your home to be a holy place. It is worth your while that you would make it that apart from the honor that comes to the Lord as a result of it. There are many things which are apt to come into the home to spoil its sanctity, so many that at times it is impossible to find pleasure in reading the Word of God. You can ask your own heart, "How much do I allow in

my home to detract from its Christian character and take away from the exercising of those functions which belong to us as Christians?" God help you to honor Him in your home, not only in the reading of the scriptures with your household day by day, not only in dealing with them in the presence of God, to commend them to God, and to bring your burdens to Him, but also through the day in many ways in all that you say, show your children that you really believe God and live in touch with Him. They are the people who are going to be influenced by us more than anything else. Your influence means much more than the influence of strangers concerning whose lives they know little or nothing. You remember how Peter, speaking of the house and the wife, speaks also of those which might be allowed to come in and hinder their prayers, showing that it was a normal thing for husband and wife to kneel down together in prayer and see that everything was put right which might hinder the exercise of this priestly function within the home.

(Continued D. V.)



Worshiping With Christ

James Melrose

(Continued from August Number)

Not so long ago, perhaps, some of you young Christians had left the sheltered haven of a Christian parent's home, or at any rate, the shelter of innocent childhood, to launch out into the deep. Soon you heard, so to speak, the whistle of the winds of temptation, let loose from hell, in the shape of new sights and sounds which threatened to sweep body and soul and spirit into destruction. You felt, too, the relentless drive of the sweeping tide of a world's fortunes, where "Man's inhumanity to man" so often "makes countless thousands mourn," and by which, today, thousands of young men and women are being driven like driftwood as they vainly seek a haven of rest and settled security.

If your father has been in a position to put you in a good sea-worthy boat, you are fortunate, but many who are not so fortunate, are riding out the storm in such precarious craft as the State or Federal Government may grudgingly provide. Into the midst of your distress and darkness, a Man appeared.

And such a Man! A Man whom the winds of temptation assailed in vain. "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Hebrews 4.15) A fact so well demonstrated, when, for 40 days, in the wilderness, under a hurricane of temptation released by Satan, His integrity remained inviolable and He emerged unscathed and unblemished. A Man in whom the buffetings of Fortune's billows caused no alarm; Who could say "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." With no place of rest or security, in calm serenity, He walked by faith and could calmly retort, even to the threat of the mighty power of Rome, the Mistress of the World, as vested in Pontius Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above." A Man whom darkness, wind, or waves could not affect, appeared on your horizon.

Is not this the Man, dear young believer, who has come into your storm-tossed life? You heard of *Him* (for faith cometh by hearing) and if my own experience of God's salvation may be any criterion by which to judge of your experience, your first reaction to the gospel call was just the same as the reaction of those men in the boat. "They were troubled, saying, It is a spirit, and cried out for fear." That was my experience, when Christ came into my life. I wanted to get away from His voice and presence. Like Adam in the Garden, or Peter, as he cried on one occasion, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." I could not have told you why, then, but I was afraid. Afraid of the light, for I belonged in the darkness, and what communion hath light with darkness?

This impeccable Christ, so human in His tender compassion that provides a table in the wilderness for the hungry multitude: so divine in His omniscience which sees from His night retreat in the mountains the toilers on the deep: so divine in His omnipotence over the wind and wave: so divine in His omnipresence that passes from the mountain to the midst of the lake. *This* Man, young believer, that has come into your life and mine, this Man, is He real? Or is He a spirit? A figment of the imagination? A mirage of the desert? A Will-o'-the-Wisp? that lures men to destruction and whose call "Come unto Me" bids us let go the real to grasp at the unreal? Ah no, my dear young believer! These lies are the whisperings

of the same old Serpent who insinuated to Eve that God's word was not to be trusted.

This same Peter, who physically left his boat and answered the call of the Master could afterwards write in his spiritual diary, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables." Have no misgivings, dear young believer, concerning the wisdom of any step wherein you turned a deaf ear to the world's promises and a blind eye to its attractions, to answer the call and fill your eyes and heart with the attractiveness of this Christ, who needs no man-made boat and hails you from the midst of the stormy sea to walk with Him by faith.

Oh, this life of faith! This salvation of God! Surely salvation is of the Lord, from first to last! We cannot be reasoned into it by weight of argument. It is something that cannot be arrived at by figures or formulae, by weight or measure, by rule or compass. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," is a challenge to faith. He is no phantom. He is real. He lives today, and if you are truly saved, you have heard, as I did, that hope-inspiring call that dispelled your doubts and allayed your fear. "Be of good cheer, it is I: be not afraid." And you answered, "If it be so, bid me come," and He said, "Come," and like the prodigal, you arose and came. You said, as I said, "Lord, I don't know how I am ever going to come, sincerely and consistently, with these companions, and these habits and all these godless surroundings. Where Thou art is not my element. But *Thou* hast said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out'."

It is always—metaphorically speaking—about four A. M., and a stormy morning, when a soul comes to Christ, is it not? The darkest hour, that precedes the dawn of heaven's light. It was thus you came, and I came, not to another boat, but to Christ.

Calm in Thy secret presence, Lord,
 I rest this weary soul of mine;
 Feed on the fulness of Thy word
 And die to all the things of time.

Alone with Thee, Oh, Master, where
 The light of earthly glory dies,
 Misunderstood by all, I dare
 To do what Thine own heart would prize.

If dear Henry F. Milan, to whom we referred, had come to the Salvation Army, he would never have known the delivering power of the outstretched hand and the mighty arm of Jesus Christ. This was his secret: He came to *Christ*. The natural man looks askance at this doctrine, for the "natural man receiveth not the things of God, for they are foolishness unto him." He can understand and appreciate and contribute to the physical and philanthropic aspect of a YMCA or the Salvation Army's Cigarettes and Donuts for the Doughboys, or a rescue mission's bed and board for bums, but this other—Well! "Oh, taste and see that *God* is good!"

As we have said, this Salvation of God is not just a matter of conviction. It is an *experience*, and so, our testimony can only be that of the blind man, who, on being questioned concerning his restored sight, said, "This one thing I know, whereas once I was blind, now I see." Wilt thou also be His disciple?

(Continued D.V.)



The Disembodied State

Shulldham Henry M.A., LL.D.

(Continued from August Number.)

Let us now draw your attention to some scriptures, showing what views some of the Old Testament saints held concerning the disembodied state. Even with the most enlightened among them, their associations and thoughts were "dim and comfortless." Still they looked forward to resurrection as their final deliverance. This was the ray of hope that "comforted" them even in Abraham's bosom. They knew that God was the "God of the living." (Matt. 22:32). And since they always understood by life, corporeal existence, the inference was plain—that they believed the dead would be raised.

First. The righteous and the wicked both go there. Gen. 37:35. "And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted:" and he said "For I will go down into Sheol unto my son mourning." This is the first mention of Sheol in Scripture.

Psalm 9:17. "The wicked shall be turned," (sent back again) "into Sheol." I suppose this means that the wicked will be taken out of it for judgment at the Great White Throne and sent back to the lake of fire, supposed to be a

part of Sheol. Psalm 16:10. "For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Sheol (as regards His spirit) neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption," (as to His body).

Psalm 49:15. "But God will redeem my soul from the hand of Hell," that is Sheol. Prov. 9:18. "But he knoweth not that the dead—rephaim—are there and that his guests are in the depths of Sheol;" also Prov. 5:5, and 7:27. Isaiah 14:15. "Yet thou shalt be brought down to Sheol."

Second. Sheol is a release from the troubles of life and a place of rest. Job 3:11-23. "Why died I not in the womb, . . . for now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then I had been at rest," (sleep as regards the body, rest as regards the soul,) "there the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," . . . "which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they find a grave." Jer. 20:17, 18. "Wherefore came I forth out of the womb to see labour and sorrow, that my days should be consumed with shame." The troubles and trials of Job and Jeremiah made them long for death, as a happy release. They were exceptions and they prove the rule.

Third. Dwell in a place of darkness. Job 10:21, 22. "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. A land of darkness as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death without any order and where the light is as darkness."

Psalm 88:12. "Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? And Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness."

Lam. 3:6. "He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old."

Fourth. As unable to praise God. Psalm 6:5. "For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave (Sheol) who shall give Thee thanks." Psalm 30:9. "What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust (the spirits, rephaim) praise Thee?" Psalm 88:10. "Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? (rephaim) Shall the dead (rephaim) arise and praise Thee?" Psalm 115:17. "The dead (rephaim) praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence." Isaiah 38:18. "For the grave (Sheol) cannot praise Thee, death cannot celebrate Thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth."

Fifth. Unacquainted with what passes on earth. Job 14: 21. "His sons come to honour and he knoweth it not, and they are brought low but he perceiveth it not of them." Ecc. 9:5. "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything."

WHAT DOES THE NEW TESTAMENT TEACH?

Matthew 11:23. "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven shalt be brought down to Hades." Matt. 16: 18. "The gates of Hades shall not prevail against it." 1 Cor. 15:55. "Oh! death, where is thy sting, Oh! Hades, where is thy victory?" Rev. 1:18. "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore," (the strongest form in the Greek language for expressing infinite duration), "Amen; and have the keys of Hades and death." Where did He get them? He had not them always, for Satan had the power of death. Rev. 6:8. "And I looked and behold a pale horse; and His name that sat on him was death, and Hades followed with him," to receive the souls of death's victims. Rev. 20:13. "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and Hades gave up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works." This is the judgment of the impenitent that have died, from the first man Cain that entered Hades to the last rebel destroyed by divine vengeance. To my mind one great proof that only the unsaved are the subjects of this judgment is, that, after the death of Christ, Hades is never tenanted by a child of God, but only by the rejectors of God and His beloved Son.

GEHENNA

Jesus speaks of another place called Gehenna, always translated Hell. It is only applied by Him to the place of final torment where the body is punished as well as the soul. Matt. 5:22. "But whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of Gehenna fire" called in Rev. 20:13, 14, the "lake of fire, the second death." Matt. 5:29, 30. "For it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not thy whole body be cast into Gehenna." Matt. 23:15. "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more a child of Gehenna than yourselves." Matt. 23:33. "Ye serpents ye generation of vipers how can ye escape

the damnation (judgment) of Gehenna." James 3:6. "So is the tongue . . . it is set on fire of Gehenna."

TARTARUS

This is a word derived from classis mythology and is applied to that part of Hades where the wicked are confined. As it describes the state of the fallen angels before the day of judgment, it must mean Hades and not Gehenna. 2 Peter 2:4. "For if God spared not the Angels that sinned, but cast them down to Tartarus and delivered them into chains of darkness to be reserved unto judgment." From this we learn that these fallen angels cannot apply to Satan and his angels, who now people the air and heavenly places, as the rulers of the darkness of this world.

BOTTOMLESS PIT

The Greek Abysson is another word used to describe Hades as a whole, and specially that part where Satan and his legions are to be cast and chained during the millennial reign of Christ on earth, most probably it is the same place that Peter called Tartarus. It is also translated "the deep" or by our word abyss. Luke 8:31. "And they besought Him that He would not command them to go out into "the deep"—"bottomless pit." Rev. 9:1, 2. "And the fifth Angel sounded and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth, and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit, and He opened the bottomless pit or rather the shaft of the abyss." See also ch. 11:7 & 17:8.

Rev. 20:1-3. "And I saw an Angel come down from heaven having the keys of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand, and he laid hold on the Dragon, that old serpent which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up and set a seal on him that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled; and after that he must be loosed a little season." His final doom will be the "lake of fire," (Gehenna).

The information we obtain from these passages, amounts to this, that, at death, the wicked enter into a state of conscious misery, and the righteous into a state of conscious rest and enjoyment, *not* of sleep or unconsciousness from which they awake only at the resurrection as many suppose.

(Continued D.V.)

Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Continued from August Number)

"Now," said Roger, "I want to show you how those miracles of foresight are multiplied in the case of the promised Saviour. We have just seen how they described beforehand His *nationality* and His *nature*. Now take another, and certainly not less marvelous, fact. *When* was this Redeemer to appear? We have seen how selection from the nations were made long beforehand, and how the finger was at last laid upon the Jew. In the same way the time for His advent was marked out until the very year was fixed. Isaiah 11:1, for example, makes it clear that, when Christ was born, the house of David will have ceased to occupy the throne. His words are: 'And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem (the stump) of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.' A glance at the chapter is enough to show it is the Messiah who is spoken of. In verse 10, for instance, we are told that He 'shall stand for an ensign to the peoples, and to it shall the Gentiles seek.' Notice that when the Messiah appears the house of David has been cut down from its royal state, his descendants reduced to private individuals; their status is that of *Jesse*, not that of royal David. The rod is to spring from the stock, or stump, of Jesse. The tree has been felled. After king Zedekiah, and the capture of Jerusalem by the Babylonians in 587 B. C., no descendant of David occupied the Jewish throne."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Smith, "there does not seem to be very much in that. Jesus was born some six centuries later—six centuries wide of the mark can hardly be called wonderful."

"Quite so," asserted Roger, "if prophecy had to be fulfilled at once; but the prophecy was concerning the Person, not the time. The house of David would lose its great pre-eminence, the tree be felled, and only a stump remain. That was literally fulfilled before the coming of the Lord. The house of David was then fallen. A second prediction sets a limit on the other side. The Messiah was to come before the Second Temple had passed away. Haggai was one of the prophets who counselled and cheered the returned Israelites. They had rebuilt the Temple: but when those who had seen its predecessor beheld this, they were overwhelmed with grief and realized that

the glory of Israel had departed. Haggai then brings them comfort. He tells them that this house will have a glory which Solomon's Temple never had. Here are his words: 'I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts. The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts: the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts (2.7-9).' The mention of silver and gold seems to point to the lack of them in the Second Temple. But this second Temple was to have a glory to surpass all the magnificence and splendor of the first. The promised One was to come to it. 'The Desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this House with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts.' But, rejected by the nation, forty years after the crucifixion that Temple was swept away."

"If you will look into the Revised Version," said Mr. Smith, with a gleam of triumph, "you will find that that has gone the way of a few other 'proof passages.' It is 'The desirable things of all nations,' which are much more to the taste of the Jew."

"Yes," said Roger, "that is one of the slips of the Revisers. It lacks common-sense. 'The desirable things' might be *brought*, but they could hardly 'come.' Have you noticed that the Revisers state in the margin that the Hebrew is—not 'the desirable things' but—'the Desire.' There is no possibility of disputing that."

"The marginal note escaped me," said Mr. Smith, with more grace than he had shown since the discussion begun.

"But the passage is not alone," Roger went on. "I am only giving you samples. There is another in the book of Malachi, the very last of the Old Testament prophets: 'Behold, I will send my messenger and He shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in: behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts' (3:1). There we have the same prediction—only instead of 'the Desire of all nations' it is 'the Lord of the Temple'—'He shall suddenly come to His temple.' How Christ took possession of, and purged, that Temple we know, and it did not pass away till He had come and been rejected.

“But there is one prophecy which I may call gigantic, for it fixed the very year of the Lord’s crucifixion more than five centuries before He appeared. I refer to the well-known passage in the ninth chapter of Daniel. In answer to his intercession for the Jews, then captives in Babylon, the prophet is told:

‘Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy. Know therefore and understand: from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to rebuild Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks; and the street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times. And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself’ (vers. 24-26).

“Pardon me,” Mr. Smith broke in, “but what is the use of citing a book that has been given up by every man of sense? Daniel has been proved to be an arrant forgery.”

“But that is now an old story,” said Roger. “The case against Daniel has broken down utterly. Recent discoveries in the East have shown that no book ever belonged to a time and place more completely than Daniel does to those of which it speaks. Knowing this, Ebers and other archeologists quietly accepted Daniel as history, while their learned but less informed friends were tearing it to pieces. But this prediction will itself settle that question for you. The latest date assigned to the book of Daniel is 164 B. C. Now if this book fixed the date of Christ’s appearing more than a century and a half before He was born, can anything more be demanded to show that it is a Divine message and no forgery? You will notice, too, that the prediction does not confine itself to the date. It describes, for one thing, the purpose of Christ’s coming. It is ‘to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness.’ There is a startling New Testament voice in that, is there not, for a Jewish book? Then, again, the Messiah’s work is to be done by His dying, and that not an ordinary death. He is to die by violence—‘and after threescore and two weeks shall

Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself.' The words are surely remarkable in view of the tragedy of Calvary.

"But let us deal with the date. From the issue of the decree enjoining the rebuilding of Jerusalem to the time of Christ's death there are to be seven weeks (literally, 'seven sevens') and sixty-two sevens—in all, sixty nine times seven or 483 years. But, as you know, there is a difference between the ancient Hebrew calendar and our own. The Jewish year, like the year in Egypt and in Babylonia, consisted of 360 days. Those 483 years are years then of 360 days each, while our calendar years (by which we reckon ancient and modern dates) contain each $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. Excuse my going into these details. In a matter of this kind we must be as exact as possible. If we multiply 483 by 360 to find the number of days, and then divide by $365\frac{1}{4}$ so as to change them into calendar years, we get 476 years and 21 days."

"But $365\frac{1}{4}$ days is not quite exact," said Mr. Smith.

"That is true," responded Roger. "I have followed a somewhat rough and ready method, but there is no mistake about the 476 years. Now when was the decree referred to issued? Before the time when Nehemiah left the Persian Court for Jerusalem the decrees of the Persian Sovereigns regarding the returned exiles had spoken only of the rebuilding of the Temple. The decree to restore and build Jerusalem was now issued at the request of Nehemiah and (as he tells us) 'in the month Nisan, in the 20th year of Artaxerxes the King' (2:1). That king began to reign in the year 465 B.C. This decree was issued in his 20th year, that is, after 19 years of his reign had been completed. Deducing these from 465, we have 446 B.C. as his 20th year.

"I trust," continued Roger, "I am not exhausting your patience with this exercise in mental arithmetic. But here comes the amazing thing in this numerical prediction. The 476 years of the prophecy carry us on 30 years beyond the 446 B. C., the year in which the decree was issued. In other words, we are carried on to the year 30 after our Lord's birth. This takes us exactly to the time when our Lord entered upon His ministry. Surely that is startling."

"Everyone must own that," said Mr. Smith. "But you must confess on your part that it is not exact; and in a statement that

is really Divine there is no room for failure. You said a few minutes ago that the date was that of Christ's *death*, and not that of His entrance upon His ministry."

"I was coming to that," rejoined Roger: "the date turns out to be absolutely exact. You know that, when the division between time before Christ and time after Christ was made in the sixth century of our era, a mistake was committed. The Lord's birth was placed four years too late, so that the year 30 A. D. is really the year 34 A. D. The ministry of Jesus continued about four years, and He, therefore, died in His 34th year, and at the Feast of Passover—that is, in the very month Nisan mentioned by Nehemiah as the month in which the decree was issued!"

We had listened with intense interest as Roger went on with his arithmetical demonstration, and the climax simply amazed us. Mr. Smith's objection that there was a seeming error of four years made that last stroke fall with overwhelming force. And upon none of us did the effect seem more marked than upon Mr. Smith himself. It was with some reluctance he had allowed himself to be drawn into the argument from prophecy. The tone of his remarks, and still more his averted looks, had made it plain that few things could have been less to his liking. But he had followed each step in this discussion of the 'weeks' with the closest attention, and he now sat staring at Roger with all his eyes.

"I know," said Roger, "how extraordinary this appears; but it is the finger of God; nor does it stand alone. There is quite a host of these predictions."

(Continued D.V.)



"In His Name"

There is nothing so efficacious as the Name of Jesus for restraining the violence of anger, depressing the swellings of pride, healing the wound of envy, curbing the passion of the flesh, tempering the thirst of avarice, and banishing every unlawful desire. For when I name the Name of Jesus, I call to mind a Man, Who is "meek and lowly in heart", Who is kind, sober, chaste and merciful, and perfect in all goodness and sanctity. All this sounds in mine ear whenever I hear the Name of Jesus.

St. Bernard.

The Story of an Artist's Studio

Years ago, a painter stood in his studio, his right thumb in the belt of his blouse and his left hand holding the pipe he had withdrawn from his lips in honor of his visitor, Father Hugo, the Vicar of the rich Church of St. Jerome. The artist had not yet reached middle age. He was famous in Dusseldorf, and some said that his name would some day be known world-wide. When that day came, Stenburg ruefully thought that he would be past the enjoyment of riches which tarried so long. Still he managed to enjoy life in the present. He loved his art. Now and again he became so absorbed in his work, that he forgot all else than the picture upon his easel.

Still, though good work he had done, he had as yet never satisfied himself nor reached his own ideal. His was good work, but he desired something more. Thus Stenburg was not a satisfied man. There was a restlessness in his handsome eyes, and a sharp tone in his voice, which, to a close observer proclaimed a spirit not at peace. Otherwise, to the world, he appeared a jolly, prosperous man, who displayed on occasion, a shrewd business capacity, and one who knew his own interests well. He was speaking now.

"No, Reverend Father; the sum you offer would but ill repay me for the labor of so large an altar-piece as you honor me by naming. It must have many figures, all carefully studied. The crucifixion is not an easy subject, and it has been so often taken, that it would be difficult to compose a picture different—as I should wish it to be—from others."

"I will not limit you to the price. You are an honest man, Sir Painter, and the Church of St. Jerome will not pay for the altar-piece. It is to be the gift of a penitent."

"So! That makes a difference. Return, Reverend Father, a month from today, and studies for the work shall be ready."

So they parted, both well pleased, and during the following weeks Stenburg studied the composition of the altar-piece, and penetrated into the Jewish Strasse for models for his figures.

Father Hugo was satisfied. He desired the central point of the picture to be the Cross of the Redeemer, and left the grouping of the accessories to the artist. From time to time the Vicar dropped in, often accompanied by another priest, to inspect the progress of the work. It was to be placed in

the Church upon the feast of St. Nicomède, the patron saint of the donor, and which fell upon the first of June.

With the bursting of the young green leaves and the upspringing of the first flowers, a hunger had seized upon the artist's soul to leave Düsseldorf, and with his sketch-book wander over the surrounding country. On the border of the forest he came one day upon a gipsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was beautiful; her coal-black hair fell in ripples to her waist; and her poor, tattered, red dress faded and sunburnt to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the feature that caught the artist's regard,—restless, limpid, black eyes, whose expression changed every moment; pain, joy, fun, and roguery were reflected in their depths as swiftly as the cloud shadows chase each other across a lake.

“What a capital picture she would make!” thought Sten-
burg; “but then, who would buy a gipsy girl? No one!”

The gipsies were looked upon in Düsseldorf with hatred; and even to this day the fact of being a gipsy is, in the eyes of the law, a punishable offence.

The girl noticed the artist, and flinging the straw down, sprang up, raising her hands above her head, and snapping her fingers to keep time, danced lightly and gracefully before him, showing her white teeth, and her glance sparkling with merriment.

“Stand!” cried Sten-
burg, and he rapidly sketched her. Quickly as he drew, it was a weary position for the girl to maintain; but she never flinched, though a sigh of relief, as the arm dropped and she stood at rest before him, attested to the artist the strain the attitude had been.

“She is not only beautiful, she is better—a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing girl.”

So a bargain was struck. Pepita was to come thrice a week to Sten-
burg's house to be painted. Duly at the appointed hour she arrived. She was full of wonder. Her great eyes roved around the studio, glancing on the pieces of armor, pottery, and carving. Presently she began examining the pictures, and soon the great altar-piece, now nearing completion, caught her attention. She gazed at it intently. In an awed voice, she asked,

"Who is that?" pointing to the most prominent figure, that of the Redeemer on the Cross.

"The Christ," answered Stenburg carelessly.

"What is being done to Him?"

"Being crucified," ejaculated the artist. "Turn a little to the right. There! that will do."

Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words.

"Who are those people about Him — those with the bad faces?"

"Now, look here," said the artist, "I cannot talk to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you."

The girl dared not speak again, but she continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her.

"Why did they crucify Him? Was He bad, very bad?"

"No; very good."

That was all she learnt at one interview, but she treasured each word, and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery.

"Then, if He was so good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let Him go?"

"It was because—"

The artist paused with his head on one side, stepped forward and arranged her sash.

"Because?" repeated Pepita breathlessly.

The artist went back to his easel; then looking at her, the eager, questioning face moved his pity.

"Listen. I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions;" and he told her the story of the Cross—new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it has ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quivered; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears, which the fiery gipsy pride forbade to fall.

The altar-piece and the Spanish dancing-girl were finished simultaneously. Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She looked upon the beautiful representation of herself with-

out emotion, but turned, and stood before the altar-piece, unable to leave it.

"Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over and above, for you have brought me good luck. The 'Dancing Girl' is already sold; I shall want you some time perhaps again, but not just yet. We must not overstock the market even with your pretty face."

The girl turned slowly.

"Thanks, Signor!" but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love Him *very much*, Signor, *when He has done all that for you*, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them, but impossible. He hastened to send the altar-piece to its destination. Still he could not forget, "*All that for you.*"

At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. He went to confession; Father Hugo questioned Stenborg. He believed all the doctrines of the Church. So the Vicar gave him absolution, and assured him that "all was well." The artist allowed a liberal discount on his altar-piece, and for a week or two felt at ease. But then up rose the old question, "You must love Him very much, do you not?" and would be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So wandering about he heard of things which had not come under his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned could not satisfy him. This roused his curiosity.

A few days later he learned that a stranger, one of the "Reformed," lived there—one of those despised men who appealed on every occasion to the *Word of God*. It was hardly respectable, hardly safe, even to know them. Yet, perhaps, here he might find that which he sought. They might possess the secret of peace. So Stenborg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, certainly not to join them; but a man cannot approach fire and remain cold. This reformed preacher spoke and looked as one who walked the earth with Christ: yes, one to whom

He was all. Stenburg found what he longed for—a *living faith*. His new friend lent him for a time a precious copy of the New Testament, but hunted from Dusseldorf after a few weeks, he left, and had to take the Book with him; but its essence was left in Stenburg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now. He felt in his soul an ardent love. "Did all that for me! How can I ever tell men of that love, that boundless love, which can brighten their lives, as it has mine? It is for them too, but they do not see it, as I did not. How can I preach it? I cannot speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it—the *love of Christ*." So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul, "I can paint! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in the altar-piece His face was all agony. But that was not the truth. Love unutterable, infinite compassion, willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees, and prayed to paint worthily, and thus speak.

And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed up—up to the highest fibre of his power; nay, beyond it. The picture of the crucifixion was a wonder—almost Divine.

He would not sell it. He gave it a free-will offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes knowing the love of God, and repeating to themselves the words written so distinctly beneath:

*"All this I did for thee:
What hast thou done for me?"*

Stenburg also used to be there, and watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day he observed, when the rest of the visitors had left, a poor girl standing weeping bitterly before it. The artist approached her. "What grieves thee, child?" he asked.

The girl turned; she was Pepita. "Oh! Signor, *if he had but loved me so.*" she said, pointing to the face of yearning

love, bending above them. "I am only a poor gipsy. For you is the love, but not for such as I;" and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

"Pepita, it is also all *for thee*." And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved the best. He told the girl the story of that wonderful life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of resurrection, and also explained to her the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, received and believed his words. "*And all this I did for thee.*"

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Two years have passed since the altar-piece had been ordered. Winter had come again. The cold was intense, and the wind moaned down the narrow streets of Dusseldorf, and shook the casements of the artist's dwelling. His day's work was done, and by the blazing pine logs he was seated, reading a copy he had with difficulty obtained, of his beloved gospel. A knock sounded at the door, and a man was admitted. He wore an old sheepskin jacket, on which the snow had frozen; his hair hung in dark locks about his face. He glanced ravenously towards the bread and meat upon the table, even as he gave his message.

"Would the gentleman come with him on urgent business?"

"Wherefore do you wish me to come?"

"I cannot say," replied the man; "but one who is dying wants to see you."

"Eat," said the artist. "I will accompany you." The man murmured his thanks as he devoured the food.

"You are hungry?"

"Sir, we are all famished with hunger."

Stenburg brought a sack of provisions.

"Can you carry this?"

"Ah! gladly, gladly. But come,—there is no time to lose."

The artist followed. His guide led him quickly through the streets, and out into the country. The branches were laden with snow and the great crowded trunks confusing. No path, but the man never hesitated. He silently and swiftly kept ahead of Stenburg. At last they came to a glade belted around with trees. Here a few tents were erected.

"Go in there," said the man, pointing to one of the tents, and then turned to a group of men, women and children, who thronged about him. He spoke to them in a wild tongue, and lifted his bag from his shoulder.

The artist crouching, crept into the tent. A brilliant ray of moonlight illuminated the poor interior. On a mass of dried leaves was the form of a young woman. Her face was pinched and hollow. "Why, Pepita!"

At the sound of the artist's voice the eyes opened. Those wonderful dark eyes still were brilliant. A smile trembled to her lips, and she raised herself to her elbow.

"Yes," she said, "*He has come for me!* He holds out His hands! They are bleeding." "*For thee.*" "*All this I did for thee.*" And she bade him farewell.

Long years after both the painter and the gipsy girl had met in another land, a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage into Dusseldorf, and while his horses were being fed, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent,—the world bright, and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg's picture arrested. He read and re-read the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away,—it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul. Hours passed; the light faded; the curator touched the weeping nobleman, and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night had come,—nay, rather for that young man, the dawn of eternal life! He was Zinzendorf. He returned to the inn and re-entered his carriage, but to turn his back on Paris and seek again his home. From that moment he threw life, fortune, fame, at the feet of Him who had whispered to his heart:

*"All this I did for thee:
What hast thou done for Me?"*

Zinzendorf, the father of the Moravian Missions, answered that question by his devoted life and his welcomed death.

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Dusseldorf, for when some years ago the gallery was destroyed by fire, it perished; but it preached, and God used it to tell of His gift—Calvary's Substitute—of Whom Paul said: "He loved me and gave Himself for me."

Can you, dear reader, say, "*and for me.*"

“Tell ye your children of it”

Grace

D. L. Moody

In the little red school-house which stood nearly opposite where I lived there were some bad boys who ran things and I was one of the worst. We had a man teacher, who used the rattan on us a good deal and took us by the ears and spun us around when we tried to do as we pleased. There was a great deal of excitement in our end of the town over the punishment of the boys. One faction said that love would do for the boys what the rattan failed to do. The other faction thought that the rattan was the only proper punishment. After a while the love faction ruled, and there was a lady teacher in the school house.

My, but didn't we think that we were going to make things hum! So I said to the other boys, “Now we will have all the fun we want!” Well, the first one to be punished was Dwight Moody. I was told to stay after school. I told the boys if she tried the rattan on me there would be music. What do you think that teacher did? She sat down and told me that she loved every one of the boys, and that she was not going to use the rattan on any one of them. If she couldn't teach school without whipping the boys she would resign. She spoke most lovingly and wept while she was talking. That broke me all up. I would rather have had the rattan used on me than to see her cry. I said, “You will never have any more trouble with me, and the first boy that makes trouble, I will settle him.” That woman won me by grace. The next day one of the boys cut up, and I whacked him. I whacked him so much that the teacher told me that was not the way to win the boys. Do you know what grace means? It means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor.



As Grace is the activity of Divine love in the midst of evil, so Truth is the revelation of all things as they really are from God Himself.

—W. Kelly



It is impossible that a man full of himself can be the vessel of the Holy Ghost. Such an one must first be emptied of himself, and then the Spirit can use him.

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

From the Islands of the Sea

The Conversion of Youwili

John G. Paton

This incident pertains to the story of our young Chief Youwili. From the first and for long he was most audacious and troublesome. Observing that for several days no natives had come near the Mission House, I asked the old Chief if he knew why, and he answered, "Youwili has *tabooed* the paths, and threatens death to any one who breaks through it."

I at once replied, "Then I conclude that you all agree with him, and wish me to leave. We are here only to teach you and your people. If he has power to prevent that we shall leave with the *Dayspring*."

The old Chief called the people together, and they came to me saying, "Our anger is strong against Youwili. Go with us and break down the *taboo*. We will assist and protect you."

I went at the head and removed it. It consisted simply of reeds stuck in the ground, with twigs and leaves and fibre tied to each in a peculiar way, in a circle round the Mission House. The natives had an extraordinary dread of violating the *taboo*, and believed that it meant death to the offender or to some one of his family. All present entered into a bond to punish on the spot any man who attempted to replace the *taboo*, or to revenge its removal. Thus a mortal blow was publicly struck at this most miserable superstition, which had caused bloodshed and misery untold.

One day, thereafter, I was engaged in clearing away the bush around the Mission House, when suddenly Youwili appeared and menacingly forbade me to proceed. For the sake of peace I for the time desisted. But he went straight to my fence and with his tomahawk cut down the portion in front of our house—the usual declaration of war, intimating that he only awaited his opportunity similarly to cut down me and mine. We saw the old Chief and his men planting themselves here and there to guard us, and the natives prowling about armed and excited. On calling them, they explained the meaning of what Youwili had done, and that they were determined to protect us. I said "This must not continue. Are you to permit one young fool to defy us all, and break up the Lord's work in Aniwa? If you cannot righteously punish

him, I will shut myself up in my house till the Vessel comes, and then I can leave the Island."

Now that they had begun really to love us, and to be anxious to learn more, this was always my most powerful argument.

The people resolved to seize and punish Youwili, but he fled and hid himself in the bush. Coming to me, the Chief said, "It is left to you to say what shall be Youwili's punishment. Shall we kill him?"

I replied firmly, "Certainly not! Only for murder can life be lawfully taken away."

"What then?" they continued. "Shall we burn his houses and destroy his plantations?"

I answered "No."

"Shall we bind him and beat him?"

"No."

"Shall we place him in a canoe, thrust him out to sea, and let him drown or escape as he may?"

"No! by no means."

"Then, Missi," said they, "these are our ways of punishing. What other punishment remains that Youwili cares for?"

I replied, "Make him with his own hands, and alone, put up a new fence, and restore all that he has destroyed; and make him promise publicly that he will cease all evil conduct toward us. That will satisfy me."

This idea of punishment seemed to tickle them greatly. The Chief reported our word to the Assembly; and the natives laughed and cheered, as if it were a capital joke! They cried aloud, "It is good! It is good! Obey the word of the Missi."

After considerable hunting, the young Chief was found. They brought him to the Assembly and scolded him severely and told him their sentence. He was surprised by the nature of the punishment, and cowed by the determination of the people.

"Tomorrow," said he, "I will fully repair the fence. Never again will I oppose the Missi. His word is good."

By daybreak next morning Youwili was diligently repairing what he had broken down, and before evening he had everything made right, better than it was before. While he toiled away, some fellows of his own rank twitted him, saying, "You-

wili, you found it easier to cut down Missi's fence than to repair it again. You will not repeat that in a hurry!"

But he heard all in silence. Others passed with averted heads, and he knew they were laughing at him. He made everything tight, and then left without uttering a single word. My heart yearned after the poor fellow, but I thought it better to let his own mind work away for a little longer by itself alone. My doors were now thrown open, and every good work went on as before. We resolved to leave Youwili entirely to Jesus, setting apart a portion of our prayer every day for the conversion of the young Chief, on whom all other means had been exhausted apparently in vain.

A considerable time elapsed. No sign came and our prayers seemed to fail. But one day I was toiling between the shafts of a hand-cart, assisted by two boys, drawing it along from the shore loaded with coral blocks. Youwili came rushing from his house, three hundred yards or so off the path, and said, "Missi, this is too hard for you. Let me be your helper."

Without waiting for a reply, he ordered the two boys to seize one rope, while he grasped the other, threw it over his shoulder and started off, pulling with the strength of a horse. My heart rose in gratitude, and I wept with joy as I followed him. I knew that that yoke was but a symbol of the yoke of Christ, which Youwili with his change of heart was beginning to carry! Truly there is only one way of regeneration, being born again by the Spirit of God, the new heart; but there are many ways of conversion, of outwardly turning to the Lord, of taking the actual first step that shows on whose side we are.

Like those of old praying for the deliverance of Peter, and who could not believe their ears and eyes when Peter knocked and walked in amongst them, so we could scarcely believe our eyes and ears when Youwili became a disciple of Jesus, though we had been praying for his conversion every day. His once sullen countenance became literally bright with inner light. His wife came immediately for a book and a dress, saying "Youwili sent me. His opposition to the Worship is over now. I am to attend Church and School. He is coming too. He wants to learn how to be strong, like you, for Jehovah and Jesus."

Oh, Jesus! to Thee alone be all the glory. Thou hast the key to unlock every heart that Thou hast created.

The Cruise of the Cachalot*Frank T. Bullen***ACTUAL WARFARE. OUR FIRST WHALE**

Simultaneous ideas occurring to several people, 'or thought transference, whatever one likes to call the phenomenon, is too frequent an occurrence in most of our experience to occasion much surprise. Yet on the occasion to which I am about to refer, the matter was so very marked that few of who took part in the day's proceedings are ever likely to forget it.

We were gathered about the fo'lk'sle scuttle one evening, a few days after the gale referred to in the previous chapter, and the question of whale-fishing came up for discussion. Until that time, strange as it may seem, no word of this, the central idea of all our minds, had been mooted. Every man seemed to shun the subject, although we were in daily expectation of being called upon to take an active part in whale-fighting. Once the ice was broken, nearly all had something to say about it, and very nearly as many addle-headed opinions were ventilated as at a Colney Hatch debating society. For we none of us knew anything about it. I was appealed to continually to support this or that theory, but as far as whaling went I could only, like the rest of them, draw upon my imagination for details. How did a whale act, what were the first steps taken, what chance was there of being saved if your boat got smashed, and so on unto infinity. At last, getting very tired of this "Portugee Parliament" of all talkers and no listeners, I went aft to get a drink of water before turning in. The harpooners and other petty officers were grouped in the waist, earnestly discussing the pros and cons of attack upon whales. As I passed I heard the mate's harpooner say, "Feels like whale about. I bet a plug (of tobacco) we raise sperm whale to-morrow." Nobody took his bet, for it appeared that they were mostly of the same mind, and while I was drinking I heard the officers in dignified conclave talking over the same thing. It was Saturday evening, and while at home people were looking forward to a day's respite from work and care, I felt that the coming day, though never taken much notice of on board, was big with the possibilities of strife such as I at least had at present no idea of. So firmly was I possessed by the prevailing feeling.

The night was very quiet. A gentle breeze was blowing, and the sky was of the usual "Trade" character, that is, a dome of dark blue fringed at the horizon with peaceful cumulous clouds, almost motionless. I turned in at four a. m. from the middle watch and, as usual, slept like a babe. Suddenly I started wide awake, a long mournful sound sending a thrill to my very heart. As I listened breathlessly other sounds of the same character, but in different tones joined in, human voices monotonously intoning in long drawn-out expirations the single word "bl-o-o-o-w." Then came a hurricane of noise overhead, and adjurations in no gentle language to the sleepers to "tumble up lively there, no sulking, sperm whales." At last, then, fulfilling all the presentiments of yesterday, the long dreaded moment had arrived. Happily there was no time for hesitation; in less than two minutes we were all on deck, and hurrying to our respective boats. There was no flurry or confusion, and except that orders were given more quietly than usual, with a manifest air of suppressed excitement, there was nothing to show that we were not going for an ordinary course of boat drill. The skipper was in the main crow's-nest with his binoculars. Presently he shouted, "Naow then, Mr. Count, lower away soon's y'like. Small po do' cows, an' one 'r two bulls layin' off to westward of 'em." Down went the boats into the water quietly enough; we all scrambled in and shoved off. A stroke or two of the oars were given to get clear of the ship, and one another, then oars were shipped and up went the sails. As I took my allotted place at the mainsheet, and the beautiful craft started off like some big bird, Mr. Count leant forward saying empensively to me, "Y'r a smart youngster, an' I've kinder took t'yer; but don't ye look ahead an' get galled, 'r I'll knock ye stiff wi' th' tiller; y'hear me? N' don't ye dare to make thet sheet fast, 'r ye'll die so sudden y' won't know whar y'r hurted." I said as cheerfully as I could, "All right, sir," trying to look unconcerned, telling myself not to be a coward, and all sorts of things; but the cold truth is that I was scared almost to death because I didn't know what was coming. However, I did the best thing under the circumstances, obeyed orders and looked steadily astern, or up into the bronze impassive face of my chief, who towered above me, scanning with eagle eyes the sea ahead. The other boats

were coming flying along behind us, spreading wider apart as they came, while in the bows of each stood the harpooner with his right hand on his first iron, which lay ready, pointing over the bow in a raised fork of wood called the "crutch."

All of a sudden at a motion of the chief's hand, the peak of our mainsail was dropped, and the boat swung up into the wind, laying "hove to," almost stationary. The centre-board was lowered to stop her drifting to leeward, although I cannot say it made much difference that I ever saw. Now what's the matter, I thought, when to my amazement the chief addressing me said, "Wonder why we've hauled up, don't ye?" "Yes, sir, I do," said I. "Wall," said he, "the fish hev sounded, an' ef we run over 'em, we've seen the last ov 'em. So we wait awhile till they rise agin, 'n' then we'll prob'ly git thar' 'r thareabouts before they sound agin." With this explanation I had to be content, although if it be no clearer to my readers, than it then was to me, I shall have to explain myself more fully later on. Silently we lay, rocking lazily upon the gentle swell, no other word being spoken by any one. At last Louis, the harpooner, gently breathed "blo-o-o-w;" and there, sure enough, not half a mile away on the lee beam, was a little bushy cloud of steam apparently rising from the sea. At almost the same time as we kept away all the other boats did likewise, and just then, catching sight of the ship, the reason for this apparently concerted action was explained. At the mainmast head of the ship was a square blue flag, and the ensign at the peak was being dipped. These were signals well understood and promptly acted upon by those in charge of the boats, who were thus guided from a point of view at least one hundred feet above the sea.

"Stand up, Louey," the mate murmured softly. I only just stopped myself in time from turning my head to see why the order was given. Suddenly there was a bump, at the same moment the mate yelled, "Give't to him, Louey, give't to him!" and to me, "Haul that main sheet, naow haul, why don't ye?" I hauled it flat aft, and the boat shot up into the wind, rubbing sides as she did so with what to my troubled sight seemed an enormous mass of black india-rubber floating. As we crawled up into the wind, the whale went into convulsions befitting his size and energy. He raised a gigantic tail on high, threshing the water with deafening blows, rolling at the same time

from side to side until the surrounding sea was white with froth. I felt in an agony lest we should be crushed under one of those fearful strokes, for Mr. Count appeared to be oblivious of possible danger, although we seemed to be now drifting back on to the writhing leviathan. In the agitated condition of the sea, it was a task of no ordinary difficulty to unship the tall mast, which was the first thing to be done. After a desperate struggle, and a narrow escape from falling overboard of one of the men, we got the long "stick," with the sail bundled around it, down and "flected" aft, where it was secured by the simple means of sticking the "heel" under the after thwart, two-thirds of the mast extending out over the stern. Meanwhile, we had certainly been in a position of the greatest danger, our immunity from damage being unquestionably due to anything but precaution taken to avoid it.

By the time the oars were handled, and the mate had exchanged places with the harpooner, our friend the enemy had "sounded," that is, he had gone below for a change of scene, marvelling no doubt what strange thing had befallen him. Agreeably to the accounts which I, like most boys, had read of the whale fishery, I looked for the rushing of the line round the loggerhead (a stout wooden post built into the boat aft), to raise a cloud of smoke with occasional bursts of flame; so as it began to slowly surge round the post, I timidly asked the harpooner whether I should throw any water on it. "Wot for?" growled he, as he took a couple more turns with it. Not knowing "what for," and hardly liking to quote my authorities here, I said no more, but waited events. "Hold him up, Louey, hold him up, cain't ye?" shouted the mate, and to my horror, down went the nose of the boat almost under water, while at the mate's order everybody scrambled aft into the elevated stern sheets.

The line sang quite a tune as it was grudgingly allowed to surge around the loggerhead, filling one with admiration at the strength shown by such a small rope. This sort of thing went on for about twenty minutes, in which time we quite emptied the large tub and began on the small one. As there was nothing whatever for us to do while this was going on, I had ample leisure for observing the little game that was being played about a quarter of a mile away. Mr. Cruce, the second mate, had got a whale and was doing his best to kill it; but

he was severely handicapped by his crew, or rather had been, for two of them were now temporarily incapable of either good or harm. They had gone quite "batchy" with fright, requiring a not too gentle application of the tiller to their heads in order to keep them quiet. The remedy, if rough, was effectual, for "the subsequent proceedings interested them no more." Consequently his manoeuvres were not so well or rapidly executed as he, doubtless, would have wished, although his energy in lancing that whale was something to admire and remember. Hatless, his shirt tail out of the waist of his trousers streaming behind him like a banner, he lunged and thrust at the whale along-side of him, as if possessed of a destroying devil, while his half articulate yells of rage and blasphemy were audible even to us.

Suddenly our boat fell backward from her "slantindicular" position with a jerk, and the mate immediately shouted, "Haul line, there! look lively, now! you—so on, etcetera, etcetera" (he seemed to invent new epithets on every occasion). The line came in hand over hand, and was coiled in a wide heap in the stern sheets, for silky as it was, it could not be expected in its wet state to lie very close. As it came flying in the mate kept a close gaze upon the water immediately beneath us, apparently for the first glimpse of our antagonist. When the whale broke water, however, he was some distance off, and apparently as quiet as a lamb. Now, had Mr. Count been a prudent or less ambitious man, our task would doubtless have been an easy one, or comparatively so; but, being a little over-grasping, he got us all into serious trouble. We were hauling up to our whale in order to lance it, and the mate was standing, lance in hand, only waiting to get near enough, when up comes a large whale right alongside of our boat, so close, indeed, that I might have poked my finger in his little eye, if I had chosen. The sight of that whale at liberty, and calmly taking stock of us like that, was too much for the mate. He lifted his lance and hurled it at the visitor, in whose broad flank it sank, like a knife into butter, right up to the pole-hitches. The recipient disappeared like a flash, but before one had time to think, there was an awful crash beneath us, and the mate shot up into the air like a bomb from a mortar. He came down in a sitting posture on the mast-thwart; but as he fell, the whole framework of the boat collapsed like a derelict umbrella. Lou-

is quietly chopped the line and severed our connection with the other whale, while in accordance with our instructions we drew each man his oar across the boat and lashed it firmly down with a piece of line spliced to each thwart for the purpose. This simple operation took but a minute, but before it was completed we were all up to our necks in the sea. Still in the boat, it is true, and therefore not in such danger of drowning as if we were quite adrift; but, considering that the boat was reduced to a mere bundle of loose planks, I at any rate was none too comfortable. Now, had he known it, was the whale's golden opportunity; but he, poor wretch, had quite enough of our company, and cleared off without any delay, wondering, no doubt, what fortunate accident had rid him of our very unpleasant attentions.

I was assured that we were all as safe as if we were on board the ship, to which I answered nothing; but, like Jack's parrot, I did some powerful thinking. Every little wave that came along swept clean over our heads, sometimes coming so suddenly as to cut a breath in half. If the wind should increase—but no—I wouldn't face the possibility of such a disagreeable thing. I was cool now in a double sense, for although we were in the tropics, we soon got thoroughly chilled.

By the position of the sun it must have been between ten a. m. and noon, and we, of the crew, had eaten nothing since the previous day at supper, when, as usual, the meal was very light. Therefore, I suppose we felt the chill sooner than the better-nourished mate and harpooner, who looked father scornfully at our blue faces and chattering teeth.

In spite of all assurances to the contrary, I have not the least doubt in my own mind that a very little longer would have relieved us of all our burdens finally. Because the heave of the sea had so loosened the shattered planks upon which we stood that they were on the verge of falling all asunder. Had they done so we must have drowned, for we were cramped and stiff with cold and our constrained position. However, unknown to us, a bright lookout upon our movements had been kept from the crow's-nest the whole time. We should have been relieved long before, but that the whale killed by the second mate was being secured, and another boat, the fourth mate's, being picked up, having a hole in her bilge you could put your head through. With all these hindrances, especially se-

curing the whale, we were fortunate to be rescued as soon as we were, since it is well known that whales are of much higher commercial value than men.

However, help came at last, and we were hauled alongside. Long exposure had weakened us to such an extent that it was necessary to hoist us on board, especially the mate, whose "sudden stop," when he returned to us after his little aerial excursion, had shaken his sturdy frame considerably, a state of body which the subsequent soaking had by no means improved. In my innocence I imagined that we should be commiserated for our misfortunes by Captain Slocum, and certainly be relieved from further duties until we were a little recovered from the rough treatment we had just undergone. But I never made a greater mistake. The skipper cursed us all (except the mate, whose sole fault the accident undoubtedly was) was with a fluency and vigour that was, to put it mildly, discouraging. Moreover, we were informed that he "wouldn't have no adjective skulking;" we must "turn to" and do something after wasting the ship's time and property in such a blank manner. There was a limit, however, to our obedience, so although we could not move at all for awhile, his threats were not proceeded with farther than theory.

A couple of slings were passed around the boat, by means of which she was carefully hoisted on board, a mere dilapidated bundle of sticks and raffle of gears. She was at once moved aft out of the way, the business of cutting in the whale claiming precedence over everything else just then. The preliminary proceedings consisted of rigging the "cutting stage." This was composed of two stout planks a foot wide and ten feet long, the inner ends of which were suspended by strong ropes over the ship's side about four feet from the water while the outer extremities were upheld by tackles from the main rigging, and a small crane abreast the try-works.

These planks were about thirty feet apart, their two outer ends being connected by a massive plank which was securely bolted to them. A handrail about as high as a man's waist, supported by light iron stanchions, ran the full length of this plank on the side nearest the ship, the whole fabric forming an admirable standing-place from whence the officers might, standing in comparative comfort, cut and carve at the great mass to their hearts content.

So far the prize had been simply held alongside by the whale-line, which at death had been "rove" through a hole cut in the solid gristle of the tail; but now it became necessary to secure the carcass to the ship in some more permanent fashion. Therefore, a massive chain like small ship's cable was brought forward, and in a very ingenious way, by means of a tiny buoy and a head-lead, passed round the body, one end brought through a ring in the other, and hauled upon until it fitted tight round the "small" or part of the whale next the broad spread of the tail. The free end of the fluke-chain was then passed in through a mooring-pipe forward, firmly secured to a massive bitt at the heel of the bowsprit (the fluke-chain-bitt), and all was ready.

But the subsequent proceedings were sufficiently complicated to demand a fresh chapter.



"Lo, I am with you alway"

Wide fields of corn along the valleys spread;

I see the Lord is multiplying bread;

The rain and dews mature the swelling vine;

I see Him turning water into wine.

I see Him working all the works divine

He wrought when Salemward His steps were led;

The selfsame miracles around Him shine.

He feeds the famished; He revives the dead;

He pours a flood of light on darkened eyes;

He chases tears, diseases, fiends away.

His throne is raised upon the orient skies;

His footstool is the pave on which we pray.

Not only is our Lord in Paradise,

But He is all around us here today.

—John Charles Earle



Faith is, at once, the power of ministry, the power of testimony, and the power of worship. If we are not living "by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us," we shall neither be effectual servants, faithful witnesses nor true worshippers.

“**Things touching the King**”

Oh worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love—
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh tell of His might, oh sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Oh measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

—*Sir Robert Grant*



When He comes, a glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing,
* Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

—P. P. Bliss

OAKLAND, CALIF. The regular Thanksgiving Conference will be held (D.V.) on the date to be appointed by the Governor of the State (Nov. 21st or 28th). Four days meetings, three meetings each day. Further information from Thomas Hill, 1393 8th St., Oakland, Calif.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA. The Conference will be held, if the Lord will on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12th and 13th beginning with Prayer Meeting Friday evening, Oct. 11. Information from J. P. Patterson, 4533 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Neb.

WATERBURY, CONN. The yearly Conference will commence (D.V.) with a Prayer Meeting in the Gospel Hall, Waterville, Friday, October 25th at 8 p.m. followed by meetings Saturday and Sunday Oct. 26th and 27th. —W. Batterton, Box 131, Waterville, Conn., Correspondent.



Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT. The Waterville tent was pitched in **Bristol** this year and God gave help and fruit in the gospel at the meetings of brother Pearson.

DELAWARE. Mr. Ed. Richmond has spent five months in **Dover**, and has been so encouraged that he purposes taking up residence there. Mr. Hugh McEwen goes to help for a week or more and has been asked to be at the baptism of twelve and the planting of a new assembly in that city.

GEORGIA. Gordon Reager (Box 141, Decatur, Ga.) writes "Brother McBride was here during July and August for tent work. We found it very hard and discouraging. We are pitching the tent again this week in the country. This will be our third and last pitch for the season. We hope to go on through October if the weather permits. Several who were saved recently have expressed a desire for baptism: so we expect to baptize them soon. This will make another little addition to the Assembly. Open-air work continues with good hearings on Saturday afternoons out in the smaller towns."

IOWA. Mr. W. G. Smith writes that in spite of much rain and chilly weather the meetings were good and several have confessed Christ as Saviour.

MAINE. Mr. Hugh Thorpe (mail address, 64 Nathanael Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.) has been preaching in an old "church" building in the suburbs of **Augusta, Me.** where, in spite of poor roads, goodly audiences come to listen to the Word. He purposes visiting during the winter months the States of Tennessee and Mississippi.

MASSACHUSETTS. The tent season in **Springfield** was a happy time. Interest in the meetings conducted by brethren Patrizio and Rosania kept up till the last night. Six confessed Christ as Saviour. Brother Rosania is following up the work by services in the homes.

—Wm. Gourley.

East Boston. The Tent services among Italians carried on by brethren Frank Carboni and Rocco Cappiello were blessed of God, and they have rented a place to continue the work. Mr. Carboni requests prayer for the special meetings which he will conduct in the new hall.

MICHIGAN, Detroit. We had a short visit from brethren Chas. S. Summers, Wm. Warke, and R. T. Halliday, and their encouraging messages were much enjoyed by the assemblies they visited.

OHIO. The **Norwood (Cincinnati)** Assembly, 5024 Main Ave., reports the Lord's blessing in His work, and desires prayer for further blessing and for greater opportunities for service. They enjoyed the visit of five brethren and sisters from Detroit.

"Very fruitful evangelistic meetings were held in the Tent and in Norwood Gospel Hall, John Rankin ministering the Word, from July 7th to August 25th. Brother E. R. Allan assisted in the ministry for a few nights. Six believers obeyed the Lord in the waters of baptism, three of them having confessed belief in his name during the meetings, the others having been saved previously, but now desiring to be scripturally baptized." —W. L. Powers, Correspondent.

WEST VIRGINIA. Mr. W. C. Bousfield (2830 Overlook Drive, Huntington, W. Va.) reports that as the result of the summer's tent work in **Huntington** some professed faith in Christ. Seven (some of them previous converts) were baptized in the Ohio River. He hopes to continue for another month helping the Assembly and those interested during the tent season.

CANADA

ONTARIO. Brethren F. W. Nugent and T. G. Wilkie have had five and a half weeks meetings in the Half Concession School house five miles west of **Embro**. Interest was good and a number were led to Christ. Some others seemed exercised about their eternal welfare and we hope yet to see them brought to Christ. On Aug. 18th six believers were baptized and three of these have taken their places with the Lord's people gathered to His name here. Bro. Thos. E. Touzeau spoke a faithful word to a goodly number of people gathered to witness the baptism. Yours in Christ, C. J. Marsh, Embro, Ont., Can.



With Christ

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Miss S. T. Uzell, almost 88 years of age, fell asleep in Jesus July 23. Funeral services were held in Bellflower: a number of Ave. 54 and Long Beach Christians were present. Mr. Iler and Mr. F. J. Gallagher spoke to saved and unsaved. Our dear sister was born in Missouri Oct. 5, 1852. She accepted Christ as her Saviour many years ago: and had been in fellowship in assemblies for more than fifty years and was interested in every effort put forth to spread the gospel of the grace of God at home and in distant lands. Truly, a faithful sister who will be missed.

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Vol. XIV—No. 10

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New Series
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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

Whether it be on His own lips or on the lips of His angels, it is still now as then—since He rose as before He suffered, “Fear not:” He had spoken to His disciples before of giving them *His* peace, and we find He does this afterward in the most emphatic manner. He pronounces peace upon them in the day of John 20; and having done so, shows them His hands and His side; where, as in symbolic language, they might read their title to a peace wrought out and purchased for them by Himself,—His peace, entirely His own, as procured only by Himself, and now theirs by indefeasible, unchangeable title.

In earlier days the Lord said to them, “Because I live, ye shall live also;” and now in risen days, in the days of the risen Man, in possession of victorious life, He imparts that life to them in the most full and perfect measure of it, breathing on them, and saying, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost.”

The world was not to see Him again, as He had also said to them; but *they* were to see Him. And so it comes to pass. He was seen of them for forty days, and He spake to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. But this was all in secret: the world has not seen Him since the hour of Calvary, nor will they till they see Him in judgment.

As a humbler, lowlier witness of His full fidelity to all His pledges, we may observe, He meets His people in Galilee, as He had promised them. As a larger expression of the same, I may also observe, He takes them to the Father in heaven, as He had also promised them, sending a message to them, that He was ascending to *His* Father, and to *their* Father, to *His* God and to their God. And thus, whether it was in our Galilee on earth, or in His own home in heaven, that His presence had been pledged to them, both are alike made good to them. And well we may meditate on the condescendings, the faithfulness, the fullness, the simplicity, the greatness, the elevation, of all that forms and marks His path before us.

Church Testimony

Thos D. W. Muir

When we study carefully the history of the Church in this dispensation, one is struck with the fact that, in the beginning, the testimony is marked by three things:

First—The readiness with which the early Christians heard and obeyed the Word of God. They “continued steadfastly” in the Apostles’ teaching, we are assured.

Second—The unworldliness of their ways. (See Acts 4.34-35). It is surely in contrast with what obtains today, when “All seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ’s” (Phil. 2.)

Third—The unity of the people of God. Not a unity formed on the basis of false charity, which “agrees to differ” about what God has plainly spoken. But a unity formed by the Spirit of God, which, while leading each one into subjection to Christ as Lord, manifests the spirit of Christian love and Scriptural forbearance. Hence we read of their being

Of “one accord”—showing their unity of purpose;

Of “one heart”—telling of unity as to affections;

Of “one soul” which might speak of unity as to their desires.

In Rom. 15:6 we read

Of “one mind,” a unity as to intelligence of the Word, and

“One mouth”—a united testimony.

And they had power in those days! Power with God and power with men. And they could pray! What wonderful prayer meetings they had, when the very places where they assembled would shake by reason of the presence of the Holy Spirit of God! Sinners were saved, saints were built up, and Satan came out in his true colors as the opposer, and not the patron of the work! There was no need then for patronage. They had God with them, and that was enough. The preachers were “unlearned and ignorant men,”—so said their enemies,—but they knew God, and were able to speak words of power from Him! Thus, the testimony of the Church was inaugurated,—the people simple, happy and obedient, were filled with God, and God worked through them mightily.

It is a striking commentary upon the simplicity of those early days that the Acts of the Apostles begins the record by telling of the saints meeting in *an upper room* and, ere it closes, tells

of the great Apostle Paul preaching in *a hired house* in Rome for two whole years! But alas, the simplicity of those early days did not long continue. With the temporal prosperity of the Church, came self-satisfaction and an independency of God,—the end of which is seen in the message to Laodicea (Rev. 3). They say, “We are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing.” But God says to them, “Thou art poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked . . . I will spue thee out of My mouth!” Such is the condition of the professing Church as a whole, and such will be the end of it here.

Nevertheless, God has granted revivings from time to time, seeking to call His people back to His Word, and a remnant He has always found to respond to the call, but the mass of that which calls itself the Church goes on in its self-satisfied way. Great ecclesiastical machinery, great buildings, great orators, speaking great swelling words, etc. — these are the things that are taking the place with the many, of the power and simplicity of the early days. Yet God is not in it, and the path of real blessing for His own is apart from it all. His word is “Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you” (2 Cor. 6.)

The testimony of the Church as a whole has failed. The testimony of many who have sought to separate from the Babylonish confusion around them has been marred in many ways. And because of this some would throw up the hands and say, “The power for testimony in that with which I have been linked up has waned, hence corporate testimony seems out of the question; it is now an individual matter; we must do the best we can,—every one that which is right in his own eyes.”

But is that so? We do not believe it for one moment. There is no remedy for the whole Church but the coming of the Lord. We will never have another Pentecost. God has not promised it. But there are some things we have yet. We have the Word of God still,—and it is with us, claiming our obedience, as truly it did that of the saints of the first century. And the Holy Spirit is here still, to lead willing hearts into subjection to that Word. And, lastly, we have the assured presence of the Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of “where two or three are gathered together in His Name” Matt. 18-20.

There is no need for pretension to being aught but a feeble remnant, whose hearts have been stirred by the Word of God to seek the "old paths," that we might walk therein to the glory of God! Fully confessing the failure, and our share in it all, we would acknowledge our own weakness and our need of the ever-living God to carry out in power the divine principles of His Word. And these principles will not become obsolete as long as there are "two or three" whose hearts He can stir up to walk in obedience to them! And such "two's or three's" "walking by the same rule," and "minding the same thing," will, in fellowship with one another, form in their measure, a "corporate testimony" for God, till Jesus comes! In much weakness, therefore, and with true humility, may the spirit found in those early Christians be found in us, leading us to "continue steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, in fellowship, in the breaking of bread and in prayers" (Acts 2:42), until the day dawn and the shadows flee away!

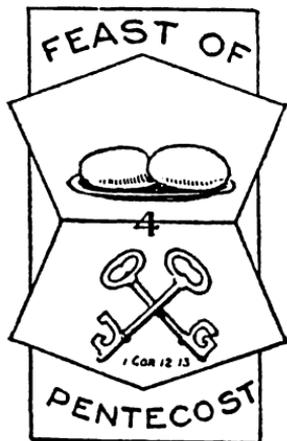


The Feasts of Jehovah

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST

(Continued from September number)



God gathered out a Church. He sent the Holy Spirit to save and gather men and women to be witnesses for Christ, and if they are not doing that, they are utterly useless. Oh, to be witnesses to stand and bear testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ—to His deity and His humanity, that He is the virgin's Child, and that He is coming back again, though men deny and sneer at these truths. That is what the Church is for. That is the meaning of the "two tenth deals."

These two loaves were baked with fine flour. Fine flour speaks of the perfections of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the Second Chapter of Leviticus we have the Lord Jesus Christ as the meat offering, and there He is brought before us as fine flour. You take a pinch of fine flour between your fingers, and you will find there is no roughness, no unevenness in it; it is smooth. It tells of the Lord Jesus Christ. His life was ever

even. You take any good man: and he has something about him that you do not like; but not so with regard to the Lord Jesus Christ.

And the new meat offering, which speaks of the Church, was to be of fine flour also;—we are to be like Christ in our walk. Perhaps a man says, “I am a Christian.” He goes to meeting on Sunday but next day he finds his amusement in the world. You say, “He is not like Christ.” Christ did not frequent these places. And then you cannot trust the man’s word. That is not like Christ. We are called as believers to be like our Lord. You cannot set a lower standard than Christ. I can only set before me the One that God has set before me. I am to be like Christ. But never say, “I *am* like Him.” God has called us to be imitators of Christ, and ever and always we are commanded to be like Him, but after doing our best, we must hang our heads in shame at our failures. But that does not mean that we should turn aside, and live as we like. No! I have been saved for fifty years and have tried to be like Christ, and will by His grace, so continue as long as God leaves me here, striving to be like Him.

And more, the two leaves were to be baked with leaven. Now if you turn to the Second Chapter of Leviticus you will find a contrast: “No meat offering which ye shall bring unto the Lord shall be made with leaven.” (vs. 11). Some one will say, “That is a contradiction.” My friend, just go slowly. The Second of Leviticus speaks of Christ, the Twenty-third of Leviticus speaks of the Church. In Christ there was no sin; nothing but what the eye of God could see as perfection. There never was aught that He had to retract or confess, “That was not right.” In everything God could say of Him, “This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased.” And Christ Himself could say, “The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in Me.” In the heart of the Son of God there was nothing but truth. But when the Devil comes to us he can find in you and me many things that he can work upon.

The Second of Leviticus gives us Christ, the Meat offering: the Twenty-third of Leviticus gives us the Church,—the New Meat Offering. In Christ there was *no sin*, and so there was no leaven in the meat offering which speaks of Christ. But

here in Leviticus Twenty-three the offering is not Christ but the believer, and God looking upon the believer can say, "I see sin in you." "Do you mean that there are in the Church men and women who have bad natures?" Yes. I have been in the Church over fifty years and I say, Do not tease me too much for there is something in me that is not angelic. Some say that after the day of Pentecost all the leaven was gone and all were pure. Were they? Now take that Church concerning which the apostle says, "By one Spirit ye are all baptized into one body" (1 Cor. 12:13), and to them the apostle says, "Ye are yet carnal" (1 Cor. 3:3). One brother took advantage of another in that assembly, and this one said "I will make you smart for that," and he summoned him before the heathen magistrate (1 Cor. 6:1-7). It makes you hang your head in shame, that in the same assembly were those who summoned one another before a heathen magistrate. But go further back and nearer the day of Pentecost. In the same Church there are two who have property, and they see their brethren selling their properties and giving the money to the apostles, and their names are known to the Church, and these two think that that is fine. Now they say, "We shall sell our property, but it is not wise to give all the money. Let us put part only at the apostles' feet, and pretend that that is all." They do so. The apostle Peter asks, "Is that all?" and in their answer Peter said they lied to the Holy Ghost. (Acts 5). What did they do? They did something that is very popular today. I believe that they did what nine out of ten professing Christians are doing today. These two acted as hypocrites. They wanted it to be thought that they were "All for Jesus," but they kept back part of the price. Oh, you say, "They were not saved." But they were saved! They were two children of God whom the Father saw doing something for which He had to judge them. Do not say they went to hell.

Again in the Sixth of Acts we read of two parties in the Church: one party composed of those who came from parts where the Greek language was spoken, and the other party composed of those who lived in Jerusalem and who spoke Hebrew; and the Grecians fraternized with each other, and looked upon the Hebrews with suspicion and said, "Now observe and see how well those that speak Hebrew are looked after. If

you could only speak Hebrew your bread would be well buttered." They were in the Church but they murmured. Of course, God overruled it by having the apostles appoint those that were Greeks to attend to this matter; but I have only to look at these incidents in the New Testament to learn that the Church was "baken with leaven."

But note that with this new meat offering there went up a great wealth of sacrifices to God. With the meat offering of Leviticus 2, which typifies Christ, nothing else went up. But here is an offering that *does not* represent Christ, and what a wealth of sacrifice accompanies it. "Ye shall offer with the bread seven lambs . . . and one young bullock and two rams . . . for a burnt offering unto the Lord with their meat offering and their drink offering . . . Then ye shall sacrifice one kid of the goats for a sin offering and two lambs of the first year for a sacrifice of peace offerings." For this new meat offering tells me that there is imperfection seen in the Christian, as a member of His body. What can God do with that? Look at what God does. As I meditate upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and see Him in the wealth of His perfection offering Himself to God without spot, I see something that sets my mind at rest.

"When Satan tempts me to despair, telling of evil within,
Upward I look and see Him there Who made an end of all
my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died, my sinful soul is counted free,
For God the Just is satisfied to look on Him and pardon me."

Now when you go home tonight, as a child of God, and you think, there is that about me of which I am ashamed, ask yourself, Who is there in the presence of God to meet that sin? Is He perfectly capable to meet that need? Yes, the Father sees us in the Son. But what about this evil which we cannot get rid of? The moment the Lord Jesus Christ comes no more will it trouble me!

"To look within and see no stain, abroad no guilt to trace;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain, to see Him face to face."

If it is His will to take me home, my body shall lie in the grave and my ransomed spirit shall be in His presence, but, when He comes, my body shall be raised, and for all eternity there will not be a single thought or desire but what will be

in perfect unison with the mind of Christ. But do not think that you have attained to that now. Until Christ comes, there will always be that in us which will take us away from Him. Be not discouraged, however; the Lord Jesus Christ is like these offerings that went up with the new meat offering.

And if there is one here that is not saved, would you not like to be able to say, "Thank God, I am His and He is mine"? I would rather have that than all the wealth of this great city. What good would it be to me five minutes after I am gone? Christ satisfies my heart now and He will satisfy it forever. You can be saved now and saved for eternity, because the Lord Jesus Christ died, died in your room and place that you might be saved.

In one of the wars of Europe a young man was conscripted to serve in the army and his father was very much upset by it. There was one way to evade the conscription, it could be done by the father paying a large sum of money to anyone who would take the son's place. The offer was proclaimed but the day came when he should leave for his regiment and no one had come forward to be his substitute. But on that day his cousin arrived from the country and he offered to take the young man's place. The father was overjoyed and brought forth the money, but the cousin refused to take it saying, "No, I go because I love my cousin." In the first battle he was killed and the father erected in his memory a monument, and a friend of mine saw the inscription which read: "A voluntary substitute to redeem a conscript." The Lord Jesus Christ did not need to die but He came and "willingly died in our stead."

I once met an old Burgher in South Africa and he told me his history. He lived in the Transvaal under two or three governments and he took part in several Kaffir wars. On one occasion when he should have gone with the army, domestic matters demanded that he should stay at home and so he bought a substitute, and that substitute was killed in battle. Time passed and in the last war—the war between Great Britain and the Transvaal—he was again called to bear arms for his country, but he said to the officer, "I cannot go. I am dead." The officer said, "That is nonsense." But he told his story and the matter was brought before President Kruger and the President answered, "Yes, you are legally dead. We accepted

your substitute, and your substitute died, and in the eyes of the law you are dead—legally dead.”

Yonder, on the Cross of Calvary, God dealt with His blessed Son as if He had been dealing with me. He cried out, “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me,” and He died. That was my sentence. I was under sentence of death, but Christ died for me. He has been raised from the dead, and I claim Him as mine, and now the law has no claim upon me. God bless His word to the unsaved, and to those who are saved, that we may more and more be like our risen Lord.



Rest

J. N. Darby

“COME UNTO ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST”

Matt. 11:28

We look to our state and our fruit and our feelings to know if we are His. This cannot give rest and ought not. Jesus does not say, Find out your state and you shall have rest, but “Come unto *Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden” as you are, “and I will *give* you rest.” Our rest comes not from our being what He wants, but His being what we want.

There is but one Man who never had a place of rest. “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.” And if we now have a nest, a place of rest in God, it is because for our sakes Jesus was without rest on earth.

One may rest sometimes with God, as well as act with Him; for one cannot act without Him, save to trouble, even though meaning to do good.

He not only made peace, but “My peace I give unto you.” What was the peace of Christ? He was here in uninterrupted communion with the Father—the peace of perfect communion. Christ puts us into His place, and we have fellowship with the Father; and when we walk in that, we have this peace of Christ.

I seek to minister Christ. It is what souls need, both for quietness and for forming in His image. It is those who are not with Him that are restless.

What settled quietness of spirit it gives, to have found yourself with the Father, through the knowledge of the Son, in confidence of heart!

The Love of Christ which Passeth Knowledge*C. H. Spurgeon*

The love of Christ in its sweetness, its fulness, its greatness, its faithfulness, passeth all human comprehension. When shall language be found which shall describe His matchless, His unparalleled love towards the children of men? It is so vast and boundless that, as the swallow but skimmeth the water, and diveth not into its depths, so all descriptive words but touch the surface, while depths immeasurable lie beneath. Well might the poet say: "O love, thou fathomless abyss!" for the love of Christ is indeed measureless and fathomless; none can attain unto it.

Before we can have any right idea of the love of Jesus, we must understand His previous glory in the height of majesty, and His incarnation upon the earth in all its depths of shame. But who can tell us the majesty of Christ? When He was enthroned in the highest heavens He was very God of very God; by Him were the heavens made, and all the hosts thereof. His own almighty arm upheld the spheres: the praises of cherubim and seraphim perpetually surrounded Him; the full chorus of the hallelujahs of the universe unceasingly flowed to the foot of His throne: He reigned supreme above all His creatures, God over all, blessed forever. Who can tell His height of glory then? And who, on the other hand, can tell how He descended? To be a man was something, to be a man of sorrows was something more; to bleed, and suffer and die, these were much for Him Who was the Son of God; but to suffer such unparalleled agony—to endure a death of shame and desertion by His God, this is a depth of condescending love which the most inspired mind must utterly fail to fathom. Herein is love! and truly it is love that "passeth knowledge." O let this love fill our hearts with adoring gratitude, and lead us to practical manifestations of its power.



When one is not really walking with a single eye and purified affections, he will easily find a stone to stumble over. If he does not find it at one time, he will at another. If he does not find it here, he will find it there.

Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ is the great name in history. There are others for whom men have died: He alone is adored by all kinds of people, in all nations, and in all times.

He Who bears this Name is known throughout the world. Even among the savage and degenerate tribes of the human race, His messengers preach without ceasing that He died upon the cross, and that the offscourings of mankind may be saved.

The greatest intellects of the past would be forgotten if memorials, such as palaces and tombs, or if written testimonies on papyrus or parchments, bricks and medals, had not preserved their memory. Jesus survives in the conscience of the believer: there is His witness and indestructible monument. The Church fills time and space with His Name. She knows Him, she loves Him, she adores Him. —Didon



His Name shall be called, Wonderful

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN MANUSCRIPT BY AN EARLY
ENGLISH WRITER. *Lambeth M.S. 853*

Ah, that wonderful Name. Ah, that delightful Name. This is the Name that is above all names, the highest name of all, without which no man may hope for health. This Name is in mine ear heavenly sound, in my mouth honeyful sweetness.

Truly, Jesus, desirable is Thy Name, lovable, comfortable. None so sweet joy may be conceived; none so sweet song may be heard; none so sweet and delightful solace may be had in mind.

Truly, nothing so quenches destructive flames; dispels ill thoughts; does away curious and vain occupations from us.

This Name, Jesus, loyally holden in mind uproots vices; plants virtues; sows charity; pours in a savor of heavenly things; quells discord; forms again peace; gives lasting rest; does away the grievousness of fleshly desires; fills the loving heart with spiritual joy.

Know also that the Name of Jesus is *healthful, fruitful, and glorious*. Therefore who shall have health that loves it not? Or who shall bear fruit for Christ, that has not this flower? And joy shall he not see who in his joying loves not the Name of Jesus.

Their rock is not as our Rock

The world is a world of facts, in which we cannot concern ourselves with fine-spun theories, made by men who have never tasted life's exceeding bitterness, never eaten their bread with tears, never known those griefs which, piercing to the heart, lay open its spiritual essence. Nor yet again is religion to be found in mere darkness. To what living faith can we betake ourselves, then, except to faith in Jesus? I know of none. The despairing creeds bring me no light; those which prate of enlightenment have no strength in them. Buddhism, Pessimism, Liberalism are all alike in their spiritual impotence. Christianity has endured nigh upon two thousand years; and its day is not yet over. "Man must have a religion," Amiel the sceptic affirms; and says he, "Is not the Christian the best after all? The religion of sin, repentance, and reconciliation, of the new birth, and the life everlasting?" A powerful argument in a few words, but it is the substance of Christian truth! Can it be refuted? And do not its grace and majesty go far to prove that the "miracle-play" is no idle fiction, no empty symbolising, but the very interposition of God Himself on the stage of history? —Canon Barry

**The God-Man**

When I consider Christ's life, His works, His teachings, the marvellous mingling in Him of grandeur and simplicity, of sweetness and force, that incomprehensible perfection that never for a moment fails—neither in the intimate familiarity of confidence, nor in the solemnity of instructions addressed by Him to the people at large, neither in the joyfulness of the feast of Cana, nor amid the anguish of Gethsemane, neither in the glory of His triumph, nor in the ignominy of His death, neither on Tabor in the midst of the splendour which environs Him, nor upon Calvary, where He expires, abandoned by His friends, and forsaken by His God, in inexpressible sufferings, amid the frenzied outcries and railing of His enemies:—when I contemplate this grand marvel, which the world has seen only once, and which has renewed the world, I do not ask myself if Christ were Divine: I should be rather tempted to ask myself if He were human. —Lamennais, 1823.

Boysing With Christ

James Melrose

(Concluded from September number)

I have said that there is a boat which it is well to *forsake* as soon as you hear the call of the Saviour—for “there is none other name under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.” (Acts 4:12). But now having been saved by Him, there is a ship that it is well to get *into*. If the one was the Christless boat, the other is the one that has Christ in the midst. “Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.” (Matt. 18:20) On her bow, you may see inscribed the name “Fellowship,” and *He* comes in only by invitation. “That ye may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ” (1 John 1:3). Dear young believer, you have turned your back upon the fellowship of the world and come to this “wonderful” Christ, as Isaiah named Him, and found Him to be all that the inspired prophet claimed for Him, when He wrote “A Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest.” (Isa. 32:2). And now, if for His sake, you have lost any human fellowship, He would restore unto you an hundred-fold (Matt. 19:29) the fellowship of the “saints that are in the earth, the excellent, in whom is all my delight.” (Ps. 16:3). A fellowship that death cannot part. He would make you a “fellow-citizen with the saints,” one of the “Household of God,” of “the Household of faith,” now, and ultimately, to spend eternity in the company of “the spirits of just men, made perfect.” (Heb. 12:23).

Well might the apostle exclaim “Having therefore, these promises, dearly beloved.” (2 Cor. 7:1). They describe to us so perfectly the character of the place into which we have been brought. Having left the world’s ship to go forth unto Him alone in the dark, He saves us, receives us, and gently leads us back again to place us back in a boat, in the world from which we came out, but no longer dependent upon its ship. Occupying for Him and with Him. Witnesses for Him and against the world. Let us describe the transposal of the soul from the world to Christ and Christ to the world again, in

the words of our beloved Lord, Himself, as recorded in John 17, where, addressing the Father in prayer, He refers to "The men which thou gavest me *out* of the world" (vs. 6); "The world hath hated them" (vs. 16); "They are *not of the world*, even as I am not of the world" (vs. 14 & 16); "I pray *not* that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil" (vs. 15); "Sanctify them through Thy truth" (vs. 17); "As Thou has sent Me into the world, even so have I also *sent them into* the world."

There you have it! The place into which He leads us is a place of testimony, of service; not into a boat filled with angels, but with men of like passions, with ourselves. The church of the Living God. The Assembly of the Saints, wherein all are partners. Your boat, my boat, our boat. So much so, that the Lord Himself will not come in, except by invitation. We read in another gospel record that, as Jesus drew near to the ship, He would have passed by, but they cried out, and He answered, and "they willingly received Him into the ship."

Our boat, but He graciously has condescended to come into it, and as a consequence of His presence, "The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." No fraternity on earth is like it. "Go *ye*, preach. Make disciples of all nations." Human hands of Spirit-filled men are at the helm: the hands of the guides, under-shepherds, who "feed the flock of Christ, over whom the Spirit of God hath made them overseers." And wise men, "who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." (Heb. 5:14). Skilled mariners who seek to set the sail to catch each favoring breeze. "To every man, his work." But though it be your boat, my boat, our boat, at our request, He comes in to our humble boat and says "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the age."

It is no pleasure boat, but built for stormy seas. The church needs no embroidered and lace-frilled vestments and surpliced choirs, no adornments of stained glass or pealing organs, nor sculptured stone or frescoed walls, parade, or pageantry. His presence is enough, and where it does not suffice, He will not enter. This reminds us, does it not, of the description of the Laodicean Church in the book of Revelation. Those Laodiceans thought they had a wonderful boat; "rich, increased

with goods, and with need of nothing." They had everything but no Christ, and knew not that, as a consequence, they were wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked, with Christ outside, saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and will open the door, I will come in."

Will you permit me, to whomsoever this plea may concern, to ask in all seriousness, which boat are you in? The world's boat, at the mercy of the elements, or in this boat that has willingly received Jesus Christ? Lay aside all thought of any mere sermonizing concerning it, and remember that this story is part of the Divine Record, with a definite message in it for you and me, and a challenge that will have to be met now or later, as surely as we are creatures with an eternal destiny. You can never be in the second boat unless you have left the first. If you have been truly saved, you will be satisfied with any boat where Christ is in control. Are you satisfied? Young Christian, are you satisfied with any place of testimony, any place of service that *He* may assign to you? The prodigal, when he came to himself, would have been satisfied to be one of his father's hired servants. Are you satisfied, like Mary, to sit at His feet? Like the one healed Samaritan leper out of the ten, to return and worship Him?

We read in the record "When they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth, Thou art the Son of God." Let me reiterate, young Christian, old Christian, and let me ask my own heart—Are you satisfied? A satisfied worshipper?—for every worshipper is satisfied. For him, "the wind has ceased." He has come to the end of the trail. His quest is ended, for he has found that which his soul craved. We have found *Him*. Is not this the Christ?

In John's record, we read "They willingly received Him into the ship, and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went." To be in this ship is to be as good as in heaven itself. Homeward bound! And bound to get home! Secure! "I give unto them (my sheep) eternal life, and they shall never perish." Dear young believers, be satisfied. Let there be no mutiny in your hearts. I say *young* believers, for I assume that old believers will know better. Don't rock the boat! Be

still and know that I am God. Take the advice of dear old mature Naomi: "Sit still, my daughter, for the Man will not be in rest until He have finished the thing this day."

"*Know* them that are over you in the Lord" (1 Thess. 5: 12).

"Remember them which are the guides over you, whose faith follow." (Hebrews 13:7).

"Obey them that guide you and submit yourselves." (Heb. 13:17).

"Ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility." (2 Pet. 5:5).

So shall our voyage be pleasant.

"BON VOYAGE"!



Thou and Thy House

Andrew Stenhouse, Santiago, Chile

Address at Cleveland Conference, September, 1939

(Concluded from September number)

Now let me say the home should be a sphere of hospitality and fellowship. The three described as three men, came to the home of Abraham, to the material building that makes the home; they came to the door of Abraham's tent, but there was no objection to their entering in there and accepting the hospitality of that saintly man. They went to the city of Sodom and did say "Nay" to a man who was called in the New Testament "just", but who did not bring up his family in the fear of God. What a contrast between Lot's family and the family of Noah. Noah heard the word, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark" and Noah was able to take them in with him. But here is a man who wants to take his people with him to safety and they are unwilling to go. He speaks to them as one that mocked because his influence in the home was nil. His influence was such that even when the angels got his wife out of the city she looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt. "Remember Lot's wife." Remember the daughters too, and remember Lot and his lack of influence in that city.

Abraham took stock of the conditions of the city, both Sodom and Gomorrah. Lot saw them as a garden of Egypt.

He thought it was a beautiful place and was led by his carnal desires to pitch his tent toward Sodom. We find him later in Sodom itself, involved in the difficulties. Abraham stayed in the outside place. It is only in the outside place that it is possible for God to receive worship that is His due. It is only as you preserve your family in the place of separation from that which is represented by Sodom and the Society of Sodom, that you are able to do what Abraham did.

But I am talking now about hospitality. How many exhortations have we in the New Testament to use hospitality, not to be forgetful of it. This very instance of Abraham and the angels is quoted. We are reminded that some entertained angels unawares. You may not have angels come to you today to be entertained, but you can do the same as Abraham did in principle. You can do it for the Lord. What a lovely thing it is to find Christian homes where one can go and receive benefit. Is your home such a sphere of interest that your fellow believers delight to come and visit you because of the good they receive in your home? Do they see there examples that they desire to imitate when they return to their homes? I think of the place the Lord Himself went to, at Bethany, where He would go and enjoy the fellowship of kindred spirits. Remember there are lonely hearts right in the midst of our gatherings.

I remember an incident, I won't say where it was. It was in a city on this side of the Atlantic. A young man came over from the Old Country and presented himself on the Lord's Day at the assembly with a letter from the assembly away back in Scotland. They received him, so they thought. In reality they allowed him to break bread. That young man went out and sat on a seat in the city park throughout the afternoon waiting for the time to come for the gospel meeting at night. One knows something of experiences like that in traveling around this poor world. One has learned to appreciate the warmth and helpfulness of Christian homes where the individual was received, not in an official ecclesiastical way, but received to the heart, helped on his way.

Shortly after my conversion, I was called to sea service in the British navy. I went to the naval barracks in the city of London in the Crystal Palace there, and after finding the

nearest assembly, I was taken by a brother and his wife to their little home. I want to describe that home very briefly. The brother was a grocer in a small way. His little store was crammed to its utmost capacity, his business was good because he was an honest man. Behind that little store was a little dining-sitting room so small it was almost necessary for someone to come out to let someone else go in. The difficulty was relieved lately when someone presented that couple with a sofa, the back of which can be turned over to become a table. There was a little narrow stair where it was necessary for someone to come down before someone could go up to the sleeping quarters. Why do I mention this? Some people say, "I couldn't show hospitality in the place I've got." Yet these people in this place were the only people who made it their purpose in that large assembly (where there were many people with commodious homes) to take it upon themselves to invite those raw recruits from the British navy to come along for a bite of lunch Sunday and receive help spiritually. His name will not be known down here, because he is a retiring man, but he will have much reward in heaven because of his ministering hospitality. I believe he has some reward in this time because three or four of those young men he received in his little home are serving the Lord today in foreign lands as missionaries.



The Disembodied State

T. Shuldham Henry. M.A., LL.D.

Part II — PARADISE

Paradise is a Persian word signifying "a park," "enclosed garden," "pleasure grounds." The Hebrew "pardes" is only used in Neh. 2:8, Ecc. 2:5, Song of Sol. 4:13. It is not used for the garden of Eden in Hebrew, but the ordinary word "gan" garden. The translators of the Septuagint however use the word Paradise for the garden of Eden.

Evidently from the Septuagint use of the word the New Testament use is derived. The Old Testament type becomes the New Testament antitype just as Gehenna, Hell, is derived from the Valley of Hinnom.

Paradise then means "a nobleman's park," "enclosed garden," where he receives his intimate friends and relations. This is

what the Paradise of the New Testament is. It is the place of unseen, shut-in, joys and delights, for the Lord's dear ones, the fruit of His glorious victory over death and Hades, which they share with Him.

In Luke 19:12 we read "A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return." Here the Lord calls Himself "the nobleman." He has gone to receive for Himself a Kingdom and to return. He has not yet returned, therefore He has not yet received His kingdom. In the mean time, He is the nobleman—the Heir Apparent to the throne of the Universe, and, as such, He is only crowned with a chaplet of victory (Stephanos). When He has received His kingdom, He will come forth conquering and to conquer, with His many Royal crowns (diademata) upon His brow. Compare Heb. 2:9 and Rev. 19:12, 17. In the first (Heb. 2) we read "Thou hast made Him a little (for a short time) lower than the angels; thou crownest Him (estephanosas) with glory and honour." "But we see Jesus . . . crowned with glory and honour."

In the latter: (Rev. 19:12) we read "And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse, and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire and on His head were many crowns (diademata)." He is seated now in *Paradise*, to welcome all His saved ones to whatever joys and delights He Himself has there. Paradise is His own bright, happy term to describe, or rather express, those joys.

Just as the Prince of Wales in Britain, as such is only the Heir Apparent to the throne of England. As a nobleman he takes his place in the House of Peers; and he gives his garden parties in summer to his friends and relatives, in his "enclosed pleasure grounds." But bye and bye he will be King. So it is now with the Lord Jesus. He sits blessedly enjoying the fruit of His splendid triumph over "death and hades," waiting for the Coronation day to come, when He will be proclaimed King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

"Our Lord is now rejected,
 And by the world disowned.
 By the many still neglected,
 And by the few enthroned;

But soon He'll come in glory!

The hour is drawing nigh,

For the crowning day is coming by and bye."

There are three places in the New Testament where the word "Paradise" is used. First, to the dying robber on the cross, "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise." (Luke 23:43). Second, Paul says he "was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." (2 Cor. 12:4). Third, our risen Lord speaking to the Ephesian saints says, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God." (Rev. 2:7).

Evidently the first two refer to the same condition. Let us consider them a little. First: In the dying robber on the cross we have a most beautiful example of what the true meaning of the word repentance is. He and his fellow robber at first reviled and taunted the Lord Jesus. A sudden change of mind comes over him, and now he reproves his companion thus, "Dost thou not even fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation." (R. V.) Then this Spirit-taught, awakened sinner turns to Jesus and says, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into (in R.V.) Thy kingdom,"—that is, in all its Glory and Majesty. He read the superscription "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews;" he owns that innocent Man his Lord, but he believes that though hanging in shame and humiliation, He was to be the King.

Keeping before us the parable of the nobleman, and his "garden enclosed," how beautifully appropriate was the Lord's answer, "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." As much as to say, I will not postpone your joy and happiness, as the fruit of your faith in Me, till I come in my Kingdom, but today you will share with Me the unseen joys I have prepared for all my loved ones. He knew well that His mighty death would, that very day, give Him victory over death and hades, and that He would open up those scenes of pleasure and bliss at God's right hand, which they would enjoy with Him as joint heirs of His postponed, but coming Kingdom, fulfilling the words of Psalm 16, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." These words are evidently the words of Christ, coming after the

words "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades," and refer to Paradise above.

Second: In 2 Cor. 12, we have the same Paradise referred to, that the Lord promised the dying robber, and visited by Paul, whether in the body or out of it, he could not tell. "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth) how that he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." The "fourteen years ago" he speaks of, correspond with the time he was stoned at Lystra, and brought out of that city as dead. (Acts 14:19, 20). 'And having stoned Paul drew him out of the city supposing he had been dead. Howbeit, as the disciples stood round about him he rose up.' He was "caught up," into Paradise—to the "third heaven," most probably out of the body, where he had visions and revelations of the Lord. The circumstance that he could not tell, whether it was in the body or out of the body, that he heard these words, proves that whatever were the facts of the case, he was caught up to a material place where he saw wondrous sights and heard unutterable things; and that he possessed these faculties of seeing and hearing by his spirit, while his body was on the earth. This was a real, and material place wherever it was. It was not an ideal locality or an immaterial spirit-land. The body of Christ being a material body must be lodged somewhere, and the angels also having spiritual bodies must have a real habitation.

The disembodied spirits of the saints have to be accommodated in some locality and not allowed to wander in space at will. This locality is the third heaven—Paradise—the abode of Jesus, and the angels, the place of many mansions. The first heaven, is the region of atmosphere and clouds, the second is the sidereal or place of the stars, and the third is Paradise.

He was "caught up." He did not descend into Hades. So Paradise is not that part of Hades which was called "Abraham's bosom," but the "third heavens" where Jesus ascended to, and where Stephen, when being stoned, saw Jesus. The saints on departure from the body, individually and singly, go up the same way Jesus went. They have angels to convoy them and show them the way, as well as to guard them from the assaults of the Evil Spirits that surround them.

Third. Rev. 2:7. "Paradise of God." The paradise of Luke 23 and 2 Cor. 12 is only a temporary resting place—a happy "waiting room" for saints in their unclothed estate. This they enter singly, on dissolution. In their resurrected and glorified bodies, they will collectively enter the "paradise of God," with Jesus Himself, there to eat of the Tree of life. They don't eat of the Tree of life in Hades.

Is it not identical with the city, the holy Jerusalem shown to John in Rev. 21:9,10 and 22:2? "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which bear twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Is not this the concentration of all the Redeemer's glories of all premillennial ages, to be suspended over the millennial earth, when heaven and earth will be united—the fulfillment of Jacob's ladder,—and finally to descend upon the new earth to be the dwelling-place of God and His redeemed ones for ever? "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God." (Rev. 21:3,4). This describes the eternal state on the remodelled earth.

(Continued D.V.)



What can be more deplorable, more saddening, and discouraging, than to find those who make a lofty profession, who talk loudly of death and resurrection, who boast of their high doctrines and heavenly privileges, but whose walk and ways give the lie to their words?



God can accept the smallest gift from a heart which has learnt the deep truth contained in those words, "of thine own have we given thee."

Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Continued from September Number)

"If it is astonishing that it should be foretold when and where the Christ was to appear, it is not less marvelous that His history should be sketched beforehand, and that its incidents should be specified. Let me recall to you some of those predictions. First of all, He was to lack everything in external circumstances that could commend Him to the people of His time. His great life-work was to be done in the midst of poverty and contempt. We have already seen how that was indicated in the prediction about the rod springing from *the stem* of Jesse; but it was fully made known in those startling words of the 53rd of Isaiah:

'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed! For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground; He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him.' (vers. 1,2).

"We know how the words found a complete fulfilment. Neither wealth, rank, social standing, political influence, nor alliance with a single tendency of the time contributed to commend the person or to speed the work of Jesus of Nazareth.

"Then His special aims, and the nature and manner of His work are described as minutely by the same prophet, and in words which have never been excelled for truth and beauty. In the 42nd chapter we read:

'Behold my Servant whom I uphold, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth. I have put my Spirit upon Him. He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break and the smoking flax shall He not quench. He shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He has set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law' (1-4)."

"That reference to the perseverance of Christ and to His work for the Gentile world is wonderful," I ventured to remark; "but I do not quite understand what is meant by the bruised reed and the smoking flax."

“These form a most important part of the description,” Roger explained. “They set forth what was an absolutely new feature in work for God—Christ’s gentleness and tender forbearance with the weak and the unworthy. A reed, as long as it is whole, is light and strong. But once it is crushed, it is fit for nothing, only to be cast away. But *He* will not break it. In that right hand of His there are miracles of healing. *He* will restore the bruised reed and find service for it. Then when a lamp has burned so low that it only smoulders and gives offensive smoke instead of light, we haste to extinguish it. But *He* will not quench the smoking flax. He will give fresh grace: He will replenish the lamp with the needed oil with the breath of His lips. He will lift the smouldering wick once more to a flame. Was there ever so touching a picture of that which is the special glory of Christ’s work? And as to His place among the Gentiles, that is set forth still more clearly in the following verses:

‘I, the Lord, have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand, and will keep Thee, and will give Thee for a covenant of the people, for a light to the Gentiles, to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness from the prison house’ (6,7).”

“I am with you there every time,” said Miss Smith, with much heartiness. “That is quite as astonishing to me as anything you have yet said. How could a Jewish book, Papa,” she said addressing her father, “have foretold that the Messiah for whom the Jews were waiting, should become the Christ of the Gentiles?” Mr. Smith made no reply, but looked thoughtful. Matters were certainly advancing when the house of Smith was being divided against itself.

“I agree with you,” said Roger. “It is a marvelous fact that Christianity, though founded by a Jew, and spread abroad in the first instance by Jews, should become a Gentile religion, and should have been so clearly predicted in prophecies which have been religiously preserved by the Jews themselves. But the prophecies go farther. They actually explain how this great hope of the Jews was to become the consolation of the Gentiles. *The Jews were to reject the Messiah.* That is a most extraordinary feature in the case. Who might be ex-

pected to recognize the Messiah if not the Jews? For long ages they looked for His appearing. The prophecies which describe His origin, His character, His history, and His work were their daily study. How was it possible, then, that they should miss recognizing and acknowledging Him? Their rejection of Christ might be used against the claims of Christianity. It might have been argued that the Jewish people were experts thoroughly prepared to test the claims of Jesus, and that their rejection of Him left nothing more to be said. But that rejection has been turned into one of the weightiest testimonies to His being the Christ fore-announced. In Isaiah 53 their rejection of the Messiah is distinctly predicted.

“But let us look at another prophecy in the 49th chapter. There the rejection is also foretold and God’s purpose in permitting it is fully explained. You will observe that in verse 7 the Messiah is described as ‘He whom man despised and whom the nation abhorreth.’ But the words which I want you to mark specially are these:

‘And now, saith the Lord that formed me from the womb to be his servant, to bring Jacob again to Him — though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength. And He said: It is a light thing that Thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give Thee for *a light to the Gentiles*, that Thou mayest be my salvation to the ends of the earth’ (vers. 5, 6).

“Note the prophetic programme. Christ’s mission to the Jews is at first to be a failure. But that leads Him to turn to the Gentiles, there to meet with glorious success. Is it not marvelous that all this should have been so clearly set forth 700 years before Christ came?”

“I am ashamed to say,” said I, “that I never noticed that before. It is certainly most remarkable.”

“It is only one, however, of many marvels,” said Roger.

(Continued D.V.)



There is a crisis in every man’s history, at which it will assuredly be made manifest on what ground he is resting, by what motives he is actuated, and also by what objects he is animated.

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

From the Islands of the Sea

A Native Saint and Martyr

Dr. John G. Paton

When we first went to the Island of Tanna, Namuri, one of the Aneityumese Teachers, was placed at our nearest village. There he built a house for himself and his wife, and there he led among the heathen a pure and humble Christian life. Almost every morning he came and reported on the state of affairs to me. Without books or a school, he yet instructed the natives in divine things and taught them much by his good example. His influence was increasing, when one morning a Sacred Man threw at him the kawas or killing stone, a deadly weapon like a scythe stone in shape and thickness, from eighteen to twenty inches long. They throw it from a great distance and with fatal precision. The Teacher, with great agility, warded his head and received a deep cut from it in his left hand, reserving his right hand to guard against the club that was certain to follow swiftly. The Priest sprang upon him with his club and with savage yells. He evaded, yet also received, many blows; and, rushing out of their hands, actually reached the Mission House, bleeding, fainting, and pursued by howling murderers. I had been anxiously expecting him, and hearing the noise I ran out with all possible speed.

On seeing me, he sank down by a tree, and cried, "Missi, Missi, quick! and escape for your life! They are coming to kill you; they say they must kill us all today, and they have begun with me; for they hate Jehovah and the Worship!"

I hastened to the good Teacher where he lay; I bound up, washed, and dressed his wounds; and God, by the mystery of His own working, kept the infuriated Tannese watching at bay. Gradually they began to disappear into the bush, and we conveyed the dear Teacher to the Mission House. In three or four weeks, he so far recovered by careful nursing that he was able to walk about again. Some petitioned for him to return to the village; but I insisted, as a preliminary, that the Harbour Chiefs should unitedly punish him who had abused the Teacher; and this to test them, for he had only carried out their own wishes—a few excepted. They made a pretence of atoning by presenting the Teacher with a pig and some yams

as a peace offering; but I said, "No! such bad conduct must be punished, or we would leave their island at the first opportunity."

Now that Sacred Man, a Chief too, had gone on fighting with other tribes till his followers had all died or been slain. After three weeks' palaver, the other Chiefs seized him, tied him with a rope, and sent me word to come and see him punished, as they did not want us after all to leave the island. I had to go for fear of more bloody work, and after talk with them, followed by many fair promises, he was loosed.

All appearing friendly for some time, and willing to listen and learn, the Teacher earnestly desired to return to his post. I pled with him to remain at the Mission House till we felt more assured, but he replied, "Missi, when I see them thirsting for my blood, I just see myself when the Missionary first came to my island. I desired to murder him, as they now desire to kill me. Had he stayed away from such danger I would have remained heathen; but he came, and continued coming to teach us, till, by the grace of God, I was changed to what I am. Now the same God that changed me to this, can change these poor Tannese to love and serve Him. I cannot stay away from them; but I will sleep at the Mission House, and do all I can by day to bring them to Jesus."

It was not in me to keep such a man under such motives, from what he felt to be his post of duty. He returned to his village work, and for several weeks things appeared most encouraging. The inhabitants showed growing interest in us and our work, and less fear of the pretensions of their Heathen Priest, which, alas! fed his jealousy and anger. One morning during worship, when the good Teacher knelt in prayer, the same savage Priest sprang upon him with his great club and left him for dead, wounded and bleeding and unconscious. The people fled, and left him in his blood, afraid of being mixed up with the murder. The Teacher, recovering a little, crawled to the Mission House and reached it in a dying condition. On seeing him, I ran to meet him, but he fell near his house, saying, "Missi, I am dying! They will kill you also. Escape for your life."

Trying to console him, I sat down beside him, dressing his wounds and nursing him. He was quite resigned; he was

looking up to Jesus, and rejoicing that he soon would be with Him in glory. His pain and suffering were great, but he bare all very quietly, as he said, and kept saying, "For the sake of Jesus! For Jesus sake!" He was constantly praying for his persecutors, "O Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing. O take not away all thy servants from Tanna! Take not away Thy worship from this dark island! O God, bring all the Tannese to love and follow Jesus!"

To him, Jesus was all and in all. He passed from us, in the assured hope of entering into the Glory of his Lord. Humble though he may appear in the world's esteem, I knew that a great man had fallen there in the service of Christ, and that he would take rank in the glorious Army of the Martyrs.

I made for him a coffin, and dug his grave near the Mission House. With prayers, and many tears, we consigned his remains to the dust in the certainty of a happy resurrection. Even one such convert was surely a triumphant reward for the Missionaries, whom God had honored in bringing him to Jesus. May they have many like Namuri for their crown of joy and rejoicing in the great day!



"Tell ye your children of it"

"Faith as a little child"

A gentleman was passing through the country, when he observed a little lad lying on the grass. The child was pale and looking ill. His young face was turned earnestly towards the heavens, and he was gazing intently into the blue sky. After watching his earnest look some little time, the gentleman stepped towards him, and said to him, "Tell me, my lad, why you look so intently into the sky; what are you doing?" "I am waiting for God, sir. My mother never told a lie, and she said that father is gone to heaven, and brothers and sisters have gone to heaven, and she has died. And she said, that she too, would go to heaven; and, sir, she never told a lie and she said that God would come and take care of me, so I am waiting for God." "My dear boy," said the astonished man, "God has sent me to take care of you." "Ah, sir," the little boy cried out, "Mother never told a lie! But you have been a long time coming to me."

The Officer's Conversion

Mr. M. was the garrison chaplain for many years in Stuttgart. No doubt he was prepared of God for intercourse with the often rough and hardened soldiers, for his labor was attended with much blessing. He had no fear of man. In his daily intercourse with the officers or others in high position, or when among the soldiers, he earnestly spoke to them of their souls. For the light-minded and the hard-hearted he had withering words.

One day while he was reading in his study, a knock came at the door, and upon his "Come in," a richly-liveried servant entered, and begged him to come to his master who seemed to be approaching death.

"I will come directly," replied Mr. M., and a few minutes later he stood by the bedside of the sick man—a man of high birth, surrounded with the pomp and luxury of his class. He lay on a costly couch, with marks of anxiety and unrest upon his countenance. He had drunk of the cup of sin to the dregs. He had mocked God and eternity, spending his days in rioting and dissipation, and now, though only thirty-six years of age, he seemed like a decrepit old man. He had always sought to delude himself that eternity was a fable, and the existence of God a dream, and that heaven and hell only existed in the imagination of fanatics.

While in the midst of the world's various attractions and pleasures he had been tolerably at ease; now, however, his fine-spun arguments had left him in unprecedented difficulty. He had for some days felt an inexplicable unrest, and this had induced him to allow the earnest military chaplain to be called to his bedside.

But Mr. M. was not the only visitor. It appears that the sick man feared to be alone with the Lord's messenger. Perhaps he still hoped that the preacher and his testimony to unseen things could be overcome by the arguments of unbelief. So one of his light-hearted boon companions was with him; one who, like himself, for a long time had rejected all faith in God and eternity. The sick man's friend was also a man of distinguished position, and dressed according to the rank of a staff-officer of the army.

Mr. M. greeted him with all the honor due to his position, but, undisturbed by his presence, he immediately approached

the sick one. In a friendly manner he spoke to him of the love of the Saviour, inviting him to come to Him while it is called to-day, picturing also before him the fearful loss of a soul which passed without Him into eternity.

The sick man seemed, however, resolved not to listen to Mr. M's words. Havng one of his friends by him, he felt himself strong again, and was ashamed to confess in his presence that he was so faint-hearted and pusillanimous as to think of eternity.

Mr. M. perceived this, and began to speak of hell, and the eternal perdition to which every impenitent sinner was fast approaching. He spoke of the righteousness of God, which it is impossible to mock, and he pictured the terrible judgment of those who hardened their hearts, and seared their consciences as with a hot iron.

The staff-officer listened for some moments in silence; and although his manner showed his discontent, yet he did not at once interrupt him. However, his patience was soon exhausted.

"You would do better if you kept your words to yourself, and go home," he said to the preacher angrily. "I don't believe that my friend here wants any of your help. He may die; and what do you want to embitter his last moments for, and fill his mind with your illusions?"

"I do what God wishes me to do," answered Mr. M. quietly. "God wants to warn this sinner for the last time; therefore has He sent me here; and woe to me if I am silent! God grant that your friend may be truly aroused. It is better now to believe that there is a place of torment than to open one's eyes in the fire that never shall be quenched. It is better . . ."

"Stop! stop!" cried the officer in anger; "go and display your wisdom where you please; go and make old women and children shudder with your tales, but we have happily got rid of such follies long ago. All you have just said is a lot of lies and nonsense not worth the thought of a sensible man. We live and we die, and *that is all. There is nothing after death.*"

Mr. M., rising to his full height, quietly approached the officer. Standing before him, and looking him straight in the

face, he said in an earnest, searching tone: "DO YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN?"

A thunderclap from a clear sky could not have produced more astonishment than this unexpected query did on the startled officer. For a moment he stood as if smitten; then he seized his hat and gloves, and hastened out of the chamber without saying a word.

Mr. M. now turned to the sick man, and spoke anew of repentance and conversion; he set before him forgiveness or eternal destruction, heaven or hell. Then he went home.

The dying man was again alone. His self-composure had deserted him. The question, "*Do you know that for certain?*" rang incessantly in his ears, and all within answered, No! More and more he felt that he was a lost sinner, and trembled at the thought of God's judgment which he had so often mocked at, and denied.

Early the next morning he sent for the garrison preacher to come and see him again. Mr. M came. He found the sick man in the greatest distress. "I have longed for you to come," were his first words to Mr. M. "Pardon me," he continued, "that I should have treated you in so rude a manner yesterday. You are right. I am *not* certain. *You* have certainty. I see it in your countenance; I perceive it in your words. Tell me, how can I obtain this assurance? Where can I find rest?"

"In Jesus, and Him alone," replied Mr. M. firmly. "He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life (John 14:6). And He will give you forgiveness and salvation through faith in His blood shed for sinners."

The servant of the Lord went on then to set before this soul thirsting after peace the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus. God blessed His word; the fortress was conquered; the hard heart was broken; and the man who yesterday had done his best to harden himself against every word of exhortation and warning, now bowed, and humbly called on God to have mercy upon him.

He lived but a short time after this. Peacefully and joyfully now he waited for death. All anxiety had disappeared; for he "*knew for certain*" that he was going to his Saviour.



It is better to be poor with Christ than rich without Him.

“Take My Mother In”

Let me ask every one of those who read this little paper, and who profess to be Christians, Could you simply and plainly tell a poor sinner the way of salvation? Could you, father, or mother, who have confessed the name of Christ, tell your child how to be saved?

This question came to me through hearing of an incident in the life of a celebrated London pastor.

Dr. B—— was the clergyman in charge of a very fashionable and rich congregation. One night, about half-past eleven, the door-bell rang, and he was asked for by a young Highland woman; nor could the housekeeper persuade her to go away until she saw the pastor.

“What is it, Miss?” Dr. B—— asked, as he came to the door.

“Why, sir, I want you to come with me at once, and *take my mother in.*”

“Take your mother in?” he answered; “that is not in my line. Why don’t you get a policeman?”

“Ain’t you the preacher-man?”

“Yes, I’m a preacher, but I don’t take people in.”

“You must come with me. My mother is dying, and said I must get the preacher-man. Now come and take her in.”

At last Dr. B—— understood that the girl’s mother needed some one to speak to her about salvation, and urged the girl to get an evangelist living nearer to her home than he. But she would not go, and at last Dr. B—— had to accompany her to a distant part of London. What would his congregation think, he thought, did they see him at that hour in such company?

The house proved to be in a miserable neighborhood. Downstairs men and women were drinking and carousing. Upstairs Dr. B—— found the woman lying on a miserable bed, evidently near to death.

“Are you the preacher-man?” she asked, as he came in.

“Yes; what can I do for you?” he answered.

“Why, sir, I’m dying, and I want you to take me in to heaven!”

Dr. B—— did not know what to say. So he spoke of a beautiful life, and its results, and its rewards at the end.

"No! no!" the woman cried; "that won't do! I'm dying, and I want you to take me in!"

He tried again, and told of the benefits of living as a Christian; but that could not help the dying woman.

"That won't do! that won't do!" she exclaimed. "I'm a poor sinner; I've no time to lead a Christian life. I'm dying—and I want to go in!"

Dr. B—— did not know what to do or say. He had never had anything like this before; but at last he thought of the simple gospel stories his mother had taught him when a child. So he began to tell the woman the incidents and parables from the Gospels which he remembered, for he had a good memory.

"That's it! that's it!" the woman cried; "tell me again—some more!" And he did so; at last making the gospel so plain and simple that the woman grasped it, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour; and that night, as Dr. B—— expressed it, she "got in."

Telling all this to a friend afterwards, Dr. B—— said, "The poor woman got into heaven that night; and, do you know, I *got in myself* also!"

He had been a preacher for years, but had not known the gospel. After that, you can be sure, he was as plain and simple as he could be in his preaching.

Let me ask you, dear reader, have you "got in"? Simple faith in the crucified Saviour dying on the cross for your sins is the ground on which God saves you and takes you into heaven. Here is the way of salvation simply.

You have sinned. You deserve to go to hell. You cannot be saved by good works. Jesus died for sinners. Jesus saves all who repent, and put their trust in Him.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."
—F.



We may exhibit a great deal of piety and devotion; but it may not be spiritual and true worship.



We may be doing a great deal, but it may not be service to Christ.

The Cruise of the *Cachalot*

Frank T. Bullen

“DIRTY WORK FOR CLEAN MONEY”

If in the preceding chapter too much stress has been laid upon the smashing of our own boat and consequent sufferings, while little or no notice was taken of the kindred disaster to Mistah Jones' vessel, my excuse must be that the experience “filled me right up to the chin,” as the mate concisely, if inelegantly, put it. Poor Goliath was indeed to be pitied, for his well-known luck and capacity as a whaleman seemed on this occasion to have quite deserted him. Not only had his boat been stove upon first getting on to the whale, but he hadn't even had a run for his money. It appeared that upon striking his whale, a small, lively cow, she had at once “settled,” allowing the boat to run over her; but just as they were passing, she rose, gently enough, her pointed hump piercing the thin skin of half-inch cedar as if it had been cardboard. She settled again immediately, leaving a hole behind her a foot long by six inches wide, which effectually put a stop to all further fishing operations on the part of Goliath and his merry men for that day, at any rate. It was all so quiet, and so tame and so stupid, no wonder Mistah Jones felt savage. When Captain Slocum's fluent profanity flickered around him, including vehemently all he might be supposed to have any respect for, he did not even look as if he would like to talk back; he only looked sick and tired of being himself.

The third mate, again, was of a different category altogether. He had distinguished himself by missing every opportunity of getting near a whale while there was a “loose” one about, and then “saving” the crew of Goliath's boat, who were really in no danger whatever. His iniquity was too great to be dealt with by mere bad language. He crept about like a homeless dog—much, I am afraid, to my secret glee, for I couldn't help remembering his untiring cruelty to the green hands on first leaving port.

In consequence of these little drawbacks we were not a very jovial crowd forrard or aft. Not that hilarity was ever particularly noticeable among us, but just now there was a very decided sense of wrong-doing over us all, and a general fear that each of us was about to pay the penalty due to some other

delinquent. But fortunately there was work to be done. Oh, blessed work! how many awkward situations you have extricated people from! How many distracted brains have you soothed and restored, by your steady irresistible pressure of duty to be done and brooking of no delay!

The first thing to be done was to cut the whale's head off. This operation, involving the greatest amount of labour in the whole of the cutting in, was taken in hand by the first and second mates, who, armed with twelve-foot spades, took their station upon the stage, leaned over the handrail to steady themselves, and plunged their weapons vigorously down through the massive neck of the animal—if neck it could be said to have—following a well-defined crease in the blubber. At the same time the other officers passed a heavy chain sling around the long, narrow lower jaw, hooking one of the big cutting tackles into it, the "fall" of which was then taken to the windlass and hove tight, turning the whale on her back. A deep cut was then made on both sides of the rising jaw, the windlass was kept going, and gradually the whole of the throat was raised high enough for a hole to be cut through its mass, into which the strap of the second cutting tackle was inserted and secured by passing a huge toggle of oak through its eye. The second tackle was then hove taut, and the jaw, with a large piece of blubber attached, was cut off from the body with a boarding-knife, a tool not unlike a cutlass blade set into a three-foot-long wooden handle.

Upon being severed the whole piece swung easily inboard and was lowered on deck. The fast tackle was now hove upon while the third mate on the stage cut down diagonally into the blubber on the body, which the purchase ripped off in a broad strip or "blanket" about five feet wide and a foot thick. Meanwhile the other two officers carved away vigorously at the head, varying their labours by cutting a hole right through the snout. This when completed received a heavy chain for the purpose of securing the head. When the blubber had been about half stripped off the body, a halt was called in order that the work of cutting off the head might be finished, for it was a task of incredible difficulty. It was accomplished at last, and the mass floated astern by a stout rope, after which the windlass pawls clattered merrily, the "blankets" rose in

quick succession, and were cut off and lowered into the square of the main hatch or "blubber-room." A short time sufficed to strip off the whole of the body-blubber, and when at last the tail was reached, the backbone was cut through, the huge mass of flesh floating away to feed the innumerable scavengers of the sea. No sooner was the last of the blubber lowered into the hold than the hatches were put on and the head hauled up alongside. Both tackles were secured to it and all hands took to the windlass levers. This was a small cow whale of about thirty barrels, that is, yielding that amount of oil, so it was just possible to lift the entire head on board; but as it weighed as much as three full-grown elephants, it was indeed a heavy lift for even our united forces, trying out tackle to the utmost. The weather was very fine, and the ship rolled but little; even then, the strain upon the mast was terrific, and right glad was I when at last the immense cube of fat, flesh and bone was eased inboard and gently lowered on deck.

As soon as it was secured the work of dividing it began. From the snout a triangular mass was cut, which was more than half pure spermaceti. This substance was contained in spongy cells held together by layers of dense white fibre, exceedingly tough and elastic, and called by the whalers "white-horse." The whole mass, or "junk" as it is called, was hauled away to the ship's side and firmly lashed to the bulwarks for the time being, so that it might not "take charge" of the deck during the rest of the operations.

The upper part of the head was now slit open lengthwise, disclosing an oblong cistern or "case" full of liquid spermaceti, clear as water. This was baled out with buckets into a tank, concreting as it cooled into a wax-like substance, bland and tasteless. There being now nothing more remaining about the skull of any value, the lashings were loosed, and the first leeward roll sent the great mass plunging overboard with a mighty splash. It sank like a stone, eagerly followed by a few small sharks that were hovering near.

As may be imagined, much oil was running about the deck, for so saturated was every part of the creature with it that it really gushed like water during the cutting process. None of it was allowed to run to waste, though, for the scupper-holes which drain the deck were all carefully plugged, and as soon

as the "junk" had been dissected all the oil was carefully "squeegeed" up and poured into the try-pots.

Two men were now told off as "blubber-room men," whose duty it became to go below, and squeezing themselves in as best they could between the greasy masses of fat, cut it up into "horse-pieces" about eighteen inches long and six inches square. Doing this they became perfectly saturated with oil, as if they had taken a bath in a tank of it; for as the vessel rolled it was impossible to maintain a footing, and every fall was upon blubber running with oil. A machine of wonderful construction had been erected on deck in a kind of shallow trough about six feet long by four feet wide and a foot deep. At some remote period of time it had no doubt been looked upon as a triumph of ingenuity, a patent mincing machine. Its action was somewhat like that of a chaffcutter, except that the knife was not attached to the wheel, and only rose and fell, since it was not required to cut right through the "horse-pieces" with which it was fed. It will be readily understood that in order to get the oil quickly out of the blubber, it needs to be sliced as thin as possible, but for convenience in handling the refuse (which is the only fuel used) it is not chopped up in small pieces, but every "horse-piece" is very deeply scored as it were, leaving a thin strip to hold the slices together. This then was the order of work. Two harpooners attended the try-pots, replenishing them with minced blubber from the hopper at the port side, and baling out the sufficiently boiled oil into the great cooling tank on the starboard. One officer superintended the mincing, another exercised a general supervision over all. There was no man at the wheel and no look-out, for the vessel was "hove-to" under two close-reefed top sails and fore-topmast-staysail, with the wheel lashed hard down, and if anybody ran us down, it would only be because all hands were asleep, for the glare of our try-works fire, to say nothing of the blazing cresset before mentioned, could have been seen for many miles. So we toiled watch and watch, six hours on and six off, the work never ceasing for an instant night or day. Though the work was hard and dirty, and the discomfort of being so continually wet through with oil great, there was only one thing dangerous about the whole business. That was the job of filling and shifting the huge casks of oil.

Some of these were of enormous size, containing 350 gallons when full, and the work of moving them about the greasy deck of a rolling ship was attended with a terrible amount of risk. For only four men at most could get fair hold of a cask, and when she took it into her silly old hull to start rolling, just as we had got one half-way across the deck, with nothing to grip your feet, and the knowledge that one stumbling man would mean a sudden slide of the ton and a half weight, and a little heap of mangled corpses somewhere in the lee scuppers—well one always wanted to be very thankful when the lashings were safely passed.

The whale being a small one, as before noted, the whole business was over within three days, and the decks scrubbed and re-scrubbed until they had quite regained their normal whiteness. The oil was poured by means of a funnel and long canvas hose into the casks stowed in the ground tier at the bottom of the ship, and the gear, all carefully cleaned and neatly "stopped up," stowed snugly away below again.

This long and elaborate process is quite different from that followed on board the Arctic whale-ships, whose voyages are of short duration, and who content themselves with merely cutting the blubber up small and bringing it home to have the oil expressed. But the awful putrid mass discharged from a Greenlander's hold is of a very different quality and value, apart from the nature of the substance, to the clear and sweet oil, which after three years in cask is landed from a south-seaman as inoffensive in smell and flavour as the day it was shipped. No attempt is made to separate the oil and spermaceti beyond boiling the "head matter," as it is called, by itself first, and putting it into casks which are not filled up with the body oil. Spermaceti exists in all the oil, especially that from the dorsal hump; but it is left for the refiners ashore to extract and leave the oil quite free from any admixture of the wax-like substance, which causes it to become solid at temperatures considerably above the freezing point.

Uninteresting as the preceding description may be, it is impossible to understand anything of the economy of a south-sea whaler without giving it, and I have felt it the more necessary because of the scanty notice given to it in the only two works published on the subject, both of them highly technical,

and written for scientific purposes by medical men. Therefore I hope to be forgiven if I have tried the patience of my readers by any prolixity.

It will not, of course, have escaped the reader's notice that I had not hitherto attempted to give any details concerning the structure of the whale just dealt with. The omission is intentional. During this, our first attempt at real whaling, my mind was far too disturbed by the novelty and danger of the position in which I found myself for the first time, for me to pay any intelligent attention to the party of the second part.

But I may safely promise that from the workman's point of view, the habits, manners, and build of the whales shall be faithfully described as I saw them, earnestly hoping that if my story be not as technical or scientific as that of Drs. Bennett and Beale, it may be found fully as accurate and reliable; and perhaps the reader, being like myself a mere layman, so to speak, may be better able to appreciate a description free from scientific formula and nine-jointed words.

Two things I did notice on this occasion which I will briefly allude to before closing this chapter. One was the peculiar skin of the whale. It was a bluish-black, and as thin as gold-beaters' skin. So thin, indeed, and tender, that it was easily scraped off with the finger-nail. Immediately beneath it, upon the surface of the blubber, was a layer or coating of what for want of a better simile I must call fine short fur, although unlike fur it had no roots or apparently any hold upon the blubber. Neither was it attached to the skin which covered it; in fact, it seemed merely a sort of packing between the skin and the surface of the thick layer of solid fat which covered the whole area of the whale's body. The other matter which impressed me was the peculiarity of the teeth. For up till that time I had held, in common with most seamen, and landsmen, too, for that matter, the prevailing idea that a "whale" lived by "suction" (although I did not at all know what that meant), and that it was impossible for him to swallow a herring. Yet here was a mouth manifestly intended for greater things in the way of gastronomy than herrings; nor did it require more than the most casual glances to satisfy one of so obvious a fact. Then the teeth were heroic in size, protruding some four or five inches from the gum, and solidly set more

than that into its firm and compact substance. They were certainly not intended for mastication, being, where thickest, three inches apart, and tapering to a short point, curving slightly backwards. In this specimen, a female, and therefore small as I have said, there were twenty of them on each side, the last three or four near the gullet being barely visible above the gum.

Another most convincing reason why no mastication could have been possible was that there were no teeth visible in the upper jaw. Opposed to each of the teeth was a socket where a tooth should apparently have been, and this was conclusive evidence of the soft and yielding nature of the great creature's food. But there were signs that at some period of the development of the whale it had possessed a double row of teeth, because at the bottom of these upper sockets we found in a few cases what seemed to be an abortive tooth, not one that was growing, because they had no roots, but a survival of teeth that had once been perfect and useful, but from disuse, or lack of necessity for them, had gradually ceased to come to maturity. The interior of the mouth and throat was of a livid white, and the tongue was quite small for so large an animal. It was almost incapable of movement, being somewhat like a fowl's. Certainly it could not have been protruded even from the angle of the mouth, much less have extended along the parapet of that lower mandible, which reminded one of the beak of some mighty albatross or stork.



“He will take His seat upon a throne infinitely exceeding that of earthly or even of celestial princes, clothed with His Father's glory and His own, surrounded with a numberless host of shining attendants . . . In the meantime, O my Divine Master, may my loins be girded about, and my lamp burning, and mine ears be watchful for the blessed signal of Thine arrival.”

—*Doddridge*



“Because of His alliance with man's nature; because of His sense of man's infirmities; because of all He did and suffered for man's sake as the Son of man, the Son of God is that Person Who is the most fit as well as most worthy to be man's Judge.”

—*Burton*.

The Incarnation

Dr. Thomas Chalmers

All history is subservient to the great work of Redemption; and the genealogy in Matthew I offers to our view a series of steps conducting onward from the patriarchal ages to Him Who is the Author of Redemption. What a deep mystery is the Incarnation of our Saviour; yet without dwelling on the modus of the fact, let us look to the fact itself, as that by which a highway of communication has been opened to us from the physical to the spiritual; and we, shrined in frameworks of clay, may be said to have obtained a sight of Him Who is the very image and representation of the Godhead. We would turn aside to see this great sight, and fall down in lowly reverence before the incarnate Deity.

And what an endearing and comforting title is that in which He is first announced to us—Jesus the Saviour. And Saviour from what? He saves us from our sins—not the guilt of them only, but also the power of them.

But there is still another title in this chapter by which this mysterious Visitor is made known to us, and that unspeakably precious—Emmanuel, God with us. He is very God of Whose manifestation in the flesh we here read. He dwelt with the sons of men on earth; and in the nature of man He again ascended to the Heaven from whence He came. What a wonderful evolution! How it divests the unseen God of His terrors, when He thus steps forth on the platform of visible things, and that on the errand to seek and to save us!

May I therefore give way before the exhibition of all this truth and tenderness and be encouraged to lay hold of this great salvation.



The Nativity

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,
 Nor earth provide a home;
 Heaven and earth shall flee away
 When He sets His Great White Throne.
 But, at His incarnation,
 A stable-place sufficed
 The Lord God Almighty,
 Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him Whom Cherubim
 Worship night and day,
 A breastful of milk
 And a manger full of hay;
 Enough for Him Whom angels
 Fall down before,
 The ox and ass and camel
 Which adore.

Angels and archangels
 Gathered there,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Thronged the air.
 And there His mother,
 In her maiden bliss,
 Worshipped the Beloved
 With a kiss.

—*Christina Rossetti.*



Among the stalls at Bethlehem,
 The dumb kine from their fodder turning them
 Softened their horned faces
 To almost human gazes
 Towards the newly Born.

The simple shepherds from the star-lit brooks
 Brought visionary looks,
 For yet in their astonied hearing rung
 The strange, sweet angel-tongue.

The Magi from the East, in sandals worn,
 Knelt reverent, with long white beards,
 Spreading around their gifts upon the ground—
 The incense, myrrh, and gold,
 These infant hands were impotent to hold.

So, let all earthlies and celestials wait
 Upon Thy royal state!

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*



The moment the soul hesitates, the enemy has the advantage;
 but there is blessing in every act of obedience.

Mr. Stebe Mick

Mr. Mick is suffering from embolism affecting his left lung and may need hospitalization for five or six weeks. Serious though the condition is at present, it is much more hopeful than at first anticipated. Prayer is requested for the good hand of God upon him in recovery.

Conferences

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. The Annual Conference will be held D. V. on Saturday and Sunday, December 28th and 29th, 1940, in the Moneta Masonic Temple, 59th and Broadway. These meetings will be preceded by a prayer and ministry meeting in the Ave. 54 Hall December 26th, 7 P.M. - 9 P.M., and in the Goodyear Hall, December 27th, 7 P.M. - 9 P.M. All are heartily invited. Arrangements for accommodations as usual. For further particulars write John Stewart, 1320 West 74th St., Los Angeles.

TILLSONBURG, ONT. The Forty-sixth Annual Convention will be held D.V. on Dec. 28th and 29th. Prayer meeting on Dec. 27th at 7:45 P.M. will be held in the Gospel Hall, also the Lord's Day morning meeting at 10:00 A.M. Other meetings will be in the Town Hall. Please announce in your assembly as no circulars are being sent. Pray for us and try and be with us. Send Correspondence to, Convention, Box 322, Tillsonburg, Ont.



MINNEAPOLIS. At the Christian Workers' Conference many subjects of interest especially to workers were discussed and the mind of God sought in regard to them. All agreed that the occasion was a happy and profitable season.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT. M. J. Kennedy, (267 East Ave., Bridgeport, Conn) had three and a half weeks' meetings in **Torrington**. God's hand working with him in the salvation of souls. He desires the prayers of God's people for future blessing.

COLORADO. Mr. F. W. Schwartz enjoyed some time on the prairies and in Denver. He tells of a profitable season at the all-day meeting at **Longmont**. The **Palisade** conference was also a happy time of fellowship and the ministry was good. Later Mr. Schwartz visited **Garnavillo, Iowa** where God gave help and blessing.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Bro. David Calderhead has just completed three weeks of meetings, the first week being for Christians. The Word was faithfully ministered.

FLORIDA. Robt. T. Halliday (Box. 186, Hollywood, Fla.) is preaching in the Gospel Tent at **Dania**, near Hollywood, with good audiences, but no conversions to encourage him, and he may go to another town further north.

LOUISIANA. Hugh Thorpe (64 Nathanael Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.) is having meetings with the little assembly in **New Orleans**. He visited **Memphis** (where he had the privilege of preaching to the soldiers in the Veterans' Hospital) and **Sardis, Miss.**, and hopes to go to Tallahassee and further south later.

MASSACHUSETTS. Mr. Frank Pizzulli (332 Chelsea Ave., Long Branch, N. J.) has returned to **East Boston** where the work continues to go on well. He desires prayer for the good seed sown in house to house visiting with tracts. Another baptism is planned.

MICHIGAN, Detroit. Louis Montalvo visited Central Hall, the Italian Hall, and among the Mexicans preaching the Gospel and telling

of the Lord's work among the Spanish speaking people of Lancaster, Pa., Brooklyn and New York City, N. Y.

Mr. John Ruddock also gave some stirring addresses upon Gospel work in the Republic of Honduras.

Mr. John Dickson also paid us a visit on his way West. Special series of meetings were held by Sam McEwen, in West Chicago Boulevard, Oswald McLeod in Ferndale, and Mr. Duncan in Schoolcraft Halls.

Rocco Capiello had nightly meetings for a month in the Italian Hall and did much visiting among Italian families. He also paid a visit to Italian nationals in **Lansing**.

NORTH CAROLINA. The following notes will be of interest. Writing from 413 N. Edgeworth St., **Greensboro**, N. C., Mr. Lester Wilson reports: "We purchased an old church building after tent season and fixed it up inside and outside. We had our first meeting in it six weeks ago, followed by two weeks' children's meetings conducted by Raymond Schuster who is still with me. These were well attended. On Oct. 20th we began special gospel meetings: five have professed, others are troubled, and the interest is growing. Two weeks ago we baptized thirty, the result of the past two summers' work in Greensboro. Several more wish to be baptized. We are still on the radio four mornings each week."

VIRGINIA. Mr. F. W. Nugent (1325 22nd St., Newport News, Va), desires the prayers of the Lord's people for blessing upon a special effort in the gospel in **Newport News**. For three weeks he has had nightly meetings in the new hall and several of different nationalities have confessed Christ as their Saviour.

WEST VIRGINIA. W. C. Bousfield, (2830 Overlook Drive, Huntington, W. Va.) continues to labor here. Strangers come in to the usual meetings and the young Christians are being led on in the ways that be in Christ.

CANADA

ONTARIO. Orillia. Mr. John Dickson enjoyed a few meetings here, and also in **Toronto**.

With Christ

BRYN MAWR, PA. Mr. Harry Clark quietly passed into the presence of the Lord October 17th, after a prolonged weakness of body. Born in Ireland 69 years ago. Born from above in Ardmore, Pa., 38 years ago. Well known and well beloved. Leaves a wife and two daughters. W. H. Hunter conducted the service to which a large company gathered.

BANCROFT, ONT. Mr. James Lynn went home to be with the Lord October 7th in his 77th year. Born in Ballymena Ireland in 1864, he came to Canada in 1879 and was born again at the early age of eighteen. Shortly after his conversion he became associated with the assemblies and for many years was actively engaged in Sunday School work. He was looked up to by the assemblies as a spiritual leader. For thirty five years he was with the Canadian Postal Service. In 1923 he moved to Bancroft where he rendered valuable help to the assembly in ministering the Word, and visiting saved and unsaved in out of the way places. He always took a very keen interest in all things pertaining to the Lord's work, and was very faithful in tract distributing. For many years he and his wife visited all the fall fairs in this part of Ontario giving out tens of thousands of tracts, also sending them far and near through the mail.

Mr. Lynn will be greatly missed. He began well, went on well and finished well. The funeral was conducted by F. R. Peer of



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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

Let us look a little further still as to our Lord's redeeming of His pledges and promises. There was a very distinguished one which He gave them after He had risen. I mean, what He calls "the promise of the Father," and "power from on high." This promise was made to them in the day of Luke 24, after He had risen, and it was fulfilled to them in the day of Acts 2, after He had ascended, and was glorified.

Surely this only continues the story and the testimony of His faithfulness. All witness for Him,—His life ere He suffered, His resurrection intercourses with His disciples, and now what He has done since He ascended,—that no variableness neither shadow of turning is found in Him.

And I would not pass another instance of this, which we get again in Luke 24. The risen Lord there recognizes the very place in which He had left His disciples in His earlier instructions. "These are the words," says He, "which I spake unto you when I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the Law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me." He thus reminds them that He had already told them, that Scripture was the great witness of the divine mind, that all found *written there* must surely be *accomplished here*. And now what does He do? That which is the simple, consistent following out of this His previous teaching. "Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." His *power* now knits itself with His *instructions* before. He is making good in them what He had already communicated to them. To our comfort I may add, that after He had risen, He never once reminded His disciples of their late desertion of Him in the hour of His sorrow.

But even further, in some sense, the very style and spirit of this intercourse with His disciples during that interval of forty days is still the same. He knows them then *by name*, as He

had before. He manifests Himself to them *by the same methods*. He was the host at the table, though bidden there only as a guest, a second time, or after, as before, His resurrection (John 2; Luke 24); and in the deep sense and apprehension of their souls they treat His presence as the same. On returning to Him at the well of Sychar in John 4, they would not intrude, but tread softly. And so on their reaching Him after the draught of fishes, in John 21, they tread softly again, judging a second time from the character of the moment, that their words must be few, though their hearts were filled with wonder and joy.



Moses, the Man God Taught T. D. W. Muir

God does not put a premium on ignorance; and, therefore, does not choose a man or use him, because he is "ignorant," as judged by the standard of the schools. On the other hand He is not dependant on human education, that He may carry on His work.

The High Priest, Annas, and his associates, who had the Apostles Peter and John brought before them, as recorded for us in Acts 4, noticed the "boldness" or courage of these two men of God, but also perceived that they were "unlearned and ignorant men." The combination made them marvel, but two things were clear, "they had been with Jesus;" for before them stood the evidence of the power that was theirs in consequence—the lame man they had healed in the Lord's name, and they "could say nothing against it" (Acts 4:13-14). These men, in spite of their lack of the learning of the schools, could do what their learned judges could not do—they could, in the name of the Lord, speak strength into the legs of the lame man. This they did—not because they were ignorant, but because "they had been with Jesus." It is the secret of power still!

But, as if to show that God can use a trained mind, when set apart for Him, we find Him choosing Saul of Tarsus, who was educated in the school of Gamaliel, and sending him forth to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ," to Jew and Gentile, prince and peasant. As the Lord said to Ananias, of Saul, when sending him to baptise him and restore unto him his sight, "He is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My Name

before the Gentiles and Kings and the Children of Israel. For I will shew him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake" (Acts 9:15-16). It has been suggested that the time spent in Arabia (Gal. 1:17-18) was a "schooling time," that he might learn what all the schools of men could not teach him, even to bow down his ear to hear the words of true wisdom (See Prov. 22:17-21), by which he would be fitted for the service into which he had been called. Be that as it may, we know that God marvelously used him, both in the gospel and among His people. And, significantly, he was the one chosen to pen the fourteen wonderful epistles that bear his name, and which have come down to us with their wealth of clearly stated instruction—the heritage of the Church of God.

Now "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in word and deeds" (Acts 7:22), and at first may have considered that the necessary equipment for one who was to deliver Israel. But God must have him in His school that he may learn such lessons as would be needful, not only in the deliverance, but in the after care of His people. So we find Moses—the man who probably carried off the scholastic honors in Egypt—going about day after day for forty years, patiently bearing with and caring for a flock of Jethro's sheep. And why? Because God was thus fitting him for the higher service of bearing with and caring for His people! And until God saw that the lesson had been learned among Jethro's sheep, He never entrusted Moses with His own. There are three spheres of rule noted in Scripture.

First: One's own spirit, or self control. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls" Prov. 25:28. "For a bishop (overseer) must be blameless as the steward of God; not self-willed, not soon angry . . . sober, just, temperate" etc. Tit. 1:7.

Second: One's own household, control in the home. "A bishop (overseer) then must be blameless . . . one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." 1 Tim. 3:4. "I will judge his (Eli's) house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." 1 Sam. 3:13.

Third: The Assembly of God, or care in the Church. "If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take

care of the church of God?" 1 Tim. 3:5. It is worthy of note that this expression, "take care," is used but in one other place in the Greek of the New Testament, and that is where the Lord tells us how the good Samaritan carried the wounded man he had rescued to the inn, and bade them there "take care" of him. This surely ought to be the character of every true Assembly of God—a place where those brought into it by the Good Samaritan are taken care of.

Rule in an Assembly, if of God, is not the autocratic exercise of authority, but the shepherd rule of those who themselves are subjects of the truer care and solicitude of the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. It is the "rule" that leads and feeds, that guides and controls, that patiently goes after the erring and the straying, that cleanses away the filth of the world, that binds up the wounds, and if need-be carries them home. But the man who is fitted for this service must learn his lessons in the school of God, and in the daily exercise of his ministry will find a continual reason for drawing upon the grace of God. It is not an "office" to which he can be appointed by his brethren, it is a ministry conferred by the Holy Ghost. (See Acts 20:28).

The curriculum of the School of God at the back side of the desert, was intended to fit Moses for the more important ministry unto which God was appointing him. He would need courage to face Pharaoh, and make known Jehovah's demand to let the people of Israel go. But it would require divine wisdom in order to instruct them after they were set free, and a constant supply of grace to meet the ever recurring trials of the way, and patience to bear with the murmurings and complainings of the people. How well Moses was fitted and fortified for all this, the after history of this wonderful man of God makes manifest. With what courage he meets Pharaoh, and makes his demand upon him in the name of the Lord! How superior he was to all Pharaoh's sophistries and compromises. How indifferent to his anger. And when he had accomplished his purpose, and Israel were free, what wisdom, grace and patience he displayed in his dealings with them. How faithful he was to God—yet how true to their best interests. He was a true overseer, a faithful servant in all God's house, till the end. (Heb. 3:1-5).

(Continued, D. V.)

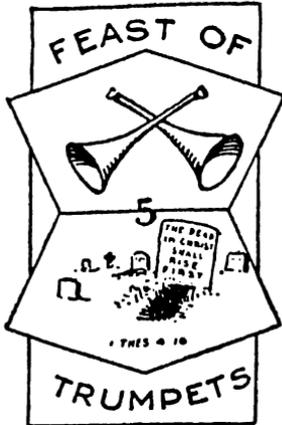
The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS

(Continued from November number)



But our chart gives us both the heavenly and the earthly aspects of the Feast of Trumpets. Turn with me to 1 Cor. 15: 51: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed: for this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality.'

And in 1 Thess. 4:13:—"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as those which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not go before them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with a voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Here we have a truth, the blessedness of which cannot be over-valued, and yet this precious truth has largely fallen into disuse. The time was that the Gospel was never preached without the coming of the Lord being proclaimed. This had not been so for centuries previously, but I say the time was when the coming of the Lord and the Gospel were so interwoven that they could not be separated, and I think that our preaching today, by omitting this blessed truth, lacks that which is calculated to reach and alarm men. When we seek to arouse people's consciences we appeal to death, and surely that should

awaken people. That dread fact should not lose its force on your conscience if you are not saved. Death is doing its work. You say, "We have heard of people dying suddenly but that does not affect us." Nevertheless it should intensely interest you.

But while it is true that death should alarm you, the other truth that the early preachers' appealed to is also most arousing. What is that? *The coming of the Lord!* Here is something that you cannot foresee nor evade . . . You may go to the doctor for an examination and the doctor may say your organs are all sound, but during the night this event, that used to be brought to people's attention to awaken their consciences, may take place. The Lord might come this night and you would awaken tomorrow morning to realize its awful truth!

And what an awful position yours would be, dear unsaved friend, if the Lord Jesus Christ should come, and you could not escape the dread consequences. On the other hand, what a hope this is for the believer! The last words that we read were, "Comfort one another." The fact that we are looking back to the Cross-work of Christ gives us a clear sky. If you told us with certainty that our blessed Lord would come before tomorrow, we might regret that we had not lived for Him as we would like, but His coming would not terrify us. What will happen? The trumpet shall sound. This will be the signal for us. How long will the great transaction last? "In a moment: in the twinkling of an eye." I am glad that it will be so swift. If some boys were to put their head in the door of this hall and cry "Fire," even though we might try to quiet your fears and say that it was false, your heart would beat rapidly for a while. But here before the heart shall beat twice—in a moment—the act is over.

Sometimes we are asked, "Will the world see us going?" How could they see us going? Suppose it should happen now. "In the twinkling of an eye,"—that is between the downward and upward motion of the eyelid, this great event will take place, how could the unconverted see it? They would simply realize that there were some people here a moment ago, and they would ask, "Where are they gone?" Yes, in a moment the dead shall be raised and the living saints changed, and so quickly that the world shall not see them going. We have no reason to conclude that the unsaved ever saw the Lord Jesus

Christ after He rose from the dead. There is no record of such. His own saw Him often, and the last time they saw Him, as recorded in Acts 1:9, is very suggestive.

We read, "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.'" That settles for me the question as to whether the world will see Him when He comes back for His own. I go back to that scene and I ask what took place there? The Lord Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, has gathered His disciples for the last interview on the Mount of Olives. As they surround Him they listen to what He says. And when He stretched forth His hand to bless them the Father says, "Come, my Son," and He went up and up, till He ceased to be seen of them. How long they stood following Him with their eyes, I do not know, but their attention was arrested by two men who said to them, "Ye men of Galilee, . . . this same Jesus Which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner." Is not that very specific? Saints and saints only saw Him go, and they only shall see Him when He comes to the air. But some one says, "Do we not read 'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God,' and 'Behold He cometh with clouds and every eye shall see Him and they also which pierced Him and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him' "? Yes, but there are two stages of His coming:—first He comes to the air, calling His own people to meet Him there, and then He comes to the earth, to establish His millennial kingdom, and between those stages there is an interval of seven years. Not noticing this distinction is what troubles people, and makes them think that the Scriptures contradict themselves,—but of course that is not so.

Is it not a blessed thing to know that there is not a statement in the Word of God that declares that such and such events must take place before He comes in the air? Much will take place before He comes to the earth, but nothing is predicted as having to take place before He comes to the air.

"We shall not all sleep." I am not looking for death, for God's Word declares "We shall not all sleep." Everybody shall not die. A gentleman was once having some meetings on the coming of the Lord, and he was telling out this aspect of the Lord's coming, and as he emphasized it, a man in the audience interrupted him by saying, "But is it not written in the Bible that 'It is appointed unto all men once to die'?" "Where do you read that?" said the gentleman. "I do not know where it is," said his questioner, "but I know that there is such a verse in the Bible." "Well, turn to Hebrews 9:27 and read that verse," said the preacher, and the man read it, "It is appointed unto all men once to die." "Stop," said my friend. "Read it again." And he read it again the same way. "Please read it once more," said my friend, "and read carefully." And as the man read it, to his great surprise, and for the first time in his life, he saw that he had been putting in the word "all" where it should not be. "It is appointed unto men once to die"; and that verse tells me what was my doom by nature; that all I had to look forward to by nature, was death and judgment. It means that when I came into the world I had a heritage of death, and had it not been that the Lord Jesus Christ took my place, that is all that I would have had to look forward to,—death and judgment. But He took my death and judgment, and now I do not need to die, and if the Lord Jesus Christ comes I shall not die. If He does not come I may die but, Christ having died and borne my judgment, now my hope is His coming again.

"But Lord tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait;

The sky, not the grave, is our goal;

Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!

Blessed hope! Blessed rest of my soul!

I wonder, dear friend, if you too can look forward fearlessly to that day when the trumpet shall sound? Will you rise to meet the Lord in the air? Do you know, whether if at this present moment the cry should sound, "Rise up, my beloved, and come away", whether it would be for you an awful or a blessed future? If the Lord came tonight what a scene would present itself tomorrow morning! Here is a man who is saved, and his wife is unsaved. He is caught up and she is left; or the woman is the saved one and she is caught up to be with the Lord, and the husband, if unsaved is left for judg-

ment. Here in the meeting tonight is an unsaved man and he puts off this question of his soul's salvation 'till the Lord comes, and he is left. I remember once being on Catalina Island off the coast of California, at a time when only one boat made the trip each day, and on this occasion a man ran to catch the boat which had just left and the people on the vessel chaffed him and said in mockery, "We'll call for you tomorrow." But when the Lord Jesus Christ comes, you will miss heaven and its glories, you will miss all. No other chance will ever be given you. Why not close with Christ? Why not rest your precious soul upon His finished work tonight? "Will He save me?" Yes. Listen to His words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed out of death into life." Is not that definite enough? "Shall not come into judgment, but is passed out of death into life." Why? Because the Lord Jesus Christ Himself bore our judgment on the Cross. Believe on Him, and there is no condemnation for thy soul.

The Lord grant that the blessed hope of His coming again, which may take place at any moment, may be a stimulus to us who are saved, and to you that are not saved may it prove a means of awakening you to your danger.



"Stir up the Gift"

Hugh McEwen

Cleveland, Sunday, January 9, 1937

II Timothy 1:1-18

(Continued from November number)

What is our attitude toward *prayer*? Does that need stirring up? The only way God can keep some of us praying is to give us plenty of trouble. How we neglect the closet, His presence, because there is nothing special in our life, and we settle down. How seldom we pray. It reminds me of the man who said that he had an alarm clock, but the only way it would run was when he would lay it on its back. It would tick away in that position, but when he put it up on its feet it would stop. It seems that's the only way God gets something out of His people sometimes. He must put us on our backs. Why is it, when in health and strength, we neglect the

privilege of intercession? It is the happiest thing in life. There are no moments in life so precious as those when you are shut in with Him, far, far above the restless world that wars below.

What is our attitude toward *souls that are passing into eternity*? What about the fire within that used to urge us naturally to speak to men and women, so that when you didn't speak to them you went away with a bad conscience? You have remembered knowing a soul that you didn't speak to who suddenly died, and was gone into eternity, and you never spoke to him. Maybe he had gone into hell and you had never even put a tract into his hands. That is the past. What about the present? Have we actually so lost the value of the cross, the power of the cross, that now we meet people, work with them, have them in our houses, and never ask them if they have a soul? That's a strange way to get, isn't it? Yet what joy is like the joy of winning someone to the Saviour. But we get into the habit of thinking, "What's the use of talking to them? They don't want it. Nobody listens today. I'm not responsible," and we settle down. How do you know whether they want it or not? Before *we* were saved, did we look as if we wanted it? Did we not have on our most forbidding aspect as we went out of the Gospel Hall door? Yet if someone had asked us, we might have been won to Christ. There was a man coming down the Damascus road, breathing out threatenings of slaughter against the Lord. Would you have given him a tract that day and said, "Saul, you ought to be saved."? I don't think I would. I would have said, "There is a man far from the kingdom, and its likely he will never be saved." He was saved before another hour was up. How do you know what condition a man's soul is in? There is something working inside when they have that forbidding aspect. You never can tell, can you?

Two women came to my house one day. One of them came with the neighbor to guard her against error. She said, "If you are going in there, I am going with you and I'll see that they put nothing over on you." I never thought of speaking to that one. I had no idea she would ever be saved, but I did talk to the other one, my neighbor. In about ten minutes the one that came to guard our neighbor said to the neighbor, "Ethel, why can't you believe it?" "What about yourself?"

said Ethel. "Oh," she said, "I'm saved." "When did you get saved?" "Just now when he was reading." I never thought of speaking to her and she was nearer to the kingdom than the one I was speaking to. She was really honest and wanted to guard her friend against error, but when she heard the gospel she got saved.

"No use talking to them. What's the use? They don't want the gospel." How do you know what's going on in the heart? And thus it is with all the things of life. We settle down. The embers grow dark, there is no flame there. "Stir them up," said the apostle. That's what we need to do, to stir up our souls on this beginning of another year, about the Bible, about prayer, about Christian activity, and winning souls to the Lord Jesus.

Then when we read this chapter further, we notice that Paul and Timothy trusted God. They trusted God, and then God trusted them. "I know whom I have believed (the margin says "I know whom I have trusted") and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day." Paul committed something to God. He trusted God with something, and he said, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep it against that day." Did you ever trust God with anything? Yes, you trusted Him with your soul. Do you think He will guard it? Do you think He will keep it? Do you think He will ever lose it? I think not. "Now," said the apostle to Timothy, "that good deposit which God committed to you, I want you to keep that." God trusted us with something. He committed something to our care. I wonder if God could say now, "I have entrusted them with a good deposit and they are going to keep it against that day." What did God trust Timothy with? He trusted him with His Word: He put it in trust right in Timothy's hands, and when He put His Word there, He said, "I want you to guard that good deposit, and I don't want you to lose it or let anyone take it from you." My brethren, God has entrusted us with something, too. He has put something into your care, in your life and my life. He has put there a good deposit, and He says, "I want you to keep it. I want you to guard it, and I don't want you to lose it because you'll have to give an account of it in that day." What did God trust us with and what have we done with it? God has entrusted you and me

with various truths, precious truths; they are precious to Him and they are precious to us, and He said, "Now I am going to commit these truths to your care. I want you to keep them, I want you to guard them." It is not everybody that is doing that. We are living in a world today where they are giving up one truth after another,—not guarding that good deposit. They are letting it slip. They are being robbed of it.

In the past year many have let go the good deposit that God entrusted to them. For instance God entrusted us with the truth of *baptism*. You know what baptism teaches, that you are dead, buried, risen with Christ to walk in newness of life. God entrusted you with that doctrine. It reminds us of Israel at the Red Sea after being sheltered by the blood on the night of the passover. That was their redemption. Now they go into the water and they are baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea. Nobody could see them. Even the Egyptians could not see them. But they came up on the resurrection side and stood there and they sang in the power of that new experience. Did we have anything like that? Yes, we did. The passover lamb was but a shadow of the bleeding Lamb of the cross. That was our death. Then one day we grasped the truth in a measure and we went down into the water of baptism. We were out of sight, immersed, submerged. "Farewell," you said as you went down into the water and were buried with Christ, and when you came up on the resurrection side, how happy you were! That was what we did. But what about the truth of it? To walk in newness of life. You know when Israel went down into the water and came up on the resurrection side, that was a new experience to them. They could look to Egypt and say, "We remember the leeks and the garlic and the melons and the cucumbers. These came up out of the ground and satisfied us." But when they stood on the banks of the Red Sea there were no leeks or garlic or anything else came up to satisfy them. They looked around in vain for anything to satisfy them that came up out of the ground. What are they going to do now? If nothing comes up, something will have to come down to satisfy them. Did it happen? Yes. Out in that desert where nothing grew up, God sent manna down from above and they fed upon that which came from heaven. When we came up out of the waters of death, was there anything came up out of this world could satisfy us then?

Your heart and mine rejected it all. We had no appetite for it. What do we have today to bring satisfaction? Your neighbors think you are very queer people. Some times they hear you singing in your house and they say, "I wonder what they have got to sing about. What in the world have they to be so happy about? They never go to a theater, never have any pleasure. What have they got to sing about?" We have something they have not. Our satisfaction does not come from beneath, it comes from heaven. "If ye therefore be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." But, sad to say, that blessed truth committed to our trust, sometimes we practically let the devil take away from us. We just settle down here on the earth, just become like a part of it, and try to find something down here, leeks and garlic and melons to give us satisfaction. But they do not satisfy us.

(Continued D. V.)



The Disembodied State

T. Shulldham Henry. M.A., LL.D.

(Continued from November number)

Little is known about this intermediate state between death and resurrection. It is an abnormal state, quite exceptional in its nature; so different from our present existence in the physical body, and from our future existence in our spiritual, at resurrection, when we shall be like the angels of God in Heaven.

At all events it is not a state of unconsciousness and sleep, as some maintain. Sleep only pertains to the body. The very nature and essence of the spirit precludes such an idea; it is an impossibility. The spirit, free from the trammels of the body, is capable of the highest enjoyment of bliss and happiness, though in a state of passive rest, and in the attitude of waiting to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven, (or rather our heavenly house in contra-distinction to our earthly tabernacle).

Every one, in Heaven and earth, is in a waiting attitude. *God* is waiting to be gracious to the sinner. *Christ* is waiting till the last member of His body—the Church—is united to Him, that He may leave His Father's Throne, shut to the door, and come to receive His own from the world.

The Holy Spirit is waiting to go up with the redeemed when Jesus comes. *The dead in Christ* are waiting the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God. *The living saints* are waiting to be caught up, having been changed into His likeness, when they see Him. *The Jews* are waiting the coming Messiah. *Creation* is waiting the removal of the curse, at the manifestation of the sons of God. And as we have seen the *spirits of the just* in Paradise are waiting for their resurrection bodies.

These spirits have nothing to do with earth, though spiritualists maintain the contrary. What they suppose to be the spirits of the departed, are but demons, having in these last days power (permitted by God) to personate them and deceive the world.

There are four passages of Scripture I would draw your attention to which speak of this interesting interval between death and resurrection. In these we see the spirit passing into the presence of Jesus Christ in four distinct conditions.

1. In Luke 23. "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Here we have one entering Paradise, simply as a sinner saved by grace. In the morning, he was a condemned malefactor, a railing blasphemer at mid-day, and a ransomed spirit in heaven ere the day closed. He went to Heaven in company with the very One, who had hung beside Him on that cruel tree, Whom he had reviled, but Whom, ere he expired, he had learned to trust and love. We need not trouble ourselves about solving questions as to where heaven is—what kind of place it is, or what are its occupations. "With Jesus," answers all these and many more.

"We talk of the realms of the blest,
But what must it be to be there."

What a change was his, from the cross with all its horrid cruelty, blasphemy, and mockery, into the Paradise—even the presence of Jesus!

2. Acts 8:59, 60. "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! And he kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep."

We have here the first martyr for the name of Jesus; the first of that noble army who yielded up their lives for His sake. He was not merely a sinner saved by grace, but a

witness and a sufferer for the cause of Christ. He passed from amid the stones of his murderers into his loved Lord's presence. Like many other favoured ones, he saw Jesus, during his last moments, standing ready to receive him. The malefactor saw Him dying, the martyr saw Him risen and glorified, crowned with glory and honour, at the right hand of the Majesty in the Heavens.

What an exchange for both! To be done with sin, sorrow, and self, done with the ceaseless strivings of an evil nature, done with the ten thousand snares and devices of a subtle foe, done with the hatred and persecutions of a God-hating world, to be for ever at rest, in the bosom—not of Abraham—but of Jesus. Well may we long to be there!

3. 2 Cor. 5:11. "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now He that wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body (that is, indwelling in the body) we are absent from the Lord; we are confident I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body (that is, outdwelling out of the body) and to be present with the Lord, (that is, indwelling with the Lord)".

Here we have a groaning saint of God longing to get away from a poor crumbling tabernacle of clay. But he has no desire to be in the disembodied state, or as he calls it, the unclothed. This is not the object of the Christian's hope. His hope is, and for this he is looking forward and groaning, to be clothed upon with a glorified body, like the blessed body of our Lord and Saviour, at the resurrection of the just when Jesus comes. Still it must be unutterable blessedness to lay aside a body of death and humiliation, and to be present with the Lord. It is far better to wait in His bosom in Paradise for that happy moment, than to be tossed about in this dark and dreary world.

4. Phil. 1:2,3. "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

The weary toiler in the Lord's vineyard breathes forth the yearning desire to be at rest. He is not weary of the work but weary *in* it. Yet he is not selfish in his desires. Many

would like to be with Christ, that they may be away from further care and trouble. It is the aim of many a cowardly suicide. Not so this faithful servant of the Lord. His spirit longs to soar aloft. But he casts an affectionate eye upon those who need his wisdom and advice, and who would sorely feel his loss, and the thought of them checks his desire. Hence his perplexity. "Nevertheless," he says, "to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." What disinterestedness! What self-sacrifice! He longs to be with Christ, he is needed on earth, therefore he is ready to remain and toil on till God's time was come, looking forward to find his place at the Master's feet.

Though the Old Testament saints had a vague idea of a future state, they had no doubt about a future existence.

There were two great classes of teachers among the Jews, the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The former tenaciously held the orthodox views of Old Testament Scriptures. They believed in the immortality of the soul, the future state of rewards and punishments, the resurrection of the dead, and in angels and spirits. But their views were in keeping with the obscure character of the dispensation of types and shadows. The Sadducees on the other hand, denied the resurrection of the body and the existence of angels and spirits, and concluded that there was no future state of rewards and punishments, and that the soul perished with the body at death.

We have seen that the Old Testament saints, and the Jews in general, believed in one great receptacle for good and bad, where the good would be happy and the wicked miserable. But towards the close of that dispensation, the Jews, who lived in the time of the Maccabees, introduced the distinction between the condition and place of each, calling one Paradise, and the other Hell. The Lord and the Apostles finding the first word in use, adopted it. They obtained the word as we have already seen, in Part 1, from the Persians, after the Babylonish captivity and their return to their own land. They gladly appropriated this significant word and applied it to the scene of primeval innocence, and the place where the righteous went after death.

The word *paradeisos* is often used by Greek writers, as for instance, Zenophon in his "Anabasis." It is used by them to signify a lovely garden, a place of exquisite pleasure and delight. How singular that heathen mythologists, who believed in the

immortality of the soul, and in future rewards and punishments, should describe the abode of the virtuous as a lovely garden filled with beautiful flowers and fruit. This they called "the Elysian fields." The gay Parisians adopted the same and applied it to a place in Paris called the "Champs Elysees." On a Sunday it does not look like God's pleasure grounds for His people, but the opposite. There Satan holds high festival.

Though we put these pages before you, which have caused us much prayerful study and thought, we would not for a moment wish to take away from the Lord's dear ones the glorious hope of resurrection. Death and the disembodied state, is not the hope of the church.

"Death and darkness and the tomb,
Only pain us till He come."



Submission

J. N. Darby

"TAKE MY YOKE UPON YOU"

There is rest in the blessed yoke
That knows no will but His;
That learns from His path,
and the words He spoke,
What His loving patience is.

All power and real effective service will be found to spring from entire submission.

Until the will has been crushed in the presence of the majesty of God, there cannot be a right state before God.

Whenever I act in my own will in anything I am wronging God of His own title through the blood of Christ.

The breaking of the will is a great means of opening the understanding.

Liberty of the will is just slavery to the devil.

We want our hearts to get right; we want our wills to be broken down: if we look at Christ as presented to us in Gethsemane, can we seek to satisfy our own will?

God is full of mercy and has compassion on us and on our weakness. He is tender and pitiful; but if we are determined to follow our own will, He knows how to break it. The worst of all is that He should leave us to follow our own ways.

Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Concluded from November number)

But Mr. Smith did not yield without a further struggle. "I was quite aware," he replied, "of the theory that assigns all the unfulfilled prophecies to the future, and which maintains that the ceasing to fulfil is a mere pause and not a tragic end—a postponement and not a dismal failure. It is very ingenious. I do not know that there was ever a smarter way out of a difficulty. But it won't work, my friend! You may shut yourself up in your fools' paradise and look for all those things to happen, but you will find few indeed to follow you."

"But, Mr. Smith, that is an utter mistake," Roger protested. "It is no theory of ours at all. On the contrary, the division was actually made by the Old Testament Scriptures centuries before Christ was born; for *the pause in Christ's earthly work*, which has lasted now more than eighteen hundred years, *was also predicted.*" Mr. Smith looked sharply at Roger, and Miss Smith's face and mine showed a like surprise. "Predicted!" echoed Mr. Smith: "what do you mean?" "I mean what I say," replied Roger. "I know that the statement is astounding, but it is nevertheless absolutely true. The pause was predicted. See how the 110th psalm opens. 'The Lord,' that is, Jehovah, 'said unto my Lord, SIT Thou at my right hand *until I make thine enemies thy footstool.*' We shall see immediately who it is whom the Psalmist speaks of as his 'Lord;,' but let us first of all note what is here said. The person addressed—the Psalmist's Lord, whoever He is—is to be transferred from earth to heaven. His personal presence and activity in the earth are to cease for a time, and He is to rest upon the throne of the universe at God's right hand. I have said that the withdrawal is only for a time, and you will observe that the time is strictly defined. This Lord of the Psalmist has apparently numerous and mighty foes, and they seem to be triumphant. God now undertakes to deal with them, and the Psalmist's Lord—I cannot call Him Christ as yet—is to rest at God's right hand until Jehovah makes His enemies His footstool. The closing verses of this brief psalm describe what is to happen when the resting ends. This personage (addressed as 'Lord') is to return, and then He will purge the earth and assume its sovereignty; then His enemies will be made His footstool.

"You will see," continued Roger, "that, if this is the Christ, the pause of which we are now witnesses was distinctly prophesied. It is shown to have been in the Divine programme that the Christ should disappear for a time from human view, and come again to complete in judgment what He had begun in mercy. This necessarily, then, divides the prophecies. Some of them would be fulfilled at the first advent; and those which describe the Messiah's glory and the earth's deliverance from sin and wrong will be fulfilled at the second advent."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Smith, "you are assuming that the psalm speaks of Christ. There have been many guesses at the personage referred to; one, if I am not mistaken, is that he was one of the Ptolemies."

"I was coming to that," said Roger, "The many guesses of our rationalist friends, to which you allude, are attempts to escape a very evident conclusion. Which of the Ptolemies ever passed from earth to heaven to sit at God's right hand on the throne of Omnipotence until Jehovah made his enemies his footstool? Which of them is expected to come back again and to sweep in fiery indignation over many countries and to take to him the empire of the world. And now face the question yourself and say to whom the Old Testament from first to last assigns the sword of final judgment and the world's throne? Is not all this undeniably the Messiah's right, and the right of the Messiah alone? That very title, too, 'My Lord,' given to this Personage in God's own presence, suits the Messiah and the Messiah only, whom the prophecies plainly declared was to be God as well as man."

I could not restrain myself from exclaiming, "Magnificent! I never saw the full importance of that psalm till now. It shows, as you have said, that this time of waiting was actually predicted." I then turned to Mr. Smith with apology for having intervened between the two antagonists.

"Well," said he to Roger, "You have gravelled me there. I see the strength of your position, the unfulfilled prophecies are as much in your favor as the fulfilled."

"Mr. Smith," said Roger, "You have fought well, but facts are too strong for you, and it is well for us that they are so. A world of sinners needs a Divine Saviour, and such we have in JESUS."

We were now arriving at a station. Mr. Smith turned from the window with a startled look. "Why, Julia," he cried, "here we are at Bedford!" Both sprang up; and Mr. Smith busied himself in handing out the luggage. Just before leaving the compartment, he stretched out his hand to Roger, saying with much heartiness: "You have given us something to think about. Goodbye!" And so father and daughter passed on their way, and we saw them again no more. But doubtless the memory of those present-day miracles, which our discussion had shown to be so real and so stupendous, remained with them as it remained with us.



"The Sign of the Prophet Jonas"

Dr. H. A. Cameron

The resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ is the keystone of Christianity, for "if Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain" (1 Cor. 15:14, 17), and anything therefore that militates against this cardinal truth must be fearlessly and fairly faced and answered. The miracle of Jonah's being swallowed by the sea monster and returning back to life is one of the outstanding types and prophecies of the resurrection of Christ, and undoubtedly because of that very fact the enemy has made it a target for vicious criticism.

Although our Lord Jesus Christ was, among His own people, "approved of God by miracles, and wonders and signs, which God did by Him," yet His own nation did not believe on Him, but in response to their repeated demand "Shew us a sign," He graciously promised one last convincing miracle to prove both His Deity and His Messiahship, namely "the sign of the prophet Jonas, for" said He, "as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

The miracle referred to by our Lord and recorded in the prophecy of Jonah, has long been the butt of ridicule on the part of the ungodly. It was especially a favorite subject for jibes by Ingersoll in his attacks upon the Scriptures, and his assertion that it was a physical impossibility for a whale to swallow a man has been accepted and propagated by his admirers and followers ever since. Not only infidel witticisms however, but also learned disquisitions have been levelled at the miracle, the burden of the criticism being the same assertion

that, anatomically, the gullet of a whale is so narrow that nothing larger than a herring can pass through into its stomach. Consequently because of the profane wit of shallow-minded infidels and the weighty assertions of men of science, the idea has become firmly imbedded in the minds of the unthinking multitude, that the story in the Book of Jonah is a myth, and of necessity the New Testament reference falls with it.

Of course, for the Christian, the fact that "God said it" is enough, and he can safely entrench himself behind the truth that the God Who cannot lie was verily able to "prepare a great fish" as He said, for the purpose He had in view. But at once the Christian's position is assailed as one of credulity, superstition and fanaticism, and the believer, especially if he be one newly come to the faith, is at a loss for an immediate answer. The answer that satisfies his own soul is in the shield of faith whereby he is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one; yet he feels, knowing the truth is on his side, that he would like to turn the battle in the gate and, by routing his adversaries, not only close their mouth, but hurl back the charge of credulity upon themselves. And happily this he can do.

For it has long been established as a fact that of the many species of whales there are several varieties which are capable of swallowing victims of much larger bulk than a man, and moreover that there are well authenticated instances on record proving that human beings have been swallowed as Jonah was, and have like Jonah returned to tell of their experience. Alas, although this is a well-verified truth, the untruth is still being propagated and believed, another evidence of the natural man's tendency to "believe the lie and have pleasure in unrighteousness."

For the benefit especially of young Christians, who will be glad to have at hand the up-to-date proof of our assertions, we cull the following instances from among many others:

The Literary Digest, in Volume 12, No. 3 page 681, which was issued April 4, 1896 shows that even in recent years, whales have swallowed men.

'In the month of February, 1891 "The Star of the East," a whaling vessel cruising in the Mediterranean Sea not greatly distant from the coast of Palestine, indeed, one might say in the very waters where Jonah was cast overboard, launched two

whaleboats with an equipment of men to pursue a superb whale that was observed at some distance. The huge creature was harpooned and wounded to death. While it was writhing in its last agonies, one of the whale boats was struck by its tail and shattered to pieces. The sailors who were in it were thrown into the water. All but two were saved shortly by the other boat. The body of one was recovered, but the other, a man named James Bartley, could not be found. When the monster had ceased moving, and its death quite certain, it was hoisted alongside the ship, and the work of cutting it up began. A day and a night were devoted to this task. When it was ended the stomach of the whale was opened. What was the surprise of the whalers to find in it their lost comrade, James Bartley, unconscious but alive! They had much trouble in reviving him. For several days he was delirious and could not speak an intelligent word, and not till three weeks had elapsed did he recover his reason and was he able to narrate his impressions.

‘He said, “I remember very well the moment the whale threw me into the air. Then I was swallowed and found myself enclosed in a firm, slippery channel whose contractions forced me continually downward. This lasted only an instant. Then I found myself in a very large sack, and by feeling about I realized that I had been swallowed by a whale and that I was in his stomach. I could still breathe, though with much difficulty. I had a feeling of insupportable heat, and it seemed as if I was boiled alive. The horrible thought came to me, Was I doomed to perish in the whale’s stomach? and my anguish was intensified by the calm and silence that reigned about me. Finally I lost consciousness of my frightful situation.”

‘James Bartley, the English papers said in the accounts published at that time, is known to be the most hardy of whalers, but the experience in the whale’s stomach was so terrible that he was obliged to undergo treatment in a London hospital on his return. Nevertheless, his general state of health was not seriously affected by the incident, the only effect being that his skin was, as it were, tanned by the action of the gastric juice. The captain of “The Star of the East” adds that cases where furious whales have swallowed men are not rare, but that this was the first time he ever saw the victim come out alive after

the experience.'

Take another instance. The following incident, which occurred in the autumn of 1914, is related by Sir Francis Fox, the great English Engineer, in his book entitled "Sixty Three Years of Engineering":

"A certain friend of mine, the late Rev. D. MacCalman, was travelling on a passenger steamer to the far north of Great Britain, and opposite to him at meals sat an old man, between 75 and 80 years of age, with beautiful locks of silvery white hair. He began a conversation by saying to Mr. MacCalman:

'I suppose you are a minister?'

'Yes, I am.'

'You therefore believe the Bible, and its miracles?'

'Certainly.'

'Even that about Jonah and the whale?'

'Certainly, although the actual words used were "a great fish".'

'It is a mere fairy tale, for a whale feeds on animalcules, and has such a narrow throat that to swallow man is an impossibility.'

'About that I can make no reply, but, as our Lord quoted the incident Himself, it is quite sufficient for me.'

"At breakfast the next day, and at lunch again, 'Jonah and the whale' cropped up, and our friend said he was getting a little tired of the subject. After 48 hours' journey, the vessel arrived at its destination, a small town with a single hotel of modest pretensions, and here it was to remain for 36 hours. The next morning Mr. MacCalman informed his fellow-passenger that he had just discovered that there was a whaling station within a mile, and they agreed to walk over to see it. The Manager, a fine tall man, kindly showed them over the works, and they saw the boats and harpoons, the guns and bombs, the slipway up which the fish were hauled in, the boilers for melting the blubber, and all the apparatus for barrelling and packing.

"The gentleman asked how many kinds of whales were caught, adding on his own account that they fed on animalcules. The Manager replied that there were four kinds—the Fin, the Bottle-nose, the Blue, and the Sperm whale. 'But as to feeding on animalcules,' said he, 'they are animalcules of some size, as we can tell by cutting open the stomach.'

"Asked what was the largest thing they found, he said: 'The skeleton of a shark 16 feet in length.' The old gentleman objected that as the throat was so narrow, it was impossible for such a large object to pass. But the Manager smiled, and said: 'Narrow! The throat of the Sperm whale can take lumps of food eight feet in diameter.'

"Mr. MacCalman then asked the Manager if he believed in the story of 'Jonah and the whale,' and he replied:

"'Certainly. It was, of course, a miracle that Jonah was kept alive inside the fish, but as to the possibility of his being swallowed there can be no question.'

"On their return to the hotel the old man was very taciturn, and continued so during dinner. He seemed depressed. After dinner they parted, and went to their rooms, having bid each other farewell, as the steamer was to leave at 6 a.m. the next morning, and our friend would go with her. But just as Mr. MacCalman was about to undress, there was a gentle knock at the door, and the old man entered. He sat down quietly at a table, and said, 'Mr. MacCalman, before you leave I am desirous of saying something to you. What we have seen today has been a complete eye-opener to me. I was brought up as a boy and a young man in an agnostic family, and taught to deride the Bible and its miracles. 'Jonah and the whale' was often the subject of our merriment and disbelief. I then went to Germany as a medical student, and attended certain lectures not connected with my profession, which unsettled my belief in God, and I have been sad and dissatisfied ever since; I am now an old man, and it is almost too late to change.' So saying, he buried his head in his hands, with his arms on the table, his beautiful silvery locks falling over his face and hands, and sobbed like a child.

What followed cannot be related."

The latest participant in this battle of the Cetaceans is the English Surgeon Rear Admiral C. M. Beadnell, who, in an article published by *The Literary Guide*, and condensed in the *World Digest*, says: "Nowadays it is common knowledge that the whale is not, as the Bible teaches, a fish, but a hot-blooded mammal that brings forth its young alive and suckles them."

It is evident from this that "nowadays" a definition has been coined that rules whales out of the class of "fishes," and of course seeing that the Bible speaks in Jonah of "a great fish"

and in Matthew 12 of the same creature as a "whale," the Bibles must be wrong.

But it is not with a question of modern definitions that we have to deal: what we need to know is the meaning of words in Bible days, for only thus can we learn what "the Bible teaches." In Jonah 1 the Hebrew words "gadol dag" mean "a great fish". In the Septuagint version of the Old Testament the Greek translators used as equivalent to "great fish" the words "Ketos megalos" signifying a sea monster, and in the New Testament the same Greek word Ketos is used, which in our English Version is translated as "a whale," and in the Revised margin "sea monster." All we need to know is what did the writers of these three books mean when they used the words dag (fish) and Ketos (whale). To find the answer we must appeal to the Hebrew and Greek Lexicons, and this is what they tell us:

Gadol Dag: a great fish.

Ketos: any huge fish or sea monster, as used by Homer and Herodotus: later extended to include whales and sharks.

From this appeal to the language of Bible days we learn that a *great fish*, a *sea monster*, and a *whale* were synonymous and that these words were used interchangeably by the people in Old and New Testament times. Jonah who lived in the days of Homer used Homer's definition and described the sea monster as *a great fish*. The Greek translators of the Septuagint who lived shortly after Herodotus, used as an equivalent to *great fish* in Hebrew the Greek word used by Herodotus signifying *a sea monster*, and Matthew adopted the *same word* which the Greeks used in his day to describe *a whale*. The only man that in all this needs to watch his step is our Rear Admiral who describes whales as Cetaceans, a word derived from Ketos which primarily means a great fish.

Another danger zone that the Rear Admiral got into was his use of the word *fish* in describing the evolution of the whale. He tells us that "The line of descent of whales has been traced out with *a fairly high degree of probability*. Some 370 millions of years ago a *fish* of the ganoid stock *in all likelihood* represented the common ancestor of the vertebrates." And so on and on through hundreds of millions of years until we come to "whales, monkeys, apes and men." It is only by a stroke of "luck" (the scientific explanation) that we humans

are not all whales! Note the Rear Admiral's words which we have italicized, *probability* and *likelihood*, with a *fish* at the head of the "assembly line" and the finished job—whales, monkeys, and men, rolling off at the end. Talk about credulity! Does not the Bible aptly describe such scientists as "professing to be wise, they become fools"?

One more little point that the Rear Admiral makes deserves a remark. "The whale is a hot-blooded mammal that brings forth its young alive and suckles them." This gratuitous piece of information has been long ago anticipated by Jeremiah who wrote twenty five hundred years ago (Lamentations 4:3): "Even the sea monsters draw out the breast: they give suck to their young ones." Another proof that this ancient Book is not only abreast but ahead of the times.

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." The Sign of the Prophet Jonas remains as a unique and convincing Old Testament type of the death, burial, and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was a sign to the Ninevites who repented at the preaching of a man whose fame preceded him as one who had been in the whale's belly and came back at God's bidding to carry His message to them. It was a sign later to the Jews, multitudes of whom repented when the truth of Christ's resurrection was preached to them by eye-witnesses to the fact. It is still a sign to Jew and Gentile of our day, that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. This is the Gospel, which we believe, and by which alone we through the grace of God are saved (1 Cor. 15:1-4).



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Account of a visit paid to the province of Hunan in 1898

Thomas Melville

In the year 1897 some friends in England much exercised about the need of taking the Gospel to the then closed Chinese province of Hunan, sent funds out for the opening of six small schools, hoping in this way to become friendly with the parents of the scholars, and so find open doors for giving the Gospel to the grown-ups too. These children were taught hymns; they also learned to repeat long portions of Scripture,

and thus the good seed was sown in some of the young hearts in that province. The schools moreover had been visited a few times by Chinese Christians whose ancestral homes had been in Hunan.

In May 1898 the writer was greatly exercised about the need of visiting these schools in person, and when the time came to start for that province, and two Chinese brethren were ready to accompany us, Mr. W. H. Lester, suggested he would like to go too. Passages were taken on a steamer for Hankow, where we were both strangers, so on our arrival there we went to a Chinese inn. Mr. Mitchell of the Scottish Bible Society hearing of our arrival called on us at the inn, and took us to his hospitable home, where he and his good wife shewed us much kindness, and a friendship sprang up which lasted during the lifetime of our dear brother and his wife. He has been with the Lord for many years now.

In Hankow we made preparations for the continuance of our journey to Hunan. Many Gospel portions were purchased, also Gospel tracts. We were soon off on a cargo boat travelling up the great Yangtsi river, arriving at Yochow right at the entrance to the TungTing Lake, which is the second largest lake in China. In this city we were not permitted to go on shore. The people having previously heard of our coming were all ready to receive us with sticks, stones, and all sorts of missiles if we dared to land. Failing to find any opportunity for Gospel testimony in Yochow, we continued our trip across the lake which was now fairly wide, as Spring rains had already commenced. We had not gone far, when, in the darkness of the night, thieves boarded our boat and stole the bundle of clothing, which one of our Chinese fellow-workers, Mr. Ling, was using for a pillow. As the thieves were removing the parcel of clothing Mr. Ling awoke, and begged the thieves to return the letters which were in the bundle, these letters being some he had obliged his friends by promising to take them to relatives in Hunan. About day-break the thieves returned and threw the letters on board, but kept all the poor man's clothing. They cursed Mr. Ling for some time, doubtless disappointed at not finding any money in the letters, which had all been opened. A night or two later thieves visited us again, and when I got up to help drive them away, and remonstrated with the boatmen for lying calmly in bed, they replied "You are a fool.. Those thieves have knives

on their person, and will use them on anyone who interferes with them.”

Arriving at Changsha, a beautiful city, the capital of Hunan province where the river is very wide, we asked our Captain to anchor at the city side of the river, but he refused. Two Chinese teachers, returning from Peiping to their home in the province, with whom we had become quite friendly, besought us not to attempt to enter the city, for if we did so they said we would never return alive, as no foreigners had hitherto ever set foot on the streets of Changsha. We were very decided however, to get inside the city walls, and when they saw we were determined to go forward they said “Your only hope is to say that you are Chinese who have lived in a foreign country for many years, and so have got to look like foreigners”. That, they said was our only hope! We told them we were Christians, and would not say what was not true.

A ferry boat was called, and crossing the river we soon found ourselves in front of one of the main city gates, also a main entrance to the city. These city gates are large and heavy, double gates which are bolted at night, but open in the day, when conditions are peaceable. A water carrier was just filling his two large buckets as we got off the ferry boat. We politely asked him if he would lead us into the city. He at once consented to do so, and soon we were on one of the main streets of the Capital of Hunan distributing the Gospel tracts and Scripture portions we had brought with us. Changsha had never before seen such a sight as this—two “foreign devils” distributing Gospel literature on her streets, but our books and tracts were in great demand, and who knows what blessing resulted from the scattering of all this good seed in the streets of Changsha now so long ago? “My word shall not return unto Me void” is a sure promise.

Even though we were dressed in Chinese clothing, we were soon detected, one man called out “The foreign devils have come”. Soon others raised the same cry, and then our books and tracts were snatched from us, our umbrellas were taken, and we were left with very little. Our only hope was to keep moving whilst the crowds gathered, most of them not knowing what they were gathering for, only that the ‘foreign devils’ had come! That cry kept sounding in our ears.

The next move of the mob was to throw stones, and then a

quick decision had to be made, so we turned into a large store. The crowds were getting very angry, but we were anxious to give them a Gospel message, so I opened my mouth to tell out the Gospel, but before I had time to say anything a handful of mud from the gutter found its way into my mouth, and so speaking was cut short.

We lost sight of our Chinese fellow-workers in the crowd, but the Lord stood with us and strengthened us, in spite of the crowd that seemed mad and determined to get at us. The doors of the store were tightly closed, but that did not do, for five or six well built Hunanese said that we foreigners must leave the store. The question was, where could we go? Conditions were getting worse and worse, the streets were crowded, the city was in an uproar; the men who owned the store said "If you don't go we will beat you", and in order to frighten us rushed on us with their fists clenched, but when they got near us their hands fell down by their side. They did this several times, with the same result each time. We were surely abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. Their next movement was to drag us out of the store, and then we saw the time had come when we must face the crowds on the street again. Thousands of people, old and young, met our gaze as we walked out of the store; all seemed to have something ready to use on us, a stick a stone, or something to throw at us. I asked Mr. Lester to go first (as he had a wife and family, and at that time I was not married) so that if anything happened to him I in following him would know about it. A piece of brick or stone flew through the air and if Mr. Lester had not suddenly stooped—though he knew nothing about it—it would have struck him right on the head. So we ran on down the street as hard as we could. A soldier rushed out of a guard house, laid hold of Mr. Lester by the arm, and hurried us inside. The mandarin in charge then put on his official robes, official hat, strings of beads etc. We were put into a small room at the back of the building, where we thought the end would surely come. But we were kept in peace and happy, knowing, that if the end should come it would mean absent from the body, present with the Lord. We saw the soldiers changing into ordinary clothing, and putting away their uniforms. Soon the glass windows were broken, the front of the building was pulled down, and we could hear the smashing of the roof tiles as they fell into the streets.

Unknown to us there was a small back door; a man rushed in and opened it, and said to us "Go for your lives." Again we took to the road, running as quickly as we could, Mr. Lester first, I following after him. The many stones, bricks etc. thrown at us, in the goodness of the Lord, missed us, and we seemed lighter of foot, and able to run more quickly, as the crowd increased their work of trying to kill us. Mr. Lester had already lost his Chinese shoes, and I was trying to hold on to mine and as I stooped down to pull them on, three men came along and beat him on the head badly. The next trouble was with my "pig tail", which was laid hold of by a furious Chinaman, who struggled hard to pull me to the ground. Finally the silk braid which was pleated into the hair gave way, and once more I was free. Our road now, without any choice on our part, led to the city gate by which we had entered the city. Just immediately outside the gate there was a dump heap, for old bricks, dirt, stones etc. and so the people now had plenty of ammunition to fire at the two "foreign devils." At this point we saw the care of God, and His leading on our behalf, for just then a ferry boat, with one man working it, came right to the edge of the river just outside that city gate. Mr. Lester fell into the ferry boat, I got in after him, and we covered our heads with our hands as the missiles were thrown at us from the crowd on the shore. The ferry man, in order to save his own life, and ours too, pushed his little boat off as quickly as he could, and whilst doing so was hit on the forehead with a brick, and blood flowed freely from the wound. But in spite of all that he worked away, and finally got us to the other side of the river where our own boat, on which we had come to Changsha, was waiting for us, with our boatman, and Chinese fellow travellers on board. We praised the Lord together for all His care over us, and for sparing our lives for further service in the needy land of China.

(Continued D. V.)



Wherever you trace Satan, you will always find him raising questions. He fills the heart with all sorts of "ifs" and "hows," and thus plunges the soul in thick darkness. If he can only succeed in raising a question, he has gained his point. But he is perfectly powerless with a simple soul that just believes that *God is* and **GOD HAS SPOKEN.**

One Thing Needful

"One thing thou lackest."—Mark 10:21.

It is not raw recruits, beardless boys, that are thrown into the fiery breach, or placed in the front of battle. On the contrary, where the bullets fly the thickest, and the carnage rages fiercest, the ground is held by veterans—men that, inured to war, and familiar with the sight of blood, the flash of steel, and the roar of cannon, wear stern determination on their faces, and scars and medals on their breasts. The post of danger is assigned to veterans. Heavy burdens are for the back, not of boys, but men. This is common sense; and to deal otherwise were to deal unwisely and unfairly. It were little else than murder to bid a boy who had just left his mother's side, nor set foot before an a deck, climb the shrouds to reef the top-sails in a storm, when masts bent to the breaking, and the ship was reeling down into the trough of the sea. What man who loved his son, and possessed sense and consideration, would put inexperienced youth to so severe a trial?

Why, then, since Jesus really loved the young ruler, did he try him in a way that would have put the faith of the oldest Christian to the strain? Samson's hair is left time to grow; nor is it till his shoulders are covered with flowing locks that he has to confront the shaggy lion. He is grown to manhood before he is called to the work, not of one, but of a thousand men. But here Christ calls one young in years, and younger still in regard to himself, to undertake a gigantic task; and when the boy who, so to speak, has never seen the flash of steel before, is ordered to the front — into the very thick of the fight, and shrinks back, I confess that at first sight I wonder less at that, than that Jesus should have exposed a stripling to so sore a trial. Let the best and oldest Christian imagine himself in this young man's circumstances! Suppose his case to be yours! Think how you would feel were you suddenly called on to give away all the earnings of a life-time or to part with an ancestral estate—the old house, the old trees, the lands that had been in your family for many generations—or to leave a pleasant home, the scenes of your boyhood, the society of dear friends, reputation, wealth, rank, to descend at a step into the condition of a beggar; and follow the fortunes of a man himself so poor, that he had not a place where to lay his head. Would not that

make the boldest of us hesitate; the strongest stagger? It was a dreadful trial. How many of us could stand it, God only knows! But if any look more with scorn than sympathy on this faltering youth, I do not; and such as feel quite confident that they would have acted a nobler part would do well to remember the warning, "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast as he that putteth it off."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest—Take my yoke upon you, for it is easy; and my burden, for it is light," said our blessed Lord. Most gracious words! And what object could this loving Saviour have in laying what appeared so heavy a burden on the back of this youth? It was his real good. It was not to break the back of the man, but of his pride. It was not to repel, but to attract him; not to quench the smoking flax, but to blow it into a flame. By the use of a test whereby he might be convinced that he was not what he seemed to others, nor even to himself, our Lord sought to bring him to a true knowledge of himself; and that, in fact, so far as genuine faith and piety were concerned, these words were true of him, "One thing thou lackest."

I. How important one thing may be.

The want of one thing may make void the presence of all things else. Lacking its mainspring—which is but one thing—a watch with jewels, wheels, pinions, and beautiful mechanism, the finest watch indeed that was ever made, is of no more use than a stone. A sundial without its gnomon, as it is called, time's iron finger that throws its shadow on the circling hours—but one thing also—is as useless in broad day as in the blackest night. A ship may be built of the strongest oak, with masts of the stoutest pine, and manned by the best officers and crew, but I sail not in her if she lacks one thing—that trembling needle which a child running about the deck might fancy a toy; on that compass, that plaything, as it looks, the safety of all on board depends—lacking that one thing, the ship shall be their coffin, and the deep sea their grave. It is thus with true piety, with living faith. If the one thing is wanting, the greatest works, the costliest sacrifices, and the purest life, are of no value in the sight of God—are null and void.

Still further, to impress you with the valuelessness of every thing without that true piety, that living faith, and show how its presence imparts such worth to a believer's life and labours,

as to make his mites weigh more precious than their cups of gold—let me borrow an illustration from arithmetic. Write down a line of cyphers! You may add thousands, multiplying them till the sheets they fill cover the face of earth and heaven, they express nothing; and are worth nothing. Now take the lowest number of the ten, the smallest digit; and place that at their head—magic never wrought such a change! What before amounted to nothing rises instantly by the addition of one figure, one stroke of the pen, into thousands, or millions, as the case may be; and whether they represent pounds or pearls, how great is the sum of them! Such power resides in true faith—in genuine piety.

It may be the lowest true piety—but one degree above zero; it may be the love of smoking flax; the hope of a bruised reed; the faith of a mustard seed; the hesitating, faltering confidence of him who cried, “Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.” Still, so soon as it is inwrought by the Spirit of God, it changes the whole aspect of a man’s life and the whole prospect of his eternity. It is that one important thing, wanting which, however amiable, moral, and even apparently religious we may be, our Lord addresses us, as he did the young ruler, saying, “One thing thou lackest.” Sad to say, the one thing lacking is the one thing needful.

This interesting and alarming case suggests two or three cautions, which we would do well to ponder and attend to. Our heart being by nature deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, we are prone to say, Peace, peace, when there is no peace to be found; and I pray you, therefore, to observe—

II. That one may be amiable without living faith.

It is sad to find grace associated in some Christian people with an unkindly, uncharitable, sour, severe, stern, or sullen temper. It should not be so. It presents a most unhappy and incongruous conjunction—one that, to borrow the wise man’s figure, is “like a jewel in a swine’s snout.” If the world’s enmity to God and his image is such that a Christian is not a man loved, be it so; but let him be lovely and loving — let him be like Christ! What a lovely example His! Into whose eye did Jesus ever bring a tear; in whose pillow one thorn? The very look He bore bred hope in the bosom of despair, and invited the guiltiest to His feet. The voice that ruled the wild elements of nature was low and sweet to win the confidence of childhood;

and He who was more than a man among men became a child to children. Ready to serve all, He had tears for them that wept, and ears for them that begged; a helping hand for such as needed, and forgiveness for such as sinned; peace for a weeping Magdalene; prayers for murderers; paradise for a dying thief; and for all that suffered such ready sympathy, that on His visit to Bethany, after Lazarus' death, Martha, never doubting it, passionately exclaimed, "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Well did a woman, as she hung on his lips, drink in his words; and looking up into a face where human mildness was blended with divine majesty, raise her hands to exclaim, "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee, and the paps which Thou hast sucked."

His life is a picture not to admire only, but to copy; a pattern to imitate by constant attention to such counsels as these: Be courteous; be merciful; forgiving and forbearing with one another; be kindly affectionate toward one another in brotherly love; condescend to those that are of low estate; let not the sun go down upon your wrath; let no wrath, or malice, or evil speaking, proceed out of your mouth; love one another, as He hath loved you; love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. Alas! that Christians should, as they often do, mar the appearance and impair the influence of their piety by neglecting these beautiful rules! They shine; but like a lamp where the flame gleams dimly through foul and smoky glass. John Baptist was not only a burning but a *shining* light; and we should never forget the emphatic word of this saying—"Let your light *so*, shine"—shine so bright, with such a smokeless flame, through a life of such transparent purity—"that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Though to be lamented, it is not to be denied, that grace has a hard struggle in some with a naturally harsh, imperious, uncharitable temper. If I sought among good men, not a resemblance, but in one aspect a contrast, to our Lord himself, I find in Jonah, as he stands here in Scripture, rather a beacon to warn men off, than a light to guide them on. Though a great sinner, and one who had experienced much mercy and a most remarkable deliverance from death at the hand of God, see how that stern and gloomy man can calmly contemplate the destruction of Nineveh, with its six score thousand children who knew

not their right hand from their left! The city is spared; and now, because his reputation might sustain some injury, and he, forsooth, be accounted a false prophet, he frets and fumes! What is man! What a pitiable exhibition this, of pride and selfishness! It has led some to doubt whether, with such an ungenial and ungracious temper, he did not belong to the Balaam order of prophets—whether he was really a true man of God. We feel no such doubt. Still his case proves how much the grace of God has sometimes to contend with; how much it has to overcome; and how true the saying, Grace will live where neither you nor I could. Grace living in Jonah's heart appears a greater wonder than Jonah living in the whale's belly; and his final deliverance from a temper so proud and rugged was, at least, as great a miracle as when the monster, cleaving its way through the deep, struck the shore and vomited him out safe on the dry land. No true Christian shall die, and therefore no true Christian should be content to live with such dispositions, and in such a state; for though fruit when first formed be green and sour, it always sweetens as it ripens, and mellows to its fall. All whom God justifies, he will certainly, sooner or later sanctify.

While saving grace, as is shown by the case of Jonah, may be found where there is a sad want of natural graces, as they are called, on the other hand, these amiable qualities have adorned many who were entire strangers to the grace of God. Beware of confounding them: mistaking the one for the other; or imagining that natural graces ever can compensate for the grace that is to salvation. We may be possessed of much that is beautiful, without anything holy—presenting features of character more or less analogous to those of nature. The moor with bushes of golden gorse, the hills robed in purple, the woodlands where bright sunbeams play on a carpet of many-colored sorrel, hyacinths, and anemones, the banks by the water-side fragrant with thyme, or studded with modest primroses—these uncultivated wilds have beautiful flowers; and in affectionate parents, sweet children, gentle sisters, loving brothers, kind acquaintances, and friends true as steel, unsanctified nature presents beautiful specimens of humanity. What an example of this is the man before us! Yet turning his back on Christ, and going away sorrowful because he had great possessions, how does he warn us that the sweetest, kindest, gentlest, may

want the one thing needful! However lovely and beloved you may be, and indeed deserve to be, except you are born again you cannot see the Kingdom of God.

—T. G.

(Continued D. V.)



“Tell ye your children of it”

The Officer and the Bible

During the Napoleonic wars, when Britain was threatened, as it is now, with invasion, the youth of England were stirred up with patriotic fervour, and many, being brought into touch with the war vessels and the uniformed officers, volunteered to serve the country against the aggressor Napoleon. Among these was Edward T. who early manifested a great desire for a naval life, and, while yet a boy of twelve years, he was appointed a midshipman on board the British man-of-war “Majestic”. Here he was surrounded by those who despised Christianity, blasphemed the name of God, and lived in vice; yet, though still a stranger to grace and to the Lord Jesus Christ, he was preserved by the mercy of God from the dangers both physical and moral to which he was everywhere exposed, so that he attracted the notice and won the confidence of his superior officers.

A little more than a year after his appointment, a Dutch vessel was captured by the “Majestic,” and as usual in such cases it was sent to England. It was customary to put a crew on board sufficient to work and if necessary to defend the “prize”, and the most trustworthy from among the midshipmen was selected to the command. Although Edward T. was yet under fourteen years of age, his captain chose him for this service, and with eight seamen under his orders, he successfully discharged his duty by taking the Dutch vessel to Yarmouth. He sailed again in the “Majestic” and after three years was transferred to another man-of-war, the “Zenobia”, where at seventeen years of age, in writing to his parents, he speaks of himself as “surrounded by vice of every kind and samples of human depravity.” Still, though yet ignorant of Christ as his Saviour, he was thankful to God that the lessons he had received in his home concerning strict integrity and moral uprightness, were still dear to him.

Time passed and Edward T. became a lieutenant on board the "Volontaire." During a long and tedious voyage on the South American coast he was engaged in reading *Rollin's Ancient History*. In this work he found many references to the Scriptures and anxious to verify these passages he sought for a Bible. On making enquiry a fellow officer remembered that a relative of his had given him one which he had never read, and after much rummaging the Bible was found at the bottom of the officer's chest, and given to Lieutenant T. who began at once to examine the references in Rollin's work. He did so at first as a matter of historical research, but he was led on in his reading by Him Who had from his boyhood so graciously preserved him, and now drew him on to seek things eternal. In the Scripture he read, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Attracted he knew not how or why, Lieutenant T. read on, *Rollin's History* was forgotten, and the Bible became his absorbing object. As the result he heard "the Voice of the Son of God" in the written Word, on the wide ocean, alone in the midst of a crowd of sinners, whose very trade was violence, and without the intervention of a human agent. Brought to the Lord Jesus, washed in His precious blood, made a new creature, he was now indeed a child of God.

Not long afterwards he was permitted to return home and the long war came to an end. Now realizing the great goodness of the Lord and the glorious grace displayed toward him he resolved he would henceforth devote himself to the service of his blessed Master. Laying aside his sword, and all the trappings, honors, and prospects of his profession, he gave himself to the ministry of God's Word, and for thirty-two years laboured in the gospel with the earnestness and diligence of one who knew it as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

He has gone now to his rest, but he who sought and read and believed the long hidden Bible, still lives in the presence of his Lord as an eternal monument of the saving grace of God. Truly, "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul."

—J. L. K.



God looks for reality and honours it where He sees it.

The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

(Continued from November number)

After the usual time spent in furious attempts to free himself from our annoyance, the whale betook himself below, leaving us to await his return, and hasten it as much as possible by keeping a severe strain upon the line. Therefore, we separated as widely as was thought necessary, in order to be near him on his arrival. It was, as might be imagined, some time before we saw the light of his countenance; but when we did, we had no difficulty in getting alongside of him again. My friend Goliath, much to my delight, got there first, and succeeded in picking up the bight of the line. But having done so, his chance of distinguishing himself was gone. Hampered by the immense quantity of sunken line which was attached to the whale, he could do nothing, and soon received orders to cut the bight of the line and pass the whale's end to us. He had hardly obeyed, with a very bad grace, when the whale started off to windward with us at tremendous rate. The other boats, having no line, could do nothing to help, so away we went alone, with barely a hundred fathoms of line, in case he should take it into his head to sound again. The speed at which he went made it appear as if a gale of wind was blowing, and we flew along the sea surface, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with an incessant succession of cracks like pistol-shots. The flying spray drenched us and prevented us from seeing him, but I fully realized that it was nothing to what we should have to put up with if the wind freshened much. One hand was kept baling the water out which came so freely over the bows, but all the rest hauled with all their might upon the line, hoping to get a little closer to the flying monster. Inch by inch we gained on him, encouraged by the hoarse objurgations of the mate, whose excitement was intense. After what seemed a terribly long chase, we found his speed slackening, and we redoubled our efforts. Now we were close upon him; now, in obedience to the steersman, the boat sheered out a bit, and we were abreast of his labouring flukes; now the mate hurls his quivering lance with such hearty good-will that every inch of its slender shaft disappears within the huge body. "Lay off! Off with her, Louey!" screamed the mate; and she gave

a wide sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water not two feet from us. "Out oars! Pull, two! starn, three!" shouted the mate; and as we obeyed our foe turned to fight. Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy job for him to turn, while our boat, with two oars a-side, and the great leverage at the stern supplied by the nineteen-foot steer-oar, circled, backed, and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled, we gave a wide berth to his probable place of ascent; when he rushed at us, we dodged him; when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew, and got home a fearful trust of the deadly lance.

Suddenly the mate gave a howl: "Starn all—starn all! oh, starn!" and the oars bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high, apparently motionless, and then fell—a hundred tons of solid flesh—back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam, which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed and fell like a chip in a whirlpool. Blinded by the flying spray, baling water for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured or not. Then I saw, at a little distance, the whale lying quietly. As I looked he spouted, and the vapour was red with his blood. "Starn all!" again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practised eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts, the dying agony or "flurry" of the great mammal. Turning upon his side, he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing round at tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood poured from his spout-hole, accompanied by hoarse bellowings, as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the labouring breath trying to pass through the clogged air passages. The utmost

caution and rapidity of manipulation of the boat were necessary to avoid his maddened rush, but this gigantic energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death, his mighty body reclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcass in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep. Hardly had the flurry ceased, when we hauled up alongside of our hard-won prize, in order to secure a line to him in a better manner than at present for hauling him to the ship.

The ship was some three or four miles off to leeward, so we reckoned she would take at least an hour and a half to work up to us. Meanwhile, our part of the performance being over, and well over, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, lazily rocking on the gentle swell by the side of a catch worth at least 800 pounds. During the conflict I had not noticed what now claimed attention—several great masses of white, semi-transparent-looking substances floating about, of huge size and irregular shape. But one of these curious lumps came floating by as we lay, tugged at by several fish, and I immediately asked the mate if he could tell me what it was and where it came from. He told me, when dying, the cachalot always ejected the contents of his stomach, which were invariably composed of such masses as we saw before us; that he believed the stuff to be portions of big cuttle-fish, bitten off by the whale for the purpose of swallowing, but he wasn't sure. Anyhow, I could haul this piece alongside now, if I liked, and see. Secretly wondering at the indifference shown by this officer of forty years' whaling experience to such a wonderful fact as appeared to be here presented, I thanked him, and sticking the boat-hook into the lump, drew it alongside. It was at once evident that it was a massive fragment of cuttle-fish—tenacle or arm—as thick as a stout man's body, and with six or seven sucking-discs or "acetabula" on it. These were about as large as a saucer, and on their inner edge were thickly set with hooks or claws all round the rim, sharp as needles, and almost the shape and size of a tiger's. To what manner of awful monster this portion of limb belonged, I could only faintly imagine; but of course I remembered, as any sailor would, that from my earli-

est sea-going I had been told that the cuttle-fish was the biggest in the sea, although I never even began to think it might be true until now.

However this was a mighty revelation to me. For the first time, it was possible to understand that, contrary to the usual notion of a whale's being unable to swallow a herring, here was a kind of whale that could swallow—well, a block four or five feet square apparently; who lived upon creatures as large as himself, if one might judge of their bulk by the sample to hand; but being unable, from only possessing teeth in one jaw, to masticate his food, was compelled to tear it in sizable pieces, bolt it whole, and leave his commissariat department to do the rest.

The ship now neared us fast, and as soon as she rounded-to, we left the whale and pulled towards her, paying out line as we went. Arriving alongside, the line was handed on board, and in a short time the prize was hauled to the gangway. We met with a very different reception this time. The skipper's grim face actually looked almost pleasant as he contemplated the colossal proportions of the latest addition to our stock. He was indeed a fine catch, being at least seventy feet long, and in splendid condition. As soon as he was secured alongside in the orthodox fashion, all hands were sent to dinner, with an intimation to look sharp over it. Judging from our slight previous experience, there was some heavy labour before us, for this whale was nearly four times as large as the one caught off the Cape Verdes. And it was so. Verily those officers toiled like Titans to get that tremendous head off, even the skipper taking a hand. In spite of their efforts, it was dark before the heavy job was done. As we were in no danger of bad weather, the head was dropped astern by a hawser until morning, when it would be safer to dissect it. All that night we worked incessantly, ready to drop with fatigue, but not daring to suggest the possibility of such a thing. Several of the officers and harpooners were allowed a few hours off, as their special duty of dealing with the head at daylight would be so arduous as to need all their energies. When day dawned we were allowed a short rest, while the work of cutting up the head was undertaken by the rested men aft. At seven bells (7:30) it was "turn to" all hands again. The "junk" was

hooked on to both cutting tackles, and the windlass manned by everybody who could get hold. Slowly the enormous mass rose, canting the ship heavily as it came, while every stick and rope aloft complained of the great strain upon them. When at last it was safely shipped, and the tackles cast off, the size of this small portion of a full-grown cachalot's body could be realized, not before.

The lower jaw of this whale measured exactly nineteen feet in length from the opening of the mouth, or, say the last of the teeth, to the point, and carried twenty-eight teeth on each side. For the time, it was hauled aft out of the way, and secured to the lash-rail. The subsequent proceedings were just the same as before described, only more so. For a whole week our labours continued, and when they were over we had stowed below a hundred and forty-six barrels of mingled oil and spermaceti, or fourteen and a half tuns.

After every sign of the operations had been cleared away, the jaw was brought out, and the teeth extracted with a small tackle. They were set solidly into a hard white gum, which had to be cut away all around them before they would come out. When cleaned of the gum, they were headed up in a small barrel of brine. The great jaw-pans were sawn off, and placed at the disposal of anybody who wanted pieces of bone for "scrimshaw," or carved work. This is a favorite pastime on board whalers, though, in ships such as ours, the crew have little opportunity for doing anything, hardly any leisure during daylight being allowed. But our carpenter was a famous workman at "scrimshaw," and he started half a dozen walking-sticks forthwith.



Hymns by Aratus

(About 300 B.C.)

(*From which the Apostle Paul quoted, Acts 17:28*)

"To God above we dedicate our song,
 To leave Him unadored we never dare;
 For He is present in each busy throng,
 In every solemn gathering He is there;
 The sea is His; and His each crowded port;
 In every place our need of Him we feel,
 For we His offspring are."