

Assembly Annals

*A Magazine Devoted to Ministry
Concerning Christ and the Church*

The Tabernacle, <i>T. D. W. Muir</i>	375
Our Wonderful Saviour, <i>W. J. McClure</i>	378
The Word of Truth, <i>Prof. Bettex</i>	383
The Feasts, <i>Wm. Ferguson</i>	388
Art Thou He? <i>J. C. R.</i>	390
The Chief of Sinners	393
The Surety-Substitute, <i>J. R. M.</i>	394
Our Commission, <i>Edwin Adams</i>	396
Lincoln's Faith, <i>Dr. Johnstone</i>	398
Ezekiel's Temple, <i>F. B.</i>	401
The Call and the Answer, <i>F. B.</i>	404
Triumph of Faith, <i>Samuel Rutherford</i>	405
The Sovereign Work of God, <i>P. E. W.</i>	406
Unquenchable Thirst,	408
"Tell ye your children of it,"	409
With Christ at Sea, <i>Frank Bullen</i>	412
"Follow Me", <i>F. I.</i>	416
News Items	ii to vi

October
1937

*I have loved thee with an everlasting
love: therefore with loving kindness
have I drawn thee.
Jeremiah 31:3*

Assembly Annals

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The Word and the World

Nehushtan (2 Kings 18:4). In a magnificent chapel adjoining the cathedral at Turin, Italy, there is preserved a linen cloth that has been venerated for centuries as the actual "shroud" of our Lord Jesus Christ—the new linen cloth bought by Joseph of Arimathea for the purpose of His burial. It is 14 feet in length, 4½ feet wide, and upon it are two remarkably clear impressions representing the front and back of a human body, and it is claimed that these impressions were made by the body of the Lord which was laid on half of the cloth, the other half of the sheet having been folded over from head to foot.

This "Holy Shroud" has been exposed to the public gaze for veneration at intervals since 1355, and Pope Julius II approved of it as genuine by a Bull issued in April, 1506, in which he stated "There men may look upon the true blood and the portrait of Jesus Christ Himself."

Difficulties have arisen however, which prevented Catholic scholars from believing in the authenticity of the "shroud". The first is that there are five or six other shrouds, similarly impressed with the figure of Christ, and each of their votaries claim that theirs is the genuine burial garment. These other shrouds are preserved in Besancon, Cadouin, Champiegné, Xabregas etc.

A more formidable difficulty was discovered by Canon Chevalier, who clearly proved by documents (the authenticity of which has not been disputed) that in 1389 Pope Clement VII allowed the "shroud" to be exhibited but ordered that the priest who showed it should declare in a loud voice that it was not the real shroud but a painting made to represent the body of Christ. This decision was arrived at because of the fact that the artist who did the work had confessed to his part in the matter.

Now, notwithstanding these insuperable obstacles Dr. Paul Vignon, Secretary General of the Italian and French Commissions of the Holy Shroud, has written an article to prove that the Turin Shroud is genuine. This article was published in a recent issue of the **Scientific American** and also in the **Reader's Digest**, April, 1937, thus bringing to the attention of millions of Americans his arguments to substantiate his claim. He asserts that photographic negatives of the impressions show the face standing out in stately majesty; that experiments in the laboratory of the Sorbonne confirm the belief that the imprint of a human body was the result of natural chemical causes; and moreover that traces of blood are still preserved in the linen so distributed that all the wounds of the Lord are clearly distinguishable—forehead, back, hands, feet and side.

Over against all these photographic, chemical, and physical data, we find by an appeal to the Word of God, that there never was a "shroud". Instead of a single sheet of linen being placed as Dr. Vignon describes, we learn that Joseph of Arimathea's linen cloth was wrapped or wound around the body, and not even in one piece,

but in portions; and while the body was being thus swathed or bound, a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight, was included in the folds, as was the manner of the Jews to bury. On the resurrection morning, Peter and John saw the "linen clothes" lying, and the napkin that had enveloped the head not lying with the linen clothes but wrapped together, (involved) in a place by itself. The details narrated in the gospels give a flat contradiction to the theories advanced on behalf of this so-called "shroud". The method of applying the linen clothes, the multiple horizontal folds, the inclusion of the spices, and the separate treatment accorded to the head, would preclude any such "impressions" as are claimed for the "shroud," which as we have seen had no actual existence. Instead therefore of a magnificent chapel to enshrine this spurious relic, and the veneration amounting to idolatry accorded to it, Hezekiah's treatment of the serpent of brass should be adopted and thereby the scandals and cause for blasphemy by the enemy be removed.

—H. A. Cameron

The Faith of Abraham Lincoln

We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Dr. W. J. Johnstone, the author of the little volume entitled "How Lincoln Prayed", in permitting us to reprint in this issue parts of his book, and we would urge our readers to possess themselves of a copy of this striking compilation of Lincoln's prayers. They will find much of interest that will amply repay them for the small expenditure involved. The price is but \$1.00 and the book may be obtained direct from the author, Dr. W. J. Johnstone, 2007 Iglehart Ave., Saint Paul, Minnesota.

When we say to anyone that President Lincoln was a Christian, we are at once asked, "How do you reconcile that with his being in a theatre?" Our answer usually has been, "What a man must do officially is not always what he would be inclined to do personally." But we are glad to learn at last from good authority that, not the play, but themes Christian and spiritual occupied the mind of the great and good President at the moment of the assassin's attack.

Conferences

CLIFTONDALE, MASS. A one-day conference will be held (D. V.) in the Gospel Hall, on Columbus Day, Oct. 12th. Prayer Meeting Monday evening at 7:45. Visitors will be entertained as usual. David Walsh 17½ Putman St., Saugus, Mass, correspondent.

FOREST, ONT. The annual Conference will be held D. V. Oct. 30th and 31st. Please note the change in date. Prayer meeting Friday evening. Meetings on Saturday in the Gospel Hall, and on Sunday in the Town Hall.

OAKLAND, CALIF. We plan to have a joint Conference in Bethany Gospel Hall, 1940 23rd Avenue at Thanksgiving Nov. 25-28. A hearty invitation is given to all the Lord's people. Further particulars from Thomas Hill, 1393 8th St., Oakland, Calif.

WATERBURY, CONN. We purpose, God willing, having our Conference this year October 30 and 31, commencing Friday the 29th with a prayer Meeting in Waterville Gospel Hall; Saturday and Lord's Day in Temple Hall. The usual order of meetings will prevail. Communications to Wm. Batterton, Box. 131, Waterville.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. The Conference was considered by all to be very successful, the Sunday evening meeting being especially large and good, with blessing in the gospel.

GALT, ONTARIO. The Conference was reported as "a real good Conference."

HITESVILLE, IOWA. A large and good Conference was held in two large tents.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT. The Conference went on nicely, a spirit of unity prevailed and the ministry was practical and stimulating. One young man professed faith in Christ.

Addresses

Pawtucket, R. I. ...The correspondent pro tem. for the Pawtucket assembly is John Moore, 15 Livingston St., Prospect Hill, Lonsdale, Rhode Island.

Mr. Sydney W. Buckland, missionary from Central Africa hopes to be in the United States and Canada in October. His address will be % A. Marks, 160 Bay St., South, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

Mr. G. G. Johnston's address is now 112 Arundel Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

ILLINOIS. The tent meetings for Italians in Chicago resulted in five conversions for which we thank God.

IOWA. Messrs. George Gould, Sr. and Jr. had good attendance at a special series here in the new hall in Stout.

MASSACHUSETTS. Mr. McCrory and Mr. J. J. Rouse visited assemblies in these parts, and Mr. Hugh Thorpe is at present seeking to give help around Massachusetts. Mr. McClure spent about a week in Boston, and later visited New Bedford, later going on to Pawtucket, R. I., New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit, ministering the Word and preaching the Gospel.

MICHIGAN, Detroit. The Conference was large and good, about thirty preachers being present. Mr. McClure though feeble physically, preached with his old time vigor, and the other servants of the Lord who ministered gave acceptable words, even words of truth. About a thousand attended the meetings and were made happy by their coming together.

Thomas Smith of Malaga, Spain, and Ernest Wilson of Portuguese West Africa visited several of the assemblies and gave stirring reports of the Lord's work in Spain and Angola.

Mr. McClure remained with us for two weeks and preached and taught at the regular meetings in Central and West Chicago Blvd. assemblies.

Pickford. As the result of W. G. Foster's meetings four professed faith in Christ. Our brother hopes to return later and follow up the work.

MISSOURI. Twelve weeks of tent meetings held by T. R. McCullagh and John Elliott in Springfield, Marionville, and in the country districts near by, were encouraging and blessed. The little assembly in Springfield is going on nicely. Mr. Lewis Bigbee, 2025 Hoffman St. will direct any one who comes. Mr. Elliott returns to his home in Philadelphia. Mr. McCullagh's address will be 322 No. Lakeview Ave. Sturgis, Mich. for the winter months.

NEW YORK STATE.

Richmond Hill Wm. Beveridges' visit was much appreciated. He expected to go on to Glen Head, L. I., for a few nights.

NORTH CAROLINA. Sam Mc Ewen continues nightly preaching

in the tent to capacity audiences, with manifest blessing in conversions. **Ohio.** Mr. John Ferguson had meetings in Cleveland West Side and Central Assemblies after the Conference.

PENNSYLVANIA, Mechanicsburg. George Winemiller and Wm. Beveridge spent the summer season in tent work mid:t much to discourage both because of the wet weather and because of small audiences. However a great deal of good literature was distributed and the people interviewed and spoken to in their homes, and this may prove bread cast upon the waters.

Canada

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Vancouver, B. C. Mr. J. Monypenny after revisiting scenes of his former labors in California came on to Vancouver for some meetings. He will value prayer for his path especially in view to his purposed visit to New Zealand and Australia. He hopes to sail Oct. 29th, after which date his mail address will be—c/o Mr. James G. Harvey, Gospel Publishing House, 114 Main St., Palmerton N., New Zealand.

ONTARIO.

Galt. Mr. & Mrs. A. R. Crocker have left Galt and are on their way to the southern States where Mr. Crocker hopes to labor. His address meanwhile will be c/o W. Patton, 4 Lincoln Ave., Toronto 9, Ont., Canada.

Toronto. The tent work among Italians conducted by Messrs. F. Carboni and G. G. Johnston was somewhat discouraging at first, but toward the end our brethren were cheered by two professing faith in Christ.

NOVA SCOTIA. "Just a few lines to say, brother McIlwaine and I have just returned from South Shore of N. S. where we had our Tent pitched since early in July. We were obliged to take it down on 7th instant, as weather became too cold in evenings for the comfort of those who attended the meetings, last few nights they came with winter coats on. Interest continued to the end, some were weeping, and hoped we would soon be back again. We believe God blessed His Word to the salvation of a few souls, who desire to own Jesus as Lord in their lives. The people have been sitting in darkness, they never heard anything about being saved before. What a privilege it is to carry the Gospel into such places.

Brother L. K. McIlwaine has returned to his home in the old country. His address will now be:—35 Mount Street, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, North Ireland.

Our brother Mr. Wm. Robertson of Philadelphia, who was among those who ministered the Word at our July Conference, continued at Pugwash Junction, with brother Hugh Thorpe, for a while, preaching from his "Two Roads" Chart. Then he had meetings in Sydney Mines, and Sydney, also New Waterford, in Cape Breton. On his return, he had a few meetings in New Glasgow for the Lord's people which were very much enjoyed, speaking from his Chart, "The Feasts of Jehovah" He went on to Moncton, N. B." W. N. Brennan, Box 421, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

CHINA. Friends who have been anxiously enquiring will be interested to learn that our brother Donald M. Hunter is in Tientsin attending to wounded Chinese soldiers. Much prayer has gone up to the throne of grace on account of the present orgy of bloodshed in that land and in your orisons please remember our brother and his service.

“With Christ”

BUTLER, PA. Very suddenly on August 12 our beloved brother, **Thomas Thomson** passed into the presence of the Lord at the age of 75. Born at New Stevenston, Scotland and led to Christ at Revival meetings held there 50 years ago through the singing of the well known hymns, “Oh, take me as I am” and “Only trust Him”. He came to the United States in 1885 and was for a time identified with the Homestead Assembly, but has been in fellowship with saints at Friendship Avenue, Pittsburgh for the last 25 years. A quiet, unassuming, kindly brother as many of the Lord’s servants and others can testify. Services at the home and cemetery were conducted by brethren William Pinches and Robert Crawford.

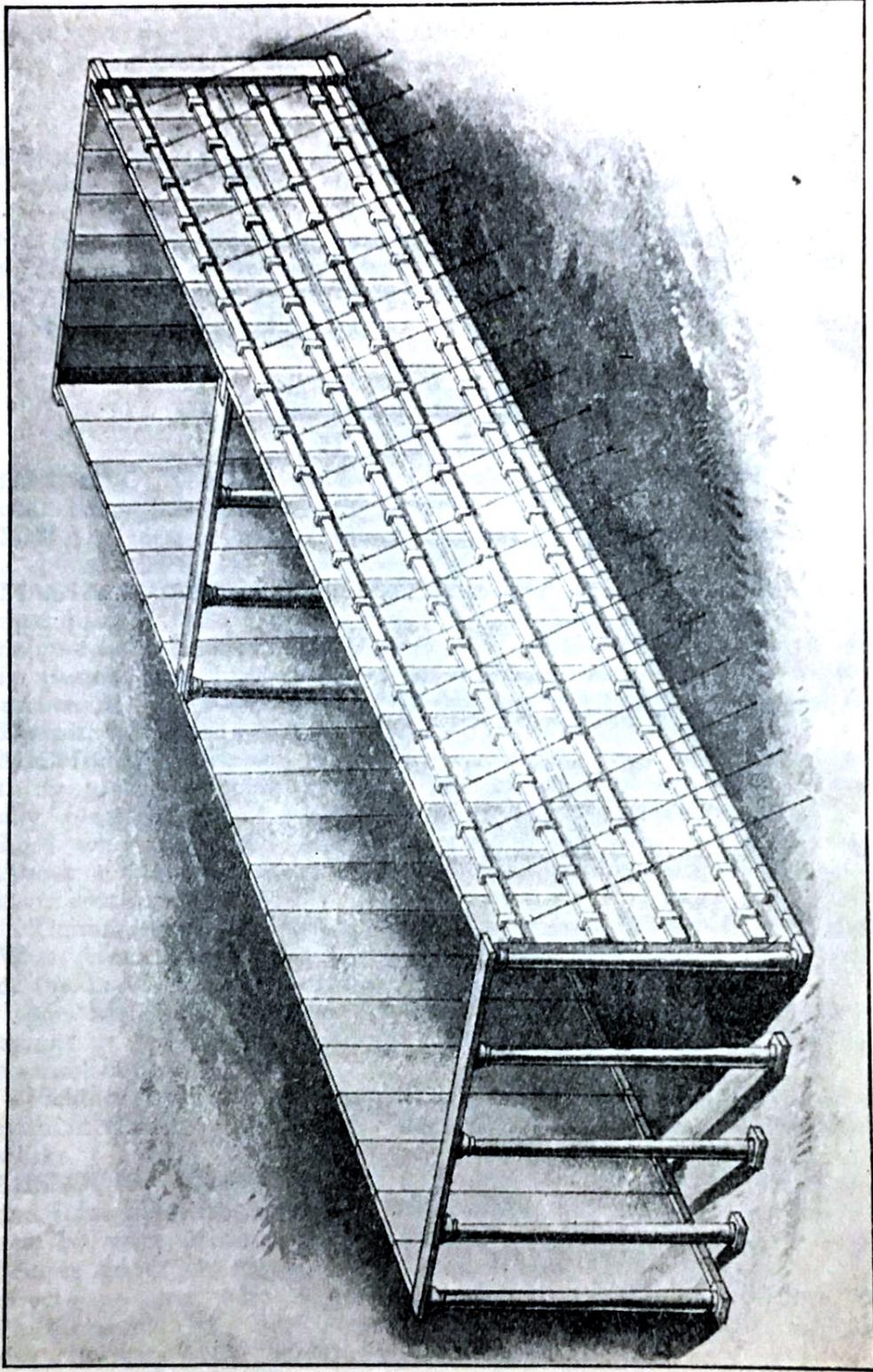
DETROIT, MICH. On Sept. 3rd Central Hall Assembly lost two of its best members within twelve hours of each other, in the deaths of **Miss Margaret Thomson** and **Miss Martha Brinnden**. Both of these sisters were ensamples of, and to, the believers, quiet witness bearers to the truth, and continuing steadfast in the fellowship, in the Apostles’ doctrine, in the breaking of bread and in prayers. Though handicapped by physical disabilities at the end, they showed great determination of spirit to be present at the assembling of ourselves together, overcoming obstacles in so doing that would have proved excuses to others more robust. To the services which were conducted by Dr. H. A. Cameron, and Mr. John Govan many came to do honor to those dear ones, who “will be missed, because their seats will be vacant.”

RICHMOND HILL, LONG ISLAND, N. Y. Mrs. **John Fenty** went to be with the Lord Sept 10. Had been ailing for some time. Aged 57; Saved thirty-five years ago under the ministry of Mr. Soper, through reading Matt. 11. She came just as she was and the peace of God filled her weary soul. She was a nice hearty Christian and bore a good testimony. At the service a large number gathered in the home. Herbert Webber and Wm. Beveridge spoke words of comfort and entreaty to those still unsaved. Leaves a husband and eleven children to mourn her loss; six saved and in fellowship.

WAUBAUSHENE, Mr. George Weaver, was promoted from service good to service best on Sept. 9th. Aged 83, saved 55 years, a good man and one that will be greatly missed. An exceptionally large company attended the funeral services, which were conducted by Mr. Gunn and Mr. A. R. Crocker. Prayer is asked for his widow and for his family, some of whom are not saved. Mr. and Mrs. Weaver celebrated their golden wedding a year ago last summer. The Church has lost a good man, who will be much missed.

WILLOBEE, OHIO. “Suddenly at Willobee, **A. G. Lawrence** went home to be with Christ Aug. 26th. Over forty years in Addison Rd. Assembly, Cleveland. Jer. 2:2.”

Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.



The Boards. [J. K. Souter & Co., Edinburgh.

By permission]

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The Tabernacle of Israel

Thos. D. W. Muir

The framework of the Tabernacle, over which the curtains and coverings hung, was made of forty-eight boards,—the material being shittim-wood, overlaid with gold. They stood on end, each one ten cubits (about 15 feet) long, and about 27 inches wide. There were twenty of these boards on each side, and eight of them at the western end of the structure. Moreover, they were standing each board on two sockets of solid silver, and were bound together by bars of the same wood, overlaid with gold. All this the reader will read for himself in Exodus 26:15-30.

Here was to be the dwelling-place,—the Sanctuary of God,—in the midst of His own redeemed people, and all the strength and stability that ever characterizes the work of God, is seen in it. All was planned by Him, and Moses is afresh commanded to “rear up the Tabernacle according to the fashion thereof which was shewed thee in the mount,” v. 30. Men are ever trying to improve on God’s ways. But God will have none of it, and now as then, He will have His work carried on according to His Word!

No doubt but Christ Himself is typified here,—for He could speak of His body as being the temple of God (Jno. 2:19-21), and as these boards upheld that which formed this dwelling-place, so He, in His person and work, is the upholder and sustainer of all that pertains to the glory of God.

Each and every board points to Him. As “Son of Man,” the incorruptible wood speaks of Him, as the one holy in birth, nature, life, and death. The One “in whom is no sin,” who “knew no sin,” and who “did no sin neither was guile found in His mouth,” and who, ever in thought, word and deed, did those things that “pleased” the Father. The Gold with which the boards were overlaid, would speak of His divinity. He was the Son of God, as truly as He was the Son of Man. The Devil has of late sought to resuscitate old theories, in the shape of modern Russellism, or Millennial Dawnism, in which this foundation fact is denied. But the Centurion at His death, voiced that which is the consistent testimony of Scripture, when he said, “Truly this is the Son of God.” Deny the deity

of Christ, and you have no Saviour! It is His Godhead that gives value to His sacrifice.

But the Church is also being builded, as an "habitation of God by the Spirit," and while we can see the glory of Christ in all this wondrous structure, we can also see displayed the grace and glory of God exhibited in His people, as we examine these boards. Individually God's children are like these boards, which once as part of nature's forest grew luxuriantly in their own soil (Psa. 37-35 Margin),—drawing all their nourishment from their native earth, and seemingly a fixture there. But like those boards, in their parent tree, the axe was laid at their root, and they were made to feel its keen edge, and its strokes severed them from their old standing with the earth.

And however varied may be the history of God's dealings with His people, in some things they are alike. He awakens them,—convicting them by His Word and Spirit,—and thus are they made to feel the sharp edge of His truth. He brings them down. God saves the humble person,—this being another effect of the operation of God's Spirit through His Word. "The proud He knoweth afar off," and however much the pride of the flesh may later manifest itself, yet when God dealt with them, He "brought them low." He lifts them up. Nay more, like the boards overlaid with gold, they show forth His glory. And this is ever His order. Many would be lifted up who have never been brought down. But it is not His way. Saul of Tarsus was a sample of God's mercy. How proudly he grew in his native soil,—how self-satisfied he was! But on that day, when the Lord met him (Acts 9), God brought him down, yet as He revealed Himself to the stricken man, as "Jesus,"—which means "Jehovah the Saviour," He lifted him up, henceforth to stand before Him, a monument of His mercy.

He unites them to Himself and one another. If He speaks of His people now as Christ's "body," united to Him as His Church, 1-24, He also tells us that they are "members one of another," (Rom. 12:5). Then if He speaks of them as forming 'an holy temple in the Lord,' He also tells us they are "fitly framed together." This is God's workmanship; and is that which is true of every child of God, in their relationship to every other child of God. In the Tabernacle, the trees were cut down, then they were prepared, then they were fitly framed, and then they were made to stand upright (Ex. 26:15) on sockets of silver,—which spake of redemption. And last of all, they were bound together by bars, and rings to form one beautiful dwelling-place for God.

This has He done and is doing for His redeemed ones now. Having lifted us up by His salvation, whom He had brought down by His word of judgment, He has now fitted us for our place in His wondrous sanctuary, which is the Church. His Holy Spirit is the worker, and continues to fit us, by the operation of His own Word upon our consciences and hearts, for practically exhibiting that character of godliness, which is in keeping with the profession of those who belong to Him. And the Word He uses is not all "love and grace,"—to comfort and soothe us. It is also the "word of righteousness," correcting our waywardness and naughtiness. Its work is to "sanctify and cleanse" us, as well as "nourish and cherish" us, that we may be as He desires us to be. May we, dear Christian reader, be subject to His gracious activities on our behalf!

For these boards a foundation was needed, and God saw to it that a foundation was provided. Now it is most significant, and full of typical value,—prefiguring in simple language the atoning work of Christ—that we have in Exod. 30 11-16. the story of how the silver was obtained which formed this foundation, as well as provided the chapters for the court pillars, their connecting rods, and the hooks by which the fine linen walls were upheld. In Exod. 30:12, etc., they are told that when those twenty years of age were numbered every man so numbered was to give a half-shekel of silver to serve as a memorial of their atonement. We read "The rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel, when they give an offering unto the Lord, to make an atonement for your souls." Vs. 15. In chapter 38:25-28, we read of how they made the sockets, and chapters, and rods and hooks out of this,—and there was not an ounce left over. All was needed for the work, for each detail was planned in the wisdom of God.

Each board was made with two tenons cut into the end of it, and stood in two sockets of solid silver,—a talent in weight each. A talent weighed probably over one hundred pounds. So that we have the astounding fact, that each board had over two-hundred-weight of silver under it. Thus the foundation of the forty-eight boards, and the four pillars of the Vail,—which also stood on sockets of silver,—one socket under each pillar,—aggregated 10,000 lbs., or five tons of silver! A costly as well as a solid foundation, surely!

And as we think of those boards as pictures of individual believers, we think of them as once without a true foundation, but now as founded on Christ who died, in whom they have

a righteous foundation on which they build for eternity, Rom. 3:24-26. It is also a costly and a sure foundation, (1 Peter, 1:18, 19; and Ch. 2:4-8), which the storms of wind and wave, and the overflowing scourge shall not destroy. But it is not merely for safety that the child of God needs the atoning work of Christ. It is also needful for worship. We stand upon "redemption ground," for salvation,—and we have no other ground for approaching God as an holy priesthood to worship Him. The shifting sands of human emotion are not to be trusted for either. But Christ and His all-sufficient work in redemption, like the solid silver sockets, provides a firm basis on which God, in perfect righteousness, can not only save the sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus, but accept his praises,—nay more, can, as in the case of Israel, dwell in the midst of them as His gathered ones, Matt.18:20.

And so we see in these forty-eight gold covered boards, "standing up" in their ninety-six sockets of silver, and bound together by their bars of shittim-wood, also overlaid with gold, a beautiful picture of the Church of God fitly formed as an habitation of God by the Spirit, and whose business it is to uphold the glories of the Person and Work of Christ, as did those boards the curtains and coverings. As a whole the professing church has failed in this. Still it is the ideal He sets before us and each company of saints gathered in His Name should in its place form, corporately, a real testimony for Him. And inasmuch as each board, upheld its own share of the Tabernacle, so individually, each child of God is responsible to be a testimony to the Lord Jesus Christ whom God by His Spirit is now seeking to glorify. May our God give grace for this!

Our Wonderful Saviour

W. J. McClure

Notes of Address at Waterloo Conference, July 3rd 1937.

One of the seven titles of our Lord Jesus in Isaiah 9:6, is "Wonderful." His work as *Creator* is wonderful. To see this we only need to think of some of His creatures, for instance the bees, birds and fishes. Think of the scientific accuracy of the honeycomb. Think of the homing instinct of the pigeon, by which it returns hundreds of miles to its loft. And think of the salmon that crosses the Pacific a matter of thousands of miles to the place where it was spawned. We admire His wisdom as seen in the creatures of the earth, but when we turn to the

heavenly bodies we marvel at His wonderful work in these. Some of them in performing their orbit passed a given point before we were born and in the natural order of things we shall be in our graves before they complete the orbit. And yet moving at a speed which staggers the mind, they will pass any given point on time to a minute whereas man cannot run his little railroad of a few hundred miles and keep the train up to time.

But while His work in *creation* is marvellous, our Lord's work in *redemption* is far more so. If as Architect of the universe He is wonderful, language fails to tell out His marvelous work as Saviour.

Again and again God dealt with Israel when humanly speaking hope had gone. Isaac is born when Abraham and Sarah were as good as dead, so far as bringing a son into the world was concerned. And Abraham in obedience to God ascends mount Moriah to offer Isaac up in sacrifice (Gen. 22). The knife is poised to strike Isaac when the voice of God halts it, and Abraham offers instead of Isaac, the ram that was caught by its horns in the thicket. Ver. 14. contains a word that I used to regard as rather difficult to understand, "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." The Revised margin changes *it* to *He*, which helps, "In the mount of the Lord *He* shall be seen. In meaning it corresponds with the saying, we often hear, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity". That scene in the life of Abraham was typical of many crises in the later history of Israel. That crisis in the book of Esther is one of the most outstanding. Just as anyone looking on would have thought Isaac was doomed, had God not interfered just at the right moment, so it looked as if nothing could save the Jews from Haman's well-planned slaughter of the whole race, but Gen. 22.14. was fulfilled.

Here in Judges (chapter 13) God is going to give His people a deliverer from the Philistines and He takes up a couple who are like Abraham and Sarah. The Angel of the Lord appears to the woman as she is alone in the field. It is quite clear that that Angel was our Lord Jesus in His pre-carnate state. He tells the woman that she will bear a son, who is to be a Nazarite from the womb, and that she herself must abstain from all that would defile the Nazarite. When she told Manoah her husband, he too wished to see the Angel and prayed for that, and God answered his prayer. When the Angel appeared to the wife again she hastened and told the husband. The Angel repeats the instruction he had given the wife. Then Manoah asks Him for His name that on the fulfillment of His word they might do

Him honour. The Angel replies, "Why asketh thou after My name, seeing it is a secret, (wonderful ver. 18. R. V.). In ver. 19 they offered up a kid with a meat offering on the rock, and we read "the Angel and *wondrously* and Manoah and his wife looked on."

This scene takes us back in our experience to the time when by faith saw we our Lord Jesus on the cross doing a more mighty work than creating the universe. And our part was like that of Manoah and his wife, we just looked on.

Ver. 20 takes us a little farther, giving us in figure the ascension of Christ "It came to pass when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord *ascended in the flame of the altar.*" Here is foreshadowed Christ going back to the Father with all the infinite acceptance of His work upon the Cross. There never was a moment between Bethlehem and Calvary that Christ could not have stepped into heaven, but when in wondrous grace He took our load of sin upon Himself, that sin acted as a barrier, and must first be put away ere He can enter heaven. But He put sin away and entered heaven by His own blood. (Heb. 9:12.) and we are going to be there on the very same ground, the blood of Jesus.

As Manoah and his wife saw the angel ascending in the flame of the altar, we read that, "*They looked on and fell on their faces to the ground.*" This reminds us of what we read in Luke 24:50. "And He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven. And *they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.*" A sight of Christ going back to the Father for us, in all the infinite excellence of His blessed person and work, will draw our souls out in worship.

Ver. 21. "But the angel of the Lord did no more appear to Manoah and his wife." They are now cast upon the naked Word of God. So is it with the believer now. It is not God's will that we should look for the appearances that were more or less common in the very first days of the dispensation. Those who would bring into the present what God saw good and necessary at the beginning, have not grasped the truth of the dispensation. It is now faith in the naked Word of God. We need no signs.

In Manoah's wife we have a fine picture of faith, whereas Manoah gives us a picture of too many Christians. In ver. 22 he says, "We shall surely die because we have seen God." But see how beautifully the wife reasons it out. "*If the Lord were*

pleased to kill us He would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands." She stands there like Abel, who knew that he was righteous because God accepted his offering. He laid the lamb on the little mound of earth that he had scraped together and stood by. Down came the fire and all that remained was a little pile of ashes. That meant God had accepted it, as we read in Psa. 20:3. "Remember all thy offerings, and accept (turn to ashes,—margin) thy burnt sacrifices." Like Abel this dear woman reasons "Because the fire fell on our offering it cannot fall on us."

But there is another thing which banishes the unbelieving fear which Manoah expressed, namely, God's revelation to them. "If the Lord were pleased to kill us . . . *He would not have shewed us all these things, nor would he as at this time have told us such things as these.*" This is simple and beautiful, making the weaker vessel the stronger in faith. We too can thank God for communicating to us the revelation of His will concerning His Beloved Son and our association with Him in the ages that are coming. That He has given us eyes to see and hearts to understand, adds to our assurance.

We have seen the wonderful work in settling the sin question on the cross and we are daily proving His wonderful love and care, and can use the words of David about Jonathan (2 Sam. 1:26) "Thy love to me was wonderful." But there is something ahead which is better still, when He comes.

"Sanctify yourselves for *tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you.*" (Josh. 3:5). The forty years of wilderness trials and suffering lie behind the people of Israel now. They have come to the Jordan and can look over to the fair land of Canaan, and like a trumpet peal these words ring out, Sanctify yourselves for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you. How the words bring before us our bright tomorrow. We turn to Phil. 3:20, 21. to get a look at the wonders He will then perform. For our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.

The R. V. gives us instead of "*vile body*", "the body of our humiliation." This is very much better. Our bodies are not vile; they are redeemed and precious to God. But this the time of our humiliation, and so though saved, the child of God may have a diseased body, full of pain and yet be in the enjoyment of closest fellowship with the Lord.

Some years ago a few believers, myself among them, visited a very dear sister, Janet Locky. She was lovingly cared for by a sister in the Lord. We found her in a spotlessly clean bed, but I would like to tell you how otherwise we found that dear soul. She was blind and deaf and paralyzed, and had lost one arm. If the one arm she had, got from under the bedclothes she could not bring it back, and the sister who attended her had to replace it. As I looked at that dear sister my thoughts went on to that glorious morrow, and Phil. 3:21 came before me. I could not but marvel at the wonder-working power of our Lord Jesus, who will make that poor, helpless, deformed and diseased body more resplendent in glory than an archangel. He is not going to fashion us after the form of an angel, but after His own glorious body. I well remember when as a young Christian I got a great deal of joy out of a hymn we used to sing then. "I would be like an angel and with the angels stand, a crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand." If some one were to say to me now, "Mr. McClure, you are going to be like an angel", I could tell them that was far more than I ever deserved, but all the same it would be quite a downcome for me. I am not going to be like an angel. for anything less than being like Himself, would not please the Lord.

"Sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will *do wonders* among you", reminds us of I John 3:3, "And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." There is no truth that will separate the believer from this Christ-rejecting world like the truth that Christ is coming and that His coming is very near. And this is true whether we realize it or not.

In I John 3:3 the Revised Version, I think gives us a little different thought from the usual reading. "And every man that hath this hope set on Him, (Christ) purifieth himself, even as He is pure." It is not merely that we hold the truth of the coming, but that our hearts are engaged with the coming ONE. The believer now should be like Mephibosheth, who mourned David's absence and had no desire to mingle in society. Dear Andrew Fraser, speaking of Rebekah as a type of the church on her way to meet the bridegroom, said she would not have come down off her camel to vote Democrat or Republican. "Sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

"For their sakes I sanctify Myself that they also might be sanctified through the truth"—John 17:19

The Word of Truth

By Professor F. Bettex

Look at the first page of the Bible. How simply it states: "In the beginning God made the heaven and earth." (Gen. 1:1.) That seems rational enough. For either the world has made itself, or it has existed always or it was created by God. That it has not always existed appears from its unfinished evolution, its struggle after equilibrium of its forces which it would long since have attained, had it existed always. In this respect the greatest scientists are fully agreed. Men like Herschel, Secchi, Lord Kelvin admit that *the world has had a beginning and will have an end.*

Or shall we assume that the world made itself? This surely is not compatible with common sense. That *the great nothing* without reason and will, without cause or matter or force should have constructed itself into a marvelously intelligible universe, is an hypothesis so absurd, that it deserves no serious treatment. That there can be no effect without cause is the very foundation of science. Place a pebble or a gold piece on your table and assure the atheist that it evolved itself. He would call you insane. But meanwhile he sees nothing extraordinary in the theory that, millions of years ago, most stupendous effects were produced without any cause soever. Just note the contradiction. According to our atheistic friend the laws of nature are eternal and immutable, but he will not admit that even today effects can be produced without cause. He calls himself "rational," but how irrational his hypothesis that the first things made themselves! Says Meyenberg: "Surely no one can accomplish anything before he has any existence; I cannot produce before I am. Something that has not even existence, can surely not create itself!"

However, most any absurdity is welcomed by atheists as long as it does away with the uncomfortable belief in a Supreme Being! Tell me how men with such foolish theories dare ridicule the miracles of the Bible!

If the world has not always existed, and if it could not create itself, we are forced to admit the existence of a God. "The knowledge of nature," says Reinike, "leads inevitably to the idea of God." "We discern," says Dr. Klein, "that the order of the universe is such that it presupposes a supreme intelligence capable of infinite, creative power. For this reason the greatest thinkers of all times have accepted this belief. The existence of a God is proven as clearly by the complicated system of the

universe as the magnetism of the sun is proven by the course of the planets."

The first statement of the Bible is therefore correct. In the beginning God made the world. Note the Hebrew word "Elohim," meaning God is in the plural. "Elohim barah"—God in plurality, but *one* Creator. This means the Trinity: "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." (John 1:3; 17:5; Gen. 1:1).

And now let us view the creation of the world as presented in this book. In broad outline it describes the six days of creation, periods of darkness and light (Gen. 1:5) of whose duration we know nothing. It gives successive periods to the plants, the fishes, the mammals and man, all of which have been verified by geological investigations. "Seaweeds," says Dr. Quenstedt, "are probably the first created organisms. So far we have been unable to contradict the venerable Moses whom we might call a great geologist." Ten times we read the phrase "after his kind," a statement which Darwinism apparently undermined when it advanced the theory that organisms could be changed by environment. However, up to the present writing nothing has ever been proven against the assertion of Moses. Studies of petrefaction, botany, zoology have rather confirmed it. Darwin himself admitted that "we cannot prove that a single organism has been changed." Scientists lean more toward the belief of the "constancy of species," while in the Congress of Scientists, held in 1897, it was frankly declared that Darwinism was visibly on the decline.

Modern astronomy has substantiated the biblical statement that the earth existed before the advent of the sun. At first the thought of the earth without the sun was ridiculed, but later investigations have proven the truth of the report; some scientists like Flammarion even claiming that vegetation and life could be produced and sustained on sunless planets.

Man is the final creation. This also is demonstrated by modern science. Plants and mammals antedate him. Not by a hundred thousand years as some geologists would have us believe. We are little impressed with evidences of skulls and arrowheads. If the human race had been on earth for such long periods it would have left vastly grander monuments of its history.

Skulls, moreover, furnish no proof. Some of them for which ages have been claimed could easily be accounted for by the development of a thousand years. The "stone age" with its arrow heads and weapons of stone flourished even a thousand years before Christ among many tribes of America and Europe

and the historian of materialism, A. F. Lange, admits that the age of the caveman could be placed in the period of fifteen centuries, intervening between Adam and Noah's ark.

Man, we are told, was pure and happy. He fell from grace. Since then he eats his bread in the sweat of his brow and his helpmeet bears the pains of child-birth. This story is echoed in almost every tradition of ancient people. An original state of bliss is recorded in all mythologies. There is also a variety of versions on the fall of man. And does not experience and observation prove the truth of this report? Look at man. If he descended from the orangoutang, would he not walk about in glee and glory, proud of his grand evolution? Instead of that we see him wandering toward his grave with heart bowed down and care written on his brow. We read further. Cain kills Abel, setting a terrible precedent for the history of the human race. Ever since, wars have devastated the earth, nations indulging in fratricidal struggles with their fellowmen. Civilizations born out of blood, sustained by bloodshed, perishing in blood.

Endowed with traces of primal power a generation of giants inhabits the earth. This, too, is universally reported in the world's mythologies. So is the story of the sons of God mingling with the fair daughters of men. But "Enoch walked with God," (Gen. 5:22,) illustrating that at all times God chose His witnesses to protest against growing corruption and thereby to deprive the wicked of the excuse of ignorance.

Finally the storm broke. Waters from above and from below flooded the earth causing such a terror to the human race that up to the present even the remotest heathen people tell of its fury. Ask China and Japan, ancient Greece or the Indians of North America. They concur in their stories of the deluge which covered the mountains so that only one human couple escaped. Some tell of seven people in a boat and of a bird carrying a branch of hope. In the face of this universal testimony how absurd are modern attempts to account for the deluge by a typhoon in a Persian gulf!

Fearing further catastrophes and a possible scattering of the people, humanity decides to erect a central tower of strength somewhere in the plains of Shinar, prototyping by this attempt the modern tendency of concentration in large cities. But Jehovah's purposes for the human race cannot be counteracted. By the destruction of the tower of Babel the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet are scattered to every part of the earth. It is interesting to hear the stories of negroes referring to this

event. They tell of a general scare having taken possession of people at the destruction of the tower so that, terror-stricken, they uttered unintelligible words. The Toltecs of Mexico have a tradition of the pyramid of Cholula, built by giants for the purpose of escaping the deluge. But God, not approving of the project, destroyed both builders and building. Philologists are unable to solve the problem of the many languages, but the Bible solves it. And it is psychologically reasonable that the interference of God in human designs caused confusion of heads and tongues. Remarkable it is that the vowels i, a, o and the consonants n, k, s are easily traceable in even the crudest languages, a fact which points to the original unity of the human race.

Thus the sons of Shem, Ham and Japheth were scattered over the earth. They represent the three great races whose homes were to be in Africa, Europe and Asia. The more cultured among them produced civilizations, the crude ones, succumbing in the struggles against their superior brothers, sought refuge in the remoter parts of the earth. There they lived as nomads and bushmen sinking down to the deepest level of fetish-worship. But without exception they retained a memory of the golden age together with a poignant grief over their sins which they hoped to atone for by offering sacrifices to the offended deity. On the face of the globe there is not a single nation or tribe that does not have its temples, its altars, its prayers. But just because this idea of God was the stronghold of the human soul, Satan assailed it most vigorously perverting its very blessing into a curse. This was pointed out by Paul when he said, "the things which the Gentiles offer, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." (1 Cor. 10:20.)

Among all nations God chooses one for special preparation. He said to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will bless thee and make thy name great and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." (Gen. 12:1-3.) Leave everything and be a stranger and a wanderer on earth! This was asking a good deal, but it is no more than God is requiring of every Christian. The glory of Abraham was his faith. Nothing else can man offer to his Maker. Abraham went into a far country, dwelt in tents, became rich, but generously gave the best land to Lot his nephew. God blessed him. He made him a prototype of the gospel. Thus we are to understand the sacrifice of Isaac on Mt. Moriah. It

foreshadowed the story of Golgotha. But on the other hand, Abram was a man like ourselves, frail and sinful. He lied and practiced fraud, just as another chosen disciple, St. Peter, denied his Master when trusting his own strength rather than God's. The warrior spirit was strong in this early patriarch. With three hundred and eighteen men on horseback and camels he overpowered the victorious Chedorlaomer (Gen. 14) after the fashion of the modern Bedouins, descendants of "Ishmael" and "Ibrahim." The Orient does not change and it is for this reason that we recognize biblical references in the methods of the Arabs of our time. We mention particularly Abraham's mode of hospitality and his purchase of Machpelah. The old patriarchs, no doubt, wore long, white beards, coats of two colors, (Gen. 37:3,) still characteristic of Oriental aristocracy. But their true glory was the attitude of faith. This feature exalted even the cunning Jacob above his fellows so that God condescended to talk to him in a dream. Christ visited and broke bread with Abraham just as He did two thousand years after with the disciples at Emmaus. So far God had not given to the world the "law and the prophets."

Abraham died tired of life. Isaac, succeeding him, was a peaceful, godly man. Less worthy was Jacob. But he, too, believed and God was with him in his trials. Being a warrior Jacob left great possessions to Joseph. The sons of Jacob grew up in this wild country, forgetful of God, murderous and bloodthirsty in their tendencies, worthy forerunners of the Bedouins and Arabs of later days.

The book of Genesis closes with the beautiful story of Joseph. How strikingly human and how touching in its psychologic diagnosis! Look at the picture of the sorrowing father at the scene of recognition! Look how the cold, lordly prince of Egypt, clothed in royal garments, approached only through stolid interpreters, suddenly steps from his throne and addressing his petitioners in their native tongue, drops into their arms exclaiming "I am Joseph, your brother."

*Fly all forms of guilty passion;
 Fiends can look like angels bright;
 Heed no custom, school, or fashion;
 Trust in God and do the right.*

The Feasts of Jehovah*William Ferguson*

THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS

The long interval between the Feast of Pentecost and the "memorial of blowing of trumpets" sets before us the "church" period during which time Israel as a nation has been set aside by God and it has been the time of the Gentiles' opportunity. A study of Romans 9-10-11 in this connection is very profitable, showing, as it does so vividly, the setting aside of Israel that the nations might be blessed of the Lord—then the restoration of Israel at the end of the present day of God's grace to the nations—"blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel (i. e. Israel as a nation, in their national character) shall be saved": Rom. 11, 25, 26.

The events as we see them from the Word of God are:—

Without sign or warning, the *translation of the church*.

The complete awakening of Christendom, *when too late*, Lk. 13:23.

The falling away (apostasy of today) has its fulfillment, after the translation of the church, in the revelation of the man of sin, the son of perdition, the lawless one—and in this year, 1937, what lawlessness and desire to change old established laws and principles we see. He sits in the temple of God (not the temple of Ezekiel's prophecy), showing himself that he is God, 2 Thess. 2. The sad results of the rejection of Christ are seen in vs. 10-12—"God shall send them strong delusion" (a wandering or error)—they loved it while they rejected the truth of God—they chose the false way and the false teacher when the Gospel was proclaimed to them by heaven-sent messengers from amongst their fellow men—now God sends them this delusion in accordance with His principle, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap", Gal. 6:7. Israel in large numbers will have returned to the land in unbelief and made a covenant with the Antichrist or man of sin—cp. Dan. 9:27, Isa. 28, 15-21.

Then we have, after the church's translation, the manifestation of the remnant of Israel who are true to God, as we have it in Rev. 7, and we have in this remnant their exercise in the "memorial of the blowing of trumpets". To understand this better we should turn to Num. 10 where we have the trumpets of silver described and their use. The silver speaks to us of redemption and how beautiful is the thought of the blowing of

this trumpet of redemption to recall the nation of Israel to their long-lost glories and to the God of their fathers. The trumpets were used for *the calling of the assembly together*, Num. 10:2. They were also used *for an alarm*. We have this two-fold use of the trumpet in Joel, chap. 2. In v. 1 we read "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in My holy mountain", and in v. 15 "Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly:" God shall indeed cause the trumpet to be blown, as in Matt. 24:31. It shall be an alarm preceding the great and terrible Day of the Lord, presaging utter desolation and defeat for the great nations and great ones of the earth who, defiantly, under the leadership of the one whom Satan puts on the throne of the earth, set themselves in array against the Lord from heaven, to be consumed by the Spirit of His mouth, 2 Th. 2:8.

But inasmuch as the blowing of the trumpet, as in Num. 10:8, was a priestly function, God stirs up the heart of the remnant (who refuse the false worship of Antichrist and worship only God in truth) to thus, at the last, blow the trumpets and under the persecuting hand of the lawless one, the Antichrist, when many of them are imprisoned and starved and slain, they, faithful unto death, sound out the glad word of the King's return and *as they go, they preach, and where they are, they preach*, and many of the Gentiles who have not heretofore had the opportunity of hearing and believing the Gospel of God's grace, now hear the Gospel of the coming King and Kingdom and a multitude believe the testimony of the remnant and enter in with them to Millennial earthly blessing under the benign reign of the Son of Man at the beginning of the Day of the Lord. These are spoken of in Matt. 25:31-40. Had we space we might profitably consider the four "days" of scripture, *Man's day*—the *day of Christ*—the *day of the Lord* and the *day of God*, embracing time, leading into Eternity, but we reserve this for another time outside the consideration of the "feasts".

As we said, according to Num. 10, the blowing of the trumpets was a priestly function. The "two" trumpets give us the thought of *testimony*—*public testimony*, and so we have this *public testimony* by the remnant, calling the whole congregation to repentance and *return to the Lord*.

This "feast" took place on the 1st. day of the 7th. month (Tishri), which marks the beginning of the civil year. We noted in an earlier paper that the "holy year" began in the month Abib or Nisan, when the passover was kept, and God

reckons redemption from this point, but their national restoration He reckons from the beginning of Tishri which month has in it also the Day of Atonement and the Feast of Tabernacles, the grand consummation. I give below the observations of a "modern" Jew (orthodox):—

"Rosh Hashonah (literally—"head of the year") is observed at this time. According to tradition the 1st. of Tishri marks the anniversary of creation. Jewish chronology begins with this day in the year. It inaugurates the ten days of penitence. In the first day of Rosh Hashonah (if not on Sabbath) pious Jews assemble along the banks of streams, river or seashore, and recite verses from the prophets and prayers. The ceremony called "tashlich" takes place at this time, based on Micah 7: 18-20. He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities: and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea". The purpose is to reflect on the purifying effect which water has on the body etc. and repentance purifying the soul. The Sabbath during these ten days is called Sabbath of Repentance (Shabbos shuvah) because the prophetic portion read from Hosea begins with word "Shuvah" or "Shubah"—*RETURN.*" (Friedlander)

As we read these words of an orthodox Jew who believes not in Christ our Lord as the Mëssiah, our hearts are saddened and yet we look forward with joyful anticipation to the day, when, the vail removed from their heart, Israel shall acknowledge Christ and be blessed as a nation beyond any of our thoughts, in their own and, and become the centre of blessing to a redeemed earth.

Note also that Israel is to be recalled to the land (nationally) to repentance on the ground of the Burnt Offering, Num. 29:2, Meat offering, v. 3; Sin offering, v. 5.

The work and sacrifice of Christ is *alone* the ground work of their restoration.

"Art Thou He?"

John the Baptist's Question and the Lord's Answer

The message which John the Baptist sent to our Lord, as recorded in Luke 7:18-23, is peculiarly instructive, when we consider the circumstances under which it was sent. John the Baptist was now a prisoner in the hand of Herod. "He heard in the prison the works of Christ" Matt. 11:2). His life was drawing to a close. His opportunities of active usefulness were ended. A long imprisonment, or a violent death, were the only

prospects before him. Yet even in these dark days, we see this holy man maintaining his old ground, as a witness to Christ. He is the same man that he was when he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God." To testify of Christ, was his continual work as a preacher at liberty. To send men to Christ, was one of his last works as a prisoner in chains.

Some think that John sent this message at a time when his faith was failing. They think that like many other saints in the Bible, he had his moments of weakness, and that his imprisonment, together with the fact that our Lord did nothing to deliver him, had made him begin to doubt whether Jesus was the Messiah. This explanation is not satisfactory. The most probable explanation is that John's message was not sent on his account, but because he wished those he was about to leave behind him to believe in Jesus as the Messiah. One argument in favor of this view is the great improbability that one so eminently taught of God as John was, and so singularly clear in his past testimony, would forget his first faith and doubt whether Jesus was the Christ. Another, and far more powerful argument is the strong language of commendation which our Lord uses about John the Baptist as soon as his messengers had left Him. His expressions are so peculiarly strong, that we might suppose they were specially intended to prevent any slur being thrown on John's character on account of his message. They look as if our Lord would have all men know that John's own faith never failed, and that he was the same man at the end of his course that he was at the beginning. This view was maintained by Hilary, Augustine, Chrysostom, Theophylact, and the great majority of the best commentators.

We should mark therefore *the wise fore-thought which John exhibited about his disciples, before he left the world.* He sent some of them to Jesus, with a message of enquiry—"Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" He doubtless calculated that they would receive such an answer as would make an indelible impression on their minds. And he was right. They got an answer in deeds as well as words,—an answer which probably produced a deeper effect than any argument which they could have heard from John's lips.

We can easily imagine that John the Baptist must have felt much anxiety about the future course of his disciples. He knew their ignorance and weakness in the faith. He knew how natural it was for them to regard the disciples of Jesus with feelings of jealousy and envy. He knew how likely that petty party-spirit would make them keep aloof from Christ

when their own master was dead and gone. Against the unhappy state of things he makes provision, as far as possible, while he is yet alive. He sends some of them to Jesus, that they may see for themselves what kind of teacher He is, and not reject Him unseen and unheard. Perceiving that he must soon leave them, he strives to leave them in the best of hands. He does his best to make them acquainted with Christ.

We should mark, secondly, *the peculiar answer which the disciples of John received from our Lord*. We are told that "in the same hour He cured many of their infirmities and plagues". And then, "He said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard." He makes no formal declaration that He is the Messiah that was to come. He simply supplies the messengers with facts to repeat to their master, and sent them away. He knew well how John the Baptist would employ those facts. He would say to his disciples, "Behold in Him Who wrought these miracles the Prophet greater than Moses.—This is He Whom you must hear and follow, when I am dead.—This is indeed the Christ."

We should mark, lastly, in these verses, *the solemn warning which our Lord gave to John's disciples*. He knew the danger in which they were. He knew that they were disposed to question His claim to be the Messiah, because of His lowly appearance. They saw no signs of a King about Him, no riches, no royal apparel, no guards, no courtiers, and no crown. They only saw a man, to all appearances poor as any are of themselves, attended by a few fishermen and publicans. Their pride rebelled at the idea of such a One as this being the Christ! It seemed incredible! There must be some mistake! Such thoughts as these, in all probability, passed through their minds. Our Lord read their hearts, and dismissed them with a searching caution. "Blessed," He said, "is he that is not offended in Me."

The warning is one that is just as needful now as it was when it was delivered. So long as the world stands, Christ and His gospel will be a stumbling-block to many. To hear that we are all lost and guilty sinners, and cannot save ourselves,—to hear that we must give up our own righteousness, and trust in One Who was crucified between two thieves,—to hear that we must be content to enter heaven side by side with publicans and harlots, and to owe all our salvation to free grace,—this is always offensive to the natural man. Our proud hearts do not like it. We are offended.

Let the caution of these verses sink deeply down into our memories. Let us take heed that we are not offended. Let us beware of being stumbled, either by the humbling doctrines of the Gospel, or the holy practice which it enjoins on those who receive it. Secret pride is one of the worst enemies of man. It will prove at last to have been the ruin of thousands of souls. Thousands will be found to have had the offer of salvation, but to have rejected it. They did not like the terms. They would not stoop to "enter in at the strait gate." They would not humbly come as sinners to the throne of grace. In a word, they were offended. And then will appear the deep meaning in our Lord's words, "Blessed is he who shall not be offended in Me." J. C. R.

The Chief of Sinners

It would be startling to some who may read these lines to be told that a religious and exceedingly zealous man, who had been brought up from childhood at the feet of a pious and learned teacher, and had been taught according to the accuracy of the law; who, notwithstanding the fact that he knew its accuracy, could say that he had fulfilled its righteousness blamelessly and had lived in all good conscience before God all his life. I say that, to many, the statement that such a man was the chief of sinners would be startling indeed. Why, they might enquire, what more could be desired than that a man should be well taught, and pious from his youth, that he should blamelessly fulfil the righteousness of the law, always acting according to the dictates of a conscience not left to the light of nature, but governed by the law accurately known, and that withal he should be very religious and exceedingly zealous? Yet the one man who was all this, and more, was distinctly without any looseness of expression, the chief of sinners, and his religion was the moving spring that made him such. All the enmity of that strong nature, which made him excel in the points just rehearsed, was roused by his religion against the One who was God's beloved. "The *carnal mind* is enmity against God," and never was there a more striking example of this than in the case of Saul of Tarsus.

*Though the road be long and dreary,
And the goal be out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.*

Christ the Surety-Substitute

Let us examine the assertions of Scripture and observe how the great truth of Christ's substitution runs throughout the revealed Word like a golden thread. It would require a volume to do justice to the subject; little more can be overtaken here than to glance at a few of the more prominent Typical, Prophetical and Apostolic testimonies.

I. THE TYPICAL. The idea of substitution is interlaced and interwoven with the whole Mosaic ritual. The voices of "the blood sprinkling" spoke in dumb eloquence on the altars of Israel as these altars ran daily with the blood of slain victims. Not a few indeed of these offerings were *eucharistical*: but the vast bulk of them were *penal—expiatory*. Not only so, but what we wish specially to note at present is, the remarkable testimony they afford to the principle of vicarious suffering;—that the blood of the animal was shed *in lieu of another*. Every offering was a ransom for the sin, or for the life, of the human offender. It was life for life, blood for blood. The victims were subjected to the penalty incurred by the transgressor: there was a symbolic imputation of his guilt to them; and thus, *typically*; these sacrifices "were ordained to take away sin."

We see this vicarious, or substitutionary element, in Israel's INDIVIDUAL sacrifices, offerings made to expiate the sin of individual offenders. The offerer brought his victim, laid his hand upon its head, and made confession of his crime. "He shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord. And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt-offering, and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him.

Again, as regards the guilt of THE WHOLE CONGREGATION, the command was given, "They shall offer a young bullock for the sin, and bring him before the tabernacle of the congregation. And the elders of the congregation shall *lay their hands upon the head of the bullock* before the Lord, and the bullock shall be killed before the Lord . . . And the priest shall make an ATONEMENT *for them, and it shall be forgiven them.*"

Or, once more, as perhaps the most expressive of all types of the Great Substitution; on the solemn anniversary of THE DAY OF ATONEMENT, the High Priest, clad in his linen garments, appeared as the Representative of Israel. Two goats (constituting one offering) were brought to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. The people stood round in

mute solemnity. The one was immolated; its blood was carried within the veil, and sprinkled on the mercy-seat. Laying his hands on the head of the other living animal, he made confession over it of all the sins of the people; and then, with this load of imputed guilt, it was led away into the depths of the wilderness never more to be seen. Hear the significant appointment of God himself: "And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him *all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat*; and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness, and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited (Lev. xvi.).

What type could possibly be more significant than this?—the imposition of hands, accompanied with confession of sin:—the sins of "all Israel"—typically transferred to the innocent substitute. The countless iniquities of Christ's people are surely seen meeting on the head of the great Antitypical Scape-goat—the atoning Sacrifice of Calvary, who has borne them for ever away into a land of oblivion. If all this substitutionary ceremony ritual had no reference to the Divine Antitype—then we ask, What was its design? Standing by itself, without this exponent, it is not only a meaningless appointment, but (again with all reverence we say it), it would have been an appointment unworthy of God. There is no natural connection whatever (there is rather an inherent unfitness and incongruity), between the slaying of a mere animal, or the laying the hand on its head, and the expiation of human guilt. "It was impossible that the blood of bulls and of goats" (hecatombs—heaps on heaps of slain irrational beasts; so far beneath in dignity the nature of the transgressor) "could take away sin." There was an utter inefficacy and inadequacy in such to expiate moral guilt. The very conscience of the offerer repudiated such a thought. They were powerless to pacify the soul under a sense of its sin, and to remove the Divine displeasure: "They could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience" (Heb. 9.9). But the whole of this strange bloody ritual receives at once a wondrous significance, when we connect it with more precious blood, and a more precious Life—with the imputation of our guilt to the Lamb of God—"Christ our Passover sacrificed for us."

J. R. M.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin". 1 John 1:7.

The Christian's Commission

Edwin Adams, London, England

"As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you" (John 20:21)

This commission relates primarily to the apostles, who were first in privilege as in suffering, but it applies to every believer to-day. Each Christian has been sent into the world for a definite object.

The words "as" and "so" suggest some parallels between our Lord being sent by the Father and our being sent by Christ.

In John's Gospel the Lord Jesus often refers to His being sent by the Father: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me;" "My doctrine is not Mine but His that sent Me;" "I must work the work of Him that sent Me". And Paul, in recounting his conversion, tells how the Lord Jesus had said to him, "I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles." The burden of the Lord's commission lay heavy upon him: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." One of the two great motives that actuated Paul's ministry was a sense of responsibility to the One Who had sent him.

On the other hand, our Lord came willingly. He "on wings of love came down." Paul could never forget the wonder of Christ's amazing love to him: "Who loved me and gave Himself for me." And Paul's other great motive in service was the sense of Christ's love: "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Every believer is both a pressed man and a volunteer. In actual experience this involves no contradiction. We are sent and yet we go willingly.

And the Lord Jesus was sent to glorify the Father. "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." And Paul's deep ambition was to fulfil the ministry which he had received from Christ, to the glory of His Name. This ambition should be ours, too. Nothing satisfies so fully as to know that we are here for the glory of the Lord. "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." We can go no higher than that; it is the "summum bonum" of life here and hereafter.

What will be the effects on our souls if gripped by the fact that we have been sent into the world with a definite purpose? We will name three.

There will be a deeper humility, rest and serenity. We shall not fret against the Providence that has not accorded us five talents, but shall seek to use what we have, in the fear of the

Lord. To do the will of God *is* success. Moses was the meekest or most disinterested of men. The heart that bends will never break. John Newton's notion of the two angels is well known: if one were commissioned to govern a kingdom, and the other to sweep a crossing, each would be equally satisfied with his God-appointed task. To know that we are in the current of the Lord's mind furnishes the answer to the prayer: "I would not have the restless will that hurries to and fro."

And if we are sent to live our life and do our work, we shall have holy confidence and hope. For the Lord's authority will be behind us. We will not have gone on a warfare at our own charges. As His instrument and His voice our work and our witness must accomplish something for His Kingdom.

If it is thrust home upon us that our life is a mission, our impetus will come from *God*. There will be a driving force in our lives. We shall not be like so much flotsam and jetsam drifting aimlessly on the waves, but rather as steam vessels urged forward by a mighty inward force, following a definite course, bound for a definite destination, and fulfilling a definite service in the King's business. Our lives will not be a patch-work of effort to-day and apathy tomorrow, but will be continually charged with the energy of concentration and the force of unity.

*Courage, brother! do not stumble;
Though thy path be dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God, and do the right.*

*Perish, policy and cunning,
Perish, all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.*

*Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
Trust in God and do the right.*

—Norman Macleod

Affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works —Titus 3:8.

The Faith of Abraham Lincoln

The following extracts (reprinted by permission of the Author) from *How Lincoln Prayed*, by Dr. William J. Johnstone, will undoubtedly prove interesting to our readers.

HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

On Sunday afternoons, in the winter time, by the big fireplace, Mrs. Lincoln would read to her children the Bible stories that are so thrilling to all children, and pray with them. Her prayers made an indelible impression upon the mind of the young boy. In 1862, when he was President, his little boy Willie died. It was, perhaps, the greatest sorrow of his life. In the midst of his grief his mind went back to his mother and he said: "I had a good Christian mother, and I remember her prayers. They have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

Dr. J. F. Jacquess, a Methodist preacher in Springfield, Ill., tells of Mr. Lincoln's attending the services one Sunday morning and the results that followed.

Doctor Jacquess says: "It was a good-sized building, but on that day all the seats were filled. I had chosen for my text the words, 'Ye must be born again,' and during the course of my sermon I laid particular stress on the word 'must'. Mr. Lincoln came in after the service had commenced, and, there being no vacant seats, chairs were put on the platform in front of the pulpit, and Mr. Lincoln and Governor French and his wife sat on the platform during the entire service, Mr. Lincoln on my left and Governor French on my right; and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln appeared to be deeply interested in the sermon. A few days later Mr. Lincoln called on me and informed me that he had been greatly impressed with my remarks on Sunday, and that he had come to talk with me further on the matter. I invited him in, and my wife and I talked and prayed with him for hours. I have seen hundreds brought to Christ, and if ever a person was converted, Abraham Lincoln was converted that night in my house.

MINISTERS TO A DYING WOMAN

One day on the streets of Springfield, Lincoln accosted his young friend Gilbert J. Greene, at that time a printer but afterwards Captain Greene — "Greene" said Lincoln, "I've got to ride out into the country tomorrow to draw up a will for a woman who is believed to be on her deathbed. I may want you for a witness. If you haven't anything else to do I'd like you to go along."

The invitation was promptly accepted. Next day on arriving at the house, the woman was found to be near her end.

With great gentleness Lincoln drew up the document disposing of the property as the woman desired. Neighbors and relatives were present, making it unnecessary to call on Greene to witness the instrument. After the signing and witnessing of the will the woman turned to Lincoln and said, with a smile: "Now I have my affairs for this world arranged satisfactorily, I am thankful to say that long before this I have made preparation for the other life I am so soon to enter. Many years ago I sought and found Christ as my Saviour. He has been my stay and comfort through the years, and is now near to carry me over the river of death. I do not fear death, Mr. Lincoln, I am really glad that my time has come, for loved ones have gone before me and I rejoice in the hope of meeting them so soon."

Instinctively the friends drew nearer the bedside. As the dying woman had addressed her words more directly to Lincoln than to the others, Lincoln, evincing sympathy in every look and gesture, bent toward her and said: "Your faith in Christ is wise and strong; your hope of a future life is blessed. You are to be congratulated in passing through life so usefully, and into the life beyond so hopefully."

"Mr. Lincoln," said she "won't you read a few verses out of the Bible for me?"

A member of the family offered him the family Bible. Instead of taking it, he began reciting from memory the twenty third Psalm, laying emphasis upon, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Still without referring to the Bible, Lincoln began with the first part of the fourteenth chapter of John:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in Me.

"In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

After he had given these and other quotations from the Scriptures, he recited various familiar comforting hymns, closing with, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me". Then with a tenderness and pathos that enthralled every one in the room, he spoke the last stanza:

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee”.

While Lincoln was reciting this stanza a look of peace and resignation lit up the countenance of the dying woman. In a few minutes more, while the lawyer and the printer were there, she passed away.

The journey back to Springfield was begun in silence. It was the younger man who finally said: “Mr. Lincoln, ever since what just happened back there in the farmhouse, I have been thinking that it is very extraordinary that you should so perfectly have acted as pastor as well as attorney.”

When the answer to this suggestion finally was given—and it was not given at once—Lincoln said, “God, and eternity, and heaven were very near to me today.”

Mr. Lincoln, when President, was frequently warned of the danger of assassination. From the day of his election he seems to have expected it. A little while before the end he said: “I do not consider that I have ever accomplished anything without God, and if it be His will that I must die by the hand of an assassin, I must be resigned. I must do my duty as I see it and leave the rest with God.”

At another time he said, “I am in God’s hands. Let Him do with me what seemeth good to Him.”

HIS LAST WORDS

Mr. Lincoln has been severely criticized for being in a theater the last night of his life. The reader may be surprised at what I am about to say. To my mind, that last hour in the theater was one of the most beautiful and most precious in all of Lincoln’s life, the finest gem with the rarest setting in all American history. Doctor Miner says: “Mrs. Lincoln informed me that the last day he lived was the happiest of his life. The very last moments of his conscious life were spent in conversation with her about his future plans, and what he wanted to do when his term of office expired. He said he wanted to visit the Holy Land and see those places hallowed by the footprints of the Saviour. He was saying that there was no city he so much desired to see as Jerusalem: and with the words half spoken on his tongue, the bullet of the assassin entered the brain, and the soul of the great and good President was carried by the angels to the New Jerusalem above.”

Lessons from Ezekiel's Temple

Now the measurement of the House is finished. The outer space, the walls, the courts, the gates, the house and the chambers, the altars and the boiling places—all have been measured. Ezekiel had been shown the transcendent holiness of that sanctuary set apart for the habitation of God. He had been shown how, by one separating enclosure after another, the most holy place was guarded from all communication with the world beyond, that it might be the dwelling-place of the most holy God.

"Mark well," the Lord had said to Ezekiel "the entering in of the house,"—more correctly "that which enters into the house," even the glory of the Lord. He had seen the Lord enter by the way of the east and take possession of His holy Temple. We, too, who believe in Jesus have seen the "entering in" when, on the Day of Pentecost, God the Spirit descended from heaven to dwell in the Temple of living stones built by the hand of Christ. Thus has the Lord Jesus fulfilled to us the promise that whilst the world sees Him not we should see Him, abiding by His Spirit eternally in His Church, and in each member of His body. And not only is it true of the believing man that God thus dwells in him—he also dwells in God, brought into His most holy place in Christ, as into His eternal home.

Brought into the place where, by the Spirit, Jesus is revealed to the soul; into the place of welcome and of gladness, the place of worship and thanksgiving. Jesus has entered, not into the holy places made with hands, which are figures of the true, but into Heaven itself, where we "sit together in heavenly places in Him."

Brought now into the Holiest by His blood, we find in that still and sacred seclusion the glory and the sweetness of His eternal presence. We have entered into the light of that glory; we are enclosed within the walls of that unspeakable love. He has shown us the path of life, and brought us where there is the fulness of joy, where at His right hand are pleasures for evermore.

"This," I have heard it said, "is your selfish Christianity. You glory in being a select few, shut up in the walls and barriers of separation from the world you willingly leave to its fate. What does it matter to you that other men are sinful and miserable if only you are happy and safe? We loathe your happiness the compound of self-righteousness and selfishness, and we leave you to your enjoyment of it."

But the Lord did not leave Ezekiel to remain upon his face in the presence of His glory. He had said to him, "Mark well that which entereth into the house"; but He also said, "with every going forth of the sanctuary," or, "with *all that goeth forth* of the sanctuary."

The going forth—of what, and whither? Let us follow the guide.

"Afterwards he brought me again unto the door of the house, and behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward, for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under, from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar. Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward" (the north inner gate) "and led me about the way without unto the outer gate by the way that looketh eastward" (the gate by which the glory had entered), "and behold there ran out waters on the right side."

"From the place of His throne, from the place of the soles of His feet" did those waters flow; "they issued out of the sanctuary," as in ver. 12 this source is shown. From the right side did they flow; as now they flowed from the ascended Christ at the right hand of God—"a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

They flowed by the south side of the altar, there where in the former Temple the laver had been set. "He (Solomon) set the sea on the right side of the east end, over against the south." Now, in place of the laver, is a flowing stream, for ever flowing, fresh and pure, as John beheld it in a later day. "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High." Not only "abundantly satisfied with the fatness of his house," but "drinking of the river of his pleasures," the fulfillment of that promise is ours. "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." And not only so, but further, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Let us follow out the history of the thirsty soul, of the wanderers in the dry and barren land where no water is. "Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them." "The poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst."

Have we not known that great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where

there was no water? and, with a dim sense of One who is the Fountain of life, we began to understand the cry of those who had gone before us: "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God; my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," for the Fountain of living waters, heard in the distance, but not yet found.

Then as cold waters to a thirsty soul came to us the good news from a far country, the gospel of love, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink", even to us did those waters flow down from His high places, for He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills. And with joy did we draw water out of the wells of salvation. Then did He lead us beside the still waters. He caused us to walk by the rivers of water in a straight way, wherein we did not stumble. He who had mercy upon us led us; even by the springs of water did He guide us.

And thus did He bring us to the fountain-head, to the most holy place, to worship before the throne of God and of the Lamb, whence those waters flowed, clear and inexhaustable.

And then began the second part of that marvelous history. Not only did we drink of those waters of life, but the water that He gave us became in us a well of water, springing up into life eternal. We had heard His call. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink"; and now the further promise, the glorious seal set upon His perfect work, was to be fulfilled to us. "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." "He spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive"; not yet given when He spoke the words, because Jesus was not yet glorified.

But when He had offered Himself without spot to God, when He had put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, when the resurrection morning, and the entrance of the risen Man into the glory of God, had told the acceptance of that offering, then could the seal be set upon His redeemed people. God could anoint them with His Holy Spirit, and also seal them, giving them the earnest of the Spirit in their hearts.

On that great day, the Day of Pentecost, did He cause His wind to blow, and the waters flowed. From those who had been baptized by His Spirit into His own body, could the streams go forth, far and wide, and "everything should live whither the river cometh."

—F. B.

The Call and the Answer

“Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Isa. 55:1

I am come unto the waters,
 Thou didst call me by my name.
 Thou didst call unto the thirsty;
 I was thirsty, and I came.

Oh, the draughts of life eternal
 There would I beside that river
 Lay me down, the parched and weary,
 Drink for ever and for ever.

Drink from out the depths unfathomed,
 Life eternal, life divine;
 Thou, O measureless, exhaustless,
 Thou for evermore art mine!

Lo, I come to buy, rejoicing
 That with empty hands I come.
 Meted to me by the measure
 Of Thy love's exhaustless sum,

Are the riches of Thy treasure,
 Fathomless and full and free,
 Christ, Thy Gift, O God, my Father,
 To the destitute, to me.

Wine of Thine eternal gladness
 That Thine hand in bounty poured,
 More than fills my cup of blessing,
 Love Divine of Christ my Lord.

Love the golden fruit has gathered,
 Love that mighty wine has spiced;
 Mine is now the joy of Heaven,
 For that joy is Christ.

F. B.

“Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. 22:17).

The Trial and Triumph of Faith

Samuel Rutherford

Scottish Preacher, born 1600, died 1661.

But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled (Mark 7:27). Christ denied not but that the woman and the Gentiles have a right to the bread of Christ's house, only grace must keep in order; let the Jews first have the loaf broken to them, and then let the Gentiles have the second table. Hence, observe Christ's wise tempering of the trial in these particulars: 1. That such temptations are measured by grains and scruples to the saints. There is a seed of comfort in Christ's frownings; He would say, When the children are filled with bread first, then, you that are dogs, shall also have your portion of the children's bread. There is a kiss, and bowels of compassion, under the lap of that covering and cloak of wrath, with which He is covered; for "in wrath, he remembers mercy," and moderateth anger; "Fury is not in me," (Isa. xxvii, 4). 2. Gospel trials are for a merciful end, that Paul may not be puffed up, or as he saith, "Lest I should be like a meteor lifted up in the air above measure," (2 Cor. xii. 7). "But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, (as condemned malefactors,) that we should not trust in ourselves," (1 Cor. i, 9). 3. God will not allow the trial to be above our strength, but the burden and the back are proportioned, (1 Cor. x, 13). It is good that we know Christ breweth or mixeth our cup; He can sugar the salt and mix the bitter wine with mercy. There is no desertion of the saints that we read of, but there is as much of Christ in it, as giveth it some taste and smell of heaven. Heaven is stamped upon the trial of the saints, life is written on their death: their graves breathe out life and glory; their ashes and dust speak of immortality and resurrection to life. Even when Christ is gone, He leaveth a pledge behind Him, such as love-sickness for the want of Him, (Cant, iii, v). When there is nothing but an empty grave, and He himself is away, yet weeping for the want of him, when the beloved Himself is gone, is somewhat of Christ; yea, He sendeth before Him a messenger, to tell that the King Himself is coming, as in a great summer drought, little drops go before the great shower, to make good report that the earth shall be refreshed. 1. Longings for him, 2. Waitings after him, 3. Christ in you seeking after Christ, are messengers of heaven sent before, to dress and adorn the lodging for the Prince, Who is on His journey coming to thee.

The Sovereign Work of God

The Grace of God to godless Russians.

Brother T. and I had a remarkable time together in the town of P. From the very first day of our visit, great blessing rested on the meetings. One evening, when the hall was packed to the door with people, a Headmaster from the high school sat right up at the front, looking with contempt on the gathered audience. It was a mixed company of peasants, workmen, communists, and even some educated people.

When I had closed my preaching, a dirty, shaggy man, who had sat just outside the door and listened with surprise cried out: "Do you see my black face? But inside I am yet blacker. During the Tzar's reign I was 18 years in chains in Siberia. From my youth I have been a malefactor and murderer. I was set free during the revolution, and immediately became a communist and received almost unlimited rights. To murder was now my lust, and I had received power to do it. Lawfully and unlawfully I have taken more lives than are found in this hall." He cast himself on the floor weeping. I asked him if he knew the gospel of Christ. "No," he answered, "I have never read it. By chance I came in here and from you have heard it for the first time. I repent of my past. Can a man such as I be forgiven?" For us it seemed impossible that such a one could receive the forgiveness of sins, and begin a new life. But on such occasions one could only bear testimony to the Saviour's great love and I repeated, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," and even this man received peace with God! To us, it looked as if we had seen the healing of one who was possessed, for he was so peaceful and his face shone as he sat among the people! He got down and sat on the floor saying, "I am not worthy to sit by the side of others." I pressed him to take his place again.

The master, uneasy, heard all this. At last he rose, madly stamping his foot and said: "What is all this we have to hear from uneducated men?" and then went out. His wife remained in her seat. It seemed a relief to us when he was gone, for during my preaching he stared unceasingly upon me as if he weighed each word I uttered. After 15 minutes he returned and with a handkerchief wiped continually the perspiration of anguish from his forehead. "Dear Mr. Preacher," he said, "What shall I do?" I said, "An educated man like you ought to know the way into the kingdom of heaven." "It is just that which I do not know because I am an athiest, and I

have never troubled about the gospel." I said, "The way is simple. Humble yourself before God, repent and confess your sins, as this murderer has done, and the blood of Christ can also cleanse you from all sin. There is no other way."

"Ah," said he, "You point me to this murderer, and believe that I, an educated man, have no such history behind me. For 25 years I have taught in an institute in St. Petersburg and taken an honoured position. With great difficulty I managed to escape with my life to this place. I must confess that for 55 years I have been an atheist. More than 1000 students have yearly passed before me, and I have taught them that there is neither Creator nor God, heaven nor hell. It is all so horrible, for since the revolution I have met my students, who have taken part in this uproar and wickedness. It is my work. I have killed many more than this murderer. I have poisoned the souls of men, and brought up murderers, and now they continue their labours. This man has done these crimes in his own person, but I through many. With his conversion his past life ceases, but I can never make good what I have done. Even if God forgave me, my work will continue. For such as I there is no salvation." Exhausted, his head sank, and, his face drenched in tears he buried his head in his hands.

I read to him the wonderful words of love and invitation to a lost world. Whereupon, he raised himself up, and turning towards the audience said "It is such as we that have made the present Russia. We atheists are guilty of this terrible wretchedness! We have robbed men of their consciences and turned Russia upside down. Pray for me. I will humbly bow and believe that God will answer your prayers."

The whole assembly wept. It was a never-to-be-forgotten prayer meeting. The old man himself cried out, "Oh God, if Thou art, reveal Thyself to me. If Thou canst have grace, so let me to-day experience it and forgive me my sins." His confession made a deep impression upon all. Thanksgiving rose from the young converts, and when we sang a short hymn, the old master, and the old murderer embraced each other, as if they had been brothers long separated.

The following day I was invited to dinner at the old master's house. It was a joy to see him and his wife holding each other by the hand and rejoicing in the salvation that had reached them. As he went to the preaching at night he said, "You go on with my wife, I have something to do." While we were singing the first hymn he came in with a whole class of his oldest students, and seven youths and maidens who greatly respected him, found

peace with God that night. It was wonderful how the old master devotedly testified of Jesus, and brought others to Him, as if he would make good the evil he had done. We continued fourteen days at this place and many poor sinners found their way to the Friend of sinners. There is nothing impossible with God.

P. E. W.

Unquenchable Thirst

The theatre at I, was in a state of great excitement. A renowned actress was to perform, and the old scenery and rubbish of the stage was replaced by new, and everything was done to please the STAR, and make the new play a success. The night came—the hand-bills and placards had done their work—and the house was crowded. While carrying beer to the orchestra I was called to carry some wine to one of the boxes. I did so, and there found Miss D. (the star); she was chatting familiarly with one of the actors about the crowded condition of the house and made the remark, “Oh! suppose the gallery should give way.” “There would be a great many souls in hell, I am sure, if it should,” he said. The words seemed to touch a hidden chord in the heart of the actress, for she turned to me instantly and said, “Oh! leave this place—leave it—you are too young to be here—there is something better than this, leave it NOW, before it is too late.” And oh! the look that was in her eyes, it told of the THIRST in her soul that had never been quenched. She had been at the well, oh! so often, and had drunk, and drunk, and *drank*, but had never been filled. She had never got her fill from the pleasures of the world, and she knew it. “Whosoever drinketh of *this water shall thirst again*,” are Christ’s own words, and they were so true of her. Her words cut me to the heart, and I left; ’twas the last night I ever drank of those waters.

“Tell ye your children of it”

THE HEROIC SERF

In the dark forests of Russia, where the snow lies on the ground for eight months in the year, wolves roam about in countless troops; and it is fearful thing for the traveller, especially if night overtakes him, to hear their famished howlings as they approach nearer to him.

A Russian nobleman, with his wife and a young daughter, was travelling in a sleigh over a bleak plain. About nightfall

they reached an inn, and the nobleman called for a relay of horses to go on. The innkeeper begged him not to proceed. "There is danger ahead," said he: "the wolves are out." The traveller thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night, and, saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the repeated warnings of the landlord, the party proceeded on their way.

The driver was a serf who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. The sleigh sped swiftly over the hard snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road seemed like polished silver.

Suddenly the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange, dull sound I heard just now?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees."

The child shut her eyes, and kept still for a while; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with fear, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that is not the wind: I hear it again; do you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning though those who were with him did not.

Whispering to the serf, he said, "They are after us. Get ready your musket and pistols; I will do the same. We may yet escape. Drive on! drive on!"

The man drove wildly on; but nearer, ever nearer, came the mournful howling which the child had first heard. It was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent, and was in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the wolves was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader, and fire. I will single out the next; and, as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him. That will be some delay, at least."

By this time they could see the pack fast approaching, with their long, measured tread. A large dog-wolf was the leader. The nobleman and the serf singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were soon again baying at the sleigh. Again the nobleman and his servant fired. Two

other wolves fell, and were instantly devoured. But the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "Let one of the horses loose, that we may gain a little more time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud shrieks of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. The remaining horses were urged to their utmost speed, but again the pack was in full pursuit. Another horse was cut loose, and he soon shared the fate of his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life. It is clear to me that we cannot all reach the post-house alive. I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

"No, no!" cried the master, "we will live together or die together. You must not, must not!"

But the servant had made up his mind; he was fully resolved. "I shall leave my wife and children to you; you will be a father to them: you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us I will jump down, and do my best to delay their progress."

The sleigh glides on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it. The wolves are close on their track, and almost up with them. But what sound now rings out sharp and loud? It is the discharge of the servant's pistol. At the same instant he leaps from his seat, and falls prey to the wolves! But meanwhile the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

On the spot where the wolves had pulled to pieces the devoted servant, there now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman. It bears this inscription: "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

This affecting narrative beautifully illustrates the love that a man has for his *friends*. The nobleman evidently knew the truth enunciated by the Lord Jesus when he chose that saying of His to express his gratitude. Let us hope, dear children, that he knew, and that you also know of a love still greater—God's love to His enemies. "For when we were yet without strength, in due time *Christ died for the ungodly*. For scarcely for a *righteous* man will one die, yet peradventure for a *good* man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR U'S. (Rom 5:6-8) Will you make this wonderful truth your own personal message from God, and looking to the Cross of Christ say "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me"? (Galatians 2:20.)

With Christ At Sea

Frank T. Bullen, First Mate

Author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, etc.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE FO'CSLE

After the mutiny a new crew had to be shipped at once, for we were bound away. They came, a very different lot from those we had on the passage out. The only really nice man among them was the cook, a little fair Irishman, with a long auburn beard who was mightily disgusted at finding that the skipper had shipped a Chinaman as steward, who would, by ship etiquette, be his superior. But none of them was so utterly abandoned and grossly animal as a cadaverous young fellow, who said that he was a Eurasian. His manners, his language, his looks were alike beastly. Him Joe tackled two days after leaving port, and, much to my terror and discomfort, gave him a terrible thrashing.

All the old pleasantness of the fo'csle was now gone, and in its place ribaldry and lewdness reigned supreme. Joe and I spent much time together away from the rest, and if I could only recall some of our conversations, they would surprise myself in their innocent outpouring of all that was good in either of our hearts. I clung to the big man as my sole defender from what I felt would be much discomfort, if not cruelty, and he repaid my confidence beautifully, not allowing even a threat to be made against me without instant interference, and as his size and strength gained for him great respect I was left unmolested. In return for his protection I believe that my companionship was a real solace to him. He became daily more grave and thoughtful, and tried to recall from his long experience such anecdotes as he thought would please me or be good for me to hear. I asked him multitudes of questions about the beautiful strange things that were daily appearing in sea and sky and on the shores we skirted on our way down to the ports in the Gulf of Mexico, where we were to load mahogany for home. But to the majority of my questions he was fain to admit that he knew no answers. He owned that he had so long been blind and deaf to the sights and sounds of the sea that, although he was now beginning to take an interest in them which surprised him, he was almost as ignorant of their meaning, their causes, and their lessons as I was. And he was not a reading man. Though fairly intelligent, and a splendid workman, he spent his leisure entirely in the care of his scanty wardrobe and in making little models of ships, at which latter

pleasant pastime he was an adept. With a vast amount of patient labour he had constructed a model of the Downs, that magnificent roadstead off Deal that used to be an anchorage for hundreds of outward or homeward bound ships before steam became the chief motive power in ocean traffic. He had made out of putty a relief model of the shore at one side of a large board, upon which he had, in its proper place, represented the sea by a painted groundwork. Dotted here and there over the green surface were half models of variously rigged vessels under sail, securely pinned down to the board on their flat sides, and with all their sails carved out of wood.

At this task had he worked strenuously, but he was destined never to finish it. For when we arrived in Sant' Ana we found the place to be a veritable Alsatia. No law, no order, every man doing that which was right in his own eyes, and wages for seamen abnormally inflated. And Joe was getting very tired of this miserable old vessel of ours. He had never made chums with any of the new crew; between him and the skipper there was at the best but an armed neutrality, which at any time would certainly have broken out into fierce persecution of Joe by the old man had the former shown any sign of weakness. At last one night I felt in my sleep somebody kiss me. I remembered it distinctly afterwards but at the time it was insufficient to arouse me thoroughly. In the morning there was a terrible outcry. The old man, taking his constitutional on the poop, as he always did before six o'clock, found the stout rope which had held our longboat astern hanging straight down, the longboat being gone. All hands were immediately called aft, when it was at once seen that Joe and Harry, a Newfoundlander, were absent. The wrathful skipper turned upon me savagely, demanding information concerning Joe. I had none to give, or, I fear, miserable little coward that I was, I should have supplied it. For now I knew there was no one to stand between me and any brutality that might be practised upon me. Trembling, I protested the exact truth, that I knew nothing of Joe's intentions or his movements, and with a fierce threat the skipper turned away. Then mounting the rigging, he swept the horizon with his glass, discovering the boat drifting seaward seven or eight miles out. I should have said that we were anchored in an open roadstead, in company with some twenty other vessels, and that there was no shelter of any kind to seaward of us, nothing but the open waters of the Gulf.

The boat was recovered after a weary morning's row under that fervent sun, but her passengers were not found. Two days

after, however, our skipper saw them both at work in the rigging of an American brig, anchored about half a mile distant from us. He went to claim them, but was not allowed on board her skipper treating him to a great deal of sarcastic information. He returned on board foaming but helpless. Then poor black Jem, who was leading a terrible life in the fo'c'sle, came aft and demanded his discharge, which he was fully entitled to—indeed, he should have been set free in Demerara. He got it and his pay some fifty dollars in silver. He packed up his few belongings and departed for the shore with ten dollars in his pocket; the rest, at the suggestion of his shipmates, he left with one of them for safety. And when he came on board again and asked for his little hoard, they jeered at him and denied all knowledge of his money.

From all of which it may, I think, be fairly gathered that the 'Arabella's fo'c'sle was a bad place now to be in. As yet I was safe from physical ill-usage, because the little Irish cook, having grown very fond of me, had taken me under his protection. In fact, his affection for me was only equalled by his hatred of the Chinese steward, hatred which culminated one day in a murderous affray between them, after which the Chinaman was bundled ashore. I used to spend now all my spare time in the galley with the cook. He was a fervent Catholic, and used to tell me legends of the Saints, which to my mind were more interesting than the wildest romances I had yet read, besides being invested with a charm that was wholly the narrator's own. He also taught me many prayers to the Saints (as I thought), and fragments of Latin, making a queer jumble of impressions on my mind. But whatever our conversation turned upon, I bear witness that I never heard one word from that fiery tempered little ship's cook that might not have been spoken in the holiest company. He was one of nature's gentlemen, and would have scorned to sully a young mind by the transference to it of any dirt that might unhappily have accumulated in his own.

But another great change was at hand, although I had not the slightest inkling of its approach. I was getting fairly strong and wiry, tanned like an Indian from constant exposure to the fierce sun of Mexico; my feet, which had never known a covering since leaving England, were as hard as a negro's, and I knew my work very well. Besides these things I was rapidly learning to talk the prevailing language I heard around me—Spanish, which, though exceedingly useful, had one serious drawback—its utterly horrible misuse in swearing. And as the vilenesses of a foreign tongue which is picked up colloquially

are always acquired first and retained longest, so I found my memory presently loaded with expressions that were always rising to my lips and frightening me almost beyond bearing by their horror. I came to the conclusion very soon that what I had taken for the worst language possible spoken in my own tongue was but as the prattle of infants compared with the hideous outrage on speech perpetrated by an angry Dago—I will not say Spaniard, since the mixed medley of Latin races there all spoke Spanish.

Then one morning I suddenly received a summons to come aft and speak to the skipper. I went in fear and trembling, for I was always in dread of a thrashing for something, I did not know what, but was quite sure that some reason could always be found for beating me. This time, however, my fears were quite groundless. The skipper received me as kindly as it was in his cross-grained nature to do, and informed me that he had made arrangements with a friend of his, who commanded a fine barque, the 'Discovery,' which was loaded and ready for sailing homeward, to take me with him. He gave me as his reason for thus sending me away that the 'Arabella' was never likely to reach home. She was so shaky, so utterly unseaworthy, that the probability was that she would become a wreck before getting clear of the Gulf, and he did not want to run the risk of having me drowned, as I was his brother's son. So I was to get ready at once and go on board my new ship with him that morning.

I was delighted at the prospect; boy-like, I did not speculate upon the probability of being worse off than I was now. In fact, had I thought about that side of the matter at all—I don't remember whether I did or not—I should no doubt have arrived at the conclusion that any change must be for the better. So I gathered my few belongings (be sure I was not overloaded with them), and departed with a shake of the hand and a 'God bless you!' from the cook, but not another sign of leave-taking from any other member of the crew. Arriving on board the 'Discovery' I was amazed; she was so grand a ship as compared with the wretched old hulk I had left. Her skipper received me very kindly and handed me over to the steward; my uncle left me without a word of farewell, and I began life on board my second ship.

If I had been in danger of injury by too much hardship before, I was now likely to be spoiled by overmuch petting. Everyone on board was kindness itself. They seemed to look upon me as a plaything sent specially for their amusement. I had no

regular duties. I lived in the cabin and revelled in the excellent food provided, luxuries which I had hitherto only dreamed of. I came and went through the fo'csle as I chose, no one interfering with me. My life was as completely changed as it was possible for it to be. But as far as religion went, the 'Discovery' was frankly pagan. I never heard a word from any member of her crew that showed any recognition of God as a factor in the lives of men. The crew were a mixed crowd of foreigners and British, but pulled very well together, and, on the whole, she was what a sailor would call a comfortable ship. The one black spot in the pleasant scheme of things was the skipper's drunkenness. One of the most amiable of men, and withal, by the common consent of the crew, a first-class seaman, he drank so incessantly as to be never really sober. And this failing of his had its inevitable effect upon the crew in relaxing discipline, and making them all feel that they could do pretty much as they liked. I have often wondered since that they behaved as well as they did.

But it is time to bring this chapter to a close. I cannot help feeling that its title is somewhat misleading, since of religious life in the fo'csle or the cabin there was hardly a trace. Sunday was observed as a day on which no avoidable duties were performed on behalf of the ship. It was, however, looked upon as the time for washing and mending clothes, for doing, in fact, anything that a man wished to do for himself and did not care to take time for from his watch below. Any encroachment upon this privilege was fiercely resented, but only because it was felt to be a right that law provided for, and not in the least upon any moral or religious grounds. And, as I have already said, on board the 'Arabella' there was no Bible, and, with the exception of black Jem and the Irish cook, no man appeared to have God in his thoughts at any time, except as the subject matter for discussion in the dog-watch *causeries*.

*The blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,
And God is still His rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.*

*His pine trees whisper, "Trust and wait"
His flowers are prophesying,
That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.*

—J. G. Whittier

"Follow Me"

Luke 5:10-27.

"I would; but must Thou really go
That dreary up-hill way?
I shall be wearied out, I know,
By the end of the day"

"Nay; follow Me, and thou shalt run
Unwearied until set of sun"

"I have a mind to go. But still
What then of all my fisher's skill,
Gotten none knows how stressfully
In violet dawn and twilight dim?
Must all my gain be loss to me
For what may prove a passing whim,
If I shall follow Thee?"

"Thou shalt catch men! This needs not less
But more of skill than men possess.
Thou shalt not minish thy capacity
But widen it—if thou wilt follow Me".

"But what will happen if I do?
Tax-payers throng me as I sit
And who will carry on? Yes, who
Will grapple with this waiting queue?
It lengthens. There is no end to it.
Besides, all onlookers will jeer to see
A publican rise up and follow Thee".

"O, follow Me, man of the book and pen.
Thou shalt not heed nor hear the jeering then.
With pen and parchment in the years to be
Thou shalt excel—if thou but follow Me!
For I am He Who fashioned all the worlds alone;
Who made of Jonas' son a stone;
Yea, suns and stars move to my plan;
I make the thief an honest man;
I bring clean things out of unclean;
I form a woman from a Magdalene;
Distillings from a thousand hills are Mine;
I turn the limpid water into wine;
And it is I—yes I—Who ask of thee
That thou wilt leave thy 'all' and follow Me."

—F. I.