

Assembly Annals

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

Edited by
H. A. Cameron, M.D.

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January
1941

Jehovah Jireh
In the Mount the Lord will Provide.
Genesis 22:14 (Newberry Margin)

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“This God is our God, for ever and ever;
He will be our Guide, even over death.”
(Psalm 48:14. Newberry margin)

God the Father.

The Rock; The Tower; The Dwelling Place;
The Refuge ever nigh;
The Sun and Shield; The Righteous Lord;
Is God, our God Most High.

God the Son.

The Door; The Way; The Truth; The Life;
The Bread; The Vine; The Light;
The Shepherd of His blood-bought flock,
Protecting day and night.

God the Holy Spirit.

The Comforter; The Advocate;
The Teacher and The Guide;
The Seal; The Earnest in our hearts,
Forever doth abide.

The Holy Trinity.

The Living God Who was, and is, and evermore shall be;
The Triune God, in life or death, our Guide eternally.

—H. A. Cameron

“Hitherto”

“Ebenezer. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us” might truthfully be inscribed on every milestone along the believer’s pathway, for “My presence shall go with you” is the promise of his Lord, and “There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken” is his experience.

We desire at this time to express our gratitude to all others who have helped — subscribers, correspondents, contributors, and critics — and to Mr. Will Pell and his staff of co-workers in Grand Rapids who have made it possible to place each month before our readers this effort in ministry of the Word for the edification of God’s people, and for the spread of the Gospel.

—H. A. Cameron

Conferences

KANSAS CITY, MO. Our Conference was very good, and there were some conversions during the meetings.

DETROIT, MICH. The Thanksgiving Day meetings in West Chicago Blvd. Hall were large and the ministry was profitable.

PITTSBURGH, PA. The attendance at our Conference was as large, if not larger than usual. Thirty-two ministering brethren were present and most of them took part. The ministry being considered helpful.



Memorial Booklet. Those desirous of obtaining the Memorial Booklet of Mr. Ferguson's life and labors should send in their names at once, as another edition will soon be printed to satisfy the demand. Address mail to Mr. Wm. Ferguson, 5760 Lawton Ave., Detroit, Mich. Price U. S. 25 cents: Canada 30 cents post-paid.



Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT. Mr. Cesare Patrizio had large meetings in the Waterbury Italian Hall, and then went to Bristol to preach there in the Italian language.

FLORIDA. Mr. Hugh Thorpe (64 Nathanael Ave., Pawtucket, R.I.) has had six weeks' meetings in Key West, and purposes gospel and ministry services in Miami, DeLand, and Jacksonville.

IOWA. At meetings in Ottumwa, Mr. Sheldrake saw a stir among the unsaved.

MASSACHUSETTS. On Nov. 23rd a baptism was held in the Cliftondale Gospel Hall, when eight young Christians from East Boston were baptized. These are the fruit of tent work among Italians last summer. Others are desirous of obeying the Lord's command. Mr. Frank Pizzulli went to Springfield where Mr. Louis Rosania has been laboring, and he desires prayer for the seed sown in visits and by tracts, calendars and Testaments.

Springfield. Mr. Louis Rosania has been laboring for six months among the Italians here and also in Worcester and in Thomsonville, Conn. The result is that some have professed faith in Christ and are desirous of baptism. He requests, "Please continue to pray for this work among the Italians.

MICHIGAN, Detroit. Mr. Sam McEwen had four weeks of well-attended gospel meetings in Chicago Boulevard Hall, and some professed faith in Christ.

NEW JERSEY. The Italian assembly goes on well. Recently Mr. Cesare Patrizio had a special series for children which were largely attended, and through these the parents came also. One family requested the Italian priest to meet Mr. Patrizio in their home and talk with him, but the priest did not keep the appointment and as a result the whole family came to the meetings and are deeply interested.

Hoboken. Mr. Frank Carboni (539 11th St., Union City, N.J.) saw some fruit in the gospel in Hoboken and later went to Philadelphia for Italian meetings.

NORTH CAROLINA. The few Christians at **Hickory** go on quietly, and gospel interest which during brother McLeod's absence waned, is again encouraging.

OHIO. Mr. Frank Carboni was encouraged by the good interest he found while visiting Italians in **Steubenville**.

Meetings held by Mr. John Govan in **Youngstown** were good, the Christians attending well and some strangers coming also.

PENNSYLVANIA. Mr. Mc Geachy remained for a few meetings at Friendship Ave. Hall, Pittsburg, and Mr. Roberts went to **Donora**.

VIRGINIA. Mr. George Winemiller, after a series in **Matoaca** went to **Petersburg** for a week and then to **Washington, D. C.** He had good hearings during his visit.

CANADA

NOVA SCOTIA. Mr. W. N. Brennan (174 Carleton St., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia sends a few notes concerning the Lord's work in this Province. Although they had snow and zero weather the Mc Cracken brothers kept up their wooden tent till December 9th, the stove keeping the tent comfortable and the people coming out well. Mr. Isaac Mc Mullen had three weeks at **Bryant's Corner**, and brother Russell Harris a few weeks at **River Hebert**. Mr. Brennan had a week at **Debert** but was attacked with the "flu" and had to return home. His wife and daughter were then taken sick in the same way but all are now recovering. Our brother is handicapped by the intense cold which causes a return of his heart complaint hindering activity as far as the meetings are concerned.



With Christ

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Mrs. Caroline Kennedy, beloved wife of Matthew Kennedy departed to be with Christ, Dec. 5th, aged 56. Saved in the North of Ireland through the preaching of the late John Ferguson. She came with her husband and children to this country 14 years ago. Connected with the assembly at Bridgeport, ever since. Bore a good testimony which was evidenced by the large company at the services. She leaves a husband and three sons to mourn. A good wife and mother. W. H. Hunter had the services both in the house and at the grave.

DETROIT, MICH. Hugh B. Wylie, aged 42 years, went home to be with the Lord November 18th. He was saved at the early age of 11, as a boy in the Sunday School of the Roman Road Hall, Motherwell, Scotland, and was in fellowship in Central Hall, Detroit. He will be very much missed. Mr. Sam McEwen spoke solemn and searching words at the services.

Italian Work

A few years ago there were no Italian assemblies in the United States, but now, (mostly in the East), there is a group of fifteen new testimonies to the simple gathering to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. As in the case of young Christians the enemy seeks to mar and make futile the work of God, so in the experience of infant Churches his subtle work is aimed at annulling the public testimony of those who, in separation from the world in its many phases, religious and otherwise, strive to maintain the truth revealed as to Church order. The Italian assemblies have had these experiences in common with others of like precious faith, but difficulties have been overcome—confession of failure, prayer for grace and help in time of need, and the “Lo I am with you always,”—have proved effectual and calm and peace we are glad to say prevail in the Churches of these saints.

The tent season last summer was fruitful in conversion and the planting of new assemblies. The work still goes on “publicly and from house to house” and we may be “fellowhelpers to the truth” by prayer and sympathy for the Italian nationals.

Waterbury, Conn. One of the largest and best Italian Conferences was held here Aug. 31st to Sept. 2nd. It proved to be a time of searching and reviving. The **Hoboken, N.J.** Conference, Oct. 12th and 13th was a very happy season, both in ministry and in the gospel. **Cesare Patrizio** had meetings in **Philadelphia, Pa.**, and **Orange, N. J.**, speaking both in Italian and English to large audiences. **Rocco Capiello** is at present in **Detroit** visiting daily and preaching nightly in the Italian Gospel Hall. **Louis Rosania**, **Frank Carboni**, and **Frank Pizzulli** are following up the tent work by meetings in halls and homes, “confirming the disciples” and seeking to reach others with the glad tidings.

SLOVAKIA. Word from **John Siracky** (**Ambra Pietra Ul. 23, Turc Sv. Martin, Slovakia**) conveys the following cheering news: “So far we are all well by the grace of God, kept in His almighty and loving hands. We can also go on in the work of the Lord, though occasionally we wonder how this is possible in such times as these. It looks like a wonder to us, yet it is a reality. Praise the Lord! I cannot write you much, yet I must mention that the Lord has saved a number of souls lately both in **Martin** and in surrounding places. People are coming to meetings seeking the Lord. Last Thursday a girl of 16 stayed after the meeting and desired to speak with me. When I asked her what it was she wanted to tell me she said: “I wish to be saved.” Blessed be God, she was saved that night. Another girl of 20 was saved at the meetings three weeks ago. She comes from a village, where there are no Christians. For six years she was seeking the Lord and now she has found Him. What a bright testimony she is in her home and village. Several others were saved in a similar way, and all these bring others to Christ. Just now I am on a visit to our capital having meetings in two assemblies and the rooms are filled each time. Last Lord's Day we had a baptism when eighteen converts were baptized, among these three Jews. Such is our Lord, mighty to save! So in these dark hours there are bright spots.”

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A key-note for the Year

“We will be glad and rejoice in Thee”

(SONG OF SOLOMON 1:4)

We will be glad and rejoice in Thee. We will not open the gates of the year to the dolorous notes of the sackbut, but to the sweet strains of the harp of joy, and the high sounding cymbals of gladness. “O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our Salvation.” WE, the called, and faithful and chosen, *we* will drive away our fears, and set up our banners of confidence in the name of God. Let others lament over their troubles, we who have the sweetening tree to cast into Marah’s bitter pool, with joy will magnify the Lord. *We* WILL; we are resolved about it; Jesus must have the crown of our heart’s delight; we will not dishonour our Bridegroom by mourning in His presence. We are ordained to be the minstrels of the skies; let us rehearse our everlasting anthem before we sing it in the halls of the New Jerusalem. *We will* BE GLAD AND REJOICE; two words with one sense, double joy, blessedness upon blessedness. Need there be any limit to our rejoicing in the Lord even now? Do not men of grace find their Lord to be camphire and spikenard, calamus and cinnamon, even now, and what better fragrance have they in heaven itself? *We will be glad and rejoice* IN THEE. That last word is the meat in the dish, the kernel of the nut, the soul of the text. What heavens are laid up in Jesus! What rivers of infinite bliss have their source and every drop of their fulness in Him? Since, O sweet Lord Jesus, Thou art the present portion of Thy people, favor us this year with such a sense of Thy preciousness, that from its first to its last day, we may be glad and rejoice in Thee. Let January open with joy in the Lord, and December close with gladness in Jesus.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

What links, tender and yet strong are thus formed between Him who has been already known to us in the daily walks of human life and Him who is to be known to us forever! He came down first into our circumstances and then He takes us into His. But in ours we have learnt Him, and *learnt Him forever*. This is a very happy truth. Peter witnesses it to us. I have looked at this scene already with another intent. I must now give it a second look.

At the draught of fishes in Luke 5, or before the resurrection, Peter was convicted. The *fisherman* Peter, in his own eyes became the *sinner* Peter. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." The draught of fishes (giving proof that the stranger who had asked for the loan of his boat was the Lord of the fulness of the sea) had brought Peter, in spirit, into the presence of God, and there he learnt himself. We never, indeed, learn that lesson anywhere else. But the Lord at that moment, as from the glory, spoke comfortably to him. He had said, "Fear not," and Peter was at ease. The glory or the presence of God had now a home for him as well as conviction, and Peter is in full quietness of heart before the Lord. And accordingly, at the second draught of fishes, in John 21, after the resurrection, Peter was still at ease, and had only to practice the lesson which he had already learnt. And he does so. He experiences the presence of the Lord of glory to be a home for him. He proves in himself, and witnesses to us, that *what he had learnt of Jesus he had learnt forever*. He did not know the Stranger on the shore to be Jesus; but when John revealed that fact to him, the Stranger was a stranger to him no more, but the sooner and the nearer he could get to Him the better.

What further consolation is this! If it be joy to know that He is the same, whether here or there,—whether in our world or in His own world,—in our ruined circumstances, or in His own glorious circumstances,—what further joy is it to see one of ourselves, as Peter was, experiencing the blessedness of such a fact in his own spirit!

Jesus—the same, indeed—faithful and true! All the pledges

He had given them ere He suffered, He makes good after He rose: all the character He had sustained in the midst of them then, He sustains now.



Moses, the Man God Sent

Thos. D. W. Muir

(Continued from December number)

If Moses is to be sent as God's agent in the deliverance of His people, then God must reveal Himself to His servant,—in His character as a faithful, holy, gracious and omnipotent God! Only thus could Moses go forward with confidence and courage sufficient for the work God had given him. And it is only as God is known now by those called to serve Him, in however humble a capacity that they are properly furnished to do His bidding.

In Exodus 3, we have the simple story of the "call" of Moses. That Israel was to be in the midst of the fiery furnace, God had shewn in vision to Abraham (Gen. 15:13-18), when foretelling the future of his seed. Egypt, which in the providence of God, had opened its doors, and given its best to Jacob and his family, had now become a place of trial and fiery persecution, so that "Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried and their cry came up unto God by reason of their bondage. And God heard their groaning and God remembered His covenant with Abraham, with Isaac and with Jacob. And God looked upon the children of Israel and had respect unto them." Exod. 2:23-25.

The crying need of Israel, and the oath by which He had bound a covenant with the Fathers, made it imperative that God should interfere on behalf of His afflicted people. Moses, he found faithfully attending Jethro's flock at Horeb in the backside of the desert. And it is a principle, often illustrated that, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much" (Luke 16). And for forty years had Moses gone about his lowly service, and God's eye had seen it. And God still sees the lowly service of His own,—in the home, the field, the workshop, the store, or it may be the Sunday School, the street corner, or the tract band. And to all such He would say, "Seekest thou great things for thyself,—seek them not."

Jer. 45:5. "For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south, but God is the Judge: He putteth down one, and setteth up another." Psa. 75:5-7.

To Moses, then, while faithful in his humble sphere, God revealed Himself,—and "promoted" him! We read: "The Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a (thorn) bush: and he looked and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Exod. 3:2. This attracted the attention of Moses, and he drew near to see what it meant, when, from the midst of the burning thorn bush, the Lord spake to him, arresting his steps, and causing him to hear His words. The thorn bush spake of Israel,—by nature fit for the fire,—and indeed passing thro' it—but the Lord was in the midst of them, as He was in the midst of the bush, and thus were they preserved,—they were not consumed. In this way did God evidence to Moses that He was "a faithful God, who keepeth covenant and mercy" (Deut. 7:9), and in spite of the faithless behaviour of Israel in Egypt God had been and would be true to His Word and to them.

But God is also a holy God, and this Moses must learn. Hence the warning words of God,—"Draw not nigh hither: put off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." A sense of God's grace if truly learned in His presence, will never beget undue familiarity. And irreverent and familiar references to God and our blessed Lord Jesus, are all out of keeping with a godly sense of who and what we are, and of what is due to Him before whom the Seraphim veil their faces. May we then, with that humility which unshod feet illustrates, also draw near to hearken to His Words, and then go forth in His service, in the consciousness of His presence with us!

That God is the "God of all grace," the words He now speaks to Moses make manifest. He who was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob speaks, while Moses hides his face, as he realizes in Whose Presence he was and Whose Voice he heard. "And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of My people, which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians . . . Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto

Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth My people, the children of Israel out of Egypt." Exod. 3:6-10.

This was the language of grace on the part of God, for merit or deserving on Israel's part there was none. Had the prosperous conditions of earlier days continued, there is no reason to think that the majority of Israel would have desired to leave them. Egypt to them would have been all the Canaan they would have wanted, and the promises and purposes of God as made known to the Fathers, would have had no place in their thoughts. But, that they might learn that Egypt was not all it seemed to be, and that their minds might turn to Him, we read that God "turned their (Egypt's) hearts to hate His people, to deal subtilly with His servants." Psa. 105:25. The "iron furnace" of Egypt (Deut. 4:20), that brought forth the cry for deliverance was, in other words, allowed of God, that His purposes might be carried out. Hence to Moses He says, "I am come down to deliver them."

To Moses' words of objection, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" God answers "Certainly I will be with thee." And to Moses' further objection "Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, 'The God of your fathers has sent me unto you,' and they shall say 'What is His Name?' What shall I say unto them"? God replies with a revelation of His Covenant Name. "And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and He said: Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." Exod. 5:11-14.

Here, surely, we have God revealing Himself as the Living God,—not the "tribal deity of the people,"—as men would have us believe, when they seek to bring Him down to the level of the gods of the heathen. No, here is the God whose covenant Name is Jehovah (Exod. 6), and therefore is not only "living," but self-existent, omnipotent, and all-sufficient. What a God for such a people! Who but He could find a way of showing His redemption to a people who deserved only His judgment? His covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, took in all their need and guilt and misery, and His omnipotent Arm would effect their deliverance. The reason for this stupendous act of grace He found alone in Himself, nor did He need to ask counsel or help of any. This, then, was the revela-

tion of the Name of the Lord which Moses was to carry to Israel in Egypt. In Scripture, names are significant often of character, and what so needful for a poor, degraded, down-trodden people to know, as that the One who was thus coming to their rescue was all-sufficient for the work,—the great I AM!

In the fuller revelation that God has made in Christ, this name is amplified. There we have our Lord Jesus saying of Himself: "Before Abraham was, I am"! (John 8:58). Again, "I am the Bread of Life," John 6:35,— "I am the Light of the world" John 8:12,— "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life," John 14:6,— "I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved," John 10:9,— "I am the Resurrection and the Life," John 11:25,—and that crowning declaration which involves all the others. "I am the Son of God"! John 10:36. How solemn then the words of our Lord: "If ye believe not that I am, ye shall die in your sins," John 8:24. The pronoun "he" is supplied in this verse by the translators, the Lord is simply taking to Himself the title by which He made Himself known thro' Moses,—the ever living God!

Thus we see, then, in Exodus 3, God revealing Himself to Moses, ere He sends him on his mission of deliverance, as the One who was faithful, holy, gracious and Omnipotent, and assuring him of His presence with him, which would secure the success of the work.

(Continued, D. V.)



God has had all His servants very much alone with Himself, both before and after their entrance upon their public work; nor will any one ever get on without this. The absence of secret training and discipline will, necessarily, leave us barren, superficial, and theoretic. A man who ventures forth upon a public career, ere he has duly weighed himself in the balances of the sanctuary, or measured himself in the presence of God, is like a ship putting out to sea without proper ballast; he will doubtless upset with the first stiff breeze.



Even a Moses "feared," and a Paul "repented;" but the Lord Jesus never did either. He never had to retrace a step, to recall a word, or correct a thought.

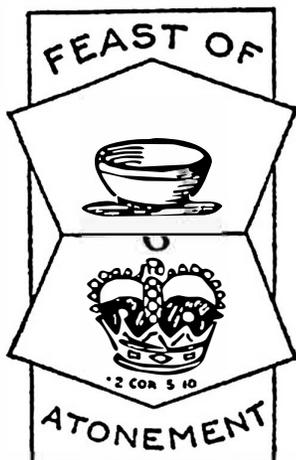
The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

Read Leviticus 23:26; also 16:7



Our subject tonight is the Day of Atonement. This feast has not to do with Israel only, but it looks on to the judgment seat of Christ.

Now, that the Day of Atonement is referred to in two places in the book of Leviticus is at first sight strange. Why not deal with it one place, instead of in both the 16th and 23rd chapters? This is according to God, and one of the blessed perfections of His Word, leading us to render thanks-

givings to God unceasingly.

We have here two aspects of the Day of Atonement. In the 16th chapter of Leviticus it is the work of Christ which is foreshadowed, that work which was accomplished nineteen hundred years ago, and which is perfect whether men believe it or not, and whether Israel benefits from it or not. It is an accomplished work. But the 23rd chapter gives us another aspect. There it is the work of the Holy Ghost and that work has not yet been accomplished for Israel. If you want to know when that work will take place you will turn to the last part of the 12th chapter and the first part of the 13th chapter of Zechariah:

“And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and they shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. And the land shall mourn, every family apart . . . all the families that remain every family apart, and their wives apart. In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.”

Now we shall not be able to dwell at great length upon the aspect that this portion deals with, but you will at once see how it is like the 23rd of Leviticus. It is not the work of Aaron, the priest, that is dealt with in the 16th chapter; but it is the aspect that deals with Israel. The 13th of Zechariah and the 23rd of Leviticus, deal with the people. In the 13th of Zechariah we read about the affliction of the soul, and in Lev. 23:29 we read, "For whatsoever soul it be that shall not be afflicted in that same day, the same soul will I destroy from among his people." When we come to Zechariah, it is yet future, so in the 12th chapter we have the "affliction of soul."

What has happened? The Spirit of God has been poured out. Apart from that the heart of Israel is like adamant. But when the Spirit is poured out we see repentance in Israel, and the family relationship even is not allowed to interfere. Everyone is seeking a corner by himself that he might pour out his soul in confession to God for the sin of rejecting their Messiah. That is what we have in Lev. 23 in its future aspect. But whether it be Israel then, or the Gentiles now, God proceeds always in the same way. First there is the work of Christ. That is the grand basis upon which He deals with man. Then there is the work of the Spirit of grace in conviction, when man knows what it is to "afflict his soul." When he is under conviction of sin he will not go in for the things that the world loves.

I remember at some meetings we held, there was present a cultured lady, some of whose friends had been saved. She was "in society," and card parties were her especial pleasure. One night, after the meeting, at which she listened well, she said to me, "You know I could never give up the cards." "But," I answered, "we have been saying nothing about 'giving up' but 'receiving.'" She continued to come to the meetings and the Word of God took hold of her, and then, though not yet saved, she would as soon have taken poison as touch cards. Why? If any professes to be exercised as to his soul, and still takes pleasure in sin, it is wasted time to speak with that man. But when the Spirit of God takes hold of his conscience, it will wean him from all such.

Look now at Lev. 23, when the work of atonement will be transferred to Israel. The work has been done, yet so far as Israel is concerned it might as well not have been done. But,

when they shall have passed through the sorrows and afflictions described in Zech. 12, they will present the condition which Joseph's brethren experienced in his presence. (Gen. 45:1-15).

On the Day of Atonement you would have seen two goats brought before Aaron. Lots are cast: one for the Lord and the other for "the goat of departure." The first, the Lord's offering, is killed, the blood is taken, and you would see the priest go with it beyond the veil. On that day only, human footsteps trod within the veil. The priest takes that blood and with it he approaches the throne of God,—the ark and mercy seat, and in the august presence of God he sprinkles the blood upon and before the mercy seat. There are the cherubim, those creatures who are the executors of His throne, and as Aaron sprinkles that blood the eyes of the cherubim seem to be resting upon the sprinkled blood. No sword is in their hands as in Eden,—there is none on the mercy seat. It would seem as if the flaming sword of Genesis 3 had found its sheath in a victim, and now these cherubim look upon the blood with complacency. That blood was for the eye of God,—as in Egypt on the night of the Passover. There was no blood then upon the threshold for God would not have men trample on the blood. It would be for men a shelter, but He will not have it trampled on. Here the blood is not only *upon* the mercy seat but *before* the mercy seat, as our standing upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I stand upon His merit, I know no other stand,

Not e'en where glory dwelleth, in Emmanuel's land."

Is it not very blessed to know that what met the eye of God and satisfied the justice of God meets the need of the sinner, and enables him to stand unabashed in the presence of the glory? That is what is meant by being "Made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." What is his meetness, his fitness? The blood of Jesus. As I look back upon the work of Christ, and learn how it satisfies God, I can see that without a tremor I may go into the uncreated light of the throne of God, and feel perfectly at home there.

(Continued D. V.)



To be much alone with God, is the sovereign remedy for pride and self-complacency.

*Satisfaction**J. N. Darby*

"HE SATISFIETH THE LONGING SOUL"

(Psalm 107:9).

God could find no rest save in Jesus: and we can look throughout the world, we shall find nothing that can satisfy our hearts but Jesus.

All the things that will make me blessed in heaven, I have now. If you want to know what makes a Christian happy in life and death, it is that the Christ he has got now is the Christ that he will have in heaven. He has his home there, where the One he loves and knows best is already.

Your hearts are too big for the world—it cannot fill them; they are too little for Christ, for He fills heaven; yet will He fill you to overflowing.

"These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you." He had no joy from the world. He had perfect joy in the Father. His joy was in bringing forth fruit to the Father's glory. He is thus showing to us how in fruit-bearing we can have joy and blessedness down here. "That your joy might be full." This is what He wants us to have—fulness of joy: and it is not from the world, but it is the kind of joy He had—*His own joy*.

If His love is not filling my heart, I shall go to some vanity to satisfy me. If my spirit is wrapped up in the love of Christ, there will be rivers of water flowing out.

No testimony, no preaching, no teaching, even if the matter of it be all right, is right teaching if the soul is not *filled for itself* first from God. We must drink for ourselves that rivers may flow. Indeed all else dries up the soul.

"If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice because I go unto the Father." Inasmuch as He has exercised His love to us, He associates us with Himself, and expects us to rejoice in His happiness. What a place to give us: to be able to say "I am happy because He is glorified." We see Him in the glory due to Him and we are satisfied.



The believer should not wait to be shaken out of present things.

*“Stir up the Gift”**Hugh McEwen*

Cleveland, Sunday, January 9, 1937

II Timothy 1:1-18

(Concluded from December number)

Then the truth of gathering to the Name of the Lord Jesus alone. That's a good deposit. Maybe you don't think so now. You look around and say, "I don't know what is going to come of this assembly. I think the assemblies are all going to die out in a couple of years." We're more intimate with each other than Christians in any of the denominations on earth. Everyone here today knows what the other lives like; we see in each other such oddities of temperament and so forth, and we seem to rub each other the wrong way and after a while we conclude we're a bad lot. But you remember when you first came into the assembly you thought it was heaven on earth! The greatest place and the happiest people on earth. And when you sat down in the midst of them you were so glad to shake hands and visit their homes. They haven't changed a bit. They are just the same as when you first came in. Maybe you have changed. "When she first came she was so happy and bright, but look at her now." That is the way we seem to each other. But there isn't much change in the Christians. They are just about the same. If a Christian from the denominations should come into the assembly next Sunday, he would say, "My, these are grand people. They love to talk about the Lord Jesus, and they sing so happily." And that would be true. We see all of the bad and we can't see any of the good any more. Something has happened to our eyesight and we need a touch of that blessed eyesalve that the Master gives.

I read of a man once that fell in love with his wife. He fell in love with her once before, but in the daily grind of living he had lost that vision. He determined to find out what was wrong and sat down one day and watched her and he began to see again just what he had seen at first, and again fell in love with his wife. Do you know what you Christians ought to do? You should fall in love with each other again. Because the same traits that attracted you and you admired at the first are still there. You could see Christ in them, the virtues of Christ. You get sick, or fall into poverty sometime, and the

world turns its back on you, but watch how these people rally around you and care for you in that day. They haven't changed. But in our intimate life with each other we just get tired of each other. They get tired of us, too. We need to see Christ in them, the hope of glory. But we are not gathered to them anyhow. We are gathered to the Lord Jesus. That is the power that binds us together, Himself in the midst of His own. There was not much attraction in the cave Adullam, was there? I wouldn't want to be in the assembly where those four hundred were. I'd hate to have Joab next to me and Abishai on the other side because they were a rough, bad lot. What held them together? David was their center and their captain. That held them together. What holds the assembly together? Our blessed Center, Jesus in the midst of us all. God has given you that as a good deposit. Are you holding it? Are you letting it slip?

There is another side to this. He gives us this good deposit for a purpose. Did you ever make any use of the truth of baptism to help someone else get baptized? Or did you wrap it up in a napkin and bury it in the ground? Did you ever make any use of the truth of gathering to His Name and help to guide someone else to the truth of gathering to His Name, or did you wrap that up in a napkin and bury it in the ground? We are starting another year now and before it is over every man and woman of us may have to give account at the judgment seat of Christ. No wonder Paul said, "Stir up the smouldering embers." We are coming near to the journey's end. As we draw near to the close of it, he tells about some that turned back. Phygellus and Hermogenes were deserters. You know what they think of a deserter in the army. I wonder how you would look upon a deserter in connection with Christ and the assembly? Hermogenes and Phygellus once went on, but now they have turned away. In fact, he says, "All they in Asia are turned away from me." He spent three years there winning them to Christ and then they turned away, not only from him but from his Master. They were deserters. Were there any deserters last year? Look over the company at this year, and God only knows whether we are not drawn closer, whether the things of eternity do not become more real to our hearts, and our affections entwine around Christ more strongly. God only knows how many deserters there may be

this year. Onesiphorus was no deserter, thank God. He came to Rome. He was not ashamed of the fact that Paul was a prisoner. He went about the city of Rome and would say, "Do you know where a man named Paul lives here?" "He's in jail." "Yes, but where is he?" "He sought me out diligently," Paul said. He went everywhere looking for him and didn't care what the people thought, and he found him. And the apostle looking back and looking onward said, "The Lord have mercy on him in that day."

Oh, brethren, let us look forward to that day. If we get our eyes fixed upon the present day, we are bound to settle back. It is enough to make anyone's heart sink. "But," said the apostle, "in that day." In that day! Do you know that that day is going to be heralded in very soon? The Morning Star is about to appear. How near that time is, no one can tell, but you know the darkest hour of night is the hour that just precedes the dawn, and how dark the hour is today. How dark! Look across the ocean to Spain upon its distant shore; go all the way across Europe and then go across the continent of Asia. Look at everything in between, Britain, France, Germany, Austria and those little nations in the center; go on across all the way, to Palestine upon the west shore of Asia, and on and on and on to China and Japan on the other side. How does it look? Could anything be blacker than the outlook? Look at America and consider the powers that are working beneath the surface, actually undermining the very pillars of the government. Look at your own city with the forces of darkness, secrecy and evil, that are constantly working, and no power to deal with them. Is it not the darkest hour? But while it would trouble our hearts to look at the night, we look off to that day and remember that the darker the hour, the nearer the dawn.

God help us to fix our eyes upon the sky above us and to look for the bright and Morning Star and live again in the hope of His coming.



"A brother is born for adversity;" and it often happens that a season of adversity softens the heart, and renders it susceptible of kindness.

*The Disembodied State**T. Shuldham Henry. M.A., LL.D.*

(Continued from December number)

During the delivery of these lectures I received some most interesting questions, bearing directly and indirectly on this subject of the intermediate state, and which I now desire to place before my readers with the answers I gave at the time.

Question 1. Are you not in these lectures teaching the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory?

Answer.—Certainly not. The fact of such a question as this being asked in connection with the truth brought out, shows how little the questioner understands about the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory. The Church of Rome teaches that all heretics—those outside its pale—go straight to the burning gulf of Hell, that her true children after death, go to a place called purgatory, a place of “cleansing fires,” where they are prepared, after a time of suffering and purgation, for the presence of God in Heaven. But that the time of such endurance depends on the liberality of their friends. I never heard of a case where the Church of Rome was satisfied with the amount paid, and where they pronounced the removal of any from purgatory to Heaven. As long as she can squeeze out the money for prayers for the dead, she will go on demanding, without giving hope or comfort to the sorrowing relatives, except that at some future period they will be received into glory. This is partly the view adopted by many so-called Protestants, during the last few years, who are known by the name of Restorationists, in contradistinction to the other school called Annihilationists.

What I have been teaching is just the reverse, viz., that all God’s children go straight to Heaven to be “with Christ,” that all those who “die in their sins,” go to Hades where they undergo no change, no purifying, but are “in torments” until the Great White Throne of judgment is set up at the end of the world, before which, having joined their natural resurrected bodies, they must stand to receive the awful sentence of eternal banishment from the presence of God, and be cast into the lake of fire for ever and for ever.

Question 2. If the Old Testament saints all went to Sheol where did Enoch and Elijah go?

Answer. We will first take up the case of Enoch. His name means "dedicated." Cain's first born was called by the same name. Cain "dedicated" his son to the world, to live in it as happily as he could apart from God. How many professing Christians are doing the same, training up their children to all the tastes, pursuits, and principles of the world and then they wonder why they are not converted. But Jared a godly member of the Seth line dedicated his son from his earliest infancy to God. What was his history? It is a short one, but how full of meaning, embracing all that was happy, holy and consistent in a child of God's career here. "He walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." (Gen. 5:24). In Heb. 11:5, we get a supplement to this. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God." Such is the life, walk and end of this God-fearing man. After a holy life he did not see death, but was translated. There are two future conditions for God's children in leaving this world. 1st. Either falling asleep in Jesus and going to Him to Paradise, or 2nd. Not seeing death, not falling asleep, and their bodies crumbling into dust, but being transformed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, when Jesus comes. The latter was Enoch's condition. His body was changed, as he was translated, for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." (1 Cor. 15:50). Paul's argument there is that the bodies of the saints must be either raised or changed. Enoch's body did not die, therefore his body was changed.

Secondly. Elijah. I would like to ask you a question. How did Elijah go to Heaven? Generally the answer is, "In a chariot of fire." Let us read some verses in 2 Kings 2. In verse 1 it says, "And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into Heaven by a whirlwind," also verse 11, "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that, behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into Heaven." What is the meaning then of the chariot of fire? God's protecting care was over and around Elijah during his ministry and sojourn on earth, and Jehovah wanted to assure his servant Elisha that the same watchful care would be exercised for him, as represented by the chariot and horses of

fire, that the hosts of heaven would be around him, to fight for, and protect him. We see an illustration of this in 2 Kings 6:13-17. The Syrians, finding that Elisha informed the king of Israel of their plans, determined to lay hands on the prophet, so they sent chariots and horses and a great host, and surrounded Dothan where the Prophet was then residing. His servant said to him, "Alas my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Elisha prayed the Lord to open his eyes. He did so, and now he sees the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha. Blessed body guard! Glorious security!

Question 3. In what state did Moses appear on the mount of transfiguration with Elijah?

Answer. In Deut. 34:5, 6, we read, "So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab." So we see Moses died and God buried him. No man knew of his burying place, but no doubt Satan did, having the power of death, and being then and till Christ's death, the lord of the dead. Moses on the mount could not have been there in his natural body, but in his spiritual. If God buried him how did he get his spiritual body; when was it raised?

We get the key to the understanding of this in the Epistle of Jude, 9th verse. "Yet Michael the Archangel, when contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee." It is evident that at some period between his death and the transfiguration scene, the Lord proceeded to raise the body of Moses from the dust of the earth. Satan opposed Him as being lord of the dead. Hence the contention. We have no doubt in our mind, that, Michael (meaning, Who is as God), represented the Son of God, the chief of God's messengers, the second Person of the glorious Trinity. In Daniel 12:1, He is called the Great Prince which standeth for the children of Thy people. In John 5:28, Jesus says, "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." Whose voice? The Son of Man's.

Again, in 1 Thess. 4:16 we read, "For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the

Archangel and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first."

Thus we see that it is the voice of the Son of Man in John, and in Thessalonians it is the voice of the Archangel. Are they not identical? Well! at all events, God wants Moses to be on the mount with His beloved Son, as a representative man; representing those who will be with Christ in His coming glory, having fallen asleep in Jesus. This body sown a natural body, must be raised a spiritual. Satan opposes Michael, as much as to say, "I admit the time is coming when you will take from me my power over death; you are doing so now before your time, to which I object." Michael, preserving towards the prince of darkness respect for his high dignity, brought no railing accusation (judgment R. V.) against him, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee," and gained the victory, as in Zech. 3:2, and no doubt raised Moses from the dead.

In this coming kingdom, which Peter, James and John saw in miniature, and in picture fulfilling the Lord's statement in the previous chapter, "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom," we have Moses representing those who died, and Elijah those who are to be translated at the coming of Christ.

(Continued, D. V.)



Thanksgiving to God

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds
Resume the glorious theme.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

—*Joseph Addison, 1712*

*Roger's Reasons**John Urquhart*

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—I got your note, and you would have had an earlier reply had you been more reasonable. But what a task to burden a busy man with—to tell you “the whole” of that Sunday’s talk in Norway! My dear man, have you no conscience left? Well, I suppose I had better buckle-to and do my best; but you must take it as it comes.

We were five, and were at times a “merry party.” You know Brown and myself well enough, and I may spare my descriptive powers till I come to the others. But let me say, in passing, that *Brown* has developed into a Broad Churchman. I fancy this is due to the stay at Gottingen, with which he rounded off his student days and perfected his German, an accomplishment which occasionally served us well during our journey. *Colquhoun* is a shrewd Scotch lawyer, whose main idea of a holiday appears to be that it is a time for the exercise of a sometimes caustic, yet always kindly, humour. I suppose he is accustomed to take things so seriously in business that he cannot, or will not, take them seriously out of it. The fact of three ministers being in our party seemed to present too broad a target for him not to have a shot at it. Many a story and many a remark that we had were plainly meant to rub “the cloth” the wrong way.

Colville is a man whom all respect and love, and he was naturally a great addition to our party. He has a wide knowledge of literature. A literary man once told me that he had made a special study of Leigh Hunt’s writings, and had tracked him through one magazine after another. He happened to get on to the subject in conversation with Colville, and he was amazed to discover that Colville knew more about it than he himself. But, alas! there is always some little “but” in the description of the best of characters. There is a strain of poetry and of mysticism in Colville which hates definiteness, and which makes him hover in a most tantalizing fashion midway between Brown and Roger. He inclines to both, and sides with neither.

Roger, about whom I shall have most to say, impressed us all as an original and clear thinker. So clear a thinker, indeed, is he, that he sometimes treats one in a summary, and even con-

temptuous, fashion that is trying. Not that he is unkind or ungentlemanly, but he sees, almost intuitively, the essential weakness of a position, and the uselessness, and even the wrongness, of any attempt to maintain it; and he is too honest to conceal his judgment. His reading has also been wide and thorough, but it has been along special lines; and his conversation convinces you that he not only has opinions, but that he has also a right to hold them.

We had had a splendid run. Colville had planned our journey, and took us along a comparatively untravelled route. We landed at Christiansand, in the South of Norway, and then took boat to Arendal and Langesund. From Langesund we ran right up into the country, and made our way through the Thelemarken. Two scenes I shall never forget. We sailed for hours between mountain ranges, which seemed to have been sawn across to let the Fiord pass in, along whose placid bosom our little steamer glided in the bright sunshine. The ends of the mountains rose up on either side two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, feet high; and so perfect was the reflection in the clear, still water, that it was impossible to say from the vessel's deck where the hillside ceased and the water began. At one point a small cannon was fired, and the echoes reverberated among the mountains, as if we were being answered by one or two royal salutes. The other scene was a view from an over-hanging mountain precipice, right down 2000 feet into the valley below. Midway, a huge bird was swimming lazily through the air. Beneath us, a river ran down to the Fiord, It looked like an inch-broad ribbon. Peeled fir-trees were being floated down to be formed into rafts in the Fiord, and these trees were like straw. We had got up to Haukelid Saeter on the Saturday night. We rested the Sabbath Day, according to the commandment. But there was no church near, and each was left to his own devices till dinner-time. After that not very inviting feast (for things were somewhat rough at the Saeter), we strolled out together about a mile, and sat down in a hollow where we could enjoy the sunshine without the accompaniment of the cold mountain wind. Colquhoun seemed to think the occasion particularly suitable for his favourite pastime. We had a number of stories—one of them about a Scotsman, who declared to a guest that he might cheat, and tell lies, etc., but "You'll no' whistle in ma hoose on the Sawbath!" I

tried to quiet him by saying that I was afraid we should have to call him "the profane member" of the party. But it was of no use—he would rush upon his fate.

He expressed his delight (but I imagine the delight lay in the effect that his words were sure to have upon one, at least, of his auditory) in the tremendous change which had come upon public opinion. He remembered the time when you could not put a question about Jonah without being thrown into the deep sea beside him. And now mistakes in the Bible were freely admitted! In fact, the Bible was looked upon more as mere Jewish literature, which had been put together in such a poor fashion that we had to keep a host of highly-paid theological professors in our colleges doing little else than trying to get it into some decent order. The Bible, it now appears, was just like other so-called sacred books—not any worse, but not much better.

By this time Roger was looking straight at him with kindling eyes. "When I see you and the rest," he said, "showing any anxiety to spread the other 'sacred books,' or even to read them, I shall conclude that you really believe what you say. How much will you give, Colquhoun, to translate the Koran, the Hindu Shasters, or the Zendavesta, into Chinese?"

"Well, now, between ourselves, *you* don't hold the old views? You admit that there are *some* mistakes in the Bible?"

"What? *I* admit mistakes in the Bible!" exclaimed Roger, with vehemence. "Why, man, the Book grows more wonderful, and more glorious, and more precious to me every day. It is the one and only Book that is entirely and eternally true!"

"Well, you amaze me," replied Colquhoun, with evident enjoyment. "Let me ask you to try your teeth on some of 'The Mistakes of Moses.' What do you say to the Creation history in the first chapter of Genesis, and to that gem of the collection—light before, and seemingly without, the sun?"

"I don't think you can make much of that," interposed Colville, in his quiet, judicial way. "I do not expect to find theology in a scientific text-book; and it does not trouble me not to find science in a theological one. The Bible was never intended to teach science; it was meant to teach us something better, and much more necessary."

This seemed to rouse the lawyer in Colquhoun. "I have heard that before," he replied, "but somehow it does not re-

move the trouble. A theological text-book does not come from God; but, if it did, it could not possibly contain blunders on any subject. Though the Book was not meant to teach science, its Author, knowing all things, would not and could not, write down what was scientifically erroneous. I think, Mr. Colville—if you will excuse my saying it—when you make a statement of that kind, you throw your case away. For, if you admit scientific blunders, then, certainly, to that extent, the Bible could not be from God.”

“You astonish me, both of you,” said Roger; “where did you get your science from? You talk as if light were dependent upon the sun, and you are not aware that it is you, and not the Bible, that are behind the times! Why, that theory has been exploded half a century ago! And yet you, and ever so many more, set yourselves up as scientific authorities, and begin forthwith to chastise and to put down the Bible! It is now acknowledged, and has long been acknowledged, that Newton was entirely wrong in his theory of light. Light is the result of force causing the waves of the ether to vibrate with an almost infinite rapidity. How great that force is we can measure by the fact that light travels at a speed equal to eight times round the earth in a single second. Now, Colquhoun, how will you explain this? Scientific men have been struck with a thing which we have often read in the second verse of the Bible, and have seen nothing in it. It is the statement that the first thing that was done with the chaotic mass of the primeval waters, was that ‘the Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters’ (Genesis 1:2). The word used is the continuative form of the verb, and means, not only ‘moved,’ but also ‘kept moving.’ It was the introduction and continuation of *force*. And then comes the result of force—light. I say some scientific men have been struck with that: how does it strike you?”

“You see that, when you get science enough, you begin to understand the Bible and to feel yourself and all your knowledge conquered by it. But that is not all. The ignorance which makes it an objection to the Bible, that it speaks of light before the sun, is simply unpardonable. Sir John Herschell, in his *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, tells us that since the invention of photography the views of scientists regarding light had been revolutionised. The action of light on

those delicate sensitized plates shows that it is one of the greatest forces in the universe. Its action was necessary to prepare the way of all life, and he declares that the outcome of these discoveries is our knowledge of the fact that light is the most ancient of all things. Proctor, in his *Flowers of the Sky*, speaks in the same strain, and declares that light is 'the first of all that exists in the universe.' That is one of the biggest discoveries which science has made in the closing years of the nineteenth century. But the Bible taught it thirty-four centuries ago. Where did the Bible get it? You may not see it; but that cannot prevent me from confessing that the Mind which placed that among the first words of the Bible was the Mind of God."

We were all astonished and impressed by this outburst. Even Colquhoun had grown serious. Brown was the first to speak. "That is, no doubt, striking. But one swallow does not make a summer; and you must admit, what everybody does admit now-a-days, 'that the existence of scientific mistakes in the Bible cannot be denied.' In fact, even on your own ground of full inspiration, scientific blundering is a necessity. If God did talk to men in ancient times, He must have spoken to them in language which they could understand. For, if the communication had been made in accordance with the ideas of the nineteenth century, how would men in barbaric times have understood it?"

"Well, Brown," responded Roger, "I have often wondered how you and others keep yourselves so safe and snug in your rationalistic nests. But I think I understand it now. Where plainer folk would tumble out and come to the ground, you are so padded round about with every sort of philosophic device, that you are in no danger of getting down to ordinary common sense. Excuse me; I must be plain. Your argument would prove that God could never communicate truth, simply because men's ideas are steeped in error; that is to say, truth could not be spoken to them, just when they needed it most. Is that what you mean?"

"Hardly. A father has to talk down to his little boy."

"Yes; but to talk down to him he does not need to say anything which the boy will afterwards discover to be wrong, and so lose faith in his father's reliability. I should say a father would be specially desirous to avoid that; and surely God

would avoid it more than man! But what is the use of stating or attacking theory? Where are the blunders? Let us not begin to account for them till we have ascertained their existence."

"That matter is soon settled, then," said Brown. "Take the coney and the hare. They are both set down in Leviticus 11:5, 6, as unclean animals, which chew the cud. But science has placed it beyond doubt that this is certainly to be numbered among 'The Mistakes of Moses.' Neither one nor the other of these is a ruminating animal, and, therefore, cannot chew the cud."

"Now, Brown, if you had only applied in the right way your own illustration of the father talking down to his boy, that 'Mistake of Moses' would have vanished like a puff of steam. It is quite true that the ruminants generally have four stomachs, and that these two animals have only one. But they have the same jaw motions as the animals which chew the cud. The Israelite went no farther than that jaw motion; and, looking at that, he might judge the animal to be clean. 'No,' says the Law. 'It chews the cud, indeed, but it does not part the hoof.' But you must now alter the title of this famous difficulty, for this alleged 'Mistake of Moses' is now a confessed 'Mistake of Science.' An Englishman told Renan that this 'error of the Bible,' in making the hare a ruminant, had turned him into an infidel; and now Professor Rutimeyer of Basel, one of our great authorities in these matters, says: 'It is no news to me that the hare is a ruminant!' Long ago too, Bruce, the famous and observant Abyssinian traveller, put on record his conviction that the coney chews the cud.

"And, now that we touch upon this matter, does it not strike you as strange, that the distinction between clean and unclean animals should have involved some of the very latest discoveries of our century? Ours is the era of 'the microbe,' and of all his kin. But the very animals and fishes which, in the Mosaic Law, are forbidden to be eaten, are just those which feed on garbage and decaying animal matter, and which are, therefore, veritable magazines of those deadly foes to human health and existence. How can you explain it, that the division of classes in the Mosaic Law should run along the very lines indicated by twentieth-century science?"

(Continued D. V.)

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Account of a visit paid to the province of Hunan in 1898

Thomas Melville

(Continued from December Number)

The officials now began to get busy, sent to enquire how we got into the city, without being seen by the guard, what we had lost, and to say they were willing to make our losses good, but though we had lost umbrellas, hats and shoes and other things, we told the officials we were there to give the Gospel to the people, and that we wanted nothing made good to us. The following day we proceeded on our journey up the Siang river, in the direction of our schools, and reached the city of Siang-tan safely. We decided, after all our experiences, to have the Lord's day quiet, and to go on shore at 10 A. M. Monday morning. The officials of the city sent a messenger to say they would be ready to receive us at 10 A.M. and would give us protection. We were up early and had made preparations for going on shore when we noticed a crowd of people on the shore rushing back and forth and getting very active. Some swam to the side of our boat, and after having a good look at us, the two 'foreign devils', swam back to shore. Just as we were ready at 10 A. M. to go on shore to distribute our tracts, Gospel portions etc. and to preach the Gospel, the people were ready too. They had bricks, stones, etc. all ready for us. The boatman worked hard to get out of reach of the missiles that were flying through the air, meant for us, and so we were not allowed to go on shore at Siang-tan. On we moved up the river and came to a town called 'San-Men'—meaning "Three doors"—the nearest point to our first school, which was in a country village. The teacher greeted us in quite a friendly manner. He suggested my going on shore in a covered chair, his two sons would carry the chair, and I could go in that way to examine his scholars whilst Mr. Lester looked after the boat. Our larger boat had gone on, and we were travelling on a much smaller boat. The boys took me quietly in the covered chair through the town; the teacher had his scholars all ready, and they repeated some Scriptures, and some Gospel hymns. On the way back to the boat we found it more difficult than when going to the school, some having learned that the chair was occupied by a 'foreign devil'. In the afternoon

we went on shore accompanied by our Chinese friends, as we wanted to distribute Gospel tracts in the town, also some of the Gospel portions we had brought with us. The school teacher did wonderfully well in hindering the crowds from attacking us. He was well known in the town, and those who wanted to molest us listened to his counsel, so that we were kept from bodily harm. We had similar experiences in visiting other schools, and then we turned our faces towards the Kiangsi province again.

From where we visited the last school, we still had a considerable distance to travel in Hunan, and there was another walled city we wished to visit with the Gospel, so on we went in our small boat, one man rowing the boat, sailing when the wind was favourable, and using a pole when the wind was contrary. Finally we reached the walled city of Liling, and got into touch with a friendly innkeeper, who was willing to put us up in his inn. When the official of the city heard of our being there he sent at once to say that the city was full of students, and if we went on shore he could not be responsible for our safety, and requested us please stay on the boat. We wanted the people however to hear something of the Gospel, and desired to leave Gospel literature with them, so our boatman got his boat as near the bank as possible, and then water carriers waded into the river and took the Gospel portions ashore to the crowds on the bank. In the meantime men and boys took the opportunity of pelting us with soft mud.

From Liling we continued our journey up river, and reached a small busy town, thickly populated, and there the people gladly received our Gospel literature, never before having had such books or tracts. But an old man came along, perhaps one of the elders of the town, and said "Your books are filthy stuff, not fit to be read. The people must hand them all back to you." This the people did, the old gentleman evidently having strong influence over them. Later in the evening some students came along, asked to see our books, and gladly took away a copy of each Gospel portion we had in our possession, with the good result, that people who had handed back the literature, came and asked us to please give the books back to them! And thus some good seed was scattered in that isolated town after all. From this point the river was so shallow we had to take to overland travelling, which was much more

tiring and dangerous than travelling by boat, for now the people could get at us more easily. We had read however that "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about His people", and we proved this word true as we hired coolies to carry our bedding, and Gospel literature and journey for a time on wheelbarrows. Finally we set out to walk, after getting the wheelbarrows to take over our things. Mr. Ling, a matured Christian stood by us, and helped us all along the way. It was a great comfort to both of us to have this Chinese brother in the Lord with us. He preached the Gospel faithfully, and praised the Lord constantly for the daily deliverances given to us all. We had many and varied experiences during about ten days when we walked over rough mountainous country. Conditions were so trying that one of the men with us kept on beseeching the Lord to take him Home quickly.

At a certain place where we halted to do some Gospel witnessing, one of the elders of the town came along and said to Mr. Lester and myself "Would you care to know what we would like to do with you two foreigners?" We replied "Yes, we would," whereupon he said with anger on his face, and in true Chinese fashion striking his hand on his neck "We would like to take your heads off." We said to this well dressed and influential gentleman "We are only two people; you are many, and we cannot resist you, but if you will take good advice you will let our heads alone, for if our heads are taken off by you, then your own would be in great danger of being taken off too." We had a very quiet night after that, one of the quietest on our long trip. The old gentleman evidently decided he had gone too far, in making known his feelings in public, for, according to Chinese custom, if any trouble took place he would be held responsible. So he kept out of the way after that.

Not having travelled over these roads before, enquiries had to be made as to which way to take. In one town the people told us to take the road to the left, but as there was also a road leading to the right, we prayed over the matter, fearing that they might have laid some plot for us. Feeling that we must take the road towards the right we followed that leading, and learned afterwards that a number of men had collected on the road towards the left having planned to

beat us. Some of these men followed us through the country, stoned us, blocked the way over a small bridge, searched our baggage and helped themselves to any of our literature they cared for. Who knows but these Gospel witnesses may have been the means of the conversion of some afterwards. At our next halting place, a small town, we turned into an inn, both of us tired after walking all day over the mountainous pathways. The innkeeper was friendly and the people said we must preach to them. This we did whilst strength to stand, and speak, remained. The first lot who listened went home, and then another crowd came, and they too wanted us to preach to them. They brought an old table and said "If you are too tired to stand sit on this table and preach to us." This we did until we were too exhausted to speak any more. Still more people came, and the innkeeper fearing his premises would suffer from the crowds said we must go to the "Yamen", that is the official's residence. We started and when we got there we were glad to find the official at home. The crowd followed us, and while we were inside wanted to break in the door in order to get at us, but in this they failed. The official was not very friendly, and full of fear, but kindly got us something to eat, and said we could stay till morning. He advised us however to get away from the town early in the morning, as the people there were a bad lot, and difficult to manage. But we did not take his advice, and found the people friendly, hundreds wanting our books and tracts, and we practically finished distributing what we had brought with us at this town. Still more good seed scattered and who knows the results of that sowing?

As we went on our company got separated, and I found myself alone. Some country men who discovered me immediately picked up stones in readiness to throw them at me, but to an old gentleman near I said "Do you see what these men are up to?" He answered "Yes I do." He immediately told them "This is an honourable foreigner from the West; lay down those stones and let him pass peaceably." This they did and then he invited me to come to his home to drink tea, "For" said he, "we must be good friends, because I know our province, and the two adjoining provinces, are to be given to England and you have come to see what this province is like." Few seem to think that we would be willing to live in the

interior of China just for the Gospel's sake; they often tell us we are government agents, or something of that kind.

Still pressing on towards the Kiangsi border, we met a man armed with a club, ready to fight us. When he was told that we were peaceable people he did not use the club but passed on. Crossing the border into Kiangsi province we found the people more friendly, and enjoyed a quiet night at Tungku, where our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pucknell have been serving the Lord for some years, and have seen fruit from the preaching of the Gospel in that needy section. Our next night was spent on a cargo boat, without any bedding, our barrows carrying the bedding having broken down on the road.

Ten days or so after this Mr. Lester was welcomed by his family in Kiu-Kiang. His wife had heard on the morning of the day of his arrival, that he had been murdered in Hunan, so the re-union was indeed a happy one with much thanksgiving to God for His manifold mercies during the trip to Hunan, and blessing sought on the much good seed sown in that province.

Soon after the Boxer rising in 1900 Hunan was thrown open to the messengers of the Gospel, and different Missions opened work in the Capital, as well as in other cities throughout the province. But none from our assemblies are working in the province. Where are the young men willing to itinerate and take the Gospel to the millions in Hunan and other provinces who have never heard the message of salvation? In 1905 Mr. Hudson Taylor saw the answer to many prayers, when he visited China for the last time. In the city of Changsha which we visited in 1898 thousands have turned to God from idols. And so the Gospel goes forth into the needy parts of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty.

May the Lord's dear people, in these last closing days take to heart more than ever, the last command of our blessed Lord Jesus. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."



The heart is very treacherous; and it is often truly astonishing to see how it deceives us when we desire to gain some special point.

Three Lines and a Bit*George Soltau*

In the spring of 1884 I was holding meetings in and around New York City. At M——, I was one morning accosted by a tall, thin, cadaverous looking fellow in the street, with, "Is your name Soltau?"

"Yes, that is my name. What is yours?"

"There's my name over my store" pointing to his place of business.

"B——, is it? I knew that name in the old country well enough. Yes, I think my brother knows your brother."

"Well," said he, "I am in the dark—my mind is much distressed; and I thought possibly you might be able to help me. Perhaps I had better first tell you a little of my history. I have been over here for about ten years. I left my home to free myself of all restraint. I just hated religion, wasn't inclined that way a bit; and, like many other foolish young fellows, I determined to have a fling on my own hook, and off I came. I am practically an atheist, though I haven't publicly avowed myself as such. I have blotted God out of my thoughts, and have gone ahead as if there was no God—in fact, tried to persuade myself there was none! I didn't get on very well—had to push my way against tremendous difficulties; and at length settled here into this business. I have a good wife, and have done pretty well, considering; but somehow, lately, I have been awfully troubled in my mind. In the dark—can't see my way a bit. Somehow the thought will force its way in, that there is a God—that I shall have to do with that God; and I have been all these years practically denying him."

"No wonder you are in the dark," said I, "It's the usual thing, when a man denies God and lives without Him, he can't get anywhere else but into the dark."

"Well, can't you help me at all?"

"I'm afraid not. When a man has gone right away from God, with his eyes wide open, it's pretty hard for him to turn round again and get into the light. When a man has been practically saying, 'I don't want God,' he finds out that God doesn't want him."

"The great trouble is that I can't believe a single word of the Bible—not a word."

"I'm sorry for that," I said, "but if you can't—why, you can't, and there's an end to the matter."

"But can't you help me?"

"No, I'm afraid not; I don't know how I can."

"It does seem hard that I can't get some light. It's awfully dark."

"How long has this been troubling you?"

"About three or four weeks."

"Can you account for it at all? Have you been reading anything, or hearing anything that has stirred your mind?"

"No, nothing at all; it came all of a sudden—night after night—so that I couldn't sleep for thinking. Can you account for it any way?"

"Yes, I think I can. Does your brother ever pray for you?"

"He has never left off since I left England; I'm sure of that."

"Then what you are now feeling is merely the beginning of the answer to your brother's prayers. He believes in God. He knows God, he has been mentioning your case to God; and now the answer is coming. You are getting a bit squeezed, and the truths of past years are coming to the front again. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's awfully dark, and I'm miserable! I can't get any light anywhere. My health is beginning to suffer. I have no appetite. Can't you help me?"

"No," said I, "I'm afraid I can't; it's not so easy to get back to God when you have been going away from Him for ten years. You'll have to find your way back the best you can, if you ever succeed at all; and I'm afraid you'll find it pretty hard and very difficult. Jesus Christ says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me!' You can only get back to God by Him. But then you said you could not believe a word in the Bible; and what I have just said comes out of the Bible, so that won't help you at all."

"No; I can't believe that."

After further talk we parted. A few weeks passed, and I saw him coming into the service one night, at a place four or five miles from his home. At the close he came up to me saying, "Will you try and help me to-night? I am worse than ever; and if I don't get help soon I shall die. I can't sleep, eat or attend to business. It does seem hard."

"Not hard, my friend, by any means. The Bible says, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' but then, I forgot, you can't believe a word in the Bible."

"No, I can't believe a word in the Bible; but can't you help me somehow?"

"No, I don't see how I can. I have no other resource but the Bible; and that's no use to you."

"What shall I do? I am all astray. I have got far away from God!"

"What did you say just then?"

"Why, that I had got far from God, and gone astray altogether."

"Well, I think I could find one line that you could believe now. Shall I try?"

"Do! I shall be so glad to get one line that I can really believe."

Turning to Isaiah 53:6, we read together, "All we like sheep have gone astray."

"Is that true?" said I.

"Why, yes, *that's* true."

"How do you know it is?"

"It describes me! I've gone astray! That's me, and no mistake! Why there's one line that I can believe! I never thought that you'd find a line like that."

"Well," said I, "you've got what you wanted now—*one line* out of the Bible that you can believe; so good night, friend."

"Stop! stop a bit! True, I've got a line that I can believe; but it don't seem to do me any good. I'm no better for it. I'm just as much in the dark as ever. That line hasn't helped me at all!"

"No," said I; "it wasn't meant to. It merely states a fact that you knew before. It never does help a man to read he's 'gone astray,' when he knows it already."

"Would you mind trying another line?"

"I don't mind trying another, but do you think you ought to? Isn't one enough at a time?"

"Well, you see, I don't feel that *one* line has helped at all; and I'd much like to try a second."

So again we turned to Isaiah 53:6, and read the second line, "We have turned every one to his own way."

"Why, that's true, too; you went your own way from God—I went my way. That line describes us both."

"Yes, I can believe that line."

"But observe," said I, "it is a line *and a bit*—a little more than you expected. So now you have *two lines and a bit* out of the Bible that you can believe, and can know they are true. Isn't it strange, now! Just think—out of this Book of God, there are two lines and a bit that you can believe! You never expected that, did you?"

"No, I never did. It is wonderful that I could believe those two lines. But yet, somehow, they don't seem to have done me any good. I don't feel any better. I'm just as dark. I feel no nearer God."

"No," said I, "they are not meant to bring you into the light, because they merely describe us two; and we know they are true, because they are our experience."

"Well, would you mind trying the third line?"

"I don't mind trying any number, because I can believe all the lines in the Bible; but I wouldn't advise you to try a third. You see, two lines and a bit are a good deal for a man like you to swallow all at once; and I am pretty sure you would find the third line one too much. You wouldn't be able to believe it."

"I think I might; I think perhaps I might."

"I feel very sure you will not be able to," said I; "still, if you very much wish it I will let you see it."

Once more we read together, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "There now," said I, "this third line is more than you can believe, isn't it?"

"Well, yes. I must confess I can't take in that at all. I can't believe that."

"I thought you would not be able to. I told you that two lines and a bit were all that you could manage at one time."

"But how do you account for it that I cannot believe this third line?"

"I could tell you; but you would not much like me to say."

"I wish you would; for it seems strange that I can believe two lines, but not three."

"Well, then, the reason simply is, that *you are the biggest fool out!* And I can prove it in five minutes, if you like."

"I wish you would then, for you are hitting me rather hard."

“Suppose that, instead of this Bible in my hand, I was holding a photograph album, and we were looking at the pictures. The first one would be a picture of John M——. Yes, you would say, I knew that man well; and it’s a capital picture of him. The next one, I might say, is that of William H——. Do you know him? Yes, you reply—I know him well. Is the picture like him? Yes,—exactly; a speaking likeness. Now, we will turn over to the third picture. That is Thomas N——. Did you ever see him? No, you reply, I never saw him. But I have, I say; and I can vouch for that being a first-rate picture. Now the fourth is James B——. Is he a stranger to you? Yes, I never saw him. But, say I, I know it is as good a picture of him as are the others we have looked at. And then you reply, I can’t believe that those two are a bit like the men you say, because *I* have never seen them; and until *I do* see them, I shall never bring myself to believe that those are their pictures, even though they are taken by the same artist. Wouldn’t you be a fool to reason that way?”

“Why, certainly I should; but I have not done that.”

“Yes, you have,” I replied. “I have shown you four pictures in that one verse, Isaiah 53:6. The first one was yourself—which you immediately recognized. The second was mine; and that, you said, you recognized also. Those two first lines showed us ourselves. Now the third line shows us just as plainly the Lord Jesus and God; and you turn round and say, I can’t believe that third line. What right have you to impugn the accuracy of the Holy Spirit, in describing to you the Lord Jesus and the Living God, when you have seen His accurate drawing of us two?”

“Let me have the whole verse again. I see! I’m a fool, after all! You are right!”

We read the verse over; and once more I tried to explain to him the meaning of the statements in the three lines and a bit.

“Do you mean to say,” said he, “that my safety and life depended upon my believing that third line?”

“Yes, I do!”

“Then I’ll stake my sole existence, for time and for eternity, on that third line. I put my finger on it, and declare that I believe that every word of it is true!”

Solemnly we dropped on our knees, and I repeated his words to the Lord Jesus. He then followed in humble and broken

confession of sin; and ere he rose again the light had entered his soul. The three lines and a bit had accomplished the purpose of God. They had found entrance through the door of faith, and he was rejoicing in salvation.



One Thing Needful

(Concluded from Decemcer number)

"One thing thou lackest."—Mark 10:21

III. There may be much moral correctness without true faith.

To us there seems a wide difference between the judge, with the robes of office on his back, mind in his eye, and dignity in his mien, and that poor, pale, haggard wretch at the bar, who throws stealthy glances around, and hangs his head with shame. Yet the difference that looks so great to man may be very small in the eyes of God and would look small in ours if we knew the different upbringings and history of both. The judge never knew what it was to want a meal; the felon often went cold and hungry to bed. The one, sprung of wise, kind, reputable, and perhaps pious parents, was early trained to good, and launched, with all the advantages of school and college, on an honourable and high career; while the other bred up a stranger to the amenities of cultivated and Christian society, had no such advantages. Born to misery his struggles with misfortune and evil began at the cradle. None ever took him by the hand to lead him to church or school. A child of poverty, and the offspring of abandoned parents, he was taught no lesson but how to swear, and lie, and drink, and cheat, and steal. The fact is, it is just as difficult for some to be honest as it is easy for others. What merit has that judge in his honesty? None. He had no temptation to be else than honest. And so, I suspect, much of the morality—of that unblemished character and decent life in which many trust, saying to some poor guilty thing, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou," and pluming themselves on this, that they have not sinned as others have done—is due, less to their superior virtue, than to their more favourable circumstances. Have they not sinned as others have done? I reply, They have not been tempted as others have been. And so the difference between many honest men and decent women on the one hand, and those on the other

hand on whom a brand of infamy has been burned and the key of a prison turned, may be just the difference between the green branch on the tree and the white ashes on the hearth. This is bathed in the dews of night and fanned by the breath of heaven, while that, once as green, has been thrust into the burning fire—the one has been tried in a way that the other has not. No doubt God's grace can preserve man in temptation as His presence did the bush that was wrapped in flames and burned unconsumed. Not otherwise, however, can any be preserved. Therefore it becomes us to be clothed with humility; ever praying, Lead us not into temptation. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Taking into account the fortunate and favourable circumstances in which some are reared, we can thus explain this youth's reply to our Lord's repetition of the commandments, "Master, all these have I observed from my youth." A child of fortune, the heir of affluence, reared perhaps with pious care, with a noble property to supply his wants, an honourable station to sustain, and kind parents to win his affections, it is easy to account for his observance of the law—such as it was. It did not require an element of divine love in his heart, or of true piety in his character. His purse filled with money, what temptation had he to steal? Blessed with an amiable temper, he had none of those quick fiery passions which explode into acts of violence, and hurry others into unpremeditated crime; having the honour of a holy office to sustain, no wonder that he was not addicted to the grosser sins! Possessing kind affections, and blessed with indulgent parents, no wonder that he honours them if living, and if dead, cherishes their memory and adorns their tomb.

This man did not know the spiritual nature of God's law, and how it is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and how there may be adultery in a look, theft in a desire, and murder in an angry passion. Otherwise he had not replied, "Master all these things have I observed from my youth;" but cried, Alas! alas, my Master, all these things have I broken from my youth—save me, I perish! And since, with affections so amiable, and a life as fair as ever won the esteem of mankind, he yet lacked the one think needful; since he had nothing of godliness but a form — of religion but an empty shell; since the eye of Jesus under his fair exterior detected a

selfish and unregenerate heart, what need have we to try ourselves? Your temper may be sweeter than Jonah's, still you may lack the one thing needful; your life may be purer than David's, still you may lack the one thing needful; you may be more honest than one to whom a dying Saviour opened the gates of Paradise, and a pattern of filial obedience, you may be able to say with the elder brother of the prodigal, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment," still you may lack the one thing needful. This goodly exterior may be but the garish paint and odorous wrappings of a mummy case; within, is only dust and death. Let a man, then, examine himself. You may have still to be saved. Look within. Is the heart right with God? Unless it is right, all is wrong. Nor only try yourselves, but ask the Searcher of hearts to try you, crying, "O Lord search me, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

IV. We may feel some interest and even anxiety about good things without true faith.

In this case, the path, as we advance, grows gloomier; the subject more solemn; the gate seems to straiten, and the road becomes narrower that leads to eternal life. How much is there here to alarm the careless, and to warn us all! Here is a man so amiable that he won our Lord's affection—"Jesus loved him," yet without saving grace; here is a man of the highest *morale*, yet without saving grace; here is a man repairing to the very fountain-head of life, seeking it in Christ, yet a stranger to the grace of God—lost, forever lost, so far as we know or read in Scripture. The curtain drops on him, with his face turned to the world, and his back to heaven.

I look on this as one of the most alarming cases in the sacred record. How loudly it calls professing Christians to try the foundations on which their hopes are resting! Are there not many who in their life, their manners, their disposition and deportment, come far short of one who himself came short of eternal life? And if he missed the prize, what feasible, possible ground have they to hope for it? He had something, but they have nothing in them for Jesus to love; nor can they in any sense whatever say, "Master, all these things have I observed from my youth." If a man outwardly so good did not get to heaven, then how are they to get there? "If these things

were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If the righteous, not like this man the nominally so, but the really righteous, those who have been washed in the blood of the Son, and sanctified by the Spirit of God, are scarcely saved, where shall the wicked and the ungodly appear? "Be not deceived, neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

This ruler gave more apparent evidence of saving grace perhaps than you do—than many certainly do who repair to the Lord's table and bear an excellent character in the church. Look at his earnestness! He did not postpone to some more convenient period the concerns of his soul; on the contrary, these engrossed his attention, and eagerly bent on this great object, like a man thoroughly in earnest, engaged in an affair that brooked no delay, "he came running to Christ." Look at his humility! A noble by birth, a ruler by office, a man of high position and immense wealth, see him kneeling at the feet of One who drew his first breath in a stable and wandered the world so poor that He had not a place, other than the cold ground, where to lay His head. Look at this respect and reverence! Others called Jesus a glutton and wine-bibber, the associate of publicans and friend of sinners; not so this man. He may call others Rabbi, but the carpenter's Son and maligned of Pharisees, he esteems and honors above all—Jesus is not Master merely, but good Master; "Good Master," he says, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Then look at the object he sought to grasp! Though possessed of everything this world could afford, or its worshippers desire—a happy temper, the affection of friends, a noble reputation, possessions greater than his wants, he felt a void within that the world could not fill. Aspiring after honors which God only can give, and seeking a house eternal in the heavens, he looks beyond this world; and more than that, as if he knew the avenger was at his heels, and heard his step and breathing close behind, see with what speed he runs to the City of refuge! Yonder is Christ. He makes right for the crowd; dashes into it; elbows his way through; and throwing himself at Jesus' feet, cries, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? No wonder that the disciples, when they saw such a man turn his back on Christ, and heard our Lord pronounce it easier for a camel to pass

through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, were astonished out of measure; and said, Who then can be saved? If this good ship does not make the harbor, what hopes for others?

“Who then can be saved?” We are prepared to answer the question. *All*, the greatest sinners, may be saved that seek what this young ruler lacked. If a man, clinging to this wreck, will stay in it, he shall perish—sink with the sinking ship. But accept the offer Christ makes of peace by the blood of His cross, and you are saved; saved in spite of your riches, as well as of your sins. This man went away sorrowful. But you may go away joyful; not gloomy but glad; rejoicing in the Lord, and joying in the God of your salvation. Mercy to pardon all your sins, and blood to cleanse your guilty souls, faith to believe in Christ and grace to follow Him, are at your acceptance. God makes a free offer of them now. Close with it! Cast yourselves at the Saviour’s feet, and you shall rise to say, Jesus! lead on! I follow. Farewell father and mother; farewell brother and sister; farewell lover and friend; farewell riches and reputation; farewell ease and indulgence. I accept this cross. Lead on, Lord! where Thou goest I will go; where Thou lodgest, I will lodge; Thy people shall be my people, and Thy God shall be my God. —T. G.



“Tell ye your children of it”

The Prodigal’s Return

D. L. Moody

I can tell you something of this out of my own experience. My father died suddenly when we were little children, and my good mother had a hard time with her large family of boys and girls. After a while one of the older boys took it into his head that he could make his fortune all alone by himself, and so he ran away.

For years and years we heard nothing of him. Sometimes it seemed as if my mother’s heart would break. We used to sit around the fire on stormy winter nights and listen to the stories that mother used to tell us about our father; about what he said, how he looked, how he was kind to a friend and lost a great deal of money by him, and how our home was mortgaged and we were poor; but if anybody happened to speak the name

of that absent boy a great silence would fall upon us, the tears would come into my mother's eyes, and then we would all steal away softly to bed, whispering our good-nights, because we felt that the mention of that name was like a sword thrust to the heart of our mother.

After we got to bed we would lie awake and listen to the roaring of the wind and storm, thinking perhaps *he* was out in the cold somewhere. Maybe he had gone to sea, and while we were snug in bed he might be keeping watch on the storm-beaten deck, perhaps climbing the mast in such darkness and storm. Now and then, between the gusts, we would hear a sound like the wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp-strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple tree in the dooryard; now soft and gentle; then rising louder and louder. How we would hold our breath and listen! Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy. Next morning, perhaps, she would send one of us down to the post-office to ask for a letter—a letter from *him*, though she never said so. But no letter ever came.

Long years afterward, when our mother was growing old, and her hair was turning gray, one summer afternoon a dark sunburned man, with a heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate.

He came up under the window first and looked in, as if he were afraid there might be strangers living in the house. He had stopped at the churchyard, on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead of one where our father had been laid so many years ago, but there was only one grave there; surely, his mother was not dead. But, still, she might have moved away. Then he went around and knocked at the door, and mother went to open it.

Years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother. She invited him to come in, but he did not move or speak; he stood there humbly and penitently; and, as a sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears found their way over his weather-beaten cheeks. By those tears the mother recognized her long-lost son. He had come back at last. There was so much love of the old home in him that he couldn't stay away. "Oh, it is my lost son!" she cried, "my dear, dear son," and she entreated him to come in. But he would not cross the threshold until he con-

fessed his sin, and heard from the same lips which had prayed so often and so long for him the sweet assurance that he was forgiven. "No, no," said he "I cannot come in until you forgive me."

Do you suppose that mother kept her boy outside until he had gone through with a long list of apologies, done a long list of penances, and said ever so many prayers? Not a bit of it. She took him to her heart at once; she made him come right in; she forgave him all, rejoiced over him more than all the other children who had not been away.

- And that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal souls who come to Him. O wanderer, come home, come home!



The Cruise of the Cachalot

. Frank T. Bullen

We had made but little progress during the week of oil manufacture, very little attention being paid to the sails while that work was about; but, as the southeast trades blew steadily, we did not remain stationary altogether. So that the following week saw us on the south side of the tropic of Capricorn, the southeast trade done, and the dirty weather and variable squalls, which nearly always precede the "westerlies" making our lives a burden to us. Here however, we were better off than in an ordinary merchantman, where doldrums are enough to drive you mad.

We got hold of a westerly wind that commencing quietly, gently, steadily, taking two or three days before it gathered force and volume, strengthened at last into a stern, settled' gale that would brook no denial, to face which would have been misery indeed. To vessels bound east it came as a boon and blessing, for it would be a crawler that could not reel off her two hundred and fifty miles a day before the push of such a breeze. Even the "Cachalot" did her one hundred and fifty, pounding and bruising the ill-used sea in her path, and spreading before her broad bows a far-reaching area of snowy foam, while her wake was as wide as any two ordinary ships ought to make. Five or six times a day the flying East India or colonial-bound English ships, under every stitch of square sail, would appear as tiny specks on the horizon astern, come up with us, pass like a flash, and fade away ahead, going at least two knots to our one. I could not help feeling a bit homesick

and tired of my present surroundings, in spite of their interest, when I saw those beautiful ocean-flyers devouring the distance which lay before them, and reflected that in little more than one month most of them would be discharging in Melbourne, Sydney, Calcutta, or some other equally distant port, while we should probably be dodging about in our present latitude a little farther east.

After a few days of our present furious rate of speed, I came on deck one morning, and instantly recognized an old acquaintance. Right ahead, looking nearer than I had ever seen it before, rose the towering mass of Tristan d'Acunha, while farther away, but still visible, lay Nightingale and Inaccessible Islands. Their aspect was familiar, for I had sighted them on nearly every voyage I had made around the Cape, but I had never seen them so near as this. There was a good deal of excitement among us, and no wonder. Such a break in the monotony of our lives as we were about to have was enough to turn our heads.

When we arrived within about three miles of the landing-place, we saw a boat coming off, so we immediately hove-to and awaited her arrival. The boat came alongside—a big, substantially-built craft of the whale-boat type, but twice the size—manned by ten sturdy-looking fellows, as unkempt and wild-looking as any pirates. They were evidently put to great straits for clothes, many curious makeshifts being noticeable in their rig, while it was so patched with every conceivable kind of material that it was impossible to say which was the original or “standing part.” They brought with them potatoes, onions, a few stunted cabbages, some fowls, and a couple of good-sized pigs, at the sight of which good things our eyes glistened and our mouths watered. Alas! none of the cargo of that boat ever reached our hungry stomachs. We were not surprised, having anticipated that every bit of provision would be monopolized by our masters; but of course we had no means of altering such a state of things.

The visitors had the same tale that seems universal—bad trade, hard times, nothing doing. How very familiar it seemed to be sure. Nevertheless, it could not be denied that their sole means of communication with the outer world as well as market for their goods, the calling whale-ships, were getting fewer and fewer every year; so that their outlook was not, it

must be confessed, particularly bright. But their wants are few, beyond such as they can themselves supply.

They breed cattle, a few sheep, and pigs, although the sheep thrive but indifferently for some reason or another. Poultry they have in large numbers, so that, could they command a market, they would do very well.

The steep cliffs, rising from the sea for nearly a thousand feet, often keep their vicinity in absolute calm, although a heavy gale may be raging on the other side of the island, and it would be highly dangerous for any navigator not accustomed to such a neighborhood to get too near them. The immense rollers setting inshore, and the absence of wind combined, would soon carry a vessel up against the beetling crags, and letting go an anchor would not be of the slightest use, since the bottom, being of massive boulders, affords no holding ground at all. All round the island the kelp grows thickly, so thickly, indeed as to make a boat's progress through it difficult. This, however, is very useful one way here, as we found. Wanting more supplies, which were to be had cheap, we lowered a couple of boats, and went ashore after them. On approaching the black, pebbly beach which formed the only landingplace, it appeared as if getting ashore would be a task of no ordinary danger and difficulty. The swell seemed to culminate as we neared the beach, lifting the boats at one moment high in the air, and at the next lowering them into a green valley, from whence nothing could be seen but the surrounding watery summits. Suddenly we entered the belt of kelp, which extended for perhaps a quarter of a mile seaward, and, lo! a transformation indeed. Those loose, waving fronds of flexible weed, though swayed hither and thither by every ripple, were able to arrest the devastating rush of the gigantic swell, so that the task of landing, which had looked so terrible was one of the easiest. Once in among the kelp, although we could hardly use the oars, the water was quite smooth and tranquil. The islanders collected on the beach, and guided us to the best spot for landing, the huge boulders, heaped in many places, being ugly impediments to a boat.



Praying and planning will never do together. If I plan, I am leaning more or less on my plan; but when I pray, I should lean exclusively upon God.

The New Year

I know not what the opening year,
Upon whose threshold now I stand,
May bring to me; nor need I fear,
If Thou, my Saviour, hold my hand:
Guided by Thee, I onward go,
Content to trust, come weal or woe.

I would not strive to pierce the veil
That hides the future from my sight,
Whatever, Lord, Thou sendest me
Of joy or sorrow must be right:
What may befall I cannot tell,
Thou knowest, and dost "all things well."

And what sweet comfort and repose
The knowledge brings my trembling heart,
That Thou, O Lord, dost govern all,
And that no power from Thee can part:
Then wherefore should I doubt or fear,
With Thine own presence ever near?

And as I ever onward go,
May I learn more and more of Thee;
And in Thy lovely image grow,
Till others shall the likeness see;
And be it still my highest aim
To sound the praises of Thy name.

And may the light of Thine own love
Shine over all the path below,
Adding new brightness to each joy,
And gilding even pain and woe;
May it inspire, and help me still
To do or suffer all Thy will.

And so I ask Thee all the year,
Blest Master, still to hold my hand;
To counsel, guide, and lead me on
Towards that bright and better land,
Where earthly shadows fade away,
Lost in the light of endless day.

Assembly Annals

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

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February
1941

This is His Name whereby He shall
be called, The Lord our Righteousness.
(Jehovah Tsidkenu)
Jeremiah 23:6.

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Mr. J. R. Littleproud

As a result of a very serious automobile accident our dear brother Mr. J. R. Littleproud (editor of the Sunday School Teacher's Lesson Manual, 18 Cavendish, Toronto, Ont.) will likely be confined to the hospital for some weeks. When the steering apparatus on our brother's car broke he was hurled over a fifteen foot embankment and was pinned behind the steering wheel for half an hour before he was discovered. When help arrived it was necessary for the men who released him to cut away the steering wheel with a hack-saw. Prayer is requested for our brother's complete recovery.

Conferences

WATERLOO. The conference, usually held around July fourth will D. V. be held sometime in the middle of May. The exact dates will be given later.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. The Annual Conference was held December 28 and 29. Many Christians throughout the State and a number from other States came to hear the Word of God ministered and as a result there was much rejoicing among the Lord's dear people. After the last meeting on Lord's day, many shed tears of joy as a young man accepted Christ as His Saviour, and a number heartily joined in the singing of the old hymn, "Oh happy day that fixed my choice."

MICHIGAN. The Annual meeting of Central Hall Assembly was held on December 31st and continued until midnight as a watch-night service. The occasion was a happy one of fellowship and profitable and seasonable service.

MONCTON, N. S. There was an all-day conference on New Year's Day. Several of the Lord's servants were present. Good, plain, practical ministry was given for the people of God, followed with a good gospel meeting at night.

PETERBOROUGH. The Christians enjoyed a one day conference at New Years time. Brother Blackwood stayed on for some ministry meetings.

VICTORIA, B. C. Saints from various parts of British Columbia as well as from Vancouver Island appreciated the ministry at the New Year's conference, which was of a varied character.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA. Brethren L. Sheldrake from Kansas City, Mo., and E. G. Matthews, from Waterloo, Iowa have visited some of the assemblies in Texas and Oklahoma on their way to Los Angeles.

CONNECTICUT. Mr. Cesare Patrizio (4010 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich) writes concerning the Italian work: I had very good meetings in **Bristol, Conn.** with some fruit in salvation. From there I went to **Hartford** and was having good attendances and God was working but after one week I was called home as my wife and one boy was sick. Thank God both are doing fairly good. God willing I expect to go to Youngstown for a few days to visit some Italian people.

FLORIDA. Brother R. T. Halliday has secured a room in Homestead, about forty-five miles south of Hollywood, Fla., and the city authorities have given him permission to operate a tent and will hook up electric service without charge. Brother Thorpe may labour with our brother. Prayer is requested for our brethren.

INDIANA. Our brethren John and David Horn are hoping to get into an unused church building near **Plymouth** for a week or so of meetings before going further east.

IOWA, Blairsburg. Brethren Oliver G. Smith and William Warke are encouraged by blessing in this new field and purpose continuing the effort in the gospel.

MASSACHUSETTS. Mr. John Govan and Mr. A. Klabunda are now in the Gospel in **Worcester, Mass.**

PENNSYLVANIA. Mr. Sam. McEwen has begun a special series in **Pittsburgh.**

MICHIGAN, Detroit. Mr. W. H. Ferguson is encouraged by the audiences in West Chicago Blvd.

VIRGINIA. Mr. F. W. Nugent's meetings in **Newport News** were most fruitful, many professing faith in Christ so that the Assembly is greatly cheered.

CANADA

FOREST. Brother S. O. Blunden (Box 223, Forest, Ont.) writes, "Owing to ill health I am unable to act as correspondent for the Forest Assembly. Colin Johnson has been appointed secretary and Mr. S. Adams is Treasurer." Our brother has enjoyed this little service for the Lord and the assembly for eleven years, but is no longer able to attend the meetings. "But" he adds, "The Lord is good and doeth good."

ONTARIO. Mr. F. W. Nugent, 424 Mackenzie Ave., London, Ont. has begun meetings in **St. Thomas** and will value prayer for the work among the airmen in training there.

EGYPT. Our brother Monypenny, writing to the publishers of Assembly Annals from Heliopolis, Cairo, on Oct. 1, says, "I left Australia the end of last October and in a circuitous voyage to this land had the privilege of visits, some very brief and some longer to lands about which I had some heart exercise for many years,—Philippine Islands, Hong Kong, Japan, Shanghai, Malaya, Ceylon and India. Felt often appalled to view the need amongst the millions and millions in these lands. In some degree one feels burdened to remember them in prayer. Besides testimony of lips, it has been a valued privilege to scatter tracts in various languages. I arrived here May 15th, and shortly after I arrived, terrible further developments of European war began—also Italy soon came in and it has been the Lord's great mercy that my daughter and I are no longer thousands of miles apart. Some air raid alarms have sounded in this city, but no actual raid has taken place. We know not what lies ahead, but we know Him who in infinite grace has numbered the very hairs of our head. There is an English-speaking Arabic assembly here and an Armenian assembly of Arabs. I have been in frequent touch with each—often speaking by interpretation. Cairo has about a million and a quarter varied population. Need more than abounds, surely. Much opportunity also with tracts and booklets amongst the English speaking soldiers.

GREECE. Theo. Zifiropoules (13 Stam. Cumanisti St., Patras, Greece) writes: "By God's grace we continue testifying to His soul-saving truth, though Satan has raised many difficulties in the spreading of the knowledge of God. Even the circulation of the Scriptures in modern Greek is prohibited, and the ancient Greek in which the Scriptures were written is not understood by the common people. Yet we are thankful for what liberty we enjoy and seek by all means in our hands to be His faithful witnesses in this dark country. This is a very trying time for the whole world, but with joy and expectation the Lord's people keep their eyes fixed upon Heaven, whence He is coming for us."

URUGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA. Mr. Thos. W. Sands (Loreto Gomensoro 726, Avda. Millan, Montevideo, Uruguay) has returned to his field of labor. The Bible Carriage is almost ready for the road and he hopes to be leaving soon for the season's work in the Interior. Meetings in the Capital go on well with additions to the number in fellowship and blessing on the Word.

With Christ

LYMAN, OHIO. Mr. Wm. Martens passed away Jan. 14th. Was in happy fellowship in the Lyman assembly since he was saved in 1914. Six surviving brothers, all saved, carried his body to the resting place at Atlantic after Oliver G. Smith and Carl Lindaman conducted the funeral which was large, over three hundred passing the remains.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. S. On October 25, Mrs. William Bryant went home to be with Christ at the age of 97. Saved at the age of 73 at Tent Meetings held at Byrant's corner by Brethren Robert Milnes and W. N. Brennan through Matt. 11:28. She bore a good testimony and never missed an opportunity to speak to old and young. Brethren McIlwaine and Ward spoke to a large company at the funeral.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. Mr. Hugh House went to be with Christ January 14 at the age of 76 years. Saved 45 years ago in Kilmarnock, Scotland, he came to Canada in 1912 and was connected with the Willmott St., Assembly. For the last few years he was not able to get out on account of ill health and infirmity but bore a bright testimony until the end. Mr. R. Roberts spoke to a large number at the funeral.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT. While in her sleep, our sister Mrs. C. S. Curran passed away to be with Christ in her 87th year on December 27th. She was saved about fifty years ago and in fellowship with the Lord's people about the same number of years. A large circle of friends were at the funeral service which was conducted by brother J. H. Blackwood.

VANCOUVER, B. C. On December 20 it pleased the Lord to call to Himself our dear brother Robert Seeds, saved 52 years ago in Belfast. He had been identified with the Seymour St. Assembly since coming to Canada, twenty-eight years ago. Mr. Seeds was a quiet, godly brother who will be missed. He leaves his wife and three children. Wm. Rae and C. G. W. McClean preached the gospel to a large company in the parlors and Mr. Robert McClurkin spoke suitable words at the grave.

VICTORIA, B. C. Our beloved and esteemed brother Alexander Scroggie passed into the presence of the Lord on November 3rd at the age of sixty. He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, but had been a resident of Canada for 35 years. Saved at the early age of eleven, our brother was a faithful servant in the assembly at Victoria for over 30 years. His home was always open to the Lord's people, he was a true shepherd, a succourer of many, and correspondent for the assembly for many years. He will be greatly missed by all. Prayer will be valued on behalf of his widow and friends.



Precious thought, at home with Jesus!
In that scene of life and light,
Knowing now His love unhindered
Far above this world of night.

He is taking to His garner
All His sheaves, so dearly bought,
He is making up His jewels,
Treasuring the gems He sought.

Oh the joy of being with Him,
Leaning on His loving breast.
He is drawing our affections
To Himself in Heavenly rest.

In that region, where He dwelleth,
In the power of risen life,
He would draw our hearts with longing
From this scene of death and strife.

Precious Saviour! we would yield Thee,
As we own Thy sovereign right,
Every treasure, that Thou takest,
For Thine own supreme delight.

Anon.

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

The Lord was continually *giving*, but He was rarely assenting. He made great *communications* where He found but little communion. This magnifies or illustrates His goodness. There was, as it were, nothing to draw Him forth, and yet He was ever imparting. He was as the Father in heaven, of whom He Himself spoke, making His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sending His rain on the just and the unjust. This tells us what He is, to His praise—what we are, to our shame.

But He was not only thus, as the Father in heaven the reflection of such a One in His doings, but He was also in this world as “the unknown God,” as St. Paul speaks. The darkness did not comprehend Him; the world, neither by its religion nor its wisdom, knew Him. The rich aboundings of His grace, the purity of His kingdom, the foundation and title upon which the glory He sought in such a world as this alone could rest, were all strangers to the thoughts of the children of men. All this is seen in the deep moral mistakes they were continually making. When, for instance, the multitude were exceedingly hailing the King and the kingdom in His person, in Luke 19, “Master, rebuke Thy disciples,” the Pharisees say. They would not brook the thought of the throne belonging to such a One. It was presumption in Him, Jesus of Nazareth as He was, to allow the royal joy to surround Him. They knew not—they had not learnt—the secret of true honor in this false world of ours. They had not learnt the mystery of “a root out of a dry ground,” nor had they in spirit perceived “the arm of the Lord.” (Isa. 53). It was where His own spirit led, that discoveries were made of Him, and such are very sweet and various too, in their measure.



It is better far to suffer in God's path, than to be at ease in Satans.

Moses, the "Man of God."

Thos. D. W. Muir

This is the title God has been pleased to give to a few of His own, and its significance is to be seen in the history of Moses. A "child of God" is the title of family relationship, and belongs to all who are born of God. We are made the children of God,—not by Christian parentage or pedigree, not by baptism, or other human ritual,—not by membership in any of the professed Christian companies, but by faith, as we read,—“Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.” Gal. 3:26. The title “Man of God,” is used but of a few.

Moses, we believe, was all this, although the light of the truth of the full gospel, had not shone out as it has in our day. In that day faith in a *Coming Deliverer*, was the link with God; that distinguished them from the rest of the world. To-day it is faith in the *One who has come* that gives the power to become a son of God,—a right that belongs to all who believe on His name. John 1:12-13.

The forty years in the backside of the desert had been years of growth and development, in which learning to distrust himself, Moses had also learned to trust in the living God. Now, he was to go forth at the call and command of God to stand as a man of God before the mightiest monarch of his day, and demand on behalf of God that freedom be given to His people Israel. Fortified by the assurance of the presence of God with him, and of His power that would break down all Pharaoh's opposition, he returned to Egypt to communicate to Aaron his brother,—who was to be associated with him,—and the elders of Israel, what the Lord had told him. This, when they and the people heard, caused them to fall on their faces and worship God.

“And afterwards Moses and Aaron went in and told Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Let My people go that they may hold a feast unto Me in the wilderness,” Exod. 5:1. This was their first recorded appearance in the presence of the king. They spake not on their own authority. They were not “revolutionists” making demands as leaders for the people they represented. They were God's men, with a demand from Him, who in spite of the silence of centuries, had not forgotten His covenant nor His promises, and whose pur-

poses were now about to be carried into effect in the deliverance of His own. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel" was the preface of their message.

But how haughty is the reply of Pharaoh: "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." Poor foolish man! Like everyone else who has thrown down the gauntlet in defiance of God, he was to learn to his cost who the Lord was. And the men whom Pharaoh had disdained, were to see God's triumph over him. To all appearance their mission was a failure. They were driven from Pharaoh's presence,—the condition of the people made more unbearable, and they blamed Moses and Aaron for it!

It is at this point that the Lord speaks again to His servant Moses. "Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh, for with a strong hand shall he let them go, and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land. And God spake unto Moses and said unto him, I am Jehovah." Exod. 6:1-2. Pharaoh had defied God,—God would take it up, and show him who He was, and make him glad to let Israel go. In the next verses follows an unfolding of His covenant Name,—the assurance of His faithfulness to His own word,—His present interest in His people's case, and His determination to see the matter through. Note the seven "I wills" that are here.

"Wherefore, say unto the children of Israel, I am Jehovah,
I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians,

I will rid you out of their bondage,

I will redeem you with a stretched out arm and with great judgments;

I will take you to Me for a people,

I will be to you a God,

I will bring you in unto the land,—and

I will give it to you for an heritage;—I am Jehovah.

How full and complete they are. Could assurances be more secure? But it was all needed, and more too, as the after part of the narrative shows, to once more put Moses on his feet, and cause him to go forward as a man of God!

Seven times we find Moses, in spite of the frowns, the anger, the bitter words, and lying, deceitful actions of Pharaoh, going in before him with practically the same message "Thus saith

the Lord God of the Hebrews, let my people go that they may serve Me." Never do we find him standing before Pharaoh as other than God's representative,—God's man! He spake boldly his message, and yet the servant is hid behind the authority of the Master. He was courteous, respectful, and in every sense a gentleman,—according to the true meaning of such a title,—but he was always consistent and insistent in pressing God's demands on the man to whom God had sent him.

It is well to remember that faithfulness to God, does not necessitate any lack of those qualities that form the true gentleman. Roughness and boorishness are not qualifications that mark out a servant of God, nor an autocratic spirit that of a true man of God. The deceitfulness and inconsistencies of the man with whom he had to deal might well have irritated Moses into a display of such a spirit, but he who was later, under still more trying circumstances, called "the meekest man," is here showing by his conduct in the presence of Pharaoh that he had learned the lessons of self-control, that were to fit him to control others for God. Faithful as he was in his demands for God, he could always go back the next day to Pharaoh, to repeat those demands, and through it all Pharaoh, while he hated him and his message, still respected the messenger. The man who is called to serve God, will constantly come in conflict with the will of the men to whom he is sent, and perchance bring down upon himself their anger, yet if his conduct is God-like, he will ever retain their respect, even though like Pharaoh, they do not bow to his message.

As God dealt with Pharaoh, we find his defiant spirit is somewhat broken, and in its place came a spirit of compromise. He could not bring himself to bow to the Word of God, so he would try to arbitrate the matter. Calling for Moses he suggested that Israel worship God in the land (Exod. 8:25). In other words, if Israel wanted to worship, why not do it where they were? To this Moses answered that Israel would sacrifice that which Egypt worshipped, hence nothing but a three days' journey into the wilderness would bring them where they could obey the commandments of the Lord. It must be complete separation from the world, — to use a New Testament thought.

"Then," said Pharaoh, "I will let you go. . . . only ye shall not go very far away." (Ex. 8:28. In other words, "don't go

so far away that you cannot return to me, or that I cannot have power over you." Under the pressure of God's hand this was a concession, but Moses the Man of God had stated the measure of God's separation from the world and its prince, of which Egypt and her king were but pictures. "Three days' journey," and nothing short of that would do. How clearly it speaks of the "three" foundation facts of our Lord's work for us, by which we too have been delivered from the world and its power. Death, burial and resurrection,—Christ's and ours with Him, is that which places us where we can hold a feast unto our God,—the Lord's freemen, no longer slaves to Satan, sin and the world!

The weight of God's hand being lifted again and again, brought fresh compromises on the part of Pharaoh. Having been thwarted in how far they would go in their separation from him, he sought to arbitrate the question of who should go. "Who are they that shall go?" asked Pharaoh, Exod. 10:8, etc. And Moses said: "We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds will we go; for we must hold a feast unto the Lord." To this Pharaoh replied, "Go ye that are men."—for he was wise enough to know that the wives and children left with him would be a strong link, to hold the "men" in bondage. But Moses would not compromise thus, *all* must "go forth unto Him."

Again the judgments of God on Pharaoh made him call Moses before him, that once more he might, while seeming to yield to the Word of God, yet by compromise offset the purpose of God. "Go ye," said he, "serve the Lord: only let your flocks and your herds be stayed." Exod. 10:24. Again was Moses the man of God decisive in His testimony. The flocks and herds must go that they might have wherewith to sacrifice to the Lord. Pharaoh had had his last opportunity of yielding to God. Now nothing but judgment remained. He had "hardened his neck" and would be "suddenly destroyed and that without remedy." Proverbs 29:1. In conclusion of this paper we would add that Satan is still, like Pharaoh, seeking to cause the truth of God to be nullified by half-way measures.

"Worship God in the land,"—don't put the Cross between you and the world.

"Don't go very far away,"—be satisfied to be world-borderers.

"Go ye that are men,"—you can be for God, but let your family be of the world.

"Leave your flocks and herds behind,"—Don't be "separate" in your business.

May God help us like Moses, to resist all compromises with the world or the Devil and be out and out for Him who has saved us.



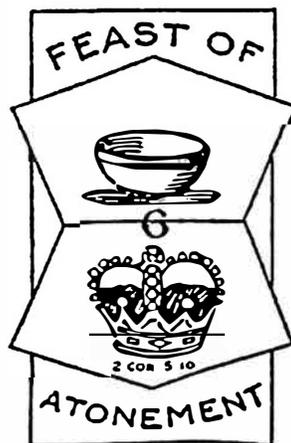
The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

Read Leviticus 23:26; also 16:7



We have seen what was done with "the Lord's offering," but now we must look at the scape-goat, or, more correctly, the "goat of departure." It is a peculiar thing but some people have built on this scripture a grotesque doctrine. There is a sect—the "Seventh Day Adventists"—who take the name of that goat, Azazel, (the goat of departure) and give it a fantastic meaning. If it were not that you might hear of that doctrine I would not refer to it, but seeing that it is given out, I speak about it. These people say that eventually Satan, the author of sin, will have all sin put upon him and he will take it away. Thus you would have to thank Satan for your salvation!

But what do these two goats mean? They mean that, in the type, it requires *two* sacrifices fully to represent the work of the Lord Jesus. In the 14th chapter of Leviticus we have the cleansing of the leper, and there *two* sparrows were taken. One represents the Lord Jesus Christ in His death, and the other, which was set free, represents Him in His resurrection. One sparrow would not be enough, it would have to die: and without the other, where would resurrection come in? So the Lord Jesus Christ answers to the type of the two sparrows. He dies upon the Cross, He is buried in Joseph's new tomb, but He is raised from the dead, and that is where the type of

the second sparrow comes in. Now, just as two sparrows are necessary in the 14th chapter, here two goats are needed, the one speaking of propitiation and the other of substitution. The two things are thus shown forth: propitiation and substitution. The one is Godward, the other manward. The first glorified God in regard to all the evil and guilt of Israel. And the death of Christ has so glorified God: that if not a sinner believed or trusted Christ, God would have been glorified. How hard this is to get into people's hearts! They think only of man, man, man. Nobody loves man better than He Who died upon the Cross, but the first aspect of His work upon the Cross is that in which God is glorified, and the more I see that, the more I say, "I am satisfied."

The first goat put away sin according to the claims of the Sanctuary, but the second goat brings the thing closer to us. For that second goat was brought out before the whole congregation and Aaron put his hands upon it and confessed all the iniquities and all the transgressions and sins of Israel. What a catalogue! What a list! "Iniquities, transgressions, sin!" I know Aaron could not mention all of these literally. He could tell all the different kinds, but the vast list of everyone in Israel he could only reiterate. But it is a picture of One who did know all. He knew all and did not omit any. For when I turn to the Cross I read "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." Had it been left to me, I could not have remembered one in a thousand, but God laid them on Him and He did not forget one in a thousand. Had one sin been omitted, had God not dealt with all, I should have been damned eternally, but, "God Who knew them laid them on Him, and believing I am free." When I see the Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross there, I also see Jehovah in His holiness, bringing out all my sins and putting them upon Christ. While the goat did not have a single sin of its own, typically it took them all. And when I come to the Lord Jesus Christ I see my sins, like a mighty mountain, bearing Him down, down, down. Oh, the awful pressure of the awful load of my sins, crushing the Son of God into darkness! I hear Him say, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing," and I see that it was my sins that caused Him thus to die.

Next, a fit man puts a halter upon the goat's neck and they go away. The eyes of all Israel are upon that man and that

goat as they go away gradually, their forms getting smaller as the distance increases, at last they are lost to view. What is happening? "The goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited." And what does that mean? The Lord Jesus Christ going into death,—“the land of cutting off.” As the goat disappears Israel can say, “Thank God, there goes a year’s sin.” The goat that died met the claims of God;—the living goat bears their sin away. Where are their sins? Gone, thank God. And as I stand by faith and look at the Son of God while He hangs on that Cross, and hear that cry, the dying cry of the Conqueror, I say,

“My sin—Oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—

My sin, not in part but the whole

Is nailed to His Cross; and I bear it no more:

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Oh my soul.”

Is it not grand for a believer, just as it were, anew to take his stand and see the reality,—not the type as in Israel. I take my stand by faith tonight at the Cross, and see the Lord Jesus Christ (like the scapegoat) bearing my sins, and I say, “Thank God, they are gone,—all of them.”

Now turn to Hebrews 9:27. “As it is appointed unto men once to die but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.” Christ met my appointment with death and judgment. If He had not so done, there is nothing in all the world that could have kept me from it. “But now once in the end of the age hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.” Thus He met my appointment.

“And unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.” The word for “sin” and “sin-offering” is the same. When He came the first time He came to be a sin-offering, but we are looking for Him to come a second time not to be a sin-offering, but apart from a sin-offering.

Now turn to Leviticus 23 again. The congregation is looking earnestly to see if that goat should return. If it comes back, their sins come back with it, but as they look they see the man return without the goat. And so we see our Lord Jesus Christ go down into death as the sin-offering. We wait for the third day, and we see Him rise from the dead. Where

are our sins? Gone forever. He goes to the right hand of God without sin. But He is not to remain there. He is coming back a second time apart from sin or a sin-offering. In the 23rd of Leviticus we thus see a type of resurrection. As that man comes back without the goat, we see, typically, the Lord Jesus Christ risen from the dead. Let me ask you, have you ever been there in reality? Have you stood by faith at the Cross and said—

“By faith I lay my hand on that dear head of Thine,
With broken contrite heart I stand, and there confess my sin.”

It is not that I could confess all my sins, but I confess my sinnership. And just as the offerer put his hand upon the offering, I put by faith my hand upon Christ, and accept Him as my Offering, and as I so stand before God, I have all the value of the death of Christ put to my account.

And, if you have not done so, why will you not do that tonight? Why wait for another night to know that blessing? Is there any good reason? Not only have you no reason at all for waiting, but you have every reason why you should accept Christ as yours tonight. Men are ever and always making excuses, and God accepts their excuses, but you can give no reason to God why you should not be saved right here and now. He stands ready to save you. Just as in a future day when Israel is awakened to a sense of their condition, they will say, “The work is done,” so we say to you,—

“Done is the work that saves! Once and forever done,
Finished the righteousness, that clothes the unrighteous one.”

Two men were digging a well. One on the surface was lowering the bucket and the other at the bottom was filling it. On one occasion the latter came before the other man arrived, and he thought he would slide down the rope and do something. He did so but pretty soon he came to the knot at the end of the rope and he found he could not reach the bottom and there in the dark he did not know how far short he was of reaching the bottom. He tried to get a footing at the side of the well but in vain, and there he hung in awful terror, fearing to let go his hold of the rope, till at length his strength was gone. In sheer despair he let go, and he did not drop at all. He was so near the bottom that he felt no drop! Fifty years ago, before I came to the Lord Jesus Christ, I thought it was so difficult, but after I saw the finished work of Christ

and learned that all that remained for me was just to trust the finished Christ work for me, I could hardly believe it! God has brought salvation nigh, and I did not know it.

Do you know you are saved? Do not be angry, nor let the question "go in at one ear and out at the other." If you are saved it will be a joy to tell others that you are. I like to think of the fact that I am saved and I like to tell others of it. Dear old Henry Dyer came to Chicago many years ago. A young man, thinking he would like to hear that aged saint confess Christ, said to him, "Are you saved?" He did not say, "It is none of your business," but when he was asked he seemed to go into a reverie for a few moments, and then he said, "Saved! Saved! Saved from the deepest hell: saved to the highest heaven. Yes, thank God, I am saved!" Now if you have by faith stood at the Cross, and seen the Lord Jesus Christ, like that "goat of departure," bearing your sins away, you will be able to say, "Thank God, I am saved!"

☀

Nearness to God
J. N. Darby

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME TO DRAW NEAR TO GOD"
Psalm 73:28.

Oh, wondrous, infinite, divine!
Keep near, my soul, to that blest place,
Where all those heavenly glories shine
Which suit the brightness of His face.

The nearer we are to the Lord Jesus, the better we understand that he who touches His brethren "toucheth the apple of His eye."

The true effect of being near to Christ puts me into fellowship with Himself about others, instead of being under my own circumstances. How can I be turning my heart to the joys of one and the sorrows of another unless I am living close to Christ and getting my heart filled with Him.

Oh that we had nearness enough to Christ to draw from Him all grace and all devotedness, and correct in ourselves whatever tends to mar the one or the other.

Activity, unless renewing itself in communion with Him, may be sincere, but will degenerate into routine, and is even dangerous; the soul gets far from God without knowing it.

If we live near enough to Christ we live *for* the Church not *from* it. Living in the good with Him you carry it in with you into the service and circumstances of the Church.

If we get near to the Lord, if we are in communion with God within the holy place, we see all the saints with His eyes, as dear to Him, objects of Christ's delight, and the fruit of the travail of His soul. Then intercession for them is easy, and faithfulness to them becomes easy and gracious too.

The absolutely perfect and living rule is the life of the Lord Jesus Christ. In Him all written rules are united in one solitary living example.



The Christ of the Covenant

James Melrose

“THIS CUP IS THE NEW COVENANT IN MY BLOOD.”

1 Cor. 11:27

It is to be noted that, whereas the Lord Jesus, when He had broken the bread, said simply “This is My body,” concerning the cup of wine, He did not say simply, “This is My blood,” but, “This cup is the NEW COVENANT in My blood.” And in all three of the synoptic gospels which carry the record of the institution of the Lord's supper, we find the same words used.

They are but three words and easily overlooked, as the interest is, naturally, absorbed in the broken bread and the wine, so graphically reminding us of Calvary. Yet those three words are full of meaning and link the death of Christ with the fulfilment of *the promises and purposes of God* from before the world began. Indeed, not only do they link that death with those promises, but that death is, itself, the link, the fusion point, the keystone of the arch, without which those promises would be broken, those purposes frustrated, and all God's former dealings with men prove abortive. But that work of Calvary having been accomplished when the triumphant cry, “It is finished,” vibrated on the air (re-echoed, I doubt not, by myriads of angelic spectators of the awful scene and resounding to highest heaven—aye, and shaking Hell to its remotest depths) — then, those “exceeding great and precious *promises* became Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.” And thus His *purposes*, instead of being frustrated, were “made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.”

God's patient, longsuffering *dealings* with prodigal and rebellious man, (which otherwise would have proved abortive) through that death now became pregnant with meaning. These dealings become a living, progressive revelation of God, Himself to men, coming into glorious fruition by way of Calvary, in the appearing of the first fruits—the risen *man*, Christ Jesus, on the right hand of The Majesty on High: the forerunner and advocate, saying, "Behold Me" and following behind Me "the children whom Thou hast given Me," whom He is not ashamed to call brethren.

The lone corn of wheat which fell into the ground and died has fructified and is bringing forth much fruit:

1. The scattered sheep of Israel's fold: the nation for which He died, according to the prophecy put into the mouth of Caiaphas, "It was expedient that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not."
2. Those "other sheep" not of this fold, to whom our Lord referred in John 10:16—the flock for which He died.
3. Finally, the gathering together in one all things in Christ (Eph. 1:10).

"The new covenant in His blood" thus coordinates and secures all these promises and purposes and Divine dealings, climaxing and absorbing and so making obsolete, all former covenants which served but as temporary arrangements until "the redemption of the purchased possession." Not that these former covenants were abrogated as futile attempts to attain an objective; for the immutable God changes not. But each new revelation of God to men served its day and purpose until the "fulness of time was come," when God sent forth His Son, the Mediator of the new and better covenant." "The best wine kept till the last." All that had gone before was groundwork. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath, in these last days, spoken unto us by His Son." (Hebrews 1:1-2).

"The new covenant in My blood." What a trail that leads us into! Into the very pathway of God, down through the ages—to the very point on that pathway where He came to us as He journeyed (like the good, but despised Samaritan of our Lord's parable), with wine and oil in His satchel—the priceless medicaments of the Great, Compassionate Physician, the Almighty God Himself, as He travels (incognito, shall we

say?) throughout His own domain; a domain pawned by the hand of man for a mess of pottage into the hands of the flattering Absalom-like usurper, Satan, the world's prince and god. But "the earth is still the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and He has not ceased, nor ever will, to travel through it in the greatness of His strength. Like Boaz, the man of wealth and might, He still maintains and traverses His field, and blessed indeed are they of whom it can be said, like dear Ruth, the Moabitess, "It was her hap (and happiness) to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz."

This wondrous journey of God among men—when did it begin? True, He came into "full view" at Bethlehem, when, heralded by heavenly hosts, "The Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as as the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth)." It was from Bethlehem Ephratah, that He came forth Who should rule God's people Israel, but it was not here that the journey *began*. His "goings forth have been from of old; from everlasting," and each time His foot fell among men, His voice was heard, sometimes in thunderstorms of sweeping and devastating judgment, as in Noah's day; sometimes in the yearning and tender tones of the "Everlasting Father," rising up betimes and pleading with His rebellious children, whom the gratitude of an ox or an ass might put to shame. But on each occasion, His visit brought renewal of His covenant with man. The tenure of the lease was extended under new terms; constantly revealing new aspects of His relationship with men and new evidences of our need and dependence, until every mouth should be stopped and the whole world become guilty and ripe for this last new covenant of grace.

There is a remarkable word in 2 Tim. 1:9, which, like a fingerpost, points back to the starting place of this journey. It points to the eternity from which these "goings forth" emanated. It reads: "God, who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His *purposes* and *grace*, which He hath *given to us from before the world began*." Here, we are informed that God had a purpose formed in a past eternity, and a store of grace laid up before the world began. The Triune God—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit entered into covenant, saying, "Let Us make man in Our image." The Divine con-

cept, design, and purpose was "Man in our image," capable of cooperation and communion with God Himself. Man was to be invested with Divine authority and as a Son of God in the Divine image, constituted with a spiritual nature capable of intercommunion with God; with power to choose his individual course of action without let or hindrance, to act of his own volition and on his own initiative, bearing "the image and superscription" of Him Whose "offspring" (Acts 17:28) he was and Whom he served. He was established as viceroy of God in a reconstructed earth, to rule and act on His behalf — to dress and keep His fair world, and to present to Him the fruits thereof, "rendering unto God the things which are God's," and all in perfect harmony as He and His creature walked and talked together. Like Boaz and his reapers, of whom we read that, as he came into his field, his greeting was "The Lord be with thee," followed by the glad response, "The Lord bless thee;" there was no labor trouble in that plan, and no "Gestapo" rule.

Such was the preconceived plan drawn up by the triune Architect of the Universe — His detail for this spot called earth. "Let Us make man in Our image." And that original purpose has never been abandoned nor lost sight of.

The untutored mind of fallen man whose highest wisdom has been declared to be but "foolishness with God," may stand confounded at the catastrophe that swept over this masterpiece of Divine creation, when, scarce more than launched on its God-appointed career and mission, man's own hand lifted the sluice gates and inundated God's fair world with the devastating flood of sin.

(Continued, D.V.)



The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word:
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy Bride;
 With His own blood He bought her
 And for her life He died.

The Disembodied State

T. Shulldham Henry. M.A., LL.D.

(Continued from the January number)

Question. 4. When Jairus's daughter, the widow of Nain's son, and Lazarus were restored to life, with what bodies were they raised, and did they die again?

Answer. They were undoubtedly raised in their natural bodies. In the second, when his spirit returned to his natural body, he sat up and began to speak and was delivered to his mother. In the first, life came back to the scarcely cold body of the child and Christ commanded that food should be given her. In the last, Lazarus was found sitting at supper with Jesus in John 12. Of course in the natural course of time they died.

Question 5. Did the saints that rose at Christ's resurrection die again, or what became of them?

Answer. Let us read the passage. Matt. 27:51-53. "And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom," (not from bottom to top, as we would tear a curtain, but from top to bottom, showing that judgment descended from above; and that the same stroke that fell on Christ on the cross, rent the veil, opening the way into the holiest for every believer) "and the earth did quake and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, literally 'awoke' and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the Holy city and appeared unto many."

Christ as the "Author of life," Acts 3:15, and Source of life, John 1:3, must of necessity die first. Christ as the resurrection must also rise first, and become "the first fruits of them that slept." There is no evidence that these saints went back to a life on earth, as Lazarus, the widow of Nain's son, and Jairus's daughter, but the very opposite. It is probable that their decease was of recent date before their resurrection, and perhaps the ministry of our Lord or John the Baptist, seeing they appeared unto many in Jerusalem, and by them no doubt recognized as followers of Jesus, who had fallen asleep. However, we cannot be positive on this point, but it is more than likely, that they rose out of their graves in their spiritual, not natural bodies, and with Christ formed the first fruits and

earnest of that glorious harvest to be gathered at the resurrection of the just when Jesus comes. They rose, as He rose, that is, after the fashion of His resurrection. He was raised a spiritual body, so were they raised spiritual bodies. The circumstances of the case are so different from that of Lazarus, as to preclude us from arriving at any other interpretation. Besides we are strengthened in our conclusions from the use of a Greek word which shows the nature of their manifestation to their acquaintances in Jerusalem. I refer to the word—*enephanisthesan*—"appeared." This is never applied to persons residing, or dwelling with others, but more properly "manifesting themselves"—a spiritual manifestation—that is, unexpectedly appearing and as suddenly withdrawing. The same word is used in Col. 3:4 and 1 John 3:2, and elsewhere, to refer to the spiritual manifestation of Christ and His people to the world. It is also used in Mark 16:9 and 12-14 with reference to Christ manifesting Himself after His resurrection. So, we take it, these saints in their spiritual bodies, like Christ, manifested themselves to their friends during the forty days previous to His and their ascension, for doubtless they ascended with Him.



“He heard unspeakable words
which it is not allowed to man to utter”

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?
“Where wert thou, brother, those four days?”
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.
From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.
Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

—Tennyson

Christ The Judge

“Because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead.”—Acts 17:31.

It will be observed that in the verse selected to head this chapter, and which we may take to guide our thoughts in considering the lofty theme, there is a connection stated between the Resurrection of Christ, and His appearance as Judge. After announcing that the world is to be judged in righteousness by the Man of God’s ordaining, St Paul in his address to his Athenian auditory, is represented as adding, “Whereof He hath given assurance unto all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead.” Jesus, in the course of His public ministry, had announced two great truths to His hearers, both wearing the stamp of strangeness and improbability. The one, that He Himself was to die, and by His own inherent power to rise again; that after being laid in the grave, He was to come forth on the third day alive from the sepulchre. And in order to fix this astounding fact in their memories, He associated it with the remarkable analogy or prefiguration in the history of one of their own prophets—“As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale’s belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.” Matt. 12:40. Or yet again, investing their honoured Temple with a typical significancy, “Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.” (John 2:19) This was the one well-nigh incredible fact. The other was still more marvellous—viz., that at some indefinite period of the future, in the exercise of the same power by which He was to quicken His own body, all the millions that ever trod this world were to be awakened from the sleep of death, they that had done good to “the resurrection of life,” and they that had done evil to “the resurrection of damnation.” (John 5:29).

Now the first of these two marvels had been accomplished. The *Resurrection* of the Redeemer we found to be an historical fact, certified and accredited by “many infallible proofs.” And by the fulfilment of the one prodigy, God has set His seal to the indubitable certainty of the other. As surely as the crucified and bruised Jesus of Nazareth came forth triumphant from

the tomb on the appointed third day, so surely will the slumbering myriads of mankind—the dust of ages and centuries—awake at His summons to judgment. “The hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth.” (John 5:29).

We make one other preliminary remark suggested by these words of the apostle. They vividly impress upon us the *certainty* of that day and that tremendous scene. Other events and transactions in the world are uncertain; their occurrence is contingent on circumstances. But the Day of judgment is as great an historical verity of the future, as the Resurrection of Christ is of the past. Even the period is not left unfixed and indeterminate. Utterly beyond the presumptuous guesses of human soothsayers, yet it is known to God. “He hath *appointed* a day.” The day is written in the Book of His decrees; and every hour is bringing us nearer its solemnities. What will be the transactions of that day?

Let us note, first, the believer’s confidence and security as he contemplates *the Person* of the enthroned Judge. God is to judge the world in righteousness “by *that MAN* whom He hath ordained.” It is “the *Son of Man*” who is then to come in His glory.

Observe next, the *sphere* or *extent* of His *Judicial procedure*. On that appointed day He is to “judge the *world*.” From earth’s teeming mounts: from ocean’s hidden caverns. The pauper from his shroud of dust;—the king from his gilded cenotaph. Consecrated and unconsecrated ground alike will yield what they have long held in custody.

Next, let us note the one attribute which will then be conspicuously displayed. He is to “judge the world in *Righteousness*.” It is to be a throne of uncompromising equity. It is said of the Divine Conqueror of the Apocalypse, who, on His white horse, heads the armies of heaven, that in “*Righteousness* He doth judge and make war.” (Rev. 19:11). We never can speak too much or too often of the reign or of the Throne of Grace. We never can proclaim too urgently the glad welcome which awaits every stricken penitent. We delight to picture that Throne with its rainbow canopy, and the inscription which surmounts it, “Faithful and just to forgive sins.” But the day will come, when the rainbow-tints shall melt and merge into colour of alabaster (the type of pure un-

tainted justice),—"I saw," says St John, "a great *white* throne." (Rev. 20:11) Righteousness, we have again and again seen, has been the foundation on which the whole work of the Atonement was reared, and *Righteousness* will form its closing act, the top-stone of the completed Temple.

Nor are we left in ignorance as to the *principle* which will regulate that righteous adjudication. "And the dead were judged every man *according to their works.*" Let it not be supposed that this in any degree trenches on the grand central deeds or works of the law. Every glorified and happy saint is justified by faith, and by faith alone. If he be accepted, it is "accepted in the Beloved;" if righteous, it is because he stands clothed in the surety-righteousness of his Redeemer; if saved and sheltered, it is because he is sheltered in the "Clefts of the Rock." Good works, as the result and fruit of faith, in the case of all Christ's people, are the evidences of the reality of their union with Him. But in the case of the impenitent, *their* recompense will be in accordance with life antecedents; so that their future condition will only be the continuance and perpetuation of present character. In their case, evil deeds will form the ground of condemnation, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. 21:8) The master lusts, tyrant passions of the present, will form their future tormentors.

Gospel truth of salvation by grace—salvation without the

Let none forget or overlook the moral aspect of that august assize,—the Day when the Books of Conscience, and Memory, and Privilege, are to be opened; when life—*all* the life—every page, and chapter, and line in the biography—will be resuscitated and vivified; when hypocrisy, with its subterfuges, will be exposed; the thousand masks and vizors torn from the faces they have successfully screened, as they confront *Him* "whose eyes are as a flame of fire," In the present economy, discrimination is impossible. The righteous and the wicked are found together promiscuously. The tares and the wheat are in the same field. The sheep and goats browse on the same pasture. Vessels, some to honour and some to dishonour, are found in the same family, the same community, the same church.

But not so in *that* Day. "He who judges in righteousness" will have separated the one from the other, and the great gulf of separation will be for ever. —J. R. M.



Reader, are you ready for that great Day? The Lord Jesus says, He that heareth my Word and believeth in Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life. (John 5:24).



Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

Colquhoun once more intervened. The attack was becoming discredited, and victory was evidently inclining to the side of orthodoxy. It was necessary to open fire on another part of the orthodox bulwarks. "You cannot deny, at any rate," said he, "that the Bible teaches the flatness of the earth. We left Rome to fight that battle out with Galileo, but we have to own that there, at least, Rome had the Bible on its side."

"Where does the Bible teach that the earth is flat?"

"You astonish me! Won't you admit even that? I think that any reader of the Bible would have the impression that it represents the earth as a big plain, variegated with seas and mountains. And doesn't it talk about 'the ends of the earth?'"

"Yes; and we talk about 'the ends of the earth' today in exactly similar circumstances as those in which the Bible uses the phrase and in no other. If I wanted to say now that some folks had come from the back of Tartary to the King's Coronation, could I express that in better twentieth-century English than by saying they had come 'from the ends of the earth' to do that thing?"

"There are other expressions, however," interposed Brown. "The Scripture speaks of 'the foundations' and 'the pillars,' as well as of 'the ends' of the earth. It is also said to be 'established for ever.' I fear it is hopeless, Roger, to attempt to explain all these away. A thing that is established on foundations and pillars seems, to my mind, to be something very different from the revolving and racing planet which we now know the earth to be."

"Does it really need to be different?" queried Roger. "It does not seem to me at all impossible to show that every one of

these expressions is in perfect harmony with what we know of the earth. There are internal arrangements, even in a planet, which admit of, and indeed necessitate, foundations and pillars. Some scientists have judged these expressions of the Bible to be marvellously accurate as descriptions of how the solid crust of the earth has been built up, and of how it is even at this very moment sustained. As a matter of literal fact, the earth has foundations and pillars which are wonderful revelations of the Divine wisdom and skill. Remember that the Bible has told us that the earth's first condition was that of a shapeless mass of chaotic waters, in which nothing could exist, and on whose surface nothing could have found a resting place, and you will see why that work of God in giving us this solid globe should be mentioned and should be rejoiced in.

“But let me show you some other Bible statements, which will take us a bit farther. You say that these phrases of the Bible imply that the earth is flat. There is one statement which I think you will confess does not quite look that way. I see, Brown, you have your Bible with you; you will find it in Job 26:7. The chapter is a description of the greatness of God, as shown in His works, and this takes its place among the rest: ‘He hangeth the earth upon nothing.’ When you remember the Hindoo description of the earth, as resting on the backs of four huge elephants, and these again on a huge tortoise, which swims in a limitless ocean; or think of the similar notions entertained by the learned—the scientists of those days—among other nations, you will acknowledge the marvel which lies in that description in Job. The earth is upheld by nothing. No support reaches out to it from any side. It is suspended from nothing. And yet it is fixed, mark you, and put in its place! A divine operation has set it there. ‘He hangeth the earth upon nothing.’ The astonishment expressed there is the very astonishment felt by scientists at the present moment. We used to talk glibly about “gravitation.” But we are now learning that ‘that blessed word explains nothing, and that the mystery of the firm placing of the heavenly bodies is as great now as it ever was. It seems to me, too, that the picture before the mind which used these words was just that which we ourselves have seen and marvelled at, when we have looked through a telescope and seen a planet suspended in the depths of the sky, and yet ‘hung upon nothing.’

“I do not say that this *proves* that the Scripture teaches the rotundity of the earth. But let it be granted that the teaching so far as it goes, is thoroughly true and scientific. Now, let me take you farther yet. Turn to Isaiah 40. The verse I want you to look at is the 22nd. But, perhaps, you will not object to my showing you a little of Scripture science on the way. This whole chapter is a wonderful exhibition of the greatness of God, but look at the 12th verse. Every clause might be made the title of a scientific treatise. ‘Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?’ The figure is that God scooped up so much water in the hollow of His hand, saw to it that the exact quantity was there, no more and no less, and then placed it in its earthly bed. Science now tells us the same thing. We have the exact quantity we require—no more no less. Had the water surface been larger, we should have had more rain, and had it been more restricted, we should have had less rain, than is required to make the earth bring forth food for man and beast. Take the next question—‘And meted out heaven with the span?’ That is, the extent of the atmosphere was measured out by the Creator, and fixed at the height, to which it now reaches, by His decree. I need not tell you that this is another scientific fact. Had the height of the atmosphere been much less, we could not have breathed without pain, if we could have breathed at all. Had it been much greater, our lives would have been a burden to us. Take the next adjustment—‘And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure?’ The soil which lies upon the rocky ribs of the earth, like the flesh upon our bones, has been prepared as we know, and enough has been given for the earth’s fruitfulness and beauty. It was, so to say, ‘comprehended in a measure:’ and when the measure was filled, it was spread out to prepare the world for the abode of man. Here is the last: ‘And weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance?’ Physical geography cannot tell us everything yet about the relations of mountains and hills to the mass of the earth, and the part which they play in the earth’s well-being. But it tells us one thing. The height of the mountains on every coast is in direct proportion to the depth of the sea which beats upon the shore. If the sea is deep, the mountains are high. If the sea is shallow, the height of the mountains is correspondingly decreased.”

"I must thank you," said Colville, "for a bit of genuine and helpful comment. I must make a note of it."

"Perhaps, Mr. Colville, you might afterwards ask Brown to complete the comment by showing how all that twentieth-century science got backed into a single verse written by 'the second' (or is it the twenty-second?) Isaiah, some 700 years before the Christian era. But we must not forget the correct figure of the earth. The passage which I am really working my way towards is in verse 22. Here we have still the same prolonged description of God in His greatness and majesty. 'It is He who sitteth upon the circle of the earth.' That word *khug*, translated 'circle,' does not mean a circle drawn upon a plane surface. It means an arch or sphere. It occurs in other two places, where it refers to the vault of the heaven. This throne of God is an orb, and to the other marvels of this 'second Isaiah' you have to add this, that it teaches the true form of the earth. Now turn back to Deuteronomy 4:19. Israel is being warned against the worship of the stars, 'which,' says the Scripture, 'the Lord thy God hath divided unto all nations under the whole heaven.' Here is a passage which it is simply impossible to understand except in the light of the modern scientific theory of the earth. The word translated 'divided' means 'allotted,' 'portioned out.' God has given to all nations under the whole heaven their own portions of the stars. Remember that the earth is a globe and you grasp at once the meaning of the Scripture. If the earth were a plain, all nations would see the same stars. But, because it is a globe, as we pass along from north to south, or from south to north, we pass to a different sky. Our friends in South Africa have lost sight of the Great Bear and the north star, but they see the Southern Cross. How did that get into the Bible before travellers had begun to compare notes, and before Copernicus was born?

"You will find my last passage in Luke 17:34-36. The Revisers leave out the 36th verse, but Scrivener shows that their text is founded in this instance upon copies that have blundered. Let me read the words: 'I tell you that in that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field: the one shall be taken, and the other

left.' Our Lord is speaking about His second coming. He has warned us not to be deceived by any representations that He has come, and that He is to be found in some secluded spot. When He comes, no man will need to tell another. All will see Him at one and the same moment. 'For as the lightning that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven shineth unto the other part under heaven, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be in His day' (verse 24). Bear all that in mind, and come again to those verses. These three things will be incidents of that time. *They will happen together.* When are men in bed? In the night. When are the women of the East grinding at the mill? In the early morning, preparing the flour for the day's bread. When are men out together, labouring in the field? In the broad daylight. You see, then, what the grouping of these three scenes means? At one and the same moment it is deep night in one place, early morn in another, and broad day in a third. Behind that representation you have the rotundity of the earth! We know about the Antipodes, and that, when it is midnight here, it is mid-day there, and that the day is breaking midway between. But all that was already in this seventeenth chapter of Luke's gospel. Pardon me if I ask once more my possibly inconvenient question—*'How did it get there?'* "

Colquhoun looked at Brown, but neither seemed ready with an answer. Roger's eye met mine, and he returned the smile with which my face was beaming. I had seldom felt so happy as I did then at the triumphant vindication of that old yet ever new Book.

"Brown," said Colquhoun, "he is getting beyond me: I must leave you to tackle him."

"Well, Roger," said Brown, "I must admit that you have made out a fair case so far. But you have a good deal to do yet, if you are going to convince us that the Bible is scientifically infallible. There is the antiquity of man, for instance. Some of those who go with you halt there. Quatrefages and others agree with the great host of their fellow scientists that the six or seven thousand years, which the Bible chronology allots as the entire span of human existence on the globe, are ridiculously inadequate."

"I know, Brown, that the Bible has been laughed at on that score. But the laugh is turning now against the mistakes of

science. You know that man's arrival was preceded by the great Ice Age. If we knew just when the Ice Age ended, we should know pretty accurately when man first appeared. Sir Charles Lyell gave us a span of 850,000 years. Sir John Lubbock has divided that number by four, and is content with 200,000. Croll and J. Geikie say 80,000 years have passed since the end of the Glacial period. Sir Joseph Prestwich thinks it cannot be more than 20,000, or 30,000 years at the outside, figures in which the Duke of Argyll seems to agree with him. There is a big difference between 850,000 and 20,000! And yet these are the 'certainties' for which ever so many people have exchanged the teaching of the Bible!

"But there is more than the striking fact that science is climbing down in this way from its hundreds of thousands of years to meet the Bible. Those numbers are based more or less upon theory. But, where accurate measurement has been employed, the Bible is still more fully vindicated. Our rivers have ploughed out their channels since the ice was cleared away from the surface. Niagara has had to cut through the rocky gorge down which it hurls the huge mass of water which forms the falls. At what rate has Niagara cut its way through those rocks? It has ploughed out seven miles. Lyell estimated that the work was carried on at the rate of one foot a year, and set the whole time down as 35,000 years. But careful observations, made by a New York Commissioner, brought it down to 10,000 years. Mr. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, has since brought it down to 7,000. Sir J. W. Dawson believes that even that figure has to be reduced, and names a number of similar testimonies; and so we are actually brought down by the latest science to the Bible dates. Is not that strange?"

"I will confess that it is strange," said Colquhoun, "provided that it is a fact. Is it true," he asked, turning to Colville, "that scientific figures have been tumbling down in that wholesale fashion?"

"Well" replied Colville, "I should say that it is true. But there are those who will reserve their judgment in view of certain discoveries of flint implements said to be artificially formed, and which, consequently, must be the work of man. These have been found in several places in the lower strata, the age of which goes back very far indeed beyond the Bible dates."

Colquhoun now turned to Brown with one of those sharp, but amused looks which he wears when a case begins to promise "developments." "Oh, yes, I know," said Roger. "S. Laing, whose works I was glad to see mentioned by a recent geological writer as 'not very trustworthy,' and Edward Clodd have made the most of these flints. But in every case the evidence has, on enquiry, completely broken down. You know, of course, that the Quarternary is our own geological age. The Tertiary is the next older, and is divided into four sections, the two latest of which are the Pliocene and the Miocene. Well, Dr. Notling, while geologising in Burmah, came upon some human-shaped flints imbedded in strata about ten feet thick. These lay at a mountain foot, and 4,000 feet of Pliocene strata towered above it. What could be more natural than his conclusion that man must have lived in Miocene times? The discovery made a noise—at least there were many who made a noise about it. That any man should believe in it now shows how true is Moody's saying, that a Lie gets half round the world before Truth can get its boots on. With half a world's distance between them to begin with, it takes time for T. to overtake L. But the two have met, in this instance, long ago. Mr. Oldham, one of the Indian Geological Survey, got Notling to show him the spot, and then a second discovery was made. The strata, in which the flints were found, were on a spur which ran out at the hill foot. A flint could easily be swept from the surface on the heights above and get embedded in the conglomerate on the spur. The terraces above were searched, and lo! there were the shaped flints lying in abundance on the surface! A more recent case is that of the flints of Thenay, in France. Those were found in Miocene strata, and the learned Abbes, who made the discovery, were themselves impressed by it. It seemed that here at last lay undeniable evidence under their own priestly eyes of the vast antiquity of man. But, again, when Truth had got its boots on, the whole fabric collapsed and vanished like a dream of the night. They found on further search, that early excavations had been made to reach the beds of marl which lay underneath, and that the material on the surface, which had been swept to right and left during the operations, had afterwards fallen into the pit, and the Quaternary had thus been buried in the bosom of the Tertiary!"

(Continued D.V.)

No Delay

“SEEK YE THE LORD WHILE HE MAY BE FOUND.”—Isa. 55:6.

If Adam and Eve were somewhat ignorant, as we suppose them to have been, of God's omniscience, no wonder that they attempted to escape His notice. “The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth.” Nothing more natural for them than, as soon as they heard His step in the garden, to run, and make for the nearest and thickest bush. They had broken His law, and knew the consequences—“In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.” To have waited by the tree when they heard God, would have been to wait for death; to have left the bush where they lay concealed would have been to court it. To that guilty pair, as they crouched in fear and terror under the tree, the words of this Scripture were the last we should have addressed; and the last they would have listened to. Their interest appeared to lie, not in seeking the Lord, but in fleeing from Him; and such counsel as this would have appeared to come from that malignant devil who had planned, and now wished to complete, their ruin. No angel, ignorant of God's purpose, and looking with pity on our fallen parents, none but the fiend who gloried in the mischief he had wrought, would have given them at that moment the advice that the Bible now gives us — “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.”

• Why so? why would it have seemed to be for Adam and Eve's interest to reject the counsel which it is so much for ours to take? Is there not the same law both to us and them—“The soul that sinneth, it shall die!” Is not God known to both as a God of justice to enact such a law, and of truth to execute it? Are not both the children and the parents conscious that as sinners, they stand equally exposed to its tremendous punishment? Why, then, is it not natural for us, instead of seeking the Lord to flee His presence in dread of His avenging power? The difference between their circumstances and ours lies in this—that when they fled from God in Eden, their knowledge of Him was circumscribed as compared with ours. Ignorant as yet of a mercy which was about for the first time to be revealed, they knew Him only as a God of justice, of holiness, and of truth. But what makes it your plain as well as highest interest to seek the Lord, is that you know what they did not—

that He is very pitiful and of great mercy; that He is not willing that any should perish; that He hath no pleasure in the death of the sinner; and that if He stands with the sword of justice glittering in one hand, in the other He holds out for your acceptance an ample pardon, and a blood-bought crown.

Had Adam and Eve known that He, whose voice they heard with such terror in the garden, had come not to slay but to save them; not to destroy them, but their enemy; not to give them a grave, but hope in the promise of a Saviour, how had they hastened to fall at His feet, and cry, Father forgive us, we knew not what we did—flying as fast to God as they fled from God? Now, what they would have done had they known this, knowing it, we should certainly do. To seek Him, were He merely a God of unbending justice, would be to rush on the bosses of the Almighty's buckler, and precipitate our ruin. But to all who seek Him through a Redeemer, He is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and slow to wrath, abundant in goodness and in truth. Our highest interests, therefore, our present, and future, and eternal happiness, lie in yielding implicit and immediate obedience to the call, Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. How does the lapse of years, the close of every day, enforce this? The setting sun; the clouds that, like the infirmities of age, gather round his sinking head; the fading light; the workman wending homeward, the peasant leaving his plough in the furrow, the weaver his shuttle on the loom; the larks that have dropped out of silent skies; the birds sitting mute on the branches; the flowers with their eyes closed and leaves folded up; the tenants of lone cottages and crowded city retiring to rest; and by and bye the silence of a world wrapped in darkness and sleep—these are suggestive to a thoughtful mind of the close of life, the sleep of death, and our bed beneath a grassy sod. And each night that sun, whose lines go throughout all the earth, and his words to the ends of the world, with the heavens for his pulpit and the world for his audience, seems as he leaves us to say, "Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found: call ye upon Him while He is near."

I. Consider what we are to understand by seeking the Lord.

The sense in which this is to be taken is explained by the succeeding verses—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the

Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." It is as a God, therefore, Who will have mercy on the worst, and abundantly pardon the wickedest, that we are to seek the Lord—seeking Him without a day's, or even an hour's, delay. To approach Him in any other character, would be to throw ourselves on a naked sword—were in effect to offer the profane swearer's prayer, to pray that God would damn us.

We may, as man has often done, stand at a human bar conscious of our innocence. Strong in our integrity, and confident that the day of trial will prove us guiltless of the crimes laid to our charge, roll the cloud from our character, and cover our accusers with shame and confusion, we may refuse to put in a plea for mercy; boldly declaring that we want nothing more, and will accept of nothing less, than justice—impartial justice. At God's tribunal, however, it is very different. There, simple justice were sure damnation. The Lord said to the Devil, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him on the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" yet this perfect and upright man asks, "How should man be just with God? if He will contend with him, he cannot answer one in a thousand." The Psalmist was "a man after God's own heart," the most devout of men; yet he trembles at the thought of being dealt with on mere principles of justice. He deprecates it; he prays expressly and earnestly against it—saying, Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.

It is therefore, in His double aspect, combined but not contradictory character, as at once just and the justifier of them that believe in Jesus, as a God of justice to punish sin in the Surety, and as a God of mercy to pardon it in the sinner, that we are to seek the Lord; and all the blessings which in that gracious character He has, and he promises, to bestow. Thus, to seek the Lord is just to approach Him by faith; and in the pardon of sin and our sanctification, in a blood-bought title, and a Spirit-wrought meetness for the heavenly kingdom, to seek those benefits of redemption which Christ so dearly purchased,

God so freely gives, and man so fully needs. "How shall we escape if we neglect this great salvation?" Therefore, seek the Lord while He is to be found.

II. Inquire when these things are to be obtained, or, to use the words of my text, when the Lord is to be found?—and we remark,

1. That the Lord, as bestowing the pardon of sin and salvation of the soul, is to be found in *this world* not in another.

Our spirits pass into the eternal world so soon as death dissolves the union that binds body and soul together. And what gives an awful solemnity to the last breath, the last quiver of the lips, that long shivering sigh which tells that all is over, is the thought that at that moment the condition of the dead is forever fixed. While the last groan is sounding in our ears, ere we have time to close the filmy eyes, to imprint a kiss on the marble brow, to move one step from the bedside, the soul has entered on a destiny of inexpressible happiness, or unutterable woe. The case of any, in whose fate we have felt a tender interest, but who died, alas, without leaving us any good ground for hope, nay, the awful, but certain fact, that many thus die, would make us, had we the shadow of a ground for it, believe and cling to the belief, that hope survives this life; and that a man might be pardoned in another world who went unpardoned out of this. What God might have done had He so chosen, I dare not say. Whether He might have made one offer more of mercy to the disembodied spirit; whether, after revealing to its astonished gaze the glories of heaven and the misery of hell, letting it hear the praises of the saved and the groans of the lost, He might have made one last offer of a Saviour, I dare not conjecture. There are truths in His word more or less clear to our eye, more or less comprehensible by our understanding; there are passages in the Holy Scriptures where a child may walk through, and others where a giant must swim. But if there is one doctrine more clearly revealed than another it is this—that God has made no such offer; and makes none. As the tree falleth so it lieth—the law of the other world this, He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

Who doubts that they who pass out of this life rejecting Christ shall not have taken one step into another before they shall regret, bitterly regret, their folly? It shall be too late for regrets then. The door is shut — and now they who would not open to Christ, nor receive Him into their hearts, when He stood knocking at their doors, shall in vain knock at His, crying, Lord, Lord, open unto us. What a change! What a change to any at the moment of departure—from the seen to the unseen; from the society of men to that of angels; from the symbols of communion to the living presence of Christ; from the darkness of a dying scene to the light that is inaccessible, and full of glory; from the echo of our own groans, and the sounds of weeping, to the burst of ten times ten thousand voices, singing the songs of the redeemed. But greater changes than these to the impenitent and unbelieving, when the Father who gave up His Son to die for us, shall turn a deaf ear to their cries for mercy; and the Son who dyed His cross red with the blood of love, and invited sinners to His arms, will bid them begone, saying, Depart from Me, I never knew you, ye workers of iniquity. To seek the Lord, therefore, while He may be found, in other words, to seek pardon and reconciliation when they may be obtained, is to seek them in time. Here is a throne of grace, but yonder a throne of justice; here Christ is a Saviour, but yonder He acts the part of a Judge. That Judge is at the door—therefore, in seeking the Lord whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

—T. G.

(Continued D. V.)



No matter what we may think of ourselves nor yet what man may think about us; the great question is what does God think about us?



There may be a great deal of work done, there may be a great deal of activity; but if Christ be not the immediate object before the heart, if His guidance and authority be not fully owned, the work must go for nothing.

Killed His Friend

Barbarous as war must ever be, it teaches many a lesson to one who sees beneath the surface. In the early part of July, 1898, during the charge on San Juan Hill, near Santiago de Cuba, one of the first officers to reach the summit was Lieut. Ord, with his handful of American soldiers. Just as he passed over the brow of the hill, he saw a wounded Spaniard lying on the ground, and pointing to him he said, "Take care of that man."

The Spaniard saw the motion, and evidently thinking the officer was ordering him killed he raised his rifle and shot the lieutenant dead.

Jesus Christ came into the world on a mission of mercy to His enemies, who persisted in misunderstanding and misrepresenting all He said and did. And at the end of His brief life on earth—a life of continual self-denial and self-sacrifice—in spite of the tenderest entreaties, remonstrances and warnings, He was betrayed, first by Judas and then by His own nation, the Jews, into the hands of the Romans, and by them deliberately slaughtered, though their representative, Pilate, had to confess He had done nothing worthy of death. And God justly holds you and me guilty of this murder, until we lay down the arms of our rebellion at the pierced feet of the Prince of Peace.

The men of Ord's regiment, who loved their officer, were wild with rage and *literally tore the body of the Spaniard to pieces with bullets*, and then kicked it into a trench. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us," though He loved His Son as no words can express, sends back messages of pardon and love to all who will receive Christ as their Saviour and Lord. What grace to mean, despicable, wretched man! And how it exhibits the holiness and wisdom of God to recall how this marvellous reconciliation was brought about—by laying the sins of the world upon the spotless Lamb of His own providing. For while the murder of Christ was the crowning act of man's infamy, yet God overruled it for present and eternal blessing to everyone that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world (though this was richly deserved), but that the world through Him might be saved." (John 3:17).

“The Words of Eternal Life”

The words of our Lord shine by their own light, they carry with them their own credentials. There are no other words like them anywhere. Like the Person who uttered them, they are unique. They are simple yet profound, calm yet intense, “mild yet terrible.” They have a peculiar force which expresses authority. They do not persuade or entreat or reason with the hearer; they penetrate, they convict, they reveal. The charm and wonder of them are as fresh today, for the unlearned as well as for the learned, as when the people were astonished at His doctrine. —D’Arcy



Three Voices

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd—he hears a breath
Say “It is Christ of Nazareth!”
And calls in tones of agony,
“Jesus, have mercy now on me!”

The thronging multitudes increase;
“Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!”
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar’s cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, “He calleth thee!”
“Fear not, arise, He calleth thee!”

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, “What will thou at My hands?”
And he replies, “O give me light!
Rabboni, give to me my sight”
And Jesus answers, “Go in peace,
Thy faith from blindness gives release!”

Ye that have eyes yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty voices three,
“Jesus, have mercy now on me!”
“Fear not, arise, He calleth thee!”
“Thy faith from blindness, saveth thee!”

—*Longfellow.*

“Tell ye your children of it”

A Strange Discovery in an Old Cave

Leonard Sheldrake

In one of the mountainous districts of Scotland where many years ago the persecuted Covenanters fled for hiding, a little boy found a cave in the rocks, the mouth of which was almost covered with growing brush. In this solitary cave the little lad spent many hours imagining I suppose he was a Covenanter hiding from Claverhouse' men as his forefathers had done in faithfulness to God and His Word; for the stories of those stirring and unhappy times were often told around his father's hearth-fire. One day this lad was scraping moss from the wall of the cave when he noticed there were some letters graven in the wall. It was only the work of an instant to uncover all the letters of this strange inscription. These are the words he found “Thou art my hiding place.”

The truth was plain to him immediately. This had indeed been the place of hiding of one of those hunted saints of Scotland. The words engraven on the wall were the words of David after his sin had been confessed and forgiven and in his psalm he extols the mercy that had covered and cancelled so great guilt. “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered, blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity and in whose spirit is no guile.” Psalm 32: 1, 2. These were the forgiven sinner's words of gratitude and praise. Then in perfect peace and holy confidence he exclaims, “Thou art my hiding place.” How very wonderful that the justified sinner finds a hiding place in the God from Whom he was hiding before! This is surely the exceeding riches of grace, to be redeemed from the bondage of sin and the devil and to be put in Christ. .“There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.” Romans 8:1.

There are two sentences in Isaiah that set forth in striking contrast the false and true hiding places of men. They are found in chapter 49:2, “Under falsehood have we hid ourselves.” — “In the shadow of His hand hath He hid me.” What a contrast they present. The first speakers have hid themselves; the second are in God's hand. There are many falsehoods prevalent today which afford refuges of lies to blinded souls. Some seek to quiet a disturbed conscience with the

falsehood that after all there is no hell and that sin will not be judged. Alas it is a refuge of lies that the day of wrath will sweep away and a hiding place that judgment will overthrow.

Like the Pharisee who prayed with himself, they say, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess . . . I am not as other men are." But trusting in good works is a deception; it is another falsehood under which it is as vain to try to hide as it was for Adam to try to cover his nakedness with a fig leaf apron. The only safe hiding place is Christ. The sure token of Israel's safety in the night of the passover was the blood of the lamb on the door-post; the only place of peace for the sinner now is behind the shed blood of Christ. Flee from every other hiding place to this only safe refuge. Flee to Christ today. Then you will be able to say: "In the shadow of His hand hath he hid me.' "



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

How Chung Hwei Ate Bitterness

To eat bitterness! This is the way in which faithful Packmen of God in China speak of the unpleasant experiences they sometimes meet when doing their work. If one of them is robbed, or beaten or cursed, he says with a smile when he returns home at night: "I have eaten bitterness today!"

During recent years many Biblemen in China have often eaten bitterness. Civil wars have raged in the country; law and order have ceased to exist in some regions; brigands have gone about in bands, robbing and ill-treating people. And the colporteurs, on their travels from town to town, have frequently suffered severely.

This is what happened to a Packman named Chang Hwei.

One day he left home, with two loads suspended from either end of a pole which he carried across his shoulder. He intended to be away for a week, visiting several villages. The first day went well. He was received kindly by the people. He sold many copies of the Gospels and found many opportunities of telling of the Saviour. Next morning, as he was walking along the country road, a party of robbers appeared.

"What have you in that load?" the leader asked.

"Holy Books."

"And what is in this bag?"

"My food for the day."

"Good. We don't want your books. We will take this."

And with no more ado they took Chang Hwei's food.

In the afternoon, another band of robbers stopped him.

"What have you in that load?" one of them asked.

"Holy Books."

"Curse your books," was the reply.

One of the men caught hold of Chang suddenly and threw him down on the ground. They searched him and found the money which he had got by selling books, and off they went.

Chang Hwei picked himself up and went on his way. He hoped to reach a village that evening and to sleep there. But his adventures for the day were not yet over. Indeed, the worst was still to come.

Another band of robbers seized him. They already had several captives.

"What's in that load?" one of the robbers asked.

"Holy Books."

"Holy devils! Let us see! Where do you come from?"

"The Gospel Hall," replied Chang.

"Ugh!" said a robber, "he's one of the foreigner's slaves."

They tore open the bundle and seeing only books they tore them, threw them about, trampled them in the mud. They were like fiends, those men, all armed with guns and knives, and very cruel.

"Money," they cried. "We want money."

"I have no money," Chang Hwei protested. "They have taken all my money—and my food."

"You lie," they said.

Then they seized him, beat him unmercifully, and tore off all his clothes. They found no money, but one robber took his gown and another his undercoat.

One man produced a rope. With this they tied Chang's legs and arms, drawing it cruelly tight so that it cut him badly. Then seizing him by the head and feet they slung him into a ditch.

"Let your God save you," they said, as they went off.

Chang Hwei had fainted. When, sometime afterwards, he came to himself, the sun had set and the night was bitterly cold. He could not move hand or foot. His body was racked

with pain. He was lying in a damp ditch. "I shall freeze to death," he said. Then he prayed aloud: "O God, whose servant I am, help me."

To his astonishment, he heard a voice out of the darkness.

"Who is there?" it said.

"'Tis I, Chang Hwei, tied up and left naked by brigands."

"So am I."

"What shall we do?"

"Get out of this, or we shall freeze to death. Can you get free?"

Chang Hwei did his utmost to shake off his bonds, but could not. To his ears came the groans of the other man as he too struggled to loosen the cords with which he was tied.

"Stay," he presently heard the man say, "I have struck against a sharp stone. If I can only rub this cord against its edge, I shall soon get free."

"Try, my friend, try."

It took the man a long time to get into the right position. Then the sound of rubbing caught Chang Hwei's ears and he knew that his companion was beginning to succeed. Every now and then the man gave a sharp cry of pain because the stone had cut into his flesh. At last he uttered a cry of joy: "My hands are free. Where are you, friend? I want to help you now."

Slowly and painfully he rose to his feet, cramped and half-frozen. Guided by Chang's voice, he made his way inch by inch towards him. By this time Chang was almost dead with cold and pain.

"Rest your heart," said the stranger, when at last he reached Chang's side. "Do not fear, rest your heart. I will soon set you free."

But it was not easy. His hands were numb and the knots tight. He fell to with his teeth, tugging and tearing.

"It cannot be done," said Chang. "Leave me and go to the village and get food and fire for yourself."

"Never; I will not leave you," the stranger replied, and again set his strong teeth at the rope.

For two long hours he worked, stopping now and then to rub Chang's frozen limbs and to speak a word of encouragement.

At last, to his joy, he succeeded, but it seemed that he had released a corpse. Chang lay like one dead. The stranger felt his heart and found it beating slightly, so he rubbed his body vigorously. Then with a tremendous effort he heaved him out of the ditch. But Chang could not stand. So the stranger lifted him upon his shoulder and started off to reach the village whose lights glowed at some distance.

Slowly, step by step, he staggered along. They entered the village. At the first house the stranger kicked at the door, and when it was opened laid Chang on the floor by the fire. The people were kind. They rubbed Chang's body till he opened his eyes. They made him drink hot tea, and then put him on a straw mattress and wrapped around him a padded quilt.

Next morning he was full of aches and pains, but otherwise unharmed.

The stranger came to see Chang that afternoon, and the two men rejoiced together as they told of their adventures. Before they parted, Chang said, "Friend, I would like to tell you a story out of one of the Holy Books which I sell. 'Tis a story told by Jesus: I can remember it word by word." And he went on to tell the story of the Good Samaritan.



The Cruise of the *Cachalot*

Frank T. Bullen

We were as warmly welcomed as if we had been old friends, and hospitable attentions were showered upon us from every side. The people were noticeably wellbehaved, and, although there was something Crusoe-like in their way of living, their manners and conversation were distinctly good. A rude plenty was evident, there being no lack of good food—fish, fowl, and vegetables. The grassy plateau on which the village stands is a sort of shelf jutting out from the mountain-side, the mountain being really the whole island. Steep roads were hewn out of the solid rock, leading, as we were told, to the cultivated terraces above. These reached an elevation of about a thousand feet. Above all towered the great, dominating peak, the summit lost in the clouds eight or nine thousand feet above. The rock-hewn roads and cultivated land certainly gave the settlement an old-established appearance, which was not sur-

prising, seeing that it has been inhabited for more than a hundred years.

I shall always bear a grateful recollection of the place, because my host gave me what I had long been a stranger to — a good, old-fashioned English dinner of roast beef and baked potatoes. He apologized for having no plum-pudding to crown the feast. "But you see," he said "we kaint grow no corn hyar, and we'm clean run out ov flour; hev ter make out on taters 's best we kin" I sincerely sympathized with him on the lack of bread-stuff among them and wondered no longer at the avidity with which they had munched our flinty biscuits on first coming aboard. His wife, a buxom, motherly woman of about fifty, of dark, olive complexion, but good features, was kindness itself; and their three youngest children who were at home, could not, in spite of repeated warnings and threats, keep their eyes off me, as if I had been some strange animal dropped from the moon. I felt very unwilling to leave them so soon, but time was pressing, the stores we had come for were all ready to ship, and I had to tear myself away from these kindly entertainers. I declare, it seemed like parting with old friends; yet our acquaintance might have been measured by minutes, so brief it had been. The mate had purchased a fine bullock, which had been slaughtered and cut up for us with great celerity, four or five dozen fowls (alive), four or five sacks of potatoes, eggs, etc., so that we were heavily laden for the return journey to the ship. My friend had kindly given me a large piece of splendid cheese, for which I was unable to make him any return, being simply clad in a shirt and pair of trousers, neither of which necessary garments could be spared.

With hearty cheers from the whole population, we shoved off and ploughed through the kelp seaward again. When we got clear of it, we found the swell heavier than when we had come, and a rough journey back to the ship was the result. But, to such boatmen as we were, that was a trifle hardly worth mentioning, and after an hour's hard pull we got alongside again, and transhipped our precious cargo. The weather being threatening, we at once hauled off the land and out to sea, as night was falling and we did not wish to be in so dangerous a vicinity any longer than could be helped in stormy weather. Altogether, a most enjoyable day, and one that I

have ever since had a pleasant recollection of.

By daybreak next morning the islands were out of sight, for the wind had risen to a gale, which, although we carried little sail, drove us along before it some seven or eight knots an hour.

Two days afterwards we caught another whale of medium size, making us fifty-four barrels of oil. It was dark before we got our prize secured by the fluke-chain, so that we could not commence operations before morning. That night it blew hard, and we got an idea of the strain these vessels are sometimes subjected to. Sometimes the ship rolled one way and the whale another, being divided by a big sea, the wrench at the fluke-chain, as the two masses fell apart down different hollows, making the vessel quiver from truck to keelson as if she was being torn asunder. Then we would come together again with a crash and a shock that almost threw everybody out of their bunks. Many an earnest prayer did I breathe that the chain would prove staunch, for what sort of a job it would be to go after that whale during the night, should he break loose, I could only faintly imagine. But all our gear was of the very best; no thieving ship-chandler had any hand in supplying our outfit with shoddy rope and faulty chain, only made to sell, and ready at the first call made upon it to carry away and destroy half a dozen valuable lives.

Tired as we all were, very little sleep came to us that night—we were barely seasoned yet to the exigencies of a whaler's life—but afterwards I believe nothing short of dismasting or running the ship ashore would wake us, once we got to sleep. In the morning we commenced operations in a howling gale of wind, which placed the lives of the officers on the "cutting in" stage in great danger. The wonderful seaworthy qualities of our old ship shone brilliantly now. When an ordinary modern-built sailing-ship would have been making such weather of it as not only to drown anybody about the deck, but making it impossible to keep your footing anywhere without holding on, we were enabled to cut in this whale. True, the work was terribly exhausting and decidedly dangerous, but it was not impossible, for it was done. By great care and constant attention, the whole work of cutting in and trying out was got through without a single accident; but had another whale turned up to continue the trying time, I am fully persuaded that some of us would have gone under from sheer fatigue.

For there was no mercy shown.

The men were afraid to go on to the sick-list. Nothing short of total inability to continue would have prevented them from working, such was the terror with which that man had inspired us all. It may be said that we were a pack of cowards, who without the courage to demand better treatment, deserved all we got. While admitting that such a conclusion is quite a natural one at which to arrive, I must deny its truth. There were men in that fore-castle as good citizens and as brave fellows as you would wish to meet—men who in their own sphere would have commanded and obtained respect. But under the painful and abnormal circumstances in which they found themselves—beaten and driven like dogs while in the throes of sea-sickness, half-starved and hopeless, their spirit had been so broken, and they were so kept down to that sad level by the display of force, aided by deadly weapons aft, that no other condition could be expected for them but that of broken-hearted slaves. My own case was many degrees better than that of the other whites, as I have before noted; but I was perfectly well aware that the slightest attempt on my part to show that I resented our common treatment would meet with the most brutal repression, and, in addition, I might look for a dreadful time of it for the rest of the voyage.

The memory of that week of misery is so strong upon me even now that my hand trembles almost to preventing me from writing about it. Weak and feeble do the words seem as I look at them, making me wish for the fire and force of Carlyle or Macaulay to portray our unnecessary sufferings.

Not the least of the minor troubles on board the "Cachalot" was the uncertainty of our destination; we never knew where we were going. But on this strange voyage I was quite as much in the dark concerning our approximate position as any of the chaps who had never seen salt water before they viewed it from the bad eminence of the "Cachalot's" deck.

To my great relief, we saw no more whales of the kind we were after during our passage round the Cape. The weather we were having was splendid for making a passage, but to be dodging about among those immense rollers, or towed athwart them by a wounded whale, in so small a craft as one of our whale-boats, did not have any attractions for me. There was little doubt in any of our minds that, if whales were seen,

off we must go while daylight lasted, let the weather be what it might. So when one morning I went to the wheel, to find the course N.N.E. instead of E. by N., it may be taken for granted that the change was a considerable relief to me. It was now manifest that we were bound up into the Indian Ocean, although of course I knew nothing of the position of the districts where whales were to be looked for. Gradually we crept northward, the weather improving every day as we left the "roaring forties" astern. While thus making northing we had several fine catches of porpoises, and saw many rorquals, but sperm whales appeared to have left the locality. However, the "old man" evidently knew what he was about, as we were not now cruising, but making a direct passage for some definite place.

At last we sighted land, which, from the course which we had been steering, might have been somewhere on the east coast of Africa, but for the fact that it was right ahead, while we were pointing at the time about N.N.W. By-and-by I came to the conclusion that it must be the southern extremity of Madagascar, Cape St. Mary, and, by dint of the closest attention to every word I heard uttered while at the wheel by the officers, found that my surmise was correct. We skirted this point pretty closely, heading to the westward, and, when well clear of it, bore up to the northward again for the Mozambique Channel. Another surprise. The very idea of whaling in the Mozambique Channel seemed too ridiculous to mention; yet here we were, guided by a commander who, whatever his faults, was certainly most keen in his attention to business, and the unlikeliest man imaginable to take the ship anywhere unless he anticipated a profitable return for his visit.



The most spiritual teaching will ever be characterized by a full and constant presentation of Christ. He will ever form the burden of such teaching. The Spirit cannot dwell on aught but Jesus. Of Him He delights to speak. He delights in setting forth His attractions and excellencies. When a man is ministering by the power of the Spirit of God, there will always be more of Christ than anything else in his ministry. The Spirit's sole object—be it well remembered by all who minister—will ever be to set forth Christ.

A Prisoner's Song

Written by Madam Guyon (born 1640, died 1717) while imprisoned for her testimony. Translated by Cowper.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom well I love to please
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest as they fall
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

Assembly Annals

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

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March

1941

Jehovah Kohi
(*Jehovah my Shepherd*)
The Lord is my shepherd:
I shall not want.
Psalm 23:1

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Erratum

In February issue, p. 61, line 28 should be transposed so to be read as line 10: "Let it not be supposed that this in any way trenches on the grand central Gospel truth of Salvation by grace—salvation without the deeds or works of the law."

Answer to Anonymous correspondent — "A Reader," Please read Editor's note p. ii, December number.

Mr. Dan McGrady

This well-known and esteemed servant of the Lord has been recently under the care of surgeons in a Toronto hospital and it is gratifying to know that his health is greatly improved and his entire recovery hoped for. The much prayer that has gone up on his behalf has been effectual and for this we are grateful to our God.

Mr. A. R. Crocker

Brother Crocker who has been devoting his time to helping the meetings in Hollywood and Miami, Florida, is now on account of gradually increasing poor health confined to bed. On the advice of physicians in Miami, who were unable to diagnose his condition, he has been taken to John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, for observation. He desires the prayers of the Lord's people.

Addresses

Mr. W. C. Bousfield has returned to Pawtucket. His new address is 173 Power Road, Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. John Rankin purposes returning to Jamaica, B.W.I., where he formerly carried on work in the Gospel. His address while there will be % Mr. E. C. Mais, P. O. Box 380, Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies. Until leaving toward the end of March his address will be % Voices from the Vineyard, 80 William St. New York, N. Y.

Turtlecreek, Pa. The Correspondent is now Mr. Wm. O'Neil, 308 James St., Turtlecreek, Pa.

Victoria, B. C. The correspondent for the Victoria Gospel Hall is now, R. McDonald, 930 Heywood Ave., Victoria, B. C.

Conferences

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. The Minneapolis Assemblies announce a Summer Vacation Bible Camp to be held (D.V.) July 13th to 20th, at Mission Farm on Medicine Lake, ten miles from Minneapolis. A week of Conference for Christians and gospel in the evenings. No

commercial attractions. Suitable for individuals or entire families. Very low rates. For particulars write J. A. Innes, 4126 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, ME. Annual summer meetings for the preaching of the gospel and the ministry of God's Word will (D.V.) be held August 10-17 (inclusive). Some servants of the Lord who have not hitherto been with us at these meetings are invited. Early intimations are being made to facilitate the vacationist who must make application for vacation dates ahead of time. For further details as to accommodations, reservations etc., write H. F. Stultz or E. Lytle, 819 Main Street, Westbrooke, Me.

TORONTO, CANADA. The Central Hall Assembly (25 Charles St. East) purposes having special Easter Meetings, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, to which several of the Lord's servants have been invited, and at which a profitable season is expected.

TORONTO, CANADA. The West Toronto, Bracondale and Brock Avenue assemblies purpose—God willing—to have a united Conference in the West end of the city at Easter. Further details will be announced later. Joseph Coleman, Correspondent, 15 Spencer Ave., Toronto, Can.

VANCOUVER, B. C. The Easter Conference will be held (D.V.) in Seymour St., Gospel Hall, Friday to Sunday (April 11th - 13th inclusive). For particulars write the correspondent: C. G. McClean, 3250 W. 34th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CLEVELAND. Mr. W. G. Foster has been ministering in the Addison Road and West Side assemblies, and also in Mansfield.

FLORIDA. Mr. R. T. Halliday (Box 186, Hollywood, Fla.) recently began tent meetings in Homestead but these were interrupted by the cold and dampness and the flu epidemic. He has again resumed a Gospel testimony there by means of nightly open-air meetings. A storm badly damaged the tent and this and the continued cold weather have combined to prevent inside meetings. He hopes either to rent a store or get a new tent, as the interest warrants a continued effort in that city. At present he is being helped by Mr. George Walker of Chicago, who was commended for the work in Cuba, but was held up by the draft.

"The assembly meeting in Gospel Hall, 56 N. W. 29th St., Miami, Fla., has recently enjoyed the visit of Mr. J. Stanley Hook of Birmingham, England. He has traveled extensively in France, Germany, Poland and Palestine, bringing the Gospel before the people, particularly the Jews whenever the opportunity permitted it. During the course of his meetings he touched on conditions and the plight of the Jews in these lands. The saints were edified and many strangers both Jew and Gentile were brought into the Hall."—Paul F. Bartling.

MASSACHUSETTS. Frank Pizzulli has been privileged to open a hall in the Italian section of Springfield and is thankful at tokens of blessing.

Worcester. The Assembly here was refreshed and joy brought to the hearts of the saints in seeing the Lord's hand in the salvation of souls during special meetings held recently by Bren. A. P. Klabunda

and John Govan. The attendance was considered good and the saints, though living at diverse extreme points from the hall, yet for the most part manifested hearty interest in the meetings.

Boston. Bren. Klabunda and J. Govan commence meetings in the Cliff St. Gospel Hall, on Feb. 23rd, when it is hoped to prove to be a time of blessing from the Lord. Prayer is earnestly desired for these meetings.

MICHIGAN, Detroit. The regular services in **Central Hall** during January have been conducted by Mr. F. W. Schwartz. Mr. Wm. Ferguson had special meetings in January and February in the **West Chicago Boulevard Hall** ministering the Word upon the Tabernacle of Israel, and the interest was good.

MINNESOTA. A unique service has been rendered by our brother Upton of **Minneapolis**. Mr. James A. Innes, correspondent for the assembly writes: "We trust this will be a note of real interest to the saints and an encouragement to others, regarding the work of our good brother Upton who has now finished covering the entire city of Minneapolis with Gospel Tracts. He has passed his eightieth birthday, and it seems that God has given him increased strength each year as he worked in this big undertaking. We purpose having a special fellowship supper at which he will give a detailed account of the work."

MISSOURI. Mr. A. B. Rogers (4420 Decatur St., Omaha, Nebr.) is having nightly meetings in a country school-house in the Ozarks of Missouri 125 miles southeast of Kansas City. He writes: "Roads are mere trails through the woods, steep and narrow, full of rocks and water-holes. When weather is freezing, my car wheels get wet in the streams and waterholes and then freeze solid while standing. People come on foot and in trucks and old cars. Last night there were sixty crowded into the little school-house. I also have the privilege of addressing the various schools around the country. Teachers gladly give me an hour."

NEW ENGLAND. Mr. W. C. Bousfield has visited **Groton, Conn., Fall River, Mass** and **Barrington R. I.**, small assemblies that appreciate a visit.

NEW YORK. Mr. Andrew Craig saw blessing during the four weeks in Gospel Hall, 810 St. John's Place, **Brooklyn**.

OHIO. Mr. John Rankin, after a few nights in **Cleveland** went to **Cincinnati** and had a week with the Christians in the assembly, with good attendance and interest. Later he went to **Washington, D. C.** for several days.

CANADA

TORONTO. Mr. James Gunn Jr. had a series of Gospel services in the **Highfield Road Hall** during the month of February. He desires prayer for blessing upon the Word.

CHILE. Mr. Andrew Stenhouse (Casilla 2039, Santiago, Chile) has had tent meetings since Nov. 1st, the interest keeping up to warrant the continuance. On January 1st there was a baptism of six converts. He hopes to visit the south of Chile soon, where there are a number of believers who desire help in the truths of the Scriptures.

With Christ

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO. Mrs. Sarah Ann Allsman, age 88, fell asleep in Jesus January 22nd, 1941. Saved over 50 years ago at meetings held by the late C. J. Baker and Mr. O'Brien, she was known by her hospitality to the Lord's servants and to many of the Lord's people for whom the doors of her house were always open. Being an invalid for many years, she could not attend meetings, but her greatest joy was found in Him Who alone can satisfy; one song she often sang, and one of her favorites, being: "Now none but Christ can satisfy, none other name but Thee; There is life and joy and lasting peace Lord Jesus found in Thee." She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. J. B. Rey, of Albuquerque, N. Mex., who cared for her to the end, and who greatly misses her, and by three sons. After a funeral service here conducted by Mr. C. G. Davis Evangelist from Los Angeles, the body was shipped to Kansas City, Mo., where her son, Mr. Geo. R. Allsman arranged for another service at which Dr. Ralph Littlefield and Mr. Albert Gottrell spoke a good message. The following day was buried at Montrose, Mo., in the Allsman family lot. A dear mother, sadly missed! —J. B. Rey

CLEVELAND, OHIO. At Saint Lukes Hospital, on January 18th, in her 73rd year, Anne Elizabeth Russel Forbes, wife of D. L. Forbes, went to be with Christ. Saved 55 years ago and for 45 years associated with the Addison Road Assembly. In former years entertained many of the Lord's servants. An active worker in the Sewing Meeting where her pleasant smile and cheery word will be greatly missed. A quiet consistent Christian who loved all the Lord's people. The husband, two sons and a daughter mourn their loss. Messrs. R. McCracken, T. B. Nottage, W. P. Douglas, and W. Foster conducted the services.

CLEVELAND, O. Mrs. Robert Peace, age 75 years, one of the oldest members of the Addison Road assembly died suddenly January 5th. Saved and in the assembly for over 40 years. A good woman, who loved the Lord. The services were conducted by Mr. W. G. Foster.

DETROIT, MICH. Mrs. Ben Embury, died January 30th at the age of 82 years. Saved about 57 years ago in Northern Michigan, she was one of the early Christians in assembly around Sterling. Lived in Jackson many years, but recently in the East Side Assembly, Detroit. Childlike and honest in her trust, to the very last she prayed for the salvation of her family. Mr. Wm. Ferguson conducted the morning service in Detroit, and the afternoon service in Jackson where she was buried.

HARTFORD, CONN. Charles Brown, age 55 years, quietly passed into the presence of the Lord during a night's rest, a shock to the family, but "very far better" for our esteemed brother. He leaves a wife, two daughters, and one son all of them in Christ so the prospect of a soon coming reunion is comforting. Our brother first came to the Lord in the North of Ireland about thirty years ago under the preaching of James Clark and all these years bore a good testimony to those without. Wm. H. Hunter read and spoke from the word at the home and Wm. Surgenor read and prayed at the grave side. —Robert R. Fisher

KANSAS CITY, MO. Mrs. Henritta Iman, departed to be with Christ January 20, 1941, at the age of 89 years and 6 months. She had been a Christian for more than fifty years, very much of that time in fellowship with the saints in Kansas City. A widow for more than thirty years, she lived with her daughter, Mrs. George R. Allsman. She has been the oldest Christian in the assembly for many years and has always been one of the happiest. The day before she died she quoted "The joy of the Lord shall be your strength", and was looking forward to soon being in the presence of the Lord and entering into the fulness of joy that would be her eternal portion. She was led to a path of separation through the faithful ministry of Mr. C. J. Baker and Mr. A. N. O'Brien, almost fifty years ago, at Montrose, Missouri. She never wavered from this path in all the years that followed and was known to all as a woman of faith, good works and prayer. Besides the daughter with whom she lived in Kansas City, she is survived by another daughter, Mrs. Nelson Ostrander, in fellowship with the saints in Duluth, Minn. and two sons, F. N. Iman, and Carl Iman, as well as grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The services were conducted by Dr. Ralph E. Littlefield and Mr. Albert Gottrell, and the interment was at Montrose, Missouri.

MONTROSE, MO. On Thursday the 23rd, two aged saints were buried at Montrose, Mo., Mr. Andrew Wally of Montrose, and Mrs. Iman of Kansas City. In fact three of the originals of the old Montrose assembly died within 36 hours, in widely scattered places, the third being Mrs. Allsman, who died in New Mexico and was also buried in Montrose cemetery. Several Kansas City Christians accompanied Mrs. Iman's body to Montrose after services in the city, and the same was true in the case of Mrs. Allsman. Bro. Gottrell of Kansas City had Mrs. Iman's funeral, and I prayed at the grave.
—Arthur B. Rogers.

PAWTUCKET, R. I. Mrs. Hagan went home to be with the Lord January 14th in her 92nd year. Born in Hartlepool, England, in 1848, and born again in this country in 1912, as a result of the faithful witnessing of her two youngest daughters who themselves were brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the late Dr. E. A. Martin. Received into the Pawtucket assembly she was beloved for her gentle Christian testimony and her ministry of comfort and cheer for years to many shut-ins by means of her pen. She was unable to attend the assembly meetings the past few years but she maintained her interest in the things of God to the end. Mr. W. H. Hunter spoke at the funeral. Six daughters and two sons-in-law and a grandson mourn their loss but only till He come for all are saved by grace and in the assembly.
—C. Temperley

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO. "Mrs. Ernest Shepherd (Jessie Clark) went home to be with the Lord on Feb. 3rd. She was saved 17 years ago, and has been in the Assembly for 15 years; a consistent happy Christian. Pray for her husband and little son left to mourn their loss. T. Wilkie preached the Word to a large crowd in the gospel hall at the funeral service."

TORONTO, CANADA. Mrs. Jemima Howie, aged 74, after being confined to her bed for seven years, was released on Feb. 8th. Mr. Peter Hynd conducted the service in Central Hall and at the grave.

VANCOUVER, B. C. Mr. John S. Elliot, aged 66 years, in fellowship for years in Seymour St. Assembly. A quiet brother who prayed for his unsaved relatives in Ireland. Messrs. R. McClurkin and C. G. McClean took the services.

Assembly Annals

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Vol. XV—No. 3

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New Series
Vol. VIII—No. 3

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

In Mark 1 His ministry, in its grace and power, is used by many. People under all kinds of diseases come to Him, congregations listen to Him, and own the authority with which He spake. A leper brings his leprosy to Him, thereby apprehending Him as the God of Israel. In different measures, there was then some knowledge of Him, either who He was, or what He had; but when we enter chapter 2, we get knowledge of Him expressing itself in a brighter, richer way: we get samples of the faith that *understood* Him; and this is the deeper thing.

The company at Capernaum, who bring their palsied friend to Him, understand Him as well as use Him; understand Him, I mean, in Himself, in His character, in the habits and tastes of His mind. The very style in which they reach Him to get at Him tells us this. It was not *approaching* as though they were reserved and doubtful, and overawed. It was more. "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me"—a thing more welcome to Him, more according to the way that *love* would have us take. They ask no leave, they use no ceremony, but they break up the roof of the house, that they may reach Him; all this telling us that they *knew* Him as well as *used* Him; knew that He delighted in having His grace trusted and His power used by our necessities without reserve. So Levi, shortly afterward, in the same chapter. He makes a feast, and seats publicans and others at it, in company with Jesus. And this, in like manner, tells us that Levi *knew* Him. He knew whom he *entertained*, as Paul tells us he knew whom he *believed*.

This knowledge of the Lord is truly blessed. It is divine. Flesh and blood does not give it. His kinsfolk had it not. They said of Him when He was spending Himself in service, "He is beside Himself." But faith makes great discoveries of Him, and acts upon such discoveries. The multitude tells Bartimæus to hold his peace, but he will not: for he knows Jesus as Levi knows Him.

Moses, the Deliverer

T. D. W. Muir

In connection with the deliverance of Israel, there are three things that command our attention:

The Passover—Salvation through the Blood, from judgment.

The Red Sea—Deliverance from the enemy's power.

The Song—The heart's overflow in praise and worship.

What an eventful night was that last one in Egypt? One can almost feel the ominous stillness of it, as the dread judgment of Jehovah hovered over the guilty land. The irrevocable word has been passed, "*I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and I will smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt*" (Exod. 12:12). God had patiently waited upon them, and had sent message after message to Pharaoh, but only to meet with a hardened heart and a stout refusal. The Lord had said to him: "*Israel is My Son, even my firstborn; and I say unto thee, let My son go, that he may serve Me, and if thou refuse to let him go, behold I will slay thy son, thy firstborn*" (Exod. 4:22-23). And now it was about to take place,—that night the destroyer would "smite all the firstborn in the land of Egypt."

Did He say "all" the firstborn in the land of Egypt? Then that took in Israel's firstborn as well as those who were Egyptians! All the firstborn in the land were under sentence of death that night, irrespective of who and what they were. And later on (Exod. 12:30); when the dreaded hour had passed, we are told "*there was not a house where there was not one dead!*" But there was a difference. Death, it is true, was in every house in Egypt. In many homes they sorrowed over *a dead son*, whom the Destroyer had smitten. In others, they had *a dead lamb*, by virtue of whose death their firstborn was saved! Sorrow in one home. Joy in another. Why? Because of where the sentence of death had fallen,—on the sinner or on his substitute,—on the "son," or on the "lamb" instead of the son. *What a picture of the world as it is today!* By nature all are under judgment and the sentence of death. To continue thus is to die the death. But the Lamb has died, and there is shelter there for the guilty sinner who will by faith make that death his refuge. For it is true now as then that God has said, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

Through Moses the command went forth, "Take to you every man a lamb." This was done on the tenth day of the month, and they "kept it" until the fourteenth day of the same month at even, when they killed it, with a bunch of hyssop sprinkled the doorposts and lintel of their houses with the blood, — putting the evidence outside, of judgment having already done its work *within*. This secured them, while the Word of God gave them assurance and rest, for He had said, "I will pass over you." And He did! Not a house sheltered by the blood of the lamb was entered by the Angel of Death. But just as truly, not a home unsheltered by the blood was missed. Into *that* house death entered, for God's Word was true. How important, then, to be sheltered for eternity by the Blood of Christ! Reader, are you? Let there be no doubt regarding it.

Saved from judgment by the blood of the lamb, and *satisfied* as they fed upon the very lamb whose blood sheltered them, yet were they still in Egypt and under Pharaoh's power. The work, as it were, was but partially completed, and a second experience to them presents us with another picture of the Cross. Pharaoh and his people in their eagerness to get rid of them, hastened their departure from the land, and were willing to pay them the gold and silver they demanded,—and which in the years of unrequited slaving they had earned,—but, once they were away, they began to repent of their action; and Exodus 14 gives us the story of the effort to hold them in bondage. This God allowed, that He might by a mighty hand and an outstretched arm bring them forth unto Himself, and at the same time exercise his awful power on Egypt, completing His judgment there.

Israel on the third day after leaving Rameses, found themselves face to face with insurmountable difficulties. The Red Sea was before them; the hosts of Egypt with the chariots and horsemen were following them up; and there was no escape anywhere. Their joy of the days just past, gave place to great misgivings. They could see nothing but disaster and death ahead, and Moses came in for all the blame (Exod. 14:12). But Moses, calm in the assurance that God knew what He was doing, said to the people: "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show you today; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them

again no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace" (Ex. 14:13-14).

And how wondrously did God work! The opened sea provided a pathway for Israel. The waters, like a wall of adamant, served as a protection on the right hand and on the left, and the pillar of cloud which had gone before them moved and went behind them,—coming in between them and their enemies, and was a light to Israel, but darkness to the others. Safely did God bring them through; till their feet stood on the shores of the other side. But the Egyptians essaying to follow were drowned, and Israel saw them strewn dead upon the seashore,—“there was not one of them left” (Psa. 105). It was all of God. At the command of Jehovah, Moses stretched out his rod and the sea parted to let Israel through. At His command Moses again stretched forth his rod and the sea returned in its strength to overwhelm their enemies.

What a picture of the Cross! Like Israel, we stood passive, as God did the work of disposing of all that was against us. The judgment richly deserved by us, was made to fall on Him who was the Lamb of God, and we are sheltered by His Blood. In Exodus 14, we have another picture of the blessed results of the Cross,—Satan and the world has been judged and, being delivered from their power, we are brought to God (1 Pet. 3:18; Heb. 2:14-15). Exodus 12 and 14 are but two sides of the one great work,—the Cross of Calvary!

Then sang Moses and the Children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying: I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea (Exod. 15:1).

Thus, the opening verse of Exodus 15, gives the keynote of the first song of Scripture, “The Lord hath triumphed gloriously.” Their song was of Him, His power and prowess. The utter defeat of the enemy and the full deliverance that was theirs are the results of it. And in the energy of faith they overleaped the wilderness and its trials, and spake of what was yet future as an accomplished fact. Read carefully Verses 11 to 18.

These three great events in their history find counterpart in ours who are saved. “Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us” (1 Cor. 5). That is the first great thought, and by virtue of that sacrifice God will pass over us.

But the work of Christ delivers us from sin's *power* and *penalty*, for we also read, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the *world is crucified unto me and I unto the world*" (Gal. 6).

And faith in the Person and Work of Christ produces the song. We have "joy and peace in believing" (Rom. 15). "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5). And in the glory the song will be, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," etc. (Rev. 5). So that we can sing that:

"We have found redemption, Lord,
From bondage worse than theirs by far
Sin held us with a stronger cord
But by Thy mercy free we are."



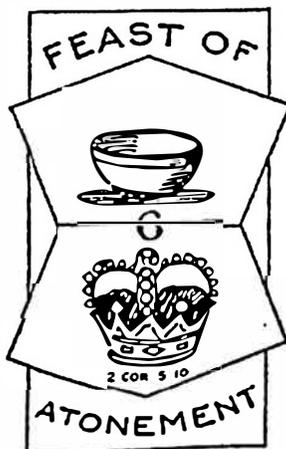
The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

Read Leviticus 23:26; also 16:7



Our subject tonight is the second part of the Feast of the Atonement. We have looked at it in its effect upon Israel but we said it also had a bearing upon the "Judgment seat of Christ." Please read 2 Cor. 5:10, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." We would like first to look at two or three truths in connection with the judgment seat of Christ before we deal with the portion that we have just read.

1.—Who shall stand at the judgment seat of Christ?
2.—When is the judgment seat of Christ?
3.—What is the object of the judgment seat of Christ?

In answer to the first question, Who shall stand at the judgment seat of Christ? you might turn to 2 Cor. 5:1, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eter-

nal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked . . . Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, Who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord . . . We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord."

Now look at the verse that we formerly read, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ" (V. 10). Here, if one is consistent, we cannot drag in unconverted people. Why? The whole chapter excludes them. Who is it that can say, "We have a building of God"? Who is it that can say, "Willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord"? Surely not the unconverted. Only children of God can use that personal pronoun, "We." The apostle associates himself thus with the believers in Corinth. Some make the judgment seat of Christ to be another aspect of the Great White Throne. But it is no such thing. The Judgment Seat of Christ is a Tribunal, at which only children of God will stand, and it takes place at the rapture of the Church; whereas the Great White Throne is at the close of the world's history, and eternity has begun. At the Judgment Seat of Christ there are none but believers; at the Great White Throne there are none but the unconverted.

It is very pitiful to hear believers sing, "I am nearer the Great White Throne today than ever I've been before." No child of God will ever be there. The Lord Jesus Christ said, "He that heareth My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life and shall not come into judgment but is passed from death into life." The judgment of the Cross was the judgment of the believer. There he passed under judgment, and he is forever done with it.

Another mistake is to confound these two judgments with the judgment of Matthew 25. That is the judgment of the "*living nations*," on the earth, at the beginning of the millennium. Those who are on the left hand — described as the "goats," their portion is in the lake of fire; and those on the right hand—called the "sheep,"—their portion is millennial blessing in the earth; but neither of these two judgments,—

the Judgment Seat of Christ or the judgment of the Great White Throne,—is that described in Matthew 25.

As to the second question, Can we know when the Judgment Seat of Christ takes place? read please Luke 19:12; “A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. And he called his ten servants and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them ‘Occupy till I come.’” Now look at 1 Cor. 4:4. “He that judgeth me is the Lord. Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, Who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart: and then shall every man have praise of God.” Here we have the same Tribunal that we have referred to in 2 Cor. 5. That command, “Judge nothing before the time,” does not mean that you are not to take cognizance of evil and purge it, but it means do not judge motives. Do not sit in the judgment seat and judge your brethren,—which the Lord Jesus Christ alone can do. That is beyond your capacity, but it will be taken up by Him. The time of the Judgment Seat of Christ is subsequent to His coming, to call His people to Himself,—raising the dead and changing the living:—then will that Judgment Seat be set.

What is the object of that Tribunal? Is it to determine whether the believer is fit for the glory? Just imagine the case of the Apostle Paul, who has been with the Lord for nineteen hundred years. Will the object of that judgment be to see whether he is fit to be with Christ? No. The Judgment Seat of Christ is not to look into the question of our standing; it is *not* to take up the question of our acceptance, whether we are eligible for glory or for eternal despair. Why? The judgment of believers is past forever. *The judgment of the believer was at the Cross.* The question of the believer’s “standing” will never be brought up, because that is settled and settled eternally. But the Judgment Seat of Christ is for the distribution of rewards. That will be the time when all that has been done for the Lord Jesus Christ will bring forth His “Well done,” with substantial tokens of His pleasure. He will say, “Well done, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.” It is then that our place and position in the Kingdom will be shown. Then it will be that the crowns will be distributed. We do not get life then, but we get the “crown of life.” We

who are saved have already obtained eternal life, but now we are looking for a crown. In 1 Cor. 4:4, we find it will also be a time for exposing hidden evil, a time for judging that which man cannot judge. Evil that has been covered up in the believer's life and not confessed, will then be brought out. Rewards will be distributed, but every evil thing will be manifest.

Now that brings me to a scripture in Revelation 12:1. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars; and she being with child, cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered. And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon . . . stood before the woman which was already to be delivered, to devour her child as soon as it was born. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron: and her child was caught up unto God and to His throne."

Many believers hesitate to turn to the book of Revelation. You might think from the way in which they regard it, that it would be a useless thing to turn to it for substantiation of any truth. God has called it the "Revelation" and has pronounced a threefold blessing upon the reader. But it is a book that is much misunderstood, and little read.

In this portion we have under the symbol of "a woman," the faithful remnant in Israel. The "man child" that she brought forth is the Lord Jesus Christ and all that are linked up with Him,—the "Man" of Ephesians 5:32. The Devil is seen as standing ready to devour. That attitude of his was seen in the days of Herod, for Herod was simply the tool of the Devil, but in spite of his hate and the Devil's hate, the Man Child was caught up to the throne beyond Satan's malice. Then came the birth of the Church, when all the might of the great Roman Empire was hurled against it to destroy it. For, just as the Devil was against the Lord Jesus Christ, so his hate was shown to the Church, but in spite of the hate of hell we see the Church caught up to heaven. For, in Revelation 12 you have the rapture referred to, but only in this retrospective way. In the catching up of the Man Child is seen the rapture of the Church. The rule of "the rod of iron" is the portion of the Lord Jesus Christ, as in the Second Psalm, but the very same thing that is applied to Christ, is applied also to believers. The Lord

Jesus Christ is going to share His power with them. He is the Head, and the Church is looked upon as His Body, and when He reigns, the Church will reign with Him, as we see in Rev. 2:26-28.

Thus Satan is balked in getting at the believers. First he would devour Christ, and then he would devour the Church, but the Church is caught up into the glory, and Satan in his rage at being balked, turns against "the woman," Israel,—and here you get the secret of "the Great Tribulation." He turns his hatred upon the Jewish remnant. Israel is looked at as the mother, for, "Salvation is of the Jews." He could not get at the Child and so he attacks the mother, and thus persecutes Israel.

(Continued D.V.)



Backsliding and Restoration

J. N. Darby

"HE RESTORETH MY SOUL" Psa. 23:3.

Oh, guard my soul, Lord Jesus
Abiding still with Thee;
And, if I wander, teach me
Back to Thyself to flee.

Still sweet 'tis to discover,
If clouds have dimmed my sight,
When passed, eternal Lover,
Towards me, as e'er Thou'rt bright.

Habitual faithfulness in judging the flesh in little things is the secret of not falling.

It is very disagreeable work to get to know ourselves, but very useful work. Peter is sifted, and has to learn that the confidence he has in himself is the very occasion of his failure. In the end the Lord not only restores his soul, but makes him the channel of blessing to others. When you know your own utter nothingness, then you can go and help others. "Go and feed My sheep," the Lord says to Peter.

Humility before man is often the best proof of restoration before God.

Suppose my soul is out of communion, the natural heart says I must correct the cause of this before I can come to Christ.

But *He is gracious*; and knowing this, the way is to return to Him *at once just as we are*, and then humble ourselves deeply before Him. It is only in *Him*, and from *Him*, that we shall find that which shall restore our souls.

To be *truly* restored the Christian must recognize the point of departure where his soul gave up communion with God and sought its own will. Communion with God is not thoroughly re-established, self and its will are not thoroughly broken, as long as the Christian has not found the point where his heart began to lose its spiritual sensibility, for the presence of God makes us feel that.

Diligence in your business is all right, but do not let it get between your soul and God. If you are not as bright with Him, and more and more so, search out why, and look to Him, for He giveth more grace.

If sorrow gets between our souls and God so as to produce distrust, it is sin. Whether from trouble or from offending, He can restore. The Psalmist does not say, I must get my soul restored, and then go to God, but "*He restoreth my soul.*"

The slippery path of sin is often trodden with accelerated steps, because the first sin tends to weaken in the soul the authority and power of that which alone can prevent our committing still greater sins—that is, the Word of God, as well as the consciousness of His presence which imparts to the Word all its practical power over us.

It is of *all importance* that our inner life should be kept up to the height of our outward activity, else we are near some spiritual fall.

We talk of common sense and of reason (very precious they are), but history tells us that God alone gives them or preserves them to us.



“As poor, yet making many rich.”

Our Lord Jesus never, indeed, had a house of His own to which He could invite people. But on the two occasions when He fed the five thousand and the four thousand He acted as entertainer on a colossal scale.

It was a character in which He was thoroughly Himself; for it displays His consideration for the common wants of man. Spiritual as He was and intent on the salvation of the soul,

He never undervalued or overlooked the body. On the contrary He recognized on it the stamp and honor of its Maker, and He knew quite well that it is often through the body that the soul can be reached. The great majority of His guests were doubtless poor, and it gratified His generous heart to confer a benefit on them. It was, indeed, but common fare He gave them; the table was the ground, the table-cloth was the green grass, and the banqueting hall was the open air; but never did His guests enjoy a better meal, for love presided at the table, and it is love that makes an entertainment fine.

As we see Him there, beaming with genial delight over the vast company, it is impossible not to think of such words of His as these: "I am the Bread of life;" "The bread which I shall give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." In His teaching He delights to represent the Gospel as a feast, to which He invited all the sons of men in the beautiful spirit of a royal host. —James Stalker



The Christ of the Covenant

James Melrose

(Continued from the February number)

The great mystery of sin's inception—Whence came it and the how and why and wherefore? — remains a question to baffle all human philosophy. But, although "the well is deep," we *do* have something to draw with for the "Spirit searcheth the deep things of God" (1 Cor. 2:10), revealing them to us, not in any cloudy mysticism, but in the clearcut statements of Holy Writ, from which we assuredly gather (and we rejoice in it) that sin's wintry blight was no accident, but a due season, one of the processes—a blasting or crucible process, if you will—but a part of the process by which the great purpose of God, "Let Us make man in Our image" shall be brought to perfection. Satan shall find himself, like Balaam and Caiaphas, to have been but an unwilling and unwitting prophet of God, when he said, "Ye shall be as gods."

Man, however otherwise perfect, originally knew not and could not know good from evil, and consequently could not sin (not for want of a will, but only from want of knowledge). Therefore he was a being without a law or imposed condition, who consequently could not transgress because there was no line

of demarcation (in other words, ignorant and law-less.) Although truly, potentially, in His image, he surely must come short of answering to the full image of God. Those tremendous powers of initiative, with which man had been endowed, must be tested. Those powers constitute surely, the very essence of the Divine likeness. With God they are in exercise only and always beneficently, but with man they are forces capable of being directed malevolently, as well as benevolently. Out of the heart are these issues, and the heart of man must be placed in the Divine testing laboratory, under the strain of one simple law, "Thou shalt not eat," with its penalty, "To eat is Death."

To know good and evil, and, knowing them, to overcome evil with good; that is Divine. In that likeness, God has purposed to have a people, who shall surround the throne of His holiness, to show forth His praises and reflect the glory of God. "There is none good but one—that is God," is one of those sublime utterances of our blessed Lord. God is the "summum bonum". But when He has finished His work of redemption and regeneration with man, He will have also the perfect man; the "new man, renewed in knowledge *after the image of Him that created him,*" "*His workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works,*" (Eph. 2:10) with a will completely and voluntarily subject to His own beneficent will—the summum bonum of human life; for "this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent."

For further answer to the questions that crowd around Eden's tragedy, let us repair again to the Mount of God and listen in (as by His grace, we are permitted to do) to the Divine counsels, "before the world began." There we hear not only of a purpose formed, but of a store of grace laid up—"His purposes *and grace,* which were given to us before the world began." The Divine purpose was "Man in Our own image," but, *grace* before the world began! What place could *grace* have there? Grace must have an undeserving object on which to be bestowed. The tragedy of Eden, then, instead of being an accident and an irreparable disaster, has proved to be but a foreseen incident and a platform in which to elevate and display the Grace of God. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." (Rom. 5:20).

Let us listen again. What is that I hear mentioned in that holy conclave ere time began? "A Lamb slain before the foundation of the world!" A Divine covenant before the world began, with accompaniments of *grace* and *sacrifice*! *Grace* and *Blood*! The Samaritan's oil and wine! He brought them from the Divine Pharmacy on the Mount of God's Holiness; the "grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ," "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The oil of the Spirit to heal and soothe and build anew: the wine to cleanse and stimulate, the mighty antiseptic against the deadly germ of sin—"The blood of Jesus Christ that cleanses from all sin." Costly balm of Gilead and wine of the rarest vintage—with these He journeys among men.

True, we may not enquire too inquisitively into "the place where His honour dwelleth" nor seek with mortal sight to see Him "whom no man hath seen or can see, who dwelleth in light inaccessible." But He can and does, by His Word and Spirit, take us, betimes, as He did the three on the holy mount, to look and listen until the glory and the conversation get beyond us and a cloud covers us, and we cry out, with the Apostle, "Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" (Rom. 11:33).

While, then, we dare not dogmatize, nor even theorize, on the mystery of sin and Satan's entrance on the scene, this we do know: it was foreseen, foreknown, and prepared for. The covenant still remained inviolate, and *grace* was there, proclaiming that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent, and that grace was accompanied by the "*blood*" as the "Everlasting Father" gently removed the figleaf aprons, the best that man's ingenuity could devise, and replaced them, significantly, with blood-bought skins, to cover sin's guilt and shame.

It is not then only, that God has looked in pity and compassion upon man in distress and has come to rescue us from dire catastrophe; but behind the scenes stands a Covenant, an "Everlasting Covenant" which God, Who changeth not and "with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," must bring to full fruition, with man made in the highest sense in His image, innocuous to sin and victorious over Satan—"complete in Him," in Whom, in the fulness of time, He

shall gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him. (Eph. 1:10).

We have referred to the pathway of Divine revelation and contact with men throughout the course of the world's history. This pathway is clearly marked. It follows a definite selective course. It is not in the form of a diffusive influence, spreading itself over the face of the earth, but working through accredited mediators, witnesses chosen of God. Through Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and later through Israel as a nation, "whose are the covenants." These mark the footsteps of God among men—the footsteps of the "Samaritan as He journeyed."

These occasions of Divine contact, through selected agents, witnesses, or mediators, were marked with signs of Divine authority; e. g., Abel's definitely accepted sacrifice and Cain's marked curse; Enoch's translation and prophetic powers; Noah's prewarning and ark building and 120 years of testimony. Each and all were taken into God's secret councils, and to them was committed the promulgation of the promises or covenants.

The appointments of those mediators of the covenant covered the course of centuries and were introduced at periods of apostasy, when those to whom such God-given testimony had been given, had turned from it, saying, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." Whenever the flock of God seemed about to disintegrate and scatter, these faithful ministers of God—mediators of the covenant—were raised up to rally them together again. Just as a shepherd might send his instructed and faithful dog to gather together a scattered flock, God sent forth these men. Sometimes those occasions of Divine interference were preceded by terrible judgment (such as in Noah's day), or by long periods of discipline (such as the 400 years of Egyptian slavery, broken at last by the introduction of Moses); that men might know God's holiness and His faithfulness. Those covenant renewals of God's grace are so marked and frequent, as recorded on the sacred page, that they cannot but attract the attention of the devout reader. Indeed they have formed the subject of volumes from the pens of many Christian authors.

(Continued D.V.)

The Disembodied State

T. Shuldham Henry. M.A., LL.D.

(Continued from the February number)

Question 6. Do you hold that Christ, on dying, descended into hell, and preached there to the lost souls?

Answer. Indeed I do not. I could not hold, or conceive, anything so monstrous. What would be His object in doing so? Was it to deliver them? Were they brought across the gulf into "Abraham's bosom," on their hearing the glad tidings from the Saviour's lips, and thence to Paradise, with the blood bought saints of God, when He led there a "multitude of captives," with the dying thief, on the day of His mighty victory? Why was His testimony confined only to those who rejected the preaching of Noah? He must have had one of two objects in preaching to the antediluvians. First, either to bring them out of the place of torment, having sufficiently atoned for their guilt by years of suffering, or secondly, by leaving them behind, having preached the glorious news of sin atoned for, Satan defeated, the gates of Hades opened, and the way to God made manifest, and so add ten thousand times to their misery, their remorse, and their anguish.

If the first is true, then there is hope for the sinner, who, in this world, breaks every law of God and man, lives in atheism, blasphemy and profligacy; defying God, rejecting Christ, ridiculing His message of love, as the Antediluvians did. Yes, this is the gospel preached now by men in high places. I must say it is the devil's gospel, not God's.

Let us for a moment look at the state of men before the flood. In Gen. 6:5, 6 and 11-13. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth and it grieved Him at His heart . . . The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth and behold it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, "The end of all flesh is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them, and behold I will destroy them from (margin) the earth."

Such is the divine record of these favoured ones the Lord Jesus preached to, and delivered from the pangs of Hades, (if that vicious modern interpretation of I Pet. 3:18,19 be true) leaving myriads of lost souls behind, who perhaps were not half as wicked as these, and whose greatest and damning crime was they did not live in Noah's time nor had an opportunity of ridiculing and rejecting the Heaven sent message of God's preacher of righteousness. This is the estimate men have *now* of the unswerving justice and righteousness of a Holy God. No wonder men are infidels since these views are openly taught now, as the truth of God. If this be true, cruel was it for the Lord to save *these* sinners and leave behind others to suffer in misery and torment. If the second is true, equally cruel was it for the Lord to preach to the lost souls in Hades, who were disobedient to God's message, and to leave them behind to countless ages of remorse and misery. This is why I say the view is monstrous.

Is it at all likely our blessed and adorable Lord and Saviour acted thus?

Listen to what He says about these in Luke 17. "And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man, they ate, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage until the day Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all."

Again 2 Peter 2:4, 5-9. "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, etc. And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly : . . . The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." Let God be true and every man a liar. Christ says, as it was in Noah's time, so it will be before Christ comes.

Enoch, who lived before the flood prophesied concerning the coming of Christ to the world, of which the Antediluvian's state was a picture, "Behold the Lord cometh with His holy myriads to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches, which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him."

The natural conclusion of this argument is that these ungodly ones, whom Christ will sweep away with the besom of

destruction from the face of the earth, may indulge in a fond hope that they, like the Antediluvians, will be delivered from eternal punishment.

It is no wonder sinners are getting daring and reckless when a hope of heaven and happiness is held out to them, after the purging fires of Hades have done their atoning and purifying work. All these false and misleading views arise from a wrong interpretation of 1 Peter 3:18, 19. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh and quickened by the Spirit, by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah while the ark was a preparing." The R. V. translates it, "Quickened *in* the Spirit, *in* which also, etc." The Spirit that quickened Christ was the Holy Spirit, as in Rom. 8:11. "But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you." So the evident meaning is that the dead body of Jesus was quickened by God's Holy Spirit. But the whole interpretation lies in the next two words "eno" "by which," being, I maintain, the correct rendering. In Eph. 2:18. "For through Him we both have access by (en) one Spirit unto the Father." That is, the Holy Spirit takes us by the hand and brings us into the Father's presence through Christ when we worship, and not when we are in the Spirit.

Again Eph. 3:5. "As it is now revealed unto His holy Apostles and Prophets by (en) the Spirit. "en" is often translated "by" as well as "in."

With Beza, Pearsan, and many other able commentators we hold that it was the Spirit of Christ *in* Noah really preached to the people in Noah's days. They were ungodly, they committed deeds of violence, they were disobedient, they forgot God in their eating, drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. They were destroyed from off the face of the earth, and now their spirits are in prison awaiting the judgment of the last day. We see the very same expression in Chap. 1:11, "searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify." The Spirit of Christ in the prophets could write scripture and then search scripture. So the Spirit of Christ in Noah could proclaim the gospel and declare a coming judgment to the Antediluvians while they were men

on the earth.

God says in Gen. 6, "My Spirit will not always strive with man." The Spirit of Christ strove with them for 120 years, and the same Spirit through Noah preached to them, warning them to flee from the coming storm and telling them of the ark of safety he was building. This seems to me the natural interpretation of this much misunderstood passage of God's Word. Moreover it harmonizes with the rest of Scripture and is in strict accord with the holy and righteous character of God, who in His long suffering waited, patiently enduring their violence and wickedness "not willing that any should perish."

(Continued D.V.)



Roger's Reasons
John Urquhart

(Continued from February number)

"I am afraid," said Colquhoun, "we must give up Tertiary man. But what about 'Genesis and Geology'? You can't defend the first chapter of Genesis as scientific."

"Why not?"

"Well, that is good! Do you believe that the world was created in six days?"

"Certainly, but in six of God's days!"

"Oh, ho! that wretched Period theory!" laughed Colquhoun.

"What about the Fourth Commandment?" interposed Brown.

"We are told to work six days, and rest on the seventh, because God worked six days and rested on the seventh. Does that not imply that the 'days' are the same in both cases? There is no distinction whatever indicated."

"Well, Brown," replied Roger, "you have only to carry your logic a little farther, and you will answer yourself. Keep to what you have now said, and you will never start again after your first Sunday! God worked one six days; did He ever work a second six? He rested one Sabbath day; do you read of God's beginning again when the Sabbath was over? We are often called upon to imitate God; but that does not mean that we can equal God. And in the same way our days may be imitations of God's days, without being equal to God's days."

"I think you have him there fast enough," Colquhoun remarked accompanying the words with a significant nod.

“You see, Colquhoun,” added Roger, “that the wretched Period theory is a necessity even there. But the Scriptures made it quite clear that the Seventh Day was a great period. Do you remember our Lord’s reply when He was accused of breaking the Sabbath Day by healing? He said, ‘My Father worketh hitherto (up till now, till the present moment), and I work’ (John 5:17). What do the words mean? Bishop Ellicott and others believe that they can be explained in only one way. They mean that the Seventh Day—God’s consecrated Sabbath—was a period continuing up to the moment when our Lord spoke; and His argument is this: ‘God’s works of Providence and of Grace do not violate His Sabbath, and, therefore, my healing work, which reveals God’s Providence and Grace—His Mercy, Power and ready-help—does not break the Sabbath of the Law.’ The two things which are compared are two Sabbaths. But God’s Sabbath is one which continues till the present moment.”

“I remarked that,” said Colville, “in the Bishop’s preface to his Bible Commentary. I thought it remarkably good.”

“But you find the same exposition plainly given in Hebrews 4,” continued Roger. “There the Seventh Day rest is spoken of as continuing to the time of Joshua and of David, and as still remaining for the people of God. But let us turn to the passage. I think I can show you one verse which makes this remarkably clear. Look at verse 3: ‘As He said, As I have sworn in My wrath, if they shall enter—that is, they shall not enter—into My rest, *although the works were finished from the foundation of the world*’ The plain meaning of this is that it was *not* because the rest was non-existent that these failed to get it. The rest *was* there. It had been there from the time of the Creation. It is there now. In other words, the Seventh Creation Day is the Seventh *period*. So plain is this, that Dean Alford, a man of your own school, declares that it is incontestable. And when you read Genesis 2 again, you find yourself compelled to explain that chapter in the same way. In 2:4, the whole creative work is spoken of as having taken up only one day. Six periods can easily be looked upon, of course, as one great period. But can you talk of six days of twenty-four hours as being one day of twenty-four hours? The ‘wretched Period theory’ (forgive me, Colquhoun!) is necessary there again! Go to the third verse, and you will meet

something there, too, that you can explain only in the same way. The Seventh Day is introduced, but is not ended. Every other day is completed. It has its evening—the preceding darkness with no promise of the coming glory, and then the morning—the dawning and the meridian splendour. But there is no such full history of the Seventh Day; it has no evening and morning. Why? If the Seventh Day is not a period, I cannot see that there is any explanation of that silence possible. But, if it is a period, the whole is clear. Its story is not yet written, because it is not yet finished. There was first the black night of sin, when darkness covered the nations, and gross darkness the peoples; and then came the morning, whose dawn was the Lord's first coming, and whose midday will be His return. Then, after the earth's long, deep peace, will come the ending of God's Sabbath, and the beginning again of God's work, when the new heavens and the new earth will be created, in which dwelleth righteousness. Is it not marvellous to find the Scripture so consistent with itself, and so perfectly in harmony with what is revealed in God's works?"

"That, I must confess," said Brown, "seems strong. But there is one big objection, which is not so easily disposed of. The Bible puts vegetation before animal life. Grass, herb, and fruit-tree are the work of the third day, while animals are not brought into being till the fifth. Geology entirely reverses that order, and contradicts Genesis in other ways as well. The immense vegetation of the coal measures was long after the introduction of animals. It was a vegetation, too, of a low kind, and there is no trace of fruit-trees till long afterwards. Besides, too, it stands to reason that there was no use for vegetation till there was higher life to feed upon it."

"Now, Brown," said Roger, "your science is once more out of date! I know that *was* a difficulty; but it is a difficulty no longer. Geologists began to remember that down among the azoic rocks—the strata in which there are no traces of life—there was a something called graphite. Your lead pencil is made of it! It has long been used for black-lead, and for plumbago. It is found everywhere in thicker or thinner beds. Like the other strata to which it belongs, it has been changed by intense heat. But what was it before it was changed? Vegetable matter! Our graphite is compressed and calcined coal! It is now known, too, that the huge ironstone beds of the

Laurentian rocks equally imply the existence of an immense primeval vegetation. If Genesis had said what Geology used to say, and had stated that animals were first, and that vegetation came after, you, perhaps, or the Brown of the second generation (for these things seem to take a long time to get generally known) would put the question, How would the statement of Genesis be reconciled with the existence of the Laurentian ironstone and the graphite? But, here the Bible was right when Geology was wrong, and the Bible taught us the correct history of life while Geology was blundering over its own records! Is not that queer?

“And I imagine that you are equally at sea in your other objection. How long would you have had the animals to wait for a meal if vegetation had not come first? I think the usual way, if you purchase a horse, for example, is to have both your stable ready and your fodder in before the animal arrives! Besides, there were two other good reasons why vegetation should have gone before. A soil had to be prepared which would be rich enough to produce abundance for God’s expected guests. That soil had to be largely made out of the debris of millions of plants, which had to live and die that the work might be done. And the air, which the animals were to breathe, had to be prepared as well. The air holds about four parts in 10,000 of carbonic acid. I suppose it needs as much as that for vegetable life; but four per cent of carbonic acid in the air is enough to kill all the warm-blooded animals on the face of the earth. The atmosphere had to be permanently deprived of its surplus carbonic acid, and that must have been a work of enormous time; and it was work, too, that vegetation, which absorbs that element of the atmosphere, could alone do. Remember this necessity for reducing the carbonic acid of the air, and the necessity for preparing a soil which would bear a vegetation rich enough to support animal life, and you will begin to see a new reasonableness and a new glory even in the statement in this despised Genesis that vegetation was introduced on the third day, and animals only on the fifth.”

“I begin to think,” remarked Colquhoun, with a smile, as he looked over to Colville, “that it is going to take us a long while to lick this man into shape. When you think you have him fast, you find that it is your own fingers that are pinched. But what,” said he, turning to Roger, “can you say to the

Flood? The Bible says plainly enough—if I know how to read documents—that the Deluge was universal. You are not, surely, going to say that you believe *that?*”

“My dear Colquhoun,” said Roger instantly. “I count it my highest privilege to believe fully and heartily whatever the Bible says; for, like the Psalmist, I can say, as I look at the blunders of the best of men, and at the changes in the best of sciences, that God, through the Bible, makes me wiser than all my teachers. But what, pray, is your difficulty about the Deluge?”

“Did you ever!” exclaimed Colquhoun with a hearty laugh, as his spectacles swept round the little circle. “This sweet innocent asks me what my difficulty is about the Deluge! Why, sir, my difficulty is as big as the Deluge itself; it is universal! First of all, the Flood never happened. It is a myth, and not a fact. There are big floods every now and again in one country or another; and each nation—the Jewish among the rest—has got up a flood story of its own. And, secondly, it never could have happened. It is a physical impossibility. There is not as much water in all the seas as would cover the whole earth.”

“Thank you very much for your very lawyer-like statement,” said Roger. “It puts the matter in a nutshell. You have never been down in what are quite the deepest parts of the sea, and so you must be excused. You are not aware that, in some parts, the sea is six miles deep! Perhaps, also, you failed to notice the statement made by Dr. John Murray, of the Challenger Expedition, that, if the surface of the earth were made level, there is as much water in the seas as would cover the whole earth at one and the same time to a uniform depth of two miles! Please remember that the Scripture says that the depth of the waters above the high hills was only 15 cubits, or between 20 and 30 feet.

“That disposes, I imagine, of your insufficient-water difficulty. Now, science—you understand I mean recent science—has been equally unkind to you in another matter. Geology now admits that there has been a Deluge since man appeared upon the earth. Sir Henry Howorth’s two books, *The Mammoth and the Flood* and *The Glacial Nightmare*, the Duke of Argyll’s papers before scientific bodies, and the progress of discovery, have made an end of the old theories which were sub-

stituted for Bible statements. It is now acknowledged in high quarters that the old race of men perished in a huge catastrophe, and that the animals of the time largely perished with them. That flood was in Europe, in America, in India, in China, in the West Indies, in Australia, and New Zealand. Geologists can almost write the Flood story for us. The bones found in caves on hill tops still speak to the observing eye. Animals of all kinds, and men, too, toiled up the steep ascent, and took refuge in what seemed a friendly shelter; but the pursuing waters rushed up and changed the refuge into a tomb. There is a mountain in a little island of the Mediterranean, which is about a mile in circumference round the base. That mountain is called 'the mountain of bones,' because it is covered with them from top to bottom. The animals evidently fled to it for safety, and were caught as they fled; the flesh was washed off their bones; the bones themselves were broken by the mighty rush, and driven into the crevices of the rocks. But stay; I ought to have a note about me of Sir Henry Ho-worth's admissions, which are strange, indeed, to come from a confessed unbeliever in Genesis. Yes; here it is. I took it from his preface to *The Glacial Nightmare*, published in 1893: 'Meanwhile,' he says, 'in Northern Asia and Western Europe and in North and South America certainly, and probably also in Australia, antediluvian man lived alongside of, and hunted the antediluvian animals. Presently came a tremendous catastrophe'—please mark, not a series of catastrophes!—'the cause of which I have tried to show in *The Geological Magazine* was the rapid and sudden upheaval of some of the largest mountain chains in the world, accompanied probably by great subsidences of land elsewhere. The breaking up of the earth's crust at this time, of which the evidence seems to be overwhelming, necessarily caused great waves of translation to traverse wide continental areas, and these waves of translation as necessarily drowned the great beasts and their companions, including Palaeolithic man, and covered them with continuous mantles of loam, clay, gravel, and sand, as we find them drowned and covered.' Does not that sound remarkably like Genesis?"

"Well, you surprise me," said Colquhoun; and he quite looked his astonishment.

"What books did you say he has written?" asked Brown.

"His first work," said Roger, "was *The Mammoth and the*

Flood, a thick octavo. In that he masses the proofs from the discovery of mammoth remains, mingled with those of multitudes of other animals and even of birds, that there must have been a huge Deluge since man appeared. In *The Glacial Nightmare*, two volumes octavo, he produced the strictly geological evidence, and shows that the glacial theory cannot account for the facts. But you should also get the paper, read some years ago, before the Victoria Institute, by the late Sir Joseph Prestwich, the President of the Geological Society, and Sir J. W. Dawson's pamphlet on the same subject, published by the Religious Tract Society."

"Thanks," said Brown; "I must get them and look into the matter."

"And when you have looked into the matter," pursued Roger, "I think you will acknowledge that there at least science is at one with the Bible."

(Continued D. V.)



The Testimony of a Sadhu

Christ is my Saviour. He is my life. He is everything to me in heaven and earth. Once, while travelling in a sandy region, I was tired and thirsty. Standing on the top of a mound I looked for water. The sight of a lake at the distance brought joy to me, for now I hoped to quench my thirst. I walked toward it for a long time, but I could never reach it. Afterwards I found out that it was a mirage, only a mere appearance of water caused by the refracted rays of the sun. In reality there was none. In a like manner I was moving about the world in search of the water of life. The things of this world—wealth, position, honor and luxury—looked like a lake by drinking of whose waters I hoped to quench my spiritual thirst. But I could never find a drop of water to quench the thirst of my heart. I was dying of thirst. When my spiritual eyes were opened I saw the rivers of living water flowing from His pierced side. I drank of it and was satisfied. Thirst was no more. Ever since I have always drunk of that water of life, and have never been athirst in the sandy desert of this world. My heart is full of praise.

His presence gives me a Peace which passes all understanding, no matter in what circumstances I am placed. Amidst

persecution I have found peace, joy, and happiness. Nothing can take away the joy I have found in my Saviour. In home He was there. In prison He was there. In Him the prison was transformed into Heaven, and the cross into a source of blessing.

Now I have no desire for wealth, position and honor. Nor do I desire even Heaven. But I need Him Who has made my heart heaven. His infinite love has expelled the love of all other things. The heart is the throne of the King of Kings. The capital of Heaven is the heart where that King reigns.

—Sadhu Sundar Singh.

A Missionary for Christ
Dr. David Livingstone

For my own part, I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office. People talk of the *sacrifice* I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can it be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthy activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness suffering, or danger, now and then, with the forgoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver, and the soul to sink; but let this be only for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in, and for, us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk, when we remember the great sacrifice which He made Who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us; "Who, being the brightness of that Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

There can be no such thing known as peace or joy, until we see all our trespasses forgiven and our sin judged.

No Delay.

“SEEK YE THE LORD WHILE HE MAY BE FOUND.”—Isa. 55:6.

(Continued from February number)

Consider this also that the Lord as bestowing the pardon of sin and salvation of the soul, may not be found on a death-bed.

Yet that is the place, and the last hours of life the time, when many intend to seek him. They buoy themselves up with the hope of procuring the salvation then, which, till then, they have resolved to reject or at least to neglect. It is with dim and dying eyes they are to read their Bibles; it is with panting, faltering, dying voice they are to pray for mercy; it is when the hand of Death is thundering loud at the door, and he stands grim by their bedside, that they are to take the advice of my text and turn to the Lord. What folly! Is this your plan? And what is it in this scheme that makes you think it safe and good? It appears to me a desperate venture; so desperate, that I wonder that the Devil, with all his arts and power to deceive can persuade any man to venture on it.

Moreover, is it because death is a suitable and convenient period for seeking the pardon of sin and salvation of the soul, that men propose to delay this matter till then? Suitable, convenient! Does death send us warning of his approach; giving due and timely notice that after so many weeks or days, we may look for a visit from the King of Terrors? Like other kings, is he always preceded by messengers to prepare the way, and make all things ready for his reception? No. The robber comes under the cloud of night; steals quietly into your house; treads the floor with muffled feet; and before you wake to seize his hand, has you by the throat, and plants a dagger in your heart. So death may come. Coming so, the procrastinating die without hope. And though death should make no such stealthy attack, nor leap on us with the suddenness of a tiger's spring, whoever looked on a dying scene to make resolutions such as these—I will delay seeking the Lord till my body is racked with these pains, my mind reeling in this wild delirium; not till I cannot lift my head from its pillow, not till I cannot read a line of the Bible, not till I can neither pray nor listen to the prayers of others, will I seek the Lord! I venture to say that wherever man made such a resolution, no man in his sober senses ever made it by a dying-

bed. No. Death has enough to do with itself. It is a time not to seek, but to enjoy the comforts of salvation; and if there is one impression which life's closing scene makes most strongly and deeply on the spectator, it is this, Now is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation.

Thirdly, Is it because experience and the Bible encourages us to believe that the pardon of sin and salvation of the soul are most likely to be found at death, that we do not seek and call upon the Lord now? Who believes that there are many in heaven, and but few in hell, who deferred their salvation to dying hours? The reverse is the case. I have no doubt of that. Hell is paved with good intentions; and as there are few in the place of misery but intended before they left the world to seek the Lord, there are few in glory, who were called, justified, and sanctified, so late as the eleventh hour. The Bible records the names and history of many who are there now; and how many of them were saved on a death-bed? Many? A few of them? No. One single case of a call at the eleventh hour is all we find. One, as has been said, to teach none to despair, and but one to teach none to presume.

3. The Lord, as bestowing pardon and salvation, is more likely to be found now than at any future time. We can foretell neither what, nor where we shall be to-morrow. By to-morrow, the place that now knows us may know us no more forever. This may be our last day on earth; this the last occasion on which we shall ever all meet together till the resurrection; and ere these doors are again opened for preaching, for some of us a grave may have opened, and over us a grave may have closed. Sudden death either by accident or disease, the sun rising on a healthy form and setting on a breathless corpse, such events are ever warning us. And in the face of such warnings what folly it is to fold the hands, and compose ourselves anew to sleep, counting on this day being as yesterday, and to-morrow as today!

Suppose it were so; and that, like Hezekiah, we had other fifteen years added to our life, I still stand upon my ground; and maintain that we are more likely to find the Lord this day than during any other period of this new lease. Sin is like the descent of a hill, where every step we take increases the difficulty of our return. Sin is like a river in its course; the longer it runs, it wears a deeper channel, and the farther

from the fountain, it swells in volume and acquires a greater strength. Sin is like a tree in its progress; the longer it grows, it spreads its roots the wider; grows taller; grows thicker; till the sapling which once an infant's arm could bend, raises its head aloft, defiant of the storm. Sin in its habits becomes stronger every day—the heart grows harder; the conscience duller; the distance between God and the soul grows greater; and, like a rock hurled from the mountain's top, the farther we descend, we go down, and down, and down, with greater rapidity. How easy, for example, is it to touch the conscience of childhood; but how difficult to break in on the torpor of a hoary head! A child, with few sins on his young head, will tremble at the idea of death and judgment; while the old man lies on his dying bed, and whether you thunder in his ears the terrors of a broken law, or, holding up the cross before his dim eyes, tell him of the love of Jesus, no tears run down these furrowed cheeks, nor prayers move lips, whose oaths are recorded in the books of judgment.

I know that God, bending stubborn knees, and breaking the hardest heart, can call at the eleventh hour. Is anything too hard for Me? saith the Lord. He saves at the very uttermost. But I would say to him who tries how near he may go to hell, and yet be saved, It is a dangerous experiment—a desperate venture. It provokes God to recall His Spirit, and leave you to your fate, saying, He is joined to his idols, let him alone.

III. The shortness and uncertainty of life are strong reasons for seeking pardon and salvation now.

There is nothing so certain as death; and what more uncertain than life? How brief it is! Who stood sentinel by the gate of Shushan when the royal couriers, bearing hope to the Jews, dashed through, burying their spurs in their horses' flanks—saw an image of our life. The eagle poising herself a moment on the wing, and then rushing at her prey; the ship that, throwing the spray from her bows, scuds before the gale; the shuttle flashing through the loom; the shadow of a cloud sweeping the hill-side, and then gone for ever, nor leaving a trace behind; the summer flowers that, vanishing, have left our gardens bare, and where were spread out the colours of the rainbow; only dull, black earth, or the rotting wrecks of beauty—these, with many other fleeting things, are emblems by which God through nature teaches us how frail we are; at the longest,

how short our days. What need, therefore, there is to seize the passing moments—seeking the Lord while He is to be found.

We put this off by taking a wrong measure of our days. There are standard measures, imperial measures, as they are called, by which the business of our shops and markets, selling and buying, the transactions of commerce, are regulated. And if men would only be persuaded to regulate the business of their souls, the transactions between them, their conscience, and their God, by the royal standard and measure of human life, with what earnestness should we now seek the Lord! what crowds would throng the door of mercy—each one trembling lest it should be shut before he got in! But alas, many take a false measure; and conclude that there is no hurry; no need of haste in seeking salvation. For example, My father, says one man, lived to such and such an age—my grandfather was an old man before he died—I am come of a long-lived race; and such persons, taking the age of their ancestors as the measure of their life, count on many years, and time enough left to seek a Saviour. Another says, I enjoy the best of health, my constitution is sound, my frame is robust; no drunkard nor libertine, nor given to any excess, my habits are temperate; every thing about me is favourable to longevity. And so, as every child hopes to be a youth, and every youth a man, such men expect to reach old age; while old men, grey-headed, bent under the weight of years, and tottering on the brink of the grave, count on growing older still. Why not? Don't they know people who have lived to greater years than theirs? Thus men play with the great command in the scripture—playing at a game where the devil will cheat them, and beat them. They stake their salvation on a cast of the dice.

May God persuade you to do otherwise! None else can. In vain the orator here plies his arts. The Devil laughs at oratory. He stands in more fear of a poor saint on his knees than of the greatest eloquence of the pulpit. Man may produce a temporary, surface impression, like the preaching friar who once resorted to a violent stroke of rhetoric. Addressing an audience in Italy at Lent time, with great power and pathos, on such topics as judgment and eternity, he drew a graphic picture of man's death—the dying struggles; the corpse; the funeral; the grave; its loathsome horrors; the vanity it pours

on youth, and all the bravery and glory of this world. This done, amid the breathless silence of his congregation, he wound all up by fixing his eyes on a lovely woman before him—startling her, as, pulling from the folds of his gown a naked skull, he thrust it, grinning in her face, and said, Such you shall be! The effect was electric. It drove the colour from her rosy cheek, and sent a thrill of horror through the whole assembly—yet but a passing shock.

This was summoning Death to the pulpit. But I have no faith in Death's preaching. A daily preacher and a great preacher, none seems to have a more drowsy, inattentive, unreflecting audience. He can pluck a king from his throne in the midst of his guards; but not a sinner from perishing. He severs the bond that binds husband and wife, the mother to her darling, my spirit to this flesh; but not the feeblest tie that binds a soul to sin. How solemn, startling, are the sermons he preaches on this text, on the shortness of life, on the vanity of the world; yet there is no blessing but with the Lord. With Him is the residue of the Spirit—and without that, whether Death or dying man be the preacher, sermons are seed without the shower. Therefore "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; Call ye upon Him while He is near. —T. G.



"Tell ye your children of it"

Love and Forgiveness

D. L. Moody

I heard of a preacher living near Chicago, whose son went to the city to sell his father's grain. The boy arrived in Chicago and sold the grain; but when it was time for him to arrive home he did not come. The father and mother sat up all night expecting to hear the sound of the returning wagon every minute, but they waited and waited and still he did not come. The father became so uneasy that he went into the stable, saddled his horse, and rode to Chicago. When he reached there he found that his son had sold the grain but had not been seen since. After making investigation he learned that the boy had gone into a gambling house and lost all his money. After the gamblers had taken his ready money they advised him to sell his horse and wagon and with the money thus obtained he could play again and make up his loss. He lost all and

disappeared. A great many think as this young man thought, that rumsellers and gamblers are their best friends, when they are all the time taking from them their peace, their health, their money, their soul—everything they have, and are then ready to forsake them.

After looking fruitlessly for his son, the father returned home and told his wife what had happened. But he did not give him up. He went from place to place preaching, and always told the congregation that he had a missing son dearer to him than life, and he urged them if ever they heard anything about him to let him know.

At last he learned that his son had gone to California. He arranged his business affairs and started for the Pacific coast to find him. When he arrived in San Francisco he began to preach, and he had notices put in the papers, hoping that they might reach the mining districts, trusting that if his son were there he might see them. One Sunday after preaching he closed the meeting with prayer and the audience went away. But he noticed in a corner one who remained. He went to him and found his missing son. He did not reprimand him, he did not pronounce judgment upon him, but he put his loving arms around him, drew him to his breast, and took him back home. This is but an illustration of what God has been doing for you. There has not been a day, an hour, a moment, that He has not been searching for you. He offers you His love and His forgiveness.

How the Gospel Came to South Russia
Dr. F. W. Krummacher

From ancient times, Mount Caucasus, in Georgia, South Russia, has been inhabited by a race of people known under the name of Iberians, who, even in the earliest ages, whilst all around them were sitting in darkness and the of death, were found in full possession of all the blessings of the Gospel. About sixteen centuries ago (three hundred years after the birth of Christ), these mountaineers were brought out of the profoundest darkness of heathenism into the light and into the peaceful fold of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, in the following wonderful and truly glorious manner.

The Iberians were entangled in a war with a people amongst whom Christianity had already gained some ground. After

obtaining a victory over them, these Iberians carried with them, among other booty, a young woman, with the intention of selling her in their own land as a slave. An Iberian family of rank purchased the youthful foreigner, but had little idea what a blessing she would eventually be to them; for this girl was a Christian, a vessel of divine light, as well as of divine mercy. The poor captive spent her solitary and desolate life in the midst of a savage and idolatrous horde; but her courage did not fail her. Her Saviour, and the promise of His continual presence, were her strong consolation in her misery. With silent willingness she did what was commanded her and even more; and the obliging disposition and the fidelity she exemplified (a scarce jewel among the Iberians), gained her, in a short time, the love and confidence of all.

It happened one day, that, according to the custom of that people, a sick child was carried about from door to door, in order that if anyone knew of a remedy for its disease they might mention it. No one, however, could recommend anything, and the majority even wondered that any hope could still be cherished of the child's recovery; and the poor parents, with increasing grief and affliction, proceeded further with their dying favorite. Suddenly the idea occurred to someone to show the child to the young captive, and inquire of her whether she was acquainted with any successful remedy in use in her own country: and people are easily inclined to concur in any proposition after having arrived at a forlorn hope. The little couch was immediately transported to the house where Nunnia,—for so the Christian girl was named—was in service, and she was called out. Nunnia appears, and is informed of the wishes of the people. She replies, however, with an embarrassed look, that a poor girl such as she is not able to help them; but she continues with a more cheerful countenance, "I could mention One to you, Who is not only able to heal this child of its disease, but also to raise it from the dead." To the hasty inquiry of the afflicted parents, Who it was, and where He dwelt? she answered, that He was a great and mighty Lord, Who was seated on high, on the throne of heaven; but that notwithstanding He willingly condescended to all who long for Him, and that He was love and compassion itself. "Go then," said the parents to her in a supplicating tone, "and fetch Him"; and the girl went, and bowed her

knees before her Lord Jesus Christ, and prayed, saying, "Oh, Lord Jesus, appear, reveal Thyself, and help, for Thine honor's sake!" And on returning from prayer, with the divine "Amen" in her delighted breast, the sick child opened its eyes, looked smilingly around, and was restored to health. The happy parents, intoxicated with joy, returned home with their treasure, and whoever met them on the way was obliged to stop and hear what great and glorious things had happened to them.

However, the miracle was not ascribed to Him Who performed it but to the foreign captive who now appeared to the people in the lustre of a superior and superhuman being. The occurrence, as if borne on the wings of the wind, soon became notorious throughout the country. It reached even the ears of the queen; and when the latter, not long after, was taken dangerously ill, her first thought was of the foreign slave. She sent messengers to her, requesting her to come to her, but Nunnia declined the invitation and remained at home, for it caused her profound sorrow that attempts were made to put that honor upon her which belonged solely to the Lord. But what occurred? The queen caused herself to be carried to her in person, and when Nunnia saw this, it deeply affected her. She prayed, and the queen actually went home healed.

When Miraus—for so the king was called—saw his beloved consort returning to him completely restored to health, he was almost beside himself for joy, and made preparations for sending the most valuable presents to the wonder-worker, but the queen seriously dissuaded him from his intention, by assuring him that he would only grieve the girl by this means; for she disdained all earthly possessions, and only considered herself rewarded for her services when people bowed the knee with her before her God. This caused the king no small degree of astonishment, without however producing any further impression on his heart for the time. And generally speaking, the ray of heavenly light which had shone into the Iberian darkness continued for the time without any abiding effect.

The king went one day to the chase. Whilst following some game, he lost himself in a large forest; a dense fog surrounded him there and entirely separated him from his attendants. No longer knowing where he was, he sought for an outlet from the forest but found none, and strayed further and further into the solitary wilderness. Evening approached and his

perplexity rose to its height. He blew his horn, but the echo of the ravines was the only reply that was returned to him, and this served but to heighten his loneliness. The thought of the young stranger then occurred to him, and what she had said of the power of her great and invisible King, Who, though He had His castle and His court in realms above, was nevertheless in every place where the desires of the heart were directed to Him. "If this be the case," thought Miraus, "what prevents Him appearing to me?" And thinking thus, he bent his knees in the dust, in the solitude of the forest, and began to pray. "Thou, whom the youthful captive calls her God," were his words; "Jesus, if Thou art living and almighty, manifest that Thou art so and help me out of this labyrinth. If Thou enablest me to escape from it, my heart, my life, and what I am and have, shall be Thine!" Such was his prayer, and his prayer was sincere. But scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when the dark gloomy vapor folded itself together like a garment, and heaven again looked blue and bright, and the astonished king advanced only a few paces forward in the wood, when he suddenly perceived where he was and found the outlet. He returned in safety to his family. His consort was the first to whom he related with deep emotion what had occurred to him. They now no longer doubted that the captive's God was the living and the true God. They had had tangible proof of it. The next day the first person they visited was Nunnia, to whom they wished to relate the great event that had occurred. The king informed her, with evident emotion, of the miraculous interposition he had experienced: both the king and the queen then took the maiden by the hand, and said, "Oh, tell us something more concerning thy Jesus!" And from that time the royal couple was seen sitting, like docile children, at the feet of the poor slave; and Nunnia related to them in benign simplicity what she knew of her Saviour and His deeds. And it is not long before a still more beautiful spectacle presents itself. A missionary appears among the people with a regal crown, and a queenly witness for Christ, who wears a royal diadem! For it seemed to both as if they could not bless their nation with a greater benefit than by preaching to them the precious Gospel of the incarnate God. The king therefore stands and preaches to the men, and the queen to the women of the land. And the Lord views these

two witnesses with delight. The people joyfully receive the good word. Jesus makes His entrance into the cottages and hearts of the savage race, and a new creation blossoms in the dark human desert. Cheerful Christian churches are founded on the ruins of idol altars, and resound with the loud praises of the grace of Him Who takes charge of His flock Himself.

In the present day, renewed vitality begins to pervade these churches. Courageous missionaries there unfold anew the banner of the cross; and it becomes increasingly evident that the grace which sixteen hundred years ago so wonderfully planted this vineyard has by no means forsaken it.



The Cruise of the *Cachalot*

Frank T. Bullen

A VISIT TO SOME STRANGE PLACES

We had now entered upon what promised to be the most interesting part of our voyage. As a commercial speculation, I have to admit that the voyage was to me a matter of absolute indifference. Never, from the first week of my being on board, had I cherished any illusions upon that score, for it was most forcibly impressed on my mind that, whatever might be the measure of success attending our operations, no one of the crew forward could hope to benefit by it. The share of profits was so small, and the time taken to earn it so long, such a number of clothes were worn out and destroyed by us, only to be replaced from the ship's slop-chest at high prices, that I had quite resigned myself to the prospect of leaving the vessel in debt, whenever that desirable event might happen. Since, therefore, I had never made it a practice to repine at the inevitable, and make myself unhappy by the contemplation of misfortunes I was powerless to prevent, I tried to interest myself as far as was possible in gathering information, although at that time I had no idea, beyond a general thirst for knowledge, that what I was now learning would ever be of any service to me. Yet I had been dull indeed not to have seen how unique were the opportunities I was now enjoying for observation of some of the least known and understood aspects of the ocean world and its wonderful inhabitants, to say nothing of visits to places unvisited, except by such free lances as we were, and about which so little is really known.

The weather of the Mozambique Channel was fairly good, although subject to electric storms of the most terrible aspect, but perfectly harmless. On the second evening after rounding Cape St. Mary, we were proceeding, as usual, under very scanty sail, rather enjoying the mild, balmy air, scent-laden, from Madagascar. The moon was shining in tropical splendour, paling the lustre of the attendant stars, and making the glorious Milky Way but a faint shadow of its usual resplendent road. Gradually from the westward there arose a murky mass of cloud, fringed at its upper edges with curious tinted tufts of violet, orange, and crimson. These colors were not brilliant, but plainly visible against the deep blue sky. Slowly and solemnly the intruding gloom overspread the sweet splendor of the shining sky, creeping like a death-shadow over a dear face, and making the most talkative feel strangely quiet and ill at ease. As the pall of thick darkness blotted out the cool light, it seemed to descend until at last we were completely over-canopied by a dome of velvety black, seemingly low enough to touch the mastheads. A belated sea-bird's shrill scream but emphasized the deep silence which lent itself befittingly to the solemnity of nature. Presently thin suggestions of light, variously tinted, began to thread the inky mass. These grew brighter and more vivid, until at last, in fantastic contortions, they appeared to rend the swart concave asunder, revealing through the jagged clefts a lurid waste of the most intensely glowing fire. The coming and going of these amazing brightnesses, combined with the Egyptian dark between, was completely blinding. So loaded was the still air with electricity that from every point aloft pale flames streamed upward, giving the ship the appearance of a huge candelabrum with innumerable branches. One of the hands, who had been ordered aloft on some errand of securing a loose end, presented a curious sight. He was bareheaded, and from his hair the all-pervading fluid arose, lighting up his features, which were ghastly beyond description. When he lifted his hand, each separate finger became at once an additional point from which light streamed. There was no thunder, but a low hissing and a crackling which did not amount to noise, although distinctly audible to all. Sensations most unpleasant of pricking and general irritation were felt by every one, according to their degree of susceptibility.

After about an hour of this state of things, a low moaning of thunder was heard, immediately followed by a few drops of rain large as dollars. The mutterings and grumblings increased until, with one peal that made the ship tremble as though she had just struck a rock at full speed, down came the rain. The windows of heaven were opened, and no man might stand against the streaming flood that descended by thousands of tons per minute. How long it continued, I cannot say; probably, in its utmost fierceness, not more than half an hour. Then it slowly abated, clearing away as it did so the accumulation of gloom overhead, until, before midnight had struck, all the heavenly hosts were shedding their beautiful brilliancy upon us again with apparently increased glory, while the freshness and invigorating feel of the air was inexpressibly delightful.

We did not court danger by hugging too closely any of the ugly reefs and banks that abound in this notably difficult strait, but gave them all a respectfully wide berth. It was a feature of our navigation that unless we had occasion to go near any island or reef for fishing or landing purposes, we always kept a safe margin of distance away, which probably accounts for our continued immunity from accident while in tortuous waters. Our anchors and cables were, however, always kept ready for use now, in case of an unexpected current or sudden storms; but beyond that precaution, I could see little or no difference in the manner of our primitive navigation.

We met with no "luck" for some time, and the faces of the harpooners grew daily longer, the great heat of those sultry waters trying all tempers sorely. But Captain Slocum knew his business, and his scowling, impassive face showed no sign of disappointment, or indeed any other emotion, as day by day we crept farther north. At last we sighted the stupendous peak of Comoro mountain, which towers to nearly nine thousand feet from the little island which gives its name to the Comoro group of four. On that same day a school of medium sized sperm whales were sighted, which appeared to be almost of a different race to those with which we had hitherto had dealings. They were exceedingly fat and lazy, moving with the greatest deliberation, and, when we rushed in among them, appeared utterly bewildered and panic-stricken, knowing not which way to flee. Like a flock of frightened sheep they huddled together, aimlessly wallowing in each other's way,

while we harpooned them with the greatest ease and impunity. Even the "old man" himself lowered the fifth boat, leaving the ship to the carpenter, cooper, cook, and steward, and coming on the scene as if determined to make a field-day of the occasion. He was no "slouch" at the business either. Not that there was much occasion or opportunity to exhibit any prowess. The record of the day's proceedings would be as tame as to read of a day's work in a slaughter-house. Suffice it to say, that we actually killed six whales none of which were less than fifty barrels, no boat ran out more than one hundred fathoms of line, neither was a bomb-lance used. Not the slightest casualty occurred to any of the boats, and the whole work of destruction was over in less than four hours.

Then came the trouble. The fish were, of course, somewhat widely separated when they died, and the task of collecting all those immense carcasses was one of no ordinary magnitude. Had it not been for the wonderfully skillful handling of the ship, the task would, I should think, have been impossible, but the way in which she was worked compelled the admiration of anybody who knew what handling a ship meant. Still, with all the ability manifested, it was five hours after the last whale died before we had gathered them all alongside, bringing us to four o'clock in the afternoon.

A complete day under that fierce blaze of the tropical sun, without other refreshment than an occasional furtive drink of tepid water, had reduced us to a pitiable condition of weakness, so much so that the skipper judged it prudent, as soon as the fluke-chains were passed, to give us a couple hours' rest. As soon as the sun had set we were all turned to again, three cressets were prepared, and by their blaze we toiled the whole night through. Truth compels me to state, though, that none of us foremast hands had nearly such heavy work as the officers on the stage. What they had to do demanded special knowledge and skill; but it was also terribly hard work, constant and unremitting, while we at the windlass had many a short spell between the lifting of the pieces. Even the skipper took a hand, for the first time, and right manfully did he do his share.

By the first streak of dawn, three of the whales had been stripped of their blubber, and five heads were bobbing astern at the ends of as many hawsers. The sea all around presented a wonderful sight. There must have been thousands of sharks

gathered to the feast, and their incessant incursions through the phosphorescent water wove a dazzling network of brilliant tracks which made the eyes ache to look upon. A short halt was called for breakfast which was greatly needed, and, thanks to the cook, was a thoroughly good one. He—blessings on him!—had been busy fishing, as we drifted slowly, with savoury pieces of whale-beef for bait, and the result was a mess of fish which would have gladdened the heart of an epicure. Our hunger was appeased, it was “turn to” again, for there was now no time to be lost. The fierce heat soon acts upon the carcass of a dead whale, generating an immense volume of gas within it, which, in a wonderfully short space of time, turns the flesh putrid and renders the blubber so rotten that it cannot be lifted, nor, if it could, would it be of any value. So it was no wonder that our haste was great, or that the august arbiter of our destinies himself condescended to take his place among the toilers. By nightfall the whole of our catch was on board, excepting such toll as the hungry hordes of sharks had levied upon it in transit. A goodly number of them had paid the penalty of their rapacity with their lives, for often one would wriggle his way right up on to the reeking carcass, and, seizing a huge fragment of blubber, strive with might and main to tear it away. Then the lethal spade would drop upon his soft crown, cleaving it to the jaws, and with one flap of his big tail he would loose his grip, roll over and over, and sink, surrounded by a writhing crowd of his fellows, by whom he was speedily reduced into digestible fragments.

The condition of the “Cachalot’s” deck was now somewhat akin to chaos. From the cabin door to the try-works there was hardly an inch of available space and the oozing oil kept some of us continually bailing it up lest it should leak out through the interstices in the bulwarks. In order to avoid a breakdown, it became necessary to divide the crew into six-hour watches, as, although the work was exceedingly urgent some of the crew were perilously near giving in. So we got rest none too soon, and the good affects of it were soon apparent. The work went on with much more celerity than one would have thought possible, and soon the lumbered-up decks began to resume their normal appearance.

As if to exasperate the “old man” beyond measure, on the third day of our operations a great school of sperm whales

appeared, disporting all around the ship, apparently conscious of our helplessness to interfere with them. Notwithstanding our extraordinary haul, Captain Slocum went black with rage, and, after glowering at the sportive monsters, beat a retreat below, unable to bear the sight any longer. During his absence we had a rare treat. The whole school surrounded the ship, and performed some of the strangest evolutions imaginable. As if instigated by one common impulse, they all elevated their massive heads above the surface of the sea, and remained for some time in that position, solemnly bobbing up and down amid the glittering wavelets like movable boulders of black rock. Then, all suddenly reversed themselves, and, elevating their broad flukes in the air, commenced to beat them slowly and rhythmically upon the water, like so many machines. Being almost a perfect calm, every movement of the great mammals could be plainly seen; some of them even passed so near to us that we could see how the lower jaw hung down, while the animal was swimming in a normal position.

For over an hour they thus paraded around us, and then, as if startled by some hidden danger, suddenly headed off to the westward, and in a few minutes were out of our sight.

(Continued D.V.)



Safe Home With Christ

THE MARINER

Safe home, safe home in port!
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck:
 But oh! the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage perils o'er!

THE ATHLETE

The prize, the prize secure!
 The athlete nearly fell;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well:
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who hath the victor-garland on!

THE SOLDIER

No more the foe can harm;
No more the leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

THE FLOCK

The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died!

THE PILGRIM

The exile is at home!
No nights and days of tears,
No longings now to roam,
No sins and doubts and fears;
What matters now, when sooth to say
The King has wiped all tears away?

THE BRIDE

O happy, happy Bride!
Thy fasting hours are past,
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up!

—Joseph of the Studium (Ninth Century)
Translated from the Greek.

*Jesus Lives*

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me;
Brighter scenes at death commence;
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 High o'er heaven and earth is given;
 I may go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven;
 God through Christ forgives offence;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! Who now despairs,
 Spurns the word which God hath spoken;
 Grace to all that word declares,
 Grace whereby sin's yoke is broken;
 Christ rejects not penitence;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! for me He died;
 Hence will I to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to Him and glory giving;
 Freely God doth aid dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! my heart knows well
 Nought from me His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Part me now from Christ forever:
 God will be a sure defence;
 This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 Entrance-gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath
 When I pass its gloomy portal:
 Faith shall cry as fails each sense,
 "Lord, Thou art my Confidence."

—Christian F. Gellert (1715-1769).



The smallest act of service, the meanest work done under the eye of Christ, done with direct reference to Him, has its value in God's estimation, and shall most assuredly, receive its due reward.

Assembly Annals

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

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April
1941

Jehovah's Ropheca
(Jehovah's thy Healer)

"I am the Lord that healeth thee"

Exod. 15:26

Assembly Annals

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Mr. D. McGeachy

The most recent word concerning our brother is that he is now at home and gradually gaining strength.

Mr. A. R. Crocker

Our brother Crocker has returned from the hospital to his home 626 N.E. 83rd St., Miami, Florida. He has slowly gained strength, though still confined to bed, where he seeks like Epaphras to labor in prayer.

Addresses

Galt, Ont. The correspondent for the assembly is Stephen Fletcher, R. R. 1, Galt, Ont., Canada.

The address of E. F. Roy, correspondent for the Jefferson Ave. Assembly is now 2126 Zoe Ave., Huntington Park, Calif.

Conferences

BAY CITY, MICH. On May 24th and 25th, Saturday and Sunday we intend to have another conference of Christians in the Masonic Temple, corner Sixth and Madison Sts., for the purpose of prayer, praise and ministry of the Word, preceded by a prayer meeting in the same building on Friday evening at 7:30 p.m.

Any of the Lord's servants who wish to minister the Word to those gathered who seek to walk in the "old paths" will be welcomed.

—W. N. Mowat, 1610 Sixth St., Bay City, Mich.

BELLAIRE, MICHIGAN. If the Lord will a conference will be held again in Bellaire on July 4, 5 and 6. Accommodations will be provided as the Lord enables and a hearty invitation is extended to all. For further information address George Benedict, Bellaire, Mich., or Wm. J. Pell, 817 North Ave., N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CALGARY, ALBERTA. Our Conference will (D.V.) be held at the Penley's Academy, 620—8th Ave., West Calgary on May 24th and 25th preceded by a prayer meeting on Friday night, May 23rd at the Gospel Hall, 106—6th Ave., East. For particulars address, J. E. Reid, 218—13th Ave., E., Correspondent.

DETROIT, MICH. Annual Sunday School Teachers' Convention will D.V. be held in Central Gospel Hall, Grand River and Harrison Avenues, Saturday, May 17. Meetings at 2:30 and 7:00 p.m. A hearty invitation to the Lord's people. Correspondence to C. A. Popplestone, 4078 Beniteau Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. The Twentieth Annual Sunday School Teachers Convention will be held D.V. on Saturday, May 24th in the "Scottish Rite Cathedral," King Street West. (Between "Queen and Ray Streets") Order of meetings: Afternoon, 1:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m., Evening, 6:30 to 9 p.m. Prayer, Praise and Ministry of the Word upon work among the young and reports from superintendents upon methods used for the growth and interest of the Sunday School. Communications to John S. Crompton, 210 Grosvenor Ave., North, Hamilton, Ontario.

TORONTO, CANADA. The Central Hall Assembly (25 Charles St. East) purposes having special Easter Meetings, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, to which several of the Lord's servants have been invited, and at which a profitable season is expected.

TORONTO. West Toronto, Brock and Bracondale Assemblies' Convention will be held in the Central High School of Commerce Auditorium, Shaw Street between College and Harbord Streets, Apr. 11-13. A hearty welcome to all the Lord's servants who seek to walk in the old paths. The Lord's people from a distance will be freely entertained. Address communications: Conference % James Crawford, 318 Indian Grove; Samuel Moore, 882 Palmerston Ave., or Joseph Coleman, 15 Spencer Ave.

VANCOUVER, B. C. The Easter Conference will be held (D.V.) in Seymour St., Gospel Hall, Friday to Sunday (April 11th - 13th inclusive). For particulars write the correspondent: C. G. McClean, 3250 W. 34th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

WATERLOO, IOWA. The Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) May 23rd to 25th, preceded by Prayer Meeting evening of May 22nd. All meetings will be held in the Western Ave. Gospel Hall, 726 Western Ave., The usual arrangements for taking care of visitors will be observed. Information from E. G. Matthews, 202 Leland Ave., Waterloo, Iowa.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles. Brethren Dickson and Glasgow had a good series of meetings at which there was fruit in conversions. In the past year the Lord's hand has been seen in quite a number of young people being added to the Assembly. Messrs. Charles and Samuel Keller are now making a special effort in the Gospel in our Hall. We trust that God will come in still further and that the name of the Lord Jesus will be glorified. E. F. Roy

Mr. Leonard Shldrake and Mr. E. G. Matthews had some happy times here and in other cities of the South.

FLORIDA, Miami. Mr. August Van Ryn has given much help at 29th St. Hall, in the Gospel recently. He spoke on three consecutive Sundays upon "Hitler and the Jews." Large audiences heard the addresses, including many Jews. Mr. Ben Bradford and Mr. William Jelley have also preached the Gospel here and Mr. Maitland at Ebenezer Hall.

Homestead. Messrs. R. T. Halliday and George Walker have continued meetings here, and have done much visiting among the people, but there seems great indifference to the gospel message. Mr. Walker will continue in the effort, while Mr. Halliday tries other cities where there is no testimony.

IOWA. Mr. Tom Wilkie had two happy weeks in the Lord's service in this State some time ago. In Ottumwa with brother Sheldrake and in Waterloo and Stout with brother Oliver Smith.

MARYLAND. Mr. F. W. Mehl's meetings in **Cumberland** were blessed in conversion and in the ingathering of saints to the little assembly.

MICHIGAN. Mr. Wm. Ferguson is seeing good interest at his meetings in **Jackson**, and hopes later to go to **Sault Ste. Marie**.

Detroit. Mr. Thomas R. McCullough had several weeks' gospel meetings in **Schoolcraft Hall** and the people came out encouragingly. On returning to the West (his home address is 1174 **Crutcher Ave.**, **Springfield, Mo.**) he hopes to start a special campaign in **Wichita, Kans.** where there is quite an influx caused by **Defense Work**. He found among these several from assemblies in different parts who have a desire for the establishment of a testimony to the Lord's Name.

Mr. James Gunn Jr. is with us at **Central** preaching the gospel nightly and also ministering the Word to Christians. Blessing in conversion and interest manifested by outsiders has cheered.

We enjoyed a visit from Mr. Donald M. Hunter, who ministered the Word and also gave an interesting account of some phases of the Lord's work in **Japan** and **China**.

Mr. Wm. Ferguson has been giving help in the **Detroit** district recently and has also paid visits to **Alpena** and **Lansing**.

NEW ENGLAND STATES. Mr. James McCullough saw blessing at his series in **Cambridge, Mass.** He had been in **Torrington** and **Waterbury, Conn.** where Mr. Warke and he are about to begin gospel meetings. Mr. Govan and Mr. Klabunda had a fine hearing in **Boston, Mass.**, and are at present in **Clifftondale**. Mr. W. C. Bousfield during a visit to **Attleboro, Mass.** was encouraged by two professing faith in Christ.

Brethren Nugent and Foster had well-attended meetings at **Pawtucket, R. I.** and the Word was blessed in salvation.

OHIO. Messrs. Gordon N. Reager and R. A. Crawford were cheered by the numbers of strangers at their seven weeks' special series in **Cleveland** but it seemed difficult to see souls delivered, though there has been blessing in conversion.

Akron. Messrs. Lorne McBain and O. L. MacLeod have had encouragement in preaching the gospel in that many have come to hear the message and some have confessed Christ.

Steubenville. Brethren Warke and Mick have been encouraged by professions as a result of a special series of meetings here.

PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh. Large audiences heard the Word preached by r. Sam McEwen with indications of blessing, and the Lord's people were very appreciative of the ministry. Mr. McEwen is now at home, not feeling at all well since his recent attack of grippe, and is under a doctor's care.

Harrisburg. Mr. Hugh McEwen is now here in his first series since his illness last fall and is finding it uphill work, though some are showing interest in their soul's welfare.

Bryn Mawr. Brethren James Smith and Lorne E. McBain had six weeks in the gospel and ministry here and God blessed His Word to the salvation of a number and the Christians were refreshed.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Mr. D. Roy is beginning special meetings here, and Mr. Wm. Robertson is presently in **Richmond, Va.**

WISCONSIN. Brethren Archie T. Stewart and Samuel Hamilton saw blessing on the Word in **La Crosse** and are presently in **Blue River**.

CANADA

ALBERTA. Mr. J. J. Rouse during this winter, did what he has not done for years, that is remain on the Canadian Prairies. During January and February he held meetings in Calgary, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw, Esk and Yorktown. Snow was so deep that horses could not stay on the roads and it was impossible for people to get out. There is much distress in country places as the result of crop failures and low prices. He was also busy receiving and distributing clothes etc. in relief work. The need in this respect is great and these gifts brought comfort and joy to many.

New Brunswick. Mr. L. K. McIlwaine (whose home is in Hemford, Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia) was away from home for two months working in country places and saw fruit in salvation that cheered his heart. To reach these different parts he and Mrs. McIlwaine lived in their house trailer. He is at present having meetings near his home.
—W. N. Brennan

ONTARIO, Forest. Mr. H. K. Downie had good meetings here, ministering on assembly truths as illustrated during Paul's journeys.

London. Mr. Tom Wilkie has begun meetings with the Pall Mall assembly and hopes to continue as long as interest warrants. Pray for this effort.

Merlin. J. H. Blackwood is having some meetings here preaching the gospel and ministering the Word to the Lord's people and looking to the Lord to see His gracious hand in blessing.

Sault Ste Marie. Mr. J. J. Rouse for the first winter in many years remained on the Canadian Prairies, but as storms and weather conditions made it unpracticable to attempt meetings, he came further east, spent some time in Menora and Sault Ste Marie, Ont., and also the Michigan Soo, purposing a visit further south.

Toronto. Mr. James Gunn, Jr. spent over five weeks in Highfield Hall preaching the gospel and ministering the Word, reaching with blessing both saved and unsaved.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. John H. Spreeman (R. R. 1, Albanal, Co. Roberval, P. 2) is finding the little assemblies going on faithfully amidst their Romanist surroundings of reproach and opposition. The requests for New Testaments continue and the free gifts of such open ways for contact with interested ones. The testimony of the Christian men who work out in the bush with R. C. neighbors has broken down prejudice and caused a desire to hear more of the truth from the servants of Christ, when they will return from the camps. Mr. Spreeman desires prayer for guidance in regard to a school and on behalf of the French Canadians that they might be brought into the glorious light of the Gospel.

Mr. Noah Grattan (5640 Third Ave., Rosemount, Montreal, P. 2) who also labours among the Roman Catholic French Canadians tells of two interesting visits to a town 70 miles from Montreal with those who had requested New Testaments. There he met several who are interested in the Gospel. The priests, he learned, had prevailed upon some to burn the New Testaments. One aged lady, who has a son a priest and two daughters who are nuns, bought a Bible and seems to be very anxious to know the truth. He desires us to "pray for those poor people kept under the yoke of Rome."

ROUMANIA. We are glad to learn that the former stringent rules as to assembling together have been relaxed, and a great measure of religious freedom is now enjoyed, so that the little meetings are able to conduct services both for worship and proclaiming of the Gospel. The correspondent for the assembly in Bucharest, the Capital of Roumania, is Florea Moisescu, Str. Spatarului 40, Bucaresti 3, Roumania. From his letter of December 6th we cull the following notes: "Great damage resulted from the earthquake, Nov. 9th, and many lives were lost. Some cities were completely demolished. In Bucharest a 12-story building caved in and 200 people were found dead and many injured. None in our assemblies were hurt except a sister and her boy, but her home was destroyed. You will be sorry to hear that since the earthquake we have no place to meet in, for our old Hall cannot be used any more. At the present time we are all scattered, only meeting wherever we can. Some of our brethren have donated gifts in order to build a meeting place, but the fund is only one third what we need, since the value of our money is so low. We pray that the Lord will have mercy on our beloved country, on our people, and on our leaders."

With Christ

DETROIT, MICH. Mrs. Sarah Blackwell at the age of 76 years realized what she often expressed, "The glory shines before me: I cannot linger here." She died February 22nd and the services were conducted by Mr. Archie Stewart and Wm. Ferguson. Our sister had much suffering during the past three years but amidst much pain and weakness maintained a constant spirit and patiently waited the Lord's time for her release. She was used to bring to the Lord some of the older members of the Central Hall assembly and like many of the older generation now passing on is greatly missed.

DETROIT, MICH. Miss Isabella Kennedy died Feb. 18th and the burial services were conducted by Messrs. W. P. Douglas and William Ferguson. Our sister was 90 years old on Feb. 14, 1941—one of the oldest of her generation and staunch and true to her Lord of Whom she loved to speak and in Whose work she took a keen interest to the last. She and her sister Jessie (still surviving) were given to hospitality and care for the Lord's servants and people in earlier days when able. She will be missed. Our prayers should go up on behalf of her sister, Miss Jessie Kennedy.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Dr. Lackwood, formerly associated with Mr. C. J. Baker of Kansas City, but for many years with the Jefferson Ave. Assembly, went home to his Lord and Saviour Lord's Day morning March 2nd. Everybody noticed his vacant seat, but no one at the meeting knew that he was "present with the Lord." At the death of his wife last September he remarked that only once in fifty years had he missed the remembrance feast. A good record of a faithful brother.

MERLIN, ONTARIO. Mrs. Elizabeth Wackley passed away to be with Christ on the 28th of February, from the home of her daughter Mrs. David McCloy, at Port Elma, in her 81st year. She was saved for 68 years, and in fellowship with the Assembly at Forest for a number of years, and also with the Partington Assembly at Windsor. The funeral service was at the Gospel Hall, Merlin. A large number of the Lord's people, and friends from Windsor were present. The service was conducted by J. H. Blackwood who spoke faithful words to all.

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April, 1941

New Series
Vol. VIII—No. 4

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

It is the full work of the Lord that we are not prepared for, and yet therein is its glory. He meets us in all our need, but, at the same time, He brings God in. He healed the sick, but He preached the kingdom also. This, however, did not suit man. Strange this may appear, for man knows full well how to value his own advantages. He knows the joy of restored nature. But such is the enmity of the carnal mind against God that if blessing come in company with the presence of God, it will not receive a welcome. And from Christ it could not come any other way. He will glorify God as well as relieve the sinner. God has been dishonored in this world, as man has been ruined in it—self-ruined; and the Lord, the repairer of the breach, is doing a perfect work — vindicating the name and truth of God, declaring His kingdom and its rights, and manifesting His glory, just as much as He is redeeming and quickening the lost, dead sinner.

This will not do for man. He would be well taken care of himself, and let the glory of God fare as it may. Such is man. But when, through faith, any poor sinner is otherwise minded and can indeed rejoice in the glory of God, very beautiful is the sight. And we see such a one in the Syrophenician. The glory of the ministry of Christ addressed itself to her soul brightly and powerfully. Apparently, in spite of her grief, the Lord Jesus asserts God's principles, and, as a stranger, he passes her by. "I am not sent," he says, "but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel . . . It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs." But she bows, she owns the Lord as the steward of the truth of God, and would not for a moment suppose that He would surrender that trust (the truth and principles of God) to her and her necessities. She would have God be glorified according to His own counsels, and Jesus continue the faithful witness of those counsels, and the servant of the divine good pleasure, be it to herself as it

may. "Truth, Lord," she answers, vindicating all that he had said; but, in full consistency with it, she adds, "yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs."

All this is lovely—the fruit of divine light in her soul. The mother in Luke ii. is quite below this Gentile woman in Mark vii. She did not know that Jesus was to be about His Father's business, but this stranger knew that that was the very business He was always to be about. She would let God's way, in the faithful hand of Christ, be exalted, though she herself were thereby set aside, even in her sorrows.

This was knowledge of Him indeed; this was accepting Him in His *full* work, as one who stood for God in a world that had rebelled against Him, as well as for the poor worthless sinner that had destroyed himself.



Moses - the Leader

Thos. D. W. Muir

Under God, Moses became the leader of Israel, whom he had seen delivered from death and slavery. He had been God's agent and instrument in that great work; he was now to take his place at the head of the people, and following God's guiding cloud, lead them on through the wilderness. For that passage of the Red Sea, we learn from 1 Corinthians 10:1-4, meant more than appears upon the face of the narrative as given in Exodus 14. We read:

"Moreover, brethren, I would not have you to be ignorant, how that *all* our fathers were under the cloud, and that *all* passed through the sea, and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea. And did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock which followed them; and that Rock was Christ."

They had been delivered from the awful power of Pharaoh, and became the Lord's free-men, but free only in the sense of being now delivered to walk in His ways, and to keep His Word. They were in no sense a lawless mob, who could go where they pleased and act as they pleased. They were free from the law of Pharaoh, but they were "under law" to Jehovah who had saved them. The sea that had buried them to Egypt, and buried Egypt to them, was the scene also of (a

typical) resurrection with Moses as their princely Leader, that henceforth they might "walk in newness of life." These things, we are told, are types to us of heavenly experiences enjoyed by the people of God now.

For, as we have before remarked, the Red Sea is a type of the Cross of Calvary, where God dealt with, not our sins only, but with the power of the enemy who held us in bondage, and by one stroke delivered us from the authority of Satan, and bound us to Himself. As Israel were dead to Egypt and Pharaoh, even so we have died to the world and Satan, in the person of Christ. "God forbid," said the Apostle, "that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world" (Gal. 6:14). "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:11). Our death with Christ has severed our old relationship with sin, the world and Satan,—they are no longer our masters,—but, in resurrection, a new link has been formed with Him, by which He becomes the princely Leader of our salvation, conducting the "many sons unto glory" (Heb. 2:10).

Of Christ, in this, Moses was a type, although like all types he failed to fill out the whole picture. The completion of it required a Joshua, Moses' successor, who did what Moses could not do,—lead the people into the land. But in Christ all types and shadows are fulfilled. He not only leads His people out of bondage but He brings them into rest. And He will not be satisfied until the last one is in the glory, and He is able to present them before His Father, and ours, saying, "Behold me, and the children whom Thou hast given Me!" (Heb. 2:13). Blessed prospect! How the very thought of such a consummation should stimulate us to follow Him closely now!

"So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea; and they went out into the wilderness of Shur: and they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water" (Exod. 15:22). Here was trial. And yet, contrary to what was probably their thought at the time, they were being led in "a right way" (Psa. 107:7), for God, while He assures His own of a safe landing in the glory, does not guarantee them a smooth passage. There is the "trial of our faith," which is more precious than gold (1 Pet.

1:7), and there are "tribulations" that work "patience," even as patience works out for us "experience." (Rom. 5:3-4).

Israel's "extremity," when they found themselves with "no water," was God's opportunity to come in and supply their need. And yet He saw that still another lesson was needed by them, and He allowed them to learn it. "They came to Marah, and they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter, therefore the name of it was called Marah" (Exod. 15:23). Trials that are lightly gotten over, are easily forgotten by us, and this added disappointment, when they thought they had found relief, would teach them their dependence on God, and His all-sufficiency. For He bade Moses to cast a certain tree into the water, which when Moses had done it, healed and sweetened the waters. Even so have we found it in our trials in the wilderness. There is one "tree," the bringing in of which sweetens our bitterest disappointment,—the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, who by cruel hands was nailed there, though without sin of His own but who "bore our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2:24). May we ponder on this more!

But the wilderness is ever a place of trial and testing, and so again we find a difficulty. This time they ran short of bread, and Moses, who had led them out of Egypt,—the land of slavery, it is true, but the land of fulness of bread, and other things which tempted the palate,—was blamed by them for it. But God was back of Moses, and in grace sent down bread from heaven, the 'manna,' fresh each morning, to meet their need all the journey through (Exodus 16:35). It is not until the Jordan is crossed, and Israel in the land of Canaan, that we read:

"And they did eat the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes and parched corn in the self-same day. And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year." (Josh. 5:11-12).

How faithful is our God, for in spite of the faithlessness of His people,—and in spite of the fact that He had to resort to severe punishment of them at times, yet He ever kept before Him the ultimate carrying out of His purpose, to have the seed

of Abraham in the land He had promised to them. And neither the opposition of the enemy, nor the fickleness of Israel could turn Him aside from that. By the hand of Moses He led them on, and met each danger and each trial with a display of wisdom and power that made them invincible while they walked in His ways.

Balaam, that false prophet who "loved the wages of unrighteousness," might be willing to curse them, but God turned his curse into a blessing (Num. 22:23 and 24), confounding him and his master, the King of Moab. Only when Israel fell into the trap, afterwards laid for them by Balak at the instigation of Balaam, and forsaking the path of separation, "mingled themselves with the heathen," did they bring the curse on themselves. (See Num. 25 and Rev. 2:14.) For men may pronounce anathemas on others, and thus seek to do them harm, but their curses fail of execution, as long as the objects of their malice go on with God. No man can bring a judgment from God on another,—he does it for himself.

Again, as Moses led the people on, "Sihon King of the Amorites," and "Og King of Bashan" sought to retard their onward progress, but God was all-sufficient here also, and gave His own a mighty triumph over their foes,—and they possessed their land (Num. 21:21-35). Thus would God instruct our hearts to trust Him, and assure us, amid all the trials of the way, that God is faithful who "will not suffer us to be tempted (tried) above that we are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10:13). Through it all the great Anti-type of Moses is leading us on, and the end of the way will be "the glory."

"The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

When Abraham tarried at Charran, God waited for him; when he went down into Egypt, He restored him; when he needed guidance, He guided him; when there was a strife and a separation, He took care of him.

The path of obedience may often be found most trying to flesh and blood.

The Feasts of Jehovah

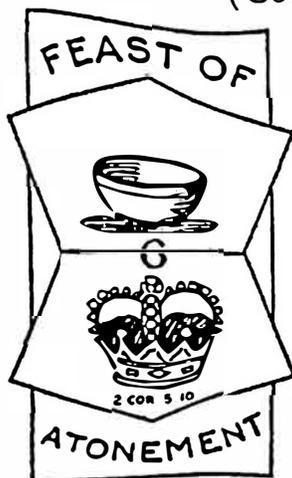
Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

Read Leviticus 23:26; also 16:7

(Continued from March number)



Let us follow now what happens when the Church is caught up:—"And there was war in heaven." "Why," says someone, "War in heaven!" Do not be afraid, dear child of God. Let it not distress you: it is going to add to your joy, and also enhance the glory of the work of Christ. It will be His crowning victory over Satan. What are Satan's thoughts as he looks upon that throng? He says, "Here are those poor dupes that used to be my slaves, and they have been brought here to take my place." For Satan as the world ruler is now usurping the place of rule. Although it is usurpation still it is rule,—or rather misrule,—but now that he sees those that *are* Christ's are to rule *with* Christ, He says, "Are they going to take my place? No, never." This war is, therefore, not of brute force, but of opposition to the mind of God. His mind is that those whom He has justified He will glorify, (Rom. 8:30), and Satan will try to hinder that. How will he do it? He will try to bring something that will be against them, and so he is there as the "accuser of the brethren" (vs. 10). He has always been that; he was that in the days of Job. He told God that Job was a hypocrite, and God said, "We shall see," and He allowed poor Job to go through the Devil's sieve. But Job still clung to his faith in God and proved Satan a liar. And Satan has been doing the same work ever since, but he will attempt it now for the last time. Standing day and night, (for he never takes a vacation) he appears before God to accuse the brethren. He brings up their past as the counsel for the prosecution. He looks at Peter and says, "Can you take that man, who swore he did not know you, to reign with you?" He will look at you and me and accuse us of many things that we have done. If he cannot tell the truth he will tell lies,—but the pity is he can tell so much

that is true. Well, is all lost? Oh, no. It will not distress you or me when the Devil is there and we know that he remembers all we have done. He does not care whether you have confessed it to God or not, and whether or not it has been forgiven. In that day he will be like the ungodly man that 'diggeth up evil.' You say "That will make me feel very bad." Not at all. Why?

Take that man who was a notorious burglar, but God saved him, and he gives up all that life. One day he goes to a firm of Jewelers and seeks a job from them. He tells them that he was once a safe-blower but now God has saved him. And they say, "He is just the man. He has all the qualifications we need." One day a "pal" of former days goes along that street and sees this Christian, and says to him, "What are you doing here? I wonder if your employers know who you are? Look here, if you do not come across with a good sum I will tell on you." Now if that man had not told these jewelers his past life, he would be in terror, and a subject for blackmail the rest of his life, but when he hears that threat he says, "You just go and tell the firm all you know, but let me inform you, they know it already, and more than you know." So is it,—when the believer has confessed his sin and when all is told out, he cares as little about the Devil and what the Devil will say about him, as that man would care about what the blackmailer would say. He has kept back nothing from God.

But take the case of a believer who has not confessed his sin. Many a believer has said things that he never confessed, and many a believer has done dirty things that were covered up. Does not God know about them? Yes. And does not the Devil know about them also? Yes. And that believer dies. Will he be saved? Surely, but there will be an awful uncovering of what he had done and would not confess. I do not believe that God will bring it out, but the Devil will dig it up. No covering up of things then: all will be brought out. Then what shall we do? It is just at this point that the contact is established with the Day of Atonement for the "Judgment Seat" will bring out the value of the work of the Cross and our complete vindication. We pointed out that the Day of Atonement was divided into two,—the past work, and the future. There was a time when atonement was made, and by and by a time is

coming when that atonement will be applied to the people of Israel.

There were two lambs that were sacrificed day by day,—the morning and the evening sacrifice. Christ is both,—the morning Lamb and the evening Lamb. In the morning sacrifice the lamb atones for all the darkness of the past night: the evening lamb atones for all the sins of the day. When I came to the Lord Jesus Christ I saw that He was the “morning Lamb,” that met all my rebellion as the child of darkness. That is the teaching of the morning lamb. By and by I shall stand at the judgment seat of Christ, and as I look over life’s history since Christ saved me, I then will find that there were many things that were contrary to God’s mind, some of which I felt, and some that only God knew. God hates sin whether in the unsaved or in the believer. So at the judgment seat of Christ the Devil takes up these sins. What can a holy God do? “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?” is the divine challenge. The Devil says, “I can” and he brings out these sins. Now look at this precious verse, “And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony” (Rev. 12:11). And at the Judgment Seat of Christ our blessed Lord is our Advocate, and the Devil is the prosecutor; we do not need to say one word, for the Lord Jesus Christ will plead our cause.

We have heard of a man who was tried by the Roman Senate for a thing that would have meant his death. All looked very dark. He could not say anything in defense. But in that Senate there arose a man who held up the stump of his right arm, the arm that he had lost in the wars of his country, and he appealed by that blood that he shed for his erring brother, and on that ground his plea was granted. The Lord Jesus Christ will not say, as He might, to Satan, “It was *you* that enticed them and ensnared them. *You* were the guilty one.” He will not plead that ground at all. He will not point out the great provocation and Satan’s subtlety. He will plead His own precious blood. We have heard of people who have gotten “beyond the blood,” and they criticize hymns that speak of the blood.

But the blood of Christ means more to me tonight than ever before, and I have been saved over fifty years. And, if it pleased the Lord to take me home tonight that blood would mean still

more to me than ever; but of all the occasions when I will bless God for the precious blood of Christ, the greatest will be at that moment when the cruel accuser will bring up the many things that I have forgotten. I will be ready to say, "It is all lost now!" No, it is not all lost, for, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The Lord Jesus Christ will say to Satan, "Is that all you know against him, Satan? Is there anything else you can bring up?" "No." "Well, then, over all write, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

It is said that Luther had some very terrible times of temptation from the Devil. Satan was so very real to him that in the castle of Wartburg they show to this day an ink spot on the wall, where he threw his ink-well at the adversary. Well, that would not disturb the Devil. But it is said that he once came to Luther with a long list of sins, and asked him, "Are those your sins, Martin Luther?" "Yes," said Luther. "These are my sins. Can you find any more?" Satan added more to the list and again Luther acknowledged them and said, "Can you find any more?" and when, after many additions his enemy could not add to the list, Luther said, "Write underneath all these, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" Our standing for salvation and our acceptance is on the ground of the blood, and at the Judgment Seat of Christ the saints of God will be justified from every charge upon that same precious foundation.

What happens next? Satan is cast down (Rev 12:9). He has been going into the presence of God (Job 1), and as the prince of the power of the air he has been reigning for ages. But when the Church is caught up our reign with Christ begins, and it will last forever. The Lord help us then to appreciate more than ever the value of the blood of Christ.



"Altogether Lovely"

C. H. Spurgeon

The entire person of Jesus is but as one gem, and His life is all along but one impression of the seal. He is altogether complete, but not only in His several parts but as a gracious all-glorious whole. His character is not a mass of fair colors mixed confusedly, not a heap of precious stones laid carelessly

one upon another. He is a picture of beauty and a breast-plate of glory. In Him all the things of good repute are in their proper places, and assist in adorning each other. Not one feature of His glorious person attracts attention at the expense of others, but He is perfectly and altogether lovely.

Oh, Jesus! Thy power, Thy majesty, and Thine immutability, make up such a Man, or rather such a God-Man, as neither heaven nor earth have seen elsewhere. Thy infancy, Thy eternity—Thy sufferings, Thy triumphs—Thy death, and Thine immutability, are all woven in one gorgeous tapestry, without seam or rent. Thou art music without discord; Thou art many and yet not divided; Thou art all things and yet not diverse. As all the colors blend in one resplendent rainbow, so all the glories of heaven and earth meet in Thee, and unite so wondrously, that there is none like Thee in all things; nay, if all the virtues of the most excellent were bound in one bundle, they could not rival Thee, Thou mirror of all perfection. Thou hast been anointed with the holy oil of myrrh and cassia, which Thy God hath reserved for Thee alone; and as for Thy fragrance it is as the holy perfume, the like of which none other can ever mingle, even with the art of the apothecary; each spice is fragrant, but the compound is divine.

“Fairer than the sons of men”

I believe there is nothing lovelier, deeper, more sympathetic and more perfect than the Saviour. I say to myself with jealous love that not only is there no one else like Him, but that there could be no one. There is in the world only one figure of absolute beauty: Christ. That infinitely lovely figure is, as a matter of course, a marvel infinite. —Dostoevsky

“More marred than the sons of men”

Is this the Face that thrills with awe
 Seraphs who veil their face above?
 Is this the Face without a flaw
 The Face that is the face of love?

Yes, this defaced, this visage marred,
 Hath all creation's love sufficed,
 Hath satisfied the love of God,
 This Face, the Face of Jesus Christ.

—Christina Rossetti.

The Light of Eternity

J. N. Darby

"The things that are seen are for a time, but those that are not seen eternal" (II Cor. 4:18, New Trans.).

I feel more than ever that all is vanity, except that which is for ever. We all know it, but how foolish all else will seem when we meet the blessed Lord.

The time will come when we shall say of all that has not been Christ in our lives and ways, "That was all lost."

I know I am a poor workman, but I know the hour will come when the only thing worth remembering—save eternal grace and Him Who is the source of it—if memory it can then be called, will be service and labor for Him Who has loved us.

Faith should pierce through and see the things that are not seen; things get their true value in another world, and faith when vivid sees them there.

If we live to serve Christ, the sorrow of this world is worth while.

Do not faint; for if we really labor we must be more or less in conflict, trial, and sorrow; for it is a work of faith, if a labor of love, and of patience, and of hope; because though blessed fruits be by the way and we see them ripening, it is the great ingathering that is the time of joy. And it is a distinct view and reference to that which gives our work a real, deep, holy character, such as His was, and will prove real in that day. You must labor in sorrow, for it is in the midst of evil, if you would reap in joy.

Lot *saw* a well-watered plain and a city, and then dwelt in it on the earth, and consequently was in the midst of judgment; while Abraham sought a city *out of sight*, and he enjoyed the blessing and comfort of God being with him, go where he might.

Oh, the blessedness! when after all troubles and conflicts are over we shall "awake in His likeness." Believers, is there soothing in this to quicken your joy in meeting Jesus? Is there soothing in this to throw contempt upon the world and its unmeaning joys?

May the Lord's love and approbation be the things that govern us, and not the things that fade away.

The Christ of the Covenant*James Melrose*

(Continued from the March number)

The last of those covenants prior to that referred to by our Lord as the "New Covenant," (excluding for the moment that with the individual house of David) was that generally referred to as the Mosaic or Sinaitic Covenant, made with the nation of Israel, of which Moses was the mediator. It was preceded by the 400 years of discipline in Egypt. A wonderful display of Divine power and authority accompanied it, as seen in the deliverance from Pharaoh's power at the Red Sea, and later in the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. Here the law was given to and by Moses. What God required of man as a condition of life in His Holy presence was set forth clearly and accepted; but (as we now know, in the light of the New Testament Epistles) was not given as a means of salvation either from sin's power or penalty. That, the law could not do, in that it was weak, through the flesh. It was given as a mirror in which to see our defilement; a standard by which to measure how far we are removed from, and come short of, the glory of God, even as far as the heavens are higher than the earth, "That every mouth might be stopped and the whole world become guilty before God."

Such was the law. But even with the law, broken simultaneously with the giving of it, the covenant is still renewed on the same basis as in Eden's garden—the same that accompanied every renewal—they "stand upon redemption ground," and we hear the voice of Moses, the mediator, (when he had spoken every precept to all the people according to the law) proclaiming, as he sprinkled with blood both the book and all the people, "This is the *blood of the covenant*, which God hath enjoined unto you." That was the blood of the *Old Covenant*, whereby God and man were enabled to go on together. But we hear the Mediator of the *New Covenant* say, as He took the cup and placed it in the hands of His own disciples, "This cup is the *New Covenant* in *My* blood." A New Covenant and a new Mediator; A better Covenant and a better Mediator. The footfall of the only One Who is good—(the Good Samaritan) again approaches, accompanied (as formerly in Egypt) with signs and tokens. Again the command goes forth, "Let

my people go," and darkness and deafness and dumbness and disease, and death itself, release their grasp. A wondering ruler in Israel speaks with bated breath under cover of darkness what was in the mind and heart of every one who feared the Lord in Israel; "Rabbi, we know that thou art a Teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him."

A long time it was, indeed, since last that voice and power had been heard and felt. Fifteen hundred years before, it had spoken and struck with emancipating power in Egypt, lifting up a broken, despised, and enslaved people, saying "My people!"—dwelling amongst them between the Cherubim in Shekinah glory in the midst of a palace whose golden walls, curtains, coverings, furnishings and appointments, to the smallest detail, were all of His own appointment—"every whit declaring His glory"—and under the shadow of whose walls, His beloved people dwelt securely. Truly, the "former house," and the Old Covenant and ministry of the law were glorious. Well might Moses say of this favored people, "Happy art thou, Oh Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?" But 1500 years of tests had left them, like the man of the Jericho Road, robbed and stripped of their glory, wounded and well-nigh dead. "Ichabod," was written across the face of the nation: "The glory was departed." They were "weighed in the balances and found wanting."

Little wonder Nicodemus should seek an audience in the dark, for Satan's bloodthirsty robbers were ranging the land. But blessed be God! "He hath not cast away His people, whom He foreknew," and the voice of Divine authority and acts of power are once more in evidence.

Many, many things had transpired during those 1500 years of tutelage under law. Israel had led a checkered and downward career—curbed and restrained like a runaway steed that rushes to its own destruction. Under judges, prophets, and kings in the land; in civil strife, apostasy, and exile; in partial restoration, with a house swept and garnished, only to receive more demons, with the last state worse than the first, and the glorious house of God becoming a den of thieves—ready for the besom of destruction.

We do not forget the Davidic covenant, during that interval. However that was not a covenant with the people, but

with the royal house of David. It looked forward not to the priestly mediatorial and intercessory character and work of the promised One who should come, nor to that heavenly kingdom of which He said "My Kingdom is not of this world." It looked forward, rather, to the time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ—"When He shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore; till moons shall wax and wane no more."

We find, therefore, when this "New Covenant," to which our Lord so simply referred at the Supper, is taken up and expanded in the Hebrew Epistle, that there it is contrasted directly with the Sinaitic Covenant of 1500 years before, which the apostle refers to as the "Old Covenant." In the darkest days of Israel's apostasy, Jeremiah, the man of tears, was given a foresight of this new covenant. Indeed, its terms were clearly outlined under a "Thus saith the Lord," and Jeremiah 31:31-34 is quoted almost verbatim in Hebrews 9:8-12, as the *new* covenant; contrasted in Chapter 9; verses 1 to 14, with the *old*; and in verse 15, our Lord Jesus, the long-promised Christ, is declared to be the mediator of that new covenant, just as Moses was of the old. The efficacy of His own blood of the new covenant to make possible the carrying out of these new promises is also compared with the blood of beasts sprinkled by Moses on the Book of the Law and on the people, whereby the God of Israel had been enabled to dwell amongst them and call them "My people," despite the law given and broken.

In Hebrews 8:13, we have the Divine comment upon Jeremiah's use of the term, "a new covenant" as indicating that when this "new covenant" appeared, the former covenant would have become old, decadent and "ready to vanish away"—like an old, decrepit man whose day of usefulness has come to a close. The law of Sinai had served its purpose by demonstrating the utter impotence of the natural man to attain to its standard of righteousness and holiness. Like the impotent man at Bethesda's pool who lay for 38 years with none to help, and who should be ready for the question, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And like the man of the Jericho Road, who was past the help of the law, so that priest and Levite (the law's highest representatives) pass by and pass on. The case is too far gone for their aid. The law and its representatives are

ready to "vanish away." Such a case, however, does but provide a perfect opportunity for the display of the Samaritan's love and grace and power. "They that are sick *have* need of a physician" and "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The new and better Covenant, and Mediator with oil and wine, are here. "Once in the end of the ages, hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

The blood that Moses sprinkled on the Book of the Law blotted that death-dealing indictment, with the mark of atoning blood satisfying all its claims. In Col. 2:13-14, we have a word concerning the blood of the new covenant—"My blood," which wonderfully corresponds with this, reading thus: "You being dead . . . hath He quickened . . . having forgiven you all trespasses; *blotting out the handwriting* of ordinances that was against us which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His Cross." "Your sins and your iniquities, will I remember no more," are the terms of this New Covenant. The handwriting that was against us has been sprinkled with the precious blood of Christ, meeting and cancelling all its claims. The law was the bill which we could not pay, and which, nailed on our door, exposed man's shameful bankruptcy. It is now cancelled, folded up, and nailed to His cross.

(Continued D.V.)



The Unchangeable Word

"IT IS EASIER FOR HEAVEN AND EARTH TO PASS, THAN ONE TITTLE OF THE LAW TO FAIL."—Luke 16:17.

"HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY, BUT MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY."—Mark 13:31.

The "law" stands here, as in some other places of Scripture, for the whole revealed will of God. The heavens where, after the lapse of many thousand years, the stars are burning as bright as the day they were kindled; and the earth, whose hoar mountains have looked down unchanged on successive generations, flowing on to the grave as the river that washes their feet flows on to the sea, stand here the symbols of perpetuity. And thus, by declaring that heaven and earth shall sooner pass, these lofty hills be sooner levelled with the plain, these stars sooner drop,

or that sun be blotted from the sky, than God's word, or any part of it fail of fulfilment—our Lord by the boldest figures and in the strongest manner asserts its perpetuity.

This law or will of God has been revealed to us in two ways—

First, by conscience, which is the voice of God within us; which is His law, engraven by the finger of God, not on Sinai's granite tables, but on the fleshy tablets of the heart; which, enthroned as a sovereign in every bosom, commends us when we do right, and condemns us when we do wrong. But this conscience, as an expression of the law or will and mind of God, is not now to be implicitly depended on. It is not infallible. What was true to its office in Eden, has been deranged and shattered by the Fall; and now lies, as I have seen a sun-dial in the neglected garden of an old, desolate ruin, thrown from its pedestal, prostrate on the ground, and covered by tall, rank weeds. So far from being since that fatal event an infallible directory of duty, conscience has often lent its sanction to the grossest errors, and prompted to the greatest crimes. Did not Saul of Tarsus, for instance, hale men and women to prison; compel them to blaspheme; and imbrue his hands in saintly blood, while conscience approved the deed — he judging the while that he did God service? What wild and profane imaginations has it accepted as the oracles of God! and, as if fiends had taken possession of a God-deserted shrine, have not the foulest crimes as well as the most shocking cruelties, been perpetrated in its name? Read the Book of Martyrs, read the sufferings of our own forefathers; and, under the cowl of a shaven monk, or the trappings of a haughty churchman, you shall see conscience persecuting the saints of God, and dragging even tender women and children to the bloody scaffold or the burning stake. With eyes swimming in tears, or flashing fire, we close the painful record, to apply to Conscience the words addressed to Liberty by the French heroine, when, passing its statue, she rose in the cart that bore her to the guillotine, and throwing up her arms, exclaimed, "O Liberty, what crimes have been done in thy name!" And what crimes in thine, O Conscience! deeds from which even humanity shrinks; against which true religion lifts her loudest protest; and which furnish the best explanation of these awful words, 'If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!'

So far as doctrines and duties are concerned, not conscience, but the revealed Word of God, is our one, only sure and safe directory. "Search the Scriptures," says our Lord, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me." "To the law and to the testimony," says another, "if they speak not according to these, there is no truth in them." However honest people may be, with whatever halo piety has surrounded them, however burning the zeal that inspires them, though they walk the world in robes of light, speak with the tongues of angels, give their goods to feed the poor, nay, giving their bodies to be burned, die martyrs for their principles, if they speak not according to these, there is no truth in them. Who does not admire honesty, and zeal, and self-denial? Still, men's willingness to suffer for their principles proves only their sincerity. It does not prove their soundness. The "law," therefore, on which my text pronounces this high eulogium, that form of the word of God which, amidst life's rudest tempests, and death's swelling waters, proves an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, is the Bible—that revealed Word which holy men of old spake, or wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Now let me — *First*, Set forth some general observations on this Word or Law of God.

How many things could I say which should raise it in your esteem, and enhancing its value, win for it a larger share of your time—a closer and more prayerful study! Whitefield said that some made so little use of their Bibles, that you might write the word damnation on the dust that covered them. I do not suspect any of you of so entirely neglecting it, or treating it, as they did in the reign before Josiah's, when the only copy of the Bible in the whole land was swept with cobwebs into a corner among old lumber of the temple. No. Thank God, more Bibles are in circulation now than copies of any other book. To illustrate this one, precious volume, more pens have been worn, more researches made, more books written, more days and nights spent, than on all other books besides. It might well be so. It is the first of books; beyond all others the most venerable for its age, and the most valuable for its matter. Apart from its divine authority, there is more glowing eloquence, more noble sentiments, more melting pathos, more beautiful poetry, within its boards than anywhere else. From its pages moralists have borrowed their noblest maxims, and poets their

finest thoughts. What can be said of no others, has been well, and justly, and beautifully said of this—it has God for its author, truth without any mixture of error for its matter, and salvation for its end.

The Bible has done more to bless society, to promote brotherhood, commerce, happiness, peace, and liberty, in the world, than any other book, and all other books together. At once the support and ornament of free countries and evangelical Churches, like the symbol of God's presence in the desert, that word is light in the form of a pillar.

The wealth of the poor, by blessing them with that contentment which makes poverty rich, it is also the shield of wealth. Wondrous book! it levels all, and yet leaves variety of ranks; it humbles the lofty, and exalts the lowliest; it condemns the best, and yet saves the worst; it engages the study of angels, and is not above the understanding of a little child; it shews us man raised to the position of a son of God, and the Son of God stooping to the condition of a man. It heals by wounding, and kills to make alive. It is an armory of heavenly weapons, a laboratory of infallible medicines, a mine of exhaustless wealth. Teaching kings how to reign and subjects how to obey, masters how to rule and domestics how to serve, pastors how to preach and people how to hear, teachers how to instruct and pupils how to learn, husbands how to love their wives and wives how to obey their husbands, it contains rules for men in all possible conditions of life. It is a guide-book for every road; a chart for every sea; a medicine for every malady; a balm for every wound; and a comfort for every grief. Divinely adapted to our circumstances, whatever these may be, we can say of this book as David said of the giant's sword, "Give me that, there is none like it." Rob us of the Bible, and our sky has lost its sun; and in other, even in the best of books, we have naught left but the glimmer of twinkling stars. Now, my text crowns all these eulogies; like the keystone of the arch that binds all the parts of the span together, it gives the rest their power and value; for what were all the promises and prospects of this sacred volume unless we knew that they could not fail, and were assured by Him Who is the Truth, as well as the Way and the Life, that it were "easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail"?

(Continued D.V.)

—T. G.

Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Continued from March number)

"But you will now perhaps" said Roger, "allow me to proceed from defence to attack. We have talked about the first chapter of Genesis. Did you ever notice what is said about the water and the dry land? 'And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear.' Notice it is not said that the *dry land* was gathered into 'one place', but that is the statement made about the seas. Every one is now acquainted with the peculiar fact that, while the dry land is cut up and completely separated, all the seas are connected. I say we know that now, but our knowledge has come through centuries of exploration and of multiplied discoveries. How could any man have known it even in the beginning of the Christian era?"

"Is that really in the first of Genesis?" asked Colquhoun. Roger handed him his Bible, and added: "It certainly is, and you will note another thing. There are to be more than one sea, though the waters are to be gathered into 'one place.' They are called 'seas.' But the whole account is one which has greatly impressed open-minded scientists. Professor Dana, whose name is one of the very biggest in geology, delivered a lecture to the students at Yale University a year or two before he died. His subject was the Creation Story in Genesis, and he declared that Inspiration alone could account for its exact accord with recent discoveries. He also mentioned how the late Professor Guyot, a friend and fellow-scientist, came to the same conclusion. At the outset of his career he was appointed Professor of History in a Swiss University. He resolved to commence with the origin of all things, and got hold of every available book on Biology, Geology, Astronomy, etc. He tabulated his results, and, when his sketch was completed, he found to his amazement, that his order of events was the very order in the first chapter of Genesis! But even the single fact, that Genesis puts the creation of man in the series, is enough to show that the record could not have come from man. Huxley tells us that man is Nature's last born. But the Bible had proclaimed the same truth for thousands of years before the earth's records were opened, and before the strata were explored. We know how Huxley could

make the statement. Geology had taught him the fact. But where did the Bible get it?"

Roger looked at Colquhoun and Brown, and then at Colville and me, as he asked the question; but none of us answered. It was evident, enough, however, that we were all impressed. "If you have no answer to that," Roger went on, "I cannot hope much for a reply to my next question. I suppose you have exhausted your stock of objections, and that we have pretty well completed our survey of the supposed scientific blunders of the Bible. Did it ever strike you, Brown, how those supposed scientific "blunders" were so very few and so very small? You know there is not a single scientific work a century old that is not marred by blunders which no man can by any possibility defend! The books, which a scientific man of any lengthened service writes in the beginning of his career, he has to correct or to re-write long before its close. As for the science of the old world, the notion of defending that is ludicrous. And, when we come to the other ancient religions, the matter is worse. The Hindus were taught, as I have already said, that the earth is a hemisphere which rests on the backs of four huge elephants. When one of the elephants grows tired and bends its knee, that quarter of the world has an earthquake! The four elephants stand on the hard shelly back of a huge tortoise. The tortoise floats on a universal ocean. When the Hindu sacred books ventured further into scientific territory every step was a similar blunder. The sun, they declared, lies much nearer the earth than the moon. Rain comes from the moon, and lightning from some place further distant. A hundred and one arteries proceed from the human heart, and the chief artery passes through the brain. Their theory of digestion is equally wonderful. Flesh is made of corn and other earthly food; water becomes blood, and oil and butter furnish the marrow of the human body; and other coarser parts of these fatty substances make the bones! How is it, Brown, that you have nothing like that in the Hebrew sacred books? Where all others stumbled and fell, how have these managed to stand erect, and to walk with such sure steps, that they compel our admiration even today?"

We all turned to Brown, so boldly addressed, and waited breathless for his reply. None of us, I imagine, envied his position at that moment; but he came out of it nobly.

"I confess," said he, "that I have never looked at the matter

in that way. You have taught me more today, Roger, than I believed it possible to get out of any man in the same time. I suppose, like others who imagine themselves original thinkers, I have been drifting easily with the current, and have taken credit to myself for 'advancing' with the times."

Roger was evidently touched, as, indeed, were we all. It was with softer tones and kindlier aspect that he resumed. "I think we must give up," he said, "our talk about 'partial Inspiration' and 'Inspiration of the thought but not of the words.' For unless there had been a guidance which moulded the very form of their statements, I do not see how the writers of the Bible could by any possibility have escaped packing the Scripture with the errors of the time. But I have not done yet. There are some bigger wonders than any I have yet named. Let me show you the best theory of rivers and of rain that I know. In Ecclesiastes (another despised and misunderstood book by the way), I read (1:7): 'All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: into the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' Every one knows that hundreds of thousands of tons of water are poured into the sea every hour of every day and of every night, and nevertheless the sea is not full. But it is a startling explanation to say that this is because the rivers go back again to the spots from which they started! Who ever saw them go back? What part of the ocean does the Thames or the Clyde go back from, and how can they climb the slopes till they reach the springs which gave them birth? What can the words mean? Well, the Bible generally explains itself, if we only know where to look for the explanation. Turn to Psalm 135:7 — here are the words: 'He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings for the rain; He bringeth the wind out of His treasures.'

"The meteorology of that Psalm is abreast with, and actually in advance of, our twentieth century science! The water vapour is rising from the ocean's breast every moment of the day and night. It is rising in such volume and with such regularity as no pumps ever imagined by man could produce. In the upper sky the cold air gathers it in its mighty fists, and the harvest of the sea is reaped. The water vapour is condensed, and is changed into a multitude of little globules having air inside and watery vapour outside. The clouds are formed. And

what is to be done now? If they are left there they will fall again upon the sea, and the earth's thirst will be left unquenched. But God has made His preparations. The steeds are all ready yonder in His stables! 'He bringeth the winds out of His treasuries.' They are yoked to the cloud chariots, and onward these go, borne in silent majesty, or tempest driven, towards the mountain-bound coast. All that is wonderful enough, but here is something which is simply miraculous. How are these clouds to become rain? 'He prepareth lightnings for the rain.' There is one kind of electricity in this cloud, and the opposite kind in that which meets it. The contact begets the lightning flash; the shock masses the globules together; the rain is precipitated; and the waiting earth is refreshed. There is one kind of lightning in the cloud, and there is another in the mountain peak. Again, there is the flash, the shock, and the shower. The streams run down the mountain slope. The torrents foam, and leap, and shout. The springs of the valleys overflow, and the rivers pass out once more from the place of their birth, gather fulness as they flow, and sweep back to the ocean in their old majestic depth and breadth."

"I say, Roger, you are growing quite poetical," Colquhoun broke in.

"I don't mind that," replied Roger, with a smile, "so long as I say what is true. But I once heard Lord Kelvin make a statement in the Natural Philosophy Class Room, in the old Glasgow University, which bears upon this matter. He was asking some of those, who were working in the laboratory, about experiments which they had been making as to the connection between lightning and rain. After receiving the reports, he turned round to us and remarked, with that earnest solemnity of his, 'I believe there never is rain without lightning!' One day, months afterwards, I was reading this Psalm, and came upon the seventh verse. Immediately the scene in the College Class Room flashed upon me, and I said: 'Why, here is the very discovery towards which the biggest electrician of the time is only now feeling his way!' I had believed in the Bible before. But my belief put on a deeper reverence from that moment."

"That is certainly remarkable," said Colville, "and I fancy there are other passages where the connection between lightning and rain is hinted."

(Continued D. V.)

The Disembodied State

T. Shuldham Henry, M.A., LL.D.

(Continued from March number)

APPENDIX A

In the valley of Hinnom the idolatrous Jews offered human sacrifices to the heathen god Moloch, which means "a king." He was worshipped by little children being burned alive, contrary to God's command in Lev. 20:2. In Ps. 106:37, we read, "Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils, and shed innocent blood, even of their sons and daughters." So that under the name of Moloch they worshipped Satan — the god of this world. Solomon built a temple to this god (1 Kings 11:7) on the mount of Olives and his worship was carried on by his successors, chiefly Manasseh. In Jer. 7:29-32 we read God's indictment against the children of Israel for this crime.

APPENDIX B

An attempt has been made by some advocates of non-eternity of punishment, to prove that Sheol means only the "grave," the place where the body is consigned after death, as for instance in Psalm 9:17. "The wicked shall be turned into Hell," (Sheol) that is, "sent back again into 'hell,' that is the grave."

In the north of England this summer, when speaking in a train on the subject, Ps. 9:17, was quoted and its literal meaning. "Of course," said a gentleman present — a non-eternity advocate — "that is right, for it means they come out of the dust of the earth and go back to it when they die." Sheol never means the place for the body. But the great aim of these teachers is to pervert truth. They have learnedly endeavored to prove in their writings that Sheol is the abode of dead sheep, men's bones, and weapons of war. For the first statement there is one Scripture produced, Ps. 49:14, "like sheep they are laid in Sheol."

Delitzsch thus interprets this passage, "they are made to lie down in Sheol like sheep in a fold." Another passage is quoted to assure us that the bones of the dead are consigned at death to Hades. Ps. 141:7, "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth." David tells us they are outside not inside.

APPENDIX C

Saul in his extremity after God departed from him, betook himself to a dealer in familiar spirits. He knew they had the

reputation of being able to call up the dead. He was determined since God would not hear him to appeal to the power of darkness. His companions took him to the witch that lived in the caves at Endor, on the north east slope of Little Hermon. She was what spiritualists call a medium. We cannot for a moment admit that they have the power to summon the spirits of the departed, good or bad, but that the evil spirits that people the air have the power to personate the person required, and from great knowledge of the past, to give great information to those that seek their aid.

This woman's familiar spirit would, no doubt, have personated Samuel, and spoken soothing words to the king, but the usual procedure was cut short by a sudden interference, and the medium shrieked with terror as she perceived, probably through her familiar, that the inquirer was her great enemy, king Saul; and still worse, that all her powers were held in abeyance, and her Satanic accomplice paralysed by the apparition of a being with whom she felt that she had neither part nor lot. For since Saul would seek unto the dead, God sent up Samuel as the bearer of a fearful message of approaching doom. (Pember).

APPENDIX D

It is sad to see the way in which the truth of God is perverted on every hand. Centuries ago, when the Arian controversy was raging, the acknowledgers of the Triune God, and especially of God manifest in the flesh; to be distinguished from those who denied the divinity of the second Person of the Godhead, bowed their heads when their confession of faith was read out in their assemblies. They did not take it from Phil. 2. How people bow and curtesy when the name of Jesus is mentioned, whether in hymn, prayer, creed, or sermon; and quote Phil. 2 as their warrant. This is not the meaning of the passage; but the universal acknowledgment of the Man crucified in weakness, Jesus Christ, as Lord, to the glory of God the Father. All must do so. Satan, demons, fallen angels, lost souls, must acknowledge Him. Men must either confess Him in this world to the salvation of their souls, or else in the next at the Great White Throne, when all hope and salvation are at an end, and that to God's glory.

APPENDIX E

The word "consume" here, does not in the least favour the annihilation doctrine. The argument is as snow water is ab-

sorbed by drought and evaporated by heat, so the soul of man disappears into nothing, either at death according to one school, or after a certain number of years of punishment of sins, which they cannot define, according to another school. The obvious meaning is, "drought and heat," violently take or lay hold of snow waters, so Sheol the souls of those who have sinned. It refers not to the bodies but to the souls of the ungodly.

APPENDIX F

"The day of the Lord" includes the whole period of Christ's reign of righteousness on earth, ending with "the day of God." This we find in Zec. 14:9, and many other scriptures. It is during some part of this day—it does not say when—that the fire is to do its work.

APPENDIX G

The "Rephaim," poetically called "the shades," are the spirits of both the good and the bad, who have departed this life, and translated "the dead," in our version of the Old Testament. Their condition is described in Job 26:5,6, as dwelling in darkness and trembling. I give you Barnes' more correct rendering of the passage—

"Shades tremble from beneath,
The waters, and their inhabitants.
Sheol is naked before Him.
And destruction hath no covering."



Missionary Labours in Many Lands
The Converted Priest
Frederick C. Glass

(From *Adventures with the Bible in Brazil*)

Some years ago there lived in the important interior city of Juiz de Fora a priest, Father Hyppolyto Campos.

He was the vicar of the city and enjoyed a wide reputation for eloquence and learning—qualifications not very often met with among his class.

A zealous and convinced believer in the infallibility of his Church he knew by heart all the Jesuitical arguments against Protestantism—and very clever and subtle they are. Woe betide the Gospel controversialist who meets with a man like Father Hyppolyto, unless he is absolutely sound and secure on the whole Word of God.

With such a reputation this priest was in great demand in every district of the diocese in which Gospel messengers had appeared, and too often his astute eloquence succeeded in stifling the first germ of life sown by the wayside. But it was not universally so, for he occasionally met a man or woman who had read the Bible, which he had not, and who could easily confuse him with the simplest questions, such as, "Where is the Apostolic teaching on Purgatory, the Intercession of Saints, the Confessional?" and so forth.

Noting that most of these dissenters were illiterate, humble folk, he felt the more perplexed and annoyed with the situation, and he at last resolved to silence such impertinent heretics by studying the Catholic Bible in order to refute them out of the same.

This was more easily said than done. By the wisdom of the sixteenth century Council of Trent it was laid down that no priest should read the Scriptures without the written consent of his bishop under penalty of excommunication. Such is Roman fear of the Bible in the hands of her own priests.

Needless to say the priest who dares to ask for this liberty becomes an object of suspicion and is a marked man thereafter—with very good reason as we shall see.

Father Hyppolyto wrote to his bishop, exposing the difficulty of his situation and asking ecclesiastical permission to read the Bible approved by the "Holy Church" in order to confound these heretics.

Receiving no reply he repeated his request, and met with a curt refusal. He expostulated and urged the advantages to be gained, without, however, inducing his bishop to relax the general rule. At last, thoroughly aroused and somewhat indignant, he wrote in such downright terms that he received an "approved" Bible by next mail.

Father Hyppolyto was soon immersed in his Church's Bible, which, as is known, closely resembles our own, with the exception of the few Apocryphal books of the Old Testament. First of all he searched for apostolic approval of purgatory, that corner-stone of Romish superstition; and was not a little disturbed to find no mention of it whatever from cover to cover. Somewhat disconcerted, he next sought confirmation of the other doctrines of his Church which had been questioned; and

one by one they were met by either absolute silence or a direct negative from the Bible of his own church. It began to dawn on his mind that something was wrong, and that he had been deceived, and in turn had become a deceiver, and this troubled his conscience; but not being yet fully enlightened as to the truth of the Gospel he resolved to remain a priest.

Shortly after this Father Hyppolyto, calling one evening at the house of a friend, heard the sound of singing.

“What’s that?” he enquired.

“Why, don’t you know?” rejoined his friend: “it’s the *Protestantes*. They have rented the place next door and have regular meetings, and many Catholics are attending. Come this way, and from a side window you can look right into their hall.”

From the window of the dark room the priest gazed into that little assembly.

The hymn had ceased, and the missionary led in a prayer which strangely affected the father, so that when the gospel discourse commenced there was no more earnest listener than that hidden priest. At the close of the service he bade farewell to his friend, but not without casually inquiring how often these meetings were held.

As if by chance, when the evening of the next meeting arrived Father Hyppolyto again visited his friend, and once more he listened to the Gospel message from that dark side window. This continued for some time, until at last conviction laid hold of the priest so strongly that he sought an interview with the missionary; and it ended in his definite acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.

He immediately dropped his ecclesiastical robes and sent in his resignation to the bishop, explaining the reason for his step. The result was a terrible uproar among the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and every agency was put into movement to turn him from his resolution. Celebrated priests and well known Catholic statesmen and Jesuits pressed him on every hand with alternating threats and promises, and his life was in peril. But in spite of all that Rome could do he stood steadfast in the storm and never looked back.

Withdrawing from the public gaze, he applied himself to the Scriptures. Three years later he was received as a local preacher in the American Methodist Mission, and he is now

pastor of their largest congregation in Brazil, by his eloquent appeals powerfully convincing all who listen of the pure truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as contrasted with the deceptions and falsehood of Rome.



A French Sceptic's Challenge

In one of the evening parties of Baron D'Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the century used to assemble, the conversation turned freely upon the supposed absurdities, stupidities and inconsistencies of the Sacred Scriptures. The philosopher Diderot, who had taken no small part in the conversation, brought it suddenly to a close by the following remark:

"For a wonder, gentlemen, for a wonder, I know nobody, either in France or anywhere else, who could write and speak with more art and talent than the Bible. Notwithstanding all the bad which we have said of this devil of a book, I defy you all—as many as are here—to prepare a tale so simple, and at the same time so sublime and so touching, as the story of the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ: which will produce the same effect, and make the sensation as strong and as generally felt, and whose influence will be the same, after so many centuries."



"My son, give Me thy heart"

He died for me: what can I offer Him?
 Towards Him swells incense of perpetual praise.
 His court wears crowns and aureoles round their hair;
 His ministers are mighty Cherubim;
 Ring within ring, white intense Seraphim
 Leap like immortal lightnings through the air,
 What shall I offer Him? Defiled and bare
 My spirit broken and my brightness dim?
 "Give Me thy youth." "I yield it to Thy rod
 As Thou didst yield Thy prime of youth for me."
 "Give Me thy life." "I yield it breath by breath;
 As Thou didst give Thy life so give I Thee."
 "Give Me thy love." "So be it, O God my God
 As Thou hast loved me, even to bitter death."

—Christina Rossetti

“Tell ye your children of it”**Hush! God forgives and receives***D. L. Moody*

An Englishman told me a story once that may serve to illustrate the truth that God loves men in their sin. He does not love sin, but He loves men even in their sin.

A great many years ago a little boy was stolen in London. Long months and years passed away, and the mother had prayed and prayed, and all her efforts to find him had failed; but she did not give up hope. One day a boy was sent to sweep the chimney, and by some mistake he came down by a different chimney and landed in the sitting room. He thought things looked strangely familiar. His memory began to travel back through the years that had passed. The scenes of earlier days were dawning upon him, and as he stood surveying the place his mother came into the room. He was clothed with rags and covered with soot. But his mother recognized her own. It was her boy. Did she wait until he was washed before she took him in her arms? No, indeed; she embraced and hugged him as he was, all black and grimy, and shed tears of joy over him. If you have wandered from God; if there is not a sound spot in you, just come to God and He will forgive and receive you.

One day Mr. Spurgeon went into the country to spend a little time with a friend. This friend had a weather-vane on his barn, and on the weather-vane were the words, “God is love.”

“What do you mean by that?” said Mr. Spurgeon. “Do you mean that God’s love is as changeable as the wind?”

“No” said his friend; “I believe that God is love whichever way the wind blows.”

Now it is pretty hard to make anyone believe that. If I could just get you to believe that God loves you, in spite of your sins, I tell you it would be a grand day for your souls.



Praying and planning will never do together. If I plan, I am leaning more or less on my plan; but when I pray, I should lean exclusively upon God.

Joseph's Brethren*Donald MacDonald*

"Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said to his sons, Why do ye look one upon another? And he said, Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live and not die." Gen. 43:1, 2.

Famine is one of the afflictions which God sends upon the world for its sins. Some years ago there was a famine in China, and it was computed that seven millions of the inhabitants died. It was confined to China. But we have a famine this day, not the want of bread and water, but the want of the real knowledge of God. This famine is general throughout the whole world. It is sad for those who are free from this famine to see so many perishing in it. There are millions perishing without the true knowledge of God, and had He not left us a small remnant we should be like Sodom and Gomorrah.

What would be the best remedy to remove this famine? Bread. What bread? The bread of life, Christ Jesus—"I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." Though you should have dishes of gold and silver on your table, if you want bread you cannot live. So if you have not Christ set before you in the Gospel you are in a spiritual famine still; nothing will do but Christ.

Jacob had good news to tell; but he must first rebuke his sons for looking at each other instead of going where the bread was. It is so with the children of God; they look too much at each other instead of going to God by Christ to get their spiritual needs supplied. As if Jacob had said, "In looking upon one another you are following the way of the world in their extremities." But Jacob moreover was also touched on account of the famished condition of his sons: so is God; for He says, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no delight in the death of the wicked." There is corn in Egypt, why are you not bestirring yourselves? Corn in Egypt! This is glorious news to them who feel that they are perishing; to those who feel that they are far off from God and saying to one

another, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him! That I might come even to his seat!" Those who are perishing without the knowledge of God are urgently in need of good news, and this is good news, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, that He finished the work of redemption, and that He is now seated at the right hand of God the Father a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins to Israel. There was plenty of corn in Egypt. The poor sons of Jacob were so needful of deliverance that the news gladdened their hearts. Immediately there was a great stir among them, some running for the asses, some for the harness, some for the sacks to go to Egypt. There was a commotion among the dry bones when the prophet spake as he was commanded, as there was here among Joseph's brethren. The Holy Spirit plants desires and motions after Christ the bread of life in the souls of men, and directs them to the cross for deliverance.

When the sons of Jacob first came to Egypt Joseph spoke roughly to his brethren. Christ wounds before He heals. He speaks roughly to sinners through the law. He speaks roughly to them through an interpreter—through the law He shows them their sins, their guilt, and His wrath against sin. Then they feel and confess that they are sinners, and they reflect, upon their past conduct. This pulls down their pride. The treatment they gave Christ before will now be very grievous to them, just as Joseph's brethren here were grieved for the treatment they had given him in the past. The sinner's profanation, and lying and drunkenness, etc., sting his conscience, and he begins to cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" The interpreter will not give you what you need—the law cannot give life, peace with God, or peace of conscience—the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, alone can do this. The sinner will say, "Oh, that He would come and pour the oil of comfort into my wounds, for I am tired of being spoken to in the language of the Egyptians!" But Christ is the Father's wisdom. Notwithstanding their sinful conduct in the past, the roughness with which they were spoken to now, and the guilt that lay heavily upon their conscience, they were not sent away empty. Joseph commanded the stores to be opened.

What are the keys that open the stores of heaven? Faith and poverty. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of

heaven." These keys—faith and poverty—will open all the stores of heaven and earth. They opened heaven, and manna fell down in showers; they opened the flinty rock, and waters gushed out; they brought fire from heaven to consume the enemies of God; and they brought rain from heaven after the doors were locked three years and six months.

These keys also open the stores of grace for the individual soul. The first store opened is mercy; the next, forgiveness. "Lord, be merciful to me, the sinner." Oh, how precious forgiveness of sins is to them who feel their need of it! Then another store is opened—the blood of Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The awakened conscience will say, "Oh that the blood were applied to me!" "Though your sins be like scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." I think I hear one say, "Oh that it were applied to my guilty soul!" The next store is the influences of the Holy Ghost—the blessed Comforter who comes through the blood.

Though you were as black as hell, He by washing you in the blood, makes you whiter than one of the holy angels. When Christ comes in by His Spirit to the soul doors fly open. What doors? The doors of prayer, praise, and the Word of God. None can open them till He comes. He alone imparts consolation to the souls that are weary. "Oh," says one, "that He would send the Holy Spirit to me, to let me see Jesus."

Another store that is opened is the store of wisdom and knowledge. In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. The Spirit alone can open these precious treasures to your soul. If you get this it will spoil your own wisdom on you, and make you a fool in your own eyes. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not." Again — "To know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent, is life eternal."

Joseph's brethren went away with their sacks full of corn. When they came to the inn, and opened their sacks, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack. Then they said, "What is this that God hath done unto us?" They ought to have said, "What have we done to ourselves?" You are not to buy Christ and His benefits. He cannot be bought; you must come

to Him as beggars. Joseph would not be a type of Christ, if they could say to their father, "We got plenty of corn for our money." Christ is not to be bought, but faith brings balm and healing from Him. When Christ reveals Himself to you in the fulness of His grace, you will have no confidence in all your own works, tears, or alms-giving; you will be stripped of all human merit. Oh, build on the grace and merit of Christ Jesus — the Rock of Ages — and not on the sandy foundations of your own possessions.

But Joseph's brethren soon spent all, and became as needy as ever. What you got from Jesus today will not do for tomorrow's need. Christ's people, like Joseph's brethren, are a poor and needy people. They went back in their need to Joseph again, so do you to Jesus Christ. Go back and get a fresh supply for your famishing soul every day. It may be that, before you get consolation, you will be imprisoned and put to it very severely, like Joseph's brethren, but the sighs of the prisoner come up before Him. The Lord's people are often in darkness, but they are prisoners of hope.

Christ saw all the sorrows and trials of His people, and, like Joseph, sought a place to weep in. He could not weep as God, but He sought and found a place to weep in. He found it in the womb of the Virgin. He became a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. We are not told any ever saw Him laughing, but many saw Him weeping. They saw Him weeping over Jerusalem when He said "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things belonging unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." They saw Him weep at the grave of Lazarus — "Jesus wept." Christ wept in order that sinners might not weep in the depths of hell for ever. He found a place to weep when the load of the guilt of His people's sin was laid upon Him—in the garden of Gethsemane He was bathed in a sweat of blood. There He prayed with strong crying and tears. "The cup that My Father hath given me shall I not drink it?" He drank it in order that Satan's head should be bruised; and that death and hell might be robbed of their prey. Do you weep for your own sins? You children of God should weep also for the sufferings of Christ.

But note that when the weeping is over, Christ, like Joseph orders a feast for his brethren. When Christ brings

you to enjoy a feast with Himself, He dislodges all strangers—the devils must be put out—the Egyptians are put out. The devil, the world, and unbelief are put out. Oh! the light that burst in upon their souls when he said, “I am Joseph!” It was God, who commanded light to shine out of darkness, that shined in our hearts, giving us the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Again—“Believest thou on the Son of God? And he said, Lord, who is he that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him.”

When you are at the feast with Jesus, two things will be affecting your soul—first, the glory of Christ, and, second, the bad treatment you gave Him. No doubt these two things were uppermost in the minds of Joseph’s brethren. The glory of Joseph burst upon their spirit. “I am Joseph, your brother.” The apostle says, “We are members of his body, and of his flesh, and of his bones.” Think of the relationship that exists between you and God through the indwelling of the Spirit of Christ; and who can separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus your Lord? Love is strong as death, and in the hottest persecution it increases more and more. The love that burst into your souls when Christ first revealed Himself to you will never wholly fade away. What feeds love? Nothing but the glory of Christ revealed more and more to your souls. The soul will say “If I am to boast at all, it is in the glory of Christ as the Redeemer.” The child of God can never forget what he saw of the glory of Christ when He first revealed Himself to him.

What is the table upon which the feast is set forth? The Gospel. What viands are on the table? Milk and honey, flesh and wine are on it. “My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.” That is most substantial food. The sweetness of Jesus in your soul is the honey, after the harassing terrors of the law whether at first or after backsliding. “His mouth is most sweet, yea, he is altogether lovely.” “Thy words are sweeter than honey to my mouth.” Oh, to be able to say, “He took me from an horrible pit, and from the miry clay.” He can do it in spite of your unbelief and all the devils in hell. He can give you the grace of His Spirit so that you can make mention of His name both in public and in private.

There is milk on this table for infants. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby: if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." There is wine on the table also. This wine makes glad the heart of man. It is the best wine; that of the covenant of grace. It is as old as eternity. At this table He makes Himself known to His people and He gives each his own portion. He also gives them Himself, and that makes up all their wants. Each could say, "He is my brother." So can you, poor child of God, say, "Christ is my brother, husband, prophet, priest, and king." Then cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. The burdens are heavy, but He has a strong back to carry both yourself and your burdens. Many a heavy one He carried before yours.

To conclude, we see that there was a sweet meeting between Joseph and his brethren. At the end of the meeting he said to them, "Go ye, and tell my father all my glory in the land of Egypt." So go ye, and tell all the world the glory of Christ, and that He sitteth on the right hand of the Father. Go ye, and tell that all power in heaven and on earth is put into His hand, and that, therefore, He is able to save to the uttermost them that come to God by Him. If you have seen His glory, be you telling others, and you will be getting crumbs yourself. The telling and the hearing of it will be like oil to your wheels. "I will," said Jacob, "go down and see Joseph." Jacob had come to the conclusion that he would never see Joseph again, and you may have come to the conclusion that you will never see Christ's face in mercy; but if you have got but one spark of His love in your heart, you will certainly spend an endless eternity with Him. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."



How often is our economy marred by the exhibition of a miserly spirit! At times, too, our niggard hearts refuse to open themselves to the full extent of the need which presents itself before us; while, at other times, we squander, through a wanton extravagance, that which might satisfy many a needy fellow-creature.

The Cruise of the *Cachalot*

Frank T. Bullen

We cruised in the vicinity of the Comoro Islands for two months, never quite out of sight of the mountain while the weather was clear. During the whole of that time we were never clear of oil on deck, one catch always succeeding another before there had been time to get cleared up. Eight hundred barrels of oil were added to our cargo, making the undisciplined hearts of all to whom whaling was a novel employment beat high with hopes of a speedy completion of the cargo, and consequent return. Poor innocents that we were! How could we know any better?

What the period may have been during which whales were plentiful here, I do not know, but it was now May, and for the last few days we had not seen a solitary spout of any kind. Preparations, very slight it is true, were made for departure; but before we left those parts we made an interesting call for water at Mohilla, one of the Comoro group, which brought out, in unmistakable fashion, the wonderful fund of local knowledge possessed by these men.

Running up under the lee of Mohilla, we followed the land along until we came to a tiny bight on the western side of the island, an insignificant inlet which no mariner in charge of a vessel like ours could be expected to notice, unless he were surveying. The approaches to this tiny harbour (save the mark) were very forbidding. Ugly-looking rocks showed up here and there, the surf over them frequently blinding the whole entry. But we came along, in our usual leisurely fashion, under two topsails, spanker, and foretopmast staysail, and took that ugly passage like a sailing barge entering the Medway. There was barely room to turn round when we got inside, but all sail had been taken off her except the spanker, so that her way was almost stopped by the time she was fairly within the harbour. Down went the anchor, and she was fast—anchored for the first time since leaving New Bedford seven months before. Here we were shut out entirely from the outer world, for I doubt greatly whether even a passing dhow could have seen us from seaward. We were not here for rest, however, but for wood and water; so while one party was supplied with well-sharpened axes, and sent on shore to cut down such small trees as would serve our turn, another party was busily em-

ployed getting out a number of big casks for the serious business of watering. The cooper knocked off the second or quarter hoops from each of these casks, and drove them on again with two "beckets" or loops of rope firmly jammed under each of them in such a manner that the loops were in line with each other on each side of the bunghole. They were then lowered overboard, and a long rope rove through all the beckets. When this was done, the whole number of casks floated end to end, upright and secure. We towed them ashore to where, by the skipper's directions, at about fifty yards from high-water mark, a spring of beautiful water bubbled out of the side of a mass of rock, losing itself in a deep crevice below. Lovely ferns, rare orchids, and trailing plants of many kinds surrounded this fairy-like spot in the wildest profusion, making a tangle of greenery that we had considerable trouble to clear away. Having done so, we led a long canvas hose from the spot whence the water flowed down to the shore where the casks floated. The chief officer, with great ingenuity, rigged up an arrangement whereby the hose, which had a square mouth about a foot wide, was held up to the rock saving us the labour of baling and filling by hand. So we were able to rest and admire at our ease the wonderful variety of beautiful plants which grew here so lavishly unseen by mortal eye from one year's end to another. I have somewhere read that the Creator has delight in the beautiful work of His will, wherever it may be; and that while our egotism wonders at the waste of beauty, as we call it, there is no waste at all, since the Infinite Intelligence can dwell with complacency upon the glories of His handiwork, perfectly fulfilling their appointed ends.

All too soon the pleasant occupation came to an end, The long row of casks, filled to the brim and tightly bunged, were towed off by us to the ship, and ranged alongside. A tackle and pair of "can-hooks" were overhauled to the water and hooked to a cask. "Hoist away!" And as the cask rose, the beckets that had held it to the mother-rope were cut, setting it quite free to come on board, but leaving all the others still secure. In this way we took in several thousand gallons of water in a few hours, with a small expenditure of labour, free of cost; whereas, had we gone into Mayotte or Johanna, the water would have been bad, the price high, the labour great, with the chances of a bad visitation of fever in the bargain.

The woodmen had a much more arduous task. The only wood they could find, without cutting down big trees, which would have involved far too much labour in cutting up, was a kind of iron-wood, which, besides being very heavy, was so hard as to take pieces clean out of their axe-edges, when a blow was struck directly across the grain. As none of them were experts, the condition of their tools soon made their work very hard. But that they had taken several axes in reserve, it is doubtful whether they would have been able to get sufficient fuel for our purpose. When they pitched the wood off the rocks into the harbour, it sank immediately, giving them a great deal of trouble to fish it up again. Neither could they raft it as intended, but were compelled to load it into the boats and make several journeys to and fro before all they had cut was shipped. Altogether I was glad that the wooding had not fallen to my share. On board the ship fishing had been going on steadily most of the day by a few hands told off for the purpose. The result of their sport was indeed splendid, over two hundred-weight of fine fish of various sorts, but all eatable, having been gathered in.

We lay snugly anchored all night, keeping a bright lookout for any unwelcome visitors either from land or sea, for the natives are not to be trusted, neither do the Arab mongrels who cruise about these waters in their dhows bear any too good a reputation. We saw none, however, and at daylight we weighed and towed the ship out to sea with the boats, there being no wind. While busy at this uninteresting pastime, one of the boats slipped away, returning presently with a fine turtle, which they had surprised during his morning's nap. One of the amphibious Portuguese slipped over the boat's side as she neared the sleeping "Spharga," and diving deep, came up underneath him, seizing with crossed hands the two hind flippers, and, with a sudden, dexterous twist, turned the astonished creature over on his back. Thus rendered helpless, the turtle lay on the surface feebly waving his flippers, while his captor, gently treading water, held him in that position till the boat reached the pair and took them on board. It was a clever feat, neatly executed, as unlike the clumsy efforts I had before seen made with the same object in view as anything could possibly be.

After an hour's tow, we had got a good offing, and a light

air springing up, we returned on board, hoisted the boats, and made sail to the northward again.

With the exception of the numerous native dhows that crept lazily about, we saw no vessels as we gradually drew out of the Mozambique Channel and stood away toward the Line. The part of the Indian Ocean in which we now found ourselves is much dreaded by merchantmen, who give it a wide berth on account of the numerous banks, islets, and dangerous currents with which it abounds. We, however, seemed quite at home here, pursuing the even tenor of our usual way without any special precautions being taken. A bright lookout we always kept, of course — none of your drowsy lolling about such as is all too common on the “fo’lk’sle head” of many a fine ship, when, with lights half trimmed or not shown at all she is ploughing along blindly at twelve knots or so an hour. No; while we were under way during daylight, four pairs of keen eyes kept incessant vigil a hundred feet above the deck, noting everything, even to a shoal of small fish, that crossed within the range of vision. At night we scarcely moved, but still a vigilant lookout was always kept both fore and aft, so that it would have been difficult for us to drift upon a reef unknowingly.



Latent Light illustrates the Hidden Glory of Christ. On one occasion when George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, Dr. Buckland, and Sir William Follett, were on a visit to Sir Robert Peel, they observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. “Now, Buckland,” said Mr. Stephenson, “I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?” “Well” said the doctor, “I suppose it is one of your big engines.” “But what drives the engines?” “Oh! very likely a canny Newcastle driver.” “What do you say to the light of the sun?” “How can that be?” asked the doctor. “It is nothing else” said Stephenson. “It is the sun’s light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years, light absorbed by plants and vegetables being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth; and now after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated—made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.”

“They Crucified Him”

Sunlight upon Judea's hills!
 And on the waves of Galilee,
 On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
 That feed the Dead and sleeping sea
 Most freshly from the green wood springs
 The light breeze on its scented wings;
 And gaily quiver in the sun
 The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change hath come!
 The sky is dark without a cloud!
 The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
 And proud knees unto earth are bowed!
 A change is on the hill of Death,
 The helmèd watchers pant for breath,
 And turn with wild and maniac eyes
 From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice! The death of Him—
 The High and ever Holy One!
 Well may the conscious heaven grow dim,
 And blacken the beholding sun.
 The wonted light hath fled away,
 Night settles in the midst of day,
 The earthquake from his caverned bed
 Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
 Their prison door is rent away!
 And ghastly with the seal of death,
 They wander in the eye of day!
 The Temple of the Cherubim,
 The House of God is cold and dim;
 A curse is on its trembling walls,
 Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of earth
Be shaken and her mountains nod:
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the Temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the Chosen One of Heaven,
A Sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
Oh, shall the heart whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood,
Refuse its trembling gratitude?

—John Greenleaf Whittier

“Son of Man” - “Son of God”

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and tortured limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the hands and feet they pierced,
By the baffling, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'Tis Thou! 'Tis Thou!

Bowed upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By the earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side;
Lord! Our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'Tis Thou! 'Tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, Who is He?
 By the loud and bitter cry
 Of the dying agony,
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead,
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where His body rests in sleep,
 Crucified! We know Thee now:
 Son of Man! 'Tis Thou! 'Tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, Who is He?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord, they know not what they do!"
 By the open empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His throne,
 By the rainbow round His brow,
 Son of God! 'Tis Thou! 'Tis Thou!

—Dr. Henry Hart Milman.



“Resurgam” - “I will rise again”

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Finished is the battle now;
 Crownèd is the Victor's brow!
 Hence with sadness, sing with gladness, Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 By the death that Him befell,
 Jesus Christ has harrowed hell.
 Earth is singing, Heaven is ringing, Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
 On the third day He arose,
 Bright with victory o'er His foes.
 Sing with lauding, and applauding, Alleluia.

—Anonymous Latin Author, ninth century.

Assembly Annals

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

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May
1941

Jehovah Nissi

(*Jehovah my Banner*)

And Moses built an altar, and called
the name of it "Jehovah Nissi".

Exod. 17:15

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Illinois.

Louis Montalvo's address is now 1033 Flushing Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Conferences

BELLAIRE, MICHIGAN. If the Lord will a conference will be held again in Bellaire on July 4, 5 and 6., Accommodations will be provided as the Lord enables and a hearty invitation is extended to all. For further information address George Benedict, Bellaire, Mich., or Wm. J. Pell, 817 North Ave., N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CALGARY, ALBERTA. Our Conference will (D.V.) be held at the Penley's Academy, 620—8th Ave., West Calgary on May 24th and 25th preceded by a prayer meeting on Friday night, May 23rd at the Gospel Hall, 106—6th Ave., East. For particulars address, J. E. Reid, 218—13th Ave., E., Correspondent.

DETROIT, MICH. Annual' Sunday School Teachers' Convention will D.V. be held in Central Gospel Hall, Grand River and Harrison Avenues, Saturday, May 17. Meetings at 2:30 and 7:00 p.m. A hearty invitation to the Lord's people. Correspondence to C. A. Popplestone, 4078 Beniteau Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. The Twentieth Annual Sunday School Teachers Convention will be held D.V. on Saturday, May 24th in the "Scottish Rite Cathedral," King Street West. (Between "Queen and Ray Streets") Order of meetings: Afternoon, 1:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m., Evening, 6:30 to 9 p.m. Prayer, Praise and Ministry of the Word upon work among the young and reports from superintendents upon methods used for the growth and interest of the Sunday School. Communications to John S. Crompton, 210 Grosvenor Ave., North, Hamilton, Ontario.

PAWTUCKET, R. I. Prayer meeting Friday night June 6th and meetings all day Saturday and Sunday the 7th and 8th. For further particulars write Mr. John Moore, 15 Livingstone St., Lonsdale, R. I.

WATERLOO, IOWA. The Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) May 23rd to 25th, preceded by Prayer Meeting evening of May 22nd. All meetings will be held in the Western Ave. Gospel Hall, 726 Western Ave., The usual arrangements for taking care of visitors will be observed. Information from E. G. Matthews, 202 Leland Ave., Waterloo, Iowa.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

FLORIDA, Homestead. Mr. George Walker (Box 1359, Homestead Fla) has been carrying on alone while Mr. Halliday was having meetings in Miami. The tent was torn to shreds during a storm and is beyond repair, but the way has been opened to continue cottage meetings, which have resulted in some Christians desiring to gather in Christian simplicity outside the camp. Mr. Halliday and he desire prayers for this needy field.

MICHIGAN. The Lord's people in Lansing were encouraged recently when Christians from Detroit, Flint, Saginaw, Bay City, Waterloo (Ia.) and Grand Rapids, joined with them for a day of fellowship when they enjoyed together a day "in his courts" which was filled with prayer, praise and ministry of the word.

NEW YORK, Brooklyn. Brother J. E. Fairfield from Venezuela has been having special meetings in Spanish for two weeks.

OKLAHOMA. Brethren L. Sheldrake and Wm. Pell have visited the Christians in Tulsa and Oklahoma City. There seems to be a moving of the Spirit of God in Oklahoma in the three small companies who meet in His Name alone. A one day conference in Tulsa was a stimulus to the saints.

PENNSYLVANIA, Punxatawny. After three weeks' meetings conducted by Mr. Paul. P. Plubell, seven young believers were baptized, the result of the summer's work, and the assembly was much refreshed and encouraged.

CANADA

ONTARIO, Chatham. J. H. Blackwood is here having meetings which the Lord's people are appreciating very much. It seems difficult to get the interest of the unsaved to come every night. Lord's days a good crowd came out and we trust to see the gracious hand of the Lord in blessing.

REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS, CENTRAL AMERICA. Mr. and Mrs. Ruddock have returned to Trujillo much benefitted by their stay in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. James Scollon who were looking after the work in Trujillo have returned to their station in La Ceiba. The gospel testimony in both towns is progressing encouragingly, and prayer is requested by Mr. Ruddock for the young converts, and for the coming conference in Mr. Hocking's district.

With Christ

BOSTON, MASS. Thomas Smart, born in Scotland in 1860, saved in Grangemouth in 1880, passed away triumphantly on March 30. An esteemed brother in the Boston Assembly at 24 Cliff St., greatly beloved for his unique gift in ministering the incomparable beauty of the Saviour. To a friend who asked him as the end was nearing what was Christ to him now, he replied in a feeble but joyful tone, "He is altogether lovely." Will be greatly missed in our assembly. Brethren Stewart, Farquhar and Marshall ministered the word at the funeral.

CHATHAM, ONTARIO. On March 12th Mrs. T. McCormick, mother of Mary Steel (now Mrs. Verrall) went to be with Christ, aged eighty-four years, saved for fifty-five years. Baptized and gathered to the Lord's name sixteen years ago when Brethren Robinson and Dobbin formed the Assembly in Chatham. Thos. Robinson spoke to about three hundred at the funeral service. Jas. Blackwood officiated at the grave.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. Mrs. Mary Oxley went home to be with Christ February 22nd after a year's illness which she bore very patiently. Saved at 13 years of age and in fellowship in McNab St. assembly for 57 years. The services were conducted by brethren Robert McCrory and J. Moreland.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. Mrs. R. Thatcher passed into the presence of the Lord after a long illness. Saved and in fellowship in McNab St. assembly for 55 years. Mr. John Moreland conducted the services.

HAMILTON, ONT. Our sister Mrs. P. Thompson departed to be with Christ on January 30th. Saved 30 years ago in Scotland. She was in happy fellowship in McNab St. assembly since coming to Canada. Mr. John Moreland conducted the services.

PAWTUCKET, R. I. James Donaldson passed away to be with the Lord, March 27, 1941 after 6 months illness. He was saved at the age of 15, when Sam McEwen and Hugh Horn first held meetings in Pawtucket thirty years ago. He led a quiet godly life, and took an active interest in the Assembly in Pawtucket and in Tract Band work. He will be greatly missed. Mr. F. W. Nugent and Mr. W. Bousfield and Mr. W. Foster took the funeral services.

PETERBORO, ONTARIO. Mrs. William Wallace Cole passed away to be with Christ on the 6th of March with tragic suddenness in her 58th year. Saved 30 years ago. She is survived by her husband and two daughters and one son who will greatly miss her. A very large circle of friends were present at the funeral, and suitable and faithful words were spoken by J. H. Blackwood and J. Silvester.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. Our dear brother J. R. Littleproud was called home on April 9. Since January 17 he had been confined to his bed in the Brantford hospital as a result of an automobile accident. The end came very unexpectedly as a result of heart seizure. It was our brother's great longing to be "at home" for the easter conference, which desire was granted, but it was "at home with the Lord." For many years Mr. Littleproud gave all his spare time to the Lord's work. His work as a Bank Inspector took him into nearly every part of the province, and his visits were timed so as to allow him to give help at the regular week night meetings in many a small meeting in Ontario. He was a faithful Shepherd in the Swanwick assembly in Toronto, and will be greatly missed by all in this assembly. For years our brother conducted a Young Men's Bible Class on Saturday nights in the Central Hall. This meeting was attended by young men from practically every assembly in Toronto, some of whom are now deeply exercised about devoting their time to the Lord's work. But perhaps our brother is best known for his activity in connection with Sunday School work. Besides regular participation in the local and Ontario conferences our brother has ministered to Sunday School Teachers in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Chicago, New Bedford and Vancouver. The published labours of our esteemed brother are a permanent memorial to his consecration and diligence for the Lord and His people are a witness to what an active man can do for the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. For ten years he was the editor of the Sunday School Teacher's Lesson Manual, and his recent book, "The Christian Assembly" has been a help to many. The funeral services were held in Central Hall, the large company filling the hall, gallery, ante-rooms and basement, among whom were many of our brother's associates in the banking and educational circles. The funeral services in the hall were shared by our brethren H. G. McEwen, Peter Hynd, and Wm. J. Pell. The services in the funeral home and at the grave were conducted by brother Pell.

A memorial booklet is being prepared in which some of Mr. Littleproud's addresses will be printed as well as general information about our brother's life, labours, illness and funeral service, which will be of interest to all who knew our brother. Copies can be had for 35c, 3 for \$1.00 from the publishers of Assembly Annals.



*And be it thus till that blest day
When God shall wipe all tears away:
"Quickly!" the promise of Thy Word;
"E'en so; Amen. Come, Jesus, Lord!"*

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Old Series
Vol. XV—No. 5

May, 1941

New Series
Vol. VIII—No. 5

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

It is not well to be always understood. Our ways and habits should be those of strangers, citizens of a foreign country, whose language, and laws, and customs are but poorly known here. Flesh and blood cannot appreciate them, and therefore it is not well with the saints of God when the world understands them.

His kinsfolk were ignorant of Jesus. Did the mother know Him when she wanted Him to display His power, and provide wine for the feast? Did His brethren know Him when they said to Him, "If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world." What a thought! an endeavor to lead the Lord Jesus to make Himself, as we say, "a man of the world!" Could there have been *knowledge of Him* in the hearts which indited such a thought as that? Most distant, indeed, from such knowledge they were, and therefore it is immediately added by the evangelist, "for neither did His brethren believe in Him." (John 7). They understood His *power*, but not His *principles*; for, after the manner of men, they connect the possession of power or talents with the serving of a man's interest in the world.

But Jesus was the contradiction of this, as I need not say; and the worldly-minded kindred in the flesh could not understand Him. His principles were foreign to such a world. They were despised, as was David's dancing before the ark in the thoughts of a daughter of king Saul.

But what attractiveness there would have been in Him for any eye or heart that had been opened by the Spirit! This is witnessed to us by the apostles. They knew but little about Him *doctrinally*, and they got nothing by remaining with Him—I mean, nothing in this world. Their condition in the world was anything but improved by their walking with Him; and it cannot be said that they availed themselves of His miraculous power. Indeed, they questioned it, rather than used it. And yet they clung to Him. They did not company with Him

because they eyed Him as the full and ready storehouse of all provisions for them. On no occasion, I believe we may say, did they use the power that was in Him for themselves. And yet, they were with Him—troubled when He talked of leaving and found weeping when they thought they had indeed lost Him.

Surely, we may again say, what attractiveness there must have been in Him for any eye or heart that had been opened by the Spirit, or drawn by the Father! And with what authority one look or one word from Him would enter at times! We see this in Matthew. That one word on the Lord's lips, "Follow me!" was enough. And this authority and this attractiveness was felt by men of the most opposite temperaments. The slow-hearted, reasoning Thomas, and the ardent, uncalculating Peter, were alike kept near this wondrous centre. Even Thomas would breathe in that presence the spirit of the earnest Peter, and say under force of this attraction, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him."

Shall we not say, What will it be to see and feel all this by and by in its perfection! when all, gathered from every clime, and color, and character, of the wide-spread human family—all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues, are with him and around him in a world worthy of Him! We may dwell, in memory, on these samples of His preciousness to hearts like our own, and welcome them as pledges of that which, in hope, is ours as well as theirs.



Moses - the Intercessor

Thomas D. W. Muir

One of the marks of a true Shepherd is that he loves the sheep. And one of the marks of a true Overseer in the Assembly of God, is that he loves the people of God, and seeks their welfare, at the cost of his own ease, comfort, or even life itself. He who is the "Shepherd and Bishop of our souls" (1 Pet. 2:25) is the same of whom it is written in the preceding verse, "Who His own self, bare our sins in His own body on the Tree, . . . for ye were as sheep going astray." He was the "good Shepherd," who gave His life for the sheep. And all those, who as true Shepherds of the flock, have drunk in of the same spirit, are like Him in this respect,—self is in the back-

ground and the interests of the flock are paramount with them.

Moses was a true Shepherd,—a true Overseer; and this month we look at him in one feature of His service toward the Israel of God, namely that of an Intercessor. He had a heart to pray for the people of God. Through their willfulness and sinfulness, and hatefulness even to himself, they brought judgment after judgment on themselves from God. Then it was that the grace of Moses' heart was seen, and his true interest in the people manifest. And surely in this his example should stimulate those who would seek to do the honorable work of Oversight among the people of God now. The church needs intercessors,—it needs men who can pray!

We have in former papers seen him at work for God. We have seen him facing Pharaoh, the mighty king of Egypt, and like another David plucking the prey from the paw of the lion. We have seen how he led the people forth, and brought them to the place where they could look back on their old enemy and sing redemption's song! This month we see how his interest continued still, and how as a Prince, he had power with God and prevailed.

In Exodus 17 we find the murmuring, at Rephidim, of the congregation of Israel, because there was no water to drink. In their irritability they chode with Moses, and blamed him for their trial. And Moses' answer was a cry unto the Lord, bringing forth the Lord's directions regarding the smiting of the Rock on Horeb, from whence the living waters flowed forth. Beautiful picture of the Cross and its wonderful and blessed results for us! For the Spirit of God in 1 Corinthians 10, tells us, "That Rock was Christ," and just as the Rod of Moses' fell upon that Rock, so the rod of Divine Justice fell on Christ, and the living waters in the one case and the outflowing of the Holy Spirit in the other, tells of the gracious acts of the Lord, in spite of man's sin and wickedness.

But, though grace steps in and forgives and blesses, yet is it a law of God that governmental results inevitably follow the transgressions of His people. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Hence it is that in Exod. 17:8 we read, "Then came Amalek and fought with Israel in Rephidim." They had brought it on themselves, by their murmuring and complaining and Moses might well have said: "It serves them right, we can do nothing for them." But instead of that we

see a wonderful sight. Joshua,—meaning “Jehovah the Saviour”—is put at the head of the Armies of Israel to fight with Amalek, and Moses taking with him Aaron and Hur, went to the top of the hill, near by. Here Moses lifted up his hands in appeal to God on behalf of His poor people.

Those hands but a little while before had held the rod of Judgment in smiting the flinty Rock. But they were lifted up to protect, to save God’s people now. Moses the law-giver was now Moses the Intercessor. And how blessedly he prevailed! For we read: “It came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed. But Moses’ hands were heavy, and they took a stone and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side, and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword,” Exod. 17:11-13. Thus did the intercession of Moses prevail over all the foes of Israel, and they were delivered.

In Exodus 31, we find Moses called up into the Mount with God, that there he might receive from God, the laws, statutes and commandments of the Lord, which were given for His people’s guidance and blessing. He was in that Mount with God for forty days and forty nights, and the waiting tried the people. At last they went to Aaron and said: “Up make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses which brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him,” Exod. 32:1. And Aaron hearkened unto them, and from the gold which they brought he molded and fashioned a calf, which they worshiped as the god who had brought them out of the land of Egypt. And still more impious were they, for they called it “A feast to Jehovah”! (vs. 5).

God’s anger was kindled against them, and He said to Moses: “Now, therefore, let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them, and I will make of thee a great nation!” Ah, well did God know that His faithful servant stood in the way, between His wrath and the people, hence His words “let me alone.” For Moses was a true Overseer, and neither the people’s sin, nor the suggestion that God would make of him a great nation, affected

him, — he would plead for them, — he would “stand in the breach,” as the Psalmist said (Psa. 106:23), and thus turn aside God’s fierce anger at their Apostacy. And notice the three things in this chapter (Exod. 32), which he pleads.

1. He pleads the fact, that they are God’s people, by redemption (vs. 11).

2. He pleads the reproach which the enemy would heap upon Him (vs. 12).

3. He pleads the Covenant with Abraham, and the sacredness of God’s oath (vs. 13).

And his intercession prevailed, for while God punished their transgression, He did not destroy them as He had threatened.

Later in this chapter, we see the same man, Moses, acting for God, and oh, how severe he appears! He took their golden calf, and he burnt it in the fire, and he ground it to powder, and mixed it in their water and caused them to drink it. It was a bitter dose, but it is ever so,—the “calves” we make in our departure from God, He makes us sometime and somewhere to “drink” them, and we thus learn that it is “an evil and a bitter thing to depart from the living God.” Then followed the sword (verses 26-29) of Levi, when three thousand fell before it.

Again, we find him on his face before God (vs. 31) when he confesses their sin and would even,—if God’s forgiveness cannot reach to them—be blotted out of the Book too. How intense his devotion to God, how real his affection for God’s people; He was a true Shepherd.

In Numbers 12 we find him face to face with envy, jealousy and pride, and that among his own kith and kin. His sister Miriam and his brother Aaron had spoken against him,—and the Lord heard it. Yes, the Lord heard it, and He would vindicate His servant, who left his case with Him. And God did it to the confusion of the guilty ones,—for Miriam—who was probably chief in the trespass—was stricken with leprosy by the Lord. Then it is that the grace of God in Moses shines out,—Moses cried unto the Lord, saying: “Heal her now, O God, I beseech thee” (vs. 13) and He did, although not for seven days.

Again, when rebellion arose in the camp against him and his brother Aaron, and the plague from God would have consumed the people we find Moses with Aaron on their faces,

and they stayed the judgment by their intercession (Num. 16: 42-50),—though fourteen thousand seven hundred people died, so that Israel learned experimentally the truth of that word written later by the Psalmist: “Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tooketh vengeance on their inventions” (Psa. 99:8). Yes, God forgives the sins and backslidings of His own people, but there are sometimes sad results to be reaped in the years that follow. Moses, who knew God in a very real way, entered into God’s purposes as to His people, and hence he was not one who served the people for the pleasure or the patronage he got out of them, but because he loved them. He was faithful in all God’s house, which was Israel, and the Lord never forgot it. See Heb. 3:2-3. Nor will He forget the solicitude of any one who now loves His people enough to pray for them.



The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

Read Leviticus 23:33-36



“And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying ‘Speak unto the children of Israel saying, The fifteenth day of this seventh month shall be the Feast of Tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord. On the first day shall be an holy convocation: Ye shall do no servile work therein. Seven days ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord: on the eighth day shall be a holy convocation unto you; and ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord: it is a solemn assembly; and ye shall do no servile work therein.’ (Lev. 23:33-36). Now in verse 39 we read, “Also in the fifteenth day of the seventh month when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days: on the first day shall be a sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a sabbath. And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the

Lord your God seven days. And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year. It shall be a statute forever in your generations: ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month. Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths; that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths when I brought them out of the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."

Our subject tonight is the Feast of Tabernacles, a picture of the Millennium. It is the answer to the first feast. The first feast typifies the Cross-work of Christ, and this Feast of Tabernacles suggests the blessed outcome of that:—*this* is the glory! The first feast lays the foundation, and upon that foundation is based the glory. It is a fitting close to the end of the year. The harvest is gleaned: the vintage is gathered in. God calls them to rest. (Exo. 23:16). All is very suggestive, and a type of the time we speak of as the "Millennium."

The word Millennium does not occur in the Bible:—it is made up of two Latin words meaning "a thousand years," and *that* expression is found in the Bible five or six times. A gentleman who was once delivering addresses upon eschatology came to this point and this is how he dealt with it:—"As for the Millennium, there are only two or three scriptures that speak of it, and with that remark we may pass on." If he had said two or three hundred scriptures he might have been nearer the truth. If you were to take out of the scriptures all that speak of that bright and blessed future described as the Day of the Lord, it would make a mighty gap, for both the Old and New Testament are full of the truth that the earth will have a rest for a thousand years, when the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ will be known from pole to pole.

The Feast of Tabernacles is just the Feast of Booths. (Lev. 23:42-43). "Booths" and "tabernacles" are the same in the original, and this is what is meant. On the fifteenth day of the seventh month they went out to the surrounding country and brought into Jerusalem branches of trees and with these they made booths upon the tops of their houses, or in the streets in the case of those who had no houses, and for seven days they lived in booths and brought offerings to the Lord day by day. The fact that they set up these tabernacles gave the

name to the Feast, and God did it for this purpose, "That your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt." It was to be a constant reminder of the pilgrim days of God's earthly people: but that was not all. Not only did it point *back* to pilgrim days, it pointed *forward* to the glory. And so, year after year they were to construct these shelters, and as they did so they would say, "This is the way our fathers lived. They did not have fine houses like ours. They were strangers and pilgrims and dwelt in booths." And there is a voice in this for the Lord's people now. Remember your past; do not forget what you were.

It is told of a certain man that he has been so favored by his king, and advanced in position from stage to stage that he, who was once a herdsman became a noble, and a confidant of his king. Of course this caused jealousy to arise in the hearts of others, and they began to say that he was not so loyal to his master as the king thought, for they had learned that he had in his house a secret room that no one was allowed to enter; and that, if that room were only seen, it would reveal his treachery. These rumors reached the king's ear, and he came to call upon his nobleman who, at his request, showed him his whole house. After doing so, the king said, "Is that all? Have you showed me everything?" "No, there is one room you have not entered. I thought you would not care to see it," replied the nobleman. "But," said the king, "that is the very one I want to see." And when the door was opened and the king entered, all he saw was a few pegs with old clothes hanging on them. That was not what he expected; an empty room, a few pegs, and hanging on them an old shepherd's coat and hat: and when he turned to the nobleman to get an explanation, this is what the courtier said, "When your majesty first began to advance me to my present high estate, that clothing represented what I was, and, for fear I should become proud, I come at times into this room, put on that old coat and hat, and sit and meditate. I do this in order that I may remember what I was,—that I might not be proud and forget your kindness and my good fortune".

Now, in effect, this is what Israel was to do, they were to dwell in booths and say, "If it were not for God's goodness, this is all that we would have. We are better off than our

fathers were, for God has given us cities and comfort, but we do not want to forget what we were."

Now read in Nehemiah 8:13. "And on the second day were gathered the chief of the fathers of all the people, the priests, and the Levites, unto Ezra the scribe, even to understand the words of the law. *And they found written* in the law that the Lord had commanded by Moses that the children of *Israel shall dwell in booths* in the feast of the seventh month". . . So the people went forth, and brought branches and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house and in their courts . . . and all the congregation of them that were come again out of the captivity made booths and sat under these: for since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so. And there was very great gladness. Also day by day, from the first day unto the last day, he read in the Book of the Law of God, and they kept the feast seven days; and on the eighth day was a solemn assembly, according to the manner."

Now notice what I have read to you:—"They found written," and also "since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so." Here is something that is very striking. How long was it ere that feast fell into disuse, I mean as to its observance according to Leviticus 23? Not very long. Who led them into the land? Joshua. But from the days of Joshua until the days of Nehemiah this feast was not kept! How soon did they get away from its observance! And it suggests this: The Church was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth from its inception, and it was the Lord's will that it should be such, but it was not very long until God's people began to settle down. They did not like to remember that they were pilgrims. They found the world a good place, and they started to make it better, and that is what they are trying to do until this day. And this began very early in the Church's history. But there is something else that accompanied this,—they lost sight not only of their pilgrim character but of the Lord's coming. Now, the Feast of Tabernacles tells us of the Lord's coming again, and the hope of His coming soon fell into disuse. How long, do you think, did the Church retain the doctrine of the coming of the Lord? The New Testament is full of it: it is as clearly taught as "justification by faith". but how long did they keep

it in mind? The fact is, the apostles were not long off the scene until that "blessed hope" was given up,—just as in the case of the Feast of Tabernacles, and, just as soon as the apostles went off the scene, away went the stranger and pilgrim character of the Church, and the blessed hope of the Lord's Coming.

Now what has happened here? A man—Nehemiah—had come back from Babylon with a handful of people who were not comfortable in Babylon, and he came with a Bible in his hands. The first thing we hear was, "Bring the Book," and day after day they stood outside from morning till midday; and what did they listen to? A man telling them anecdotes? No: listening to God's Word. (Neh. 8). And there they found written, "Go forth and fetch branches to make booths." Some might say, "We have never done that before," and others "David did not do that." But it was *in the Book!* and they went out and got branches, made the booths, and God blessed them, and there was great joy.

Now if I were to ask you, for how long was the truth of the coming of the Lord practically forgotten, what would you say? I remember meeting a man in New Zealand, — a Christian book-seller,—whom I asked,—“Can you tell me of any book that was written upon the coming of the Lord prior to 1826?” He said, “No.” “Do you know anything written about it since then?” “Oh, yes. Volume after volume could be piled up, but not a single volume before that date.” Why? It was in 1826 that God graciously restored to the Church the hope of Christ's coming! Yonder in Dublin, in the home of the Countess of Powerscourt, men of education and position in the world, but believers, came together to read the Word of God, and as they read they learned that this great doctrine had been lost as effectually as if it had never been written. But from that time dates the revival of the blessed hope! You see history repeats itself. The Feasts of Tabernacles was not observed, and the truth of the coming of the Lord was lost, for just as the people of Israel forgot their strangership, so the Lord's people forgot their true character, and the imminent return of the Lord Jesus Christ. But with the revival of the doctrine of the Lord's coming, there was a revival of the Church's true character, so that all over the world there were assemblies

planted, whose testimony and work was not a mere trying to make the world better, but declaring that they were strangers in the world, waiting for the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven, where their true citizenship was.

(Continued D. V.)



The Christ of the Covenant

James Melrose

(Continued from April number)

With whom, we may now ask, was this New Covenant made? The answer can only be "with Israel." "Salvation is of the Jews," was our Lord's answer to the woman's query concerning any other Divine agency. Here, God has established headquarters for distribution of the truth. To them were committed the oracles of God; whose are the covenants, the laws, ordinances, and promises, and "of whom—as concerning the flesh—Christ came." If that which you, dear reader, have received and are trusting in as truth, bears any other stamp than the Semitic features of the Man of Bethlehem, what you hold is counterfeit coin and will leave you finally bankrupt and tormented throughout eternity.

True, the "branch of Joseph's vine runs over the wall," and the mediatorial work of "the Man, Christ Jesus," knows no limits, for He is "the one mediator between God and man." But Israel is Jehovah's vineyard; His center of operations on earth; the prepared soil; His own house and children who had been placed under tutors and governors under the law as a school-master unto Christ—as children are prepared in school to take their place and play their own part in life's great drama—to be a cog in the intricate machinery of corporate human society. So, the Lord had been preparing and testing this choice and selected material. As the Divine Refiner of silver, He sat patiently over the refining pot, and now the time had come for the final test. If the response to this new covenant, (the last and best,) is positive, under this last and best of mediators, the man, Christ Jesus, with real atoning blood, even His own, as "a Lamb without blemish and without spot:" if faith responds and accepts this covenant of grace and receives this Divine Mediator; then shall Israel be no more school-

children, but sons, ready to be received into the Divine partnership for the blessing of the whole world. But alas! "He came unto His own and His own people received Him not." With what alacrity did this people receive the law, saying "All that the Lord hath commanded will we do!" Had they now learned the lesson of fifteen centuries at school? Had they learned that by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified? Were they ready to say, "I will arise and go to my Father and will say unto Him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son' "? Were they ready to receive the new covenant of grace and mercy; to have the law written by the finger of God on mind and heart; to be made by God "a willing people in the day of His power;" to receive the free gift of forgiveness of sins, (not until the next day of atonement, but) to be remembered no more—blotted out; to yield to the tender ministrations of the Samaritan with his oil and wine? Or, had they not yet taken this place of impotence, to "submit themselves unto the righteousness of God" in Christ? Was this gracious, blood-bought, marvelous offer really for them and really despised?

Yes, for them, Jesus Christ, we read in Holy Writ, was a "minister of the circumcision." We hear His own lips declare in response to the piteous appeal of a grief-stricken Greek mother, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And He meant it! Yes, indeed, it *was* the children's bread.

And when Israel had murdered the Mediator, crucified the Christ, slain the good but hated Samaritan, and torn up in rage His new covenant of grace, the risen One, Who, with His dying breath had cried, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," sends his emissaries still, saying, "To you and to your children is this salvation sent." But they stoned the emissary, who cried "Lay not this sin to their charge." Stephan's prayer was surely answered, for the young man who kept the robes of the stone-throwers on that occasion, was later transformed by the power of God into the great Apostle Paul, and in his Epistle to the Romans, written some 25 years later, as the mouthpiece of God, he still declares, "Hath God cast away His people? God forbid! God hath not cast away His people, whom He foreknew."

In the parable of the wicked husbandmen, spoken by our Lord, this crowning act of Israel's infamous rebellion against a gracious God is graphically portrayed and forecast under the figure of the Lord of the Vineyard's Son, cast out and slain. The question is then asked, "What shall the Lord of the Vineyard do unto those husbandmen?" The audience provides the answer; "He will miserably destroy them and let out His vineyard to others." After quoting the Scripture's reference to "the stone which the builders rejected," thus linking the parable with His own rejection, which later culminated in the cry "Away with Him; we will not have this man to rule over us," He endorsed their self-judgment, saying "the kingdom of God *shall* be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."

At a superficial glance, this expressed judgment might seem to contradict the statement in the Epistle to the Romans, that "God hath not cast away His people." On a closer examination of the Scriptures, however, both statements are found to harmonize. Punishment may be meted out without the offender being executed, and an inheritance may be transferred and let out to another party until such time as the heirs shall prove worthy of being entrusted with it.

When Rome's legions, under Titus, laid siege to and sacked Jerusalem, those wicked husbandmen who at the time were in possession of God's inheritance were surely "miserably destroyed," and their "city burned up," as the parable indicated. To this day, their children suffer. The Divine blessing *was* diverted, through the believing remnant of Israel, to the Gentiles.

The "wicked husbandmen" occupied Moses' seat, but they did not constitute "*Israel*." Israel took in Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; Moses and David; Elijah and Elisha; Isaiah and Jeremiah; and many other noble names. No, God hath not cast away His people, whom He foreknew, but they have become (paradoxically) God's "*enemies* for the gospel's sake"; God's "*beloved* for the Fathers' sakes." God's "noble vine" has failed. God's olive tree needs pruning, and the husbandman removes the dead limbs and grafts in wild *olive* branches. The ancient root remains, and these new branches do but partake of the fatness of that far-reaching, spreading root that reaches out into a past eternity and draws its sustenance from

the loving heart of an unchanging God. So, the Covenant is held in reserve for Israel, despite all that has transpired; "until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in" when the Deliverer "shall come out of Zion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Meanwhile in the interval, the servants of the king ("as many as received 'the Sent One'") at His command go out into the streets and lanes, the highways and byways; into all the world; to proclaim the glad tidings that the feast that was spread for, but despised by, favored Israel, is waiting for whomsoever will, and to "gather out from among the Gentiles, a people for His name," that God's house may be filled, His Son and name glorified and honored, and that the nations may become partakers of the root and fatness of God's "olive tree." "Come, for all things are now ready," is the cry. The feast of God's redeeming grace is spread, and no conditions are imposed or preparation needed. "Poor, maimed, halt, and blind," from every place are invited. How wonderfully this parable of the wedding feast, spoken by our Lord, forecast the rejection of the New Covenant and its Mediator, by Israel, and the consequent forming of a new thing, "the church of God," not formerly brought to light, but hidden in the counsels of God; what the apostle Paul calls "the mystery hid from past ages,"

(Continued D. V.)



Repentance. As to its etymology, repentance is simply *a change of mind*, but according to usage it is a change to a better mind. In the Scriptures it denotes the great change which takes place when men submit to the will of God. It is accompanied by sorrow and an exercise of faith. "Father," said a dying girl to her wicked parent "can you spell repentance?" This artless question, through the blessing of God, was effectual to awaken concern. "Spell repentance!" repeated the astonished father; "Why, what is repentance?" Thus he became desirous of knowing, and ultimately he was taught its sacred meaning, so that he discovered he had been a stranger to it both in theory and experience. He also learned that he needed repentance, that he was a guilty condemned sinner, deserving God's wrath and eternal misery. He spelled out its import, and soon obtained an acquaintance with that Saviour Whom God hath exalted to give repentance and remission of sins.

Our Needs and His Fulness

J. N. Darby

“GRACE TO HELP IN TIME OF NEED”

On to Canaan's rest still wending
 E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
 Suited grace from heaven descending—
 Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

Wisdom and philosophy never found out God: He makes Himself known to us through our needs; necessity finds Him out. The sinner's heart—yes, and the saint's heart too—is put in its right place in this way. I doubt much if we have ever learned anything solidly except we have learnt it thus.

We never ought to be discouraged because the Lord we trust in never fails, nor can. It is just in 2 Timothy, when all was in ruin and declension, that Paul looks for his dear son to be strong in the faith; there never is so good a time for it, because it is needed, and the Lord always meets need.

I learnt at the Cross what God was to me, a sinner: and now I have to learn how He meets my wants as a saint, by feeling my need and bringing it to Him.

If we knew a little more of the comfort and joy of drinking into the fulness of God's love, we should feel present circumstances to be as nothing.

Whenever there is real need in the wilderness, it is a sin to doubt whether God will help us or not. Tempting the Lord is doubting the supply of His goodness in giving all that we need.

“Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean” said the leper. He was sure of the power, but he did not know the love that was there. He carried the love right to the leper, and touched him, saying, “I will, be thou clean.” If man touched a leper he became unclean and was put out of the camp. But He cannot be defiled. Holiness undefiled and undefilable carries to sinners the love they need.

“How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!” This is a blessed theme—the theme of God's thoughts—higher as the heavens are higher than the earth than our thoughts, the theme of God's fathomless and illimitable grace. Jesus is the great thought of God—God's thoughts are expressed to us in Him, and a sinner quickened by the Spirit of God can thus get into the deep thoughts of God.

The Unchangeable Word

“IT IS EASIER FOR HEAVEN AND EARTH TO PASS, THAN ONE TITTLE OF THE LAW TO FAIL.”—Luke 16:17.

“HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY, BUT MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.”—Mark 13:31.

(Continued from April number)

II. My text is true of the Bible as a Book divinely inspired.

I know a castle that, rising in old days from its rocky platform, once looked proudly down on the rolling sea. “Ichabod” stands written on its walls—the glory is departed; and all that now remains of its ancient grandeur is a shattered curtain, and some old grey towers that are nodding to their fall. The rock where it stood so long, defiant of time and man, yielded in the course of ages to a power which, retiring yet returning with very tide, kept up a ceaseless warfare; wearing away its base, and hollowing out its solid substance into sounding caverns. Then some wild, winter night, when ships were sinking, and wives were weeping, and brave men were drowning, the sea came on in the full swing of the storm, and breached its mighty walls—sweeping masonry and rock out into the foaming deep. And now I have seen the waves breaking and the fisherman’s boat sailing over the stones of that old castle’s foundations; while the billows, playing with what they had conquered, rolled them smooth and round amid the shingle of the sounding beach.

In the Bible our faith stands on a rock—but not like that, a ruin of other days. Still, if our faith is not a ruin, though a majestic one, or if the Church of Christ does not stand in the world, like the decaying and deserted temple of a worn-out superstition, it is not because the word of God has not been doubted, denied, attacked, and vilified. It has often been reviled; but it has never been refuted. Its foundations have been examined by the most searching eyes. In Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire, and La Place, to pass such coarse and vulgar assailants as Tom Paine and Carlisle, with their few living followers, the Bible has had to sustain the assaults of the greatest talent, the sharpest wit, and the acutest intellects. To make it appear a cunningly-devised fable, philosophers have sought arguments amid the mysteries of science, and travellers

amid the hoar remains of antiquity; for that purpose, geologists have ransacked the bowels of the earth, and astronomers the stars of heaven; and yet, after sustaining the most cunningly devised and ably-executed assaults of centuries, there it stands; and shall stand, defiant of time, of men, of devils—a glorious illustration of the words of its Founder, “On this rock have I built my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!”

Since those centuries began to run, what revolutions time has wrought! what changes he has seen! The oldest monarchies have been overthrown; the dawn of truth has chased away the darkness of a long night.....the maxims of statesmen and the theories of science have shifted like the wind; success has crowned the boldest innovator on all old established systems. Jove is gone, but not Jehovah. On Grecian headlands and Roman hills, the temples of Jupiter stand in mouldering ruin; but temples sacred to Jesus are rising on every shore. Since John wrote in his cell at Patmos, and Paul preached in his own hired house at Rome, the world has been turned upside down; all old things have passed away; all things on earth have changed but one. Rivalling in fixedness, and more than rivalling in brightness, the stars that saw our world born and shall see it die, that rejoiced in its birth and shall be mourners at its burial, the Word of our God stands for ever. Time, that weakens all things else, has but strengthened the impregnable position of the believer’s faith, and hope, and confidence. And as, year by year, the tree adds another ring to its circumference, every age has added the testimony of its events to this great truth, “The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord shall endure for ever.”

III. For practical application of my text, I remark,—

1. It is true of the *threatenings* of the Word that it is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.

If there are more blessed there are more awful words in the Bible than in any other book, which in this respect is like the skies that hold at once the most blessed and the most baneful elements—soft dews to bathe the opening rose, and bolts that rend the oak asunder. “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.” For example,—The wicked shall be cast into hell,—Flee from the wrath to come,—Whosoever believeth not the

Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him,— Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish, — Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched, — and these awful words which I cannot think of Jesus pronouncing over any one he would have saved, and, in a sense, died to save, but with slow reluctance, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” What a sentence! What words from him who bent looks of kindness on a weeping Magdalene! Here every word is stunning; crushing; killing. Depart from me—ye cursed—into everlasting fire—prepared for the devil and his angels. They fall like thunder-bolts, but where? I have read how a ship that rode the waters, armed with a broadside of cannon enough to sink any common craft, when in chase of another vessel, pointed her guns so as to send the shot crashing through the other’s rigging, or leaping on the deep before her bows. Her purpose was not to sink the flying sail, but wing her; and compelling her to bring to, make her captive. She might have sunk the enemy; but in so thundering she sought to save her, and make a prize of her. And just so does a long-suffering God with those that madly flee from Him. Therefore the Bible threatens and thunders; not otherwise. But why flee? Vain the flight where God pursues; and worse than vain! He is willing to forgive, and what folly, what madness to fly till, divine patience at length exhausted, He ceases to follow! What then? The bolt, at first sent in love and mercy wide of the range, is shot right to the mark. Judgment, long delayed, overtakes the sinner, and he learns but learns too late, that whether He threatens or promises, as a God of truth, His word shall stand for ever. “Oh, that men were wise, that they would consider this in the day of their visitation!”

“The wicked,” says the Psalmist, “contemn God!” and why? “because he saith, He will not require.” Where, they ask, is the promise of His coming? Ah, they forget that it is as true of God’s threatenings as of His promises, that although He delays He does not deny them. A reprieve is not a pardon. It defers the execution; but does not necessarily cancel the sentence. And how many men in business, hard pressed for money, and tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, have known too well that the bill which they had got the money-lender to renew was not thereby paid? that, however often renewed, it has still

to be paid? and that the oftener indeed, it is renewed, with interest added to the capital, the debt but grows the larger, the payment grows the heavier? Just so shall it be with you if you persist in rejecting the Saviour, Whom in God's name I now press on your acceptance. Every day of mercy here will but aggravate the misery of hereafter, and the reckoning, by being long in coming, will be the more terrible when it comes—as that storm roars with the loudest thunder which has been the longest gathering.

Consider, then, in the light of my text, if the offers of the gospel are most winning, how full of warning are its threatenings! Men may play with your fears. I have seen a cunning, but foolish nurse, frighten her little charge into obedience by bugbears—stories of fleshless spectres and hideous monsters—the creations of her fancy, but the tetrrible object of its fears. God, however, plays neither with our hopes nor with our fears: neither mocks; nor flatters; nor deceives. “He is not a man that He should lie, nor the son of man that He should repent.” “Hath He said, and shall He not do it? hath He spoken, and shall it not come to pass?” Believe me, that Jesus had never died for sinners, except that their worm never dieth, and their fire is never quenched—except that, in regard to the threatenings as much as to the promises of the Bible, heaven and earth shall sooner pass, than one tittle of the law shall fail.

2. It is true of the *promises* of the gospel that “it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the law to fail.”

The traveller in the desert has heard that, far away among its burning sands, a river rolls. He has seen, or read, or heard of those who have sat on its willowy banks, and quenched their thirst, and drank in new life, and bathed their fevered frames in its cool, crystal pools. So, though with bleeding feet, and sinking limbs, and parched throat, and dizzy brain, led on by hope, and already in imagination quenching his fiery thirst, he stoutly fights a battle for life; and at length reaches the brink. Alas! what a sight meets his fixed and stony gaze! He stands petrified. No wave, glittering in the sunbeams, ripples on the shore and invites the poor wretch to drink. The channel is full—but full of dry, white stones. The rains have failed; the river has vanished. It saved others, him it cannot

save. Victim of the bitterest disappointment, he lies down to expire; losing life where others found it. Now to such an accident, to hopes at once so fair but false, none are exposed who rising to the call, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink," seek life in Jesus—salvation in the grace of God. Have I been a wilderness unto thee, saith the Lord? No, the stream of new Covenant mercies, which has its channel in this Word, had its type in those waters which, springing to the rod of Moses, gushed from the smitten rock; which the sand never drank, and the sun never dried, as, glistening in his beams, they followed Israel through the dusty desert on to the green borders of the promised land.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." For example—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; buy wine and milk without money and without price—Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest—Let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely—Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved—Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth—Fear not, for I am with you, be not afraid, for I am thy God—My grace is sufficient for thee—I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." How many thousands on earth, and what a countless multitude in glory, can set to their seals that these promises are true! Their light, how steady has it burned in the stormiest, how clear has it shone in life's darkest, most tempestuous night! Have not the saints of God, by help of these promises, quenched the violence of the fire; and stopped the mouths of lions; and trodden the serpent in the dust; and plucked the crown from the brow of death; and raised beside the grave the shout of victory? Joyful thought! there is not one promise of the gospel but is as good and true as on the day it was made. None of its offers are withdrawn. It is a medicine which does not grow useless by age; a well that cannot be run dry or emptied by use. The bank of heaven, fearing no panic, nor ever suspending payment, stands before the world with open doors; ready to honour its largest bills, and meet your greatest drafts.

Crowding every avenue under an alarm of impending judgment, let every inhabitant of our land, the wide world, with

death and hell close at their heels, make for the door of mercy; each man in tones of agony crying, Oh, if there is mercy to spare, be it mine!—I say, God were as happy as He is able to meet the wants of all; and make good the promise, Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. You cannot come too many; too urgent; too needy; too guilty; and I will add, you cannot come too soon. Come! Roll all thy guilt on the back, and weep thy sorrows out on the bosom of the Saviour. When I look to the height of His love, lost above the stars of heaven; to the depth of His consolation, descending lower than the pit; to the kindness of His heart, fuller than the brimming ocean; to the crown in His hand gemmed with stars; when I see Him afflicted in all our afflictions, and, while He leaves pearls to drop from royal crowns, and stars from shaking heavens, gathering His people's "tears in His bottle," may not I say with the great apostle, "My God shall supply all your wants out of the fullness of His glory in Jesus Christ"? Cast all your cares — cares for yourself, and for yours—cares for this world and the next, cast them on Him. He careth for you!

In a noble passage, Isaiah tells us, how all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field. And does not every week, each passing day, and fleeting hour, illustrate that solemn truth? Death lays his sharp scythe in among the grass; and to his stride and sweeping arm it falls in long, broad swathes. I have seen the reapers in the harvest-field sit down on the fallen sheaves of corn to wipe the sweat from their sun-browned brows, and, pausing from work, rest awhile; but who ever saw this grim reaper sitting on the tombstones or green hillocks of the grave, to rest himself and repair his strength? See how he advances on us—every day the nearer, as before an eye that expresses no pity, and an arm that is never weary, and a scythe that never blunts, fall the tallest grass and fairest flowers! "All flesh is grass." A few years more and these sparkling eyes shall be quenched in death; on every lip the seal of dusty death; and all of us lying beneath the grassy sod, mouldering in the grave—saved or unsaved—the never dying soul in heaven or in hell. We shall be gone; but not gone with us, nor with the grass and summer flowers, the Word of God. It abideth. Never shall it be said of it, "The place that now knows it shall know it no more." That Word shall

endure for ever. Blessed truth! No other such balm for a wounded heart; no other such pillow for an aching head; no other such staff for manhood's hand, or crutch for tottering age. And what a sure anchor for the soul amidst death's swelling waves, when storms are roaring on the shores of time, and wearying to be gone, we wait the signal to cast loose our moorings, and enter the haven of eternal rest; to learn in crowns and thrones, the smiles of the redeemed and the "Well done" and welcome of the Redeemer, that "it is easier for heaven and earth to pass than for one tittle of the law to fail."



Roger's Reasons

John Urquhart

(Concluded from April number)

"Now," Roger went on, "Let me show you some other wonderful things. There is a peculiar expression in that same fortieth chapter of Isaiah, which we have already looked at. It is in the apparently simple statement that God has stretched out 'the heavens as a curtain.' That word 'curtain' is a free translation which is eloquent of what the Bible would have been had it proceeded from even the best and most learned of men. Our translators knew well enough that the Hebrew word *dok* does not mean 'curtain.' It means 'thinness'. But what could be the meaning of the statement that God had stretched out the heavens like thinness? They imagined that the idea was that they were stretched out like some immense roll of fine cloth, and so they put down the words 'like a curtain.' Other versions found the Hebrew equally trying. Jerome rendered it into Latin by *velut nihilum*, which the Douay version Englishes by 'as nothing.' Luther translated it *ein dunnes Fell*, 'a thin skin,' or 'film.' And all the while there was in that word *dok* an anticipation of one of the biggest discoveries of these last days. I have spoken about the new theory of light. Light is produced by the undulations of the ether, which is the element in which all the heavenly bodies move, and the medium by which they are all connected. No one has ever seen the ether, or weighed it, or proved its presence; and yet scientists are as assured about its existence as they are about their own. What, then, is the ether? It is matter in

so attenuated a form that a cupful of water would make a globe of ether as big as the earth. This is one of the present wonders of science, and yet to readers of the Bible it is as old as the days of Isaiah! No better description of God's work in filling the universe with this ether sea, can be had than you find in these words which say that God 'stretched out the heavens as thinness.' "

"Are you quite sure, Roger," I asked, "that this is the meaning of the word, and that it is not a fine kind of cloth, for instance?"

"Perhaps Colville will answer for me," said Roger, looking round at our learned friend.

Colville at once replied: "The word occurs only in that passage, and has, of course, led to a number of guesses. But I believe Roger is right. I looked into the matter quite recently. I happened to take that chapter for exposition. Gesenius says it means 'thinness, fineness,' and suggests that this may lead to the meaning 'thin, fine cloth.' But if the word had ever been used in that sense, it is highly probable that we should have met with it elsewhere."

"Now, let me show you," Roger went on, "something more. Geology is a new science, is it not? No one would imagine that the Bible could tell us anything of its secrets, and yet the very crown and glory of all its discoveries was described 3000 years ago, and was put in grander words than the most gifted geologist has ever written. You remember those strange, though strangely touching and powerful verses in the 139th Psalm about man's being wonderfully and fearfully made?"

"I do not know who could forget it," said Colquhoun. "I have often wondered what they mean, and I hope you can enlighten us."

"Everybody, and you and I with the rest, Colquhoun," replied Roger, "have imagined that the 'wonderfully and fearfully made' applies to the structure of the body. But that is not the meaning. The writer has something else in view. He explains what that is. 'My substance,' he says, 'was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which from day to day were fashioned, when

as yet there was none of them.' Now, when was David in the lowest parts of the earth? I know there have been interpretations of that which cannot always be quoted, and nobody will lose anything if they are never quoted or heard of again. They are the explanations of men who despaired of getting any sense out of the words. But geology and comparative physiology throw startling light upon the passage. Only, as soon as I mention that, Brown will think he has scored!"

"Go ahead," exclaimed Brown, "and never mind me."

"What I mean is," rejoined Roger, "that it will look like admitting the truth of evolution! But it is not evolution but the truth which underlies it, and which gives it all its plausibility, but which Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, and the rest have completely misread. The really great scientists have always seen in creation the onward march of a distinct, comprehensive, and majestic plan. Agassiz points that out, for instance, in the vertebrata. There is, first of all, the fish, with its head on a level with its body. The higher we advance in the various divisions we notice the loftier position of that seat of intelligence, till we see it attain its climax in man. There are other arrangements which show that in man the limit of the alterations, of which the structure of the vertebrata is capable so that its fullest powers may be attained, have been reached in man. The human body exhausts its capabilities, as the abode and the instrument of intelligence. Now that result was fully foreseen from the first, and creation advanced towards it with unswerving steps. Here is a note which I made of statements by the two grandest comparative physiologists we have ever had. Agassiz says that, 'the aim, in creating successively all the different types of animals which have passed away was to introduce man upon the surface of our globe. Man is the end towards which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the Palaeozoic fishes.' The late Professor Owen makes a statement which takes us even further than that. He says: 'The recognition of an ideal exemplar for the vertebrated animals proves that the knowledge of such a being as man must have existed before man appeared.'"

"All that is certainly striking," said Brown; "but I don't see where the explanation of the Psalm comes in. And it looks, too, suspiciously like Darwinism—your pet abhorrence,

Roger, I should say, if you had not so many pet abhorrences—it looks suspiciously like Darwinism, after all!”

“Excuse me, Brown,” Roger replied; “you are not doing yourself justice! A mighty plan, fully grasped and laid clearly down from the first, is not chance; and a steady march towards its completion means the successive touches of a creative hand, and not the swaying fortunes of a battle for existence. The two things are completely and essentially distinct. But now for the comment on the Psalm. God had His eye upon man, upon David, upon me, from the time the first life was placed upon the earth or in the seas. God meant me to behold His works, to possess their fulness, and to see His glory. He began a work from which He would not withdraw His hand till man—till I—had crowned that work. The plan of this body of mine was never out of God’s thought. Everything was a type and prophecy of me—a herald and a preparation for the coming of the earth’s King. Mark what the Psalmist says in those wonderful seeming contradictions. All my members were written in God’s book; they were being fashioned in continuance (or from day to day), though as yet there was none of them. They were not existent; they were only in God’s book, and yet they were being fashioned! What does it all mean? What if not this, that all life in these rocky beds beneath our feet—‘in the lowest parts of the earth’—were showing more and more clearly God’s thought and purpose? It was man that was being made in secret, and curiously fashioned in the lowest parts of the earth!”

“I must say, Roger, that while I go with you so far, you do not carry me all the way with you in this.” I think we all looked our assent to these words of Colville’s. Colquhoun added: “Still it is true that this ‘lowest parts of the earth,’ which always puzzled me, gets explained there somehow, and I don’t think I shall ever be able to shut out your explanation, Roger, when I read or think of them.”

“All your difficulties,” said Roger, “are just the difficulty which belongs to the vastness of this truth, and it only proves that this is the meaning of the words. Physiologists see the connection of all life with its climax and goal in man. The Scriptures point to a connection between the rest of the creation and man. Here is the wonder and the love of it all—God had thought of us from the first. It was for us that He

planned; it was the formation of ourselves He was hastening towards. Every joy and every power given to life in these lowest parts of the earth was a prophecy of the joy and the power which God meant for me. When I read the past creation in that way, I know its message; I have the comfort of its consolation; and in my adoration of God's wisdom and power the fire of a mighty hope is kindled. If God kept thinking of me for vast millenniums, will He forget me easily? Will He lightly cast me aside? No, no! That 139th Psalm is the oldest treatise on geology, and it is the fullest and the best. But where did the Bible get that clear, full look into the lowest parts of the earth? And where did it get the insight into those things which our mightiest scientists are only beginning to dimly discern in this twentieth century of the Christian era?"

We were all impressed by Roger's last explanation, and there was no answer. Our discussion—if discussion I may call it—had filled us with such a flood of new thoughts, that we were all solemnised, and even Colquhoun was subdued, and had become unusually silent. Roger, after a look round upon us, went on again: "I might remind you that the recognition of the reign of law throughout the entire universe is the highest outcome of our scientific discoveries. But it was the teaching of Scripture before those discoveries began. How can you explain that? Is that a mark of scientific ignorance, or a result of scientific blundering? The fact is, that the Bible is the one Book of all time, and it puts itself in front of our twentieth century science, just as it has put itself in front of everything pure, and good, and true through all the ages. But I must not give you too much, even of a good thing. Let me just name one thing more. Did you ever think of that exclamation of the 8th Psalm: 'When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?' The wonder of modern astronomy is there! When the truth was grasped that this earth was an insignificant planet revolving round our sun, and that the fixed stars were bigger suns with planets moving round them, and that the nebulae were other and more distant universes, this very cry got up and fashioned the infidelity of the time. Our earth was like a little black seed

floating in this sea of glory; and we were moving on it and burrowing into it like mites on a cheese, or insects on a cabbage. Was it conceivable, it was asked, that God could concern Himself with the interests of these individual mites, and that their salvation could be a matter to Him for self-sacrifice or even for thought? Who could believe, it was asked, that the Creator would become a mite, and die on Calvary to obtain the forgiveness of these specks of creation? It was this very cry, 'When I consider Thy heavens . . . what is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou visitest him?'

"But there was another wonder which made answer to this of the insignificance of man when contrasted with the majesty of God. It was that of God's condescension. God *did* remember man, and God *did* come to dwell with him. The old astronomy, to which the heavenly bodies were just what they seemed to be, could never have yielded the knowledge of that mystery. It is only our modern astronomy that has lifted the veil and shown us those inexpressible splendours. But here, again, we see that the Bible is already in front of all our mighty discoveries, and it puts the right word in our lips, and lays the right interpretation of them upon our hearts. This unutterable majesty does not remove God from us; it only reveals the fulness and the lowliness of His love. And where did the Bible get this power of putting itself abreast of all discoveries, and of making itself man's Book throughout all time? A full inspiration will explain it; I know of nothing else that can."

"Thank you, Roger, for a helpful and memorable Lord's Day afternoon," said Colville, reaching out his hand and grasping Roger's.

"I have seldom known time go so fast," exclaimed Brown, starting up from his seat on the sod. "Do you know that we have been here four hours?" The words did not say much, but there was something about Brown and Colquhoun which convinced me that that afternoon's talk had left its mark, and had given a new direction to the thoughts of both of them. For my own part, I shall remember it long, and feel thankful for it to my dying day—and perhaps after. Good-bye!



There is nothing so elevating to the whole moral being as faith.

A Crisis that Led to a Conversion

During his course at Providence College Adoniram Judson began to cherish skeptical views. It was at this period that French infidelity was sweeping over the land like a flood; and free inquiry in matters of religion was supposed to constitute part of the education of every man of spirit. Young Judson did not escape the contamination. In the class above him was a young man by the name of E——, who was amiable, talented, witty, exceedingly agreeable in person and manners, but a confirmed Deist. A very strong friendship sprang up between the two young men, founded on similar tastes and sympathies; and Judson soon became, at least professedly, as great an unbeliever as his friend. The subject of a life profession was often discussed between them. At one time they proposed entering the law, because it afforded so wide a scope for political ambition; and at another, they discussed their own dramatic powers, with a view to writing plays.

Immediately following the closing of the school at Plymouth, Judson set out on a tour through the Northern States. After visiting some of the New England States, he left the horse, with which his father had furnished him, with an uncle in Sheffield, Connecticut, and proceeded to Albany to see the wonder of the world, the newly-invented Robert Fulton steamer. She was about proceeding on her second trip to New York, and he gladly took passage in her. The magnificent scenery of the Hudson had hitherto excited comparatively little attention, but its novelty and sublimity made a deep and lasting impression on Judson's ardent and adventurous spirit. He had not been long in New York before he contrived to attach himself to a theatrical company, not with the design of entering upon the stage, but partly for the purpose of familiarizing himself with its regulations, in case he should enter upon his literary projects and partly from curiosity and love of adventure.

Before setting out upon his tour he had unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and had been treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that had never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and his love, sees him rush recklessly on to his own destruction. His mother was none the less distressed, and she wept, and prayed, and expostulated. He knew

his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose his mother's tears and warnings, and they followed him now wherever he went. He knew that he was on the verge of such a life as he despised. For the world he would not see a younger brother in his perilous position; but "I", he thought, "am in no danger. I am only seeing the world—the dark side of it, as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious." After seeing what he wished of New York, he returned to Sheffield for his horse, intending to pursue his journey westward. His uncle was absent, and a very pious young man occupied his place. His conversation was characterized by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart, and Judson went away deeply impressed.

The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state; but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his pity would of course be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick-chamber — sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer; but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy. What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts would revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a "freethinker," educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a young man; and in imagination he was forced to place himself in the dying man's place, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light which poured into his

chamber dispelled all his "superstitious illusions." But as soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. "He is dead," was the reply. "Dead!" "Yes he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would probably not survive the night." "Do you know who he was?" "Oh, yes; he was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E——." Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, "Dead! lost! lost!" were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the teaching of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head toward Plymouth.

In his journal under a date two months after the above incident he speaks of "having received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit," and in less than four years later he had begun that career as a missionary which ranks with those of Carey, Moffat, and Livingstone.



The Story of a Christmas Bible

One Christmas afternoon, now many years ago, a number of Christians were gathered together to have a Bible-reading. Among their number was a man of middle age, who evidently had seen the rough side of life. That he was feeling happy that day was easily seen, for his face was beaming, and he took an eager interest in the subject of the lesson.

At last he arose, and holding up a large new Bible he said: "Friends, you all know me. I don't need to introduce myself to you. You have known me for many years, some of you, and you know what a slave I have been. Yes, for twenty-five years I've been the willing slave of drink, and during those years I have never gone to bed on a Christmas night, sober. My custom was to go to the saloon and lay in a stock of liquor the day before, to treat my friends as I called them; and with drunkenness and revelry we passed the time until we were worse than beasts. But,

YOU SEE THIS BOOK?

Yesterday I started out for town. As I passed by the

saloon, Tom C— called out 'Hello there! Come in and have something!' But I simply called back: 'No, Tom, I have something now that you could not give me; I have Christ!' I did not mind his laugh, nor do I believe his prophecy that it won't last. I believe I am not only saved by the *grace* of God, but I am kept by the *power* of God.

Well, I passed on, until I came to a book-store, where I bought this Bible, which I hope to make my companion in the future. Mr. W—, the bookseller, looked somewhat astonished when I asked for a Bible. He, nor for that matter anyone else, ever saw me on that errand before. I told him God had saved me. I had eternal life now, and I wanted a Bible that I might learn more about it. He said he 'hoped I would stick to it;' but I told him that I had tried that before, but the only thing I found I could stick to was sin. But, friends, what I could not do, the Lord Jesus can do! He says. 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand' (John 10:28). Many a time, as some of you know,

I HAVE TRIED TO REFORM

by signing the pledge, and sometimes on my bended knees I vowed I would keep it. But the power of temptation without found something that responded within, and I was soon worse than ever again. But a new thing has come to me. I have learned that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3:16). I know, then, that God has loved me, and given His Son, the Lord Jesus for me, that I believing in Him shall not perish, for I have everlasting life; and I *have* believed on Him and I *am* saved. But *He* did it all. He provided the Saviour. He awakened me to see my need of Him. He led me to Jesus, and now having saved me, He has engaged to keep me forever. Friends, I want you to rejoice with me in this great salvation."

Such was the substance of the testimony of one who was a miracle of the grace of God, as the years that have come and gone since then have proved. Besotted by drink, degraded by evil passions, he was considered a hopeless case. And so he was, as far as self and fellow man were concerned. But no more so than yourself, dear unsaved Friend. You have

not, perhaps, become so low morally and physically, but still you are ruined and cannot help yourself—lost and cannot save yourself—guilty, and cannot justify yourself.

IT IS CHRIST YOU NEED.

God has, at infinite cost, provided one who can meet your desperate case. To do so He had to be Holy and Divine; He must also receive the penalty due to the sinner—the wrath of God toward sin. This He did, when on Calvary Christ died for the ungodly. There He entered into the whole case, and satisfying the righteous claims of a holy God opened up the way whereby God might be just and yet the Justifier of all who believe on His Son. Have you been made a partaker of this great salvation? If not, haste thee to Jesus, the Friend, nay more, the Saviour of sinners; trust Him with thy soul and be saved.

“Sinners Jesus will receive—
Sound this word of grace to all,
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall:” —T.D.W.M.



“Tell ye your children of it”

“Ask and ye shall receive”

Charlie was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. These little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself. “Make haste and jump into your berth, boy,” said his uncle. “Mayn’t I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?” asked Charlie. “We shall be taken care of fast enough” said his uncle. “Yes, sir” said Charlie, “but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking.”



“It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink;
With little children saying grace,
In every Christian kind of place.”

—R. L. Stevenson

Missionary Labours in Many Hands

“In perils among the heathen”

(From “In the Heart of Savagedom” by Mrs. Stuart Watt
Published by Pickering & Inglis)

We had entered the third month since leaving the coast, and it was with inconceivable joy we pitched our tents on the summit of N'gelani among the Wakamba tribe in the scorching heat of an equatorial sun. The day after we pitched our tents the savages came around us in great numbers in a threatening manner, and when my husband deputed a band of our men to ascertain their purpose the only reply was that they did not want us there, and that if we attempted building we should all be dead in three days. When they found that we paid no attention to their threats, they evidently came to the conclusion that in spite of their menacing attitude we were determined to remain and build beside them, for shortly afterwards the petty chief of the district sent word that he desired to make blood brotherhood with my husband. Though the function was not a very pleasing one to him, yet thinking it might give him more influence with those wild savages, he gave his consent, and the day was appointed on which the ceremony was to be performed.

When this truce was accomplished we settled down to build a dwelling house, and a meeting place in which we might be able to get the natives together to deliver to them our message. But when we sent out our porters to cut down trees for the erection of the building they had to flee for their lives from the poisoned arrows of the Wakamba which convinced us that whatever attitude the chief had assumed toward us, many if not all of the natives were still our inveterate enemies.

But eventually our men gathered together a diversified collection of timber trees, and during the work of erection the natives, though still hostile, occasionally gathered around in considerable numbers to see the wonderful edifices of the white man, and my husband took every opportunity to converse with them through our interpreter.

After three months of strenuous labor it was to us a joyful experience to pass into a permanent home, though the building covered an earthen floor and was covered with forest grass. Having thus been ensconced in our rude jungle habita-

tion, our caravan porters were all disbanded to the Coast, and we were left absolutely alone with the wild and savage tribe of the hills among whom our lot was cast. When these men were dismissed to the sea we felt very keenly our isolated position. On each succeeding day we could see that storms were brooding and that the chief's blood brotherhood affected only a very small portion of the inhabitants. The chief himself never turned his back upon us nor evinced any treachery, but continued faithful under the most trying circumstances and severest ordeals through which we eventually had to pass.

In lonely solitude, but with perfect confidence in God my husband settled down to the important though tedious and difficult work of reducing to writing the language of the tribe.

It gives one much food for thought to find a language so philosophic in its structure as theirs was, on the lips of naked savages, who are without a single written sign to represent their ideas and we were forced to the conclusion that it must have come to them at Babel from the hand of the Eternal and Omnipotent God. With these undraped denizens of the woods there is not a particle of evidence of evolution, but on the other hand very considerable proof of devolution.

When my husband was able to converse a little in the Kikamba tongue, he commenced preaching the Gospel, sometimes to a few individuals, and again to large numbers whenever he could get them together. On these occasions he always took the Bible in his hand, and told them the message he delivered to them was not his own, but was taken out of the Book which was the revealed will of God. These people spread the news far and wide about the Book, and oftentimes a number of old men came many miles to ascertain what the Bible said upon various subjects.

Under difficulties which ever seemed to be on the increase, my husband continued the work of reducing the language to writing, but save for a few friendly natives, the people were quite unwilling to listen to our message. A limited circle, under the nominal sway of the old chief with whom my husband had made blood brotherhood, had got to know us fairly well, and to understand our purposes, but beyond that boundary the natives were decidedly unfriendly.

We had been able to exchange some of our barter goods for a few zebu cattle, so that we might have a little milk for

our young children, but the hostile natives came repeatedly by night and succeeded in stealing them.

Time after time the natives made many futile attempts to poison and murder us, but we were forewarned of many of these in a very providential manner. They sent to us a most acute and cunning man of their tribe to seek employment with us so that he might observe all our movements and thus aid them in their endeavour to surprise and murder us. We were rejoiced to see this able-bodied man seeking work and immediately named the amount of beads and wire we would give him every moon, and our offer he gladly accepted. At every opportunity we spoke to him of the love of God as manifested in His Son Jesus Christ. At first he was reserved and suspicious, but in a short time he became quite attached to us and eventually told us of the secret purpose for which he had been sent, and revealed to us every plot of the natives, so that, under the blessing of God we were enabled to frustrate their fateful designs. After some time the natives suspected that the man they had sent as a spy had turned traitor and became friendly toward us, and he was obliged to go away to another part of the country.

One evening a vast multitude of warriors, who had determined to wipe out the white man from their country, were on their way to our station from a distant district under the chieftainship of a very influential savage named Mwana Muka. By sundown large numbers of their armed men, in full war paint, had reached the base of the neighboring hills, from which they were to make an onslaught on our station. It had been arranged by the chief that a number of his fighting men should carry with them lighted brands which they were to fling on the roof of the grass thatched buildings at the moment of attack.

But no sooner had the sun sank in the west than huge clouds came rolling up on one another in vast banks on our eastern sky, the point from which our rains generally issued. With the quickening breezes of evening, which always followed the sun to the west, these black mountains of moisture spread over the firmament like a pall, and soon a few vivid lines of sheet lightning gleamed across the vault of heaven, followed by rattling peals of thunder, and in a moment or two the rain came down in torrents.

We had brought the matter of our position before the Lord and we were assured, that if it pleased Him, He would in His own way, bring us deliverance. The rain continued with ever increasing severity, and soon come down in sweeping sheets of immense volume, while the entire heavens were lit up with zig-zag streaks of lightning which darted from east to west with terrifying frequency, and the ground was covered with a flowing sheet of water several inches deep. During the space of half an hour the heavens were let loose in such a manner as I have never seen since or before in that land of tropical downpours.

We could not but see the mighty hand of God in this wonderful deliverance. Nothing unnerves and prostrates more rapidly the naked savage of the tropics than a deluge of rain, attended by a temperature below the average. Not only were the multitude of resolute warriors enfeebled by the drenching torrents, but their sinewy bow strings were thereby rendered useless in discharging the poisoned shafts. Realizing that the elements and probably God Himself were fighting against them, they slunk back into a half-dying condition. We did not lie down to rest until the morning was about to dawn, and soon we heard from some friendly natives of the unhappy retreat of Mwana Muka's valiant hordes.



Enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. A British soldier in the East Indies—a stout, lion-hearted man—who had been a noted prize-fighter, was a terror to those who knew him. But that man sauntered one day into the Mission chapel, heard the Gospel, and was converted. The change at once in his character was most marked — the lion became a lamb. Two months afterwards, in the mess-room, some of those who had formerly been afraid of him began to ridicule him. One of them said, "I'll put it to the test whether he is a Christian or not," and taking a basin of hot soup, he threw it into his bosom. The whole company gazed in breathless silence, expecting the lion would murder him on the spot. But after he had torn open his vest, and wiped his scalded breast, he calmly turned upon them, and, to their utter astonishment, simply said, "This is what I must expect as a Christian. I must suffer persecution."

The Cruise of the *Cachalot*

Frank T. Bullen

Creeping steadily northward, we passed the Cosmoledo group of atolls without paying them a visit, which was strange, as, from their appearance, no better fishing-ground would be likely to come in our way. They are little known, except to the wandering fishermen from Reunion and Rodriguez, who roam about these islets and reefs, seeking anything that may be turned into coin, from wrecks to turtle, and in nowise particular as to rights of ownership. When between the Cosmoledos and Astove, the next island to the northward, we sighted a "solitary" cachalot one morning just as the day dawned. It was the first for some time—nearly three weeks—and being all well seasoned to the work now, we obeyed the call to arms with great alacrity. Our friend was making a passage, turning neither to the right hand nor the left as he went. His risings and number of spouts while up, as well as the time he remained below, were as regular as the progress of a clock.

Bearing in mind, I suppose, the general character of the whales we had recently met with, only two boats were lowered to attack the newcomer, who, all unconscious of our coming, pursued his leisurely course unheeding.

We got a good weather-gage of him, and came flying on as usual, getting two irons planted in fine style. But a surprise awaited us. As we sheered up into the wind away from him, Louis shouted, "Fightin' whale, sir; look out for de rush!" Look out, indeed! Small use in looking out when, hampered as we always were at first with the unshipping of the mast, we could do next to nothing to avoid him. Without any of the desperate flounderings generally indulged in on first feeling the iron, he turned upon us, and had it not been that he caught sight of the second mate's boat, which had just arrived; and turned his attentions to her, there would have been scant chance of any escape for us. Leaping half out of the water he made direct for our comrades with a vigour and ferocity marvellous to see, making it a no easy matter for them to avoid his tremendous rush. Our actions, at no time slow, were considerably hastened by this display of valour, so that before he could turn his attentions in our direction we were ready for him. Then ensued a really big fight, the first, in

fact, of my experience, for none of the other whales had shown any serious determination to do us an injury, but had devoted all their energies to attempts at escape. So quick were the evolutions, and so savage the appearance of this fellow, that even our veteran mate looked anxious as to the possible result. Without attempting to "sound," the furious monster kept mostly below the surface; but whenever he rose, it was either to deliver a fearful blow with his tail, or, with jaws widespreading, to try and bite one of our boats in half. Well was it for us that he was severely handicapped by a malformation of the lower jaw. At a short distance from the throat it turned off nearly at right angles to his body, the part that thus protruded sideways being deeply fringed with barnacles, and plated with big limpets.

Had it not been for this impediment, I verily believe he would have beaten us altogether. As it was, he worked us nearly to death with his ugly rushes. Once he delivered a sidelong blow with his tail, which, as we spun round, shore off the two oars on that side as if they had been carrots. At last the second mate got fast to him, and then the character of the game changed. Apparently unwearied by his previous exertions, he now started off to windward at top speed, with the two boats sheering broadly out upon either side of his foaming wake. Doubtless because he himself was much fatigued, the mate allowed him to run at his will, without for the time attempting to haul any closer to him, and very grateful the short rest was to us. But he had not gone a couple of miles before he turned a complete somersault in the water, coming up behind us to rush off again in the opposite direction at undiminished speed. This move was a startler. For the moment it seemed as if both boats would be smashed like eggshells against each other, or else that some of us would be impaled upon the long lances with which each boat's bow bristled. By what looked like a hand-breadth, we cleared each other, and the race continued. Up till now we had not succeeded in getting home a single lance, the foe was becoming warier, while the strain was certainly telling upon our nerves. So Mr. Count got out his bomb-gun, shouting at the same time to Mr. Cruce to do the same. They both hated these weapons, nor ever used them if they could help it; but what was to be done?

Our chief had hardly got his gun ready, before we came to almost a dead stop. All was silent for just a moment; then, with a roar like a cataract, up sprang the huge creature, head out jaw wide open, coming direct for us. As coolly as if on the quarter-deck, the mate raised his gun, firing the bomb directly down the great livid cavern of a throat fronting him. Down went that mountainous head not six inches from us, but with a perfectly indescribable motion, a tremendous writhe, in fact; up flew the broad tail in air, and a blow which struck the second mate's boat fairly amidships. It was right before my eyes, not sixty feet away, and the sight will haunt me to my death. The tub oarsman was the poor German baker, about whom I have hitherto said nothing, except to note that he was one of the crew. That awful blow put an end summarily to all his earthly anxieties. As it shore obliquely through the center of the boat, it 'drove his poor body right through her timbers—an indistinguishable bundle of what was an instant before a human being. The other members of the crew escaped the blow, and the harpooner managed to cut the line, so that for the present they were safe enough, clinging to the remains of their boat, unless the whale should choose to rush across them.

Happily, his rushing was almost over. The bomb fired by Mr. Count, with such fatal result to poor Bamberger, must have exploded right in the whale's throat. Whether his previous titanic efforts had completely exhausted him, or whether the bomb had broken his massive backbone, I do not know, of course, but he went into no flurry, dying as peacefully as his course had been furious. For the first time in my life, I had been face to face with a violent death, and I was quite stunned with the awfulness of the experience. Mechanically, as it seemed to me, we obeyed such orders as were given, but every man's thoughts were with the shipmate so suddenly dashed from amongst us. We never saw sight of him again.

While the ship was running down to us, another boat had gone to rescue the clinging crew of the shattered boat, for the whole drama had been witnessed from the ship, although they were not aware of the death of the poor German. When the sad news was told on board, there was a deep silence, all work being carried on so quietly that we seemed like a crew of dumb

men. With a sentiment for which I should not have given our grim skipper credit, the stars and stripes were hoisted halfmast, telling the silent sky and moaning sea, sole witnesses besides ourselves, of the sudden departure from among us of our poor shipmate.

We got the whale cut in as usual without any incident worth mentioning except that the peculiar shape of the jaw made it an object of great curiosity to all of us who were new to the whale-fishing. Such malformations are not very rare. They are generally thought to occur when the animal is young, and its bones soft; but whether done in fighting with one another, or in some more mysterious way, nobody knows. Cases have been known, I believe, where the deformed whale does not appear to have suffered from lack of food in consequence of his disability; but in each of the three instances which have come under my notice, such was certainly not the case. These whales were what is termed by the whalers "dry-skins;" that is, they were in poor condition, the blubber yielding less than half the usual quantity of oil. The absence of oil makes it very hard to cut up, and there is more work in one whale of this kind than in two whose blubber is rich and soft. Another thing which I have also noticed is, that these whales were much more difficult to tackle than others, for each of them gave us something special to remember them by.



"God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good" (Gen. 1:31). "Notwithstanding the important part that the inferior creatures perform in the economy of nature, they were imperfectly known until they became a test for the powers of the microscope. Then indeed not only were the most wonderful organisms discovered, but a new and unseen creation was brought under mortal eye, so varied, astonishing and inexhaustible that no limit can be assigned to it. This invisible creation teems in the earth, in the air, and in the waters, innumerable as the sands on the seashore. These beings have a beauty of their own, and are adorned and finished with as much care as the creatures of a higher order. The deeper the research, the more does the inexpressible perfection of God's works appear, whether in the majesty of the heavens, or in the infinitesimal beings on the earth."

Fairest Lord Jesus

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all things!
Jesus, of God and of Mary the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor;
Thee my delight, and my glory, and crown!

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in the flowery vesture of Spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Making my sorrowful spirit to sing.

Fair is the moonlight,
Fairer the sunshine,
Than all the starry celestial host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels that heaven can boast.

Hymn of the 12th century
Author unknown.

**“Resignation”**

Since thy Father’s arm sustains thee
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.

Know—His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand;
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy fath in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still!

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
 Thou canst stand,
 Childlike, proudly pushing back
 The offered hand,
 Courage soon is changed to fear,
 Strength does feebleness appear:—
 In His love if thou abide,
 He will guide.

Fearst sometimes that thy Father
 Hath forgot?
 When the clouds around thee gather,
 Doubt Him not.
 Always hath the daylight broken,
 Always hath He comfort spoken,
 Better hath He been for years
 Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth
 Night or day,
 Know — His love for thee provideth
 Good always.
 Crown of sorrow gladly take,
 Grateful wear it for His sake,
 Sweetly bending to His will,
 Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
 Daily strength;
 To each troubled saint that liveth,
 Peace at length:—
 Weakest lambs have largest share
 Of this tender Shepherd's care;
 Ask Him not then, "When?" or "How?"—
 Only bow.

—K. R. Hagenback



"What I do, thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." John 13:7.

The Pilgrim's Song

"THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD"

Heb. 4:9.

My rest is in heaven; my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed my sad spirit! the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow:
I would not lie down upon roses below:
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them, O Lord, in Thy sheltering breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.

With Christ in my heart, and His Word in my hand
I travel in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;
And I'll smooth it with hope and I'll cheer it with song.

—Henry Francis Lyte

Assembly Annals

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

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June
1941

Jehobah Akkaddeshken

(Jehobah that doth sanctify you)

"I am the Lord that doth sanctify you"

(Exod. 31:13)

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Addresses

Mr. Frank Carboni has moved from Union City, N. J. His new address is 139 Norwood Ave., Long Branch, N. J.

R. T. Halliday's address is now Box 786, Orlando, Florida.

The address of the Hollywood, Fla. hall is now Hollywood Gospel Chapel, 2244 West Boulevard, Hollywood, Fla. Correspondent, E. P. Corey, Box 1035 Hollywood, Fla.

The East Boston, Mass. Italian Assembly Hall is located at 142 London Street, East Boston, Mass. Correspondent, Frank Procopio, 22 Byron St., Malden Mass.

Conferences

ORANGE, N. J. The Annual Italian Conference will be held (D.V.) June 7th and 8th. Correspondent Joseph Rannelli, 240 New St., Orange, N. J.

PUGWASH JUNCTION, NOVA SCOTIA. Annual Conference D.V. June 29th, 30th, and July 1st, preceded by Prayer Meeting, Saturday evening, June 28th. For further information address W. N. Brennan, 174 Carleton St., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA. We had a very good three-day Conference at Easter, the first in this State connected with assemblies. Two hundred and fifty broke bread, representing eight different assemblies, and all meetings were well attended. Some conversions also accompanied the preaching of the gospel.

VANCOUVER, B. C. Our Easter Conference was the largest for some time, visiting Christians from the assemblies in the Prairie Provinces and United States, and a goodly number from the Vancouver Island assemblies. The Word of the Lord was in power, searching and Christ-exalting.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

EAST BOSTON, MASS. The Italian Assembly just planted here, with about twenty-five Italians in fellowship, the result mostly of the labors of brethren Carboni and Pizzulli, is the twenty first Italian Assembly in the United States in full fellowship with the English-speaking assemblies. At the opening on May 4th over one hundred were present for the remembrance feast, Italian Christians being present from Philadelphia, Pa., Long Branch, Orange and Hoboken, N.J., Brooklyn, N. Y., Waterbury and Hartford, Conn., Worcester and Methuen, Mass., and Detroit, Mich. Addresses in Italian and English at the afternoon meeting, where about 150 were present, brethren from Boston and Cliftdale assemblies taking part in the ministry. Frank Pizzulli purposes to continue meetings for several weeks after the opening. Prayer is requested for this testimony that God will guide those young believers in the ways that be in Christ. The address of the Hall is 142 London St., East Boston, Mass., and correspondent is Mr. Frank Procopio, 22 Byron St., Malden, Mass.

FLORIDA, Hollywood. The Assembly (formerly meeting in Carpenter's Hall, West Dixie Highway, known as Hollywood Assembly Hall) has moved to their own hall, Hollywood Gospel Chapel, 2244 West Boulevard. The Sunday School has grown so fast during the past year that larger quarters are necessary. Meetings: Sunday, S. S. 9:30 A. M.; B. B. 10:45 A. M.; Gospel 7:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting and Bible Reading, Thursday 7:45 P. M. —E. P. Corey, correspondent, Box 1035, Hollywood, Fla.

Miami. Mr. Ben Bradford is giving greatly appreciated help in the Gospel and in the ministry of God's Word. The interest is very good. Many strangers have been brought under the sound of the gospel which is simply yet forcefully being told out. One woman has acknowledged Christ as her Saviour and has been baptized. Mr. A. R. Crocker is slowly gaining health. He is grateful for the interest and the prayers of the Lord's dear people. Continue to pray for him.
—Paul F. Bartling

Orlando. Mr. Robert T. Halliday (Box 786, Orlando, Fla.) has moved to Orlando, with the hope of opening up new territory for the proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus. He broadcasts the Gospel over WDB2 (580, on the dial) each Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 p.m. This Station covers the most of Florida, Georgia, and the Bahamas. He will much appreciate prayer for this effort.

MASSACHUSETTS. Mr. Cesare Patrizio had about two weeks' meetings in Methuen, then went to Hartford, Conn. and Philadelphia, Pa., returning to East Boston to help the young Christians there. Good audiences and the blessing of the Lord in conversions were encouraging features.

MICHIGAN. The five-weeks' series conducted in Central Gospel Hall by Mr. James Gunn Jr. was a season of blessing to God's people and to unsaved ones. Several professed faith in Christ, and the Christians were much edified by our brother's ministry of the Word. Louis Rosania visited the Italian assembly and had Gospel and ministry meetings for a period of three weeks.

Mr. Thomas R. McCullough preached and visited from house to house in Ferndale and got a good hearing in the Hall.

Mr. William Warke is at present in the **Schoolcraft Hall** preaching the Word and heralding the good news.

NEW JERSEY. Brethren Frank Carboni and Frank Pizzulli have been provided with a Gospel Tent and purpose preaching this summer along the Jersey Coast near Long Branch, probably Red Bank or Asbury Park. They desire prayer for this new venture.

NORTH CAROLINA. Mr. Lester Wilson, (413 No. Edgeworth St., Greensboro, N. C.) reports a very profitable winter in **Greensboro**. An assembly was begun at Easter-time with fifty breaking bread, and the prospect of a good number of others taking their place soon. Excellent attendance at ministry and gospel meetings, with conversions as the result. Sunday-school has grown to 138 in five months. Mr. Wilson hopes to start tent work at once for the summer season.

OHIO. Brethren James Smith and John Govan have started a special series in Gospel Hall, W. 85th St., **Cleveland**.

PENNSYLVANIA. Brethren Hugh McEwen and Robert Young have been preaching in West Philadelphia since Easter. The attendance has been fair and there have been conversions to Christ.

RHODE ISLAND. Brethren Nugent and Foster saw the good hand of God during five weeks gospel meetings in **Pawtucket**.

WISCONSIN. Brother Elgie B. Jamieson has been conducting special meetings in **Lake Geneva** for the past six weeks. The attendance has been good; four have professed. Meetings are to go on. Pray for the Lord's blessing to continue.

CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA, Vancouver. Brethren S. Greer and Donald R. Charles had a weeks well attended meetings at Seymour St. Gospel Hall. Brother Greer then went to **Westbank** Assembly where he is carrying on Gospel work. Had afternoon meeting Lord's day for believers, brethren Cummings of Edmonton and C. G. McClean of Vancouver taking part.

CAPE BRETON. Brethren John and Robert McCracken had eight weeks' good meetings in **Sydney** and saw some fruit for their labor. They hope next to begin a series in **Sydney Mines**.

NOVA SCOTIA. Brother McIlwaine is having a good hearing in **Chelsea, Lunenburg Co.**, and may take his tent there later.



CHILE. "I am thankful to say we are all well here and seeing a little to encourage—"mercy drops" if not showers. For the first time in the history of the work in Santiago we have been able to rent a hall that is really suitable for meetings. It is a respectable place to which we feel we can invite anyone, and, as it is located on one of the main thoroughfares, we hope to get a lot of new people under the sound of the gospel. At Easter we baptized two more converts who were fruit of the tent work. One of these is a business man who is very bright and whose first exercise was about helping with the expenses. In view of the higher rental of our new hall, it seems opportune that the Lord should have given us a fish with a coin in its mouth!" —Andrew Stenhouse, Casilla 2039, Santiago, Chile, South America.

With Christ

AKRON, OHIO. Mrs. Peter Keith went to be with the Lord February 16th. Born again in Glasgow, Scotland, at the age of 14. She was the daughter of Thomas Boyle of Glasgow, who labored among assemblies in Scotland and Ireland. A husband, daughter, and two sons mourn their loss. Brethren Robert Crawford, Gordon Reager, and James Crawford of Cleveland, conducted the services which were largely attended.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA. Mrs. Emily Hester Willoughby, wife of C. H. Willoughby, evangelist, departed to be with Christ April 28th, after years of patient suffering, borne without murmur. Local brethren conducted the funeral services. Mrs. Willoughby was saved in early life, and as a girl in her "teens" played the organ in the building where J. N. Darby first preached, after his "ordination." Many years afterwards she left that same place, was baptized, and gathered with the Lord's people, to own no name but the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

KINDE, MICH. The home-call of Brother W. S. McDonald came suddenly, soon after retiring on April 27th. Aged 78 and saved over 61 years, he was in fellowship with this assembly soon after his conversion. He had spent the Lord's day in the courts of the Lord's house with the saints; at the Lord's table in the morning and at the Gospel meeting in the evening, though far from well, and ere the day closed was in the courts of heaven. He ended his journey down here as he had desired, and left a fragrant testimony, witnessing to the power of the gospel in a humble, quiet, consistent godly life, lived in the home, the assembly, and community. A very large company attended the services held in the hall, conducted by J. Govan. His wife (a sister of Mr. D. McGeachy) and a grown family of five sons and one daughter will greatly miss him.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Miss Susan Magee, daughter of the late Carson Magee, died May 1st. She was in the Mascher St. assembly and lived a quiet, consistent, useful Christian life. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. Hugh G. McEwen.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN. Mrs. William McCullough, on April 2nd, in her ninetieth year, went home to be with the Lord. She was born in Bayfield, Ont., September 22nd, 1851, married to William McCullough September 23rd 1873, and they came to Bay City, Mich., to live. Very soon thereafter Mr. John Smith of Cleveland came to Bay City for meetings. In giving away gospel tracts from house to house he called upon Mrs. McCullough who invited him to come in. During the conversation that followed she told him that she was doing the best she could for salvation, was a church member and a Sunday School teacher. Mr. Smith showed her from her Bible that that was not God's way of salvation, and after prayer, he left after giving her a tract entitled "A Gift to You." Noticing that there were Scripture references in the tract she looked those up in her

Bible, and read among them 1 John 5:9-13: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." She realized that all her good works meant nothing for salvation, and there and then all alone, she placed her faith in the finished work of Christ for eternal life. When her husband came home from work she told him the story of what had happened. He was very angry at Mr. Smith for telling his wife that, with all her good works, she was on her way to Hell, and he made up his mind that he would go to the meeting that night to tell Mr. Smith what he thought of him, and lay him out with his fist, but it was the opposite when he did go, for the Word of God and the Spirit of God knocked him out and before the meeting was over he was a saved man. A sister-in-law, Mrs. Patullo, went also to the meetings because she saw Mrs. McCullough's rejoicing in salvation and she was converted a few days later. This was the beginning of the Bay City assembly. The McCullough home was always open thereafter to evangelists and to Christians. Mr. T. D. W. Muir, Mr. Robert Jamieson, Mr. James Kay, Mr. John McFadden and others were gladly welcomed as servants of the Lord. About forty five years ago Mr. and Mrs. McCullough moved to Detroit and were in fellowship in Central Gospel Hall, until their home-call. Mr. F. W. Mehl, Mr. W. P. Douglas and Dr. H. A. Cameron spoke at the funeral services.

A Sister's Message to her Brother

Twenty years ago Mrs. William McCullough of Detroit deeply impressed by the serious illness of her unsaved brother, John McDonald of Dexter, suddenly resolved that she would at once go and visit him. The desire to do so was no doubt the prompting of the Holy Spirit, and when she told her husband of her sudden purpose he urged her to go immediately. And so she started, travelling by train the fifty miles to Dexter, Mich. Entering the room where the sick man lay, she was greeted by his words, "O, Maggie, I am so glad you have come. I have been longing to see you, for I wanted you to tell me how I can be saved. And tell me quickly for there is no time to lose." She forthwith reminded him of his state before God as a sinner, and then quoted the gracious words of the Lord Jesus to such, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "What must I do?" he asked anxiously. Her answer was, "You are a heavy laden sinner, and you need rest, and the Lord Jesus invites you to come to Him, and He will give you rest from your burden of sin." "Is that all I have to do?" "Yes, that is all. Just come to Christ for He says 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'" Thereupon John McDonald lifted his eyes and hands to heaven and said, "Lord Jesus Christ, I come, I come." His arms fell to his side, and at once he was gone—gone into the presence of Him Who said "Come unto Me."

—H. A. Cameron.

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

The light of God shines at times before us, leaving us, as we may have power, to discern it, to enjoy it, to use it, to follow it. It does not so much challenge us or exact of us; but, as I said, it shines before us, that we may reflect it, if we have grace. We see it doing its work after this manner in the early church at Jerusalem. The light of God there exacted nothing. It shone brightly and powerfully; but that was all. Peter spoke the language of that light, when he said to Ananias, "While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thy power?" It had made no demands upon Ananias; it simply shone in its beauty beside him or before him, that he might walk in it according to his measure. And such, in a great sense, is the moral glory of the Lord Jesus. Our first duty to that light is to learn from it *what He is*. We are not to begin by anxiously and painfully measuring ourselves by it, but by calmly and happily, and thankfully learning Him in all His perfect moral humanity. And surely this glory is departed! There is no living image of it here. We have its *record* in the evangelists, but not its *reflection* anywhere.

But having its record, we may say, as one of our own poets has said,

"There has one object been disclosed on earth
That might commend the place: but now 'tis gone:
Jesus is with the Father."

But though not here, beloved, He is just what He was. We are to know Him, as it were, by *memory*; and memory has no capacity to weave fictions; memory can only turn over living, truthful pages. And thus we know Him for His own eternity. In an eminent sense, the disciples knew Him *personally*. It was His person, His presence, Himself, that was their attraction. And if one may speak for others, it is more of this we need. We may be busy in acquainting ourselves with truths about Him, and we may make proficiency in that way; but with all

our knowledge, and with all the disciples' ignorance, they may leave us far behind in the power of a commanding affection toward Himself. And surely, beloved, we will not refuse to say that it is well when the heart is drawn by Him beyond what the knowledge we have of Him may account for. It tells us that He Himself has been rightly apprehended. And there are simple souls still that exhibit this; but generally it is not so. Nowadays our light, our acquaintance with truth, is beyond the measure of the answer of our heart to Himself. And it is painful to us, if we have any just sensibilities at all, to discover this.



Moses, - the Closing Scene

T. D. W. Muir

Moses could not bring the people of Israel into the Land, and there was a two-fold reason for this. In the Scripture, there is no doubt he stands before us, both representatively and personally. As the law-giver, he stood as its representative, and as such might lead them up to the Land, but not into it. He must give way to Joshua,—beautiful type of Christ, risen out of death, even as Joshua came forth out of Jordan — to lead God's Israel into the possession and blessings of Canaan. Read Galatians 3:18-26. Also Rom. 8:3-4. Then, personally, he as a man suffered the chastening of the Lord because of his sin when he "sanctified not the Lord to give Him glory" at Kadesh in the Desert of Zin (Numb. 20:1-13).

Four experiences—"wilderness experiences"—they may well be called, are given us in that twentieth chapter of Numbers. First, there is the death of Miriam, the responsive leader of the song of triumph at the Red Sea. The song with which she began the journey towards Canaan has been hushed in death. Then, second, there was no water, and the people forgot God's former intervention on their behalf (Exod. 17) and again they murmured at the trials of the way. Third, there is the antagonism of Edom, seeking to hinder their progress onward,—fit picture of the flesh toward the true spiritual prosperity of the child of God. And, fourth, we have the death of Aaron, the high priest, Moses' brother. On Mount Hor, Moses stripped him of his official robes there, and put them upon Eleazer, Aaron's son. Thus the mournful chapter ends.

But let us look a little further into the second of these "experiences." We read: "There was no water for the congregation; and they gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron. And the people chode with Moses, and spake, saying, Would God we had died when our brethren died before the Lord! (Read Chapter 16). And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there? And wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt to bring us into this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink" (Verses 2-5).

The accusation of the people was most unjust, and might well have irritated men who, like Moses and Aaron, had sought to do all they could to be true helpers of the flock of God. But we find them (Verse 6) upon their faces before God, and His glory appears unto them, as He gave them commandment what to do. In Exod. 17, we find God telling Moses to take the rod wherewith he had smitten the river of Egypt, and smite the rock in Horeb, and the water should come forth for the people's need—and he had done so. Now, however, he was to take the rod—the Almond rod that was laid up before the Lord in the Tabernacle,—the rod that spake of priestly intercession, — and speak to the rock, and God would give them water.

But Moses, out of patience, doubtless, for the moment, with the cruel invective of the people against him, acted out of his own feelings, instead of acting according to the gracious purpose and provision of the Lord for His poor, foolish people. He took the rod, and addressing the people gathered around, he exclaimed, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice; and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also" (Numb. 20:10-11). God said "speak to the rock,"—Moses "smote" it, destroying the picture God had before His heart of Christ, who was smitten once for all at Calvary, now in His presence for us.

God in grace would meet His people's need, even though he must judge the wrong ways of His servants. "The water came out abundantly," but Moses and Aaron forfeited their

right to enter into the Land. We read: "The Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron,—Because ye believed me not to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." This surely is very solemn, for it shows us that a right thing may be done in a wrong spirit, and bring upon us the judging hand of the Lord. His grace will have its ways, but in His righteous government He will maintain His character as a God of holiness, by chastising the transgressor. Many a time we would undo the cruel act, or take back the hasty word, but it is done, and cannot be undone, as we have learned to our sorrow.

How pathetic are the words of Moses in Deut. 4:21-22,— "Furthermore, the Lord was angry with me for your sakes, and swore that I should not go over Jordan, and that I should not go unto that good land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance; But I must die in this land, I must not go over Jordan; but ye shall go over, and possess that good land." Already had Moses pleaded with God "I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." "But," he tells them, "the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me; and the Lord said unto me, "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter" (Deut. 3:25-26). So Moses bowed to the judgment of the Lord, and the book of Deuteronomy stands as the witness of the power of grace, which showed itself in the man, who, forgetting self, sought only the future blessing of the people of God. For the book ends with a song and a prophetic blessing, in which he sees Israel as eventually most blessed, because saved by the Lord, who is the "shield of their help," the "sword of their excellency,"—their enemies subdued beneath them, and they triumphantly treading upon their high places (Deut. 33:29).

Then comes the beautiful closing scene in Deut. 34. "Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all the land of Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea; and the south and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the City of Palm Trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said, this is the land . . . I have

caused thee to see it, but thou shalt not go over thither." Grace and government! Grace brought him to the most advantageous spot from which to view the land. But God's government forbade his entering into it.

So Moses died, and God buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, "but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." He was an hundred and twenty years old when he died, but not through age or physical and mental exhaustion did he pass away, "for his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." Like the righteous man of Psalm 92:12, etc., he flourished like the palm tree and grew like the cedar in Lebanon. He still "brought forth fruit in old age," he was "fat and flourishing." Such was the closing scene in Moses' career, and who would not covet such an abundant entrance? From a high mountain, apart from all the toil, worry and vexation of the Camp, he goes home to be with God, and the only remaining scene of Scripture in which he figures presents him on the Mount again with the Lord.

In Matt. 17, we read of the Lord taking Peter, James and John up into an high mountain, and there He was transfigured before them. And with Him they saw two others, Moses and Elijah. The glory which emanated from the Lord Jesus, glorified them, and their theme of converse was His death, — the righteous ground of blessing for Israel, the Church and all Creation through the coming ages. Blessed be God, this being the purpose of God, neither the faithlessness of His people, or the failure of His servants will invalidate it. Like Moses, we, too, shall prove the faithfulness of our God, and His Word, which assures us a place with God and His Christ forever,—the theme of our song being the worthiness of the Lamb who was slain!



It is one thing to trust God, when I have before my eyes the channel through which the blessing is to flow; and quite another thing to trust Him when that channel is entirely stopped up.



Without trial we can be but theorists, and God would not have us such; He would have us entering into the living depths that are in Himself.

The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

*Mr. W. J. McClure***THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES**

Read Leviticus 23:33-36

(Continued from the May number)



Let us now look at the application of the Feast of Tabernacles to Israel's coming glory. I want to prove that it is a feast that looks on to their future history. Please turn to Micah 4:1, "But in the last days it shall come to pass that . . . many nations shall come and say, 'Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord and to the house of the God of Jacob and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths' . . . And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it." Oh, what a picture! If such a thing could only be realized now! "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares . . . nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." That is the character of the Millennium. But look at the next verse.—"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid." There is the Feast of Tabernacles. Now to prove that they will not forget this feast in the days of glory, let me turn your attention to Zechariah 14:16:—"And it shall come to pass, that everyone that is left of all the nations that came against Jerusalem, shall even go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. And it shall be, that those who will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem to worship the King the Lord of hosts, even upon them shall be no rain. This shall be the punishment of all nations that come not up to keep the Feast of Tabernacles."

God in those blessed days that are coming, is going to give Israel a continual reminder of their absolute security under the sway of their Messiah in this feast that will be kept not only by Israel, but by the nations. At that time men will no longer have to give the large part of their earnings to keep up great armies and navies. You read today for instance that the cost of one shot from one of those great guns would be sufficient to take you to Europe and back again. Just one shot; and then think of the cost of the guns and of the ships and of the yearly training and practice, and the fact that men are called from all the lines of peace. Think what an enormous amount of money that represents. Suppose that all that cost were off men's shoulders now! Does it ever strike you that the greatest burden upon the body politic is the cost of navies and armies and police. These must be kept up. Great as the burden is, it must be borne. Then think of the great cost to keep your money safe, the cost of guarding your savings in the banks. None of these things will be known in the Millennium: no watchman to guard your valuables; no locks, those latest patented things, to guard your earnings. They will not be needed. Why? "They shall sit ever many under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid." Why? Because "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." That is enough. I want nothing more than that!

The Feast of Ingathering.—Now turn to Exodus 23:16. "Thou shalt keep the Feast of Harvest, the first fruits of thy labors which thou hast sown in thy fields and the feast of ingathering which is at the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field." "The Feast of Ingathering" is another name for the Feast of Tabernacles. Now turn to Deut. 16:13. "Thou shalt observe the Feast of Tabernacles seven days after thou hast gathered in thy corn and wine: and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast." Can we learn anything from this scripture? Can we place the Millennium by any suggestion that this feast gives us? "When thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine." Two things are here given. What do they speak of? Both the feast of Tabernacles and the Millennium tell us that two things have been accomplished. "The gathering of the corn" points to the present dispensation, the work of grace, the gathering out of the Church. "The vintage" speaks of judgment. If the Church were gath-

ered, we would not be here. As long as we are here the Millennium cannot begin, but after the Church is gone there is another thing that must take place.

God's work of judgment. — Please turn to Psalm 36:8, "Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth: He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spears in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still and know that I am God and I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." I wonder if you take in who that pronoun "He" means? Who is that? God. He maketh wars to cease. Who will make an end of war? Ask the statesmen in The Hague or in Washington. They will tell you, "We are going to establish a League of Nations, and outlaw war. Men instead of making swords, will gather round a table, and they will give and take, and war will be banished from the earth!" We have every sympathy with the desire. I cannot see how parents, and especially mothers, can look upon their sons without wishing that wars would cease. That mother cannot but think that if it should happen as in the past her son would be only fodder for cannon, and she does not want to raise her boy for that. But in spite of all these well-meant efforts,—in spite of all these laudable desires, war remains. It was after the Czar of Russia had called his "peace conference," that the deadliest war of all time was staged, and the nations were one after the other dragged into it. What will do away with war? Nothing but the judging hand of God. "He maketh wars to cease." The Millennium will come after the exercise of judgment by the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Messiah, but the Messiah has been foreshadowed both in Melchisedec and in David. Melchisedec's name is first "King of righteousness" and then "King of peace," and David's wars preceded the peaceful reign of Solomon.

People say, "Why cannot we have peace? Why will men not act differently?" They would if you could put one factor out of the way. "What is that?" *Sin.* The first thing that must happen is that Satan will be cast out. Last night we saw that Satan was cast down from heaven. Then he makes an extraordinary effort to hold the earth. But, by and by, the Lord Jesus Christ comes back to the earth with His Church, and one of the first things that He will do is to take Satan,

bind him, and cast him into the bottomless pit. (Rev. 20). That is the time when He will cut their spears asunder and break their swords. He will come down upon all their preparations for war: but the first thing that will make the Millennium possible will be Satan bound in the bottomless pit. As long as Satan is at large there will be no peace,—no Millennium. The statesmen of Europe cannot do that,—they cannot bind Satan. But the first act of the Lord Jesus Christ in bringing on that wonderful age of peace will be to take that disturber of the peace and put him for a thousand years in the abyss. It would be grand if that were so now,—for all these national troubles and war clouds are the work of Satan.

I was told lately that before the Great War broke out, a missionary went into a monastery in Tibet and a Lama, or Priest, said to him, "*The big gods have gone over to Europe.*" What his words meant was that the "demons," the "powers of darkness" that are ruling this present world, were concentrating their efforts upon Europe. That missionary did not know about the coming war in Europe, for this incident occurred before the war began, and the Lamas knew just as little, for European affairs were as much unknown to them as though they did not live in the world at all. But months later that missionary heard the news of the terrible outburst of 1914. That is what the "big gods" did. Satan is "the prince of the power of the air," and under him are princes and authorities, and thro' them he is ever sending out evil influences upon the earth. God puts down his power at times, and every now and then in answer to the prayers of saints, God dissipates war clouds, for which the statesmen of course take the glory to themselves. On the other hand, God, by withholding His restraint upon Satan, sometimes allows men to reap the fruit of their ways. And, so we say, until Satan is bound there can be no peace.

But what a blessed thought it is that the Millennium is not only to be a period when the power of Satan is broken, and the evil influences of men shall cease, but another Power, just as much for man's good as the devil's power is for man's harm, will then be felt and that because the Lord Jesus Christ will reign over the earth. That is what will make the Millennium what it will be,—the reign of peace,—the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His people reigning with Him. Their influ-

ence will be for peace and blessing. We thank God for the glimpses of that age of peace, a glory which is very definite in Micah. We will dwell upon these more tomorrow night, but these feasts give us a very clear and definite vision of that time when the earth will keep the Feast of Tabernacles.

A Gospel message from the Lord.—Let me ask you that are not saved to look at a verse in the New Testament (John 7:37): “In the last day, the great day of the Feast, Jesus stood and cried, *‘If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.’*” When did He say that? On the eighth day of this feast. There must have been something peculiar to that particular day, and I want you to think of what was done in that day. The first day they sat under those booths. Under that hot Palestinian sun they would enjoy the shelter of those boughs, but as day after day went by, the heat would dry up those leaves and the shelter would not be so good, and they would say, “It is not what we thought it was at first,” and they would be getting tired of it: And then comes the last day, the eighth day, and they are finding things very hard. Read again these words that fell upon the ears of those who were distressed and dissatisfied, after this week of religious observances. “In the last day, that great day of the Feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, *If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink.*” It may be that there are some here who have tried “religion” and it has not proved what they thought it would be. The booths are dried up. You need the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ: “He that cometh to Me shall never hunger and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.” (John 6:35). Then think of this: he that dies without the Lord Jesus Christ shall thirst forever. The believer in Jesus will never thirst but the man or woman that will not come to Christ will ever thirst. What an awful thing to be without water. In California we have desert valleys. Many a time I have passed through Death Valley, where prospectors have often been lured to death. If the prospector finds the water hole all is well, but if he misses it and his water is done in the flask, the poor fellow excitedly strikes out in different directions,—hoping,—hoping to find water. At last, finding none, his mind cannot stand the strain. He thinks that water is in the sand, and he scrapes and scrapes, and by and by the story

is told,—a few bones picked bare by the turkey buzzards. What was he after? Water! Oh, unsaved one, your awful need will come upon you, just as it came upon that poor man in Death Valley!

During the last war an English regiment charged a German column. A German officer was struck down and he fell near an English soldier who was seriously wounded, and bleeding profusely. The Englishman was moaning in great distress, and the German officer asked him if there was anything he would like. "Water, water," replied the soldier, and the officer, reaching him his own canteen said,—“Drink and live.” A little while after the officer took from his tunic an English New Testament and, opening it at John 3:16, he handed it to the British soldier and said, “Read that and live forever!” Doubtless he was a child of God, and in the hour of death he knew that the only thing that would slake the thirst of the soul, was the living water, and so he said,—“Drink that and live forever.”

If you die without Christ you will forever have the awful thirst of hell. There is a man there now who prayed for a drop of water, and he could not get it. But listen again to what our Lord Jesus said on the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles, — “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.” “Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.” (Rev. 22:17).

“I heard the voice of Jesus say, ‘Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one, stoop down, and drink, and
live’

I came to Jesus, and I drank of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, and now I live
in Him.”



Oh, to walk humbly with our God! to be content with His will, to be satisfied to fill a very humble niche, and to do the most unpretending work! This is true dignity, and true happiness.



Nothing is more sad than to witness a pushing, bustling, forward, self-confident spirit and style in those who profess to be followers of Him who was meek and lowly in heart.

Power

J. N. Darby

"ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME" Matt. 28:18.

"BEHOLD I GIVE YOU POWER . . . OVER ALL THE POWER OF THE ENEMY." Luke 10:19.

Let a man act as the Lord leads him. The Spirit of God is not to be fettered by man. All power arises from the direct authoritative energy of the Holy Ghost *in the individual*.

Uncompromising firmness becomes us, yet calmness and nothing keeps the soul so calm as a sense of grace. This is a sign of power, and moreover it is connected with humbleness. A sense of nothingness, with the spirit of peace, gives a power to surmount all things.

It is not the quantity, but the quality of my labor which ever troubles me.

It is Christ Himself that becomes your power—the power of Christ resting upon you. His power you get in your weakness as your power to walk through this world.

In prayer God is ours, power is put in motion.

It is all important for us to get to the end of ourselves. All our work feels the effect of our state, and a heart full of Christ, and the seriousness of dealing with souls for eternity, which we feel when full of Him, and speaking from Him, gives weight and unction to it.

We are not to be occupied with evil or in any way to be terrified with the adversary, as if the Lord had not the upper hand. He has overcome and is leading us on to full blessing, when the enemy will be bound. We must go on in the confidence that power belongs to Him and is in His hands.

In every case it is where God would have us to be that we find His precious blessing. Without Him we can do nothing. When He works in His grace, how happy one is to be the instrument of His power and goodness. The exercise of our hearts even in the difficulties of the work, leads us to Him and everything that does this is in blessing for us.

There is power in Christ, there is sufficiency in Christ, for all He would have you to do or be.



If we are to be governed by the rule of God's kingdom, we shall find that the only way to get up is to go down.

“Tempted in all points, like as we are”

There is no more mysterious scene in the whole story of the Gospels than the temptation in the wilderness. That dark enigma, the existence and awful power of a personal Lord of Evil, recognized everywhere as a fact in the New Testament, appears here in all its darkness. And darkness is indeed a living midnight, when we see it face to face with the sinless Son of God. Who shall fathom the depth of the secret reasons which constrained the Lord, under the immediate power and guidance of the Holy Spirit poured on Him without measure, to submit Himself to the personal, positive, and profoundly subtle assaults of the Evil Spirit, alone and in the waste?

All that we can know is that the dreadful encounter was a vital factor in His incarnate experience, and that the endurance of it, and then the victorious sequel, like all that He did and suffered, were of infinite import for our blessing.

This at least we know, that the Lord Jesus Christ is now, in the power of that strife and of that victory, able to enter into the very depth of every moral struggle of His disciples, and able to succor also them that are tempted, “with the sympathetic power of an almighty but all-sensitive Fellow-Sufferer.”

—Handley C. G. Moule.



The Intermediate State

William Hoste, B. A.

If it has not pleased God to reveal much in His Word as to the actual conditions of this existence, what is known is very clear and amply sufficient to establish, at least, nine positive points. The state of the departed between death and resurrection is:

1. A disembodied state described by the words “unclothed” or “absent from the body” (2 Cor. 5:4,8).
2. A state of real existence. Though dead to the world and its activities, the departed are not dead to God, “for all live unto Him” (Luke 20:38).
3. A conscious state—not one of sleep or insensibility—“He is comforted and thou art tormented” (Luke 16:25).
4. A state of recognition and remembrance. “Father Abraham;” “Send Lazarus;” “Son, remember” (Luke 16:24,25).
5. A state at once entered upon. “Today thou shalt be with

Me in Paradise" (Luke 23:43). "The rich man died, and was buried, and in hell (hades) he lifted up his eyes, being in torments" (Luke 16:22, 23).

6. A state of being with Christ (for the believer). "To be present with the Lord" (2 Cor. 5:8).

7. A state of blessing for the believer. "To depart and to be with Christ, which is very far better" (Phil. 1:23); of suffering for the ungodly: "I am tormented in this flame" (Luke 16:24).

8. A state of waiting for resurrection glory. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. 4:14); or for resurrection judgment: "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. 20:15).

9. An irrevocable state. The condition of the departed, though not final in degree, is yet fixed as to character. "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed" (Luke 16:26).



The New Commandment

There is a tradition that Archbishop Usher, passing through Galloway, turned aside on a Saturday to enjoy the congenial society of Samuel Rutherford. He came, however, in disguise; and being welcomed as a guest, took his place with the rest of the family when they were catechised, as was usual that evening. The stranger was asked, "How many commandments are there?" His reply was "Eleven." The pastor corrected him; but the stranger maintained his position, quoting our Lord's words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." They retired to rest, all interested in the stranger. The Lord's Day morning dawned. Rutherford arose and as was his custom repaired for meditation to a walk that bordered on a thicket, but he was startled by hearing the voice of prayer—prayer too from the heart, and in behalf of the souls of the people that day to assemble. It was no other than the holy Archbishop Usher; and soon they came to an explanation, for Rutherford had begun to suspect he had "entertained angels unawares." With great mutual love they conversed together; and at the request of Rutherford, the Archbishop went up to the pulpit, conducted the usual service of the day, and preached on "the New Commandment."

The Record of a Bloody Crime

“Herod was exceeding wroth and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof from two years old and under,” Matt. 2:16.

Herod an Idumean (an Edomite) at 25 years of age was made Governor of Galilee by Caesar in B. C. 47 and in B. C. 40 King of Judea. He was one of the most licentious and cruel monsters of antiquity. He had nine wives and many children. In a fit of jealousy he put to death Mariamne, his favorite wife, and three of her sons, and just before his death he ordered the execution of his son Antipater.

Macrobius, a heathen historian, recorded the massacre of the children of Bethlehem: he said “When Caesar Augustus heard that among the children under two years old, whom Herod, the king of the Jews had ordered to be slain, one of Herod’s own sons had also been killed, he said ‘It is better to be Herod’s hog than his son,’ ” (Saturnalia Book ii. 4). Herod would have spared his hog but allowed his son to perish.

This act of cruelty by Herod is mentioned by Justin Martyr, who wrote before A. D. 150. In his “Dialogue with Trypho the Jew” (section 79) he says that Herod “not knowing the child whom the Magi had come to adore commanded that all the children in Bethlehem should be slain.” Irenaeus, another Christian who flourished in the same century refers more than once to this cruelty of Herod, and Origen also, in his controversy with Celsus, the pagan philosopher, says “Herod put to death all the little children in Bethlehem and its borders, with a design to destroy the King of the Jews, who had been born there” (Book I).



The Living Oracles. The New Testament stands essentially apart from and above all other books, in the doctrines announced, and in the majestic and untroubled sweep of that illumination which it casts over Time and Eternity. It speaks with an authority more complete than that of any ordinance of Senates. There is no detail too minute for its scrutiny. There is no expanse too wide for its survey. On all superlative spiritual themes, most important to man, it speaks in a voice as free and frank, while as lofty in tone, as any voice of angels in the air. In its outreach and majesty, in the intimate

fitness and harmony of each part, the majestic ultimate coordination of all into a whole which educates the world—in these as well as in the still unapproximated conjunction of benignity and of lordliness in the character of Him Whom it presents for our homage and love—seems radiant evidence that it was not born in the wrenching throes of a human intelligence; that it descended out of heaven, from God.

—Dr. R. A. Storrs.



The Work of God

“NOW THE GOD OF PEACE THAT BROUGHT AGAIN FROM THE DEAD OUR LORD JESUS, THAT GREAT SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP, THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT, MAKE YOU PERFECT.”
HEB. 13:20.

One of the most noticeable features in religious revivals is, what I might call the new power of an old gospel. A commonplace preacher, gifted with no power to stir men's passions, and pouring forth no flood of eloquence to carry assemblies along as stones are rolled before a headlong torrent, appears in the pulpit. His manner is plain; and he preaches nothing but the simplest gospel truths. Yet, as I have seen the tall reeds that fringe the margin of a lake all suddenly bend before a rising wind, so his hearers are affected. Without any apparent cause to account for the phenomena, there is, to use Ezekiel's figure, a shaking of the dry bones. Rough hands wipe tears from eyes unused to weep; and not delicate women only, but strong men are visibly and powerfully moved; sobs interrupt the speaker; truths often heard before, but no more felt than hailstones rattling on a rock, now fall like a shower of arrows; each time the bowstring sounds and a shaft flies, a sinner falls. Christ, as in the forty-fifth Psalm, appears as a mighty conqueror; the place of his feet is glorious; and the scene forcibly recalls its words of prayer and prophecy, “Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty”—“Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee.” All are moved, and not a few converted.

How explain this extraordinary event? The key to it, perhaps, will be found in the fact that a small band of God's hidden ones have been, or are at that hour, on their knees at a

throne of grace—wrestling with God, and pouring out their prayers for an outpouring of His Spirit. In such praying, more than in the eloquence of preaching, lies a preacher's power. Study brings a man to the platform, but it is prayer that brings God here. Thus Paul, who was above the praise of the people, and held himself independent alike of their applause and censure, saying, It is a small matter for me to be judged of man's judgment, he that judgeth me is God—did not feel himself to be above their prayers. Though he insisted on the right of servants of God to a sufficient maintenance, he was much more anxious that the people should pray for them than that they should pay them. He could, and that the gospel might not be hindered, he did maintain himself without aid from his hearers, saying, These hands have ministered to my necessities; he could dispense with their money, but not with their prayers. So here he affectionately entreats them, saying, "Pray for us."

And now, recalling the scene by the shores of Tyre, where the mariners, as they heaved their anchor and unfurled their sails, saw him accompanied by the disciples and a crowd of women and children, before embarking, kneel down on the sand and part with prayers—or a scene where a father, with his family gathered round his bed, and his form propped up on pillows, lifts his emaciated hands, and with labouring breath and looks of love, commends them, "lads" and all, to the Angel of the Covenant; so the Apostle closes his epistle and his intercourse with the Hebrews. He had sought their prayers. He now gives them his own—saying, "The God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

I. Look at the aspect in which God is here presented.

1. A God of peace.

Were we hastily and rashly to form our opinion of the character of God from the aspects and condition of this world, we might come to a different conclusion. "God of peace!" Where is peace? Read the world's past history, or survey its present condition! Has not every age been filled with wars? and what soil, from the sands of Africa to Polar snows, has not been drenched with human blood? The Red Indian savage,

who, armed with tomahawk, and adorned with scalps, filled the forest with his war-whoop, or with muffled steps stole on the sleeping camp to murder the aged and drag the young to slavery, has had his counterpart among civilized nations. Peace! Notwithstanding all the boasted progress of science and arts, and even of the gospel, the world is now bristling with arms; and hardly has the tocsin ceased in one country when it begins ringing in another. Has not every land in Europe shaken, in our own day, to the tramp of armies; and sounded to the roar of cannon?

Failing to find peace among distracted nations, and imagining that she may have fled for an asylum to the fanes of religion, do we seek her in the house of God? Alas! It is a house divided against itself. The Church of Christ has been rent asunder into I know not how many factious divisions. "Set on fire of hell," the fire catching the bad passions of human nature, she has burst into fragments like an exploding shell. Disappointed of finding peace there, do we turn our steps to the domestic circle? We seek her in the family, and follow the mourners from a father's grave to see them clinging to each other; alas, we are startled by loud, discordant, angry voices—brothers and sisters are quarrelling over the spoil. One asylum on earth remains to which peace may have fled. "No man ever yet hated his own flesh;" and, like a lonely bird, peace may be quietly nestling in each man's bosom. No. Till Christ bring to it the peace of God, bidding the waves and winds be still, man's heart is agitated by many violent passions. Burning with hatred or devoured by jealousy, or shaken with fears, or racked with remorse, or tortured by desires it feels but cannot satisfy, his bosom a nest of scorpions and "a cage of every unclean bird," the wicked man has no peace. He cannot; for the wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Unconverted man is at peace—neither with himself, nor with others, nor with God. Shall we therefore conclude from this view of the world that He who is at once its Maker and Monarch is not a God of peace? Assuredly not. He had nothing to do with this miserable condition of affairs; and is neither to be judged by it, nor blamed for it. In a fatal hour, sin was admitted into our world; and the ship that takes a Jonah aboard parts with peace. She has nothing to look for

but thunders and lightnings and storms and tempests. But let God have His way, only let His will be done in earth as it is done in heaven and such a change were wrought on this world, as would recall the change that night on Galilee, when Jesus woke, and, rising in the boat, looked out on the tumbling sea, to say, "Peace be still"—and in a moment there was a great calm, and the lake lay around them like a glassy mirror, reflecting in its bosom the stars and peace of heaven. Let only this one commandment, "Love one another as I have loved you," be instantly and universally operative, there never were another cannon cast; or sword forged; nor quarrel bred; nor blow struck; nor man enslaved; nor shore invaded; nor use made of drum and trumpet but to sound the jubilee of universal peace. Sin banished the peace which God has sent His Son to restore; and when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of Christ and the crowns of earth, like those of heaven, are laid at His feet, then shall God be known as the God, and our world shall become again the abode of peace.

2. God has made peace.

"Fury is not in Me, saith the Lord." He has turned from the fierceness of His anger, and made peace between Himself and man by the blood of the cross; but not "peace at any price"—not at the expense of His honour, holiness, justice, law, or truth. No. God has not overlooked the guilt of sin; He pardons, but does not palliate it.

Peace, as has often been done between man and man, may be established on a false basis. Take for example the United States of America. Before they were actually rent asunder by civil war, they might have established a peace on the foundations of iniquity. Had they given ear to preachers who perverted the word of God, and, regarding slavery as the white man's right, and not the black man's wrong, had they joined hand to hand to sacrifice the interests of humanity to those of commerce, and the eternal laws of God to those of political expediency, they might have had peace instead of war. They might have cemented their union with the blood of slaves. But such a peace as that would have offered a complete contrast to the peace of the gospel. This preserves God's honor. Not "peace at any price," it is peace at such a price as satisfied the utmost demands of His law, and fully vindicated His holiness in the sight of the universe. For, see, by the cross where

Jesus hung, mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace are embracing each other; and there the great God appears as just, "and also the justifier of all those who believe in Jesus."

"Be justice done," said a noble heathen, "though heaven should fall;" but little did he who uttered that great sentiment fancy at what expense justice might be done. Here a Greater than heaven falls. God spares not his own Son; and by that immense sacrifice establishes such a peace between Himself and our guilty world, that now all sin may be pardoned, and every sinner saved. Believing in Jesus, you are at peace with God—at peace with His justice; at peace with His law; at peace with your own conscience. You have nothing to fear in the hour of death. You have nothing to dread at the day of judgment. Christ has paid your debt, and satisfied for your sins; and, fully reconciled to you by the blood of His Son, a just and holy God has no quarrel with you now. Christ's dying legacy is, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you;" and richer with that than banks could make you "let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." That righteousness should satisfy our conscience, which has satisfied our God. "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

—T. G.

(Continued D. V.)



The Christ of the Covenant

James Melrose

(Concluded from May number)

Like those hidden pictures we sometimes see which, upon the application of water, make their appearance before our eyes on a seemingly blank sheet of paper, so, with the water of the word of the New Testament, we find the old record taking on a new meaning in many places where it would otherwise be completely hidden. This is prominent, for example, in the history of Joseph. As we follow the vicissitudes in the history of the man whom the Lord would exalt, we find him sent by the father, with a message for his brethren, ("He came to his own, and his own received him not"). His message, they rejected, and called it a dream and himself a dreamer. He was "hated without a cause," and "brought down to the pit." To

all intents and purposes, he was slain. He was raised from that pit and carried into Egypt. After passing through much tribulation, he was exalted to the right hand of the throne of Egypt, "a prince and a saviour," with a Gentile bride by his side, bringing salvation to those Gentiles, while before him, "every knee doth bow." Finally, he receives again and saves from death his own who had rejected him and cast him out, while with penitent heart, at last, they "look upon him whom they (figuratively) slew, and mourn because of him," (*Zech. 2:10*) saying "Verily, we are guilty."

Take the water of the word regarding the "New Covenant" in the blood of its Mediator. Dip your brush, for instance, in Romans 9, 10, and 11, and Hebrews 8 and 9, noting in the latter the reference to Covenant and Mediator. Apply it to this record, and see the result. What otherwise would seem but a highly interesting historical record, takes on new color and meaning of the greatest importance to you and to me, bringing us (to revert again to our refrain) into the pathway of the Good Samaritan (for "there is none good but one—that is, God"), to bow at the feet of Him who holds the key of heaven's granaries, and at whose girdle hang the keys of death and Hades.

Oh, what a privilege is ours, beloved brethren in Christ, to be "holy brethren partakers of this heavenly calling"! And you who, as yet, have not responded to the gracious invitation—feed no longer on the husks of the world's "swine trough," but listen to the gracious invitation to the Divine banquet, "All things are ready—come." It is a banquet at which the only requirement for entrance is that you put on the wedding garment. That is a costly garment, but it is freely provided by Divine love and grace. It is a garment which silver or gold cannot buy, sprinkled with the precious blood of Christ. If you wear it, the world will hate you, because those spots of blood condemn the world; but they speak peace Godward for you, for it is the blood of God's dear Son, the blood of the new "Covenant of Peace" (*Ezek. 37:26*). It is the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel (*Heb. 12:24*)—a speaking blood. Concerning the blood of Abel, God said "The blood of thy brother crieth out unto Me from the ground." It cried to high heaven, for vengeance; but the blood of Christ speaks peace, saying, "Deliver him from going

down to the pit. I have found a ransom."

Let us look for a little while, in closing at a few Scriptural references to this *blood of the New Covenant*, the blood which our beloved Lord refers to as "My blood," "which I will give for the life of the world," for "the life of the flesh is in the blood." Never was "blood donor" like this—bringing life to a dying world!

Isaiah foresaw this New Mediator; like Moses, he stood to sprinkle the book and the people, when he wrote his vision, saying "His visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men: so shall he *sprinkle* many nations." (Isa. 52:14). The apostle *Peter* makes reference to this blood, when he addresses the saints as being recipients of the three-fold blessing of the Triune God: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the *Father*, through sanctification of the *Spirit*, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of *Jesus Christ*." (1 Pet 1:2). The Apostle *Paul*, in Hebrews 10:22, bids us draw near, even into the holiest, fearlessly, in full assurance of faith "having our hearts *sprinkled* from an evil conscience." The heart is the place to which only the eye of God can penetrate, for "man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart." And what does He see? A heart, sprinkled! He sees the sprinkled blood. The accusing voice of guilty conscience is silenced and can no more cry "Be sure your sin will find you out," for it already has been found out and paid for. As dear Murray McCheyne writes,

My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
Jehovah Tsidkenu, is all things to me.

Again in Hebrews 12:24, we read, "Ye are not come to Sinai" and the terrors of the law, but "to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." It pleads for us before the throne of God. The outstretched, pleading, nail-pierced hands of the offender's Advocate before the Bar of Heaven, speak with irresistible eloquence.

A last reference to the blood of the Covenant, Hebrews 13:20 brings our meditations on this great theme to a fitting close,

with the inspired apostle's beautiful combined benediction and doxology, "Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through *the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect* in every good work *to do His will*, working in you that which is *well pleasing in His sight*, through Christ Jesus, to whom be glory forever and ever." Amen!

The "everlasting covenant"! No more renewals! The new covenant stands forever as that which is able to "*make perfect*," to make "*well pleasing in His sight*;" to make us willingly subject to *His will*. At last, "through Christ Jesus" the purpose of God will be consummated, and He will have "man in His image," a son in whom He is well pleased. And at the close of a long and weary sixth day, in which "my Father worketh hitherto and I work," He and His shall enter into rest. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied," and shall say, "Behold it was very good."

From the colorful pictures of Old Testament history; from the far off scenes which prophets saw from the windows of their high watch-towers, in the prophetic books; from the wonderful portrayal of coming events in the parables of our blessed Lord himself, in the gospels; from the impassioned appeals of the apostolic remnant of Israel, in the Acts of the Apostles; and from the great and profound doctrinal epistles of the great apostle born out of due time, in Romans, Colossians, Hebrews, etc.; from those vast fields of truth, we have sought to gather together a bouquet of Divine truth, such as would enhance and magnify that "Plant of renown," around which they are gathered . . . "The New Covenant in His blood" is the consummation of which we look forward to with glad expectancy, rejoicing that we, too, by Christ Jesus, have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in Hope of the Glory of God.



How well it is for us that God acts towards us, and for us, and in us, for the glory of His own name!



It is one thing to rest in God's blessings, and another thing to rest in Himself.

The Tramp

I overtook him trudging slowly and wearily along a country road.

"Have you come far today, friend?" I asked him as I drew near.

"Tidy bit," he replied. "I'm dog tired."

"And far to go?"

"Two miles."

I could see that he was no common tramp. There was an unmistakable refinement in his features and voice. We sat on a fallen tree at the wayside, and I invited him to share the frugal meal I carried in my rucksack.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, evasively, "just on and on . . . to the end of the road."

"And then?"

"Ah!" he said. "A queer thing this going on and on along the road." Then after a pause, "Care to hear my story?"

"I shall be very pleased," I replied.

"I wasn't always on the road like this," he began; "My people were well-to-do, and they were proud. At the university I got mixed up with bad company; and something seemed to drive me on to reckless deeds. I became the ringleader of a set of wild and daring chaps. Many's the time we were punished for disturbing the peace, and for worse things than that. They sent me down from the 'varsity,' and my people closed the door against me. I've never been home since. They don't know where I am; whether I'm dead or alive. They don't care. No one does. That was forty years ago."

"But you've not been tramping the road all that time?"

"Oh, no! I've been to sea, worked in foreign parts some years, and done many a job in this country, farm work and that sort of thing; but the old spirit was there. It burned like fire. I generally managed to rob my employer and get dismissed or locked up. I've seen the inside of more than one gaol. Sometimes I tried to go straight; but it didn't pay."

"And does the other life pay—the life of sin?"

"Can't say that it does either," he replied. "Come to that, nothing does."

"I can tell you where the paying comes in," I said.

"Eh, where's that?"

"You pay. You do the paying. You can't go wrong without paying for it, without paying the price. Have you ever heard the words, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap?' (Gal. 6:7). There's bound to be a reckoning, some time. Bills have to be paid. We pay heavily here, and there's a final paying at the end of the road."

The man was silent. He was thinking. Then I repeated quietly the lines:

*There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin.*

"Ah!" said the man, "that reminds me of the days when I was a little chap at Sunday School. 'He only unlock . . .' I forget the rest." I finished the verse:

*He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.*

"That's it."

"If you were badly in debt," I said "and someone went to your creditor and paid the debt in full and brought you the receipt; would you accept it?"

"Wouldn't I? I'd be mad not to."

"When Christ died on the Cross He paid the price of our sin. He cancelled the debt, and He offers us the receipt. To accept Him as our Lord and Saviour, and with His help to live a straight life, means that our debt is paid and we have the receipt in our own heart, our faith in that sacrifice for us. So He pays not we."

"Ah!" said the man, "that wouldn't be reasonable in a case like mine. I've all along trodden the path of sin. I chose it. I must take the consequences and pay."

"You speak as if you condemn yourself," I said.

"That's just what I do." He was speaking seriously. "I could have lived a better life. I've thrown away my opportunities; and how could I expect to go free now?"

*"The love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."*

The man was listening as I added: "God never turns His back on those who really seek Him. 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' John 6:37.

"Ah! That's something to think about." There was a strange wistful sadness in his eyes.

"What's o'clock?" he asked, abruptly.

"Six," I answered, and drew an envelope from my pocket with my name and address and offered it to him as he rose.

"If I can ever help you," I said, "here's my address." With the envelope I gave him a copy of the Gospel.

He thrust them into his pocket, saying as he did so, "So long! Glad to have met you. Thanks for the food and the chat."

We grasped hands. I watched him shouldering his bundle and tramping along the road in the glow of the westering sun, and as he went I wondered and prayed.

Some months later a letter lay on my table written in firm characters. It said: "Sir,—They tell me I'm near the end of the road. I felt I must write to let you know that the price is paid, and I have the receipt in my heart. It's His love for one who has wandered far from the fold.—Yours, *The Tramp*."

—FROM THE CHRISTIAN.



Two Soldiers

On a bed in a hospital, there lay,—or rather, we might say, there tossed about in the restlessness of fever—a fine young soldier. Often had he boasted that he had never known a day's sickness, but now he told the nurses he "found sickness terrible."

Jim Douglas was the son of a lawyer in very comfortable circumstances, but one day (after his father had spoken to him gently but firmly about his lazy, extravagant habits) he ran away from home and enlisted as a soldier. Very soon he bitterly regretted the step he had taken, but he was too proud to say so, and wrote three letters to his mother, speaking in glowing terms of his military life.

He was popular in his regiment, but one of the officers remarked to another that "Douglas was not improving, and he feared he was going to the bad."—It was soon after this that he was seized with fever.

As he lay day after day in the hospital—for he had several relapses—he thought much of his parents and of the happy home he so wilfully left. Then came the remembrance of his

life since he had left them. He hoped they never would hear of his doings during that time.

He said to himself one night, "This won't do. I will not think. Oh for a good drink and some jolly companions! With them I could soon drown these thoughts."

In the next bed there lay a young man from another regiment named John Maw. He was suffering greatly, but Jim resented his patience and repelled his attempts at conversation.

One night when all was still, Jim had tried in vain to sleep, and thoughts of his past wicked life were making him miserable. He raised himself to see if his neighbor was awake, thinking it would be a comfort to break the silence if only to grumble to his fellow sufferer. He saw that Maw's eyes were closed, but that his lips were moving, and he listened and heard him say,

"Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

Jim said the words over to himself; more and more slowly Maw repeated them, then Jim knew he was asleep, and that it would be cruel to waken him. He repeated the words again, wondering what they meant. The night nurse came quietly along, and Jim beckoned to her. Laying her finger on her mouth, and pointing to Maw, she whispered, "Hush, he's asleep; he suffered terribly today."

As she turned over Jim's pillow, he said, "Have you ever heard these words, 'Out in the desert He heard its cry, sick and helpless, and ready to die.'?"

"Yes, I've heard them sung; they are in a hymn. Maw could tell you about them; for he's religious, and his is the right kind—no sham religion got up by man. I wish I was as happy as he is. Now try to go to sleep."

But sleep would not come, and that night, and for the next two days, try as he would, Jim could not forget those two lines. Nor could he get rid of the thought of the sinfulness of his past life.

One evening he could bear it no longer, and seeing that Maw was awake he asked, "who was out in the desert"?

"I was," answered the sick man.

Jim paused—the answer surprised him. Again he said, "Who heard its cry"?

"The Lord Jesus," was the reply.

That was all the conversation, but it gave Jim plenty to think about. A few days later Maw being much better, Jim told him how he was troubled.

"I am downright miserable. Tell me what is the matter with me. Your description, sick and helpless, ready to die, fits me to a T."

"Praise God," answered Maw, "It is all right. God the Holy Spirit is showing you that you are a poor, lost sheep, and now He wants to point you to the Good Shepherd, Who goeth after that which is lost until He finds it. I see the nurse is signing to me to stop talking, but I will tell you more tomorrow. Say over and over again to yourself, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' Here is my Testament.—Find that verse in the 19th of Luke."

Jim took the well-worn little Book and propped up with pillows, he read and re-read Luke 19.

Half an hour later Maw said to him, "Read the 15th Chapter," and Jim turned to that wonderful chapter. He had never opened a Bible since he enlisted nor for months before. Now as he read the parable of the lost Sheep, and then came to the beautiful story of the prodigal son and the father's love, he broke down completely.

Next morning Maw had the joy of hearing from his own lips that he who had indeed been a "sheep going astray" had now returned unto "the great Shepherd of the sheep."

A few days afterwards Jim said to Maw, "Have you known the Good Shepherd long?"

Maw answered, "No; scarcely two years—more shame to me for I had a Christian mother who taught me about Him and His great love. But I used to say, 'Time enough—I'll serve Him when I've had a bit of pleasure first, Mother—say when I'm thirty or so.'"

"And how came the change?" inquired Jim. "Tell me all about it. You can't be thirty yet."

"No, I'm twenty-eight. A few years ago I was with my regiment in India. I was clever at learning some of the conjuring and juggling tricks that the natives excel in. Particularly anxious was I to do one in which I would appear to swallow a very small but venomous serpent. I practised it twice successfully, but next time I handled it badly, and its deadly fangs entered my shoulder."

"Whatever shall I do? I cried, as I rushed in terror across the road."

"Sit down," said a quiet voice, and a firm hand was laid on my arm. Almost before I knew what was happening, I saw that one of the men was sucking the poison out of the wound. I did not know him well, but I had often jeered at what I called his old woman religion. Now, as I saw the fine fellow risking his life to save mine, I realized what a grand thing it is to be a Christian.

"Why do you do this?" I said, "you know it may kill you?"

"If it does, I am not afraid to die," he said quietly.

"And I am," I said. "I know all about the better way—but alas! I have scorned the Saviour and His love. If I die today, I am lost!"

"Never shall I forget the solemn, earnest way in which that manly servant of God looked at me, as he slowly repeated the Scripture, 'The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost,' nor the emphasis he laid on the last word."

"That was the verse you gave to me," said Jim; "Now I see why you chose it. It came to me like a ray of hope. But tell me more. Did that man recover? Of course you did for you are here to-day—but did he?"

"Yes, he did. He was ill for several days, and the doctors feared for him; but he got quite well. I heard from him yesterday. I tell him that, under God I owe to him both my natural and spiritual life; for he never rested till I knew the Lord Jesus as my own personal Saviour."

"And now you have pointed me to Him," said Jim. "All my life long I shall praise God for this illness and time of quiet, that forced me to think." Then he added, reverently, "Ah, the Good Shepherd did find me sick and helpless, and ready to die."

"But He didn't leave you there," said Maw.

"No, indeed," said Jim, decidedly. "It seems to me I can only say, 'My cup runneth over,' when I think of all that He has done for me."



Where Satan ends, God begins.



Faith can do without every one and every thing but God.

The Wonderful Power of the Book

An American ship was sailing over the Pacific Ocean, when it suddenly struck a sunken rock, and was soon a wreck. The captain and crew, twenty-two in number, took to their boats, hoping to reach an island, or see the sail of some friendly ship which might take them in. For fourteen weary days they were exposed in the open boats, and were beginning to lose all hope of saving their lives when, on the morning of the fifteenth day, they saw that they were approaching an unknown island, guarded by its coral reef, over which the white surf was dashing.

The natives on the island saw the boats, and thronged the beach. It was an anxious time for the poor sailors. Exhausted as they were by fatigue and hunger, they scarcely knew whether to rejoice or not at the sight of land, for if these natives were heathens, and perhaps cannibals, a worse fate might await them than being swallowed up by the waves.

While the sailors watched with trembling anxiety every movement on the shore they saw one of the natives coming towards them through the surf, holding in his hand a Book, while he cried with a loud voice, "Missionary! missionary!"

What a joyful sound to the ears of the shipwrecked sailors! The missionaries had been on the island—they had given the natives "The Book"—there was nothing for them to fear now.

With a glad shout the sailors replied to the natives, beckoning at the same time for help. In a few minutes a number of the natives rushed to their aid, helped them through the surf, carried them on shore in their arms, supplied them generously with food, and cared for them with true Christian kindness.

To the great joy of the captain he found that all this was owing, under the blessing of God, to the labours of his own brother, for the captain's brother it was who had been the means of bringing the Bible to these once heathen natives. He had been honored not only to bring the light and blessings of Christianity to the poor islanders, but in doing so he had also been the means of saving the lives of his brother and his countrymen.



Faith always brings in the very One that infidelity always shuts out. It thinks with God; infidelity thinks without Him.

Huritan Preachers of the Reformation

Foremost among these was John Bradford, who was afterwards one of the martyrs of Queen Mary's time, a man of bold and daring energy who had great power of command over an audience. Filled with the Spirit of God and with a passionate love for Christ and the souls of men, wherever he was announced to preach the people crowded round him, their beating hearts responding to his burning words. A contemporary of his who often heard him preach sets him thus before us: "He was in those times a master of speech, but he had learned from his Master not to speak what he could speak, but what his hearers could hear. He knew that clearness of speech was the excellency of speech: and therefore resolved to speak beneath himself rather than above his audience. Otherwise his eloquence was confessedly great, that is, masculine, modest, in one word heavenly. For he savors and breathes nothing but heaven; yet, he sparkles, thunders, lightens, pierces the soft and breaks only the stony heart. He was of a most sweet, humble, and melting spirit, who (I know not how) will be in a man's bosom ere he be aware, and willingly win him from himself to Christ."

There was one other man of that time, Bradford's colleague in service and afterwards his fellow-sufferer in the fires of martyrdom, Hugh Latimer, who also stands before our minds as a sturdy English preacher and one of the heroes of the Reformation. Other preachers have excelled him in passion, stirring rhetoric and refinement but few have proved his equals in broad forceful influence over all classes of people, and his sermons remain as the prose classics of his day. While faithfully proclaiming Bible fact and truth he was vigilant and urgent against all sorts of abuses in private and social life, in Church and State. With his homely invective he spared no class, passed by no form of oppression. You might see by the faces of the people that his preaching always hit the mark and made the target ring; they are still fresh and living, which is more than can be said for a good deal of that kind of literature. The lordly bishops of the time who sat in lofty dignity on their cathedral thrones, or indulged their lives of ease in stately palaces, leaving other people to do the preaching, must have winced under a passage which is familiar enough, but which will bear

repeating. "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who it is—I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all others and is the most diligent preacher in all England. And will you know who it is? I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others. He is never out of his diocese; ye will never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; call for him when you will he is ever at home; you will never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry. When the devil hath his plough going, then away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel and up with the light of candles, even at noonday. Down with Christ's cross and up with the Popish purgatory. Up with man's traditions and his laws and down with God's most holy Word. Down with the old honor due to God, and up with the new god's honor."

Hugh Latimer was what other prophets of God have been—both martyr and prophet. During the five years that Queen Mary ("the Bloody Mary") sat on the British throne, the preacher was supplanted by the priest and hunted from one hiding place to another. The priests of the Romish Baal were in the high places of the land, and the prophets of the Lord were either burning at the stake, or wearing out their lives in exile. The history of those five years is stained with the blood of brave and saintly men and women. These years have left memories behind them which Rome with all her craft and cunning will never be able to wipe away. —Dr. John Brown



"Tell ye your children of it"

"Whatsoeber a Man Soweth, that Shall He 'Also Reap."

D. L. Moody

A prominent citizen in the north of England told me of a sad case that happened in Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was about a young boy, an only child. The father and mother thought everything of him, and did all they could for him. But he fell into bad ways, associated with evil companions, and finally with thieves. He didn't let his parents know about it. 'One

night his companions prevailed upon him to break into a public house. They stood outside while he entered the house and broke into the till. He was caught, and in one short week he was tried, convicted, and sent for ten years to Van Dieman's Land.

After his term of servitude expired he returned to his native land, and to the town where his mother and father used to live, and soon stood at the door of his old home. He had been gone ten years, and what a change he found there! He knocked, but a stranger came to the door and stared him in the face. "No, there's no such person lives here, and where your parents are I don't know," was the only greeting he received. Then he went down the street, asking even the children that he met about his family, and where they were living. But everybody looked blank. There, where he was born and brought up, he was an alien, and unknown even in his old haunts.

At last he found a couple of townsmen who remembered his father and mother, and they told him the old house had been deserted long before; that he had been gone but a few months when his father died broken-hearted; and that his mother had lost her mind. He went to the madhouse where his mother was, and went up to her and said: "Mother, mother, don't you know me? I am your son!" But she raved and struck him in the face and shrieked, "You are not my boy!" and then raved again and tore her hair. He left the asylum more dead than alive, and so completely broken-hearted that he died in a few months. Yes, the fruit was long in growing, but at last it ripened to the harvest like a whirlwind, and vengeance made quick work of it. The death harvest was reaped.

Once, in speaking to His disciples, Christ spoke about being cast into hell, "where the worm dieth not."

I believe "the worm that dieth not" is our memory; I believe that what will make that world of the lost so terrible to them is memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do, but the time is coming when we will remember, and we cannot forget. Memory is God's officer; and when God touches its secret springs and says, "Son, remember," we cannot help but remember. When He shall say, "Son and daughter, remember," tramp, tramp, tramp will come before us a long procession—all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and as I was about to sink the third time I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye it seemed as though everything I had said, done, or thought of, flashed across my mind. I do not understand how everything in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time, but nevertheless it all flashed through my mind. Another time when I thought I was dying the past all came back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back to us by and by. It is only a question of time.

I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, called "Sowing the Tares." The face of the sower looked more like that of a demon than a man. As he sowed the tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up on his body, and all around were woods with wolves prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap corruption. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind. You can decide your destiny if you will. Heaven and hell are set before you, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will accept Christ He will receive you to His arms. If you reject Him He will reject you.

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

"In perils among the heathen"

(From "In the Heart of Savagedom" by Mrs. Stuart Watt
Published by Pickering & Inglis)

(Continued from May number)

Within a few miles of our station there was established a small Government post, which was manned by trained soldiers, but the Akamba surrounded the outpost, and captured it, murdering and mutilating the defenders and taking possession of their rifles and ammunition.

As far as man could judge, matters were becoming very serious for us, and daily hastening to a climax. Several thousand armed warriors were already mustered in our vicinity. They were highly elated with the overthrow of the Government outpost, and flushed with the success of routing a rifle-armed band which had recently attempted to enter their region. There seemed but one step between us and death. I

realized however that God, who had extended His protection to us in such a marked manner in the past, was able to succor us now if it were for His glory.

Mr. Ainsworth, the commander of the port on the western border of the Ukamba country, having heard of the dangerous position in which we stood, sent a band of armed soldiers to carry me and the children to the fort for safety. With the escort he sent an official letter warning us of the great and imminent danger of remaining in our unfortified position, and expressing the urgent necessity of making our escape immediately. He assured us of what we already knew that there were several thousand of armed warriors assembling near the base of the hill on which our station was built, who had determined to murder us and burn down the station buildings.

We were intensely grateful to Mr. Ainsworth for his kindness, but we felt that we must decline the offered protection, and stand or fall in the position to which God had called us, being assured that He would, in His own way, direct the issue of affairs in accordance with His will.

That night was a time of inexpressible tension and painful suspense, but we threw ourselves upon God, and prayed that it might please Him to defeat and confound the plans of these fierce, relentless warriors and send us deliverance.

While thus occupied we heard an unearthly detonating sound overhead, and springing to the door to see what was the matter we found the heavens ablaze with light, and our eyes caught sight of a white-hot aerolite of immense proportions shooting across the firmament over our station. The gigantic fiery ball whizzed through the atmosphere with terrific velocity, illuminating the whole country with a lustrous dazzling glow, and leaving behind it a great trail of fire as it disappeared, striking a mountain thirty miles distant. The huge meteorite had swept directly over the heads of the armed multitude of warriors, who were struck with such terror and mortal dread that they rushed panic-stricken to their homes among the hills.

After this marvellous deliverance, which God had wrought for us, there was quite a change in the attitude of the natives toward us. We found them more willing to receive us into their villages and to hear from us the message we had come to deliver, for they said that they ought to listen to the man who had brought down fire from heaven.

The Cruise of the *Cachalot*

Frank T. Bullen

The end of the week brought us up to the Aldabra Islands, one of the puzzles of the world. For here, in these tiny pieces of earth, surrounded by thousands of miles of sea, the nearest land a group of islets like unto them, is found the gigantic tortoise, and in only one other place in the wide world, the Galapagos group of islands in the South Pacific. How, or by what strange freak of Dame Nature these curious reptiles, sole survivors of another age, should come to be found in this lonely spot, is a deep mystery, and one not like to be unfolded now. At any rate, there they are, looking as if some of them might be coeval with Noah, so venerable and storm-beaten do they appear.

We made the island early on a Sunday morning, and, with the usual celerity, worked the vessel into the fine harbour, called, from one of the exploring ships, Euphrates Bay or Harbour. The anchor down, and everything made snug below and aloft, we were actually allowed a run ashore free from restraint. I could hardly believe my ears. We had got so accustomed to our slavery that liberty was become a mere name; we hardly knew what to do with it when we got it. However, we soon got used (in a very limited sense) to being our own masters, and, each following the bent of his inclinations, set out for a ramble. My companion and I had not gone far, when we thought we saw one of the boulders, with which the island was liberally besprinkled, on the move. Running up to examine it with all the eagerness of children let out of school, we found it to be one of the inhabitants, a monstrous tortoise. I had seen some big turtle around the quays of the Gulf of Mexico, but this creature dwarfed them all. We had no means of actually measuring him, but roughly, and within the mark, he was four feet long by two feet six inches wide. Of course he was much more dome-shaped than the turtle are, and consequently looked a great deal bigger than a turtle of the same measurement would, besides being much thicker through. As he was loth to stay with us, we made up our minds to go with him, for he was evidently making for some definite spot, by the tracks he was following, which showed plainly how many years that same road had been used.

Well, I mounted on his back, keeping well astern, out of the reach of that serious-looking head, which, having rather a long neck looked as if it might be able to reach round and take a piece out of a fellow without any trouble. He was perfectly amicable, continuing his journey as if nothing had happened, and really getting over the ground at a good rate, considering the bulk and shape of him. Except for the novelty of the thing, this sort of ride had nothing to recommend it; so I soon tired of it, and let him waddle along in peace. By following the tracts aforesaid, we arrived at a fine stream of water sparkling out of a hillside, and running down a little ravine. The sides of this gully were worn quite smooth by the innumerable feet of the tortoises, about a dozen of which were now quietly crouching at the water's edge, filling themselves up with the cooling fluid. I did not see the patriarch upon whom a sailor once reported that he had read the legend carved, "The Ark, Captain Noah. Ararat for orders"; perhaps he had at last closed his peaceful career. But strange and quaint as this exhibition of ancient reptiles was, we had other and better employment for the limited time at our disposal. There were innumerable curious things to see, and, unless we were to run the risk of going on board again and stopping there, dinner must be obtained. Eggs of various kinds were exceedingly plentiful; in many places the flats were almost impassable for sitting birds, mostly "boobies."

But previous experience of boobies' eggs in other places had not disposed me to seek them where others were to be obtained, and as I had seen many of the well-known frigate or man-o'-war birds hovering about, we set out to the other side of the island in search of the breeding-place.

These peculiar birds are, I think, misnamed. They should be called pirate or buccaneer birds, from their marauding habits. Seldom or never do they condescend to fish for themselves, preferring to hover high in the blue, their tails opening and closing like a pair of scissors as they hang poised above the sea. Presently a booby—like some honest housewife who has been a-marketing—comes flapping noisily home, her maw laden with fish for the chicks. Down comes the black watcher from above with a swoop like an eagle. Booby puts all she knows into her flight, but vainly; escape is impossible, so with a despairing shriek she drops her load. Before it has touched the water

the graceful thief has intercepted it, and soared aloft again, to repeat the performance as occasion serves.

When we arrived on the outer shore of the island, we found a large breeding-place of these birds, but totally different to the haunt of the boobies. The nests, if they might be so-called, being at best a few twigs, were mostly in the hollows of the rocks, the number of eggs being two to a nest, on an average. The eggs were nearly as large as a turkey's. But I am reminded of the range of size among turkeys' eggs, so I must say they were considerable larger than a small turkey's egg. Their flavour was most delicate, as much so as the eggs of a moor-fed fowl. We saw no birds sitting, but here and there the gaunt skeleton forms of birds, who by reason of sickness or old age were unable to provide for themselves, and so sat waiting for death, appealed most mournfully to us. We went up to some of these poor creatures, and ended their long agony; but there were many of them that we were obliged to leave to Nature.

We saw no animals larger than a rat, but there were a great many of these eerie-looking land-crabs, that seemed as if almost humanly intelligent as they scampered about over the sand or through the undergrowth, busy about goodness knows what. The beautiful cocoanut palm was plentiful, so much so that I wondered why there were no settlers to collect "copra," or dried cocoa-nut, for oil. My West Indian experiences came in handy now, for I was able to climb a lofty tree in native fashion, and cut down a grand bunch of green nuts, which form one of the most refreshing and nutritious of foods as well as a cool and delicious drink. We had no line with us, so we took off our belts, which securely joined together answered my purpose very well. With them I made a loop round the tree and myself; then as I climbed I pushed the loop up with me, so that whenever I wanted a rest, I had only to lean back in it, keeping my knees against the trunk, and I was almost as comfortable as if on the ground.

After getting the nuts, we made a fire and roasted some of our eggs which, with a biscuit or two, made a delightful meal. Then we fell asleep under a shady tree, upon some soft moss; nor did we wake again until nearly time to go on board. A most enjoyable swim terminated our day's outing, and we returned to the beach abreast of the ship very pleased with the

excursion.

We had no adventures, found no hidden treasure or ferocious animals, but none the less we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. While we sat waiting for the boat to come and fetch us off, we saw a couple of good-sized turtle come ashore quite close to us. We kept perfectly still until we were sure of being able to intercept them. As soon as they had got far enough away from their native element, we rushed upon them, and captured them both, so that when the boat arrived we were not empty-handed. We had also a "jumper," or blouse, full of eggs, and a couple of immense bunches of cocoa-nuts. When we got on board we felt quite happy, and, for the first time since leaving America, we had a little singing. Shall I be laughed at when I confess that our musical efforts were confined to Sankey's hymns? Maybe, but I do not care. Cheap and clap-trap as the music may be, it tasted "real good," as Abner said, and I am quite sure that that Sunday night was the best that any of us had spent for a very long time.

A long, sound sleep was terminated at dawn, when we weighed and stood out through a narrow passage by East Island, which was quite covered with fine trees—of what kind I do not know, but they presented a beautiful sight. Myriads of birds hovered about, busy fishing from the countless schools that rippled the placid sea. Beneath us, at twenty fathoms, the wonderful architecture of the coral was plainly visible through the brilliantly-clear sea, while, wherever the tiny builders had raised their fairy domain near the surface, an occasional roller would crown it with a snowy garland of foam—a dazzling patch of white against the sapphire sea. Altogether, such a panorama was spread out at our feet, as we stood gazing from the lofty crow's-nest, as was worth a year or two of city life to witness. I could not help pitying my companion, one of the Portuguese harpooners, who stolidly munched his quid with no eyes for any of these glorious pictures, no thought of anything but a possible whale in sight.

My silent rhapsodies were rudely interrupted by something far away on the horizon. Hardly daring to breathe, I strained my eyes, and—yes, it was—"Ah blow-w-w-w!" I bellowed at the top of my lung-power. Never before had I had the opportunity of thus distinguishing myself, and I felt a bit sore about it.

There was little obliquity about the direction of the spout that made me hopeful, for the cachalot alone sends his spout diagonally upward, all the others spout vertically. It was but a school of kogia, or "short-headed" cachalots; but as we secured five of them, averaging seven barrels each, with scarcely any trouble, I felt quite pleased with myself. We had quite an exciting bit of sport with them, they were so lively; but as for danger—well, they only seemed like big "black fish" to us now, and we quite enjoyed the fun. They were, in all respects, miniature sperm whales, except that the head was much shorter and smaller in proportion to the body than their big relations.



The New Roman Catholic Bible

Dr. H. A. Cameron

An announcement, made several years ago by the Church of Rome, that a Revision of the Douay-Rheims Translation of the Scriptures was being planned, caused world-wide interest in the project, and the publication has been awaited ever since with great expectancy. This expectancy we confess was mixed with fear that there would be not only a repetition of the former flaws which hindered the general usefulness of the Douay Version as a faithful rendering of the inspired original, but also a continuance of the foot-notes which contained questionable interpretations.

Now the New Testament Revision is completed, and on May 18th it was released to the public. A copy has just come to our hand and we are very glad to say that a swift scrutiny has given us increasing pleasure as we examined it, for the former flaws have not been retained, and the foot-notes do not contain objectionable dogmas.

From the Translators' Preface we quote what we can heartily endorse: "This revised version is presented with the confidence that it will advance the reading and appreciation of the New Testament. It is offered with the hope that it may awaken new interest in the Word of God, and that it may bring to God's children the manifold blessings of His Letter to them. At the same time it is presented with the humble prayer that it may not interpret the divine message in any way excepting in the full sense intended by the Holy Spirit."

We hope to refer again to this fine Revision, but meanwhile

we commend it to those who desire to enrich their libraries with the different Versions of the Sacred Scriptures.

“The Fountain opened for sin”
Zechariah 13:1

Come to Calvary’s holy mountain,
Sinner’s ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide—
Opened when the Saviour died.

Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without within;
From iniquity’s uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white:
Then walk with your God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty finds remission,
Here the troubled peace doth find;
Health this fountain doth restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—

He that drinks shall live for ever;
’Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful—God will never
Break His covenant of blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

—James Montgomery

A Little While

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembring and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strawing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

—Horatius Bonar

Assembly

Annals

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July

1941

Jehovah Shalom

(*Jehovah send peace*)

The Lord said unto him Peace be unto thee: fear not; thou shalt not die. Then Gideon built an altar there unto the Lord and called it *Jehovah Shalom*.

Assembly Annals

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Professor Bettex on Science and Christianity

Many of our readers have hitherto expressed their appreciation of the outstanding articles by Professor Bettex, and this has encouraged us to consider publishing as a serial his largest work upon Science and Christianity. We are glad to announce that we have now obtained the necessary permission to do so, and in this issue we begin a reproduction of the volume, and we trust that it will prove interesting and instructive to all, but especially to younger Christians who are exposed in the High Schools and Colleges to the insidious propaganda from Red sources attacking the Word of God. This fine presentation of facts we believe is a timely one to offset the move at present going on in the higher schools of learning, a move that is subsidized by Russian gold to have the teachers in those institutions instil into the minds of their students doubts as to the truth of the Scriptures. From the pen of a man versed in both Philosophy and Science and withal a staunch Christian, this book will prove, we trust, a means of exposing the falsity of these latest Satanic attacks upon the faith, and of supplying young Christians with the means of successfully combatting these attacks.

We are also glad to have the opportunity of choosing, from among other translations, this one by an Oxford Master of Arts, because of its choice English diction and its arresting presentation of Professor Bettex' original thoughts and expressions.

Mr. Charles Keller

We are glad to learn that the editor of "Words in Season" who had a sudden breakdown in his health is now much improved. Rest is imperative and this he hopes to get by a visit to northern Canada, and we trust it will prove an effective remedy.

Mr. Peter Pell

Shortly after the Detroit Sunday School Teacher's Conference our brother Peter Pell was taken seriously ill in Kenilworth, N. J. His meetings in the east had to be cancelled, and he was rushed home by plane. For a few days our brother's condition was most serious, but God was gracious to him and to His people and our brother is now progressing nicely, and able to take the local meetings in Grand Rapids and Grand Haven. Our brother's address is 248 Hastings St., N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Addresses

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace F. Logan and family had a safe voyage to Cape Town and by this time are probably back to their station in Africa. Their address is Chavuma, Balovale P. O., No. Rhodesia, Central Africa, Via Cape Town.

ASBURY PARK, N. J. The Assembly in this district has secured an unused church building for their meetings. This will meet the needs of those residing and visiting in Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Spring Lake, along the Jersey shore. The address is, 5th Ave. Chapel, 5th Avenue and "B" Street, Belmar, N. J. Information as to meetings may be obtained from Dr. Robert Hazel, 402 State Highway, Spring Lake, N. J.

Conferences

CLEVELAND, OHIO. Annual Conference will be held (D. V.) in the Gospel Hall, 1477 Addison Road, August 30th, 31st and Sept. 1st preceded by Prayer Meeting Friday evening August 29th. A hearty welcome to the Lord's people. Communications to John H. Smith, 3366 Meadowbrook Blvd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

DETROIT, MICH. The fifty-first Annual Conference will be held (D. V.) in the Ionic Temple, Grand River Ave. and Chope Place, Sept. 27th and 28th preceded by Prayer Meeting, Friday evening Sept. 26th. Communications to Dr. H. A. Cameron, 7615 Dexter Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE. Annual Conference (D. V.) August 10 - 17 inclusive. For particulars write H. F. Stultz, 819 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

AKRON, OHIO. The conference was large and the ministry was very profitable. A number of the Lord's servants were present to minister the good Word of God.

GARNAVILLO, IOWA. The conference was the largest yet held here and the ministry was edifying. Eleven of the Lord's servants were present who ministered the Word.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles. Messrs. John Dickson and S. McEwen may engage in tent work here this summer. The plans are not yet complete but meanwhile exercise in prayer would be desirable.

FLORIDA. Mr. R. T. Halliday by means of the Radio and cottage meetings has been brought into contact with Christians living in Orlando, some formerly in assemblies in different parts of the country. He would appreciate prayer for this city and its many Christians.

GEORGIA. Mr. Robert Crawford spent the Spring in this State and enjoyed some blessing from the Lord's hand among both saved and unsaved.

MARYLAND. Mr. W. Fisher Hunter hopes to begin tent work the first week of July in the Frostburgh district. His address will be 213 Welsh Hill, Frostburgh, Md.

NEW JERSEY. Brethren Frank Carboni and Frank Pizzulli purpose pitching their tent in Asbury Park, and desire prayer for the work this summer.

NEW YORK. M. J. Kennedy, 267 East Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., spent three weeks in the Bronx Gospel Hall preaching the word. He had the joy of seeing God's hand in the salvation of sinners. Wishes to be remembered in prayer by the Lord's people.

OHIO. Bren. Oswald McLeod and Lorne McBain expect to work a tent at Dayton this summer. Prayer will be appreciated for the effort.

PENNSYLVANIA. Mr. Robert Crawford (5412 Howe Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.) purposes along with Mr. George Gould Jr., to pitch in a location near Pittsburgh and requests prayer by the Lord's people for guidance and blessing.

RHODE ISLAND. Mr. John T. Dickson has just finished three weeks of good meetings at Rochambeau Ave. Gospel Chapel Providence. His addresses on The Tabernacle in the Wilderness, illustrated by a large colored chart were helpful and very much appreciated by the Lord's people. The unsaved who attended regularly heard the plain gospel and we trust good results for eternity may follow.

CANADA

ONTARIO. J. H. Blackwood has been ministering the Word to the Lord's people in Galt with much acceptance and although a number of the brethren are working at night the attendance has been very good. He had also five weeks of Gospel meetings in Niagara Falls and the gracious hand of the Lord was seen in blessing and it was a cheer to the Assembly. The saints did appreciate the meetings. Bro. Blackwood goes to St. Catherines for some ministry meetings for the Lord's people.

With Christ

(Through a regrettable oversight some of these obituaries were misplaced but for the record we insert them although so late).

TORONTO, ONTARIO. On October 2, 1940, our esteemed brother James Duncan, age 39, while at his daily work, passed away suddenly to be with the Lord. Saved 11 years ago in the city of Philadelphia, he was for some six years in happy fellowship in West Philadelphia Assembly. Since coming to Canada, he has been in fellowship with the Pape Avenue Assembly of Toronto. Prayer is earnestly requested for his wife and family of three small children. The funeral service was conducted by our two Brethren Andrew Douglas and William Smith.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. On Nov. 16, 1940, Henry James, born in Birmingham, England, 1857 born again in Kitchener (then Berlin) Ont., Canada in 1884. Has been linked in fellowship with the Assembly at Frost Ave. since 1885. Passed away on his birthday. Bro. W. P. Douglas spoke at the funeral service.

PUEBLO, COLO. Elwood S. Wallace, aged 72 years passed into the presence of his Lord on Nov. 19, 1940. He was saved 49 years ago in Denver, Colo. Has been connected with the assembly in Kansas City, Mo. and later in Colorado Springs, Colo. He leaves his wife and four children.

BRODHEAD, WISC. On Nov. 29th, 1940 our beloved sister Mrs. Karl King went to be with Christ at the age of 68 years. She was saved and gathered with the new Assembly at Brodhead, Wisc. in 1935. She was a godly Christian, beloved of all who knew her and will be greatly missed. She leaves her husband and one son, both in the Assembly, to mourn her loss. The funeral was held Lord's Day, Dec. 1st at which F. W. Mehl spoke the word to a large company of people and words of comfort to the bereaved. Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Gadow helped in prayer.

BELFAST, IRELAND. Mr. Hugh Nicholl, aged 70, and also his brother Mr. Tom Nicholl, of Bray, County Wicklow, aged 84, were both called home on Easter Sunday, 1941. They were both saved over half a century and were long connected with the Assembly at

Clones, County Monaghan. Quiet, hospitable, godly brethren, they leave a fragrant and consistent testimony to both saved and unsaved. **BELLAIRE, MICH.** Mr. S. D. Kauffman, aged 70 years went home to be with the Lord June 16. Mr. Kauffman and his wife (who survives him) were associated with the assembly at Bellaire from the beginning. The funeral services which were large were conducted by brethren A. Hartsema and Wm. J. Pell.

HARRISBURG, PA. On May 9, 1941, Mrs. Elsie Stayner Magill, aged 66, fell asleep "in Jesus". In precarious health for some years, the end came by a "stroke." Saved more than thirty-five years ago at tent meetings conducted in Harrisburg by Brethren Hamilton, Beveridge, and Bradford. Survived by a daughter and two sons. Brethren Winemiller and Miller conducted the services.

PETERBORO, ONTARIO. Mrs. Hannah Melinda Cole went home to be with Christ in her 83rd year. Saved for many years and in fellowship with the assemblies at Deseronto and Peterboro. She was buried at Picton. J. H. Blackwood had the services.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. Mr. James Hart passed away to be with Christ, June 7th, aged 57 years. Saved 35 years ago and in the Kilmarnock Assembly before coming to Canada 12 years ago. Was in the Niagara Falls Assembly till his home-call and bore a good testimony. The largely attended services were conducted by R. J. Hartley.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS. Mrs. Cox, aged 70 years, and connected with the assembly for about 20 years, a faithful attendant from the first to the last, is now at home with the one she loved to speak of. Mr. W. H. Hunter spoke at the funeral.

JACKSON, MICH. Mrs. Martha Warden (mother of Charles and Robert Atkinson) went home June 11th. Age 80. Saved over fifty years and in fellowship in the assembly here for many years. A good woman that will be missed. The funeral service was conducted by L. McBain.



No, no, it is not dying

No, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

No, no, it is not dying
To wear the victor's crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of Him, the Lord we own.

—Cesare Malan.

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

“The prerogative of our Christian faith,” says one, “the secret of its strength, is this, that all which it has, and all which it offers, is laid up in a *person*. This is what has made it strong, while so much else has proved weak: that it has a Christ as its middle point; that it has not a circumference without a centre; that it has not merely deliverance but a deliverer; not redemption only, but a redeemer as well. This is what makes it sunlight, and all else, when compared with it, but as moonlight; fair it may be, but cold and ineffectual, while here the light and the life are one.” And again he says, “And, oh, how great the difference between submitting ourselves to a complex of rules, and casting ourselves upon a beating heart, between accepting a system, and cleaving to a person. Our blessedness—and let us not miss it—is, that our treasures are treasured in a person, who is not for one generation a present teacher and a living Lord, and then for all succeeding generations a past and a dead one, but who is present and living for all.” Good words, and seasonable words, I judge indeed, I may say these are.

A great combination of like moral glories in the Lord's *ministry* may be traced, as well as in His character. And in ministry we may look at Him in relation to *God*, to *Satan*, and to *man*. As to *God*, the Lord Jesus, in His own person and ways, was, always representing man to God, as God would have him. He was rendering back human nature as a sacrifice of rest, or of sweet savor, as incense pure and fragrant, as a sheaf of untainted first-fruits out of the human soil. He restored to God His complacency in man, which sin, or Adam, had taken from him. God's repentance that He had made man (Gen. 6:6) was exchanged for delight and glory in man again. And this offering was made to God in the midst of all contradictions, all opposing circumstances, sorrows, fatigues, necessities, and heart-breaking disappointments. Wondrous altar! Wondrous offering! A richer sacrifice it infinitely was than an eternity

of Adam's innocency would have been. And as He was thus representing man to God, so was He representing God to man.

Through Adam's apostasy, God had been left without an image here; but now He gets a fuller, brighter image of Himself than Adam could ever have presented. Jesus was letting, not a fair creation, but a ruined, worthless world, know what God was, representing Him in grace, and saying, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the *Father*." He declared God. All that is of God, all that can be known of "the light" which no man can approach unto, has now passed before us in Jesus.

And again, in the ministry of Christ, looked at in relation to God, we find Him ever mindful of God's rights, ever faithful to God's truth and principles, while in the daily, unwearied actions of relieving man's necessities. Let human sorrow address Him with what appeal it may, He never sacrificed or surrendered anything that was God's to it. "Glory to God in the highest" was heard over Him at His birth, as well as "on earth good-will to man;" and according to this, God's glory, all through His ministry, was as jealously consulted as the sinner's need and blessing were diligently served. The echo of those voices, "Glory to God," and "Peace on earth," was, as I may express it, heard on every occasion. The Syrophenician's case, already noticed, is a vivid sample of this. Till she took her place in relation to God's purposes and dispensations, He could do nothing for her; but then, everything.

Surely these are glories in the ministry of the Lord Jesus in the relations of that ministry to God.



The Church - God's Dwelling Place

Thos. D. W. Muir

"The Church," as known to Scripture, and the Church, as spoken of among men, are not always the same thing. God grant, however, that at this time, our thoughts as to the Church, may be molded according to His unerring standard, the Word of God. It might be well to note a few things that, when "going by the Book," we find the Church is not. For instance:—

It is not a building of man's construction, made of brick or wood, etc. In common phrasology, men speak of certain buildings as "Churches." God never does.

It is not a sect or denomination. We are, of course, accustomed to hear and speak of this, that and the other "Church" and its membership. God never does.

It is not a number of people banded together merely to do good. Men speak of all sorts of such gatherings together of people as "Churches." God never does.

Nevertheless, the New Testament Scriptures say a good deal about "the Church," and also "the Churches;" and at the risk of saying things that have been said a great many times—and said better than we can say them—we purpose, especially for the sake of younger Christians and those who, though older in Christ, are yet seeking the mind of the Lord about these things, to draw attention to a few of the main points of instruction God has been pleased to give us in His Book, on this important subject.

NOT IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

From the Scriptures of the Old Testament we find that God has, ever since sin entered into the world, dealt in grace with individuals, revealing Himself to them as the One God and Saviour. Abel, Enoch, Abraham, and many others, bear witness to this blessed fact. Indeed, so noticeable is this fact of His dealings with individuals, especially in the Book of Genesis—though not confined to that Book—that Bible students have been wont to speak of Genesis as "the Book of Election," even as Exodus was called—because of its peculiar character—"the Book of Redemption."

In Genesis we find individuals, and eventually a "family" sprung from one of these individuals, brought into prominence. In Exodus the descendants of that same individual (Abraham) have multiplied, and are brought before us as in slavery in Egypt, where they become the subject of God's redeeming grace and power. Thus, under the mighty hand of God, comes forth from the "iron furnace" of Egypt a nation,—the nation of Israel,—to be a testimony for God in the earth. The ordinances, the law, the promises of God, and all the prospects of future glory, were part of the wealth common to this people, and exclusively theirs. That they would be a blessing to the nations around them was part of the purposes of God from the first. That they *shall be* a blessing to the world in a coming day, when God shall (nationally) take them up again, is the subject of much of the prophetic Scriptures. But, as to more

than that, the Old Testament is silent. In spite of the humanly edited headings to the pages of some of the Old Testament prophecies, God does not there speak of "the Church," its "blessings" and "enlargements," but of Israel, and their coming Messiah, with these earthly glories they are to share with Him! We, therefore, never read in Scriptures of the "Jewish Church," but we have there the nation of Israel, and, outside of them, the Gentiles.

THE CHURCH—A NEW THING.

The first reference to the Church in the Word of God, is in Matthew 16:18, where the Lord tells Peter (in response to those marvelous words: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God") that "On this Rock *I will build My Church*, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Three facts are brought out by these words of our blessed Lord:

1st. He, Himself, was to be the Foundation of this Church.

2nd. He, Himself, was to be the Builder of it, the time being yet in the future.

3rd. He, Himself, declared it impregnable against all the power of the enemy.

In Israel God had a Tent and later a Temple, which were in their day His dwelling-place in the midst of His redeemed people. But neither the Tabernacle nor the Temple was a "Church." Here, however, in Matthew 16, the Lord speaks of some time in the future building His Church on the rock-foundation of His own Divine Person, — against which the "gates of hell" shall not prevail. This, blessed be God, He has been doing since that wonderful day of Pentecost, when the Lord began to "add together such as were being saved" (Acts 2:47, R.V.)

Those earlier converts, who became living stones in this wondrous building, were all from among the Jews. But God had wider purposes of blessing than that. He was going to quarry stones from among the Gentiles also, that He might fit and polish them for a place in that structure. Hence we read (Eph. 2:17-22) how that He "came and preached peace to you which were afar off (the Gentiles), and to them that were nigh (the Jews). For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Now, therefore, ye (Gentiles)

are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone; in Whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord; in Whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit."

Here was something, then, altogether new. From the Psalms and the Prophets of the Old Testament the Jew might learn how that, through his race, blessing would flow to the Gentiles outside, but that *Jew and Gentile would be builded together*, did not enter into the heart of any of them, for God had not revealed it. But it was in the heart of God, and will stand out through eternal ages as God's masterpiece—the acme of grace and blessing to the guilty sons of men!

From 1 Peter 2:4-5, we learn that not only is this building to be God's dwelling place—His sanctuary—now and in the ages to come, but as a "spiritual house" it is to be the scene of "spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Dead sinners to whom He gives life become "living stones," built upon Christ, the Living Stone; and, as it was in the Temple of old, "every whit of it uttereth (His) glory" (Psa. 29:9), so here these "living stones," as a "spiritual priesthood," offer up their "spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, by Jesus Christ." Here it is we see "the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Tim. 3:15)—that is, God's witness to the truth and the sphere of His rule and authority. We speak of it only from God's standpoint.—as to man's failure to rise to God's thoughts we do not dwell now.

Briefly, then, the Church in this aspect of a "building" brings before us:

1st. God's Dwelling Place — hence, because of His holy presence there, His sanctuary—a place where holiness has its abode.

2nd. God's Temple—wherein a holy priesthood offer up spiritual sacrifices—a place from whence worship ascends.

3rd. As God's House—the scene of His testimony to the truth, and the sphere of His rule—a place that speaks of obedience and godly behavior.

Now, while this is written of and applied to the whole Church, composed of all who are saved and indwelt by God's Spirit, at any time during this dispensation, so, in a measure, should it be true practically of every assembly gathered in His name and personally of every individual child of God, as those among and in whom God finds His dwelling. Holiness, worship and subjection to God and His truth, in other words, should be characteristic of the companies of God's people, and the individuals who compose them!

(Continued D.V.)



“To Whom Coming”

John Smith

“To Whom Coming, as Unto a Living Stone,” 1 Pet. 2. There is no doubt that the Spirit of God applies these words to every child of God, for it has its application to the whole house, composed of every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. We were dead in the quarry of nature, but by His Spirit He blasted us out of where we were, and brought us forth that we might be living stones in His spiritual house, which He is building. We have “come,” and by coming to Him, we are not only made alive, but we are built as living stones on Him the Living Stone, that we might be a spiritual house for Him.

No doubt it has another application also. What is true of the whole church, should be true in a practical way of every little company of His saints. It is not “To whom we came,” but, “To whom coming”—we come to Him daily. And how blessed it is when on the Lord's day we are going to remember Him, to be able to say: “Well, I am going to meet the Lord,—He is to be there, He has said so, and I want to be there to meet Him.” “To whom Coming.” And He never disappoints those who thus “come” to Him!

“Built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood.” In the Commands in Exodus regarding the Tabernacle there is no mention of the priesthood until first the House is arranged for. So here also the house comes first, and then the priesthood. The saints of God are the “house,” and the saints of God are the “priesthood” in the house. Do we, as we come together unto Him on the Lord's day, realize that we are there as an

holy priesthood, to "offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ?" (1 Pet. 2:5).

Reading in the 28th and 29th Chapters of Exodus, we find God giving commandment regarding the Priests of Israel and their consecration. For the latter there was to be a "bullock for a sin offering"—a "ram for the burnt offering,"—and a "ram of Consecration." The blood of the ram of Consecration was taken, and a portion put on the tip of the right ear, the thumb of the right hand, and the great toe of the right foot, of him that was to be consecrated to serve Jehovah in the Priest's office. Do we, brethren and sisters, comprehend the application of this to ourselves? The blood of Christ not only saves but sets apart all who belong to Him,—the ear to hear His voice,—the hand to do His work, and the foot to walk in His ways.

In 1 Peter 2-9, however, we read of the children of God as "a royal priesthood, to show forth the virtues of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvelous light." In Israel the Priests were the type of the believer as a *worshipper*, but in Numbers 1:49-51, etc., we read of the Levites who were the *workers*, to do service about the Tabernacle. In Numbers 8, we find that they were taken, at the command of the Lord, and given to Aaron and his sons. They were God's gift to the priestly family. All service should be such as would lead to worship, whether it be the private service of telling a neighbor or the children of Christ, or the Sunday School class, the open air testimony, or the more public ministry from the platform of the gospel to the unsaved or the truth of God to His people,—all should lead to worship. His service is honorable. May we not neglect it! May we not despise it, but seek every way of making Christ known, and so bring glory to Him who has so honored us.



Every minister, whatever be his gift, should be able in his measure to say, "God has put me into the ministry." But for a man to use this language without possessing any gift, is, to say the least of it, worse than worthless.



If men pretend to gift or power without the reality, their folly shall speedily be manifest to all. All pretenders are sure to find their true level, sooner or later.

The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

(Continued from June Number)

Read Leviticus 23:33-36



We are going to look tonight very briefly first at *the earth* in the Millennium—next at the state of the dumb animals in *the creation* at that time, then at the condition of *Israel* and the nations,—and finally the place and portion of *the Church* in the Millennium.

1. First we shall look at the earth in the Millennium. Please turn to Genesis 3:17: "And unto Adam God said, 'Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to you.'" And at Genesis 4:11, "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength." This last was spoken to Cain.

Here we have the condition of things as they became, because of man's sin. And when you look at the weeds which spring up so freely in your garden and in the fields, God means you to think of a time when all that came in. When God created plants and herbs they were perfect, but weeds, thorns, and thistles are the result of sin. They come without cultivation, and God means by that to teach us that they are like man. Man is morally like the earth. You do not need to teach your children to lie and steal and show bad manners. These things come spontaneously. If your children tell the truth, it is because that pains have been taken to teach them. Wheat and corn do not grow voluntarily. They have been planted and cultivated and watched over; but not so with the weeds. God would teach men from nature that something

contrary to God's work has come in. It is universal to sin and to tell lies. Why? Because the fall is universal, hence sin is universal. And as the result of sin not only do thorns spring up, but when the crops are reaped, neither the quality nor the quantity is such as it should be. Men have to labor, and receive very little reward.

Now look at the change in Isaiah 35:1:—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." When you read this, please do not say "That is the desert heart of man which naturally produces nothing for God, but when the grace of God reaches it it is no longer a desert." We have no quarrel with all that as a lesson. In a measure it is true. But what does the verse really mean? First of all, it means just what it says; it means the desert. If you were in Palestine and you used the expression, "the desert" you would mean a certain place. In California, when men speak about the desert they mean the Mohave desert. It is not necessary to say, "the Mohave," it is enough to say "the desert." And in Palestine when they use that expression they mean the Syrian desert, and that desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose. Read now please in Isaiah 55:12: "For ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fig tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Let us turn to the testimony of some other scriptures. Psalm 72:16: "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." The Revised Version is a great improvement upon the Authorized here, "There shall be an abundance of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains." You may not know much about hills, but there is one thing I know, that they do not cultivate the tops of hills. Yet there is such a time coming in the earth when they will do so. Farmers do not cultivate tops of mountains, but in that day there shall be such an abundance of corn in the earth that even the tops of mountains shall

bring forth. Now please turn to Amos 9:13; "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel, and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them." I do not need to read any more, although I could give you a great number of scriptures on the same line of things. But in these we have read, we have seen God acting in grace in the Millennial age and lifting the curse off the earth.

(Continued D. V.)

☀

The Divine Heart
J. N. Darby

"HE WAS MOVED WITH COMPASSION" Matt. 9:36.

"THE LORD IS VERY PITIFUL AND OF TENDER MERCY" Jas. 5:11

O'er all Thy perfect goodness
Rose blessedness divine;
Poor hearts oppressed with sadness
Found ever rest in Thine.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." I get the knowledge of what was in God's heart as proved by His acts. He thought of my state when I was a mere sinner and needed His love—God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. I have thus the heart of God as the spring and source of all.

He can pity with the utmost tenderness for He came into the very centre of our misery.

If man had no heart for Christ, Christ had a heart for man.

There is heart enough in Jesus to open the heart of the vilest sinner. The sinner finds he has a title in God's heart when he can find none in his own. The woman that was a sinner loved much because much was forgiven her. It was a broken heart that met the heart of God, and the heart of God met a broken heart.

The hand of God never deals but in concert with His heart of infinite love towards us. And even if He sees good to allow

a sorrow to arise—yea, to send it—it is from a hand that never mistakes, nor fails in answering to a heart whose love is perfect.

Jesus could say, "I have glorified Thee." Never did irritation enter into Him; no contradiction of sinners ever prevented His having the same heart for man and for God.

When we study Christ's life down here, and what His heart and motives were, how shallow we are, and how deep and far beyond our view the sufferings of His soul down here!

Whatever produces a care in us produces God's care for us. The Lord takes care to assure us of His love, to persuade us of His love.

"Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as we are." He puts them under the shelter of the name "Holy Father". He looked for them to be kept with all the Father's tenderness.

Let us trust Him more; let us seek to get more from Him. It is sweet to have His hand in any case, even if our failing foot has led Him to stretch it out.

Christ will be a sure friend, and even if we begin to sink in the water, He will stretch out His hand and lift us up. We cannot look for too much of His favor who spared not His Son for us.



The Transfiguration

(Matthew 16:21, 17:13; II Peter. 1:12-21)

James Melrose

In his second Epistle (1:12-21) the Apostle Peter is found earnestly engaged in the discharge of the great commission entrusted to him by the Lord Jesus, when He said, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep," and again, "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren."

Peter looked forward to his fast-approaching departure as predicted also by the Lord, when He said, "Another shall gird thee and lead thee whither thou wouldest not." An exodus to which, I doubt not, he would look forward in eager anticipation as a glorious God-given opportunity to wipe out the stain that had blemished his noble character and to justify the confidence reposed in him by that faithful and loving Saviour who "will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax."

In view, then, of the approaching end of his earthly ministry, he seeks to leave with the pilgrim band (over whom the Lord had made him an overseer), a heritage,—a formula for fruitfulness—“That ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ” (II Pet. 1:8); a staff to keep them from falling—“If ye do these things, ye shall never fall.” (II Pet. 1:10). He would leave something for the flock of Christ to have always “in remembrance,” even as our Lord Himself, ere He departed, left for us His remembrance feast with its “bread to strengthen and wine to cheer.”

So, the Apostle, as he searches diligently through his treasury of past experiences for something worthwhile to pass on, recalls to remembrance a never-to-be-forgotten experience. “Ah,” he might have said, “This has been a substantial staff to me on my pilgrim way! I’ll pass it on!” It was that mountain-top scene, the remembrance of which still thrilled and inspired and strengthened him, as he declares, “We were eye-witnesses of His majesty,” and hearers of the voice divine declaring in the presence of Moses and Elijah, “This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased — Hear ye Him.” A greater than Moses! A greater than Elijah!

As one of three witnesses, he would bear this testimony. A three-fold cord, not to be easily broken—a life-line to be trusted—a staff stout enough to lean upon. To this, he would add the “more sure word of prophecy,” as a lamp for the feet in dark places, till the dawn of day. “Silver and gold have I none,” he said to the lame man at the “Beautiful Gate” of the Temple; but he had something of infinitely more value to leave. This shepherd’s staff and lamp he will pass on—a goodly heritage, indeed, for pilgrims and pilgrim days—a heritage like to the mantle of Elijah in the hands of Elisha. And thank God they are still in the family—heirlooms in the household of God. May we find grace to cherish and use them; not wrap them up in a cloth and stow them away or sell them for a mess of pottage.

Let us look at the record of this wonderful scene, as we have it more fully recorded in the Gospel according to Matthew, Chapter 17: There we read, “And after six days, Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain, apart.” The thoughtful reader will, naturally inquire, “Six days after what?” On examination

of the immediate context, he will doubtless have some difficulty in finding anything to which the incident can be correlated. A little further inquiry, however, will take us back to the 21st verse of the preceding chapter, where we find the words, "*From that time forth*". A very definite time note; a note as definite, indeed, as though the divine clock had struck an hour. God is a God of order—consequently, God the Son ever moved on schedule. We hear him say, "Mine hour is *not yet* come," and again, "The hour *is* come." Not so with men. We do not understand God's clock. We fail to discern the times. We know not the hour of our visitation, or (like Israel at the Gates of Canaan) we would seek to enter when God has said, "No; the hour of opportunity has passed," and find that self-willed determination to go on at the wrong time, brings disaster, as much as disobedient delay at the time appointed.

Here, then we have a definite time note that changed the tenor of our Lord's ministry and his course of action and to which, I judge, this first verse of Chapter 17 refers. Mark's record also reads, "After six days . . ." and in Luke, we read, "about an eight days after these sayings (or, as we might say in modern parlance, "about a week later.") The added words, "after these sayings," in Luke's record, would add weight to the conclusion that the new line of teaching recorded in Matthew 16:21 to the end of the chapter, had formed the burden of our Lord's ministry during the week prior to the transfiguration scene and was introductory to that event as night precedes the day (Gen. 1:5) as travail precedes joy—"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,"—so glory follows suffering (no cross, no crown).

"From *that time forth*," we read, "began Jesus to show unto His disciples how that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed and be raised again the third day." Until now, He had come unto His own—not proclaiming Himself as the sin-bearing Lamb of God, although John the Baptist proclaimed Him as such—but as the Sent One of the Father. As Joseph was sent of his father, Jacob, to seek the welfare of his brethren (to hark back to the prototype), so He came to reveal the Father "whom no man hath seen at any time." He came preaching the Kingdom of God by precept and practice; by

word and work; proclaiming Kingdom-laws, as in the sermon on the mount, and denouncing hypocrisy and evil in no uncertain terms, with the result noted in Chapter 12. The Pharisees held a council that they might destroy Him. The light did not enlighten them but only disturbed them. "The darkness comprehended it not."

Now the die is cast! Public testimony to His Messiah-ship is restrained: works of healing are made private. The cross appears definitely on the horizon and becomes the central theme of His ministry. A crisis had been reached. Now the "axe is laid to the root of the tree." Words of divine love and wisdom "such as man never spake" had been spoken. Works of divine power and mercy, "works such as none other man did," had been performed; and had left orthodox Judaism unmasked and stripped of its religious cloak, "with no cloak for their sin." The whole corrupt system that bore Jehovah's name was exposed in its true colors as a house possessed of seven demons, or as "A wolf in sheep's clothing!" The Lord warns His own to beware of the doctrine of these specialists in Scripture interpretation, as blind leaders of the blind. He also bids them no longer to proclaim, "This is the Christ." It would but add fuel to the fire of hate, and this He would not do. Up to this point, there had been no reference in our Lord's preaching and teaching to His death. Here, then, we get the *first* "preaching of the cross," which the Apostle Paul later characterizes as being "to the Greeks, foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling block," and as an "offense that should never cease."

(Continued D. V.)



If only we are self-emptied, our every act may emit a sweet odour to God. The smallest as well as the greatest services may, by the power of the Holy Ghost, present the fragrance of Christ. The paying of a visit, the writing of a letter, the public ministry of the word, giving a cup of cold water to a disciple, giving a penny to a pauper, yea, the commonplace acts of eating and drinking—all may emit the sweet perfume of the name and grace of Jesus.



We may be saying a great deal; but it will not be testimony to Christ.

The Work of God

(Continued from June number)

“NOW THE GOD OF PEACE THAT BROUGHT AGAIN FROM THE DEAD OUR LORD JESUS, THAT GREAT SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP, THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT, MAKE YOU PERFECT.”
HEB. 13:20.

II. He brought Christ from the dead.

1. In one sense the glory of His resurrection belongs to Christ Himself.

Should we hear of a man sinking the first day under the attack of a fever that commonly takes ten or twenty days to run its course—well in the morning and a corpse at night, we should not be more astonished than Pilate was when told that Christ was dead. Like the earth that shook in terror at the crime, like the graves that opened to show the sheeted dead, like the sun that hid his face, refusing to look on the scene, this sudden death was contrary to the course of nature. Dead! dead in a few hours where men take days to die! dead, with the two thieves still alive, and writhing on the neighbouring crosses! Notwithstanding His drooping head, and glazed eye, and still, motionless form, it seemed impossible! Besides, when men are dying, they speak low, not loud. You must bend, as we have often done, over the pillow to catch the whisper of bloodless lips; but that cry, “It is finished,” which sounded loud and clear from the cross, was less like the low, faint voice of a dying victim, than the battle shout of a victor who has won the fight, and stands with the foe beneath his feet. Strange that Jesus should die so soon! What if it were an attempt to escape the hands of justice? To defeat that and make all sure, a soldier, raising a long spear, buries the shining steel in His blessed side—to see it, on being withdrawn from the seat of life, followed by a gush of blood and water, the emblems of our redemption.

Strange as it seemed, it is still possible to explain our Lord's death by natural causes. The very perfection of His nature made Him, more than other men are, liable to injury; just as the finer the mechanism, the more easily deranged the machine. Then think how the four and twenty hours were filled up that preceded His death—the parting with His disciples; the pain of Judas' treachery; the mysterious agony of the garden; the

exhaustion of the bloody sweat; the long night filled with mockery, and insult, and suffering; the trial; the scourging; the rude usage of a brutal soldiery; His sorrow for weeping women and a fainting mother. Suffering these, I can fancy our Lord's strength exhausted, and himself more than half dead ere He reached Mount Calvary; as ready to die, as a vast stone that has had the subsoil washed away by summer rains and winter snows is to leave its base at the slightest touch, and roll down to the bottom of the hill.

Yet our Lord's death, so strange in its suddenness, may be otherwise accounted for. It was in a peculiar sense His own act. In no case do we lay down our lives. Who dies a natural death has his life taken from him; who commits suicide throws his away. But in dying, our Lord was like a man who says, I have done my work, completed my task, and I will now go to rest—I have paid the debt, and I will now leave the prison—I have fought the battle and won it and I will now go home. Of My own will, by My own, free, spontaneous act, I lay it down. All your wretched tools and cruel tortures, your crown of thorns and bloody cross, cannot deprive Me of life. No, If I could create bread as fast as it was eaten, could not I create blood as fast as it flows away? It is not you that take away My life nor is it God. It is not taken away—but given; for I have power to lay it down, as I have power to take it up again. Hence our Lord's claim on our love and gratitude. He gave himself for us, dying "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

But He who said, "I have power to lay down My life," also said, "I have power to take it up again"—as He had before intimated, when the Jews having asked a sign of Him, He said, referring to His body, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." Some men have a strange power of awaking from sleep whenever they please. They resolve to sleep three, or three times three hours; and, as if a trumpet was blown at their ear, they wake at the time. True to a minute, they have hardly opened their eyes when the clock strikes the hour.

But fancy a man, ere he dies, settling the day and date of his resurrection; and, greatest of miracles, as yon tomb has witnessed, raising himself! Here is that wonder of wonders!

Bowing His head on the cross, Christ gives up the ghost. The body the women swathe is stiff; cold the feet that Mary kisses; fixed, and glassy, and filmy, the eyes His mother looks on, and bloody and mangled the form she receives in her arms as they lower it slowly and tenderly from the cross; and for three days nothing distinguished this from other corpses, but that it assumes no sign of corruption. As perfume give their odours to the vessel that holds them, it seems as if His pure soul had imparted its virtues to His body; for though dead it suffers no decay; no smell of the charnel house fills that tomb; His pale countenance, as if carved out of marble, is beautiful as ever. The grave sits by and looks on its captive, but does not dare to touch Him; and there He lies like a king asleep in a prison, the grimmest warder standing in reverence of One on whom the door is locked, to be thrown open at His bidding. Suddenly the body stirs; of His own accord the dead rises; and, dropping the garments of death, Jesus steps forth on the dewy ground. He has broken the prison, bound the jailer, and spoiled him of his keys; and Faith hears voices as of angels singing away up among the stars, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

2. Here our Lord's resurrection is attributed to God.

Here unquestionably; but not here only. For God is elsewhere represented as protecting the dead body of His Son. Standing between it and the greedy grave, He guards it as a mother would her child's from howling wolves!—as Rizpah did her seven sons, hanging on one gibbet, from the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. In words which were addressed to God, and could only be applied to Christ, the Psalmist says, "Thou wilt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." But the Bible, which attributes the preservation of Christ's body to God, also attributes its resurrection to Him. Paul says, "He hath raised up Jesus again;" and to the day of His resurrection, as in some respects throwing His birthday into the shade, the same apostle applies these words, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee,"—as if He came from Joseph's tomb, more evidently and more gloriously God's begotten Son, than from the virgin's womb. From that womb He came, a feeble infant, to save the world; but from this tomb He comes, a mighty conqueror, having saved it. There, with the angel spectators of the fight, He enters the field a

combatant; but here with angels attending His triumph, borne high on His shield, wearing the crown of resurrection, declared to be the Son of God with power, He ascends to His Father—the gates of heaven thrown open to the cry, “Lift up your heads, ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; that the King of glory may come in.”

His resurrection is thus the work of God; the crown of His labours; the token of His acceptance; the fruit of His death. The God of peace raises Him from the dead, not simply by His almighty power, but “through the blood of the everlasting covenant;” His own blood—as if the blood sprinkled on the chains of death, dissolved them; sprinkled on the doors of death, threw them open! Most precious and potent blood! —T.G.

(Continued D. V.)



The World's “Best Seller”.

When *Pravda*, the Communist party organ in Russia declared recently that no book had ever spread as far as the “History of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union” (16,500,000 copies in 55 languages in the past two years) officials of the America Bible Society were quick to report that 51 million copies of the Bible, in 1,039 languages, had been distributed during the same period. —*Pathfinder*.



A Whale's Gullet

To prove that a whale can swallow a man, reported Professor Eugene Geiling, Chicago University pharmacologist and member of many learned societies, he crawled through the gullet of a dead whale. “It was a slimy trip,” he remarked, “but there was plenty of room.”

(This experiment should prove interesting to the theological department of the Chicago University, a hot-bed of modernism).

*Modern Science and Christianity**Prof. F. Bettex*

Translated from the German by
Edmund K. Simpson, M. A. Oxon

PREFACE

This work is the outcome of a conviction, born of long-standing acquaintance both with nature and modern scientific literature, that it is more than ever needful to exhort many educated Christian people, whose minds have been troubled and their faith perplexed by the alleged conflict between nature and revelation, faith and science, not to suffer themselves to be thus alarmed. If there is a God, nature is His handiwork. The Creator and His creation cannot stand in contradiction. With all the advances of science, a Biblical and Christian philosophy remains not merely possible, but also truer and more adequate than any materialistic system, however bold its front and wide its dissemination. Test that for yourselves, my readers, with due deliberation; and you will find how little truth or wisdom underlies the loudest and most current catchwords of the adverse party. God is still the Centre, Light and Sun of the world, in Whose light we see light; and before that eternal radiance the faint and fitful tapers of human wisdom pale and wane.

A perfect knowledge, we know well, is not granted to any here below; yet a Christian may, and should in all humility seek to know, and to communicate freely to others what he himself has learnt. Such has been my aim. In conclusion, I cordially yield to each reader that same liberty of opinion which I claim for myself, only asking them to examine and to consider, and then draw such conclusions as they shall deem right.

F. Bettex.

TRUE PROGRESS OR NOT?

I.—*Complexity of the Factors*

Motionless is the aspect of this earth to us, and majestically placid. Whether we are surveying from the vantage-ground of a high mountain-peak far-stretching savannas or dark belts of forest, with here and there a river meandering in the mid-distance, or scan from some tall promontory a shoreless ocean spread out in broad expanse before us, with tiny sails like white dots fluttering in almost imperceptible motion over its deep-blue surface—still, even as in the days of Homer, earth, “the nursing-mother of mankind,” seems to slumber fixed and tremorless. And the life spent upon its surface by the *majority* of the race is hardly less serene and unperturbed. Sequestered from the feverish turmoil of cities, there are millions who day after day till with ungrudging labour the same soil that their forefathers ploughed up before them, and dwell contentedly in the cottages their ancestors built, spectators of the annual recurrence of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, and of their children’s advance in growth; and so their life ebbs away monotonously and in peace.

But, in reality, and as viewed from the heights of eternity, this globe is anything but calm or motionless. No! the planet on which we reside, with its twin poles and frozen oceans, its continents and seas, hastens, flies, shoots without one momentary pause through illimitable space; while its satellite the moon, a petrified world of rocks and craters, spins round it in wide circles, itself the while in yet wider orbit circling the sun, which in its turn speeds on its path through the universe—whither we do not know. During a single advance of a second’s hand, our earth, and we with it, have flown eighteen miles farther, never to return again to that spot in space which we are now occupying. If the Almighty, who only is the Centre of rest, were to permit us a fixed standing-point in His ever-revolving universe, from which we could view this world, what should we perceive? We should see a small star, at first all but indiscernible, increasing rapidly in brightness, and soon looming large as our moon. In two hours’ space it would cover half, then the whole of the hemisphere: and the earth would dart by, a vision of appalling grandeur, leaving the lagging cannon-ball far in its rear. For a few minutes

sun-lit plains and tempestuous seas would whirl in succession past our amazed and dazzling eyes, sandy deserts interchanging with snow-clad ranges, lonely forests with populous cities; quiet landscapes, sullen gorges and murky banks of clouds, all sweeping by with inconceivable rapidity. Before we had recovered from our bewilderment and fright, the pictures would be fast fading out of sight; continents and seas would quickly dwindle to dark or bright spots, and the great sphere become visible once more, a swiftly diminishing magnitude retreating farther and farther from us, soon to reassume the dimensions of a minute star pursuing its prescribed orbit, propelled by a divine afflatus through the abysmal chasms of infinite space. Nevertheless, an entire world would have glided past, with all its agglomerations of matter and organisms, with the woes and joys, the crimes and guilt of fifteen hundred million human souls made in the divine image, each of whom shall outlast the globe itself! Truly, a spectacle not unworthy of immortal eyes!

This world precipitates itself through the abyss of space; but the human beings that inhabit it career through that other abyss of time, emerging out of one soundless eternity that they may plunge into another equally mysterious. Where were they ten thousand years ago? Yet such an interval is scarcely one day of that solar year which numbers thirty millions of ours; a mere second in celestial chronometry. Since then the lovely star Vega has advanced hardly half the breadth of the moon's diameter in its immeasurable orbit. When another such second on the great dial of the heavens has reached its terminus, where will the present human race be?

Brief indeed is our existence. Every lump of coal that is placed on your fire is the residuum of trees which grew upon the earth ere angel or seraph comprehended what man was; for the soul of Adam yet lay uncreated in the depths of the divine Mind; and God had not yet said, "Let Us make man in Our image!" From the day, six thousand years ago—for not *one* monument or work of human hands is known that can be proved to be older than that—when Adam opened his eyes upon a life of blessedness in that garden that God had planted, to the birth of Christ, only threescore and fourteen human generations had succeeded one another on the face of

the globe (Luke 3:28-38). According to the scale adopted by Herodotus, from that day to the present year (1903) some fifty-seven of these have passed by (1903: 33:3—57:15): that is to say, 131 in all, or in round numbers, only 140 individuals (viz., our collective forefathers in a direct line) separate you and me from Adam, and constitute our entire pedigree! A small conclave, not one quarter of the British House of Commons, which might meet in any moderately-sized hall. Yet how venerable would those few representatives of the entire human race be! Foremost of all, would stand forth the nine saecular giants of antediluvian days, who for 1500 years, in the amplitude of Titanic strength and overweening pride, filled the world with their violence; next in order many a wild nomad chieftain, or founder and legislator of a state, with a sprinkling of minstrels and sages, interspersed with samples of beggary and foul criminality; godless despots, honest peasants, sturdy toilers, proud chevaliers would all be there. How interesting would it be to have their autobiographies, the complete collection of which would form a biography of the human family itself. But let us have patience! One day, amongst the wonders of eternity, we shall see them all, and view their past achievements, recorded in imperishable photography; for nothing in God's universe is lost. The Egyptians long ago asserted that "the archives of the deities rest in ethereal space."

Yet however brief is human history, however properly a thing of yesterday, what an inconceivable and tremendous accumulation of acts, words and thoughts it has heaped up! How much it has erected and demolished, planted and uprooted in this short space! What a mass of things spoken, written, suffered and enjoyed, of sighing, laughter, lamentation, supplication, imprecation! What kingdoms and thrones have risen and crumbled, leaving no trace behind; how many civilizations and nations been born and also buried! Surely the whirling, swirling dance of the spirits of universal human history is even more impressive than the flight of the earth through fathomless space. Whole empires are built up with incredible haste, only that they may fall down, whilst men make "their exits and their entrances" momentarily upon the stage of life. In the space of ten years, the time that a boy

spends at school, Alexander (that winged leopard which Daniel foresaw in the visions of God) burst into Asia with his mail-clad phalanx, smote into ruin the monarchy of Persia, pulverized the power of Tyre, founded on a sand-waste that city of Alexandria, even yet a seaport and mart of nations, vanquished and made presents of kingdoms, metamorphosing the surface of the earth like some tornado; then vanished in his prime, and his universal empire set in blood.

Napoleon, an unknown Corsican lieutenant of artillery rose up a hundred years ago, and in a scarcely longer interval seized on supreme power, struck down his foes, marched over the earth with hundreds of thousands of soldiers, installing and deposing monarchs and fashioning a new order of things at his pleasure, until *his* power also suddenly collapsed, and he died in solitude on the rocky islet of St. Helena. Where are the kings—Louis, Murat, Joseph, Jerome—with their court-retinues and train of officials, whom he set up? They have disappeared like so many visions. Where are the hosts that battled at Austerlitz and Leipzig, and marched at his behest to Russia? Where the heavy-armed cuirassiers, whom the haughty Corsican sent to their deaths at Waterloo in that earth-shaking gallop, to rescue his tottering empire? He and they alike are now shadows in "Sheol." Scarcely a handful of their dust survives above or beneath ground.

And have we not seen, only thirty years back, unexpectedly and to the surprise both of friend and foe, a mighty German Empire grow up almost in a night in the heart of bloodshed and mortal strife? Already, however, most of the men who staked their possessions and lives on that issue have sunk into the grave; a few years more, and not one will be left to tell the story of the struggle; for the withered leaves flutter ceaselessly down from the ash Ygdrasil, the fabled tree of life of Northern Sagas, and thousands bud forth in their stead. Angels perpetually descend to this vibrating sphere, bringing hither still-slumbering infant souls, and cross others on their passage upward, bearing many a Lazarus whose warfare is accomplished to Paradise. Ten thousand human beings are born and ten thousand lie weeping and wailing betwixt each sunrise and sunset;—

“Some who quit a scene of woes,
 Some a lulling dream who close,
 Some life-wearied, some new-born:”

and many, oh, how many! are claimed by the angels of perdition as their quarry; for, transient as their earthly life has been, they have found ways and means to forfeit an eternity of bliss therein!

Contemplating each individual life, and that of mankind at large in this aspect, we repeat with Bildad. “We are of yesterday, and know nothing; because our days upon the earth are a shadow” (Job 8:9); and are more than ever amazed at the arrogance of a creature like man, whose race had no existence yesterday, and will have vanished tomorrow, who has not yet had time to get a correct notion of his dwelling-place, and of the circumjacent creation, who knows as good as nothing of the other myriads of orbs in the universe, or of the universe itself, not to speak of heaven and hell, in stoutly asserting and erecting into scientific decess the postulates that “matter or the forces of nature are eternal;” “observation has *invariably* taught us”: “a miracle has *never yet* taken place”: “it is outside discussion that the laws of nature should ever change”: “the supreme Being has *never* visibly revealed Himself.” This is much as if some variety of those ephemera, many of which only live one or two hours, were to assemble at the brink of a pond on the round leaf of a water-lily and listen reverentially to an admired orator, whilst he inculcated the “fact” that “there never had been a time when that immeasurable superficies of water had been dried up, nor when the vast vegetable formations in proximity to it had been sere and sapless; still less that this pond, their present-abode, had ever been covered by a concrete, yet transparent mass, of which a superstitious myth recounted that it consisted of solidified water”; a statement appropriately greeted with loud laughter!

With what a scornful, or rather mournful and pitying smile, yet darkened into holy anger, must the “sons of God,” who once viewed with jubilation the founding of this earth, those princes of the nations or council of “the watchers” whom Daniel saw (Dan. 4:17, 10:5, 6), the cherubim and seraphim to whom the highest analysis of a Newton or the deepest

thought of a Plato seem like the prattling of an infant, look down on this conduct of man! Surveying the ages, they see suns emerging from starry nebulae as so many grains, and how these suns generate planets and moons, on which a thousandfold life circulates; and how at length, enfeebled and strewed over with a layer of dross, each gradually congeals, shining thenceforth with a murky red light: whilst *they* abide in immortal youth, for ever younger as the ages roll on! Well for us that such an eternal life is promised us too!

(Continued D. V.)



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Wight in the Barkness

William Taylor, France

(This missionary has had to flee several times during the last year on account of the German invasion, but he still retains contact with the Christians and continues to labor wherever he can in the Unoccupied Area. From a recent letter that we have received we cull the following incident).

Last week (Dec., 1940) on visiting a poor country house, some miles out, through the snow, I was surprised to see a Bible near the window. On opening it, a photograph dropped to the floor. "Ah!" said the woman of the house, "that is myself and my husband who died two years ago at the age of 82!" "And how old are you, Madame?" I asked. "I am 92, born in 1848!" she replied to my great astonishment, for she was still very nimble, having just chased away two cats with a stick. "Don't you think you have need of the pardon of your sins?" I asked. "Indeed I do" she replied eagerly, "and that is why I ask for it every day. Oh, if I could only get it!" she added sadly. Taking her old Bible and opening it at Isaiah 53 and John 19, what a privilege it was to show her how on the cross of Calvary, her complete pardon was purchased long ago, and that she could there and then receive it by faith in the promises of God. She came to Jesus, simply as a child, and was happy to be saved at once. Praise the Lord.

Over here things look very dark, and everything is difficult, but God is over all Sovereign over human kingdoms, working out His wonderful purposes in grace.

The Bible in a British Camp

Address by Sir Charles Marston

(Sir Charles Marston, Palestinian Explorer and Author of "The Bible Comes to Life" has shown his keen interest in the effort to supply the Scriptures to men serving in the British Forces by himself buying from the Bible Society 1,500 copies of the Bible and supervising their distribution. He visited, for this purpose, a large camp "somewhere in England," and addressed a great crowd of men. At the conclusion of his sermon Sir Charles offered to present a Bible to any man in the camp who was willing to read it; and as a result there were fifteen hundred applications. We give below a report of his sermon—a sermon which must have left a deep impression on the minds of that congregation of young men.)

"FOR THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

(2 Cor. 4:18).

There is an old book called the Bible which our fathers and grandfathers used to study. For those who like stories—it contains the best stories. For those who like history—it contains the oldest history. For those who like biographies—it contains real biography. For those who like literature or poetry—it contains the best literature and poetry.

And so one might go on enumerating the many-sided merits of this remarkable book. But the aspect of the Bible which I desire to emphasize is a scientific one. The Bible is the best existing guide book to the Unseen.

Now, the Bible records many messages from the Unseen. These messages came through the ether long ago to those who wrote them down. The radio messages we receive to-day come from men, but the Bible messages represent themselves as coming from God.

These are the days of science, and science seeks evidence. Have we evidence that these messages came from God? Have we evidence that there is a God? Is the Bible authentic?

It seems likely that we are sent into the world to do some particular job, the job to which we are best suited; the job which each of us can do in just the right way. My job has been to make use of science to verify the Bible, and to tell about the evidence that has been found in the last few years.

But someone may retort: "What is the use of trying to verify the Bible? The Bible records miracles, and according to science miracles do not happen. Some of your leading clergy today say so!"

Such people are behind the times; they are old-fashioned and their knowledge is out of date. The recent conclusions of science affirm that miracles do happen. I have only time to refer to one authority, but it is a convincing one. There is a book called *Man the Unknown* by Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York. Its writer is perhaps the greatest medical scientist of the day. He says in effect that, as a result of his study of supernormal phenomena, miracles can no longer be denied. Among other things he testifies to the reality of the healing of organic diseases by prayer, under strict medical supervision. So one of our modern and most distinguished scientists affirms he has evidence that miracles happen today as they did long ago. And the inference we derive from his evidence carries us a great deal farther. For it affords present-day proof of the reality of prayer and of the reality of God. Could science give us a better or more important message in these momentous times?

But to return to our text which affirms that the things which we see all around us are temporal. They are not permanent, they are short-lived, like this camp. We ourselves in our bodies are not permanent, we are changing all the time. I have already pointed out how science teaches us that all substance is composed of matter and ether. Our bodies too are composed of matter and ether. Matter breaks down and dies, ether is believed to be indestructible.

Great scientists, as well as great preachers, now find evidence that life does not end with what we call death, but we survive and continue to live in this ether body. There is plenty of proof to justify some such belief. That would explain the sentence in the Creed where we profess our belief in "The resurrection of the body."

Now, the Bible has a great deal to say about the condition under which we shall live in our future body. And that condition depends upon our faith and upon our conduct in this present life. I have never felt particularly satisfied with my conduct in this life, and I dare say some of you have felt the

same about yourselves. But the New Testament tells us how God has provided redemption from our sins through the sacrifice of His Son—Jesus Christ.

That is the essence of Christianity. And it is that redemption of our human nature which you need, and I need, and the whole world needs today. People have vainly tried to find substitutes, hence this war. There is no substitute for Christianity, or for the Bible.

(From British and Foreign Bible Society's *Bible in the World*)



“Tell ye your children of it”

The Storm at Sea

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, “Cut away the mast!”

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
“We are lost,” the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
“Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spake in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the morn was shining clear.

—James Thomas Fields

The Happiest Day of My Life

A Christian day school teacher asked her third standard class of girls to each write a short essay on "The happiest day of my life."

There were varied ideas of happiness expressed in the essays and as many different causes for it. One young girl sent in a brief but bright testimony, which we are pleased to give to our readers, and we hope those who are as yet unable to tell of such a happy day in their experience will give good heed to her testimony as to what can make any one truly happy.

"The happiest day of my life was on a Thursday, when I learned that Jesus died for me, and that by His precious blood, which He shed on Calvary, all my sins were washed away. I was sad when I thought of my sins, but when I received the Saviour a change came over me, and I was perfectly happy. I am now a child of God, and when I die I shall be with Christ in Heaven, to sing praises to the Father for ever and ever. I have had other happy days, but this was the happiest of them all."

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Spirit." Romas 15:13.

Beautiful Feet

"What ugly feet!" said one girl of another about her own age, who was just then passing the window.

"I think that Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in town," said the girl's mother, who overheard her daughter's remark.

"O mother, how can you say so?—They are such big, horrid things!"

"Caroline's feet" answered her mother, "are often carrying her on kind errands. Sometimes it is to read to poor, old, blind Peggy; sometimes to amuse blind Tom; sometimes to invite children to the Sunday School; often to save her mother tiresome steps. I think Jesus must think her feet beautiful, for His Word says, 'How beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings.'"

Beautiful feet are those that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.

The English Peasant's Own Story

At the close of an open-air meeting in Hyde Park, London, a man in the usual farm-labourer's dress desired to address the people for a few minutes. Permission being given him, he said,—

"I am a poor laboring man, and never being no scholar, you can't expect me to talk much grammar, so you'll excuse my simple way, and let me tell you how the Lord saved my soul.

"I was plowing for my master in a field beside the road, and just sat down agen the fence nearest to it, to have my bit of bread and cheese, the horses standing in the furrow at the headlands, when I sees a gentleman leaning over the gate looking out at the prospect. Presently he spies me, and comes across the gate to where I was sitting. He said it was a fine day, and I said it was so, with the blessing of God, as we always says down in them parts, not thinking nothing about God all the time. Howsomever, he pulls me up sharp, though in a kindly voice says he,—

"Do you know the blessing of God in saving *your* soul?"

"It quite took me aback, and I says, 'Of course, we all wants to be saved, and hopes we shall afore we comes to die.' Then he spoke a great deal to me, as I never heard the likes in my life; about being born again, and all to that away. Before he goes, he takes out a book, and says,—

"I should like to give you this, and will you read this chapter where I turn the leaf down?"

"I thanked him with all my heart; but told him I was no scholar, never having had no book larning.

"Well,' says he, 'never mind that; you get the first person you see that can read, to read this chapter to you.'

"So he left the book, and I never seen him from that time.

"After a bit, as I still sat on the bank, thinking in a dazed way of what I had been told, with my mind all in a muddle, I hears a boy coming lumping along home from school, whistling some tune to himself. Thinks I, 'He'll do!' So I calls,—

"Hey, boy! Come here!"

"He comes over. So I tells him to sit down just there beside me, and read me out of a book a gentleman gave me.

"I axed him, 'Can you read?'"

"Ay, can I, and write my own name tew.'

“He reads away, and I sits listening with all my ‘might. He reads about a man what came to Jesus by night, and I never knew any thing take such hold on me as them words did. I had often heard sarmons with fine long words, but these came right home to me; and I was wholly stammed when he read about being born again, for that was what the gentleman was saying to me before. Then I lost what he read for a bit, for thinking to myself, ‘Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.’ Now, I wanted to go to heaven, and I always thought if a man did the best he could, and paid his way, and loved his neighbor, what more could he do? and he would surely go to heaven at the end; but this floored me—this being born again. I was sure I wasn’t this. Though I didn’t know rightly what it meant, I knew I ought to be different to what I was; but this seemed something beyond me, and didn’t mean my being different in myself, *but out of myself* altogether, — something straight from heaven; and I kept thinking these thoughts, and wondering, when I again caught up the boy reading, and the words he read so made my heart jump with the strange feeling that I had got it at last, and yet hadn’t got it, and was frightened of losing it. I called out to him to stop, and read that last verse over again. As he read what he told me was the sixteenth verse, the light began to shine in on my heart, and I thought, ‘This is what being born again means—this explains it.’ I know now it was the Holy Spirit of God, through them words, ‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“Yet I couldn’t half think it was for me; and there was one word, that seemed to me the chief word, that I couldn’t understand, so I axed the boy,—

“‘Can you tell me what that there word *whosoever* means?’ But he seemed to know it as little as myself, and he looked this way and that, as boys do, but he couldn’t see the meaning no wheres; then he said,—

“‘I can’t for the life of me tell you what it means.’

“But I wasn’t to be put off—I was too anxious, so I urged him to think again.

“‘You’re such a good scholar, and can write your own name, surely you know what this word means!’

“‘No,’ he says, ‘I don’t know what it means, unless it means *you, me, or anybody else.*’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘why didn’t you say that at first? I can understand that easy enough. Now read that verse over again, if you please, and put them words in instead of the long one.’ So he read over again,—

“‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *you, me, or anybody else*, believing in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“I lifted up my heart, and thanked God there and then for such mercy to a sinner like me. His love was so wonderful, and those words made it all plain that it was *for me*. I got the boy to say the verse over and over again, walking by me as I went on with my plowing, until I knew them myself as well. The rest of the afternoon my heart was singing for joy; and as I followed the plow up and down in the furrow, I kept repeating the words over to myself, getting fresh understand of them every time.

“After I had baited my horses, and put them out in the yard for the night, I went home, and the first thing I says to my wife when I gets in was,—

“‘Wife, with the blessing of God (and I mean it this time), my fortune’s made! For this very day I have received everlasting life.’

“She said, ‘Thank God, then! my prayers are answered.’

“She had been a Christian woman for a long time, and often had I given her sorrow through my ways.

“‘But how did you come by it?’

“‘Then I read to her—or rather said it to her, though I opened the book—the sixteenth verse of the third of John.

“I was so full of my new-found happiness that as soon as I had my supper, I felt I must go down and tell my mates the good news, thinking, of course, they’d be glad to hear it. We were accustomed to meet at the public house in the village street, called the ‘Fleece;’ and I think now it’s a good name for such places, for it’s just there a fellow does get properly fleeced, as I have proved many’s the time. We used to meet there to talk all the gossip of the country; it was a regular scandal-shop. So I goes down there this night, with my Testament in my pocket.

“When I gets there, my mates, and the landlord especially,

begin to cry out how late I am, that I must have something very good to tell, and so on. Then, when they are quiet, I tells them what I telled my wife, and pulls out my Testament, and says the verse to them:—

“‘For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever (that means *you, me* or *any body else*,) believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

“Well, they stared at me, but hadn’t a word to say. At last the landlord spoke up. I suppose he saw that if all came to this way of thinking, there would be an end to his trade; so he says,—

“‘Come, we don’t want any of that sort of cant here; we have enough of preaching on Sundays by larned men, without your setting up to be so good.’

“I answers him, ‘Is that the way it is, landlord? Well, it opens my eyes plain, what the friendship of the world’s worth; I could come here and talk all manner of stuff about any one, and any thing, no matter how low, and drink till I was scarce able to find my way home, and I was welcome; but now that my soul is saved, I mustn’t speak about that, nor about my Saviour; then I can’t come here any more indeed. Here’s the three shillings I owe you, and good-bye. Old mates, I would to God you would take the word of Jesus, and thank Him for it.’

“But the more part laughed at me; only two, I believe (and thank God for them!) gave any heed. One of them was a young chap who had been converted before, and me and my mates had drawn him back among us; he followed me out, with tears in his eyes, and said,—

“‘Oh, pray for me! I have dishonored my Saviour; I have left Him; will He receive me back?’

“And He did, as He ever will. That young man is rejoicing again in Christ. It was not that day only, but every day after, I spoke to my neighbors and friends, wherever I could get them, of Jesus,—‘that *whosoever* (*you, me* or *any body else*, I told them,) believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’

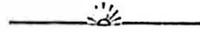
“In my place, they call me, ‘*Whosoever*;

 for I must say it again and again, its just ‘whosoever’—‘whosoever believeth.’ But let me warn you, there is *another* ‘whosoever’ in God’s

book, and if you are not a believer, you must be one of the 'whosoever' of Rev. 20:15,—'And whosoever (*you, me, or any body else*), was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire!'"

Here the peasant ended, leaving each man in his audience under the solemn reflection, Which "whosoever" is it that applies to me?

Reader, which one applies to *you*?



The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

A STORM AT SEA

Hitherto, with the exception of a couple of gales in the North and South Atlantic, we had been singularly fortunate in our weather. It does happen so sometimes. But now a change was evidently imminent. Of course, we forward had no access to the barometer; not that we should have understood its indications if we had seen it, but we all knew that something was going to be radically wrong with the weather. For instead of the lovely blue of the sky we had been so long accustomed to by day and night, a nasty, greasy shade had come over the heavens, which, reflected in the sea, made that look dirty and stale also. That well-known appearance of the waves before a storm was also very marked, which consists of an undecided sort of break in their tops. Instead of running regularly, they seemed to hunch themselves up in little heaps, and throw off a tiny flutter of spray, which generally fell in the opposite direction to what little wind there was. The pigs and the fowls felt the approaching change keenly, and manifested the greatest uneasiness, leaving their food and acting strangely. We were making scarcely no headway, so that the storm was longer making its appearance than it would have been had we been a swift clipper ship running down the Indian Ocean. For two days we were kept in suspense; but on the second night the gloom began to deepen, the wind to moan, and a very uncomfortable "jobble" of a sea got up. Extra "gaskets" were put upon the sails, and everything moveable upon the decks was made as secure as it could be. Only the two close-reefed topsails and two storm staysails were carried, so that we were in excellent trim for fighting the bad

weather when it did come. The sky gradually darkened and assumed a livid green tint, the effect of which was most peculiar.

The wind blew fitfully in short gusts, veering continually back and forth over about a quarter of the compass. Although it was still light, it kept up an incessant mournful moan not to be accounted for in any way. Darker and darker grew the heavens, although no clouds were visible, only a general pall of darkness. Glimmering lightnings played continually about the eastern horizon, but not brilliant enough to show us the approaching storm-cloud. And so came the morning of the third day from the beginning of the change. But for the clock we should hardly have known that day had broken, so gloomy and dark was the sky. At last light came in the east, but such a light as no one would wish to see. It was a lurid glare, such as may be seen playing over a cupola of Bessemer steel when the speigeleisen is added, only on such an extensive scale that its brilliancy was dulled into horror. Then, beneath it we saw the mountainous clouds fringed with dull violet and jagged sabres of lightning darting from their solid black bosoms. The wind began to rise steadily but rapidly, so that by eight a.m. it was blowing a furious gale from E.N.E. In direction it was still unsteady, the ship coming up and falling off to it several points. Now, great masses of torn, ragged cloud hurtled past us above, so low down as almost to touch the mastheads. Still the wind increased, still the sea rose, till at last the skipper judged it well to haul down the tiny triangle of storm staysail still set (the topsail and fore staysail had been furled long before), and let her drift under bare poles, except for three square feet of stout canvas in the weather mizzen-rigging. The roar of the wind now dominated every sound, so that it might have been thundering furiously, but we should not have heard it. The ship still maintained her splendid character as a sea-boat, hardly shipping a drop of water; but she lay over at a most distressing angle, her deck sloping off fully thirty to forty degrees. Fortunately she did not roll to windward. It may have been raining in perfect torrents, but the tempest tore off the surface of the sea, and sent it in massive sheets continually flying over us, so that we could not possibly have distinguished between fresh water and salt.

The chief anxiety was for the safety of the boats. Early

on the second day of warning they had been hoisted to the topmost notch of the cranes, and secured as thoroughly as experience could suggest; but at every lee lurch we gave it seemed as if we must dip them under water, while the wind threatened to stave the weather ones in by its actual solid weight. It was now blowing a furious cyclone, the force of which has never been accurately gauged (even by the present elaborate instruments of various kinds in use). That force is, however, not to be imagined by any one who has not witnessed it.

The terrible day wore on, without any lightening of the tempest, till noon, when the wind suddenly fell to a calm. Until that time the sea, although heavy, was not vicious or irregular, and we had not shipped any heavy water at all. But when the force of the wind was suddenly withdrawn, such a sea arose as I have never seen before or since. Inky mountains of water raised their savage heads in wildest confusion, smashing one another in whirlpools of foam. It was like a picture of the primeval deep out of which arose the new-born world. Suddenly out of the whirling blackness overhead the moon appeared, nearly in the zenith, sending down through the apex of a dome of torn and madly gyrating cloud a flood of brilliant light. Illumined by that startling radiance, our staunch and seaworthy ship was tossed and twirled in the hideous vortex of mad sea until her motion was distracting. It was quite impossible to loose one's hold and attempt to do anything without running the imminent risk of being dashed to pieces. Our decks were full of water now, for it tumbled on board at all points; but as yet no serious weight of sea had fallen upon us, nor had any damage been done. Such a miracle as that could not be expected to continue for long. Suddenly a warning shout rang out from somewhere—"Hold on all, for your lives!" Out of the hideous turmoil around arose, like some black, fantastic ruin, an awful heap of water. Higher and higher it towered, until it was level with our lower yards, then it broke and fell upon us. All was blank. Beneath that mass every thought, every feeling, fled but one—"How long shall I be able to hold my breath?" After what seemed a never-ending time, we emerged from the wave more dead than alive, but with the good ship still staunch underneath us, and Hope's lamp burning brightly. The moon had been momentarily obscured, but now shone out again, lighting up brilliantly our

bravely-battling ship. But, alas for others!—men, like ourselves, whose hopes were gone. Quite near us was the battered remainder of what had been a splendid ship. Her masts gone, not even the stumps being visible, and it seemed to our eager eyes as if she was settling down. It was even so, for as we looked, unmindful of our own danger, she quietly disappeared—swallowed up with her human freight in a moment, like a pebble dropping into a pond.

While we looked with hardly beating hearts at the place where she had sunk, all was blotted out in thick darkness again. With a roar, as of a thousand thunders, the tempest came once more, but from the opposite direction now. As we were under no sail, we ran little risk of being caught aback; but, even had we, nothing could have been done, the vessel being utterly out of control, besides the impossibility of getting about. It so happened, however, that when the storm burst upon us again, we were stern on to it, and we drove steadily for a few moments until we had time to haul to the wind again. It did last, however, for what seemed an interminable time, although any one could see that the sky was getting kindlier. Gradually, imperceptibly, it took off, the sky cleared, and the tumult ceased, until a new day broke in untellable beauty over a revived world.



Clement of Alexandria

Titus Flavius Clemens, surnamed Alexandrinus, was probably a native of Athens, the date of his birth being placed about A. D. 160 and that of his death about A. D. 220. He was originally a pagan, an ardent student of literature and philosophy, especially of the Stoic and Platonic schools, but he was unsatisfied and wandered restlessly from city to city to find a living truth that he could live upon. He tells us of teachers from Ionia, Syria, Assyria, and Palestine, all truly remarkable men, to whose vigorous and animated discourses he listened, without however obtaining the satisfaction he craved, but said he "When I came upon the last (he was the first in power), having tracked him out concealed in Egypt, I found rest." This last teacher (according to the Church historian, Eusebius) was Pantaenus, through whom he was brought to

Christ. Early Christian writers tell us that Clement became an elder of the Church at Alexandria, and that about A. D. 190 he became as an instructor of enquirers, assistant to, and later successor to Pantaenus, when the latter set out on a missionary tour to India. Clement continued as a teacher of these enquirers and young Christians until the persecution under Emperor Severus A. D. 202 compelled him to leave Alexandria. Little is known of the closing years of his life, but Eusebius says he was the bearer of a letter from Alexander of Jerusalem, there himself a prisoner for the gospel's sake, to the Church at Antioch. This Alexander and the more famous Origen are reckoned among Clement's pupils.

Many of Clement's works have been lost but those extant are very valuable for the light they throw on conditions in the Roman empire of his day. His chief writing had the object of converting the heathen and instructing them in the principles and practices of the Christian life. His remarks upon prayer are worth repeating: "Prayer, if I may speak so boldly, is intercourse with God. Even though we silently address God without opening our lips, yet we cry to Him in the inmost recesses of the heart: for God always listens to the sincere direction of the heart to Him. The Christian will pray in every place, but not openly to be seen of men. While he is walking for recreation, in his conversation with others, in silence, in reading, in all rational pursuits, he finds opportunity for prayer, and although he is only thinking on God in the little chamber of his soul, and calling on his Father with silent aspiration, God is near him and with him while he is still speaking to Him." To Clement "not the building is the church, but the congregation of the elect." Moreover he recommended the Christian husband and wife to consecrate each day by commencing it with reading the Bible and prayer.

Prior to Clement's day there were many anonymous hymns sung in the assemblies of God's people, among them the "Gloria in Excelsis," but Clement has the distinction of being the earliest Christian hymn-writer whose name has come down to us. His hymns "The Teacher," and "The Offices of Christ" written to extol the Lord Jesus as The Instructor are Eulogies containing the different scriptural figures under which the Lord is presented, and which to Clement must have been a catalogue

of the treasures which he found in Christ, and in which he rejoiced. A deep meaning is given to every word if we link the hymn with Clement's own description of the perils amidst which it was written. "Daily" he says, "martyrs are burned, beheaded, and crucified before our eyes." Born sixty years after the death of the apostle John, therefore near to the fountain-head of the truth, we see from his writings how in the early Church there was the same purity of doctrine as is set forth in the Scriptures, and by Christians today earnestly contended for, as the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

—H. A. Cameron



Jesus the Teacher

Curb for the stubborn steed,
Making its will give heed;
Wing that directs aright
The wild bird's wandering flight;
Helm for the ships that keep
Their pathway o'er the deep;
Shepherd of sheep that own
Their Master on the throne;
Stir up Thy children meek
With guileless lips to speak,
In hymn and song, Thy praise;
Guide of their childhood days;
Thou King of saints, O Lord,
Mighty, all-conquering Word;
Son of the highest God,
Wielding His wisdom's rod;
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy;
Of all our mortal race
Saviour, of boundless grace,
Lord Jesus, hear!

Shepherd and Sower Thou;
 Now helm, or bridle now;
 Wing for the heavenward flight
 Of Thy flock, pure and bright,
 Fisher of men, the blest,
 Out of the world's unrest,
 Out of Sin's troubled sea,
 Taking us, Lord, to Thee;
 Out of the waves of strife,
 Caught with the bait of life,
 With fish of choicest store,
 Drawing Thy nets to shore.
 Lead us, O Shepherd Great,
 Thy flock doth Thee intreat;
 Lead us, O holy Lord,
 Thou Who thy sons dost ward,
 With all prevailing charm,
 From peril, curse and harm;
 O'er the path that Thou hast trod,
 O Way that leads to God;
 O Word, abiding aye;
 O endless Light on high,
 Mercy's fresh springing flood,
 Worker of all things good,
 O glorious Life of all
 Who on their Master call,
 Christ Jesus, hear!

Our holy tribute this,
 For wisdom, life, and bliss,
 Hymning in chorus meet,
 Singing in concert sweet,
 The Almighty Son.
 We heirs of peace unpriced,
 We who are born in Christ,
 A people cleansed from stain,
 Praise we our God again,
 Lord of our peace.

—Clement of Alexandria
 (born about A. D. 160)

The Offices of Christ
Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
To sound Thy praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord
The all-subduing Word
Healer of strife:
Thou did'st Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

Thou art the Great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Children and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song.
To Christ our King.

—Clement of Alexandria.
(died about A. D. 220)

The Church

OTHER FOUNDATION NO ONE CAN LAY, BUT THAT WHICH
HAS BEEN LAID, WHICH IS CHRIST JESUS. (1 Cor. 3:11).

Christ is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His blest saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three-in-One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
Thy glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
And as our hearts we bow,
Mark Thou each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour!

Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace thus given
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away!

—Translated from an anonymous author
of about the eighth century.

Unchanging Love

Long hath He waited for you, long;
Untired He waiteth still.
"Will He receive me now?" you ask.
Receive you? Yes, He will!
The bruised reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

Long hath He loved, long sought you out;
Unchanged, He loveth still.
"Will He forgive me now, at last?"
Forgive you? Yes, He will!
The bruised reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

In all His fulness there He stands,
Your empty soul to fill.
"Will He take pity on my wants?"
Take pity? Yes, He will!
The bruised reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

He is not weary in His love,
Nor does that love grow chill.
"Will He the wanderer embrace?"
Embrace you? Yes, He will!
The bruised reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

Draw near; He meaneth only love;
He meaneth not your ill.
"Will He adopt me as a son?"
Adopt you? Yes, He will!
The bruised reed He breaketh not;
The smoking flax He quencheth not;
He will not cast you out.

Assembly Annals

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

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August

1941

Jehovah Tsebahoth

(The Lord of Hosts)

Who is this King of Glory?

**The Lord of Hosts, He is the King
of Glory.**

Psalm 24:10

Assembly Annals

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Trophies of the Gospel

A merchant in Glasgow called one day upon Mr. J. R. Caldwell in the line of business, and, after transacting what was in hand, he pulled a bundle of letters from his pocket, saying (for he knew Mr. Caldwell to be an outstanding Christian) "Here, Caldwell, is something that will interest you." They were letters from Mr. Smith's son in Chicago. Mr. Caldwell hurriedly perused them and, seeing their tenor, he said, "Mr. Smith, have you any more of these?" Learn that he had and later receiving the others, Mr. Caldwell wrote the tract, "From the power of Satan to God." It was published about 50 years ago and had a wide circulation (we personally distributed many hundreds of them) but it has been long out of print. After much enquiry we have at last obtained a copy through the kindness of Mr. S. Keller, and because of its striking features we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

The record of another triumph of the Gospel is the human interest story of Osman of the Umbai. What makes it of especial interest to us is the name and work of Mr. J. R. Olley, Fort Lamy, Lake Tchad district, as he is one of our own missionaries in French Equatorial Africa, having gone from an assembly in New Zealand to labor there twenty two years ago. It also impresses upon us once more the important services rendered by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Addresses

Mr. James Scollon has returned to his station at La Ceiba, Rep. de Honduras, Central America and Mr. Ruddock has taken over the work at Trujillo.

Mr. James Waugh's address is now 4712 Leiper St., Apt. J. 1. Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Waugh has been advised by his physician to rest completely, the strain of ministry for 40 years having told so upon his strength that he must remain at home for at least a year.

Mr. R. T. Halliday's address is now General Delivery, Roanoke, Va.

Mr. W. C. Bousfield's present address is 87 Speen Street, Natick, Mass.

The Norwood Gospel Hall is now located at 2118 Ross Ave., Norwood, Ohio (suburb of Cincinnati).

Conferences

CLEVELAND, OHIO. Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) in the Gospel Hall, 1477 Addison Road, August 30th, 31st and Sept. 1st preceded by Prayer Meeting Friday evening August 29th. A hearty welcome to the Lord's people. Communications to John H. Smith, 3366 Meadowbrook Blvd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

DETROIT, MICH. The fifty-first Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) in the Ionic Temple, Grand River Ave. and Chope Place, Sept. 27th and 28th preceded by Prayer Meeting, Friday evening Sept. 26th. Communications to Dr. H. A. Cameron, 7615 Dexter Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

CHICAGO, ILL. The Conference of Christian workers will be held (D.V.) this year in the 86th St. Assembly Hall, Chicago, on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday following the annual Chicago Thanksgiving Conference. Those interested in all branches of Christian service will be welcomed. For further information address Mr. L. Sheldrake, 3719 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo., or Andrew J. Cotton 8226 Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE. Annual Conference (D.V.) August 10 - 17 inclusive. For particulars write H. F. Stultz, 819 Main St., Westbrooke, Maine.

GALT, ONT. Please announce in Assembly Annals that there will be no Conference in Galt on Labor Day, September 1st.
—Stephen Fletcher

BAY CITY, MICH. Our Conference here in the latter part of May was considered one of the best we have had, in numbers and in helpful ministry. Twelve of the Lord's servants were present and all had a share in helping in ministering the word and in prayer.
—W. N. Mowatt.

EAST AURORA, N. Y. The half-yearly Conference here July 4th was a time of refreshing to the little assembly, and also of blessing in the Gospel.

PETERBORO, ONT. Our conference this year was the largest we have had, and much practical and profitable ministry.

PUGWASH JUNCTION, NOVA SCOTIA. Our Annual Mid-Summer Conference is over once more, and was one of the largest and best we have ever had. About two hundred and twenty-five sat down at the Lord's Table. Thirteen of the Lord's servants were present with us, the ministry was both heart searching and practical, creating within us a desire for more real heart devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to redeem the time until He comes for us. Our brother Goodwin who will be 89 years of age next month, was unable to be present at any of the meetings on account of weakness, but he did enjoy having so many of the Christians call to see him at his home there.

If left till another year, we are hoping to see the Gospel Hall there enlarged, as it was entirely too small this year to accommodate all who came to the meetings.
W. N. Brennan.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

DELAWARE. Brother Edward Richmond (Box 62, Dover, Del.) writes "We have now labored here in **Dover** for fourteen months and God has blessed the seed sown in the hearts of those who seemed never to have heard the Gospel, and those who were saved during the first months have obeyed the Lord as to baptism and gathering in the Lord's precious name. Five more have been recently brought to Christ and added to the little assembly. May the Lord help you to pray for us that wisdom and strength be given to win others to Himself."

FLORIDA. Mr. R. T. Halliday continued ministering the Word and preaching the Gospel at Cottage meetings in **Orlando** until he judged it well to begin tent work in **Roanoke, Va.** He hopes to return to **Orlando** for further pioneer work in the Fall.

MASSACHUSETTS. **Saxonville.** W. C. Bousfield (87 Speen St., Natick, Mass.) and Wm. McBride of Manchester, Conn. are preaching in this new field, and desire prayer for the effort.

MICHIGAN. Mr. William Ferguson spent the month of June in the lower part of the State and hoped to visit the mining country of **Lake Superior** during July and August, with the Bible Coach for his twenty-third year in this work.

Detroit. A visit from Mr. Jose Martinez who preached in several of our Halls was much enjoyed. In addition to the ministry of God's word he gave interesting reports of the Lord's work in **Paraguay**, telling of the triumphs of the gospel in that needy Republic.

Messrs. S. McEwen and John Dickson gave us a few appreciated meetings while en route to **Los Angeles** for tent work.

NEW YORK, East Aurora. Messrs. Charles and Samuel Keller had gospel meetings after the Conference and there seems to be a responsive attitude among the unsaved. Mr. Charles Keller is gaining strength and is so far recovered as to help in the ministry and preaching.

PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh. Mr. Robert A. Crawford (5412 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.) writes: I have my tent pitched in **Greenfield**, a suburban section of **Pittsburgh**, hitherto untried by us at any rate. Like all of this district, **Roman Catholicism** holds sway, and it is estimated that 63 per cent of the population of this city is Catholic. However we have met a number of Scotch and Irish folks, members of Presbyterian and Christian Churches, who seem more favorable and are responding very nicely. Our brother **George Gould, Jr.**, is giving very capable assistance in the work, and it is a real help to have a fellow labourer in the work. Knowing places and people in the old land, proves of interest to these folks, of course.

VIRGINIA. Mr. R. T. Halliday (General Delivery, **Roanoke, Va.**) began tent work in **Roanoke** July 13th with an encouraging audience.

WEST VIRGINIA. F. W. Schwartz (6040 Fifteenth St., **Detroit, Mich.**) has been ministering the Word in **Meadow Creek** to Christians interested in God's path for His people and also preaching to the unsaved.

CANADA

ONTARIO, Barrie. Thomas Robinson and A. Dellandrea have their tent pitched here and are encouraged with the good attendance.

Bowmanville. J. H. Blackwood, (444 Mack St., **Peterboro, Ont.**) has started tent meetings in this town, looking to the Lord to see His gracious hand working in souls being reached and saved and a real work done to the Lord's glory. He will value the prayers of the Lord's people for the effort in this place.

BRITISH WEST INDIES. Mr. John Rankin (% Mr. E. C. Mais, P. O. Box 380, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.) reports upon a visit to Georgetown in Grand Cayman, 350 miles from Jamaica, where he preached the word to hundreds in the open air and in the Town Hall, a very large building with crowds standing around the windows and dobr not able to get in. The Lord gave help to p̄reach a faithful message, and the issues are with Him. He has also had some fruitful meetings in Kingston, Jamaica, and country parts.

☀

Gospel Tents

In addition to the tent meetings mentioned in "Sowing and Reaping" we are pleased to report gospel activity under canvas in the following places.

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles. Samuel McEwen and John Dickson began meetings July 20th.

MARYLAND, Frostburg. W. Fisher Hunter.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield. Cesare Patrizio and Louis Rosania.

NEW JERSEY, Asbury Park. Frank Carboni and Frank Pizzulli.

NEW YORK, Johnstown. George Winemiller.

OHIO, Steubenville. John Conoway.

WEST VIRGINIA, Milton near Huntington. W. G. Smith and F. W. Schwartz.

ONTARIO, Vacey. James Gunn, Jr., and Arch T. Stewart.
Lake Shore. James Smith and Wm. Warke.

☀

With Christ

Mr. John Silvester

A Tribute by Mr. James Gunn, Jr.

Many have heard and been shocked and saddened by the sudden death of brother John Silvester of Midland, Ontario. He had undergone a successful operation in the hospital and had returned home and was able to move about in the home, but on Thursday, May 29 at 9 a.m. he suddenly passed away to be with Christ, thrombosis being the cause of his death. He never enjoyed very good health and had suffered for years from heart trouble.

He was born at London, England, on Nov. 8th, 1876 and when just a boy came to Canada with his parents. He was saved in the city of Toronto in the year 1892, and was commended to the Lord's work in 1899, so for over forty two years he has laboured well in the gospel and there are assemblies existing today which were planted by him and others. He was of a very sympathetic and tender disposition, and was invited because of this to take, a great many funeral services. He was a modern Barnabas—to many a son of consolation.

The funeral which was held on Saturday May 31 was one of the largest in the history of this town. The hall was more than full, and crowds could not get in, but these were able to hear the service by means of a loud speaker used for the occasion. The large number present from the town proved the esteem he had won here. Every clergyman in Midland called at his home and some of them attended

the services. Even the Roman catholic priest visited the home and said, "I don't know what reception I'll get here, but I would like to see Mr. Silvester again. We have had talks together, and he was most sincere in his convictions."

Three elder brethren from this district and three of the Lord's servants were those privileged to carry this devout brother to his burial. They were Graham Swales, Adrian Isaac, Donald Armstrong, Albert Joyce, George Gould, Jr., and myself.

The services at the hall were conducted by Fred Watson, W. P. Douglas, and Albert Joyce, and at the graveside it was my honour to take the service.

John Silvester will be greatly missed throughout all these parts. He was a brother beloved by God's people everywhere.

APPLEGATE, MICH. Mrs. E. Paterson received her homecall July 5th at the age of 86 years—70 years in Christ. She truly loved the Lord, His Word, and His people. The funeral service largely attended by Christians from the "Thumb" district and by neighbors was conducted by Mr. Wm. Ferguson.

MANCHESTER, CONN. Thomas Lyttle went to be with Christ on May 24th; Saved over 40 years, with the assemblies of the Lord's people in Ireland and U. S. A. throughout his lifetime. A shepherd, and brother with a good report among the people with whom he lived and the many with whom he worked in the Royal Typewriter Co. "One of these heart attacks, and then it will be glory" were among his words of faith ere he died. John T. Dickson, W. J. Armstrong, and his son, Evangelist T. J. Lyttle spoke in the home, and John Smart of Toronto at the grave. Bro. McCullough closed with prayer. Prayer is asked for the members of his family.

PETERBORO, ONT. Mr. Wm. Pavington passed home to be with Christ at the age of 75. He was saved 50 years ago at Victoria Road through the preaching of brethren McClure and Douglas. He died on May 11th. E. Tatham, and James Gunn Jr., took the services.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Miss Ida McIlhatton passed away on May 30th, at the age of 27 years; a very bright Christian connected with the Downtown and West Philadelphia assemblies for 13 years. Over 300 attended the funeral service, at which the speakers were Robert Young and Hugh McEwen.

STERLING, MICH. Mrs. Charles Sterling died here May 25th at the age of 62 years. A good woman who loved the Lord and His people. William Ferguson spoke to a large company at the funeral services.

TAMPA, FLORIDA. Mr. Robert West passed quietly into the presence of the Lord June 19th after much suffering from heart trouble. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, April 25, 1881, and saved in Hartford, Conn. more than 12 years ago. Local brethren spoke at the funeral parlors in Tampa. Burial taking place in Hartford Conn. Brother Wm. Armstrong speaking at the funeral parlors there. Our brother bore a good testimony to the last though suffering much. He leaves his widow, one son and one sister. He will be missed much by the assembly here.

F. C. Thisse

TORONTO, ONT. Mrs. Wm. Henry Syrratt, died after a lingering illness in her 78th year. Born in Kent, came to Canada in 1912, living first in Montreal, then London and for the past 8 years in Toronto. Surviving are her husband, six daughters and one son. Funeral services conducted by Messrs. Peter Hynd and Chas. Innes.

Assembly Annals

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Vol. XV—No. 8

August, 1941

New Series
Vol. VIII—No. 8

The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

In the ministry of the Lord Jesus there are moral glories in the relation of that ministry to Satan. In the first place and seasonably and properly so, the Lord meets him as a *tempter*. Satan sought in the wilderness to impregnate Him with those moral corruptions which he had succeeded in implanting in Adam and the human nature. This victory over the tempter was the needed righteous introduction to all His works and doings touching him. It was therefore the Spirit that led Him up to this action. As we read, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Ere the Son of God could go forth and spoil the house of the strong man, He must bind him. (Matt. 12:29). Ere He could "reprove" the works of darkness, He must show that He had no fellowship with them (Eph. 5:11). He must withstand the enemy, and keep him outside Himself, ere He could enter his kingdom to destroy his works.

Jesus thus *silenced* Satan. He bound him. Satan had to withdraw as a thoroughly defeated tempter. He could not get anything of his into Him; he rather found that all that was there was of God. Christ kept outside all that which Adam, under a like temptation, had let inside; and having thus stood as the clean thing, He can go, under a perfect *moral* title, to reprove the unclean.

"Skin for skin," the accuser may have to say of another, and like words that charge and challenge the common corrupted nature; but he had nothing to do, as an accuser of Jesus, before the throne of God. He was silenced.

Thus His relationship to Satan begins. Upon this, He enters his house and spoils his goods. This world is that house, and there the Lord, in His ministry, is seen effacing various and deep expressions of the enemy's strength. Every deaf or blind one healed, every leper cleansed, every work under His repairing hand, of whatsoever sort it was, was this.

It was a spoiling of the goods of the strong man in his own

house. Having already bound him, He now spoiled his goods. At last He yields to him as the one that had "the power of death." Calvary was the hour of the power of darkness. All Satan's resources were brought up there, and all his subtlety put forth; but he was overthrown. His captive was his conqueror. By death He destroyed him that had the power of it. He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. The head of the serpent was bruised; as another has said, that "death and not man was without strength."

Thus Jesus the Son of God was the *bruiser* of Satan, as before He had been his *binder* and his *spoiler*. But there is another moral glory that is seen to shine in the ministry of Christ, in the relation it bears to Satan. I mean this: *He never allows him to bear witness to Him*. The testimony may be true, and as we say, flattering, good words and fair words, such as, "I know Thee who Thou art, the holy One of God," but Jesus suffered him not to speak. For His ministry was, as *pure* as it was gracious. He would not be helped in His ministry by that which He came to destroy. He could have no fellowship with darkness, in His service, any more than in His nature. He could not act on expediency, therefore rebuke and silencing of him was the answer he got to his testimony.



The Church, Which is His Body

Thos. D. W. Muir

In speaking of the Church, men speak of many "bodies." God's Word speaks of one body, of which Christ alone is the Head. This also is something new, as far as the Old Testament goes. True, David, by the Spirit, while no doubt speaking, in the first place, of his own body, yet spake more than he knew (1 Pet. 1:10,12) when he wrote, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made . . . my substance was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them" (Psa. 139: 14,16). But, without the further revelation of the Epistles of Paul no one would ever have suggested their application, in a spiritual sense to "the Church." In the Epistle to the saints at

Ephesus, we have this grand and wonderful truth most clearly unfolded. Here it is we learn that God, in resurrection, has given Christ "to be the Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." Marvelous and comprehensive verse of Scripture! For in it we learn four wonderful facts:

1st. Christ is the Head.

2nd. The Church is His body.

3rd. Christ filleth all in all, yet

4th. The Church is the fullness (or completeness) of Him that does fill all in all!

Every Christian recognizes the fact that we, who compose the Church needed, and ever will need, Christ for our completeness (Col. 2:10), but the more marvelous fact is, that as Adam was not complete without Eve, so Christ needed the Church, aye, every member of it, in order to His completeness! Together, Christ and His Church are spoken of as "The Christ." The one is the complement of the other!

Who Compose the "One Body"?

Again is the Old Testament silent. Indeed, not till we get to the Epistles do we find our questions answered. There we learn that "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is (the) Christ. For by (in R. V.) one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.' (1 Cor. 12:12,13).

Now that this was not the subject of former revelation, the Apostle makes clear in Ephesians 3:2-7: "If ye have heard of the dispensation of the grace of God, which is given me to you-ward: how that by revelation He made known unto me the mystery (secret) . . . which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit; that the Gentiles should be fellowheirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promise in Christ by the gospel: whereof I was made a minister," etc.

Baptised, then, in one Spirit into one body, of which Christ is the living Head, we are "members one of the other" (1 Cor. 12), even as are the members of the human body. They, linked by a vital union, not only to the head, but to one an-

other, all work together in harmony, under the control of the head.

In this connection, therefore, we find quite appropriately, the subject of "ministry," or service, introduced. In Romans 12, 1 Cor. 12, and Ephesians 4 we have the three great chapters on gifts and ministry in the Church. In each portion it is because of membership in "the body" that such ministry is insisted on. In Romans 12:3, etc., the gifts are spoken of as proceeding from God the Father. In Cor. 12, they are seen as distributed by the Spirit (vs. 3-12, etc.). And in Ephes. 4, they are the blessed fruit of Christ's exaltation and glory (vs. 7-12). The reason for those gifts being bestowed and kept in exercise is because "we are members one of another" (Rom. 12:5). "That there should be no schism in the body" (1 Cor. 12:25). And lastly, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying (building up) of the body of Christ." (Ephes. 4:12).

God's Order vs. Human Disorder

Thus we see that Christ risen and glorified has become the Head of the Church.

That sinners saved and baptized in one Spirit into one body are, in a vital way, united to Him, and to one another.

That as members of His body, the Church, we are to serve Him and one another, according to the sphere and ability He has given.

This is the ideal as set before us in the Scriptures, according to the purposes of God. Alas, how seriously men have failed in carrying out those purposes! How thoroughly they have turned from God's way to ways of their own! For proof look around, and what do we see?

A variety of humanly organized "bodies" claiming to be "the Church," or at least part of it.

Those having a variety of "heads" from the Pope in Rome downwards.

A ministry, humanly appointed, humanly endowed, and humanly supported, engaged in the business of preaching—often, alas, without the essential qualification of being born again.

An ecclesiastical machinery apart from any divine arrangement according to "the Book," by which all is kept in working order, to the building up of that particular "body."

Thus is there an ignoring of the "One body," with its membership of all who are Christ's, united to the living Head in glory. Thus is there a setting aside of the ministry of that "One body" and the substitution therefore of that which is of man. And thus is there a displacement of God's order, as given in the Word, for man's so-called order, as provided for in his "rules," "confessions" and "disciplines."

With all of this many of God's dear children are mixed up, and in many cases are groaning over it, not knowing of any way of escape. But, obedience to the Word of God, and a seeking to carry out the divine principles of that Word, will surely result in a separation from that which so dishonors Him. It will also lead to the coming together of those who in this matter would "call on the Lord out of a pure heart," that, in principle at least, His will may be carried out.



The Feasts of Jehovah

Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

(Continued from July number)

Read Leviticus 23:33-36



II. Now as to the dumb animals — "the creation"—Rom. 8:19-23 R. V. In Gen. 1:26 we read: "And God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the seas, and over the fowl of the air and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth.'" And in Gen. 2:19: "Out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air; and

brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." Now please turn to Romans 8:19. "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly but by reason of Him Who hath subjected the same in hope, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious

liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." In the two passages which we had from Genesis and in this which we have now read from Romans, we have two portions that are in sharp conflict with each other. You go back to Genesis, and there you could not imagine the whole creation groaning and in pain and subject to vanity. What have you in Genesis I and II? You have an unfallen world. There you have God creating a kingdom, and placing man at the head of that kingdom, and as head He made him competent. There he was in perfection. He had never been to college. He has never studied zoology, but when God brought the animals to him he correctly named every one of them.

Of course we do not have any confidence in so-called "evolution" We consider that it is absolute nonsense. When men tell us that Adam was the outgrowth of interminable ages, beginning as cosmic dust and passing through the stages of protoplasm, tadpole, fishes, and monkeys, and from the monkey age developing into man,—we answer that it is pure nonsense. "Don't you believe that?" you ask. We believe that it is the greatest rubbish, no matter who preaches it. It is a sample of what God tells us in Romans 1:22; "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools."

What is the picture of Genesis I? God first provided a kingdom, and His last work was the creation of man, and God made the man competent for his position. Instead of being the culmination of aeons of development, he was brought forth in the full vigor of his mental and bodily functions. Man was perfectly fitted for his place, but something happened. What happened? Romans 8 tells us of a groan, a constant groan,—the whole creation groaning. When did this begin? It began when the earth was cursed, and for the same reason. It began when the sceptre fell from Adam's hand: the whole creation fell at the same time. The animals were not consulted, but they fell, and they groaned. Is this condition to last? No. What will be the cure? Read Psalm 8: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; and hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and

oxen, yea and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea."

Here is a scripture that has both a backward and a forward look. It looks back to Genesis 1, but it looks forward to the Millennium. For the forward look read at Hebrews 2:5-9: "We see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man." You see the 8th Psalm is quoted here and the 8th Psalm looks back to Adam,—to Adam who was the type of Christ; but it looks on to the Lord Jesus Christ's reign, and here we see that under the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ everything is put, just as in Genesis they were under Adam. But the believer says, "We do not yet see all things put under Him." That is what will be, but we see the creation still groaning. We see the eagle, the vulture and the hawk preying upon their feebler fellows. Things are not just as God would have them yet, but what do we see? We see Jesus crowned with glory and honor, the One Who tasted death for every purpose. That means He tasted death for men, of course, but it takes in everything,—the Millennial glory, the reconstruction of the earth, "the restitution of all things." For this Christ died.

When the Lord Jesus Christ was in the earth He showed competence to rule. After His baptism, at the beginning of His public ministry, He was with the wild beasts in the wilderness. He was there without a staff or other weapon in His hand. He it was that was with Daniel in the den of lions and controlled those beasts. They were just as harmless as kittens,—not that their nature was changed, but He was there to control them. Man has still a certain mastery of things on the face of the earth, though he has not much mastery of the things in the sea. Beyond getting them for food they are almost out of his reach. But when those that collected the tribute money came to Peter and said, "Does your Master pay the didrachma?" and Peter answered, "Yes"; in spite of the fact that He was a Son over His own house and needed not that which others needed for redemption, yet He said: "Lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened its mouth, thou shalt find a stater (two didrachmas):

that take and give unto them for Me and thee." Here speaks the Lord of creation. He could command the wind and the waves and the fishes of the sea, for He was the Creator and Lord of Creation.

But you might say, "Why did He not step right in then when He was on the earth and control all this?" Ah, there was something very necessary that had to be done first. What about sin, and God's honor? In order that sin might be atoned for, in order that God's righteous character might be vindicated, before He will take the scepter into His hand, the Lord of creation, the One Whom the winds and the seas and the denizens of the deep obey, that One must go to the Cross and provide a righteous basis upon which to make it possible. Men might say, "Oh, is that needful?" "Yes," says the Lord Jesus, "I must taste death for everything, if man is to be released, and even the beasts are to be brought from under the bondage of sin."

Now turn to Isaiah, 11:1-9: "And there shall come forth a Rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him . . . righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins, and faithfulness the girdle of His reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them . . . and the lion shall eat straw like the ox . . . they shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea . . . and His rest shall be glorious." I wonder what some of our scientific men would say if we avowed in their presence our belief in this passage? "Do you believe that the lion will eat straw like the ox? that its carnivorous nature will be changed?" Yes. "Why?" Because God says it. "And do you believe that the cubs of the lion will play with the calf?" Yes. "Why?" Because God says it. They shall not hurt nor destroy. "Why?" Because the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. *This is the Millennium.* Some men think that the Millennium is to come as the result of wise legislation, and others tell us that the Millennium came in 1874. Well let them test it by taking a lion and putting it with a calf.

The beginning of that chapter tells us of the revelation of

the Lord Jesus Christ and the Spirit's sevenfold manifestation through Him. "The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him: the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of Counsel and might, the Spirit of Knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." Do you not see by this the opening words of this 11th chapter of Isaiah that He is fit for the work. Adam was of such a nature, but he fell. On the other hand, the moment the Lord Jesus Christ takes His sceptre, there is order in the scene from end to end. The nightmare of sin is passed, and now the earth has a competent Head, and even the brute kingdom knows it. The dumb animals know it, and all conditions are new on the face of the earth.

(Continued D. V.)



The Transfiguration

(Matthew 16:21, 17:13; II Peter 1:12-21)

James Melrose

(Continued from July number)

The Cross (be it noted) is not only the highest expression of the love of God, and of His wisdom in finding a way of escape for men from the due reward of their deeds—it is also the answer of man to God's holy requirements, and the proof that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," and the natural "heart is deceitful above all things and incurably wicked." (Rom. 8:7, Jer. 17:9).

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," cries the Apostle Paul. In that, there is no offense, and many can place an "Amen" here and claim that as a license to live unto themselves and to the world and do as they please with impunity. But the Spirit of God in the Apostle continues "whereby the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." Here is the place for our "Amen," and the place of offense. The "offense of the Cross" will *never* cease, and the first utterance of the "preaching of the cross" by our Lord, Himself, produced the same result, as we find that offense expressed by the mouth of the Apostle Peter in Matt. 16:22: "Be it far from thee, Lord. This shall not be unto thee." No doubt, Peter did but speak the mind of all the disciples. He spoke, too, out of a loving, loyal, and devoted heart. Why should his beloved Lord, "who went about

doing good," suffer? Why should He who had raised the dead, Himself die? To the natural mind, it was unjust, unfair, and to the natural heart, unkind, stirring up bitter resentment.

"To thine own heart be true" may seem to be a commendable maxim, but it will not suffice for the "Man of God," who knows his heart to be deceitful above all things" and so wicked as to be despaired of. Nor will a natural sense of justice be sufficient, wherewith to interpret God's way with a world that is dependent upon grace and mercy. Our Lord's censure of Peter's rebuke was scathing. "Get thee behind me, Satan. Thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." To a superficial critic, it might seem to be more cutting that did befit the occasion. It took no cognizance of the kindly intentions that prompted Peter's words. With marvellous discernment, the Lord saw that Satan, himself, had laid hold of the very finest and best elements in Peter's nature and used them to challenge the "preaching of the cross," as foolishness. Peter had unwittingly called in question the wisdom, justice and love of God!—with just such reasoning as ungodly sceptics use today against the doctrine of substitutionary atonement, branding it as unjust and unkind.

Like Uzza, in King David's day, he had put forth his hand (so to speak) to steady the ark—to correct the Son of God and was not smitten to death, as Uzza was, only because by Moses came the law, but by Jesus Christ came *Grace* as well as truth.

Let us beware lest we, too, sometimes, thinking to be kind, considerate, tolerant and gracious, be found to be but tools and mouthpieces of the Devil. Poor Peter! We often refer to him thus. But I think he is a magnificent Peter—errors notwithstanding—and always reminds me of the poet's lines:

Oh, a wondrous thing is prudence,
And they are useful friends
Who are chary of beginnings
Until they see the ends;
But give us now and then, the man,
That we may crown him king,
Whose Justice scorns the consequence
That he may do the thing.

I could wish to have some of his high spirit. Like a high-spirited thoroughbred, he needed a curb-rein, at times—and the

Lord knew just how and when to apply it. An old "plug" needs no curb—though it may need a whip or kind word at times—but just jogs along. I fear too many of us (the writer included) are too often just like that.

Perhaps some one may remind us that Peter cursed and swore and lied and denied his Lord. All that is sadly true. But let us not forget that he swung a courageous (if mistaken), blade in Gethsemane, and followed when others fled. And, if, at last, he fell before Satan's onslaught—who desired to sift him as wheat;

Judge not. The workings of his brain
And heart thou canst not know.
What seems to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light, may only be,
A scar brought from some well-fought field,
Where *thou* wouldst only faint and *yield*.

But not only does the Lord here proclaim the cross as imminent for Himself, but after rebuking Peter's comment, "Then said Jesus unto His disciples, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.'" There is a cross for his followers, as well as for Himself.

This picture of the present is by no means attractive. A long procession of cross-bearers, following a leader wearing a crown (but of thorns) and bearing not a sceptre but, a cross! That is not a picture, mark you, of Passion Week, but of this day of Gospel testimony! How can it be otherwise? To the World, the children of God are prophets of gloom and birds of ill omen; as we "testify of it" as did our Lord, "That the works thereof are evil," as we reiterate His own words, "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out." A gloomy prophecy, indeed; that the world is not under probation, but under condemnation, and its prince cast out. The World's answer to such a witness can only be and will always be, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live!"

Micaiah, the lone prophet of unpleasant truth before Jehoshaphat in Samaria, was rewarded by being smitten on the cheek by Zedekiah, who said with a sneer, "Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from me to speak unto thee?" (1 Kings 22:24). Our blessed Lord was smitten on the cheek in re-

sponse to His testimony, and the High Priest of Israel commanded that the Apostle Paul be smitten on the mouth for declaring that he had "lived in all good conscience before God until this day."

Let there be no mistake about it; the path to eternal glory is a pathway of ostracism, shame, contempt, sorrow, and tears, as was the path of the Man of Sorrows, who leads the way. The world desires no such dolorous doctrine.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone;
For this sad earth must borrow its mirth,
But it has enough care of its own."

But it is better to weep today, with joy coming in the morning, when God shall wipe away all tears, than to laugh today and to weep and gnash the teeth throughout an endless eternity.

As the late Alexander Stewart has so quaintly expressed it, "It is as true as when the words were written that, 'through much tribulation, we must enter into the Kingdom of God' (Acts 14:22). Purgatory, as a doctrine is all right; only, those who hold it, put it a stage too far on. As certainly as you are a child of God, you have been in purgatory ever since you believed the Gospel. But, thank God, that is all the purgatory that a believer will ever be in. It is certain that to come to the Lord Jesus Christ and to be saved, is to enter into trouble."

The Apostle Paul, in Romans 5:3, says, "We glory in tribulation also," and in the Philippian Epistle, declares it to be his highest ambition not only "to know Him and the power of His resurrection," but also to be honored with the "fellowship of His sufferings."

I fancy I hear some one say, "What sort of a gloomy funeral scene is this that the writer is depicting?—A procession of cross-bearers, sufferings, sorrow, tribulations!" But *this* is the gospel as first promulgated by our blessed Lord and passed on by Apostles and prophets. True, not *all* of the gospel.

(Continued D. V.)



We often feel very well satisfied with ourselves when we add prayer to our arrangement, or when we have used all lawful means, and called upon God to bless them. When this is the case, our prayers are worth about as much as our plans.

The Work of God

(Continued from July number)

"NOW THE GOD OF PEACE THAT BROUGHT AGAIN FROM THE DEAD OUR LORD JESUS, THAT GREAT SHEPHERD OF THE SHEEP, THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT, MAKE YOU PERFECT." HEB. 13:20.

1. Look at this aspect of Christ as the Great Shepherd of the sheep.

How many are the elements of His greatness! He is a divine Shepherd. He is a royal Shepherd—with a crook in His hand, He wears a crown on His head; and unlike other shepherds, who in the East dwell in tents, and here in the lowly cottages of lonely glens, His home is a palace, and His servants are the angels of heaven.

Think on the number of teachers, preachers, pastors, ministers, who throughout all the countries and climes of earth, are feeding His flocks; and how many are the shepherds He has under Him. Indeed, those who bear the greatest names in His church are, though leaders, but part of the flock; He Himself being the only Shepherd, Bishop, and Overseer of souls. He said, I have other sheep that are not of this fold; and think of the numbers of His flock scattered in all regions of the world! When the great day gathers them together, the earth has no plain spacious enough to hold that flock—the ransomed multitude which no man can number. Well, therefore, may he be called the Great Shepherd.

Nor here, as sometimes happens among men, is greatness separated from that goodness which is the best property of the two. We would rather be good than great. But both properties, infinite in measure, meet in Christ. Paul calls him the Great, but He calls Himself the Good Shepherd. He says, "I am the Good Shepherd." How worthy of the title! How tender He is to weak and feeble Christians! He gathers the lambs in His arms and carries them in His bosom; and gently leads those that are with young. His sheep are not reared for the butcher's knife. They are not given over to hirelings; but He, placing Himself at their head leads them forth to green pastures and by still waters. Making such full provision for His people that they can sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," He sets such high value on His flock, that if even one should stray and be "ready to perish," He seeks the

wanderer till it is found. Home, if I may say so, has no delights for Jesus till He find the lost one; and returns with it on His shoulders, to call on angels and saints to rejoice with Him that the lost is found. The Good Shepherd, in these aspects of His character, Jesus is especially and emphatically; so in this, that He laid down His life for the sheep. He made His soul an offering for sin, suffering and dying for us; and therefore the voice of God in that mysterious call, "Awake, O sword, against My shepherd, against the Man that is my fellow; and smite the shepherd." With heaven looking on in wondering silence, the sword of justice is unsheathed. Once before, when it emptied many a throne in heaven, the angels had seen it flash, and their fallen compeers, shrieking from its wounds, rush headlong down to hell, like the herd into the depths of Galilee. But now Justice sheathed that glittering sword in the bosom of the Sinless One. He falls; He groans; He dies—the Just for the unjust. "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed." And gathering now in wonder, and sorrow, can we think of the dignity of the Sufferer, and the greatness of the ransom, of the pangs that rent His body, and of the sorrows that wrung His heart without exclaiming,—How great was Thy mercy toward me; how great should be my gratitude and love to Thee! "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

2. Let us glance at Paul's prayer.

"The God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you *perfect* in every good work to do His will; working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen." Make you perfect! Could I express for you a better wish, or could you aim at a better object? It is a high, but, thank God, not a hopeless aim. What though, when you would rise, you feel the world and the flesh binding you down as by chains of iron and affliction? No chains are too strong for Him, who, bringing Jesus from the dead, burst the fetters of the tomb? If God, in the person of His beloved Son, has set a Man on the throne of the great universe — exalting Him high above angels and archangels,

seraphim and cherubim, principalities and powers, is He not able to raise us to humbler thrones? Is not that which He has done for our Surety a most sure and glorious pledge of what He shall do for His people? Where the head is, all the members, the humblest of them, one day shall be. Even the oil of frankincense and myrrh and cassia, which was poured on the high priest's head, descended in fragrant streams to the very skirts of his garments—the parts that swept the dust, so shall the grace that was poured on Christ without measure, descend to sanctify and gladden the meanest of His people. Imbued with His Spirit, and sanctified by His grace, all who belong to Him shall be at length and at last made meet for heaven; and brought to it as certainly as at the great exodus everything that pertained to Israel was brought out of Egypt! "Not a hoof was left behind."

I know that we are not perfect yet; far from it! In our imitation of Christ, how unlike is the fairest copy to the great original! Still there is no ground for despair. Perfect obedience to the will of God, perfect harmony to the mind and perfect conformity to the image of God, are within the bond, sealed with blood; and also in the prayer, "I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am." Let not your souls, therefore, be cast down by past failures. Rise to renew your attempts, saying with David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why is my spirit disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Yes, Hope in God! Who loses hope, loses the battle. Let perfection always be your aim—nothing below it. Seeking strength from on high, rise from your knees to try it again, and again, and again; and you will find that every true, earnest, prayerful effort raises you higher, and still higher, on the Rock of Ages. Work on; press on; fight on. Do the best you can! live the best you can; get all the good you can; do all the good you can; do it at all times you can; do it to all men you can; do it in all the ways you can. And God working in you by His Spirit, both to will and to do of His good pleasure, you shall rise step by step, onward and upward, till, mounting as on eagle's wings, you arrive at the gates of glory, and in you a perfect heaven receives a perfect saint. —T. G.

Modern Science and Christianity*Prof. F. Bettex*Translated from the German by
Edmund K. Simpson, M. A. Oxon

(Continued from July number)

TRUE PROGRESS OR NOT?

Seeing that the earth courses in ceaseless flight round the sun, and the sun with it through space, whither, we ask next, does this unending voyage tend? People who have lived fifty years on our globe are already more than two thousand millions of miles distant from the spot where they first saw the light. That is the vast expedition of which all terrestrial journeys are but a faint image, and like all actualities full of meaning and import; yet its goal is totally shrouded from our view. Is our sun, in company with other suns, or alone, along with its decrepit planets that slowly ossify and fall into one another, also sinking in giant curves into outer darkness, where, as in Dante's *Inferno*, all things are numbed with cold; to a universe framed in everlasting ice? Or does it wander on and on lost in infinity without an end, never nearer, never farther off than when God created it? Or does it soar like an eagle in ever-expanding circles through the solar clusters, past incandescent stellar nebulae, thither where perfect and still more perfect vitality and ever mightier forces pulsate? We do not know. The paths of suns are a theme too vast for earthborn minds.

The destinies of history, in its ceaseless progression, are no less concealed from our gaze. We know indeed that in the beginning God made the heavens and the earth, and that in the end He will be all in all. But we do not understand the law by which empires rise and set in endless series; why nations are constantly being born and becoming extinct: nor why the history of the world revolves in mysterious circles round Jerusalem, the centre of the earth; moving from Egypt to Assyria, then towards Syria and Palestine, and later centering in Greece, Rome and Carthage; why it stretches out in modern times eccentrically to Germany, England and France; yet soon, if all signs of the times do not deceive us, to revert again to the east, disregarding, in unison with the Biblical outline, whole continents such as America, Australia and China,

as if in this respect insignificant. Why does the intellectual activity of the race congregate and crowd round certain centres (like Berlin, London and Paris), complaining all the while of over-crowded populations, though there are countries lying fallow and either wholly or largely depopulated, which once (e. g. Mesopotamia, Assyria, Syria, Egypt, North Africa) formed some of the richest, most populous and prolific tracts of the earth? In former times, if a country became too closely packed, thousands moved onward under the conduct of some intrepid chieftain, and laid the foundation of a new home. Where is the leader to be found to-day who will bid the stagnated elements, the idlers and proletariat of a nation, or like Eric the Red its discharged criminals, follow him, to seek an open space on the wide surface of the globe, and to be a nation in their own native vigour? We lack the requisite energy and fortitude, and have an excellent knack of palliating our weakness under the convenient phraseology of "other times," "altered circumstances," "political difficulties," "want of capital," and what not. Were all these conditions at the command of former adventurers?

Wherefore is it that primitive tribes sicken and pine irremediably away, consumed, as it were, by some invisible bacillus, vanishing from the lands which are touched by the "civilization of Christendom"? This is happening to North American Indians, the Australian and Tasmanian aborigines, the Maoris of New Zealand, and will one day befall the negro tribes of Africa. Of none of these facts can we give the reason!

II.—QUESTIONABLE PROGRESS.

Who is to decide whether all this is a sign of progression, retrogression, or a stationary condition of humanity? We are perfectly aware that the votaries of "advancement" are incessantly announcing with superfluous ostentation that we are greater, cleverer and more enlightened—they dare not say, "happier"—than any of our ancestors; and thousands of people applaud the dictum who know almost nothing of history, and are therefore incapable of forming any correct judgment of it. But every century, since man has been on the earth, has advanced a like claim, in virtue of the moral perspective which images objects in our immediate vicinity as great, and things at

a distance as small. Many better instructed minds, on the contrary, have a presentiment that we are not making any genuine progress at all. With all our railroads, telegraphs, and joint-stock companies, repeating rifles and torpedo-boats, and in spite of them all, prosperity, happiness and peace have not inaugurated their reign over mankind, nor is there any prospect of their doing so in the near future. With all the boasted advance of political science and administrative talent, theology and jurisprudence, the tide of socialism and anarchism still mounts, till it threatens to engulf society; thrones and religions, beliefs and laws, are rocking; malefactors and wastrels multiply, and defy God and man! Medicine is interminably chanting paeans over new "triumphs"; and new "departures" in the theory of education are continually being paraded; yet at the same instant we hear general lamentations over the growth of nervous and cerebral derangements, short-sightedness and anaemia; the unintermitted decrease in the duration of life and capacity of physical endurance, together with the increasing insubordination and callousness of the young. The number of juvenile offenders in Germany rose in ten years from thirty to seventy-four thousand, according to Dr. Felisch. We find in this so-called "century of humanity" more and more fatal weapons, veritable instruments of torture, in process of construction; so that in the next "inevitable struggle for empire" not merely some hundred thousands, but millions, will exterminate one another: in which case military experts warn us that the nursing of the countless roll of wounded combatants will be a sheer impossibility. In short, discontent and lawbreaking, swindling and cheating are on the increase; hysteria, insanity, and, above all, suicide, are multiplying in an alarming ratio in this age of alleged "emancipation from palsying superstition," and of the onward march of humanity in the path of illumination and progress under the full noontide blaze of science. What a contradiction in terms!

As far as we can discover, the Egyptians and Aryans of four thousand years ago were as healthy, if not healthier, as dexterous and sagacious as we are; like us, they were rich or poor, happy or unhappy, devout or godless, as the case might be; logical in discourse, prudent in counsel, brave in action; had their tastes in food and drink, their handsome houses and appropriate garb, their intelligent legislation, education and

moral principles; they bought and sold, planted and builded, wooed or were wooed, hated and loved, lived and died as we do. When we read the earliest documents descriptive of the doings of the men of those days, we echo the exclamation of the Frenchman who cried, "*Tout comme chez nous!*" ("All just like ourselves".)

The truth is, man in every age is still man. The Egyptian mother four thousand years since loved her little lad and was no less proud of him than the most aristocratic lady or humblest working-man's wife of today. Then as now, young people were active, athletic and high-spirited, and the old garrulous, grave, or morose; then as now, lovers such as Sappho, Tibullus or Propertius, wrote sentimental stanzas to the object of their attachment. There were epicures and egotists, lofty and commonplace characters, the shrewd and the superficial, men of genius and dunces, entertaining people and withal bores in those days. Doubtless, they ate garum; we take caviare:; they drank Cyprian; we drink Champagne: they dwelt in old, we live in modern villas: men today frequent the theatre and Stock exchange, they haunted the circus and forum. But of what significance are the respective fashions in dress, or the degree in which they stood in awe of their parents, as we of our spouses? Solomon is our voucher that "there is nothing new under the sun. That which hath been, it shall be hereafter; that which is done is that which shall be done again." The springs of action remain identical, and even the outside is not so very much altered. Old fashions re-appear. The Egyptians, too, had elegant cane-chairs, bathing appointments that would not disgrace the most elaborate modern mansion, parasols and fishing-rods, delicately carved chessmen and settees; and ladies at their afternoon calls even then took dainty sips out of "fancy" cups, and, as we learn from their mural paintings, displayed their finger and ear-rings with a satisfaction slightly tinged with envy.

We may see in the bodily structure, a mirror and copy of the life of the soul, that the human family has never really changed. The oldest skulls known to us, those of the "Stone Age," as it is styled, look like our own; indeed, the noblest of these, as gauged by dimension and facial angle, might be taken for those of any modern savants, while the inferior specimens resemble the present Papuans and bushmen. The statues of

Greece, moreover, exhibit a perfection and harmony of form no longer to be met with in ordinary cases; and the recorded feats of knights and squires betoken bodily strength and adroitness such as could compete advantageously with ours.

In the matter of civilization, it is a great mistake to compare the earlier circumstances of German, Gaul or Anglo-Saxon with their modern civilization. It would be quite as reasonable to set the palaces of Egypt side by side with the wretched tents of present-day Mongols or of negroes. At this moment there are plenty of savages in Africa, New Zealand, and Australia co-existent with modern culture. So from the first, the most dissimilar stages of refinement were not successive, but synchronous. For centuries before the Helvetii housed themselves in those lake-dwellings which survived in Europe till 750 or 1000 A.D., mighty civilizations were at their zenith in the palaces of Thebes, Memphis, Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre and Carthage, such as would find no cause to be abashed in presence of our own, and, indeed, far excelled ours in point of sumptuous munificence.

(Continued D. V.)



“From the Power of Satan to God”
The Remarkable Conversion of H. Merton Smith;
J. R. Caldwell

The subject of the following narrative received in his early years a good general education, specially with a view to a commercial life. He spent some years on the Continent, and whilst quite a young man could speak fluently several modern languages.

Full of life and vigour, with iron muscles and a robust constitution, he was foremost in nearly every athletic sport. Just one who might be used as a tool of Satan to work tremendous mischief, or by God to accomplish a mighty work for good.

Away from home influence, he soon cast off all acknowledgment of God, professed to be a thorough sceptic, ridiculed the Bible, and scoffed at Christ as the Son of God. What could consist with such a state of mind but an utterly foolish and sinful life?

Drinking, gambling, swearing, and general ungodliness made up the current of his life. Over and over again an affectionate

father expostulated with him, helped him out of difficulties, sought to restore him to a more honourable manner of life—but all in vain; until at last he was supplied with a sum sufficient to land him in America comfortably, where it was hoped he would amend his ways.

On the passage out, his gambling propensities found ample scope. What money he had he soon lost, and he landed in the United States almost penniless. To quote his own words, “sent adrift by the ‘world,’ branded by society, cast away by those whom I had so readily served, my head bowed with shame, consumed by two dreadful appetites—drinking and gambling, the words of my own father ringing day and night in my ears—‘I never wish to see you again as you are now,’ not a single soul among all these fourteen hundred million inhabitants of this earth that I could call my friend, scorned by the world, racked by the flesh, laughed at by the devil—Jesus of Nazareth gently pled with me, ‘Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.’

“While all else despised me, and even the stones seemed to cry out against me, His pleading voice made itself heard. Hounded on every side, with fluttering, half-doubting heart I stepped in through the gate opened on Calvary, and found peace, joy, freedom, God!”

But before this blessed experience was reached pride had to be broken, the stubborn will subdued, and conscience aroused to own the claims of God.

Marvellous is the grace, the patience, the skill with which God works out the purposes of His love. When He works, it is effectual. He never fails to accomplish His end, or to finish the work He begins.

HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

“Let me tell you how it was that I found my God. Passing over the dark events that occurred just before my conversion, simply stating that they were of such a nature as to alienate all sympathy from me, and to leave me friendless, homeless, and penniless, with a sense of utter degradation in my breast, I will endeavour to give you as accurately as possible the state of my mind, and what happened just previous to and immediately after my conversion.

For over a year I had been aware that ‘drink’ was getting the better of me. I had long known that I was a gambler,

but the knowledge that I was a poor, miserable drunkard had not come to me till within the previous twelve months.

Thus, little by little, and almost insensibly, sin acquires power over its victim. "He that committeth sin is the servant (or slave) of sin."

I had suspected it some time before, when I first went to America, but nine months' later almost total abstinence had raised my conceit and pride once again, and militated towards my complete and final overthrow.

Efforts at self-reformation without Christ may thus succeed for a time, but they cannot last long, sin and Satan are too strong; and if they do apparently succeed, and the chain of one great lust seems broken, it is sure to be replaced by another, and oftener than any other, that subtle coil of Satan—self-righteousness.

I cannot describe to you my despair when the conviction settled on me, nor will I weary you with my efforts to rid myself of the fearful bondage. Each effort brought failure, and, so to speak, a fresh loss of honour and self-respect.

Finally, I landed in Chicago, with \$4.50 in my pocket, an outcast, ruined in reputation and in health.

Unknown to myself, I was entering the desert where I should, so to speak, find myself alone.

My first act in Chicago was, as had been my custom in every other place, to take a drink, after which I sat down, and, with the paper before me, commenced my first attempt in many, many months to realise my position.

Hitherto I had been drifting just as the wind blew, and so long as I got drink I needed nothing else. I had, indeed, drifted so long that it seemed a hopeless task to regain my course that morning as I sat down to take a 'reckoning.'

The sky was overcast, not a single blink of sunshine. At night, the stars were hid. For weeks no log had been kept, so, as I endeavoured to make out a course, the figures became blurred and dim, and finally overcome with the futility of my endeavour, I roused myself—and drank again! I then went out and secured a room for myself for one night at the cost of 25c, and started off to look for work. The weather was exceedingly cold, and I soon got discouraged and gave up, and going into a billiard-room I strove to forget my troubles in a game. I had good luck at first, playing only for drink and cigars; but a run of bad luck came, and soon every cent in my possession was gone. This brought me to the end of my rope, and I went to my room to bed well filled up with drink, and

therefore thinking nothing of the morrow. But to-morrow has to come, and my morrow came with its miseries and its pangs of keen hunger.

No one will deny that there are "the pleasures of sin." But then there comes after the sin, that inevitable sting, so remorseless, so hard to bear—the presage of coming judgment and wrath!

First one thing went for food, then another, until finally my overcoat had to go. You never experienced what it is to walk about without an overcoat with the thermometer 20 degrees below zero! I had been trying to get work, offering to do anything for any kind of remuneration. I offered my services at a theatre, but they only laughed at me. Now it was becoming serious with me. Night was approaching. I had no place to sleep. It was my *First Day* without food, for not a bite of food had passed my lips since the previous evening. My bones were sore from the cold. Ah! my friend, as I turned away from that theatre door and walked down the lane to the brightly-lighted street, the thoughts of my heart were fearful! too awful to pen! A little further on a young man accosted me, begging for 10 cents to get a bed. I turned away with a curse, and seemed to hear a hollow laugh behind me. Was it Satan, think you, or merely the poor starved boy I had cursed? I walked on, and, by-and-by, searching in my pockets for something that would get me some money, I found a little fruit-knife given me years before by a friend. I had a terrible struggle to part with it; pride held out for a long time, but, oh, it was so cold that at last I ventured into a dingy den kept by an old Polish Jew, who gave me, after a hard struggle, 20 cents—just enough to pay again for my room. How happy I was! It seemed as if my troubles were over as I crawled into my bed. Being very tired I soon fell asleep, but ere an hour had elapsed a strong sense of hunger awoke me, and I lay tossing till morning. Alone with my past life and present troubles!

Next morning I was up early—*Second Day*. No breakfast. I slaked my feverish thirst with water, and then set out in search of work. No use; everywhere I went they looked at me and laughed, and said they had nothing. Night came: where shall I sleep? Midnight: still wandering about. 2 a.m.: almost perished with cold and hunger. At last, after a terrible struggle with pride, I addressed a policeman, and asked him where a man who was 'dead broke' could get in out of the

cold? He eyed me severely, and then told me to go to the station-house, where the officer in charge would arrange for me. There was no help for it. I was nearly freezing to death; so I went to the station-house, and was allowed to sleep on a bench in the court-room till morning.

Third day.—No breakfast. The pangs of hunger had gone, leaving a burning thirst which had to be constantly slaked by lake water. No dinner—no supper. Station-house again as a refuge at night.

Fourth Day.—Still no breakfast—no dinner—no supper—no work; everything a blank! I had ceased thinking, and was simply drifting aimlessly about; in fact, during the latter part of the day, I had given up looking for work. Night came, and again I sought the station-house. The lieutenant in charge grumbled, but finally told me he would take me in that night, but no more.

Fifth Day.—This morning the pangs of hunger returned and it seemed as though I would have to give in. Again I looked through all my pockets, and finally in the lining of my coat, found the frame of a pair of gold spectacles, all rolled and twined together. Still, it was gold, and how I rejoiced over it. I got about a dollar for it, and this day I had breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed! The whole of the day was spent in a frantic endeavour to get work; but, as before, it seemed as if every door was shut in my face, and night found me without a cent in my pocket. As I laid my head on my pillow that night, the thoughts that had been gradually forming themselves in my mind took definite shape. They were as follows:—‘The world owes me a living, and I must have it; honestly, if possible, but if not, *anyhow!*’ I was on the verge of becoming a criminal; the process of mind-action had begun! What was there in me to stop it? My hand was turning against my fellow-man; what principle was there within to sustain me at this crisis? Oh, how I can sympathise with what we call the ‘lapsed masses!’ I have personally experienced the transition state.

So the *Sixth Day* dawned with hideous possibilities crowding on my mind. No breakfast—no dinner—no supper. Evening came, then night. I stood it as long as possible, and then returned to the station-house, notwithstanding the warning the lieutenant had previously given me. To my great relief a new

face sat behind the bar, and as I told my story he pointed to the old and now cherished court-room, and told me to make myself as comfortable there as I possibly could.

Seventh Day.—No breakfast—no dinner—no supper; the weather colder than ever! Oh! my heart seemed to grow harder and harder as hunger pressed me.

It is a solemn fact, that suffering rarely tends to soften the heart of man. In the book of Revelation, chap. 16, verse 10, it is written that a time will come when men will gnaw their tongues for the pains that will be inflicted in the day of Jehovah's wrath, and yet in the following verse we are told that instead of being softened by sufferings, "they blasphemed the God of Heaven." It is only the gracious operations of the Spirit of God that can produce true contrition. Nevertheless, these sufferings have their appointed place in producing a sense of emptiness and need, and a craving for something that will satisfy.

My feet were bleeding from so much walking, and from time to time I had to sit down, sitting only a few moments, when the cold would force me to move on. To crown all, a burning fever had come on, and it seemed truly as if the end would soon be. I had no thoughts of God, no fear of death—just a burning shame for a mis-spent life.

That "burning shame!" Oh, how solemn. In Daniel 12:2, we are told that there will be a resurrection "to shame and everlasting contempt." To the lost, what must be the bitter agony of this eternal sense of shame! And what the horror of being the subjects of the everlasting contempt of all holy beings.

As I walked up to the station-house steps that night my heart misgave me. I feared to be turned off again—out into the cold; but the lieutenant simply beckoned me to the now well-known door. How quickly one becomes acquainted, and, so to speak, domiciled when in misery! Already I had grown to like the old court-room. As I lay awake vivid pictures of the scenes daily enacted within its walls forced themselves upon me, broken only by the shrill voice of some drunken woman just brought in, and the deep muttered oaths of the disturbed 'jail birds' in the cells below.

Eighth Day.—Memorable for several good reasons. It was my third day without food. The snow fell all day, and at night the thermometer sank to nearly 22 degrees below zero; and, finally, I was refused admittance to the station-house, and had to walk about the streets till past three in the morning! Between eleven and twelve at night, I went to the station, but was refused admission. It seemed as though Satan had conspired to kill me! Oh! what temptations came to me that

night. It seemed to me that I must succumb, and what is strange is, that the more I suffered the stronger I rebelled against trying to cheat anyone, or in a dishonest way endeavouring to prolong my life. That night the project of asking my fellow-man for assistance came to my mind, but pride dismissed it at once.

It is astonishing how pride will survive such crushing at the hand of God and man! It is a noxious, deep-rooted weed in the human heart. One of the special purposes of God in afflicting the children of men is expressed in that wonderful chapter, Job 33:17, "That He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." The stout-hearted are "far from righteousness."

About 3 a.m. I went to the station-house again, and pled to be let in. The man in charge took pity on me. I was half-dazed with cold, hunger, and fatigue, and staggered probably as if drunk; but for *eight days* I had not tasted a drop of stimulant of any kind. No one asked me how I was situated. My features were pinched from starvation, but it was, doubtless, a common sight to them (although in all my work among the 'lapsed masses' since, I have met but few actual cases of starvation); anyhow, no one questioned me, and such was my frame of mind that, had anyone done so, I would probably have resented it.

Ninth Day—No breakfast—no dinner—no supper. Fourth day without food. Temperature somewhat warmer. Spent the time during the forenoon in wondering, in an aimless kind of way, where my dinner was going to come from; and the afternoon, where I should get my supper. I was getting very weak—*water* being the only thing I could get. It was now Friday night. Still no work in prospect, and my anxiety was mainly as to what I should do over Sunday. In my mind I seemed to have settled the impossibility of carrying on over Sunday, and had decided that on the morrow (Saturday) *something* would have to be done. Meanwhile night was drawing on, and it behoved me to seek a lodging. The old court-room was out of the question, so I began to seek elsewhere. During this walk I passed two missions—heard them singing the Gospel hymns. Strange, *not a thought* came into my mind of trying Christian charity. I remember one of the missions was next door to a low theatre, and, to my mind, there seemed nothing incongruous. I did not know that it was planted there by warm hearts, looking for just such waifs as I was. I passed them by without a second thought. Strange that I

should have got so completely away from all faith in Christianity; but so it was. God, however, meant to assert Himself that night, and forced me to give heed. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I suddenly resolved to leave the city. Surely I would find work in the country, and so I started, travelling north. I had not gone over a couple of miles, when I became conscious that a policeman was following me. I had learned to know what *that* meant. Night after night as I lay in the court-room, men had been brought in who had been caught out late, and who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves. These were 'housed' till morning, when they were brought up on a charge of 'vagrancy,' and sent to work out a term in Bridewell. With this knowledge, therefore, I determined to 'take the bull by the horns,' and turned and faced the policeman, stating in a few words the nature of my case, and my disinclination to lodge with the 'tramps' at the station-house. I asked him what could be done for me. He was a good-natured fellow, and replied that if I would go along with him, he would see what could be done. As we turned to ascend the steps leading into the station-house, he halted, and in a half-serious manner, pointing across the street, said, 'You're *broke*; why don't you join them fellows, they're never broke?' I glanced half-heartedly across the way, and read, by the glare of the street lamp, 'Salvation Army Barracks. God saves sinners.' It was the first time in my wanderings that I had been brought face to face with God. The shot went home. And from that moment I came under conviction of sin. Sin, not against my fellow-man, not against myself, not against my family nor my friends (of that I had long been convicted), but *sin against God!* During my school-days I had always been among the first in 'Bible knowledge,' and that night as I lay alone in the station-house much that had remained dormant in my memory came to life again; but, above all, one passage kept incessantly obtruding itself, as if urged to assert its truth—"I have been young and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread." Oh, how it kept ringing in my ears! and how all *my* experience kept testifying to its truth. How the lives of my old school and business friends kept bringing their testimony into line, until, finally, it became useless to deny that, in so far as my experience and knowledge of this life went, the truth of that passage was abundantly demonstrated.

Tenth Day.—What a night! I was glad when morning came, so that I could again get on the move—it seemed I must get away from my thoughts or I would go mad! Was it possible that I, who had so often defied God, would have to *face* Him? No, no; all foolish superstition! But, as often as I would push the thought aside, just so often it would reassert itself. The combat raged so fiercely within, that it was late in the afternoon before I came back to a realization of my present condition. It was now nearly five days since I had tasted solid food; nothing but water had passed my lips, and for four days I had had nothing to smoke. It was Saturday afternoon. What should I do? I must *ask* assistance. What a struggle! I did not know *how* to beg. I stopped two or three men, but my courage failed, and I asked them simply where such and such a street might be found? At last, in despair, I had almost determined to lie down in the street and give up, when suddenly my eye caught a sign, ‘Chicago Aid and Relief Society.’ If that meant any one in Chicago, it meant me; so with beating heart, I opened the door and went in. The man was just putting on his coat and hat to go home for the day; but the die was cast, and I held on to him, and told him how I was fixed. How simple it all seemed! What an absolute fool I had been to starve so long. Why, the man looked in my face in blank astonishment as I told him it was five days since I had tasted food. He at once gave me a letter to a family where I would get board and lodging for a week—never asked me a single question—wished me success in finding a job, and bid me go. You may be quite sure I found the way to my new home without further delay. As I drew near to the door carrying the address on my note for board and lodging, I heard a shrill voice singing, in broken English, ‘Oh! you must be a lover of the Lord,’ etc. Knocking loud enough to make myself heard, the door was opened by a pleasant-looking German woman, with two little fair-haired children clinging to her skirts. I presented my order, and she bid me welcome with a friendly smile. In a few moments her husband came in—he was a Scotchman—and we sat down to supper. Five solid days, of twenty-four hours each, lay betwixt this and my last meal. You can perhaps, imagine my feelings as the head of the table said *grace*! After supper was over, and I began to *thaw*, the Scotchman commenced talking to me on

various topics, and wound up by asking me if I would not go over to the 'army' with him. I felt so grateful for the meal just terminated, that I would have gone anywhere with him. So, away we went. As we got into the hall, it seemed as if we were entering a noisy beer-garden; but, as we made our way up towards the platform, things grew quieter. Gradually the noise became less, the faces grew less 'tough', until, finally, we came upon a group of women all kneeling in prayer in front of the platform, heedless of the insults hurled at them from the audience.

I will say nothing of that meeting. The 'Captain' and his wife both pled with me as if their hearts would break. A feeling of unutterable yearning came over me while they talked; but I pushed them away, and said 'No.'

On Monday I got work; not a fat job, but enough to keep body and soul together. Strange, after my experience, but as soon as I was able to pay my way again, my old pride of heart returned in double strength. I was thrown among people of little or no education, and, doubtless, my overbearing manner must have been intolerable to them. I soon recommenced my old ways — drinking, gambling, etc. My associates however, were all of the low and vulgar: vice was stripped of its gilding and it seemed as if soon it would be tinged with *crime*.

I grew unutterably weary; a strange longing for something brighter and purer would haunt me now and then. My only relief was to drown it in drink, and yet the dread of being thrown out of employment kept me within bounds. As regards religion, I believe I was more blasphemously defiant and insulting than ever. The German woman and her Scotch husband, with whom I boarded, had both recently been converted. My heart bleeds as I remember the fearful things I said to them.

God will yet bring conviction home to every sinner—not only of his ungodly deeds, but also of all the "hard speeches" which they have spoken against Christ. See Jude 15. Little do the ungodly consider that in speaking reproachfully and bitterly to or of a child of God, they are really speaking against Christ! "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of Mine eye." The Lord met Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, and His charge was, "Saul, Saul why persecutest thou Me?" That which is done against those who believe in Him, He reckons as done to Himself. He looks upon it as a **personal** matter.

My time was at hand however. One Saturday night, after supper, one of the boarders, a French Canadian, invited me to

go over to Mr. Moody's church with him, where he was at work on a model, and we could have a quiet chat and a warm room to sit in. I asked him if there was any meeting (I had never been inside a place of worship since that Saturday at the 'army'). He said, 'No; no one would disturb us,' so I consented and went. While he was working away at the model the janitor of the church, Turner by name, put his head in at the door. 'Turner, let me introduce you to my friend; he is a pretty clever fellow, but he says there is no God.' Turner did not throw up his arms in horror-struck astonishment, but quietly sat down, and commenced to probe me with the Word of God.

It would be well if more of the Lord's servants thus relied upon the power of the Word of God. It is "the Sword of the Spirit," and it is "living and effectual," and will not return unto God void if sent by Him. Little, comparatively, is accomplished for God by argument. Too often it affords inlet for the enemy, and leaves the conscience untouched.

It was not long before I mounted my war-horse and tilted all I knew how. Turner was not to be discouraged, however, and nothing I could say made him angry. (That was always my great score; make the professing Christian mad, and then laugh at him). Turner would not be made mad, but to all my arguments and reasonings simply replied, 'Well, you do seem to know a good deal, but there is *one* thing that *I* have got that *you* have not got.' 'What is that?' '*Peace.*' This was beyond all controversy, It is impossible for any man to have *peace* out of Christ if the Spirit of God is striving with him. Turner asked me back, and without pestering me, kept track of me. Finally I went to one of their prayer meetings, heard the testimony of those who had been redeemed from the curse of strong drink and other habits and vices, heard of the 'Love of God' who, 'while we were yet in our sins,' gave His Son to die for us, heard the many great and precious promises 'in Christ' held out to the sinner, and soon began to wish it were all true of me. How gently God dealt with me, how tenderly! Oh! how true God's word is, 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.' 'To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prisonhouse.'

I passed through the hands of nearly all the workers in Mr. Moody's church, but every one seemed to drop me after a vain effort to lead me into light. One of the elders in fact told me

that he proposed in the committee to have me excluded from the church, as I seemed only to come to the meetings in order to find some one to argue with. Turner, however, always had a bright word for me, and then, best of all, God never forsook me; night and day His Spirit strove with me, and, drunk or sober, I had no peace. Finally an Evangelist came along, and he held meetings for one week every night in the church. By this time I had got so that I attended every meeting that was held. That week I heard 'the Gospel' of God's love pure and simple; I heard the testimonies of Christ's witnesses, how that through the Incarnate Christ, and through Him alone, Jehovah could be found. 'Ho! every one 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). *There*, for the first time, I heard and understood the 'comes' of the Scriptures, and there my proud heart broke as God in His mercy revealed to my spiritual vision Jesus, His Son, bearing *my* sins! Jesus said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me,' and when I came to seek forgiveness from the Father, I soon found how profoundly true these words are. I shall never forget my 'spiritual birth,' nor the six months following, as the glorious vista of God's promise opened itself to my enraptured gaze!

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creation.' This is the matter-of-fact experience of thousands. With broken hearts and opened eyes and conscience set at rest in the presence of a Holy God by the "precious Blood of Christ," all things to them have become new. Dark and sad is the theory that conversion is a change which may take place without being known! There is no record in Scripture of conversion without joy and peace!

Everything became new to me. Oh! what wondrous revelations each day brought forth: and then what joys, as God in His mercy permitted me to become a 'fruit-bearing branch.' My friend, have you ever experienced the joy of leading a soul to a knowledge of Christ? If not, you do not know what joy is yet. Get down on your knees and ask God for Christ's sake to give you a hungering for souls, and then go out and *fish* for them. What is the good of trying to improve on that which God has given us? You never can improve away sin; it must be 'washed in the Blood.'

Some may think this young man's ministry was premature; but if, like the man who had been born blind in John 9, he only bore testimony to what he knew and did not go beyond the measure

of his own experience, then it was safe service, and doubtless owned by the Master. It is written of Saul, upon his conversion, that "straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues." He lost no time in preaching the faith which till then he had destroyed (Gal. 1:23).

Since the first day of my conversion I have been at work for my Master. God gave me a great hungering for the conversion of 'Israel,' and after allowing me to gain some experience in preaching on the street, opened the way for me in a remarkable manner, giving me a fine little mission-room in the very lowest part of the city, and, strange enough, in the very midst of a very large Jewish colony, mostly Polish Jews, orthodox and fanatical. There are five Jewish synagogues within a few blocks of my mission. Every night of the week, except Saturday I hold Gospel services there, with open doors, and if you could only see my congregation — Jews, Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Greeks, Negroes, Chinamen, Americans, English, Scotch, and Irish, Russians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Austrians, Swiss; every nationality and every religion that you can think of. I have counted thirty drunk men at one time in my mission. Yet I have never called in the police, and *only once* had to use the least force. We are surrounded on every side by saloons and low dens of every description. It is fearful! Not a week passes without a murder, not half of which, nay, not one third, are ever reported. All is corruption; and in the midst of it all stand Jehovah's two witnesses, 'Israel' and the 'Church of Christ.'

Our mission work among the "lapsed masses" has been a great success; hundreds have been rescued by the power of God, and day by day the work increases; but what lies nearest my heart is the work among the Jews. It seems at times as if nothing could be done, and as if it were a hopeless task. Every now and then, however, God blesses me with a conversion. No later than last night an old grey-haired Israelite, with the wondrously beautiful eyes so prominent among God's people of the flesh, knelt and confessed that Name 'at which every knee shall bow.' When such a scene is enacted as last night all weariness vanishes, and the heart is spurred on to new conquests in His Name.

It was many months ere I got any footing among the Hebrews. First of all I gained the hearts of the children. They

got to love me so that their parents could not keep them away. I chose ten little dark-eyed Jewesses, and taught them to sing an hour every day, and very soon I had a choir with which I could hold a crowd in any part of the city. It was a great novelty to hear the little Hebrews singing about *Jesus*. Gradually, through the children, I crept into the hearts of the parents. I went to their synagogues; and now, while the Rabbis and churchwardens, as a rule hate me bitterly, most of the others welcome me into their homes, some of them even inviting me to break bread with them, an uncommon thing for an orthodox Jew to do to a Gentile. Most of them take me for a converted Jew, and will not hear me when I say no. Gradually the barriers are being broken down. God is graciously permitting me to become an influence for good in their homes. The mothers tell me of their children's illnesses, and invite me in to comfort and cheer them, and all the while I gently preach Christ, the suffering Sin-bearer, from Moses and the Prophets. I never use the New Testament among them. My friend, if you ever wrestle with God in prayer, remember me as I work among the Jews. What a wonderful people they are! Intelligent beyond measure; charitable, with a charity that puts us to shame.

How terribly the Gentiles, as a rule, misjudge them, and what terrible judgments they are heaping upon themselves for the Jewish persecution. All my evenings are fully occupied, and during the day I am engaged in business, so that I am kept pretty busy; but I have penned the foregoing that you might fully know the workings of my soul during that awful passage from darkness into light, and *from the power of Satan to God.*"

Such is his own account of the Lord's dealings with his soul. And now a word to the reader of this story. Have you experienced this change from death to life—from the power of Satan to God? If not, then be assured you are still "dead in sins," and whether openly ungodly or outwardly religious and moral, the word of the Lord to you is—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:7).

The grace that saved this young man, is as free to you as to him. The love of God is toward you. The Lamb of God came into the world, and lived and died and rose again, that the world, through Him, might be saved. "Whosoever be-

lieveth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Come then, now, whoever you may be, and no longer reject the gift of God. Jesus is for you. All the preciousness of His blood, all the power of His resurrection life is at your disposal for your present and eternal salvation.

Be in earnest about this matter now. Time is short. Eternity is at hand. "After death, the judgment." "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

"Tell ye your children of it"

You will know the touch

During the Civil War a mother received news that her boy had been wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and she started at once for the front. Of course a mother would go. An order had been issued that no woman would be allowed within the lines, but she got through in some way, and found her way to the field hospital. At last she found the ward where her boy was in. She went to the doctor and pleaded that she might be allowed to nurse and care for her son. The doctor said:

"Madam, you must keep away from him for the present. He is in a critical state: the excitement would be too great."

"I have come six hundred miles, Doctor, to see my boy," she said: "I cannot wait." And she begged and pleaded so hard that finally the doctor said:

"You can go quietly in and sit by his side. Don't speak to him or wake him. When he awakes I will break the news to him gradually." And the mother stole to her son's bedside. When she saw him lying there so white and still, with the marks of suffering upon him, she could not resist the temptation to lay her hand gently on his forehead. And without opening his eyes, he cried out:

"Oh, mother, have you come?" He knew the touch of his mother's hand.

That was earthly compassion, but what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus. He knows what human nature is; He knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you: He will reach out His tender hand and touch you as He did the poor leper. You will know the touch of His loving hand, for there is virtue and sympathy in it.

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Osman of the Umbai Tells His Life Story

I am from the 'Mbai or Umbai tribe in French Equatorial Africa around the Lake Chad district. The older people tell us that our forefathers came from Ethiopia. This is believed by every Umbai.

My father had lands and cattle and several houses, being reckoned a wealthy man. I was about fourteen years of age when, in the course of some military disturbance, I lost my father, along with everything that he possessed. Our lands and cattle were taken away and my mother died of grief. As I watched our village go up in flames, my heart hated all white men; I felt weary of the world and cared for nothing in life.

IN DESPAIR

There was nothing for me to do but go away—to walk and walk and walk until I got away from the sight of all these cruelties. I cared not if wild animals should kill me on the way, for life no longer meant anything to me. I wandered on for months, amid great privations, until I fell ill. Then I was cared for by kind natives. As soon as I was well, I took to the road again until, one day, I entered Lagos. As I looked on the high buildings, I said in my heart, "All this to me is as ashes." For I hated every white face and everything done by white men, and would not be impressed by their achievements, for I was miserable.

Then one day I met some boys of my tribe, who invited me to go and work for a white man. I refused; but, later, need compelled me. I went and worked indeed, but would not say a word to him. Even when he smiled, I would not return this sign of friendliness. I still thought of my home going up in flames and was bitter. The day came when my employer made a special effort to approach me. His voice was kind. He spoke to me, but I made no reply. I was told by my friends that he was a missionary. I did not know the meaning of that word, and did not care to know, for to me all were one. Was it not this white man's brother who had destroyed and robbed me of all that was precious to me?

That kind gentleman did not leave me alone. He saw that I was miserable and took every opportunity of speaking to

me through an interpreter. In this way I told him my story. He listened sympathetically, and then told me the strange story of a Man who came from heaven; how He healed the sick and raised the dead. I said in my heart, "If that Man were near my village, I would have begged him to raise my father." The strange story went on of how they crucified Him, and yet, even in that moment, he asked that they should be forgiven. I marvelled how He could forgive such wicked people; but deep down in my heart I saw at once that He was a better man than I. Somehow I felt that this Man was a fellow-sufferer, and my sympathy went out to Him.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

Later the missionary told me more. I began to be interested. He explained that this Man died for me on the cross, so that I could go to heaven, where the Great God is. It was a wonderful revelation to me. I could not keep back the tears; and from that day I have had a strange peace in my heart, although the feeling that the world is only ashes has never left me. After some months of learning, I was baptized. That was my happiest day and the happiness has never left me.

One day another missionary came and wanted a "boy," so I went with him. He knew Hausa and French and Arabic, so we conversed freely without the need of an interpreter. I told him my story. He was very kind and promised to teach me to read Hausa. True to his word, he laboured hard and patiently. Then he taught me French, and after that he had the joy of hearing me read the Bible in both languages. He was, and still is, a real father to me, and his name is Mr. J. R. Olley. I helped him to study the Umbai language.

Then his interest in me as the first Umbai convert led him to feel, as I did, that we should take the Gospel of Christ to these forsaken people. We started on a long trek with camels, lasting over three months. Everywhere we camped, we preached. The Government was against us, and the people would not work for us, because they, too, hated the white man. My hatred, however, was gone and Christ occupied its place. We were not permitted to stay long in any one place, but we saw to it that those who did come to believe were baptized before we left; and so, in several places, two or three believers were left behind among the people.

PREACHER AND TRANSLATOR

A new era began for us when a Christian came to the Chad district as governor. He gave us authority to settle and buy a house. We then started at once on translation work, carry-on at the same time an active evangelistic work among my own people. There are now several assembly halls and several hundreds of the "children of God" among the Umbai. From the depth of my heart I thank Mr. Olley for his godly love, his untiring and unselfish devotion to his Lord, and for his steadfastness in the work of the translation of the New Testament into the Umbai language. For more than fourteen years he has laboured under great difficulties to produce it. I thank also the good Bible Society which has undertaken to begin the printing of it. The Umbai people are anxiously looking forward to the day when we shall have the whole Bible for ourselves. I beg you all to pray for us.

(It only remains to add that for the past few months, Mr. Olley and Osman have been living in the Khartum Bible House, completing the final revision of their precious manuscript now ready to be printed in London).

From *The Bible in the World*



The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

A "MILK" SEA

In the vicinity of the Cocos Islands we found whales scarce and small. This was hardly good enough for Captain Slocum. Therefore we gradually drew away from this beautiful cluster of islands, and crept across the Indian Ocean towards the straits of Malacca. On the way, we one night encountered that strange phenomenon, a "milk" sea. It was a lovely night, with scarcely any wind, the stars trying to make up for the absence of the moon by shining with intense brightness. The water had been more phosphorescent than usual, so that every little fish left a track of light behind him, greatly disproportionate to his size. As the night wore on, the sea grew brighter and brighter, until by midnight we appeared to be sailing on an ocean of lambent flames. Every little wave that broke against the ship's side sent up a shower of diamond-like spray, wonderfully beautiful to see, while a passing school of por-

poises fairly set the sea blazing as they leaped and gambolled in its glowing waters. Looking up from sea to sky, the latter seemed quite black instead of blue, and the lustre of the stars was diminished till they only looked like points of polished steel, having quite lost for the time their radiant sparkle. In that shining flood the blackness of the ship stood out in startling contrast, and when we looked over the side our faces were strangely lit up by the brilliant glow.

For several hours this beautiful appearance persisted, fading away at last as gradually as it came. No satisfactory explanation of this curious phenomenon has ever been given, nor does it appear to portend any change of weather. It cannot be called a rare occurrence, although I have only seen it thrice myself—once in the Bay of Cavite, in the Philippine Islands; once in the Pacific, near the Solomon Islands; and on this occasion of which I now write. But no one who had ever witnessed it could forget so wonderful a sight.

THE FOOD OF THE SPERM WHALE

I have before referred to the great molluscs upon which the sperm whale feeds, portions of which I so frequently saw ejected from the stomach of dying whales. Great as my curiosity naturally was to know more of these immense organisms, all my inquiries on the subject were fruitless. These veterans of the whale-fishery knew that the sperm whale lived on big cuttlefish; but they neither knew, nor cared to know, anything more about these marvellous molluscs. Yet, from the earliest dawn of history, observant men have been striving to learn something definite about the marine monsters of which all old legends of the sea have something to say.

We had not entered the straits of Malacca but were cruising between Car Nicobar and Junkseylon, when we "met up" with a full-grown cachalot, as ugly a customer as one could wish. From nine a.m. till dusk the battle raged—for I have often noticed that unless you kill your whale pretty soon, he gets so wary, as well as fierce, that you stand a gaudy chance of being worn down yourselves before you settle accounts with your adversary. This affair certainly looked at one time as if such would be the case with us; but along about five p.m., to our great joy, we got him killed. The ejected food was in masses of enormous size, larger than any we had yet seen on the voyage, some of them being estimated to be of the size of

our hatch-house, viz.: 8 feet x 6 feet x 6 feet. The whale having been secured alongside, all hands were sent below, as they were worn out with the day's work. The third mate being ill, I had been invested with the questionable honour of standing his watch, on account of my sea experience and growing favour with the chief. Very bitterly did I resent the privilege at the time, I remember, being so tired and sleepy that I knew not how to keep awake. I did not imagine that anything would happen to make me prize that night's experience for the rest of my life, or I should have taken matters with a far better grace.

At about eleven p.m. I was leaning over the lee rail, gazing steadily at the bright surface of the sea, where the intense radiance of the tropical moon made a broad path like a pavement of burnished silver. Eyes that saw not, mind only confusedly conscious of my surroundings, were mine; but suddenly I started to my feet with an exclamation, and stared with all my might at the strangest sight I ever saw. There was a violent commotion in the sea right where the moon's rays were concentrated, so great that, remembering our position, I was at first inclined to alarm all hands; for I had often heard of volcanic islands suddenly lifting their heads from the depths below, or disappearing in a moment, and, with Sumatra's chain of active volcanoes so near, I felt doubtful indeed of what was now happening. Getting the night-glasses out of the cabin scuttle, where they were always hung in readiness, I focused them on the troubled spot, perfectly satisfied by a short examination that neither volcano nor earthquake had anything to do with what was going on; yet so vast were the forces engaged that I might well have been excused for my first supposition. A very large sperm whale was locked in deadly conflict with a cuttle-fish, or squid, almost as large as himself, whose intermediate tenacles seemed to enlace the whole of his great body. The head of the whale especially seemed a perfect network of writhing arms—naturally, I suppose, for it appeared as if the whale had the tail part of the mollusc in his jaws, and, in a businesslike, methodical way, was sawing through it. By the side of the black columnar head of the whale appeared the head of the great squid, as awful an object as one could well imagine even in a fevered dream. Judging as carefully as possible, I estimated it to be at least as large

as one of our pipes, which contain three hundred and fifty gallons; but it may have been, and probably was, a good deal larger. The eyes were very remarkable from their size and blackness, which, contrasted with the livid whiteness of the head, made their appearance all the more striking. They were, at least a foot in diameter, and, seen under such conditions, looked decidedly eerie and hobgoblin-like. All around the combatants were numerous sharks, like jackals round a lion, ready to share the feast, and apparently assisting in the destruction of the huge cephalopod. So the titanic struggle went on, in perfect silence as far as we were concerned, because, even had there been any noise, our distance from the scene of conflict would not have permitted us to hear it.

Thinking that such a sight ought not to be missed by the captain, I overcame my dread of him sufficiently to call him, and tell him of what was taking place. He met my remarks with such a furious burst of anger at my daring to disturb him for such a cause, that I fled precipitately on deck again, having the remainder of the vision to myself, for none of the others cared sufficiently for such things to lose five minutes' sleep in witnessing them. The conflict ceased, the sea resumed its placid calm, and nothing remained to tell of the fight but a strong odour of fish, as of a bank of seaweed left by the tide in the blazing sun. Eight bells struck, and I went below to a troubled sleep, wherein all the awful monsters that an over-excited brain could conjure up pursued me through the gloomy caves of ocean, or mocked my pigmy efforts to escape.

The occasions upon which these gigantic cuttle-fish appear at the sea surface must, I think, be very rare. From their construction, they appear fitted only to grope among the rocks at the bottom of the ocean. Their mode of progression is backward, by the forcible ejection of a jet of water from an orifice in the neck, beside the rectum or cloaca. Consequently their normal position is head-downward, and with tentacles spread out like the ribs of an umbrella—eight of them at least; the two long ones, like the antennae of an insect, rove unceasingly around, seeking prey.

The imagination can hardly picture a more terrible object than one of these huge monsters brooding in the ocean depths, the gloom of his surroundings increased by the inky fluid (sepia) which he secretes in copious quantities, every cup-shaped

disc, of the hundreds with which the restless tenacles are furnished, ready at the slightest touch to grip whatever is near, not only by suction, but by the great claws set all round within its circle. And in the centre of this network of living traps is the chasm-like mouth, with its enormous parrot-beak, ready to rend piecemeal whatever is held by the tentaculæ. The very thought of it makes one's flesh crawl. Well did Michelet term them "the insatiable nightmares of the sea."

Yet, but for them, how would such great creatures as the sperm whale be fed? Unable, from their bulk, to capture small fish except by accident, and, by the absence of a sieve of baleen, precluded from subsisting upon the tiny crustacea which support the "Mysticetæ," the cachalots seem to be confined for their diet to cuttle-fish, and, from their point of view, the bigger the latter are the better. How big these may become in the depths of the sea, no man knoweth; but it is unlikely that even the vast specimens seen are full-sized, since they have only come to the surface under abnormal conditions, like the one I have attempted to describe, who had evidently been dragged up by his relentless foe.



The Church

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She comes from every nation
By the Spirit and the Word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

The Church shall never perish!
Her dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
Is with her to the end:
Though there be those who hate her,
And false ones in her pale,
Against both foe and traitor
She ever shall prevail.

Though with their scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
In the tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And then the Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest;

With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's hand,
Led through the deathly waters
Repose in Canaan's land.
Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three-in-One,
And mystic sweet communion
With all whom He hath won.

O happy ones and holy!
Lord by thy grace shall we
With them, the meek and lowly,
Forever dwell with Thee.
There past the border mountain
Where in sweet vales the Bride,
With Thee, the living fountain,
For ever shall abide.

Samuel J. Stone.

Assembly Annals

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

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1941

Jehovah Most High

*The Lord Most High is terrible. He is a
Great King over all the earth.*

Psalm 47:2

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Trophies of Grace

Unwittingly, while assembling material for this issue, we selected the conversion of a German, an Italian, and a Japanese, and it was only after these stories of redeeming love had been set up that we noted the three as having belonged to what is now the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis, but purposely we let them stand to demonstrate that what infidelity, socialism, and paganism cannot do the Gospel can most sweetly effect.

From R. S. Latimer's life of Dr. Baedeker (now out of print) we have selected striking incidents in his labors for Christ in the Russian empire, which not only illustrate the power of true Christianity but also throw a ray of light across Czarist history, which explains recent events in that godless republic. Israel in apostacy was scourged by the heathen king Nebuchadnezzar, and in turn that monarch's dynasty was overthrown by the heathen Medo-Persians. And the apostate Orthodox Eastern Church (never a true exponent of the Christian faith) which persecuted to the death simple Christians and Jews in the empire, has felt the retributive repercussions meted out by apostate Jews and atheists. And today the heads of two anti-Christian States, Hitler and Stalin, who but recently sat at the same conference table speaking lies to each other, are now on the dog-eat-dog principle engaged in mortal combat.

The story of Dr. Baedeker's evangelistic tours in Russia is also interesting because these carried him to the same cities whose names are now newspaper headlines, the difference lying in the fact that whereas Baedeker proclaimed true liberty throughout the land Hitler's words carry death and destruction, chains and slavery.

Mr. George Gould Sr.

George Gould was born in Portadown, Ireland, October 11th, 1856 and went home to be with Christ August 7th, 1941. In the year 1883, at the age of twenty seven he was converted to God, and thus at the time of his death, he had been "a man in Christ" for the long period of 58 years. During 35 of these years he devoted himself wholly to ministry in the Gospel and in the Church, and was in both fields a blessing to saved and unsaved. After twenty years' acceptable service in the old country he came to the United States in 1926, and from that year he was well known in the Assemblies this side the Atlantic as an able minister of the Word of God.

Concerning our beloved brother it may well be said that many knew him as their spiritual father, many more recognized in him a diligent preacher and teacher amongst God's people, and all who listened to his preaching and teaching, acknowledged him as a faithful and fearless, yet withal a warm-hearted, winning servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. His unique, simple, soul-searching ministry manifested his intense love to his Master and the saints, and it found a quick response on the part of the children of God. Moreover what he was in public upon the platform, he was also in the ordinary walks of life and in private. Thus he won the respect and affection of his fellow-believers who will miss his pastoral visits to their homes, his sympathy, wise counsels, and loving exhortations.

At the services on August 9th, in the Gospel Hall, 86th and Bishop Streets, his two daughters and two sons were present, besides some of his fellow-servants in the Gospel. Mr. A. J. Cotton read a short obituary and Hugh McEwen gave a loving tribute concerning our brother based upon his own personal experiences, a eulogy which expressed what all others knew and felt.

In his passing away we are the poorer, but we trust his manner of life, his words and deeds, will be incentives to others to go and do likewise, and thus although he has been taken from us his "cloak" will be the heritage of others who will emulate him as a gracious and godly servant of Christ.

Mr. Samuel Greer

In the passing away of our brother Samuel Greer, we have lost another of the Lord's servants. Born in North of Ireland, last day of February, 1885, he was one of seven brothers and sisters. Born again in Edenderry when seventeen years old, through the gospel message in John 3:14,15.

For 37 years he preached the gospel in the British Isles, U.S.A., and Canada, Los Angeles being his home city for 30 years. His last field of service was Oklahoma City, where he was laboring fervently until he was called up higher on August 6, 1941. In the Lord's work until the last minute, his last sermon the night before his home call was John 12:23-27—Verse 26, "Where I am there shall My servant be," was true of him the next day at noon as he passed home to be with Christ.

He is survived by his wife and daughter Phyllis, 4 brothers and 3 sisters and other near relatives.

At the services the audience overflowed the capacity of the large funeral parlors. Mr. Fred Hillis who came to this country with him, spoke of their labors together and preached the gospel to those present. Mr. J. Dickson who had known him for years read and applied to him the words concerning Barnabas in Acts 11:23-24. S. McEwen closed with words of comfort to the bereaved, and Mr. Wallace spoke at the grave. When Mr. McClure heard of his death he said, "Ah, he beat me to it," and added, "I wanted him to preach at my funeral." His body was laid to rest in the same cemetery where Mr. Andrew Frazer and Mr. John Blair were buried.

Mr. Charles Keller

We are glad to report that our brother Charles Keller is gradually improving in health. Whereas he was formerly suffering intensely, he is now free from alarming symptoms and able to take part in the ministering at meetings.

Mr. M. J. McClure

Our dear brother McClure is now confined to bed almost all the time, more frail than ever. His heart action is very weak. But he suffers no pain and is very comfortable at the home of Mr. McIntire where he receives every care.

Addresses

Norwood (Cincinnati) Ohio. The address of the Gospel Hall (formerly 5024 Main Ave.,) is now 2118 Ross Ave., Norwood, Ohio.

Conferences

CHICAGO, ILL. The Conference of Christian workers will be held (D.V.) this year in the 86th St. Assembly Hall, Chicago, on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday following the annual Chicago Thanksgiving Conference. Those interested in all branches of Christian service will be welcomed. For further information address Mr. L. Sheldrake, 3719 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo., or Andrew J. Cotton 8226 Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DETROIT, MICH. The fifty-first Annual Conference will be held (D.V.) in the Ionic Temple, Grand River Ave. and Chope Place, Sept. 27th and 28th preceded by Prayer Meeting, Friday evening Sept. 26th. Communications to Dr. H. A. Cameron, 7615 Dexter Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. The Conference held yearly for over 65 years in Hamilton, will be held (D.V.) this year as usual, at Canadian Thanksgiving season, which is expected to include the following dates, (although not yet officially announced) Oct. 12 and 13. All meetings on Lord's Day and Monday will be held in the Scottish Rite Temple, Cor. King and Queen Sts. Breaking of bread at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting in the Gospel Hall 140 McNab St., N., Saturday, 11th at 7:30 p.m. Address communications to John Moreland, 65 Gage Ave., S., Hamilton, Ont.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. Our 40th Annual Conference will be held Oct. 24, 25 and 26 with prayer meeting the evening of October 23, (D.V.). We extend a hearty welcome to all the Lord's people. Address enquiries to P. C. Doehring, 6441 Edloe St., Houston, Texas.

MEDICINE LAKE CONFERENCE was a happy season with good opportunity to preach the gospel and minister plain words to all believers. Many were helped and some professed to be saved.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS. The Assembly purposes having (D.V.) a one day Conference September 21st preceded by a Prayer Meeting Saturday night.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA. The Omaha Conference will be held, if the Lord will October 11th and 12th. Prayer meeting, October 10th. For further information write J. P. Patterson, 2540 No. 48th Ave., Omaha, Nebraska.

RIVER HEBERT EAST, NOVA SCOTIA. Will you kindly announce in the September Number of "Assembly Annals" that the Christians at River Hebert East, Nova Scotia, expect, God willing, to have their Annual Conference at "Thanksgiving" time, beginning with Prayer meeting on Sat. evening October 11th, continuing Lord's day and Monday, 12th and 13th.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles. Brethren Sam McEwen and J. T. Dickson had a safe and pleasant trip across the Continent, and enjoyed visiting little assemblies en route and were cheered at the appreciation of the Word ministered. Along the way they distributed gospel tracts and booklets, New Testaments and Gospel portions, which were well received. A hearty welcome awaited them from the Lord's people in Los Angeles where a large tent is pitched, and at times filled to capacity.

CONNECTICUT. R. Roberts is preaching under canvas in **Bridgeport.**

MAINE, West Sidney. Mr. Hugh Thorpe (64 Nathanael Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.) after a visit to Nova Scotia was having meetings in an unused "kirk" and in farm houses with unsaved hearers at all gatherings. Good Sunday School attendances with much blessing among the young cheers and encourages them to go on with the work among the children.

MASSACHUSETTS, Saxonville. The five weeks' meetings of brethren Bousfield and McBride have been well attended with interested and anxious hearers. The tent is pitched in a R.C. locality and young men have attempted on several occasions to bring it down, and have used stones and fire crackers but the Lord has protected the tent and the preachers, and the R. C's. have heard the gospel while they sit on their porches every evening. In the fifth week there was a break in the ranks of the enemy and conversions and anxious hearers have cheered the preachers.

Springfield. Brethren Patrizio and Rosania are finding it difficult to get a good hearing at their tent services, because of opposition by R. C. Priests and Protestant ministers. Despite the warnings some come to hear and twice a week large numbers of children are present. Those who were saved at last year's meetings have been baptized and received into the assembly and are going on well for God. They are helping this year, to watch the tent during the services.

MICHIGAN, Detroit: Mr. Thomas E. Tarpan was with us recently on a short visit preaching and teaching Jesus Christ.

Mr. J. J. Rouse after having meetings in Lake Geneva, Wisc. and Chicago came on to Detroit and then went north through Michigan

and from thence homeward by way of Ontario. Mr. Hugh McEwen was also with us ministering the Word. Mr. David Long, fellow-laborer of Ernest Wilson of Angola, Portuguese West Africa, gave us a short visit, telling of the trials and triumphs of the Gospel in that dark province of darkest Africa.

MISSOURI, Kansas City. After a week's visit to Minneapolis, Mr. Hugh McEwen came on to this city and throughout the period of excessive heat had good attendances.

NEW JERSEY, Asbury Park. The tent work conducted by brethren Frank Carboni and Frank Pizzulli has been much hindered by priestly opposition. Nevertheless there is good interest and the Word goes forth into the homes of the people. They desire prayer for this effort.

NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque. S. McEwen, J. T. Dickson and C. G. Davis have recently been ministering the word of God in the South Highland Gospel Hall at 1201 S. Arno, much appreciated by all. Some strangers coming in. —Ray Traxler, 209 S. Arno, Albuquerque.

OHIO. John Conaway has good audiences Sunday evenings in the tent at Steubenville. Other nights the numbers are smaller. Rain has hindered much.

PENNSYLVANIA, Lancaster. The little Mexican assembly goes on well. Three more Christians were baptized and received recently.

VERMONT, Chester. Brother Hatherly has again pitched the tent where he was last summer.

VIRGINIA, Roanoke. Mr. R. T. Halliday has cause to rejoice by seeing fruits to the preaching of the Gospel in the tent here.

Syria. Donald Hunter and brother Fesche are preaching in the tent here. The people are coming in well and there are tokens of God's blessing.

WEST VIRGINIA. Mr. F. W. Schwartz is preaching nightly with Mr. W. G. Smith in a tent at Milton and will value prayer for the meetings.

Paw Paw. In this little town 25 miles east of Cumberland, Maryland Mr. F. W. Mehl is cheered by large crowds coming to hear the Gospel. He desires the Christians to pray that God may be glorified and souls saved.

CANADA

NOVA SCOTIA. "Brother McIlwaine is in Tent at Westfield, Queens Co., and has been encouraged by the attendance and interest, this is a new place for the plain simple Gospel.

Mr. Robert McCracken Sr. and his nephew John, have had good meetings at Nineveh, N. S. several have professed to be saved. They expect to close tomorrow, and come here to have some in **New Glasgow.**

Our brethren James McCullough and I. McMullen are being encouraged in their Tent meetings at Debert, N. S. They are trying to obtain permission to go among the soldiers with Tracts and New Testaments.

Brother Robert McCracken Jr., and the writer have the Wooden Tent at Dundas, N. B. about 13 miles from city of Moncton, have had two weeks there, and although it has been a busy season for the farmers, the attendance has been increasing, and there are signs of God working. We have some opposition as well, this is usually the case when God begins to work. Please continue to pray for us.

—W. N. Brennan.

ONTARIO, Merlin. Mr. John Govan had a series of cottage Bible readings in Wheatley, Renwick, and Leamington, with fair attendance and interest and some blessing upon the Word.

Vasey. Brethren James Gunn Jr. and A. T. Stewart have been at it all summer preaching in the tent at Vasey with evidences of the Lord's blessing upon the Word in salvation.

QUEBEC. Montreal. Mr. W. H. Hunter, (51 Huttleston Ave., Fairhaven, Mass.) spent a few days here and then returned home calling at Lowell and Methuen for meetings.



With Christ

BROOKLYN, N. Y. Mrs. Valeriana Aloyo, mother-in-law of Louis Montalvo passed away July 1st at the age of 66 years. Saved for 40 years and in fellowship with Christians gathered to the Name for 5 years. An out-and-out Christian. Brethren Fairfield from Venezuela and Montalvo spoke to large audiences at the funeral.

DETROIT, MICH. Mr. Wm. Buelick passed away rather suddenly on August 30th, having been taken with a stroke the previous evening. Saved in 1914, has been in fellowship with the Central Gospel Hall. Survived by his widow and daughter and son. Services were held by J. Govan.

DETROIT, MICH. Mr. George Cairns, passed into the presence of the Lord, on July 24th at the age of 84. Saved in Scotland, when a young man, emigrated to the States with Mrs. Cairns who predeceased him, our brother has been in fellowship in Central Gospel Hall for a number of years. A man of quiet spirit, and commendable life. Faithfully cared for by his son and wife, for whom prayer is desired. Brethren F. W. Mehl and J. Govan conducted the funeral.

METHUEN, MASS. Vincent Russo passed away to be with the Lord, aged 57 years, on August 10th. He had a very good testimony, was active in the assembly, and would never miss the meeting though the snow was piled high and he lived far away from the Hall. He leaves a wife and one son and daughter. To a large number of Italian people who came to the services at the home and in the cemetery, Cesare Patrizio and two local Italian brethren preached the Word of God.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. "Our dear brother **Alfred Balmfirth** was called home suddenly at the age of 69 years. Born and born again in Yorkshire, England. Came to Montreal 40 years ago and was connected with the assembly for 19 years. A large company attended the services. Leaves three daughters who need our prayerful sympathy. Those who knew him best, loved him most. I have known him all these 19 years and found him a true and stedfast friend."

—W. H. Hunter

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO. Brother **Domenico Graziani** went to be with Christ July 17th, a good man, faithful to God. The services were conducted by brethren **Cesare Patrizio** in Italian and **John Conaway** in English, with attendance of a large company which filled the Hall.

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO. **Thomas McCandliss** departed to be with Christ July 24th at the age of 81 years. Saved over 50 years ago when brethren **Campbell** and **Matthews** preached the gospel in Toronto, O. He exhibited many Christian virtues and was faithful in the things of God, and his counsel to young believers was blessed of God.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. **Cunningham Charles**, age 59 a week after a sudden seizure, passed away. He was saved in Tent meetings in Bracondale in 1913 and received into Central Hall where he bore a quiet consistent testimony—a lover of the Lord's people. He leaves a wife, and one son in the navy. **W. A. Jackson** conducted the funeral service.



*The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.*

*My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.*

*Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.*

*My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.*

*Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.*

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

In relation to *man*, the moral glories which show themselves in the ministry of the Lord Jesus are bright and excellent indeed.

He was constantly *relieving and serving* man in all the variety of his misery; but He was as surely *exposing* him, showing him to have a nature fully departed from God in revolt and apostasy. But further: He was exercising him. This is much to be considered, though perhaps not so commonly noticed. In His teaching He exercised people in whatever relation to Himself they stood—disciples or the multitude, or those who brought their sorrows to Him, or those who were friendly, as I may call them, or those who, as enemies, were withstanding Him. The disciples He was continually putting through exercises of heart or conscience as He walked with them and taught them. This is so common that it need not be instanced. The multitude who followed Him He would treat likewise. "Hear and understand," He would say to them; thus exercising their own minds as He was teaching them.

To some who brought their sorrows to Him He would say, "Believe ye that I can do this?" or such like words. The Syrophenician is an eminent witness to us how He exercised this class of persons.

Addressing the friendly Simon in Luke 7, after telling him the story of the man who had two debtors, "Tell me," says He, "therefore, which of them will love him most?"

The Pharisees, His unwearied opposers, He was in like manner constantly calling into exercise. And there is such a voice in this, such a witness of what He is. It tells us that He was not performing summary judgment for them, but would fain lead them to repentance: and so, in calling disciples into exercise, he tells us that we learn His lessons only in a due manner, as far as we are drawn out, in some activity of understanding, heart, or conscience, over them. This exercising of those He

was either leading or teaching is surely another of the moral glories which marked His ministry. But further: in His ministry toward man we see Him frequently as a *reprover*, needfully so, in the midst of such a thing as the human family; but His way in reproving shines with excellency that we may well admire. When He was rebuking the Pharisees, whom *worldliness* had set in opposition to Him, He uses a very solemn form of words: "He that is not with Me is against Me." But when He is alluding to those who owned Him and loved Him, but who needed further strength of faith or measure of light, so as to be in full company with Him, He spake in other terms: "He that is not against us is for us."



The Church Which is His Bride

T. D. W. Muir

In the epistle to the Ephesians, Chapter 5, we have another of God's "secrets" told out. Of course, with the light of this and kindred Scriptures shining upon the pages of the Old Testament, we can see how God had this thing on His heart long ago. But not until after the Cross was an accomplished fact could He or would He tell it out. Let us read from Verse 22 of Ephes. 5:

"Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is Head of the Church; and He is Saviour of the body. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything. Husbands love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing (laver R.V.) of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself—a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it; even as the Lord the Church; for we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave His father and mother and shall be joined to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."

Here we have, in a marvelous way, illustrated by means of the marriage relationship, the close and vital union between Christ and His Church. We have already been considering the Church under the symbol of a building,—variously looked at as God's House, over which He rules, and also His Sanctuary wherein He has His dwelling place. We have also looked at it as the "Body," of which He is the Head, and which, with its

many members, carries out God's purposes of ministry toward the world, and in the Church, to the general edification of one another. In our Scripture we have quoted from Eph. 5, we now look at the Church as

The Bride of Christ.

Leading us back to Genesis 2, we find that in origin and destiny, Eve's relationship to Adam, was but the prefiguring of this relationship of the Church to Christ. In Verse 30 we have Adam's expression, on the presentation of Eve to him, quoted:—"This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man" (Gen. 2:23). The Apostle here says, For we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones." Such is the close tie between the husband and the wife. Such is the blessed union between Christ and His Church! In looking closely at the Scriptures in Ephesians 5, we find several things brought out prominently. On His part we have:

1st *Christ's supreme love to the Church.* "He loved the Church and gave Himself for it" (Verse 25).

2nd. *His unwearied efforts towards her holiness.* That He might "sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of the water by the Word" (Verse 26).

3rd. *His tender care for her all along the way.* "He nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church" (vs. 29).

4th. *His blessed purpose to present her to Himself in that coming day of espousals,* when in glory she will be seen to be "without spot (to speak of defilement) or wrinkle (to speak of decay) or any such thing, but that she should be holy and without blemish" (verse 27). For as we sing:

"Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be,
That which is not now nor could be
Then shall be our own."

Thus, then, His love unto death for her at the Cross; His service and tender solicitude for her in this wilderness scene; and His eternal satisfaction in her the object of His heart's desire, in the glory,—all find their expression in the portion before us.

On the part of the Church, Ephesians 5 insists upon her subjection unto Christ, who is the Head. The world is in rebellion against the authority of God, and, as for God's Christ,

its language is still the same,—“We will not have this Man to rule over us.” But when the conscience is awakened, and Christ is revealed to the sinner, then the question of the heart is like that of Saul of Tarsus, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” The rebellion is at an end, and the will brought into subjection to His Will. And that which is evidenced in the individual is also revealed in God’s purpose regarding the Church. Their joy is in the Lord, and the worth of their testimony for Him down here depends largely upon their subjection to Him in all things.

But not only is subjection insisted on, but separation unto Him; says the Apostle in another epistle, “I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy, for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. For I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ” (2 Cor. 11:23). As a “chaste” virgin, the Church had been espoused to Christ. Chaste the Apostle would have her kept. Alas, one does not need to have the eyes very wide open in order to see that as far as the church at large is concerned, the thing warned against has taken place, and the great professing Church, by its union and communion with the world, has not only been corrupted, but has become a source of spiritual corruption to all around it! Revelation 17 and 18 reveals the closing chapters of the history of the Christendom that has claimed His name. The chaste bride has there its base imitation in the “great whore,”—the harlot of the world! And the end is judgment (Rev. 19:1-3).

Through all this corruption, however, and apostacy, the Lord has ever had His own, whom He loved, and for whom He had given Himself, and whom He had been sanctifying, and cleansing, nourishing and cherishing, in view of the day of presentation, and formal union to Himself in glory.

In Rev. 19:7-9, we have the brief record of this glorious event. “Let us be glad,” we read, “and rejoice, and give honor to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready.” This is not the end. This is but the beginning of that eternity of joy and satisfaction with and from Himself,—which shall be the portion of all the redeemed who are thus united to Him. The wilderness is past forever. Radiant with His glory, which He shall put upon her, she shall

fill His heart with joy—"He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." The honor and glory is His,—the joy is mutual!



The Feasts of Jehovah

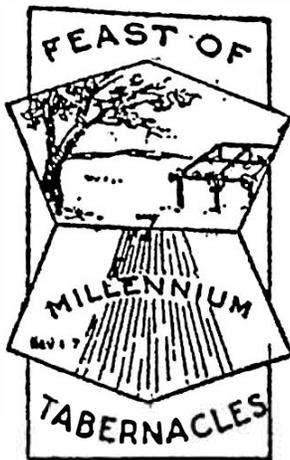
Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

(Continued from August number)

Read Leviticus 23:33-36



III. *Israel and the nations.* Please read Micah 4:1-4. Here we have a settled people gathered back to their land and fitly occupied. Jerusalem, the acknowledged *governmental center* of the world, and the recognized *religious center of the world*. Any Millennium that does not recognize Israel as the head is not God's Millennium. Preachers and wise people speak about a golden age but they are silent about Israel. They can have a Millennium without Israel, but God cannot. It is God's principle that Israel shall be a blessing to all the world as he promised to Abraham, and the people in that day shall say, "Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways and we will walk in His paths." They shall "flow" to it. They shall not be "driven" to it, but they shall say, "Come let us go." Now please read Zechariah 8:20-23: "Many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem and to pray before the Lord." That is the Millennium. Read also Zechariah 14. "The nations shall go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles." The nations of the earth come to Jerusalem, as the Holy City, and because it is the governmental center also.

"When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when He separated the sons of Adam He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." (Deut. 32:8). We find the "bounds" of the nations described in Genesis 10; their divisions in the earth after the flood.

Where was Abraham then? He was not born, and yet at that time God divided the nations and set their boundaries according to the number of the children of Israel, and in this division He left one part for the children of Abraham, and that part was the promised land. And why? Because there is not another spot in the whole earth that will better suit a dominant nation. There is no other spot in the earth like it!

Alexander the Great wanted it; Napoleon wanted it; and the Kaiser wanted it. If you seek a suitable place to put the capital of the world, there you have it:—between Asia, Africa, and Europe, and between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. We call that sea the Mediterranean, that is, “the sea in the middle of the earth,” and by the Persian Gulf the people from the antipodes can come to that land. God has said that from Jerusalem the law shall go forth, and to Jerusalem the nations will come to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. In Micah we read not only of Israel’s welfare but of international peace; —“nation shall not lift up sword against nation and they shall not learn war any more.” How the heart pants for such a time as this, when the earth shall be free from the nightmare of war. No use for military colleges then. They shall learn war no more. And there is not only international peace but national peace, — “every man sitting under his vine and fig tree,” perfect release from the burdens that are upon men now to safeguard person and property.

IV. *The Church.* “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ”—Eph. 1:3. In heavenly places, not the earth. Certainly this should make Christians think. Most of them would rather have good positions than these blessings in “heavenly places!” Can we locate these heavenly places? Turn to Ephesians 1:9-20, where the Apostle desires us to know, “What is the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principalities and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the Head over all

things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

Is the Lord Jesus Christ somewhere tonight? Thank God He is,—very definitely; He is in the heavenly places, above every principality, and with all things under His feet. Now there is our portion. Israel's portion is upon the earth, gathered and blessed in Palestine, with supremacy over the rest of the earth, and the nations gladly owning it. But there is something higher for us. "Abraham looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"—Heb. 11:10. "These (the patriarchs) all died in faith, not having received the promises but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country . . . a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city"—(Heb. 11:14,16). This portion tells us that Abraham looked for a city. You cannot pare that down, you cannot explain it away, and say it is spiritual. He looked for a city which hath *foundations*, and his followers looked for a country, a *better* country.

But Heb. 12:22 tells believers, "*Ye are come* to the City of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." This 12th chapter speaks in the same way as Ephesians 2: "God hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Now actually we are in this world, in the body, and surrounded by things that are very unpleasant sometimes. Why then are we said to be in the heavenly places? We are there *in faith*. Our Forerunner has taken possession. We are now there by faith but soon it will be in *fact*. Faith grasps the future and realizes it as if it had been already accomplished. We are called "the Church of the first born ones, whose names are written in heaven"—Heb. 12:23.

(Continued D.V.)



A man may say, "I feel myself called to preach the gospel, and I find my situation, or my business, a clog." Well, *if you are divinely called and fitted for the work* of the gospel, and find that you cannot combine the two things, then resign your situation, or wind up your business.

Practical Sanctification

J. N. Darby

FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, WHICH ARE BY CHRIST JESUS,
UNTO THE GLORY AND PRAISE OF GOD (Phil. 1:11).

A holy Father's constant care
Keeps watch with an unwearying eye,
To see what fruits His children bear,
Fruits that may suit their calling high.

You say you are in Christ. If you are in Christ, Christ is in you: then let me see Christ and nothing else.

The apostle prays for the Philippians "that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ"—without a single stumble all the way along until the coming of the Lord.

The abiding in the sense of *grace*, in the presence of God, is the secret of all holiness, peace and quietness of spirit.

If I wanted to describe a holy man, I should describe one who was always thinking of the Father's love and the Son's grace, and never of self. The characters that Christ takes in connection with these last days are these, "the holy, the true." Yes, and that character He takes is that which He desires in His own, in their walk, when He is about to come. We have to watch over ourselves and over our brethren that it may be so.

If you are tempted, tried, look straight to Him; little by little you will become accustomed to believe in His goodness. The eye directed to Him makes Him known to the heart. Looking to Him who delivers us from ourselves is what excludes the thought of self and sanctifies us in a practical way.

In general those who say much about being dead to nature, do so because they are not. In the epistle to the Romans we get "dead to sin", "dead to the law." But dead to nature is quite unknown to scripture in word or thought.

Let us beware of the first step that would separate us from inward holiness, and from that separation of heart unto Him which gives us His secret, light from above on all that is around: for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.

We have never any excuse for any sin of act or thought, because Christ's grace is sufficient for us, and God is faithful not to suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear.

Proving what is acceptable to the Lord. Is that our simple purpose? In any common act of life, our question should be, Is this acceptable to the Lord? In purchasing an article of dress it should not be simply, Will this suit me? but, Is it acceptable to the Lord? Does it suit *Him*?



Holiness in its Twofold Aspect

Henry Groves

The believer's sanctification is, in the first place, complete in Christ; for we read in 1 Cor. 1:30 that He is made unto us from God "sanctification" as well as "righteousness," and therefore in Him we have a perfect holiness as well as a perfect righteousness; and as we think of His name we can sing—

"It tells of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God;
And to our ears no tale so sweet
As Thine atoning blood."

Sanctification, or holiness, and righteousness are ours by a right and title that is unquestionable, for they were divinely imputed to us when we believed.

In the next place, that which is *imputed* to us in Christ is also *imparted* to us by the Holy Ghost; what God reckons *to us* in His Son is wrought *in us* by His Spirit.

In divine things imputing and imparting always go together, and cannot be separated. There is, however, this essential difference between them, that imputation is *complete*, for nothing less than a whole Christ is reckoned to each believer; but impartation by the Holy Ghost is *progressive*, and depends on the measure of faith.

All believers, the weak and the strong, the small and the great, are equally sure of salvation, and equally certain of acceptance, for they are saved in Christ, accepted in the Beloved; in this respect there is no difference. When, however, the power of the Holy Ghost is the question, there are most varied measures, and all degrees of difference. The injunction to all is, "Be *filled* with the Spirit." But this filling is according to the measure of our faith, and the measure in which the Spirit of God is ungrieved by us.

This deeply important distinction is represented in the Mosaic ordinances by the fact that while the altar had its exact

measurements (Exodus 27:1), the laver had none (ch. 30:17), but was, so far as the record goes, of undefined capacity. God gives not the Spirit by measure; He fills. Our responsibility is to be "enlarged;" and God is ever ready to give an overflowing measure, so that the smallest may say, "My cup runneth over" and the largest can say no more. God's word is, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

The two aspects of sanctification are carefully distinguished in Heb. 10 in the original, though not apparent to the English reader. The first reveals a *perfected* sanctification in the past; the other a *perfecting* of sanctification in the present.

In verse 10 we read, "By the which will we *have been sanctified* through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (R.V.) Here we learn that once-and-for-ever perfect sanctification of the believer in Christ Jesus which admits of no increase and no decrease. This perfect sanctification characterizes the "new man," who belongs to the new creation.

Verse 14 we would read thus: "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that *are being sanctified*." Here the verb is not in the perfect but in the present tense, and implies an unfinished work which is going on towards a perfect consummation. This is what is taught by the Lord's prayer in Jn. 17, "*Sanctify them through Thy truth*" and by Paul's words in 2 Cor. 7:1: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, *perfecting holiness* in the fear of God;" also in Heb. 12:14, "*Follow . . . holiness*." To this end the apostle prays for the Thessalonians, "The very God of peace *sanctify you wholly*; and may your whole being spirit, soul, and body, be preserved blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And he adds this assurance of fulfilment: "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." (1 Thess. 5:23-24).

In these passages we are directed to a *progressive* sanctification, which is the development of the divine life in the soul, through the presence and power of the Spirit of God.

The indwelling of the Spirit leads to victory and full discipleship, and carries on to a complete consecration and an entire sanctification, to neither of which can we assign any limit, so far as the inworking of the Spirit of God is concerned, for God has assigned none. With God all things are possible, and with him that believeth in God nothing is impossible. It is on the very ground of this present inworking of God that we are called

to be "perfecting holiness." *We do* by faith what *God does* by His Spirit in us, and we thus become fellow-workers with Him. What God has done for us in Christ, is apart from and outside ourselves altogether; but what God does for us by the Holy Ghost is not apart from ourselves, but altogether within us.

From this contrast arise the strange paradoxes in the divine life—the believer is perfect, and yet imperfect; he has attained, and yet has not attained; he is clean, and yet has to cleanse himself; he is sanctified fully, and yet groans because of un-sanctified self, with its thoughts, its wills, and its desires. Surely this is a deep mystery, and it is no wonder if we are sometimes perplexed at the truth as revealed, when we compare it with those stubborn facts that lie within, deep down in the depths of our being, over which he who ponders most will wonder most, knowing that he is so holy, and yet so defiled; so absolutely made whole, and yet so daily needing to be healed.

A distinction has to be observed between "righteousness" and "holiness." The former refers to *actions*, and the latter to *condition*, and, therefore, in contemplating sanctification, we have to look at it as having mainly to do with what we *are*, and not so much with what we *do*. Had this distinction been borne in mind, many opinions put forth in connection with what is called "perfect sanctification," "Christian perfection," etc., would never have been propounded. For our doings and allowings we are responsible; for our nature we are not. Sin has corrupted not only our actings, but our very being; but God has provided a remedy for both in the work of Christ conjoined with the work of the Holy Ghost.

(Continued D.V.)



Grace and Glory

That we should have a place in the affectionate regard and tender effective love of the great Lord, is much. That we should have forgiveness for all our sins, made perfect by His free grace at the cost of His own life's blood, is almost too much for belief. But to affection is added honor, and to salvation, official dignities. We are not only loved, and freed from our sins, but, if indeed Christians, we are princes and priests named and anointed for immortal regencies and eternal priesthods. Let men despise and condemn believers as they

may there is empire connected with lowly discipleship, royalty with penitence and prayers, and sublime priesthood with piety. Fishermen and taxgatherers by listening to Jesus, presently find themselves in apostolic thrones, and ministering as priests and rulers of a dispensation, wide as the world, and lasting as time.

Moses, by faith, rises from Jethro's sheepfold to be the prince of Israel; and Daniel, from the den of condemnation and death, to the honor and authority of empire; and Luther from his cell to dictate to kings and rule the ages. There is not a believer, however obscure or humble, who may not rejoice in princely blood, who does not already wield a power which the potencies of hell cannot withstand, and who is not on the way to possess eternal priesthood and dominion. Who that believes does not feel his heart stirred to its profoundest depths, and the devout ascription of "glory and dominion forever and ever" rising unbidden to his lips, unto Him Who so loved us, and has done such great things for us? "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works toward the children of men!" (Dr. Seiss.)



The Transfiguration

(Matthew 16:21, 17:13; II Peter 1:12-21)

James Melrose

(Continued from August Number)

It is the gospel that "kills before it makes alive," that "wounds before it heals;" "the offense of the gospel," that shall not cease, that causes us, like Peter, to say (only not to the Lord, but to ourselves), "Pity thyself! This shall not be unto thee"! The gospel which, like a sentinel challenges and bids us lay down arms and surrender; that commandeth *all* men *everywhere* to repent. The gospel that comes to us with forbidding aspect, like "an austere man" causing us to draw back, crying out, "No! Give me the merry (?) world." The gospel that removes from before our eyes the crown and sceptre that all men, even the meanest, grasp after (for to rule is inherent in the heart of man—to rise, even though it be by treading on our fellows)—The gospel, I say, that removes the sceptre to place in our hands . . . a cross!

Paul's epitome of the gospel, "How that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day, according to the scrip-

tures," was a rehearsal of this first gospel utterance by our Lord, how "He must go to Jerusalem and suffer . . . and be killed and be raised again the third day. The blast of those awful words, "suffering," and "death," drowned out the sweet note of resurrection, with which that first sounding of the gospel trumpet ended. Nor did our blessed Lord hasten to resound that note. On the contrary, He insisted that death and suffering be recognised and accepted as the necessary concomitant and due reward of sin (ours as sinners, and His as the Sinner's Substitute); bidding all who would come after Him, endorse our condemnation, "Thou shalt surely die."—As the penitent thief accepted the cross as "the due reward," thus "savouring the things that be of God," whilst he who savoured "the things that be of men" and Satan, endorsed Satan's lie, "Ye shall *not* surely die," claiming a right to deliverance without "repentance toward God."

The sweet, thrilling aria of Salvation's song can be heard in true harmony only when accompanied by the rolling basso thunders of Sinai. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," was indeed the "sweetest carol ever sung" in the ears of the Philippian Jailer, when it came over the rumblings of an earthquake that caused the terrors of death and the pains of hell to lay hold of him, causing him to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?"

Thus in Matt. 16:21-28, we have the dark setting and background, upon which this scintillating jewel of the transfiguration scene is displayed. A scene of glory!—Glory that follows suffering. "Ought not Christ to have suffered and to enter into His glory?"

During the present calamitous crisis in Europe, we find leaders among the nations issuing solemn warnings to their people to prepare to face extreme danger and suffering and death: not minimizing the danger, but urging to fortitude and patience in hope of coming victory and glory. This may somewhat serve to illustrate what we have here. After six days of gloomy foreboding—"About an eight days after these sayings, Jesus taketh Peter and James and John" (Three carefully selected key-witnesses from among the disciples) and gives them a glimpse of "the glory that should follow." As the "God of Glory" appeared to Abraham in Mesopotamia and so blinded his eyes that he coveted not the well watered plains of Sodom;

or as the light above the brightness of the noonday sun on the Damascus road, that left the Apostle Paul forever blinded to the things of earth—"So," says the Apostle Peter, "We beheld His glory," and John adds, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father."

To begin with, this place of glory was a place of prayer. We read in Luke that, "The Lord taketh with Him, Peter and James and John and went up into a mountain to pray and as he prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered." They say, "Prayer changes things." It changes countenances, also!

Then, too, this place of glory was a place of separation. We can never see "the light of the glory of God" in the face of man, mingled with the "restless world that wars below"; but only "in the face of Jesus Christ." In Mark 9, we read, "He leadeth them up into an high mountain, apart."—By themselves. Above the clouds, not among the crowds, is the place of communion, and glory, though the latter may be the place of service and testimony. There is an anonymous hymn which we sometimes sing that so beautifully expresses this thought:

The sorrows of the daily life
The shadows o'er my path which fall
Too oft obscure the glory's light
Until I rise above them all.

Until, upon the mountain height
I stand, my God, with Thee alone,
Bathed in the purest, clearest light:
The glory that surrounds the throne.

Alone with Thee, O Master, where
The light of earthly glory dies
Misunderstood by all, I dare
To do what Thine own heart will prize.

As, in Luke 16, for one brief moment, the Lord opens—so to speak—the door of Hell, to let us hear the awful wail of one damned soul, begging for a drop of water by the hand of a once-despised beggar; so here, He sets ajar, for a moment, the door of heaven and lets a ray of heaven's glory fall athwart earth's dark scenes. And, as, from that realm of glory, two of earth' illustrious redeemed appear to talk with Him, the

garb of the Workman and Servant, and the travel-stained garments of Him who went about doing good, with no where to lay His head, were changed, for that august conclave, to Royal robes of glistening white by the pure white achromatic light of heaven, unbroken by contact with earth's mist and human needs.

What a meeting that was! Two from Heaven, and three from earth, and Jesus in the midst! Not angels, but men from the Great Beyond meet men of earth, introduced by the hand of the one and only Mediator between God and man, "The Man, Christ Jesus"! Truly as spake the Lord (in answer to rationalistic Sadducees, who denied the resurrection of the dead), "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living"! And there they stand, those once earthly, but now heavenly, visitors! No dumb or weird screaming apparitions, but visible and audible, conversing with our blessed Lord in the presence of these three men of earth, concerning the most absorbing of all themes—The Cross; concerning "His decease (His exodus) which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." That which had been the text of His ministry amongst His disciples for a week previous, "how that He must go to Jerusalem."

Perhaps the most remarkable of the many remarkable things in the lives of these two men had been the manner of their departure from this scene. One died in perfect health. The other ascended bodily. Both were outstanding men of God. Moses officiated as the hand of God in the birth of a nation; Elijah stood in the breach to stay the stampede—to check the apostasy—of that nation of God's choice, when they turned from Jehovah to Baal—from God to idols.

Fifteen hundred years before this mountain scene, Moses died and was buried. He was buried by God's own hand—the first and only occasion in which the Lord appears in the role of undertaker. We know Him as the upper-taker. We know Him as the one before whose face the "Grim reaper whose name is Death" oft had to relinquish his prey and slink away. But here, God stands by, while Death closes the eyes that had not grown dim after 120 years of pilgrimage and saps the strength from that mighty frame of him "whose natural force was not abated." "And He buried him there in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his

sepulchre unto this day." As Mrs. Alexander has so beautifully expressed the scene in her poem, "*The Burial of Moses*";

And had he not high honour?—
 The hillside for a pall;
 To lie in state, while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall
 And the rock pines, like nodding plumes
 Over his bier to wave
 And God's own hand, in that lone land
 To lay him in the grave.

Yes, He laid him in the tomb. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." No man knows of his sepulchre, but God knew and placed an angel guard by that precious body. The Devil himself, was also concerned about that same dead body. He was not satisfied with its disposal; for, as we are informed, in that wonderful little book of Jude, with its inside information on Enoch and Moses, on first days and last days; the Devil had an argument with God's angel guard about it. "Michael, the arch angel" we read, "When contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses." I don't know what bothered him, but that dead body bothered the Devil! And I believe the body of every soul that is not in Hell bothers him. You may not see anything to bother about in our cemeteries, friends, but as Shakespeare, with his keen logic has it, "There are more things in heaven and earth than you have dreamt of in your philosophy." And after all, there is something about a corpse that is not so dead as it looks, when it bothers the Devil. Besides—oh ye scoffers behold, and ye mourners rejoice!—1500 years after that lone burial in the valley by Nebo's mount, there he stands on the Mount of Transfiguration (where he once begged that his foot might stand, but was not permitted), and the fire has returned to the eyes that were dimmed, and the vigor to the manly frame, as he talks with Him of Whom, by the Spirit of God, he has prophesied, saying, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto Him, ye shall hearken." (Deut. 18:15). And, as he hears the echo from Heaven come back again on the Holy Mount, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him"!

Moreover, the Lord Jesus Christ hands to us a telescope, wherewith to look into the future, and there, through the lens of Revelation 11, we see those two witnesses Moses and Elias again leading in the thick of the fight, and although they are not mentioned by name, as we hear the enemy cry out, "The heavens are shut up, we can get no rain," and another cries out, "The waters are turned into blood," instinctively, we say, "There they are! Moses and Elijah! Up and at it again!"

(Continued D. V.)



The Lamb of God

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."—John 1:36.

Born without taste, as others are without an ear for music, some have no sympathy with nature. In them, the earth "sown with orient pearl," bush and tree hung with sparkling diamonds, the snow-crowned hills, valleys gaily robed in flowers and smiling in sunshine, the spacious sea, the star-spangled sky, produce no admiration; and leave them as unable to appreciate the beauties of a lovely landscape, as the cattle that browse on its pastures. Yet there are scenes in nature that may disappoint one who has the keenest enjoyment in a beautiful landscape—the liveliest sympathy with whatever is grand or lovely. Such a man travels far, and, climbing rugged crag, or steep mountain, toils hard that he may feast his eyes on some famous prospect. His expectations are raised to the highest pitch. At length, panting, exhausted, he arrives at the summit; and at the cry of his guide, Behold! looks round to be disappointed. It does not repay the trouble; it was not worth the toil. Now, such disappointment awaits none who, responding to the call, Behold the Lamb of God, have turned their eyes on Christ. With a clear, unclouded view, the sight is ravishing. Heaven and earth, angels and men, to use Paul's words, are "perfectly joined together in the same mind and judgment;" and Jesus, to quote the language of an old, holy song, is declared to be "the chiefest among ten thousand, and"—what none else are—"altogether lovely."

Accustomed from childhood to see the starry host come forth, night by night, to march in silent grandeur above our heads, the scene attracts little attention; many walking beneath that spangled dome, nor ever, the whole year through, turning a

look of wonder on it. And thus also, in those who have been born and bred up by its shores, familiarity with the ocean, whether its waves sleep in summer sunshine or foam and rage in wintry tempests, produces a measure of indifference.

But who, for the first time, has seen the Almighty's hand in the snowy Alps, or heard His voice in the thunders of Niagara, without dumb surprise? Our emotions are strange, new, and inexpressible; and we pronounce such sublime and surpassing grandeur to be beyond the power of words to describe; of colours to paint; of fancy to imagine. To appreciate, you must see them. And if the brightest colours of prose, or of poetry's glowing fancy, do no justice to such scenes, what words can set forth the graces and matchless merits of the Saviour? Put an angel—a seraph in the pulpit; and give him Christ for his theme! The subject is greater than his powers; the flight beyond his wing; the song above his compass. He were the first to describe the glories and beauty, the majesty and mercy, that meet in Jesus, Who is sufficient for these things? To appreciate Him, you must see and know Him. Yes. You might sit there, and listen all your life long to no other theme, you might hear every sermon that had been preached, you might read every hymn that had been sung, you might study every book that had been written about Christ, and after all, on arriving in heaven, you would stand before the throne to lift your hands in rapt, mute astonishment—on recovering speech, to exclaim with Sheba's queen, "I had heard of Thee in mine own land, of Thy acts, and of Thy wisdom; howbeit the half was not told me. Happy are Thy men; happy Thy servants"—and happy I to be allowed to take rank with them.

Any view of Christ which the greatest preacher in the highest flight of genius ever set before his audience, must be feeble compared with the reality. Paint and canvas cannot give the hues of the rainbow, or the beams of the sun. No more can words describe the Saviour's glory. Nay, what is the most glowing and ecstatic view that the highest faith of a soul, hovering on the borders of another world, ever obtained of Christ, compared with the reality? It is like the sun changed by a frosty fog-bank into a dull, red, copper ball—shorn of the splendour that no mortal's eyes can look on.

In directing your attention, therefore, to Jesus Christ, I do not pretend to do my subject justice; but only attempt, with

God's blessing, to do you some good by directing your attention to one or two aspects of His life and character. By these, may the Holy Spirit of promise awaken faith in the unbelieving and inflame the love of Christ's own, loving, chosen people.

I. Behold Christ before He came to this world.

The measure of our Lord's humiliation is that of His original exaltation. Nor can we know how low He stooped to save us, till we know the height from whence He came. Came? Did He not come of humble parentage; and was not His birth-place a stable? That starting-point may satisfy those who have formed no higher idea of Jesus than as a man of rare perfections, the pattern and paragon of every human virtue. But we know better—see further into the "mystery of godliness." God manifest in the flesh, He had a higher origin than Bethlehem. He was of a nobler descent than Mary; and sprung of an older and more royal ancestry than Judas's kings. The lowly spring that wells up among the vineyards or green pastures of the Alpine valley, draws its waters from above—their source those inaccessible and eternal snows, whose spotless bosom bears no stain, nor print of human foot. So was it with Jesus.

To be sprung of humble parentage puts no shame on us. No man need blush for the mother that bore him, because, treading life's lowly paths, she had to spin, or weave, or toil, to earn his bread. Who does so has cause to be ashamed, not of her, but of himself—his pride meaner than her lot could be. Claiming the highest ancestry, our Lord was not ashamed of Mary. She was His mother; and mother was a word as dear and sacred to Him as to us. He honoured her; He met her wish with miracles; He owned her on His cross; true to nature, his dying look was turned on His mother; and though family relationships do not subsist in heaven as here, there He will acknowledge her His mother. Not that Mary is, as Papists call her, the mother of God, or queen of heaven, to whom we are to address our prayers, and pay an inferior worship, that we may secure her influence with her Son. Still, though shrinking from such profanity, with angels we pronounce her blessed. Honour be to Mary's memory! She was, and shall ever be, the mother of the Man Christ Jesus—the Man of the cross that redeemed the world; the Man on the throne Who rules the universe. "God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him

a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

But it is to an older and higher than this mediatorial throne to which He has been exalted, that we are to look, if we would discover the heights from whence Jesus came to save us. Unlike an earthly palace that holds but one king, the wide extent of heaven is crowded with thrones. They are filled by the saints; among whom, if Christ's, we shall take rank—kings and priests to God for ever. Amid these, though not far removed, rises the throne of the Mediator—spanned by a rainbow, and encircled by angel hosts, and occupied by Him on whose glorious form all eyes are centered; to whose praise all harps are tuned; and at whose feet, once nailed to a cross, thousands of glittering crowns are cast, as the purchase of His blood and the gift of His grace. There Jesus sits among His saints, King in an assembly of kings. But above all these, high and lifted up, in the unscaled heights of Godhead, casting the shadow of its glory over the boundless universe, rises the throne of the Ancient of days; days that had no beginning, and years that shall have no end. Now, ere He assumed our nature, and descended on our world to save it, the Son of God was there—there before Mary bore Him, or Mary herself was born—there before Adam was made—there before there was sin, or death, or life—there before worlds had begun to roll, or time had begun to run—there before sun ever shone, or bright angels sang. Here now we are at the fountain-head; if we can speak of having reached that, even on fancy's wing which stretches away into the boundless mysteries of eternity. Hear how our Lord speaks of Himself,—

"I was th' Almighty's chief delight
From everlasting days,
Ere yet His arm was stretched forth
The heavens and earth to raise.

"Before the sea began to flow,
And leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at His right hand.

“When first He rear’d the arch of heav’n,
And spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
He open’d, I was there.

“There I was with Him, when He stretch’d
His compass o’er the deep,
And charged the ocean’s swelling waves
Within their bounds to keep.

“With joy I saw th’ abode prepared
Which men were soon to fill:
Them from the first of days I loved,
Unchanged, I love them still.”

There are dark depths of ocean where man never dropped his sounding line; there are heights in the blue heavens where the air was never stirred by an eagle’s wing; and there are regions of truth which angels never explored—their eye never scanned, and their feet never trode. And such—the deepest of all doctrines, the profoundest of all mysteries, yet the strongest of all our confidences—is this, that He who expired for us on Calvary was, not as men and angels are, the created, but the Eternal Son of God. In this truth I see the love of God, brighter than a sun; by this line I measure the love of Christ, deeper than the sea. It was this, that He was co-equal with the Father, the brightness of His Father’s glory, and the express image of His person; that He was not less God than Man; that under the garment of humanity, so rudely rent, divinity stood concealed; that the brow wounded by thorns, had worn the crown of heaven; that the hand nailed to the tree, had held the scales of fate, and swayed the sceptre of the universe;—it was that struck Paul with such astonishment and called from his lips an expression that finds a ready echo in every believer’s heart. “The breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

—T. G.

(Continued D. V.)



The heart must be probed to the very bottom, in order that no element of hypocrisy, or false profession, may be allowed to lodge there.

Modern Science and Christianity*Prof. F. Bettex*

Translated from the German by
 Edmund K. Simpson, M. A. Oxon
 (Continued from August number)

QUESTIONABLE PROGRESS

It is true that the ancient Germans, wrapped in their bearskins, once dwelt in huts hardly superior to those of the modern natives of New Zealand; but thousands of years before that the Egyptians possessed vast pyramids and temples, and gorgeous palaces and had excavated the immense lake of Moeris and a Suez Canal. Nebuchadnezzar had already formed the circumvallations of Babylon by the Euphrates, consisting of a square of ten leagues' circuit, the Tower of Belus rising in its centre to a height of six hundred feet, surmounted by a tall golden statue of the Sun-god, and girdled by twelve temples of various deities. The city was signalized also by its famous hanging gardens, watered by powerful hydraulic engines, and comprising a collection of all kinds of exotic trees and plants; not to mention its ornate palaces, which lay bordering the river for three miles. This regal residence, with its extensive fields for the sustenance of the inhabitants in case of siege, covered an area more than twice as great as that included in the wide-reaching fortifications of Paris, and was encircled by a wall four hundred feet high and one hundred feet broad, which the shots of the Persian besiegers could not reach over. Certainly a metropolis more methodically built and on a finer scale than the modern capitals of London, Berlin, Vienna, or Paris, stretching out, as they do, into hideous and featureless suburbs. When we hear the description of it given by Herodotus, whose narratives are more and more being accredited, we come to understand the boast of Nebuchadnezzar: "Is not this that great Babylon which I have builded for my royal dwelling by my great power and for the honour of my majesty?" (Dan. 4:30).

Doubtless those old Gauls once subsisted on acorns and horse-flesh; but long prior to that King Ahasuerus, monarch over one hundred and twenty provinces from India to Ethiopia, gave a feast for a hundred and eighty days to all his princes and mighty men, and the like entertainment for the space of a week

to the whole population of his capital city Susa; at which were to be seen "white, green and azure hangings fastened with cords of byssus (or silk and purple) to silver rings and pillars of marble, and couches of gold and silver set on a pavement of alabaster, white marble and mother-of-pearl. They gave them to drink in golden vessels, and royal wine was mixed for them in royal measure. They drank also, or not, at their pleasure, according to the commandment of the king" (Esther 1:4-8). Such a feast may compare with the most illustrious court-balls or banquets of modern times, or, rather, it excels them as much in splendour and elaboration as the awe-inspiring palaces and temples of Sennacherib, Assur-banipal and Sargon, explored at Nineveh and Khorsabad, with upwards of seventy halls, huge vestibules and avenues of winged bulls, surpass the barrack-like residences of modern sovereigns. The provision of such luxury, besides, presupposes a development of art and taste, as well as of industries and commercial intercourse within the confines of these great empires, equivalent to our own.

It is undeniable that ten centuries before our era, the shores of the Seine, where the proud metropolis of France now stands, were swampy, impassable forests, the haunt of the reindeer, bear and bison, and of a few savages armed with stone-axes. Yet the Chinese astronomer Chen-Kong had already in the previous century calculated the obliquity of the ecliptic as amounting to $23^{\circ} 54' 2''$. The present valuation of it is $23^{\circ} 27' 22''$. Many hundred years earlier even than that, we learn from the tablets of Sargon of Agade that there was a public library in existence at Nineveh, where scientific works, such e.g. as tables and observations concerning the planet Dilbat or Istar, our Venus, could be procured from the librarians in attendance, upon registering one's name and address.

No doubt the English, now so prevalent, were still a barbarous nation at the time of Hengist and Horsa, traversing the sea in their *curraghs* or boats of wicker-work covered with horse-skins; but at a period antecedent by seven centuries haughty Tyre was already queen of the sea, and her merchants dwelt in palaces like princes, and dealt in vast sums like any present-day American Croesus. Their magnificently equipped galleys then traversed the seas, and fetched such quantities of silver out of Spain that they made their anchors of that metal; brought back tin from England, amber from the coast of

Königsberg, and apes and peacocks from India; and circumnavigated the entire coast of Africa under Hanno, discovering the gorilla two thousand five hundred years before any specimen had been conveyed to Europe.

These nations did not stand alone. The achievements of the Greeks in Architecture and their decided superiority to us in sculpture are universally recognized. We still adorn our gardens and palaces with their statues. But the beauties of their pictorial and musical art have only become known of late. Amongst the excellently preserved portraits of the El-Fayum tombs, which are two thousand years old and painted with wax and certain pigments, there have been found, amongst some mere scrawls, several masterly pictures, especially that of an old man with eyes as piercing and expressive as Lenbach ever painted.

At the performance in Stuttgart of the oldest extant Greek canticle, the hymn to Apollo discovered at Delphi, it was remarked by a connoisseur that the effect of the music "is profound and singular. Plaintive, sustained notes, recalling the misereres of the Roman Catholic service, fall on the ear, and still excite feelings of devotion by their solemn, ceremonial intonation. This hymn gives us a high impression of the artistic rank of the old Greek music, and we endorse the judgment of Reimann when he says that the full strength of the chorus, with orchestra of citharas and flutes, combined with the brilliant festal pageant of the shrine and the gilded lustre of the sanctuary itself, must have produced a remarkably sublime and majestic effect." Even Parisian critics were charmed, and declared the music "Wagnerian," but of a loftier and purer cast. It must be borne in mind that in such a portrait as that referred to, or in this anthem to Apollo, we by no means recover the highest achievements of the age in question. Think how many artistic abortions will one day be unearthed from the debris of the nineteenth century!

Every historical student is aware that whole volumes could be filled with a delineation of the complex civilizations of India and Egypt, Assyria and Persia, Phoenicia and Carthage, Greece, and Rome, in descriptions of their pomp and power, ordinances of justice, architecture, horticulture, palaces, temples, theatres, baths, their swift galleys, iron-beaked like our men-of-war, and their admirably marshalled and magnificently equipped pha-

lanxes and legions, in rehearsing the treasures of Croesus, the magnificence of Nero, or the banquets of Lucullus. Entire books might be, and have been, written on their skill in the construction and setting up of massive bronze statues, like that real wonder of the world, the colossus of Rhodes, whose ruins eight hundred and eighty years after its fall still weighed three hundred and sixty tons; or in the fabrication of fine breast-plates like that of Demetrius Poliorcetes, which was hardly scratched by the missiles of an engine discharged at sixty paces' distance. Their achievements in ship-building are exemplified in the instance of the *Alexandria* of Hiero the Second (250 B.C.) which was as great as our first-class ironclads, or the considerably larger vessel of Ptolemaeus Philopator, manned by four thousand sailors, of which Vice-Admiral von Henk observes that "the ancients seem to have understood better than we do how to hold together such immense masses of wood." The contriver of this gigantic ship succeeded, too, in beaching her for purposes of repair; no slight undertaking either! Much could be said of their dexterity in weaving a material so fine that an Egyptian lady was able to wrap herself in the same shawl which she could draw through the ring on her finger; or of the manufacture of colours so excellent that they are brilliant as ever after four thousand years. Now, had they been painted with our aniline and alizarine pigments, they would have disappeared long ago, and we should have complacently inferred that these nations had never learnt the secret of compounding colours, or perhaps were colour-blind! Nor were their workings in gold at all inferior. This fact is vouched for by the ornamentation of the Tabernacle, amongst other things, and by the jewellery of the Princesses Hathor-Sut and Sent-Senbet of the Twelfth Dynasty, lately brought to light in the pyramid of Dokshur, which must be four thousand years old; necklets of gold, amethysts and turquoises, bewitching golden shells, miniature pieces of furniture and breast-ornaments wrought in enamel (*émail cloisonné*) that are of unsurpassed beauty; works of which one informant remarks that "they can never again be equalled in point of perfection of handiwork or of their purity of taste, *even in our day, proud as it is of its technical resources.*" And so it was found that the execution of a certain Etruscan brooch representing three bees poised on a flower could not be copied successfully in Paris, in spite of

repeated attempts. The same people, a thousand years B.C., were perfectly familiar with the art of setting artificial teeth by means of gold rivets, as we find from old skulls. That the ancients are still unsurpassed in graving on ivory is demonstrated by the splendid *gemma Augusta*, embracing twelve complete figures within the tiniest possible space, the *Achates Tiberianus* at Paris, and other surviving treasures. Thousands of years since, the breeding of fish, an art neglected in this country till recently, was in full swing in China and Egypt, where the artificial lake Moeris brought in a large revenue in fish-dues to the Pharaohs. The same monarchs caused their enormous granite and porphyry blocks to be sawn through with the utmost precision by means of saws of diamond or sapphire three thousand years before we moderns hailed the use of diamond-borers at the St. Gothard Tunnel as a "fresh scientific triumph." And who is there that has not heard of the luxuriance of Solomon's Court?

To turn to the New World. When Cortes discovered Mexico, Bernal Diaz, one of his companions-in-arms describes to us its wealth and luxuriance, the golden vessels of the Emperor, and his mantles embroidered with feathers of the humming-bird, each of them worth ten thousand ducats, the skill of his painters, the exquisite dishes prepared, and how the Spaniards stood speechless with wonder at the first view of the city of Mexico, with its temples and palaces lined with gold and silver plates, "albeit," he adds, "we had beheld in Spain, Seville and Granada, the pearl of the world."

It requires therefore a large share of effrontery or ignorance to consider as cheap mighty civilizations, which swayed the course of history for hundreds of years, solely because we travel by rail, despatch telegrams, and possess sewing machines and photographic albums!

But where are these potent and affluent states today? Where the queen of the sea, Tyre, once arose, a group of beggarly fisher-cabins now stands; the site which the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar occupied is the lair of the lion and jackal, the haunt of Bedouin, buried in fever-haunted swamps amidst the reeds of the Euphrates. European tourists saunter amongst the ruins of Palmyra. Mesopotamia, Persia and the countries adjacent are for the most part a wilderness. Woe-begone *fellaheen* crouch in forlorn clay-huts throughout the land of the

Pharaohs; the cities of that metropolis and mart of Carthage that once glistened in peerless magnificence lie deserted and tenantless. Mexico has declined to a small third-rate town; and tracts that were at one time the granaries of the world can at present hardly support a straggling population. Even in civilized Italy the very *maremme* (fens) which are abandoned on account of their malarial reputation cover ground where the Etruscan people, those great builders and incomparable goldsmiths, once inhabited populous cities. What would the haughty merchants of Phoenicia, or the princes of Carthage, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus or Alexander the Great think of the "progress of humanity" could they come back and see the present desolation of their once fertile provinces?

(Continued D.V.)

Pietro, the Socialist

J. S. Anderson

Born in a village on the banks of the Arno, young Pietro, at the age of fifteen, presented himself for his "first communion," rather later than usual for this sacrament. In making his "confession" to the priest he recounted how he had formed the vile habit of swearing, which so prevails in Italy, and especially in Tuscany. The impression which the confessor produced upon the young candidate was anything but helpful, and on leaving the confessional he determined he would never show his face there again, a resolution which he most rigorously kept.

His natural character was strong and independent, his will masterly, and his mind clear and comprehensive—a born leader. But whom, and in what could he lead? Early apprenticed to a local trade, he soon became foreman, and when the wave of Continental Socialism swept over the district Pietro swam right ahead with it, and was soon acknowledged as the champion of the workmen's cause. For some years this form of Socialism, infidel to the core, fully occupied his mind. He classified priests and churches, in a word "religion," as so much hypocrisy. He had never heard of any other, simpler, truer, purer Christian testimony, and taking his ideas of Christ and the Church from what was represented by the priests, he counselled his followers: "Instead of giving your money to the priests in order to get to paradise, spend it in your homes and

make them your paradisc." This was Pietro's theory. What about his practice?

The Italians have a proverb which we may freely render:

"Between what we do, and what we say,
There's a very long way."

Pietro was now married, and was doing his best to make a paradise on earth. How did he succeed? How could he? A paradise without God!

Let us hear his own story: "I used to come home tired and hungry, and often found my supper too hot or too cold, and in a fit of passion I dashed the whole supper on the floor." While the poor wife sat trembling, Pietro poured forth oaths against God and man, heaven and earth, and felt that as a Socialist he had now a right to share some other man's supper! So poor Pietro's earthly paradise was fast becoming a purgatory. He preached the infidel Socialism of today: "Give men plenty of work and bread, and you will make them good and happy." He had plenty of both, but was getting worse and more unhappy every day! He taught "woman's rights," and shamefully wronged his own poor wife!

Such was the condition of Pietro when one evening a friend said to him: "Have you heard the Evangelici? They have come to our town, and are preaching the pure evangel. Come with me." In a few minutes Pietro found himself in a little hired room, which was crowded with men representing various shades of religious and political opinions. Though he had well nigh arrived at the end of his Socialism, he still looked with visible distrust on anything that savoured of "religion," and cast about penetrating eyes as if to examine every inch of the room. Satisfied that it contained no confessional nor altar, he fixed his keen vision on the evangelist about to address the audience. Pietro noticed that he wore no priestly garb, but appeared just like those around him. A short, simple prayer and brief reading of the Scriptures and then a clear Gospel address of twenty minutes on Romans 1:16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The meeting, instead of dispersing, took the form of a friendly conversation. The evangelist invited all present freely to express their difficulties, and these he endeavoured to remove by the Word of God.

Pietro's prejudices began to disappear like snow in the sunshine, and before long he became the leading disciple of Christ in the town. He had seen himself to be a guilty, hopeless, lost sinner in God's sight. That inward vision broke down his natural pride. With another look outward he saw Christ as his only, perfect, eternal Saviour.

The Lord Jesus once told how the penitent sinner went justified from the temple to his house, and that is where Pietro went. The first to receive spiritual blessing through his testimony was his poor wife, now happy because salvation has come to the home.

Recounting his life to the writer, Pietro said: "Before my conversion to God I used to go to bed tired, but without peace, and all night my sleep was troubled with dreadful dreams. I was either about to fall over a precipice or be murdered by a brigand. Now my dreams are about green fields and pure streams, saints and angels."

Like the Apostle Paul, Pietro is not *ashamed* of the *Gospel*, but is proving to Socialists, Roman Catholics, infidels, all, by a renewed and consistent life, as well as by verbal testimony, that *the Gospel* is the *Power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth*.



A Buddhist's Conversion

Tetsujiro Hirose lived with his parents in Mite, a town 75 miles north-east of Tokio, the capital of Japan. A few years ago Mr. Brand, an American missionary known to the writer, removed from Tokio to Mite and took a house next door to the one in which Tetsu's parents lived.

Meetings were regularly held in the mission-house for preaching the Gospel, and Tetsu was a regular attender. The Christian missionary felt drawn to the youth, who was quiet, kindly, and thoughtful. Tetsu was brought up a Buddhist, but as he continued listening to the expositions of Scripture given by the missionary he became more and more interested. Mr. Brand and he had several conversations about sin and salvation, God's holiness and love. Tetsu's chief difficulty was the Christian idea of one God instead of the Buddhists theory that there are millions. The difficulty, however, was eventually solved. God's character, as Scripture reveals it was dwelt upon. Tetsu saw

that He was long-suffering, merciful, and gracious, as well as holy, just and righteous. The evil of sin as God estimates it was examined. The Jap learned that God is of "purer eyes that to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity" (Habakkuk 1:13). The Scriptures regarding sin's penalty were looked into. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezekiel 18:20); "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6:23). God's way of salvation was clearly and fully explained. Tetsu learned that "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). Eventually the Japanese youth was awakened by the Holy Spirit to see himself as a lost and guilty sinner on his way to perdition.

One day when Mr. Brand was pressing on his acceptance God's "unspeakable gift," he read to him 1 John 5:10,11: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness (testimony) in himself: He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." Tetsu's eyes were opened, and he was led to see that so long as he did not believe the testimony God had given regarding Christ—so long as he continued an unbeliever in the Gospel,—he was guilty of the dreadful sin of calling his best and dearest Friend a "liar". He believed on Christ, that He died for Him, that He bore his sins in His own Body on the tree (1 Peter 2:24), and he had the assurance of God's Word that he was in possession of everlasting life. "I am saved by receiving Christ," was his confession to the missionary. On going home he told his father that Christ was his Saviour and Master. Two weeks afterwards Tetsu was publicly baptised on his profession of faith in Jesus. Since then he has grown in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and is at present a student in one of the high schools of Tokio. God has one and only one way of Salvation for Japanese and Chinese, Britishers and Americans, Canadians and Australians. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). Rest not till you are absolutely certain that you are saved with an everlasting salvation. A. M.



We can never get to the end of our plans until we have been brought to the end of ourselves.

Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Dr. Baedeker and His Work in Russia

HIS CONVERSION TO CHRIST, AND FIRST PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL

Frederick William Baedeker was born in Witten, Westphalia, Germany, August 3rd, 1823. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a business firm in Dortmund, and at twenty one entered the German army for his two years of military service. In 1848 he was again called from business to join the Reserve. While engaged in his military duties his health broke down and he was sent to the Hospital. As there appeared to be no prospect of permanent improvement he received his discharge from the Army. Later he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Freiburg, and he also studied at Bonn University. He travelled a good deal visiting different parts of Germany, Britain, Tasmania, Australia, France, and a second time came to England in 1859. There he was married in 1862 and studied medicine and surgery in Bristol, the knowledge thus acquired being of great service in his subsequent career.

Dr. Baedeker's conversion took place at one of a series of meetings arranged by the late Earl of Cavan, and conducted by Lord Radstock, at Westen-super-Mare, in the year 1866. Under the preaching of that consecrated nobleman a great outpouring of the Spirit of God was witnessed in the town and neighborhood. Many notable conversions took place. The influence of those times of Divine visitation is felt even to this day.

Mr. Douglas Russell has so vividly narrated the story of Dr. Baedeker's conversion that we cannot do better than reproduce his words: "Through the importunity of a gentleman (himself a fruit of the work) of whom he had some acquaintance, Dr. Baedeker reluctantly consented to attend one meeting. Interest was awakened sufficiently for him to repeat his visit, but he was careful to make his exit before the noble preacher could reach him at the closing of the service. Having attended several meetings, the doctor one evening lingered long enough, or got far enough in without the ability to get out faster than the press would admit of, for Lord Radstock to reach him. Putting his hand on his shoulder, said he: "My

man, God has a message through me for you tonight," urging him to enter the ante-room. In presence of the crowd he did so, and the two were soon on their knees. During those solemn moments a work was done in Dr. Baedeker whereby the accumulated infidelity of years was dissipated for ever. God was acknowledged, the Saviour trusted, and the joy of salvation soon filled his soul. The experience of that memorable night would be by himself thus tersely expressed: "I went in a proud German infidel, and came out a humble, believing disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise God!"

"His wife, who had gone heart and soul with him into the world and its pleasures—music and dancing being their greatest delight—for some time stood aloof, and steered clear of 'These wondrous gath'rings day by day'; but ultimately, seeing the change in her husband, and his determination to 'hold fast' and 'go forward,' she said: 'Perhaps I am refusing something I ought to take,' accompanied him to a meeting, was awakened, and ere long, saved, and thus became a partaker of 'like precious faith.' 'As heirs together of the grace of life,' they were thenceforth one in purpose, constrained by the love of Christ who gave Himself for them, to spend and be spent for the best good of others."

And now a remarkable thing happened. A man who had for years been in delicate health, who dare not even venture upon a walk with his wife without taking precautionary measures in case of heart failure, who was looked upon by all his acquaintances as foredoomed to an early grave, through feeble vitality, flung aside his medicine bottles, forgot that he suffered ominous pains, and stepped forth in the vigour of manhood's prime to serve Christ without an interval of serious illness for forty years.

Lord Radstock was further privileged to open the "wide door and effectual" for Dr. Baedeker's ministry on the Continent. In the year 1874 his lordship paid a flying visit to Berlin; and in conference with some Christian friends in that city it was decided to send for a well-known American evangelist to conduct a mission there. Dr. Baedeker being then in the city, was requested to interpret for the foreign preacher. He interpreted with such spirit and power that the people said, "What need had we to send to America for a preacher? Here is a man of our own race and tongue upon whom the Holy Ghost

manifestly rests. We will listen to him!"

Consequently, at the close of the tour throughout Germany with the American, the doctor struck out on independent lines, retracing the ground, revisiting the scenes of the recent meetings, and conducting with much blessing his first campaign for Christ in his own native country.

In the following year the doctor began his labours in Russia. To many persons of the highest social position in St. Petersburg he was introduced by his friend Lord Radstock, whose ministry had been attended with remarkable blessing in that Empire. In the year 1877, Dr. Baedeker let his house in Weston-super-Mare for three years, and with his wife and adopted daughter removed to Russia to resume his evangelistic labours primarily among the German-speaking populations of its town and cities.

He subsequently extended his sphere far beyond the lines originally contemplated. Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Galicia, Poland, Switzerland, Finland, and the western and southern provinces of the vast Russian Empire became the principal spheres of his ministry.

It was at Mitau, in Courland, that the doctor held his first meeting in Russia. From his hotel he made his way to the residence of the Governor.

"I am staying in your city for a few days. See, here is my passport. I am from England. I am an evangelist, and should like to hold a meeting here. If you will arrange for a meeting in your drawing-room, I am willing to conduct it, and deliver an address."

"With the greatest of pleasure," replied the Governor. "My drawing-room is at your service, and my friends will be 'at your service also.' I will see that you have a large meeting."

In fulfillment of his promise he called his friends and neighbours together, as did Cornelius the centurion of Caesarea, when Peter was expected on an identical errand, and no preacher could desire a more attentive or wistful audience than that which assembled to hear the Word in the state drawing-room of the Mitau "mansion-house."

It is interesting to find that one of the scenes of his earliest evangelistic labours was Witten, his birthplace and the home of his youth. To the man that was healed, the Master said, "Go

home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done unto thee."

This brief narrative may fittingly close with extracts from three letters from Witten.

"'A prophet in his own country.' The verse applies to me here in its full meaning. Yet I trust the Lord will not fail to give me what I need, and what He requires for the people here. There is a praying band here, and that comforts me."

"I called this afternoon on some distant connections of mine. They are strong Lutherans.

"Hitherto the Lord has prepared the way, and prospered me. On Wednesday I held a meeting in Annen. There is a *living* pastor there also. I walked back to Witten after the meeting, several friends accompanying me.

"The doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is the shroud in which lies the corpse of the religious life of Germany. But the Spirit of God is at work among the people."

Dr. Baedeker was a cousin of the editor of the renowned "Baedeker's Continental Guide Books," and he was a contributor to several of these valuable Guides, particularly to those referring to remote and out of the way places, but infinitely better still he has been a guide to untold thousands in their journey to the Heavenly City.

(Continued D.V.)



"Tell ye your children of it"

"He sent from above, He took me, He dress me out of many waters." Psalm 124:6

When travelling once in a train, I handed a tract to a woman, sitting near me. Its title was, "Condemned already." (John 3:18). Pointing to the words, I asked her which was true of her, "Justified from all things," or, "Condemned already"? As she was rather deaf I had to raise my voice, and so most of our fellow passengers heard what I said. After one or two evasive answers the woman replied, "Oh, you must give me time. I must consider about it. I am not prepared to answer that at once."

"Look here, and listen," broke in a man sitting near me, addressing himself to the woman, "When I was a little boy I fell into the river, and was nearly drowned. I had sunk twice,

and was just about to sink the third time. I thought of my father and mother, and what they would say and feel when my little body was brought home dead. Just then I saw a great hand coming down close to me. I knew what it was for. It was stretched out to save me, and I knew it was now or never for me, for I was drowning. At once I grasped the great hand, and it closed in a tight grip upon my little hand, and drew me out. I was saved. The great hand was that of a man who had seen my danger, and had come to rescue me."

The application was very simple. The drowning boy required no "time to consider about it," when he saw the hand stretched down for him to grasp. He was already almost lost. And this is the condition of all unsaved sinners. A sinner sinks only once, never to come up again, never to rise where the great hand of God's mercy can reach him. If you do not believe it, read Luke 16:19 to 31. "The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." That was immediately after his death, and even the hand of the Saviour, whose words these are, could not reach him there. (vs. 16).

But now sinking in your sins, lay hold of the great hand of the Saviour!—Do you ask, how can I do so?—By believing in Him. Trust your soul to His precious blood, "which cleanseth from all sin." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

A BURIAL AT SEA

Very tedious and trying was our passage northward and nothing of advantage to our cargo was seen for a long time, but to the surprise of all when we arrived off the beautiful island of Hong Kong, we "raised" a grand sperm whale. After the usual preliminaries, we were successful in getting fast to the great creature, who immediately showed fight. So skilful and wary did he prove that Captain Slocum, growing impatient at our manoeuvring with no result, himself took the field, arriving on the scene with the air of one who comes to see and conquer without more delay. He brought with him a weapon which I have not hitherto mentioned, because none of the harpooners could be induced to use it, and consequently it had not

been much in evidence. It was known as "Pierce's darting gun," being a combination of bombgun and harpoon, capable of being darted at the whale like a plain harpoon.

Supposing the aim to be good and the force sufficient, the harpoon would penetrate the blubber releasing the trigger and firing the gun. Thus the whale would be harpooned and bomb-lanced at the same time and supposing everything to work satisfactorily, very little more would be needed to finish him. But the weapon was so cumbersome and awkward, and the harpooners stood in such awe of it, that in the majority of cases the whale was either missed altogether or the harpoon got such slight hold that the gun did not go off, the result being generally disastrous.

In the present case, however, the "Pierce" gun was in the hands of a man by no means nervous, and above criticism or blame in case of failure. So when he sailed in to the attack, and delivered his "swashing blow," the report of the gun was immediately heard, proving conclusively that a successful stroke had been made.

It had an instantaneous and astonishing effect. The sorely-wounded monster, with one tremendous expiration, rolled over and over swift as thought towards his aggressor, literally burying the boat beneath his vast bulk. Now, one would have thought surely, upon seeing this, that none of that boat's crew would ever have been seen again. Nevertheless, strange as it may appear, out of that seething lather of foam, all six heads emerged again in an instant, but on the other side of the great creature. How any of them escaped instant death was, and from the nature of the case must ever remain, an unravelled mystery, for the boat was crumbled into innumerable fragments, and the three hundred fathoms of line, in a perfect maze of entanglement, appeared to be wrapped about the writhing trunk of the whale. Happily, there were two boats disengaged, so they were able very promptly to rescue the sufferers from their perilous position in the boiling vortex of foam by which they were surrounded. Meanwhile, the remaining boat had an easy task. The shot delivered by the captain had taken deadly effect, the bomb having entered the creature's side low down, directly abaft the pectoral fin.

When the ship arrived we got our catch alongside without any delay, but found that the captain was so badly bruised

about the body that he was unable to move, while one of the sailors, a Portuguese was injured internally and seemed very bad indeed.

As soon as dinner was over we all "turned to" with a will to get the whale cut in. All hands worked like Trojans and so good was the progress made that by five p.m. we were busy at the head. By the time it was dark we managed to get the junk on board and when morning dawned we finished the "head matter" without further incident.

Alas for poor Jemmy!—as we always persisted in calling him from inability to pronounce his proper name—his case was evidently hopeless. His fellows did their poor best to comfort his fast-fleeting hours, one after another murmuring to him the prayers of the Church, which, although they did not understand them, they evidently believed most firmly to have some marvellous power to open the gates of paradise and cleanse the sinner. Notwithstanding the grim fact that their worship was almost pure superstition, it was far more in accordance with the fitness of things for a dying man's surroundings than such scenes as I have witnessed in the forecastles of merchant ships when poor sailors lay a-dying.

Here, at any rate, there was quiet and decorum, while all that could be done for the poor sufferer (not much, from ignorance of how he was injured) was done. He was released from his pain in the afternoon of the second day after the accident, the end coming suddenly and peacefully. The same evening, at sunset, the body, neatly sewn up in canvas, with a big lump of sandstone secured to the feet was brought on deck, laid on a hatch at the gangway, and covered with the blue, star-spangled American Jack. Then all hands were mustered in the waist, the ship's bell was tolled, and the ensign run up half-way.

The captain was still too ill to be moved, so the mate stepped forward with a rusty old Common Prayer-book in his hands, whereon my vagrant fancy immediately fastened in frantic endeavour to imagine how it came to be there. The silence of death was over all. True, the man was but a unit of no special note among us, but death had conferred upon him a brevet rank, in virtue of which he dominated every thought. It seemed strange to me that we who faced death so often and

variously, until natural fear had become deadened by custom, should, now that one of our number lay a rapidly-corrupting husk before us, be so tremendously impressed by the simple, inevitable fact. I suppose it was because none of us were able to realize the imminence of Death until we saw his handiwork. Mr. Count opened the book, fumbling nervously among the unfamiliar leaves. Then he suddenly looked up, his weather-scarred face glowing a dull brick-red, and said, in a low voice, "This thing's too many fer me; kin any of ye do it? Ef not, I guess we'll hev ter take it as read." There was no response for a moment; then I stepped forward, reaching out my hand for the book. Its contents were familiar enough to me, for in happy pre-arab days I had been a chorister in the old Lock Chapel Harrow Road, and had borne my part in the service so often that I think even now I could repeat the greater part of it "memoriter." Mr. Count gave it me without a word, and, trembling like a leaf, I turned to the "Burial Service," and began the majestic sentences, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." I did not know my own voice as the wonderful words sounded clearly in the still air; but if ever a small body of soul-hardened men felt the power of God, it was then. At the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep." I paused, and, the mate making a sign, two of the harpooners tilted the hatch, from which the remains slid off into the unknown depths with a dull splash. Several of the dead man's compatriots covered their faces, and murmured prayers for the repose of his soul, while the tears trickled through their horny fingers. But matters soon resumed their normal course; the tension over, back came the strings of life into position again, to play the same old tunes and discords once more.



It must be evident that when the Holy Ghost speaks of *confession*, He does not mean praying. And it is equally evident that He knows there are moral elements in, and practical results flowing out of, confession which do not belong to prayer.



If the heart be delighting in the Christ which scripture unfolds, it will assuredly shrink from the false Christs which Satan would introduce. If we are feeding upon God's reality, we shall unhesitatingly reject Satan's counterfeit.

The Brahmin's Test

A Pundit sat with knitted brows,
His shaster on his knees,
And in his hands the printed page
Which man from overseas,
Disciples of the foreign faith,
Had brought to vex his ease.

"How can I know," he questioned sad,
"If this or that be God?
Since first the vedas taught the fear
Of Brahma's frown or nod,
My fathers worshipped him and I
But tread the paths they trod.

"This Christ—whence came He? As I read
Of all He wrought and said,
The teaching of our holy books
Seems childish babble spread
Before my eyes, and doubt's simoon
Swirls round and round my head.

"Yet strangely fastens on my heart
This wondrous story told;
Not this within *our* sacred scrolls
The sages wrote of old:
O Christ, so near and human-sweet!
O Brahm, so far and cold!

"All joy is drained from life; all sleep
Forsakes these eyes of mine;
No self-negation soothes my soul,
No pilgrimage, no shrine;
My Vishnu's wisdom shows so weak—
This Jesus', so divine!

“Why should I shrink to end; the doubt
 That racks my spirit so?
 Is Brahm supreme? Then he can shield
 His life against my blow:
 I’ll test him at the dagger’s point
 This very night—and *know!*”

Grim darkness gloomed the Hindoo fane
 As through its silence stole
 With hard-held breath and quivering limbs,
 The pundit to his goal
 Before the idol, where he sank
 With terror-smitten soul.

“Oh, what if *this* be God indeed,
 And when he feels the smart
 My dagger deals, he from his throne
 In direst wrath shall start,
 And clutch me in his grasp and spill
 The life-blood from my heart!

“Yet what if Christ be God indeed,
 His *avatar*, the peace
 That reconciles this warring life,
 And gives, when time shall cease,
 From cycles of soul wanderings
 At last, at last release!

“Oh, not to scoff at Brahma’s power
 I come, nor to deny;
 And if my wounding proves him God,
 He’ll know the reason why
 I strike:—and should he slay me, still
I dare the truth and die!”

Full in the idol’s breast the blade
 Was plunged! There came no moan!
 The pundit dropped with stifling joy
 Upon the pavement stone.
 Sobbing, “*My Brahma is a lie—
 The Christ is God alone!*”

Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston.

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October

1941

Jehovah Shammah

The Lord is There

The Name of the City from that
day shall be, 'The Lord is there.'

Ezekiel 48:35

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Conferences

CHICAGO, ILL. The annual Sunday School Teachers' Conference sponsored by the Assemblies in the Chicago area will be held, (D.V.) October 3rd and 4th. There will be an evening session only in Bethany Hall, 5300 W. Oakdale Ave., at 7:45 p.m., Friday, October 3rd. The Saturday sessions will be held at the 86th and Bishop St. Hall at 3:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. respectively. Speakers expected are brethren A. P. Gibbs of Chicago and H. G. Lockett of Hamilton, Ontario.

CHICAGO, ILL. The Conference of Christian workers will be held (D.V.) this year in the 86th St. Assembly Hall, Chicago, on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday following the annual Chicago Thanksgiving Conference. Those interested in all branches of Christian service will be welcomed. For further information address Mr. L. Sheldrake, 3719 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo., or Andrew J. Cotton 8226 Marshfield Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FOREST, ONTARIO. Prayer Meeting, Friday, October 31st at 7:30. Saturday, Nov. 1st, 10 a.m., 2:30 p.m., and 7 p.m.—Prayer, Praise and Ministry of the Word. Lord's Day, Nov. 2nd., 10 a.m., Breaking of Bread; 1 to 2 p.m. Children's meeting; 2:30 p.m. Ministry of the Word; 7 p.m. preaching of the Gospel.

HAMILTON ONTARIO. The Conference held yearly for over 65 years in Hamilton, will be held (D. V.) this year as usual, at Canadian Thanksgiving season, which is expected to include the following dates, (although not yet officially announced) Oct 12 and 13. All meetings on Lord's Day and Monday will be held in the Scottish Rite Temple, Cor. King and Queen Sts. Breaking of bread at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting in the Gospel Hall 140 McNab St., N., Saturday, 11th at 7:30 p.m. Address communications to John Moreland, 65 Gage Ave., S., Hamilton, Ont.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. Our 40th Annual Conference will be held Oct. 24, 25 and 26 with prayer meeting the evening of October 23, (D.V.). We extend a hearty welcome to all the Lord's people. Address enquiries to P. C. Doehring 6441 Edloe St., Houston, Texas.

KANSAS CITY, MO. The dates of our Conference have been tentatively set for November 22nd and 23rd. The definite decision will be announced (D.V.) in November *Annals*. —A. N. Simpson

OMAHA, NEBRASKA. The Omaha Conference will be held, if the Lord will, October 11th and 12th. Prayer meeting. October 10th. For further information write J. P. Patterson, 2540 No. 48th Ave., Omaha, Nebraska.

RIVER HEBERT EAST, NOVA SCOTIA. Annual conference, God willing, at Thanksgiving time, beginning with Prayer meeting on Sat. evening, October 11th continuing Lord's day and Monday, 12th and 13th.

WATERBURY, CONN. Our brother Louis Rosania (Box 33, White Road, Waterbury, Conn.) writes: "Thank God we had a fine Conference here in Waterbury for three days over the holiday. Many Christians came from all the Italian assemblies, and all the servants of the Lord laboring among Italians were present. We saw blessing both among the Christians and among the unsaved, some professing faith in Christ. We thank God for His people who pray for us, and we desire them to continue in prayer, as we pray for them."

Sowing and Reaping

CALIFORNIA. Brethren Sam McEwen and J. T. Dickson had six weeks' well attended meetings in the Jefferson Boulevard assembly tent in Los Angeles. Many strangers came in and Christians were interested and helped. There was much liberty in proclaiming the good news, and the Monday evening meetings for ministry to Christians were much appreciated. On Sunday evenings the tent was filled to capacity, and there was evidence of fruit in the gospel. Christians from the sects come now to the worship meetings and we expect still further results to the glory of God.

GEORGIA. Brother Gordon N. Reager (Box 141, Decatur, Ga.) has had one season of sowing the good seed during a tent campaign and with brother Crawford has just pitched his tent in a new section west of Atlanta with a good crowd as first audience, and they hope to continue till about the end of October.

LOUISIANA. Bro. T. C. Bush of Waxahachie Texas and Bro. Robert Curry of Tyler, Texas had three and one-half weeks in Gospel Tent, West Monroe, La. In spite of the hot weather there was very good attendance. Some were interested, but none saved as we know of.

—Earl F. Lingle, Rt. 3, Box 126 A—Correspondent

MASSACHUSETTS. W. C. Bousfield (1683 Lonsdale Ave., Lonsdale, R. I.) sends the following interesting report of tent work in Saxonville, Mass.: We finished the tent work a few days ago and five professed faith in Christ. One a R. C. young man who never missed a meeting for over a month, gave us much joy and reminded me of mine own deliverance from Romanism. The tent was pitched in a strong R. C. locality and the police who were all R. C's. warned us before we commenced, but we looked to the Lord and proved the truth of Psalm 118:8. Young men, bent on mischief and destruction treated us to an assortment of fire crackers, rocks, bombs (stink-bombs—not the real kind) and pulled the tent down twice but the little trials were worth it all to see precious souls won for our Lord and Saviour. Brother McBride, who is just recently out in the Lord's work, found this summer's tent-work quite an experience for him.

NORTH CAROLINA. Mr. Lester Wilson (413 No. Edgeworth St., Greensboro, N. C.) writes: I am in my fourteenth week of meetings. Have stayed in same place all summer. Interest has been good throughout. Expect to go on another week. Around twenty-five have professed. Our Sunday School is growing rapidly, 178 last Lord's day. Its only 10 months old. Morning meetings are good. Gift developing. Mr. Schuster was with me for ten days. Bro. Ernest Gross and wife joined me about a week ago. They plan on living here.

OKLAHOMA. M. J. Kennedy of 267 East Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., desires the prayers of God's people for the work in **Oklahoma City**. Bro. S. Greer of Los Angeles Cal. was recently suddenly called home to Heaven from this needy field. Bro. Kennedy is continuing the work. A few have come out to the Lord's name from a little Baptist church here, and we are looking to the Lord for others to follow. We have rented a store and made it into a Hall, where we can break bread and carry on a Sunday School and gospel work. The Hall is located at 204 S.W. 44th St., Oklahoma City. The correspondent for the assembly is Carlton Jones, 100 S. E. 34th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

ARGENTINA. From Mr. Sam Williams (Calle Caa-Guuzo 848, Lanus, F. C. S., Buenos Aires, Argentina): "The Lord has indeed been blessing us here. We do not remember having such meetings and such a desire to hear the Gospel. Some have lately confessed the Lord, and there are some who are lingering on and we are praying they will soon decide for Him. Our bi-weekly prayer meetings are a pleasure. About nine assemblies take part, with a meeting every fifteen days and the smaller halls generally filled. It is a great encouragement to the little meetings and furthers fellowship and keeps us in touch with one another."

With Christ

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. Samuel Reinhardt passed into the presence of the Lord, August 3, at the age of 79. Born in Wurttemberg, Germany, and born again in Chambersburg as a young man of 19. Was one of those instrumental in starting the Chambersburg Gospel Hall. Spent his 60 years of barbering in the same shop where Gospel texts adorned the walls and thousands of tracts were given to patrons. In a quiet, unobtrusive way he regularly visited the local jail, alms house and hospital ever witnessing for Christ. The poor, shut-in and afflicted were especially on his heart. He had printed and distributed hundreds of thousands of Gospel tracts. He lived in the presence of Christ and his lips were ever speaking of Christ. He was doubtless the best known man in Chambersburg and was loved and respected even by the ungodly. Ira B. Thomas gave a clear word in the Gospel to the many who attended the funeral. Geo. M. Landis conducted the service at the grave.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. Our aged brother in Christ, **Mr. Charles G. Papworth** went home to be with the Lord September 3rd. He was saved in England over sixty years ago, and was in fellowship in the West Side Assembly for a number of years. Remember in prayer his widow and family. Mr. George Duncan spoke at the funeral parlors and Mr. David Roy at the grave. —Thomas Fulton

FOREST, ONTARIO. During the past few months the Forest Assembly has sustained the loss of three beloved sisters. The first was **Mrs. John Johnson** who passed away on May 6 in her sixty eighth year, after a long illness. Saved over fifty years ago, through reading a gospel tract. For a number of years she and her husband were associated with the assembly at that time at Wilkesport, Ont., but later at Forest. Though tried by indifferent health and much affliction her life was devoted to the Lord, to her family, and friends. Mr. T. Wilkie and Mr. S. B. Adams spoke at her funeral to a large number of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mary Freeman passed into the presence of the Lord on May 31 in her seventy sixth year after a short illness. Saved about sixty years ago and for a number of years was in fellowship with the assembly at Lake Shore. Then for a short time she and her husband lived at Edgington Ont. and later at Forest. During her early Christian life she wrote a number of poems, chiefly of a devotional character. As one of the Lord's children, her whole course was marked by steadfastness and faith in God. Mr. S. B. Adams and Mr. T. Wilkie spoke to a large gathering at her funeral and Dr. H. A. Cameron at the grave.

Mrs. R. Macken. While conversing with a number of the Lord's people after a meeting, our beloved sister in some unaccountable way, fell backward down the steps to the vestibule of the Gospel Hall on the night of August 18 and as a result, passed into the presence of the Lord before morning. Our sister was in her eighty-first year and had been associated with the assembly at Forest for over thirty years. Blessed with an amiable disposition, she was a wise and gracious woman, given to hospitality, a faithful attendant at all the meetings and a true mother, who will be greatly missed. Mr. R. McCrory and Mr. T. Wilkie spoke to a large gathering at the funeral. —S. B. Adams

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI. Mrs. Helen Meil Brown, age 39, daughter of Mrs. William Meil, formerly of Cleveland, was called home September 15 after a short illness. She leaves her husband, Dr. Irwin S. Brown, and four small children.

During the last year Mrs. Brown bore a bright testimony before her many friends of the world, and she herself declared it was the happiest year of her life. Mr. O. E. Magee of the Kansas City assembly spoke at the services and the word was in power. A large number of the medical profession of Kansas City attended the service and heard the Gospel clearly spoken. Three young men from the Kansas City assembly sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth", a hymn which Mrs. Brown made an effort to sing shortly before she passed into His presence.

—A. N. Simpson



My Ain Countrie

SCOTTISH HYMN

I am far frae my hame, and I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed for hamebringing and my Father's welcome smiles
And I'll ne'er be fu content until my een do see
The golden gates o' heaven and my ain countrie:
The earth is flecked wi' flowers mony-tinted fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights and these sounds will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

I've His gude word o' promise, that some gladsome day the
King,

To His ain royal palace, His blood-bought hame will bring;
Wi' hearts rinnin owre wi' joy we shall see

"The King in His beauty", in our ain countrie.

My sins hae been many, and my sorrows hae been sair;

But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;

For His blood hath washed me white, and His hand shall

dry my ee

When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

He is faithful that hath promised, and He'll surely come again,

He'll keep His tryst wi' me—at what hour I dinna ken;

But He bids me still to wait and ready aye to be,

To gang at any moment to my ain countrie;

So I'm watching aye and singing o' my hame as I wait

For the sounding o' His foot-fall this side the golden gate;

God gie His grace to ilka one who listens now to me,

That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

—Mary Lee Damarest

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The Moral Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ

J. G. Bellett

In His character as a *reprover* we notice the Lord Jesus in the case of the ten and the two brethren (Matt. 20). How does He temper His rebuke because of the good and right that were in those whom He had to rebuke! And in this He takes a place apart from His heated disciples, who would not have had their two brethren spared in any measure. He patiently sits over the whole material, and separates the precious from the vile that was in it.

So He is heard again as a reprover in the case of John, forbidding any to cast out devils in His name, if they would not walk with them. But at that moment John's spirit had been making discovery of the mistake he had committed, and he refers to that mistake, though the Lord Himself had in no way alluded to it. But this being so, John having already a sense of his mistake, and artlessly letting it tell itself out, the Lord deals with it in the greatest gentleness. (See Luke 9:46-50).

So as to the Baptist: the Lord rebukes him with marked consideration. He was in prison then. What a fact that must have been in the esteem of the Lord at that moment! But he was to be rebuked for having sent a message to his Lord that reproached Him. But the delicacy of the rebuke is beautiful. He returns a message to John which none but John himself could estimate: "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Even John's disciples, who carried the message between him and the Lord, could not have understood this. Jesus would expose John to himself, but neither to his disciples nor to the world.

So, further, His rebuke of the two of Emmaus, and of Thomas after the resurrection, each has its own excellency. Peter, both in Matt. 16 and 17, has to meet rebuke; but the rebuke is very differently ministered on each occasion.

But all this variety is full of moral beauty; and we may surely say, whether His style be peremptory or gentle, sharp or

considerate; whether rebuke on His lips be so reduced as to be scarcely rebuke at all, or so heightened as almost to be the language of repulse and disclaimer; still, when the occasion is weighed, all this variety will be found to be but various perfections. All these His reproofs were "earrings of gold, and ornaments of fine gold," whether hung or not upon "obedient ears." (Prov. 25:12). "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." (Psalm 141:5). Surely the Lord gave His disciples to prove this.



The Church - God's Witness

T. D. W. Muir

The "Church, as God's Witness" in this present world, brings us to a very practical part of our subject. Our former papers have been fully taken up with God's side of the matter,—the Church as "a building of God"—"the body of Christ,"—and "the bride of the Lamb." These aspects of the case present to us what God, in carrying out the purposes of His heart, has in this day wrought among men. Human responsibility is lost, in the greater thought of the Sovereignty of God. But there is a responsibility side to this question, and to this we shall briefly refer.

In all ages of this world's history, God has had His witnesses. Some of them were prominent and public,—others obscure,—little known, it may be, to any but God. But He knew them all, and appreciated them all at their true value, and some day He will make it manifest to all what such have been to Him, in a world where all was against Him. For, since sin entered into the world, God's witnesses have been men and women, who could and did stand for God against men and things that were opposed to God and His ways. Never were they "popular" in the world,—often the objects of the hatred and malignant rage of those who knew not God, and desired not His ways. Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and many others; some of whom find an honored place in that notable list of God's witnesses we have in Hebrews 11, individually stood for God, in the midst of abounding evil, that prevailed in their day,—and having "endured," passed on.

Nationally, Israel were to be a witness for God,—to the one “living and true God,” in contradistinction to the “gods many” of the nations about them. Yet, how sadly they failed in this,—as their constant lapsing into idolatry testifies. Then their sacrificial law was to serve not only as a reminder of God’s requirements as it applied to themselves, but to form a testimony to the peoples about them that “without the shedding of blood is no remission” (Heb. 9:22). Yet here again they failed,—learning, as they did, “the ways of the heathen,” against which God warned them (Jer. 10:2, P’sa. 106:34-37). In tones of entreaty, God urged them to be true to Him and His truth He had taught them.

“Behold I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. Keep, therefore, and do them: for this is your wisdom, and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely, this nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is, in all things that we call upon Him for? And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day? Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart, all the days of thy life, but teach them to thy sons, and thy sons’ sons. (Deut. 4:5-9).

But alas, we know the outcome of all His grace. The history of Israel as a witness for God is but a sad testimony to the absolute failure of everything entrusted to man. In various ways, and through divers means, God sought to recover His people when they departed from Him but, at last, He reached the limit of his patience with them, and the enemy was allowed to “come in like a flood,”—and first the Assyrians, and later the Chaldeans carried them out of the land, the captives, and the sport of the nations, instead of God’s witnesses among them. The song with which they began their redeemed history was hushed, and they hanged their harps on the willows, and refused to sing the Lord’s song in a strange land (Psa. 137:1-5). It is true, God gave them “a little reviving” in the midst of their bondage (Ezra 9:8-9), bringing a remnant of them back to the

land, but they were never again as a nation God's witnesses,—except it be to the “severity” of God, as formerly they had borne testimony to His “goodness” (Rom. 11:21-25). Their crowning act was the murder of their Messiah, the Lord Jesus, of whom they declared, “We will not have this man to reign over us” (Luke 19:14). Again, they had said, “We have no King but Caesar,” and thus having definitely rejected Him, God set them aside as His testimony, until through tribulation they will be made to exclaim of the One they had despised and refused, “Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the Lord” (Matt. 23:37-39).

Yet God is not leaving Himself without a witness. The Church, that unique company He is gathering out of Jew and Gentile, and by the Spirit uniting to His Son in the heavens, is the witness God has chosen to show forth the virtues and glories of Him who has called them out of darkness into His own marvelous light. Christ when here, was the “Faithful and true Witness” (Rev. 3:14), in the midst of the sham and unreality of decadent Judaism, and it cost Him His life.

He stood for God and against evil;—the self-satisfied Phariseism of the day,—the self-seeking, and willingness of the leaders of the people to do any wickedness that they might retain power,—the hypocrisy and complacency of the priests who boasted “The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are these” (Jer. 7:4)—glorying in their religious position, while their spiritual condition was such that they had no room for the Lord of the temple, if His teachings rebuked their ways. To get rid of such a Witness, these leaders of religious thought, which they moulded to suit their own purposes, pursued the most unrelenting course their malignity could suggest, until at last they had secured His death,—and as they hoped extinction. But God raised Him from the dead, and enthroned Him at His own right hand in the glory, until His foes should be made His footstool, when that “Faithful Witness” will return again no longer the humbled Man, but to be owned as “the Prince of the Kings of the Earth.” Meanwhile the Church is here, but what her testimony should be must be reserved for another paper.



The believer should not wait to be shaken out of present things.

The Feasts of Jehovah

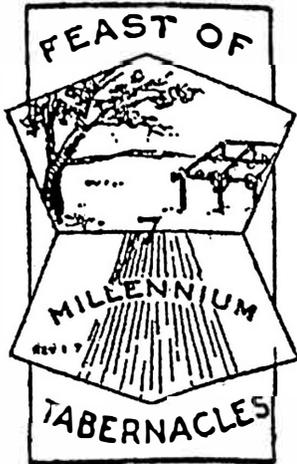
Unrevised notes of a series of addresses by

Mr. W. J. McClure

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

(Concluding Paper)

Read Leviticus 23:33-36



Now read Revelation 21:9-27. Here is God's description of this heavenly city. God, seems to ransack the whole creation for all that is costly to illustrate it. No doubt there are figures used, but do not say that the city is a figure. It is the city that Abraham looked for—the city presented to our faith in Hebrews 12. Now it has come towards the earth, but while it is not upon the earth, there is an intimate relationship between that heavenly city and the earth,

as the Lord said to Nathanael. (John 1:51). The earthly Jerusalem is the counterpart of the heavenly. In the heavenly city above there is the Lord Jesus Christ and His people; in the earthly city below there is a descendant of David upon the throne, and the earthly people; and this earthly king bears the same relationship unto Christ as Moses, the King in Jeshurun did under God, Who was Israel's King. There will be an earthly ruler on the earth, but in the heavenly City the saints will have their home, and from that City they will come and go upon errands of mercy, just as the angels are doing now, and have done in ages gone by. But "Unto the angels hath He not put in subjection the world to come." He has put that in the hands of those that live for Christ: according to our faithfulness here there will be given to us the honor of reigning together with Him. Jerusalem above will be like London,—the English capital;—Jerusalem below will be like Ottawa,—the provincial capital. There in the heavenly City will be the throne of the King of kings!

Do you see that our City "comes down," but not to earth. There is no end to the fantasies that people have imagined. Perhaps you say, "Just think—a City in the air!" Well, do you think that this earth rests upon a turtle's back, as the Hindus teach? If God in the excellency of His wonderful power

and grace gives the Church a place over the earth, and yet in some way visible to it, is it any more unthinkable than the fact that He “hangs the earth upon nothing”? (Job 26:7). Some say, “Yes, but God does not say so.” Now I want to give you three scriptures.—

(1).—“And the Lord will create upon every dwelling place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and a shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defense. And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain.” (Isa. 4:4). Notice the change in the Revised Version. “And the Lord will create *over* the whole habitation of Mount Zion, and *over* her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for over all the glory shall He spread a canopy. And there shall be a pavilion for a shadow in the day-time from the heat.” If you are acquainted with the history of the cloudy pillar in the wilderness, you will see what we have in view here. The sun might shine, but it did not evaporate the cloud; the winds might blow but they could not dissipate it. Night by night they had its fiery glow, and day by day its shadow. It was *supernatural*,—a token of the presence of God among Israel. But the days come when God says: “I am going to do better than that. There will yet be over the whole of Mount Zion and over her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day and the shining of a flaming fire by night.”

(2).—Ezekiel 37:26-27. This chapter speaks of the return of Israel and the healing of the breach between the two divisions—Israel and Judah, “Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen whither they be gone and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all: and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all . . . So shall they be my people and I will be their God and David My servant shall be king over them and they shall all have one Shepherd . . . moreover I will make a covenant of peace with them; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them; . . . and I will set My sanctuary in the midst of them forevermore.

My tabernacle also shall be over them: yea I will be their God, and they shall be My people." Now what is the tabernacle that is to be *over* them? Please read Ephesians 2:20. "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone; in Whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord: in Whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit." Thus we see that the Church *is* the Holy City, the Church *is* God's dwelling place. While the temple is in their midst, the tabernacle is over them.

(3).—Now read Revelation 7:14-17. Here we have a scene not in heaven, but the overcomers brought into Millennial blessing on the earth. And the feature of their blessing is that "they serve God day and night in His temple,"—the temple on the earth. God's earthly people come there, and the nations, and their worship is directed to that Wonderful One Who sits upon the Throne. And note this, "He that sitteth on the Throne shall tabernacle over them." (Revise Version—"Shall spread His tabernacle over them"). Now if anyone here has the thought that risen, glorified saints are going to sit upon thrones on the earth, they have a wrong idea. As the angels did in this and other dispensations, we shall come to the earth: but there never was a time when angels were "Hail fellow, well met" with men. We shall come to the earth from our city which shall be above the earth but when we so come to the earth on errands of mercy men will not be any more familiar with us than men are familiar with angels now. Our part will be with the Lord Jesus Christ.



The Transfiguration

(Matthew 16:21, 17:13; II Peter 1:12-21)

James Melrose

(Continued from September number)

I think just now of another mountain scene, where the Devil laid claim to world empire, saying "that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I give it." That was no idle boast, either, for in Rev. 13:23 we find the "Dragon" giving power to the "Beast" and delivering to *him* that world empire, with "power over all kindreds and tongues and nations," and the worship of all that dwell upon the earth, The same empire

with which he vainly sought to buy the Lord Jesus Christ, as he "shewed unto Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time," he boasted as his estate. Yet of all those broad acres to which he laid claim, I cannot but think that many must cause him deep and anxious concern as he considers the vast amount of seed sown there. "Sown in corruption, to be raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour to be raised in glory; sown in weakness to be raised in power; sown a natural body to be raised a spiritual body;" as he looks forward to the day when God's acres shall bring forth their harvest, the mighty army of the redeemed, and when the question propounded to Ezekiel, "Son of man, can these bones live?" shall again be answered in the affirmative, not only figuratively, but literally.

Here, then, in Moses, "the servant of God" (Deut. 34.5), "faithful in all his house as a servant," we have a representative of one class of those who shall go to make up the kingdom of God throughout eternity; viz., the "Blessed dead who die in the Lord, who rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." (A period of rest followed by renewed service in a vastly larger and better sphere of influence): that great company, who, like Moses, have died and been buried. It may be that, like him, too, the place of their sepulchre no man knoweth. Perhaps in the mighty deep, or plowed under the poppies of a Flander's Field; but God knoweth, for "precious in His sight is the death of His saints," and He needs no marker.

The world may lie in the arms of the wicked one, but these sleep in the "Everlasting Arms of God." In the morning, they shall awake, like a giant, refreshed, at the voice of the Son of God. As He brought forth Moses, when His due time came to do so, and set his feet upon the Holy Mount; as He brought forth Lazarus from the tomb and set him down at the table for all to see; as He brought forth the young maiden to restore her to the home and brighten it once more, and the young man of Nain to gladden a widow's heart; so—O listen ye mourners and dry your tears, for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," —"The hour is coming when all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth." At the call of the Man of Calvary. "They that have done good (and this is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent) unto the resurrection of life, and (oh dreadful words!) they that have

done evil, unto the *resurrection of damnation.*” And by so much as glory excels humiliation, shall that “resurrection of life” excel the examples just cited; for those were but raised or re-animated (still subject to mortality and corruption, still a body of humiliation) but these, immortal, incorruptible, spiritual; with a glorious body like unto “His,” a body in which to carry on the activities of the next administration of the kingdom of God, activities begun here and to be perpetuated there: for “their works do follow.” Hast thou been “faithful in a few things”? “I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Dear brother, dear sister in Christ, seek ye first the Kingdom of God. Lay up treasure in Heaven. I have heard people talk of seeking a career with a future to it. But if you are a child of the Kingdom, you have a great future before you in the next administration!

If the manner of Moses’ departure from this scene was remarkable, no less so was that of Elijah, which also has its counterpart as representative of those who, like him, shall rise to meet the Lord in the air, from the midst of a scene of apostasy, idolatry, and perilous times. Delivered from the powers of darkness and translated into the Kingdom of God’s dear Son, “Overcomers” of a Laodicean day, to whom it is granted—to quote our Lord’s words in Revelation 3:21—“To sit down with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne.” What a fitting representative of all such latter-day saints—(not Mormons—they have usurped that title) is this Man of God. Standing alone for God. His name? It means God is God; culminating in his amazing challenge to the people of Israel: “If God be God, then follow Him, and if Baal be God, then follow him.” The God that answers by fire, let Him be God. His slogan? As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand. His appearance? An hairy man—the Nazarite type, set apart for God; with a leathern girdle about his loins, as the runner that lays aside every weight. Abstemious as the pilgrim and stranger, who abstains from fleshly lusts that war against the soul. His times? They were times of apostasy in Israel; times when truth lay wounded in the streets and prophets of Baal were subsidized and sponsored by Ahab, the king, as a state priesthood, and feasted and feted at Jezebel’s table; while the feeble remnant of a hundred prophets of God were fed by fifties in a cave on

bread and water by a faithful, but fearful, Obadiah. Such were Elijah's times.

The enemy had come in like a flood, and "The Spirit of God" by the hand of this man, would "raise up a standard against him," as he throws a blockade around Samaria, tighter than that of the British or any other navy—when, with the key of effectual fervent prayer, he locked up the reservoirs of heaven by the space of three and a half years, until weak Ahab and wicked Jezebel fretted and fumed and vainly set a price upon his head. Preserved and hid in the shadow of God's hand, he returns at the time appointed, as ambassador of God, to talk terms of peace with Israel and their idolatrous king and stage the final contest on another mountain top—on Mt. Carmel. What a man is this Elijah, the Tishbite! And yet, as the Apostle James reminds us, not a superman, but just a man, subject to like passions as we are—particularly so, I think, when under the juniper tree, he cries "It is enough! Take away my life, O Lord," for I am just another failure; when he needed and received the gentle touch of an angel hand—one of those "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." The same that came and ministered to the Lord Jesus in Gethsemane's garden and strengthened Him. The same that stood by Paul on the reefs of a foreign shore. The same whose gracious reviving touch gives to us new strength for life's journey and causes us to sing with the Psalmist, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Elijah got his second wind, so to speak, and goes on, literally, to a whirlwind finish.

Never could royal coach of crimson and gold, with outriders and trumpeting heralds sweeping forward with pomp and circumstances, to convey a waiting monarch home—never could such begin to compare with the chariot of fire and horses of fire that parted Elijah and Elisha and escorted the hairy man of the leathern girdle and well-worn mantle in a whirlwind ascension into heaven and left Elisha crying in ecstasy, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof"! What a royal exit! The unbelieving sons of the prophets wanted to make sure that it was not just a whirlwind catastrophe, instead of a whirlwind translation, and searched for him in vain.

"Elisha saw him no more," but Peter and James and John

did, nearly nine hundred years later, on this wonderful mount. Where was he all that time? I do not know; but the God who sustained Methuselah in the flesh for 969 years, kept this "man of God" somewhere for 900 years and produced him when the right moment arrived. Moses—Elijah—Jesus! Such a galaxy!
(Continued D. V.)



Praise

J. N. Darby

"UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US . . . BE GLORY AND DOMINION
FOR EVER AND EVER."

We'll praise Thee, glorious Lord!
Who died to set us free:
No earthly songs can joy afford
Like heavenly melody.

There is no other subject of praise for heaven than for earth; the blood of Christ has the same efficacy on earth as in heaven; that for which they praise God there is equally true for us here. Their harps are better tuned than ours, but their song is the same.

Let us be persuaded to praise the Lord alone. He only is worthy of being praised, revered, and adored. The song of the blessed (Rev. 5) praises none but Him Who redeemed them with His blood. It contains not one word of praise for any of their own number. Let us strive to bring our hearts into unison with that song. This will be our happiness even here below, and contribute to God's glory, which is wronged by the praise that Christians too often bestow on each other.

"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still, praising Thee." Nothing but praise becomes those who shall dwell in God's house; it will be then unwearied, untiring employ—continual praise.

The Lord says "In the midst of the church will I sing praise unto Thee." May we be in tune with our heavenly Guide! He shall well conduct our praises, and agreeably to the Father. His ear will be attentive when He hears this Voice lead us.

In spirit we are in heaven. We are in Christ Who fills it with His glory and His perfections. Holiness and love and joy characterize the land. They are the fruits that grow there spontaneously, as are the thanksgivings that arise in the hearts of those who are there with redeeming power.

Anyone can rejoice in the Lord when the Lord gives Him what he likes. But "Bless the Lord at all times:" that is the testing point. "In everything give thanks."

Are your voices tuned to praise with Christ? He is gone from the wrath and darkness of the cross into the light and love of His Father's presence, and is praising. Can you praise with Him? Oh, how those who seek Him lag behind His heart.

The Christian may sometimes say, I am not in a state to praise. He may, it is true, sometimes be more capable of doing it well, but he is always in a state to do it.

God is not forming a people for *their own* praise, but "for His praise." He is shewing them what they are in themselves, in order to shew them by His Spirit the blessed suitability of Christ to all their need.



Holiness in its Threefold Aspect

Henry Groves

(Continued from September number)

In chapters 5, 6, 7 and 8 of the epistle to the Romans, Paul develops God's provision for our need. Chapter 5 presents the sinner justified by faith, and, as such, having a *new Head*, in Whom he has a new standing (vs. 12-21); *a new life*, through the regenerating power of the Spirit, in which he lives (chap. 6:1-14); *a new Master*, whom he is called to serve (vs. 15-23); *a new law*, by which he is bound, and *a new Husband*, through whom fruit is yielded to God (chap. 7:1-6). But what is the result of his being brought into all these new relationships? War, conflict, strife; and of this we read in the latter part of chapter 7. The mystery of the strife in Rebecca's womb is unfolded here. The children "struggled together," or, as the word implies, they oppressed one another. Rebecca went to God to enquire the meaning; and we need to do the same if we would rightly understand our double relationship, and solve the deep mystery of our having a spiritual life in the midst of that fleshly life which is dead in trespasses and sins. We have to view them together, as parts of our own proper self, avoiding the great moral danger of making a separation between ourselves and either the new man or the old. Together they constitute "self." By virtue of our union with Christ we have been brought into direct antagonism to the old Adam, the old

life of sin and death; to the old master, sin and Satan; to the old law and its covenant of works; and the result is, that we "groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body," and we cry out in the bitterness of a double nature and of circumstances beyond our control, "Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

To a right understanding of the seventh chapter of Romans, it is very needful to observe the order in which it stands, between the sixth and the eighth. It is not parenthetical. It is strictly consecutive, following the sixth with its new life of holiness and resurrection, as that follows the one before it, which treats of peace through justification by faith. Some have written about the "unhappy sevenths" and the "happy eighths;" but a regard to the strictly consecutive character of this epistle would have preserved them from falling into the error of saying that the seventh chapter gives the experience of one not established in grace, or of one still in sin. Grace, rightly understood, would give us an ever-deepening apprehension of the truth of this chapter.

We would call particular attention to the fact that while from verse 7 to verse 11, all is in the past tense—"I had not known," "I was alive," "I died," "I found," "it slew me"—from verse 12 to the end is all in the *present* tense. This indicates clearly the fact that in the former verses Paul referred to his experience as an unsaved man, perhaps during those three mysterious days of blindness when the floodgates of confession were opened, and after which God could say, "Behold he prayeth."

Christ was henceforth seen as the end of law, and as having made an end of sin; and the truth which Paul now realized for the first time, and increasingly realized afterwards, was this—"I am carnal, sold under sin;" he was no longer a willing votary, but, *as to the flesh*, the slave of sin still. Yet this glorious truth also dawned upon him, "Yet *not I*, but sin that dwelleth in me." By virtue of the new relationship into which he had been brought he was able to say, "*Not I*;" for in the conscious power of his new life he linked himself to the new Head. Summing all up, he says, "So then with the mind *I myself* serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." On the one hand, he was God's free man, in the full liberty

of delight and joy in God and in His law; on the other, a slave, feeling intensely the misery of the bondage of a law or principle of sin which he hated, and under which he groaned.

But we must not confound "the *law* of sin" with the *dominion* of sin. The latter is broken in the cross of Christ; the former is held in abeyance by the law of the Spirit of life, in proportion to the measure in which the Spirit dwells in us. As an essential element of his condition, the apostle assumes, let us ever remember, that the *mind* serves God, and the *flesh* the law of sin. Neither can do otherwise, for each acts by a "law," and it will do so till the end.

Up to the end of the seventh chapter there is but an incidental mention of the Spirit; but now this mighty factor in the life of the believer is brought before us. From chap. 5:1, Christ was the theme, but now, in chap. 8, it is the SPIRIT OF GOD, Who proceeds from the Father and the Son. The knowledge of this draws forth from the apostle's heart that wondrous "*I thank God*" in the last verse of chap. 7, because of his assurance of deliverance and victory, as expressed in the words, "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

The prominence given to the Spirit's presence, power, and intercession in chap. 8 is very remarkable and the chapter is not therefore so much a contrast to chap. 7 as a development of it. The work of the Spirit consummates what the work of Christ had begun, for He is the Revealer, the Unfolder, and the Inworker of Christ *in* the soul, as well as *to* the soul. The triumphant words with which the chapter winds up—"We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us"—tell of victory through the Holy Ghost, however aggravated may be the circumstances that tend to affect the *condition* of the saint; even as the first verse of the chapter—"There is therefore now no condemnation"—tells of the perfect security of his *position* "in Christ."

We can gain no higher place this side the glory than that which this eighth chapter gives us. In vs. 23 the *groaning within ourselves*, while waiting for the redemption of the body, corresponds exactly with Paul's cry in chapter 7, "*O wretched man!*" as he seeks deliverance from the body of death.

Another point that needs attention is, the depth of meaning contained in the words "the *good*" and "the *evil*," which are

used in chapter 7. To the heart in close communion with God, *good* is looked at no longer as some good thing which the natural man aims after, and fails to realize, but as that absolute good which has its measure only in God. Hence Paul cries out, "The good that I would, I do not." He never attains to the mark set before him; yet he follows after, agonizing to attain, but seeing it far above out of his reach: for the flesh still weighs him down, and the revelation of the glory necessitates a "thorn in the flesh," "the messenger of Satan," to buffet him—a thorn given by God to keep one of His holiest servants from the filthiness of spiritual pride.

In like manner we read, in Deut. 7:22, that God would not allow Israel to destroy the Canaanites all at once, even had they sought to do so, lest the beasts of the field should multiply against them. God accomplishes this work by *little and little*; but how this is misunderstood by those who would make an inwrought personal sanctification a single act of faith, like that of justification! The saintly Paul writes: "I *keep under* my body" (or more forcibly still, I beat it black and blue; I crush it down), "and bring it into subjection," or enslave it; and this mighty conflict was ever going on, though the victory was constant also. He ran not uncertainly; but he *ran*, and we know something of what that race was which ended in a martyr's death. His was no fighting of the air: the world, the flesh, and the devil were *real* opponents. Is no suffering involved in such a struggle? Surely there is, and this explains the Lord's word regarding the initiatory steps of self-renunciation and cross-bearing which His disciples must take if they are to follow Him. We hear but little of such things in the present day, and instead a kind of sanctification is proclaimed which is, after all, not a sanctification *by faith*. Paul's was the true sanctification by faith for he laid hold on God, and kept his body (the instrument in which the flesh lives and acts) as a wounded, bruised enemy under his feet. But was there no anguish in all this? Was it not indeed resisting unto blood, striving against sin?

We sadly need wholesome teaching on this point, and the absence of it is fast producing an amount of easy-going holiness that will certainly not stand God's fiery ordeal, but will either break down in utter confusion and disappointment, or live in an unreal atmosphere of *supposed* perfection. Those who are

content with this semblance of holiness ignore conflict, and apply to other days and to other persons such passages as, "Strive (or agonize) to enter in at the strait gate;" "Fight (or agonize) the good fight of faith;" "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;" "Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom."

There are lusts we are called upon to *flee*; there is a world we are told to *conquer*; an enemy we are commanded to *resist*; and all this implies an intensity of action, a struggling, a striving and an agony, that give reality to sanctification, and present the Christian as a soldier prepared for battle, and carrying on the conflict, though the Captain of the Lord's host has gone out before him.

We would earnestly commend this subject to the careful and prayerful consideration of all saints, and more especially of all teachers in the church of God, lest a fearful delusion carry many away from the realities of the pathway of true holiness into crude notions easily taken up, which will only produce a holiness without sacrifice, a sanctification without conflict, and will end in Laodicean self-complacency.

What "perfecting holiness in the fear of God" involves, the apostle has told us in its bearing on himself. When seeking to *win Christ*, he says: "that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and *the fellowship of His sufferings*, being made comformable unto His death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfected; but I press on if that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do: forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press on toward the goal, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:10-14). And what is this prize but conformity to Christ's image, being like Him, and therefore, being holy, *even as He is holy?*

This was the goal to which all Paul's energies were directed. God willed it for him, and he willed it for himself; and when he was about to lay aside the soldier's armour, he could say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith." And the Holy Ghost witnesseth to us that it was even so. May we seek no easier path than that in which

Paul was content to tread. As imitators of him, as he was of Christ, may we seek holiness by faith—a faith that not only brings God into the scene, but girds on its armour and is prepared to walk before God, and to fight under His banner; often faint, it may be, but still pursuing, and sure of victory.



The Lamb of God

“BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.”—John 1:36.

(Continued from September number)

II. Behold Christ on earth—in His humiliation.

Follow Him in His descent from heaven on His mission of mercy. What a descent! Who has looked into a gulf so dark and profound? Philosophers expatiate with wonder on the inconceivable distances of the fixed stars; and we attempt in vain to fancy the space that stretches between our world and orbs so remote that notwithstanding its speed, light takes six thousand years to perform its journey between some of them and us; so that, marvellous to tell, the rays of light which we saw last night left the star about the time that man was made, or our world was shaken by the Fall. Still, that distance, though not to be conceived, may be measured. You can express it by numbers; but how immeasurable, as well as inconceivable, the distance between the throne of the Eternal and the stable of Bethlehem; the bosom of God and the breast of Mary!

People are fond of tracing rivers from their mouths to their distant sources; and Bruce, the traveller, pronounced it the proudest moment of his life, when he stood, as he fancied, at the lofty fountains of the Nile. But when we trace the waters of Life to their earthly source, how lowly the spring where they well up into light! Would you see it? Bow thy head; enter this stable; and in this stable, whence beasts have been turned out to accommodate a woman in her hour of sorrow, look into the manger; gently raise the rough, swaddling cloth; and there, in a feeble creature, Behold the Lamb of God—the Love of God—the Saviour of the world!

Look again! When times were hard, and work was scarce, and men had to leave their homes to seek about for bread, did you ever meet a houseless family; and see the mother, as they trudged along the wild moor, trying with scanty cover-

ings to protect her infant from the pelting rain and storm? In some such plight, Behold the Lamb of God! The holy family are flying to Egypt. Mary has seized her child; and, pressing it to her bosom, has rushed into the tempest, and the dark night, and on untravelled paths, to save its infant life from the massacre of Bethlehem—the bloody sword of Herod!

Look again! On some stormy night, when the wind howled in the chimney, and the rain beat on the window, and the wild beast was driven back to his lair and mothers that had boys at sea, trembling for their fate, betook themselves to prayer, did you ever, hastily summoned to the bed of the dying, pass some outcast crouching in the shelter of a doorway, or lying with weary head pillowed on a cold, stone step? Whatever you may have felt, Jesus, up in heaven, had a fellow-feeling for that houseless man. Lord of Glory! He had been such an outcast; an outcast from human kindness—every door He sought, shut in His face. What man ever uttered a more touching plaint than His: “The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head”? Stretched on the cold ground, no roof to shelter Him, His locks wet with the dews of night, Behold the Lamb of God—an outcast from man, that you might cease to be an outcast from God! Herein is love indeed.

These sorrows were but the muttering thunder, the first big drops that precede the bursting of the storm. It came roaring on; and would you behold the Lamb of God in the great suffering and work of sacrifice, look here! Pass into this garden: draw near with reverent step. Praying in an agony, sweating great drops of blood, prostrate on the ground, “see thy lover lowly laid, and hear the groans that rend his breast.” Follow the prisoner to the judgment-hall: blood streaks his face, trickling from a crown of thorns—the wreath our sins wove for His royal brow. Go out with Him to the crowded street; He faints; louder now the wail of women, deeper now the curses of cruel men, as, disfigured with blood and dust, His blessed head lies on the hard stones—yet not so hard as pitiless hearts. With the procession, pass on to Calvary. They cast Him roughly on the ground; they nail His quivering limbs to the tree; and now it rises slowly over the surging crowd that rend the astonished air with shouts and savage yells of

triumph. Now, Behold the Lamb of God! see the blood of redemption streaming; see the cloud of desertion deepening; see the tide of life departing as the glaze gathers on His eyes, and the sword in a righteous God's hand is passed deeper and deeper into His heart! Hark to the awful cry that rises, loud and clear, in the stillness of the darkness, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?"

Death has done his work; and when kind hands have taken down the body, and borne it slowly to the tomb, look there! You have looked on the face of the dead, but never on one that loved you half so well. You have kissed brows as icy cold, but death never stilled a heart so warm and true to you. No lips ever prayed for you like these; nor hand ever wrought for you like that from which the women wipe the clotted blood; nor eyes ever wept for you like those their fingers gently, tenderly, close amid a flood of tears. Behold the Lamb of God, slain for your sins! Mary bends over the dear body; kisses the cold feet; washes the bloody wounds; and spreads out a bed of spices. Well she may! He had been a kind Lord to her; but not kinder than He will prove to any, to all who kneel with that blessed woman at His feet—weeping, longing, loving suppliants for saving mercy. Behold, and believe! Herein is love indeed; not that we loved Him, but that He loved us, and gave Himself for us; suffering for sins—the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

III: Let this Lamb of God be the supreme object of our desires, and the sole object of our faith. Be this our language:

*"Jesus, my Lord! I know His name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."*

To a sinner's ear there is no music on earth, nor in the golden harps of heaven, like the name of Jesus. Music in its sound, there is ointment in its meaning. Fragrant as the spikenard of the alabaster box, "His name is as ointment poured forth." If but His name be such a blessed thing, what must the sight of Him be? To see Jesus clearly with the eye of faith, is to see the deep opening a way from Egypt's to freedom's shore; is to see the water gush, full and sparkling from

the desert rock; is to see the serpent gleaming on its pole over a dying camp; is to see the life-boat coming when our bark is thumping on the bank, or ground on rocks by foaming breakers; is to see a pardon when the noose is round our neck and our foot is on the drop. No sight in the wide world like Jesus Christ, with forgiveness on His lips, and a crown in His blessed hand! May the Holy Spirit, so reveal the Lamb of God to us that we shall long to be with Him; and cry, like exiles on this earth, Oh to be where Jesus is! Not impatient, yet finding little to detain us here, may the old man's wish hang on our lips: Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. When the sand burned their feet, and the hot sun scorched their heads, and the desert's howling waste lay all around them, how did they, who saw the purple clusters of Eshcol, long to be where the vine-trees grew! And see, so soon as Simeon has the Babe in his arms, how he wearies to leave the earth and ascend to heaven! Till his eyes were gladdened with a sight of Jesus, perhaps he was afraid of death, and with his old palsied hands clung to the world; afraid to let go and drop. But with the infant Saviour in his arms—in the arms of a man in whom Christ is the hope of glory, what a change! In our Saviour's presence Death lowers his colours; grounds his arms; drops his dart. As Jesus puts on His crown, Death puts off his; as Jesus stands arrayed in His glories, Death stands disrobed of his terrors, so that a saint, sometimes transported with the view, feels as if he could spurn the earth, and soar to heaven on eagle's wings—his opinion Paul's. "To be absent from the body, and present with the Lord, is far better." T. G.



"The Pharisees were offended." A servant of Christ in England having preached against the profanation of the Lord's Day, which much prevailed in that parish, and especially among the wealthy, the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord today." The preacher replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if *your* lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

Modern Science and Christianity
Prof. F. Bettex

Translated from the German by
 Edmund K. Simpson, M. A. Oxon
 (Continued from September number)

TRUE PROGRESS OR NOT?

The Germans, English, French, and perhaps the Russians, at the time of Alexander the Great unknown barbarians, have indeed grown into civilized nations in the interim; but on the other hand four hundred and fifty millions of Chinese, one hundred and eighty millions of Hindoos, and more than fifty million Africans with Tartars and Arabs, that is to say, half the human family, have remained perfectly stationary. Can it be that the intellectual sum-total that God has presented to His creatures for their voluntary utilization, is as constant a quantity as the two hundred and seventeen thousand milliards of horse-power which is the sum of force that the sun disburses generally over the earth *per annum*, and which we are also free either to employ for the ends of commerce or the illumination of our cities, or to allow to lie fallow, without any consequent increase or diminution in its amount?

The ancients were our equals in the excogitation of sources of bodily pleasure, and in the sagacity with which they turned to purposes often very different from ours, the forces of nature and matter in their days. It would be most illogical because they did not discover telephones or dynamos—things for which they were not looking—to infer that they were intellectually our inferiors. Solon, Plato or Pythagoras, Pindar or Sappho, might appear in modern dress in the finest saloons of Berlin or Paris without exciting surprise; on the contrary, they would behave with just as correct etiquette as we do, and, after a short acclimatization, would charm us as much as ever by their “brilliant remarks,” their “witty and interesting conversation” on art or politics or poetry, and fascinate us no less than their contemporaries by their “winged words.” Aristotle would easily familiarize himself with the field of modern science, and Hannibal (regarded by Napoleon, no mean judge, as the first general of all time with modern tactics;) Archimedes would soon comprehend our steam-engines and other inventions; and they would then stand out as conspicuous in genius as ever. Did the

worthies whose lives Plutarch narrates fall short of us in loftiness of thought, in spirit and genius, in resolution and fortitude, in short, in any human virtue, or in intellectual vigour? In this light the great historian von Ranke regards the nations as so many great families, which grow up, bloom and then decay, without transmitting their idiosyncrasies to others. At least, hardly any one will venture to contend that we have inherited all the virtues of Indians and Egyptians in conjunction with the Greek sense of beauty and the iron will of Rome. Professor Holzer speaks even more emphatically: "To talk of the 'ends of humanity' in general is meaningless; the commonplace of 'progress' is likewise merely specious verbiage; for the subjugation of refined civilizations under a barbarism physically more robust is undoubtedly the rule in history."

It is not the accumulation of facts or conclusions from them, the inventions and discoveries that we have amassed for centuries so laboriously and the burden of which well nigh crushes us, that determines the mental outlook or stature, but the strength of mind with which a man utilizes what is within his cognizance, whether that be much or little. Sir Isaac Newton could derive more intellectual capital from the fall of an apple than many educated people today extract out of their entire natural philosophy. But this force of mind has not been augmenting: whilst a gross ignorance of the history of nations and of human thought, of moral and natural laws, is a chief characteristic of what we call "the fashionable world." To mention but one indication which is conclusive to any one who looks below the surface of things; that unerring standard of the higher education and collective status of a people, language, evinces no improvement. On the contrary, Schopenhauer is of opinion that the slow declension of languages, which, as we may see in the case of Sanskrit, are the more perfect the older their date, is a signal argument in contravention of the favourite theory of the "constant advance of humanity." We have no better poetical dialect than that of Homer or Sakuntala, none more philosophical than that of the *Phaedo*, or more dramatic than that of *Oedipus Coloneus*, or more laconic or pointed than the Spartan style, not to urge the fact that we cannot write books like the Psalms of David or Job. The intellectual greatness of the ancients is best reflected in the circumstance that even nowadays we reckon as "liberally educated" those only

who have spent the best years of their youth in the study of Greek and Latin literature, history and philosophy. How does that accord with the conceit that we are intellectually far superior to the ancients? Indeed, eminent authorities acknowledge that we have come no nearer to the solution of the great problems of existence, and are quite as much confounded by the primal enigmas of the universe, as the old philosophers and thinkers were. The well-known astronomer Proctor concludes his book, *Our Place among Infinities*, in these terms:—

“I would ask in conclusion whether we have no better reason than the astronomers had of old time to consider the mysteries of the universe as fully revealed to us and interpreted. We know much that was unknown until of late, and we have been able to understand some matters which once seemed inexplicable; but the star-depths as we see them now are even more mysterious, as well as far more wonderful, than as displayed to the astronomers of old” (p. 233).

Dubois-Reymond affirms that we are as much nonplussed by the problem of what matter is as the old Ionic physiologists. “Our species seems, in one sense, to have been stationary since Homer’s day. The essence of the physical world has not become more intelligible to us since the time of Epicurus, who recognized the perpetuity and potency of matter, nor the mental since Plato and Aristotle.” Elsewhere he adds, “neither in the comprehension of force and matter, nor in educing mental phenomena from material conditions has the human race made any true advance for two thousand years, in spite of all the discoveries of science. Nor will it ever do so!”

But we might have waived the whole discussion, and merely thrown out the query whether mankind is *happier* than in former ages. Augmentation of happiness is genuine progress. However divergent the opinions and desires of men, in this point all are alike; all seek to be happy either in the pursuit of art or science, fame or power, wealth or voluntary poverty. Now the response to this question must be couched in the negative. Reputed progress has not brought with it satisfaction. It is not only the masses of men who tell us this, not only those who, aggrieved at their lot, would fain subvert the existing social order, and construct a new fabric out of the ruins, but those also who represent the reflection of the race. All our modern philosophy is pessimistic. It is Kant who styles life a

“time of probation to which the majority succumb, and in which even the worthiest has no joy in his being”; and Schelling who talks of the “profound and ineradicable pathos of existence,” and subjoins: “in fact, it is a path of sorrow that every individual treads, a fact to which that shadow of pain which rests on the face of nature and the animal creation bears record.” “Fools,” says Schopenhauer, “treat the world as an ultimate reality, and regard the paltry happiness of this life as its aim, although, even when most favoured by circumstances, it is a false, illusive, disappointing, dreary thing, out of which neither constitutions nor legislation, nor steam engines or telegraphs can ever elicit anything intrinsically better.” Von Hartmann anticipates the regeneration of the world from “the ultimate penetration of the human consciousness with the conviction of the folly of volition and the misery of existence, so that it shall conceive so deep a longing for peace and the insensibility of annihilation that that longing shall irresistibly be realized.” Suicide, then, is the goal of existence! Can that be progress which drives philosophy and its seers to such an outcry of despair? These men reiterate what Solomon said long ago, that “there is nothing new under the sun; all is vanity.”

And how sombre and sardonic is the tone of our modern fiction and drama, with its false glamour, not of happiness, but of mere physical enjoyment, succeeded by inevitable disenchantment, the sole prescription for which is self-destruction! Away with “progress” of this stamp!

But it is the heralds of advance among natural scientists who display the most glaring contradictions of all. On the one hand they predict the final triumph of science and enlightenment, on the other they announce that the globe, the solar system, nay, the universe is advancing towards the catastrophe of torpefaction; and that for thousands of years before this event a frozen humanity will collect more and more round the tropics, and at last find its engrossing occupation in efforts to prolong its hapless existence. The Darwinist Clemenceau, as we shall presently see, prognosticates for the human race, in terms of the evolutionary scheme, a culmination of “unspeakable misery.” Spiller too informs us that it “is virtually beyond question that the last members of the race will live as *equatorial Esquimos*.” A matchless style of progress, in good sooth, and truly sublime

culmination to enlightenment and science! Again we repeat, what contradictions these are!

The agreement of all religious systems in predicting no progressive amelioration of mankind is remarkable. All of them not only assure us that man has fallen from a state of original blessedness, but that, by successive stages, he grows worse and worse. The Greek and Roman mythologies have their golden, silver, copper and bronze ages. It is so in India. A progressive degeneration of the world from its commencement to the present day was inculcated by Manu in the form of the same four ages, of which the present, dating from the Flood, is called *Kali-juga*, the "age of strife." The Bible likewise depicts to us the course of history in Nebuchadnezzar's vision by the image with golden head, silver breast, brazen body, and clay feet. However men may make themselves more and more at home in this world, their moral declension is plainly denounced to them.

On the whole, as far as mere civilization goes, we may gather from history that the sum-total of intelligence has always been a nearly constant quantity at one time, though the nations that have stood foremost in succession have expended that energy successively on pleasure or power; one in pursuit rather of art and beauty, another in the extension of industry and commerce. There have ever been great civilizations; but the entire human race has never been civilized.

(Continued D. V.)



Lord Wolseley's Testimony

In his autobiography entitled, "The Story of a Soldier's Life", Lord Wolseley, the famous British General draws a striking contrast between two remarkable men.

Of NAPOLEON THE GREAT, Lord Wolseley says: "Bad as he was, Napoleon's career has always fascinated me . . . His name and achievements were associated with my earliest lessons in history and filled me with ambition—perhaps an unhealthy ambition. For truth, and the honor which is based on truth, Napoleon cared nothing. But, notwithstanding my prejudices on such points, I have always felt he was the most remarkable human being known to history."

Of GENERAL GORDON, the Hero of Khartoum, he says: "I met Gordon first when we were both doing duty in the trenches

before Sebastopol. We were friends. In a conversation I had with him the year he left England never to return, he told me he prayed daily for two men, of whom I was one. In these materialistic days, when the teaching of Christianity is little practised I cling tenaciously to every remembrance of our intimacy, because he was one of the very few who came up to my estimate of the Christian hero. He absolutely ignored himself in all he did and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Life was to him but a pilgrim's progress between the years of early manhood and the heaven he now dwells in, the home he always longed for."



"The Free Gift of God is Eternal Life"

Some time ago I saw an old man looking very unhappy, so I said, "My friend, you are not happy."

"No, I am not," he replied.

I added, "You are not saved?"

He answered, "No, I have been praying for it for twenty years."

"What praying for it for twenty years! Let me tell you a story, for you remind me of the circumstance.

"I saw a wealthy gentleman recently who was paralyzed on one side, so that he had to be wheeled about in a chair. As he was out one day, he saw a poor man sitting by the roadside afflicted in the same way, and heard him calling to passers-by 'Give me a half-penny.' He was blind. The gentleman said, 'Here, my good fellow, is half a crown for you.' But the poor man was deaf, and still kept calling for a half-penny. The servant wheeled the gentleman nearer, and at last made the poor man hear. Thereupon he thankfully took the money.

"Now, my friend, this is just like what you are doing. God is offering you salvation as a free gift through the blood of Jesus, and you keep asking for it."

"What? Can I have salvation without asking for it?" the old man asked.

"Of course you can," I replied. "The gift of God is Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life."

"Oh, sir," he said, his countenance lighting up with joy, "I see it! I see it all now. I am bound for glory!"

“Tell ye your children of it”

Gretchen and the Gospel

A little German girl, named Gretchen, thought that God loved only good people. She did not know that God loves sinners and waits to bless and pardon them. In a rather strange way she was led to change her mind about Him. Whilst walking along the road one day she spied a piece of paper, picked it up, looked at it, and read the German printed words in it. They were not so familiar to her as, thank God, they were to many. This is what she read: “GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE—”. Here it stopped, the rest of the verse having been torn off. “God so loved the world” she said to herself. That was a new idea. Indeed it was “good news.” God loved “the world, then He loves everybody.” “God loved the world,” then He loved *me*, said Gretchen, for I am part of the world He loved. That was sound reasoning,

But “What did God give?” was the question that puzzled Gretchen. Her heart grew lighter and her face became brighter as she dwelt on the blessed thought that God loved *her*. But she was so ignorant of the Bible that she did not know what God gave to the “world.” Still she had laid hold on the fact that God loved her, and went home smiling. “What makes you so happy, Gretchen?” she was asked. Putting her hand in her pocket she produced the paper and read: “For God so loved the world that He gave.”

“But what did He give?” inquired one. “I don’t know” said the little girl, “but it was *very good of God to give anything to the world.*” She was right. It was indeed very good of God to give anything to a guilty, sin-blighted world. We *deserved* nothing but banishment from His presence, for “The wages of sin is death” (Rom. 6:23) but He did not give us the “wages.” He loved us in spite of our sinfulness, our ingratitude, obstinacy and rebellion, and He shewed His love in a wondrous way, for “God so loved the world *that He gave His only begotten Son.*” God has given the best gift that Heaven could afford—the Lord Jesus.

He gave Him “to be made sin for us that we might be made, the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5:21). He gave Him to be “wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities,” (Isa. 53:5). He gave Him to pay the ransom

for our souls with His precious blood (1 Tim. 2:6). He gave Him to be crucified that we might be delivered from sin and wrath and hell.

"That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." How simple, how grand, how glorious! Do you desire to obtain everlasting life as a free gift at this moment? Then believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and it is yours. He loved you, and died for you on Calvary's cross. Believe on Him therefore, on Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be able to say: "God loved, God gave, I believe and I am saved." —A. M.



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Dr. Baedeker's Gospel Tours in Russia

(Continued from September number)

Leaving to others the narrower spheres Dr. Baedeker was one who "thought in continents" and undertook great adventures for the kingdom of God; while at the same time he was one of the meekest and most lovable of mortals, a veritable presentation of his Master's most persuasive and gracious invitations. "Many a lonely man and woman ceased to be friendless from the moment Dr. Baedeker crossed their path. The prominent feature of his character was so essentially love, that we could never look at him without this thought flitting across our mind, So must the Apostle John have looked when he was aged."

His extravagances in travelling rugs reveals the man. He seldom left England without possessing a new, thick, warm rug—the gift of his wife—to fold about him. He seldom returned to England with that rug in his possession! "Where is your rug? What have you done with it?" inquired his faithful spouse.

"Let me see! Ah yes! There was a poor shivering creature travelling on the deck of a Black Sea steamer. I wrapped it around her shoulders!"

From the banks of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of which he was born, to the last desperate penal settlement of Saghalien, beyond the Gulf of Tartary in farthest Asia; and from the princely homes of devout nobles in Stockholm, to the rough and bare settlements of Stundist exiles in the Caucasus at the foot of Mount Ararat, roved this apostle of two continents,

Up and down Europe; away over Siberia; to and fro by rail and by boat; by droshky or Tarantass along interminable roads and tracks; by sledge across the wide snows of the steppes and along the course of frozen rivers; hither and thither this extraordinary man journeyed, preaching the gospel. Indeed the horseback exploits of John Wesley in evangelising England are completely dwarfed by the side of these thousands upon thousands of miles of travel undertaken by Dr. Baedeker ceaselessly, these many years in the service of Christ.

For what purpose? To preach and win sinners to repentance, to circulate diligently the Word of God in many languages, and thus scatter the seed of the Kingdom in expectation of a golden harvest. And chiefly, to hearten and help the children of God who were far removed from all Christian fellowship. To confirm these disciples in their faith; to be the sanctified vessel of gold "meet for the Master's use," in His "great house"; to be the instrument of the Holy Ghost the Comforter to multitudes of scattered, lonely, persecuted, outcast saints; to take to them the inexpressible joy, refreshment, and exhilaration that come from contact with a kindred human soul, from the warm pressure of a brother's hand, from the glance of sympathetic and affectionate human eyes, this was perhaps the most characteristic feature of his lifework. In it he laboured untiringly for many years. He thought nothing of himself. He cared little for fatigue or perils, or long-continued privation. His charming home in Weston-super-Mare wooed him in vain from the snow-covered steppe, and the wolf-haunted mountain, and the miseries of travel in out-of-the-way and semi-civilised regions.

Called of God in the prime of his manhood, he sternly refused the temptation to ease and luxurious indolence, and laid his splendid gifts of culture and of utterance upon the altar of Christ with whole-souled enthusiasm, dedicating his life to arduous evangelistic labours.

With the great Apostle of the Gentiles he could say: "In journeyings often, in labours more abundant, in prisons more frequent, in perils of waters, of robbers, by mine own countrymen, by the heathen, in the city, in the wilderness." At the advanced age of eighty-three years he laid down his service and passed into his Master's presence; but even in his last year upon earth he paid no fewer than four visits to the Continent

in the interests of struggling communities of Christians there, who stood in need of his counsels and his aid. For him there came no period of rest, until he entered into the rest of his Father's house.

Said one who knew him intimately: "He was quite indifferent as to what might happen to him. His life was of no importance whatever, except as he might lay it out for God. To lay it out, or to lay it down, it mattered not which, so long as God was glorified."

Sometimes in the largest room in the castle of an awakened Austrian nobleman who had called together his neighbours to hear his evangelist-guest; at other times in the quadrangle of an Armenian orphanage in Constantinople; now, in Smyrna, among a medley of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Jews, delivering six addresses in one day to people feverishly eager to hear the Word; then, in the class-room of a Hungarian, or Finn, or Russian University, to an assembly of theological students, while one of their own professors translated the address into their language; and again, in Munich among the German socialists—his own fellow-countrymen—in the very hall where Karl Marx delivered his socialistic lectures, this busy apostle of Christ crowded a dozen lives into one in the multiplicity of his toils for the souls of men. What interesting and even thrilling experiences he related on his visits to his home and to his Christian friends in England! Everywhere he found the harvest ripe for the reaping, the people eagerly, and with deep emotion, receiving the Word.

For many years his face was quite familiar in every large city, and in many of the towns and villages of Central and Eastern Europe; and people joyfully recognised him wherever he went, as an old friend. In most places he had, among the residents, beloved friends who were proud to demonstrate their affection for "dear father Baedeker," by helping with his arrangements for meetings, etc.

The Russian Armenians of the Caucasus, the Turkish Armenian refugees, and the orphan children of the victims of Turkish bloodthirstiness; the Stundists whom he contrived to meet secretly, in lonely places, in the dead of night, by hurried appointment, that he might convey to them the messages and love-gifts of their fellow-believers in Britain; the Mennonite Baptists, descendants of the sober, industrious colonists whom the

Empress Catherine welcomed to her dominions a hundred years ago, and who, like their fathers, delight greatly in the Word of God; the newly illuminated Protestants of Austro-Hungary, whose motto is, "Free from Rome," and many of whom are so desirous, in the freshness of their freedom, to learn the pure gospel truth; these, and many other peoples, all most interesting, were included in the diocese of this catholic and apostolic bishop of the Church of God.

(Continued D. V.)



Trophies of Grace in Paraguay

Joseph G. Martinez

THE DIRECT AND INDIRECT EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

"There was a great calm." "And there were also with Him other little ships" (Mark 4:35-39).

The object of writing this article is to bring before the readers the wonderful manifestation of the power of God through the preaching of the Gospel in Paraguay, South America, where we have had the privilege of labouring during the past twenty years.

By way of introduction, let us look at our passage for a few moments and select two clauses, which are found in verses 35 and 39, the emphasis of which will give us a better idea of the influence of the Gospel in that priest ridden country.

After a heavy day's work, our Lord asked the disciples to pass over unto the other side of the lake and as soon as they started on their journey, the Lord Jesus, being fatigued after a day of strenuous work, retired to the hinder part of the ship where He, resting His head on a pillow, went to sleep, thus manifesting His perfect humanity. A great storm of wind arose and the waves grew in such proportion that the ship was getting filled with water. This great storm, which never disturbed the tranquility of our blessed Lord, must have been unique in the experience of the disciples who, frightened with the thought of imminent disaster, awoke Him with the words: "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They thought that they were going to sink, but we know that that was the only unsinkable ship in the history of navigation.

Because of the terror of the disciples our Lord stood majestically on the deck of the little ship, and manifested His power

and divinity as He spoke two words of command "Be still" to His two servants, the wind and the sea: "*And there was a great calm*" (39). This is one of the clauses we referred to at the beginning of this article. The other which we find in verse 36 is as follows: "*And there were also with Him other little ships.*"

The disciples although they had to be rebuked for their lack of faith, were the only ones that knew how the "great calm" was produced. The sailors in the "other little ships" although they were enjoying the "great calm", did not know how this change in the wind and in the sea was created. The disciples knew, and the secret is that they had taken the Lord Jesus with them in the ship (36). What a wonderful thing it is for us to have Jesus the captain of our salvation with us in the ship of our lives as we travel across the sea of time, "unto the other side"—the shore of eternity.

Let us speak now of some in Paraguay who have taken Christ with them in the ship:

I. THE DIRECT EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL:

(1): *A fierce looking man*: In one of the many huts along the country roads, lived a peculiar looking man whose presence was enough to scare anybody. His long, black, bushy beard, almost covered his whole face; his thick eyebrows very nearly concealed his eyes. Besides this he was always armed with two revolvers and a knife, and to make matters worse it was generally known that he had served a term in jail for various crimes which he had committed. The presence of such a ferocious looking creature would not encourage anyone to stop and take the initiative in conversation, but enabled by the grace of God, while passing his home, the Gospel of John was given to him and his curiosity being aroused by the unexpected gift, he sat down on a wall by the road side and at once began the reading of the most wonderful book that he ever had in his hands.

Led by the excitement produced by the opening verses of that wonderful Gospel, he decided to go home and continue the reading which had created such an interest in his mind. He did not have to read very far before coming to the declarations of the inspired writer concerning the rejection of our Lord by His earthly people, and the blessed assurance of being made children of God by believing on the name of His dear Son. Al-

though this was very interesting to him, it was not made clear in his mind till he read the third chapter, where he discovered that it was because God so loved the world, that such a great blessing could be offered to the sinful human race. He saw for the first time in his life, that the Lord Jesus did suffer the penalty due to sin by being lifted up on the cross, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

It was by the reading of verses 15 and 16 that the light dawned upon his darkened heart, and by believing on the Lord Jesus, he obtained forgiveness of sins and eternal life. "*And there was a great calm*": first in his troubled soul when the storm—raised by the continuous accusations of his conscience, reminding him of his past life—ceased, and peace with God was established.

Next in his home also as his wife, who was of a quiet disposition observed the wonderful change in the life of her husband and through his testimony was led to trust in the Lord Jesus for her eternal salvation. Now there is a home, sample of many in Paraguay, enjoying the great calm which only the Lord can produce. A home where Christ has the rightful place and His word is honoured, a home where husband and wife as well as some of the children can now sing together, "What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought, since Jesus came into my heart."

And *in the neighbourhood* too, when that one who used to be a menace to the community and a source of trouble to his family, was now going from place to place with the word of God trying to bring before the people their need of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as it is found in the Holy Scriptures, with the result that some have been saved and many are more friendly and favourably inclined towards the Gospel.

We praise God for the "great calm" created by Christ Jesus in the troubled conscience of a sinful man whose testimony has such an influence in his home and in the neighbourhood.

(Continued D. V.)



Man would fain make God a receiver instead of a giver; but this cannot be, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and, assuredly, God must have the more blessed place.

The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

Through all the vicissitudes of this strange voyage I had hitherto felt pretty safe, and as the last thing a man anticipates (if his digestion is all right) is the possibility of coming to grief himself, while fully prepared to see everybody else go under, so I had got to think that whoever got killed I was not to be—a very pleasant sentiment, and one that carries a man far, enabling him to face dangers with a light heart which otherwise would make a nerveless animal of him.

In this optimistic mood, then, I gaily flung myself into my place in the mate's boat one morning, as we were departing in chase of a magnificent cachalot that had been raised just after breakfast. There were no other vessels in sight—much to our satisfaction—the wind was light, with a cloudless sky, and the whale was dead to leeward of us. We sped along at a good rate towards our prospective victim, who was, in his leisurely enjoyment of life, calmly lolling on the surface, occasionally lifting his enormous tail out of water and letting it fall flat upon the surface with a boom audible for miles.

We were as usual, first boat; and at first the proceedings were quite of the usual character, our chief wielding his lance in most brilliant fashion, while not being fast to the animal allowed us much greater freedom in our evolutions; but that fatal habit of the mate's—of allowing his boat to take care of herself so long as he was getting in some good home-thrusts—once more asserted itself. Although the whale was exceedingly vigorous, churning the sea into yeasty foam over an enormous area, there we wallowed close to him, right in the middle of the turmoil, actually courting disaster.

He had just settled down for a moment, when, glancing over the gunwhale, I saw his tail, like a vast shadow, sweeping away from us towards the second mate, who was laying off the other side of him. Before I had time to think, the mighty mass of gristle leapt into the sunshine, curved back from us like a hugh bow. Then with a roar it came at us, and full on the broadside it struck us sending every soul but me flying out of the wreckage as if fired from catapults. I did not go because my foot was jammed somehow in the well of the boat, but the wrench nearly pulled my thigh-bone out of its socket. I had hardly released my

foot, when, towering above me, came the colossal head of the great creature, as he ploughed through the bundle of debris that had been a boat. There was an appalling roar of water in my ears, and darkness that might be felt all around. Yet, in the midst of it all, one thought predominated as clearly as if I had been turning over in my mind in the quiet of my bunk aboard—"What if he should swallow me?" Nor to this day can I understand how I escaped the portals of his gullet, which of course gaped wide as a church door. But the agony of holding my breath soon overpowered every other feeling and thought, till just as something was going to snap inside my head I rose to the surface. I was surrounded by a welter of bloody froth, which made it impossible for me to see; but oh, the air was sweet!

I struck out blindly, instinctively, although I could feel so strong an eddy that voluntary progress was out of the question. My hand touched and clung to a rope, which immediately towed me in some direction—I neither knew nor cared whither. Soon the motion ceased, and, with a seaman's instinct, I began to haul myself along by the rope I grasped, although no definite idea was in my mind as to where it was attached. Presently I came butt up against something solid, the feel of which gathered all my scattered wits into a compact knob of dread. It was the whale! "Any port in a storm," I murmured, beginning to haul away again on my friendly line. By dint of hard work I pulled myself right up the sloping, slippery bank of blubber, until I reached the iron, which, as luck would have it, was planted in that side of the carcass now uppermost. Carcass I said—well, certainly I had no idea of there being any life remaining within the vast mass beneath me; yet I had hardly time to take a couple of turns round myself with the rope (or whale-line, as I had proved it to be), when I felt the great animal quiver all over, and begin to forge ahead. I was now composed enough to remember that help could not be far away, and that my rescue, providing that I could keep above water, was but a question of a few minutes. But I was hardly prepared for the whale's next move. Being very near his end, the boat, or boats, had drawn off a bit, I supposed, for I could see nothing of them. Then I remembered the flurry. Almost at the same moment it began; and there was I, who with fearful admiration had so often watched the titanic convulsions of a dying cachalot,

actually involved in them. The turns were off my body, but I was able to twist a couple of turns round my arms, which, in case of his sounding, I could readily let go.

Then all was lost in roar and rush, as of the heart of some mighty cataract, during which I was sometimes above, sometimes beneath, the water, but always clinging, with every ounce of energy still left, to the line. Now, one thought uppermost—"What if he should breach?" I had seen them do so when in flurry, leaping full twenty feet in the air. Then I prayed.

Quickly as all the preceding changes had passed came perfect peace. There I lay, still alive, but so weak that, although I could feel the turns slipping off my arms, and knew that I should slide off the slope of the whale's side into the sea if they did, I could make no effort to secure myself. Everything then passed away from me, just as if I had gone to sleep.

I do not at all understand how I kept my position, nor how long, but I awoke to the blessed sound of voices, and saw the second mate's boat alongside. Very gently and tenderly they lifted me into the boat, although I could hardly help screaming with agony when they touched me so bruised and broken up did I feel. My arms must have been nearly torn from their sockets, for the strands of the whale-line had cut deep into their flesh with the strain upon it, while my thigh was swollen enormously from the blow I received at the onset. Mr. Cruce was the most surprised man I think I ever saw. For full ten minutes, he stared at me with wide-open eyes. When at last he spoke, it was with difficulty, as if wanting words to express his astonishment. At last he blurted out, "Whar you bin all de time, ennyhaow? 'Cawse ef you bin hangin' on to dat ar whale ev' sence you boat smash, w'y de debbil you hain't all ter bits, hey?" I smiled feebly, but was too weak to talk, and presently went off again into a dead faint.

When I recovered, I was snug in my bunk aboard, but aching in every joint, and as sore as if I had been pounded with a club until I was bruised all over. During the day Mr. Count was kind enough to pay me a visit. With his usual luck, he had escaped without the slightest injury; neither was any other member of the boat's crew the worse for the ducking but myself. He told me that the whale was one of the largest he had ever scen, and as fat as butter. The boat was an entire loss, so completely smashed to pieces that nothing of her or her gear

had been recovered. After spending about a quarter of an hour with me, he left me considerably cheered up, promising to look after me in the way of food, and also to send me some books. He told me that I need not worry myself about my inability to be at work, because the old man was not unfavourably disposed towards me, which piece of news gave me a great deal of comfort.

When my poor, weary shipmates came below from their heavy toil of cutting in, they were almost inclined to be envious of my comfort—small blame to them—though I would gladly have taken my place among them again, could I have got rid of my hurts. But I was condemned to lie there for nearly three weeks before I was able to get about once more. In my sleep I would undergo the horrible anticipation of sliding down that awful, cavernous mouth over again, often waking with a shriek, and drenched with sweat.

While I lay there, three whales were caught, all small cows, and I was informed that the skipper was getting quite disgusted with the luck. At last I managed to get on deck, quite a different-looking man to when I went below, and feeling about ten years older. I found the same sullen quiet reigning that I had noticed several times before when we were unfortunate. I fancied that the skipper looked more morose and savage than ever, though of me, to my great relief, he took not the slightest notice.

But the relations between Captain Slocum and the fourth mate, the big negro, Mistah Jones (Goliath), were very strained, and it was noticeable that little love was lost between them. Why this was so, without anything definite to guide one's reasoning, was difficult to understand, for a better seaman or a smarter whaleman than Mistah Jones did not live—of that every one was quite sure. Still, there was no gainsaying the fact that, churlish and morose as our skipper's normal temper always was, he was never so much so as in his behaviour towards his able fourth mate, who, being a man of fine, sensitive temper, chafed under his unmerited treatment so much as to lose flesh, becoming daily more silent, nervous, and depressed. Still, there had never been an open rupture, nor did it appear as if there would be, so great was the power Captain Slocum possessed over the will of everybody on board.

One night, however, as we were nearing the Kuriles again, on our way south, leaving the Sea of Okhotsk, I was sitting on

the fore side of the try-works alone, meditating upon what I would do when once I got clear of this miserable business. Futile and foolish, no doubt, my speculations were, but only in this way could I forget for awhile my surroundings, since the inestimable comfort of reading was denied me. I had been sitting thus absorbed in thought for nearly an hour, when Goliath came and seated himself by my side. We had always been great friends, although, owing to the strict discipline maintained on board, it was not often we got a chance for a "wee bit crack" as the Scotch say. Besides, I was not in his watch, and even now he should rightly have been below. He sat for a minute or two silent; then, as if compelled to speak, he began in low, fierce whispers to tell me of his miserable state of mind. At last, after recapitulating many slights and insults he had received silently from the captain, of which I had previously known nothing, he became strangely calm. In tones quite unlike his usual voice, he said that he was not an American-born negro, but a pure African, who had been enslaved in his infancy, with his mother, somewhere in the "Hinterland" of Guinea. While still a child, his mother escaped with him into Liberia, where he had remained till her death. She was according to him, an Obeah woman of great power, venerated exceedingly by her own people for her prophetic abilities. Before her death, she had told him that he would die suddenly, violently, in a struggle with a white man in a far-off country, but that the white man would die too by his hand. She had also told him that he would be a great traveller and hunter upon the sea. As he went on, his speech became almost unintelligible, being mingled with fragments of a language I had never heard before; moreover, he spoke as a man who is only half awake. A strange terror got hold of me, for I began to think he was going mad, and perhaps about to run a-mok, as the Malays do when driven frantic by the infliction of real or fancied wrongs.

But he gradually returned to his old self, to my great relief, and I ventured somewhat timidly to remind him of the esteem in which he was held by all hands; even the skipper, I ventured to say, respected him, although, from some detestable form of ill-humour, he had chosen to be so sneering and insulting towards him. He shook his head sadly, and said, "My dear boy, youse de only man aboard dis ship—wite man, dat

is—dat don't hate an' despise me becawse ob my colour, wich I cain't he'p; an' de God you beliebe in bless you fer dat. As fer me, w'at I done tole you's true, 'n' befo' bery little w'ile you see it come true. 'N' w'en dat happens w'at's gwine ter happen, I'se real glad to tink it gwine ter be better fer you—gwine ter be better fer everybody 'bord de Cach'lot; but I doan keer nuffin 'bout anybody else. So long." He held out his great black hand, and shook mine heartily, while a big tear rolled down his face and fell on the deck. And with that he left me a prey to a very whirlpool of conflicting thoughts and fears.

When I came on deck at eight bells, it was a stark calm. The watch, under Mistah Jones' direction, were busy scrubbing decks with the usual thoroughness, while the captain, bare-footed, with trouser-legs and shirt-sleeves rolled up, his hands on his hips and a portentous frown on his brow, was closely looking on. As it wa's my spell at the crow's-nest, I made at once for the main-rigging, and had got half-way to the top, when some unusual sounds below arrested me.

All hands were gathered in the waist, a not unusual thing at the changing of the watch. In the midst of them, as I looked down, two men came together in a fierce sluggle. They were Goliath and the skipper. Captain Slocum's right hand went naturally to his hip pocket, where he always carried a revolver; but before he could draw it, the long black arms of his adversary wrapped around him, making him helpless as a babe. Then, with a rush that sent every one flying out of his way, Goliath hurled himself at the bulwarks, which were low, the top of the rail about thirty-three inches from the deck. The two bodies struck the rail with a heavy thud, instantly toppling overboard. That broke the spell that bound everybody, so that there was an instantaneous rush to the side. Only a hardly noticeable ripple remained on the surface of the placid sea.

But, from my lofty perch, the whole of the ghastly struggle had been visible to the least detail. The two men had struck the water locked in closest embrace, which relaxed not even when far below the surface. When the sea is perfectly smooth, objects are visible from aloft at several feet depth, though apparently diminished in size. The last thing I saw was Captain

Slocum's white face, with its starting black eyes looking their last upon the huge, indefinite hull of the ship whose occupants he had ruled so long and rigidly.

The whole tragedy occupied such a brief moment of time that it was almost impossible to realize that it was actual. Reason, however, soon regained her position among the officers, who ordered the closest watch to be kept from aloft, in case of the rising of either or both of the men. A couple of boats were swung, ready to drop on the instant. But, as if to crown the tragedy with completeness, a heavy squall, which had risen unnoticed, suddenly burst upon the ship with great fury, the lashing hail and rain utterly obscuring vision even for a few yards. So unexpected was the onset of this squall that, for the only time that voyage, we lost some canvas through not being able to get it in quick enough. The topgallant hal-yards were let go; but while the sails were being clewed up, the fierce wind following the rain caught them from their confining gear, rending them into a thousand shreds. For an hour the squall raged—a tempest in brief—then swept away to the southeast on its furious journey, leaving peace again. Needless perhaps to say, that after such a squall it was hopeless to look for our missing ones. The sudden storm had certainly driven us several miles away from the spot where they disappeared, and, although we carefully made what haste was possible back along the line we were supposed to have come, not a vestige of hope was in any one's mind that we should ever see them again.

Nor did we. Whether that madness, which I had feared was coming upon Goliath during our previous night's conversation, suddenly overpowered him and impelled him to commit the horrible deed, what more had passed between him and the skipper to even faintly justify so awful a retaliation—these things were now matters of purest speculation. As if they had never been, the two men were blotted out—gone, before God in full-blown heat of murder and revengeful fury.

On the same evening Mr. Count mustered all hands on the quarter-deck, and addressed as thus: "Men, Captain Slocum is dead, and, as a consequence, I command the ship. Behave yourselves like men, not presuming upon kindness or imagining that I am a weak, vacillating old man with whom you can do as you like, and you will find in me a skipper who will do his

duty by you as far as lies in his power, nor expect more from you than you ought to render. If, however, you do try any tricks, remember that I am an old hand equal to most of the games that men get up to. I do want—if you will help me—to make this a comfortable as well as a successful ship. I hope with all my heart we shall succeed.”

In answer to this manly and affecting little speech, which confirmed my previous estimate of Captain Count's character, were he but free to follow the bent of his natural, kindly inclinations, and which I have endeavoured to translate out of his usual dialect, a hearty cheer was raised by all hands, the first ebullition of general good feeling manifested throughout the voyage. Hearts rose joyfully at the prospect of comfort to be gained by thoughtfulness on the part of the commander; nor from that time forward did any sign of weariness of the ship or voyage show itself among us, either on deck or below.



My Redeemer Tiseth

Job 19:25

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand His will?
The counsels of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I stedfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

—Charles Wesley

“We have left all and followed Thee”

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and Heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweetest rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of Heaven, should'st thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

—Henry Francis Lyte.

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December

1941

El Shaddai

(God Almighty)

"I am the Almighty God; walk before
Me and be thou perfect."

Genesis 17:1

Assembly Annals

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Rest Haven for Aged Christians

Near Grand Rapids, Michigan on Sunday, November 2, a large company of Christians gathered at Rest-Haven to acknowledge the good hand of the Lord in enabling his people to purchase and furnish a home for aged and homeless children of God. The hearts of the saints were thrilled as the story of God's dealings with His own and the exercise which led to the founding of the home were told out by the brethren responsible for the effort. Suitable words of ministry were given by C. Wood and Will Pell. Rest-Haven is situated a few miles north of Grand Rapids on M 37. It is hoped that the continuation of the home, like its beginning, will be on lines so familiar to the Lord's people who know of the work carried on at El Nathan and Ashley Downs. To this end the prayers of the Lord's people are desired. Further information can be obtained from the publishers of Assembly Annals or from Mr. Henry Stadt, 33 Caroline Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Addresses

WICHITA, KANSAS. A new assembly has begun here. Address Gospel Hall, 2039 West Maple St. Correspondent G. C. Lamb, 2005 University, Wichita, Kansas.

Conferences

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. The annual Conference will be held, D. V. on Saturday and Sunday, December 27 and 28 in the Sunset Masonic Temple, Orchard St. and Pico Blvd. These meetings will be preceded by a prayer meeting in the Goodyear Hall, Dec. 24 and 26 at 7:30 p.m., and in the Ave 54 Gospel Hall, December 25 at 7:30 p.m. Arrangements for accommodation as usual. For further information write John Stewart, 1320 W. 74 St., Los Angeles.

TILLSONBURG. The annual Conference will be held D. V. on December 27th and 28th preceded by a prayer meeting on Dec. 26th. Further particulars from J. C. McCormock—Box 322, Tillsonburg, Ontario.

RIVER HEBERT EAST, NOVA SCOTIA. The Conference at "Thanksgiving" was the largest yet. About 175 sat down at the Lord's table; seven of the Lord's servants, and some of the local brethren ministered the Word.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

KANSAS. Brethren T. R. McCullagh and L. E. Linstead are beginning meetings in the new Gospel Hall in Wichita and desire prayer for blessing.

MICHIGAN. After the Detroit Conference special series were carried on in Ferndale by brethren McBain and Dobson, in East Side Hall by Fred Nugent, in West Chicago Boulevard Hall by Wark and Grierson, in Central and Schoolcraft Halls by John Conaway and in the Italian Hall by Frank Carboni. Good attendances for the most part marked these efforts. Mr. Edward Harlow from Belgian Congo gave in Central Hall a very interesting and encouraging account of the Lord's work in that Colony.

NEW JERSEY. Frank Pizzulli (332 Chelsea Ave., Long Branch, N. J.) is seeking to follow up the work in Asbury Park begun last year by brother Carboni and himself in the tent. A disused Chapel is now being used and by personal work, distribution of the Scriptures and gospel literature, an effort is being made to interest the people and get them under the sound of the gospel. The address is Italian Gospel Hall, 130 Borden Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

Mr. Pizzulli is anxious to get names and other particulars of young men of the army sent to Fort Monmouth in Ocean Port, N. J. He will be glad to visit such, relatives and friends of draftees, and invite them to the Gospel Hall, Art Street, near Grand Ave., Long Branch, N. J. The Hall is located only two miles from Fort Monmouth.

NEW YORK, Malden-on-Hudson. Chas R. Keller had two weeks of encouraging meetings with us using his chart on the Seven Churches in Asia. The meetings helped to stablish, strengthen and settle the Christians in the things of God.

VIRGINIA, Roanoke. The Lord blessed His Word during Mr. Halliday's visit. There were about five who professed faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and many saints from the sects were attracted and blessed. The brethren hitherto meeting as a "church in the house" have decided to build near the location of the tent and open a hall for gospel work and testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus.

CANADA

ONTARIO, Toronto. Brethren McBain and Dobson are preaching in Pape Ave Hall, and Joyce and Oswald McLeod in Highfield Road Hall, with good attendance and interest to encourage them.

Bell Rapids. Brethren Gordon Johnston and Douglas Howard (the latter recently commended to the Lord's work in full fellowship with the Bracondale Assembly, Toronto) are at present having meetings in Bell Rapids, Ont.

Owen Sound. Messrs. W. C. Bousfield and Wm. McBride have started a special Gospel series in Owen Sound, and find interest increasing. Mr. Bousfield visited Niagara Falls, Pape Ave., Toronto, and had a week's meetings with brother Bruce at Collingwood.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Brother John McCracken has been helping the brethren on the Island to build a wooden tent, and also assisting in the meetings there.

Brother Robert McCracken Jr. and I closed our meetings in the wooden tent at Dundas on October 19th, it was packed to its capacity; interest was good from beginning to end, and we believe God was pleased to save a few souls. We sincerely hope that all who have professed to be saved, will go on to prove by a godly life, that they have been "born from above." Some who lived quite near "would not come" while others never missed a meeting during the whole 13 weeks.

—W. N. Brennan

WARNING. A man about 30 years of age is going around among assemblies in Ontario soliciting money. Some have found out when too late that he is only a fraud.

PUERTO RICO. Mr. H. Fletcher writes that after twenty five years in the tropics a change is imperative for health's sake as he is afflicted with anemia which is affecting his heart. He hoped to get passage early in November, and his address in Toronto will be 189 Close Ave. He closes his communication with this item of news and appeal: "Last week a young man told us that God had saved him, and is changed from a blasphemer into a happy praising Christian. Is there no young couple who would allow God to exercise them as to the need of Puerto Rico?"

CUBA. Mr. Thomas Smith (Calle E. No. 80, Fuentes y 18, Almendares, Havana) writes: "The Lord continues to bless His word in our midst for which we are glad. The work at Guira where we have been going now for months is beginning to give results. Just recently quite a few have professed faith in Christ, among them being the landlord of our hall there. He is a fine type of man and is very happy in his new found joy. We have been seeking to instruct the young believers there, and in the will of the Lord, hope to have a baptism in the near future. They have also expressed a great desire to meet with the saints here in Havana, so we are planning to have a conference in Guira so that all the saints may get to know each other. We expect to hire a bus for the occasion. Thank God, we also see a little fruit here in Havana, and we believe that others are anxious. May we ask special prayer for a Russian family who are showing some interest in the Gospel, especially the husband who has been to several meetings?"

You will be glad to know that we have had some new reinforcements in Cuba. Seven weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Adams commended to the work in Cuba from Pape Avenue Gospel Hall, Toronto, arrived here, then a week later, Mr. and Mrs. George Walker from Chicago also came to help in the work. I need not say that we are more than happy to have these young people with us, all with a burning desire to spread the fame and Name of Jesus where His love is not known and His will is ignored. They are busy with the study of the language, and we are glad to report that all show ability to acquire same. May we ask your prayers for them and for us, that with fresh help, we may see much blessing in this needy island. Just picture a city the size of Toronto with six workers only and this will give you an idea of the size of Havana."

Gifts for Missionaries in British India

In order to prevent, as far as possible, loss and delay in the transmission of money overseas, the following information may prove helpful.

The best methods are:—

BANK TRANSFER. This may be effected by the payment of the sum to a Bank which forwards advices in duplicate by different mails to their branches or agents in India. This branch pays the money either to the Payee personally or to his account in the Bank.

BANK DRAFTS. These may be purchased at any Bank and are issued in duplicate. **THEY SHOULD BE DRAWN ON A BANK IN INDIA** such as—The Imperial Bank of India Ltd., or The National Bank of India Ltd., or Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China Ltd. The 1st and 2nd of Exchange should be sent by different mails at least 3 weeks apart in order to reduce delay in the event of one or the other being lost.

Both these methods are available to non-account holders. Of the two, **BANK TRANSFER** is preferable.

With Christ

DETROIT, MICH. Pietro Piscioneri, a highly esteemed and valuable brother of the Italian Assembly died after a brief illness, October 30th. Brethren F. W. Nugent and F. Carboni spoke a short word at the home Thursday and Friday evenings and on Saturday at the home and in the Gospel Hall brethren Grierson and Carboni conducted the largely attended services with many unsaved present.

TORONTO, ONTARIO. Mrs. Smith McGrath passed peacefully into the presence of the Lord Sept. 28th. Born again in Belfast, Ireland 19 years ago through the faithful preaching of Mr. Frank Hunter. Came to Toronto, Canada, 12 years ago. In fellowship in the Bracondale Assembly until her home call. Jas. B. McMullen and S. Moore spoke at the services to a large company.

H. C. Doehring

Houston, Texas

Letter from Mr. T. C. Bush, Waxahachie, Texas.

“Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.”

This scripture at once suggests itself to the mind of one intimate with P. C. Doehring on the occasion of his home going, in his 72nd year. On Thursday, October 23rd about 3:30 p.m. our beloved brother succumbed to a heart attack and within a few minutes was with the Lord.

It was the afternoon of the day that the 40th Annual Conference was to start with the prayer meeting in the evening, and, as was his custom for many years he had been busy all of the day, his last day on earth, making the necessary arrangements for the conference. By 5 p.m. the news had spread over the city and so reached those local as well as those who had already gathered for the Conference. To one and all it was a great shock. Being apparently in usual health we could scarce believe he had left us.

Our Brother was saved in Chicago, Ill. about 45 years ago, and shortly thereafter came to Houston, Texas and engaged in the jewelry business. There he came directly into contact with our beloved brother Joseph Jameson. Quickly he embraced the truths held by our brother as to Christ being the center of gathering for His people and at once associated himself with that pioneer as to this faith in a small meeting already begun in the home. Soon a Gospel Hall was secured and from then on through four decades he gave himself, his time, his talents as much as possible to the work of the Lord, the furtherance of the Gospel and the care of the Lord's people. In all of these years in the closest association with brother Jameson his temporal and business affairs all were subordinated to the spiritual.

His hospitality was boundless, and those that knew him both of the Lord's servants as well as the Lord's people can rise up this day and call him blessed.

On the last Lord's day preceding his home call, Sunday Oct. 19th, he was at Manvel—25 miles from Houston—assisting, along with other brethren, in the opening of a new Hall there. He gave a most interesting account of the history of the Houston Assembly since its inception and mentioned the growth extending out to this city. He referred in passing to the fact that out of the four men who first sat to remember the Lord in Houston he alone was left. It was a fitting testimony—destined to be the last public utterance—of this man of God.

Quite a number of the Lord's servants were attending the conference as well as believers from Texas and other States, so with those who locally loved him the funeral was very largely attended. Brother Wm. Rac spoke a most solemn and comforting word from Psalm 116:15 to the company gathered at the funeral home, and Brother T. C. Bush read a portion of scripture and prayed at the grave.

So in this simple way we laid the body of this man of God, our beloved brother, till that glad day that will soon come for all of His own.

Mr. Doehring is survived by five sons, and a number of grandchildren, and the Lord's people may well pray that these sons may emulate their devoted father, and thus for themselves adorn, as he did, the doctrine of God their Saviour.

“Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.”

Cease, ye tearful mourners, thus your hearts to rend:
Death is life's beginning rather than its end.
All the grave's adornments, what do they declare,
Save that the departed is but sleeping there?

What though now to darkness, we this body give;
Soon shall all its senses reawake and live.
And from its corruption, shall this body soar
With the self-same spirit that was here before.

E'en as duly scattered by the sower's hand
In the fading autumn o'er the fallow land,
Nature's seed decaying, first in darkness lies,
Ere it can in beauty renovated rise.

Earth to thy fond bosom, we this pledge intrust;
Oh, we pray, be careful of the precious dust!
This was once the mansion of a soul endowed
With sublimest powers by the breath of God.

Here Eternal Wisdom lately made His home;
And again will claim it in the days to come;
When He shall this body, bone for bone restore—
Every single feature perfect as before.

O divinest period! Speed upon thy way;
O eternal Justice! Make no more delay.
When shall love in glory, its fruition see?
When shall hope be lost in Immortality?

—Clemens Aurelius Prudentius, A.D. 405

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Vol. XV—No. 12

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New Series
Vol. VIII—No. 12

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

God's work as Creator was quickly soiled in man's hand. Man had ruined himself; so that it is written, "God repented that he had made man." (Gen. 6). A terrible change in the Divine mind since the day when God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good! (Gen. 1). But in the Lord Jesus the Divine complacency in man was restored.

This was blessed! and the more acceptable, as we may say, from the previous repentance. It was more than first enjoyment, it was recovery after loss and disappointment; and that, too, in a way exceeding the first. And as the first man, upon his sin, had been put *outside* creation, as I may say, this second man (being, as He also was, "the Lord from heaven"), upon His glorifying of God, was seated *at the head* of creation, at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Jesus is in heaven as a glorified man because here on earth God had been glorified in Him as the obedient One in life and death. He is there, indeed, in other characters. Surely we know that. He is there as a Conqueror, as an Expectant, as the High Priest in the tabernacle which God has pitched, as our Forerunner, and as the Purger of our sins. But He is there also, in the highest heavens glorified, because in Him God had been here on earth glorified.

Life and glory were His by personal right and by moral title. One delights to dwell on such a truth, to repeat it again and again. He never forfeited the garden of Eden. Truly indeed did He walk outside it all His days, or amid the thorns and briars, the sorrows and privations, of a ruined world. But this He did in grace. He took such a condition upon Him; but He was not exposed to it. He was not, like Adam, like us all, on one side of the cherubim and the flaming sword, and the tree of life and the garden of Eden on the other. In His history, instead of angels keeping Him outside or be-

yond the gate, when He had gone through His temptation they come and minister to Him. For He stood where Adam failed and fell. Therefore, man as He was, verily and simply man, He was this distinguished man. God was glorified in Him, as in all beside He had been dishonored and disappointed.



The Will of God

J. N. Darby

“MY MEAT IS TO DO THE WILL OF HIM THAT SENT ME.”

John 4:34.

Yes I will wait, in labor still,
 In Thy blest service here;
 What Thou hast given me to fulfil—
 Thy will—to me is dear!

If I have no motive but my Father's will, how astonishingly it simplifies everything. If you never thought of doing a thing, except because it was God's positive will that you should do it, how many things of your life would at once disappear: not in a constant struggle against one thing and another, but in the quiet consciousness that the grace of God has provided for everything, that you do not take a step, but what His love has provided for.

All the wheels of God's providence go in the way of His will which I am carrying out. We have only to find His will, and we shall find Him in it.

Whenever God has made His will known to us, we are not to allow any after-influence whatever to call it in question. If we were morally nearer to the Lord we should feel that the only true and right position is to follow that which He told us at first.

We may lose God's purpose of blessing to our own souls, by not seeing His mind in that which grieves us.

The law of God's mouth is precious above all, the expression of His own perfect mind and will, and of His will about us. We live by it, but we live on it too, and with delight as from Him and perfect for us.

“If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.” We are risen, and have nothing more to do with the world as to our affections and object, than a man who has died out of it. It does not say, “You must die,” but “You

are dead" for that is the Christian state. If an angel were here, he would do that which was God's will for him; but he would have nothing to do with the earth as to the object for which he lived.

The rule for a Christian's conduct is very simple, very sweeping, and uncommonly satisfactory to the heart that really desires to do the will of God. "*Whatsoever* ye do, whether in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Be assured that, if we are near enough to God, we shall not be at a loss to know His will.

The Father's will was Christ's motive for everything. There are thousands of things we do from habit, and we say we must do them; there is no "must" for me, but Christ's will.

Where there is spiritual discernment, things get simple and clear as daylight. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Where there is the fear of the Lord, there will be understanding of His word and mind. But the word of God will not be simple without subjection to Him.



The Church and this Present Age

T. D. W. Muir

The epistle to the Galatians opens with a wonderful statement as to the purpose of God in connection with the death of our Lord Jesus Christ for us. In our selfish way of looking at it, the outstanding feature of that death is, that it procures for us deliverance from the wrath to come, and gives to us as a present possession peace with God.

But, here we learn that Christ "gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world—(or age)—according to the will of God and our Father" (Gal. 1:4). Surely this is something more than our final taking out of this scene by death or the Lord's coming. Here is something that applies to our present attitude towards what is all around us, and the spirit that controls it. If we had any doubts as to the character of the age, the words of our text would set our minds at rest as to what God thinks of it. He calls it "this present evil age."

Let us not forget that God looks back to the beginning of it, and sees that which, in His mind, leaves its impress on all that follows. It is the cross God sees,—and that speaks to

Him of the murder of His Son. They "crucified the Lord of Glory," we read in 1 Cor. 2:8, and nothing can obliterate that. In fact, this is what gives character to the dispensation,—Christ is in rejection, and while He patiently waits, God has seated Him on His throne. Added to that is another wondrous fact, which displays as nothing else could, the grace of God,—the Holy Spirit of God is here, sent forth by the Father, to glorify the Son, by choosing and saving sinners out of the world, and uniting them to Christ. Thus through the death and resurrection of Christ, is God delivering men from the sure judgment coming on this age, but in our Scripture His further purpose is seen to deliver us from this present age, which, in spite of all its progress in civilization, art, science and invention, is an "evil" age still, and cannot be "reformed" into being anything else. It is only the longsuffering and patience of God, that has saved this poor world from being swept by the terrible judgment of God, into the lake of fire, but "the long-suffering of our God is salvation" (2 Pet. 3:15), and hence in grace He still lingers, and still saves. Alas, men "know not," again, "the day of their visitation," and there is a reason. Says the Apostle:

"If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world (age) hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them" (2 Cor. 4:34). This age has its rulers or "princes," (1 Cor. 2:6)—but it has also its "god." And, solemn thought the "god of this age" is not "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," but Satan. Now our conception of Satan is that of a hideous personage, with malevolent countenance, and the leader in all that is vile, debased and degrading. And unquestionably he is at the bottom of all the world's misery, caused by the excesses of his dupes. But, if we see him only as connected with things in themselves abhorrent, we miss the mark, and are like the world blinded and deceived.

Satan is the "god of this age,"—he is the leader of the world's religion! He is the prime mover in its reformation, and up-lift movements. For Satan's purpose is gained if he can keep men satisfied without Christ. The saloon, and the brothel suits some, but not all. Many choose the muck and mire of the broad road, but many others would not go therein.

So with rare ingenuity he provides a clean foot-path, where respectability and religiousness are found, and even the poor outcast of society is raised by getting on to it, to a place of "self-respect,"—without Christ! And that is the main thing,—satisfy men without Christ, and Satan is satisfied. He blinds their mind by their reformation, their church-membership, their activity in religious things, so that they see no need for the glorious gospel of Christ,—no need for Christ Himself.

But, it may be some one will point to the advancement in many ways that has been made in the past centuries. Can it be possible that this progressive age can be still called an evil age? Look at the reformatory institutions and prohibitory laws, and compare such with the coarser conditions of a hundred years ago. Do these things not speak of progress towards a higher level? The argument is apparently sound and convincing, and many are caught by it. But God still calls it an evil age, from which Christ died to deliver His people. An illustration may here serve us.

A certain father learns that his only son has been foully murdered by a certain man. The murderer is arrested, and discovered to be a coarse, illiterate and generally debased character. But while in jail and subject to its laws and regulations, and under the interested care of prison officials, the man is reported to be much improved in his morals and behaviour. He has also applied himself assiduously to study, and amazes all by his progress. The papers take up the case, and suggest that he can no longer be considered a murderer, for his character and deportment has undergone such a change. Public opinion is with the idea, and the masses vote him a "good" man. But is he? Ask that father. Ask any thoughtful man, and the answer is "No, the man is a Murderer,—more refined, cultured, and educated, but a murderer still, against whom the judgment of the law must stand!" So is it with this "age."

The Cross was the crisis that man's iniquity and lawlessness reached, when the Son of God was murdered. The world stands charged with that, and whether drunken and profane, or temperate and religious, whether men travel by stage coach or 20th century limited, whether by ox cart or automobile, whether news is disseminated by the post-chaise or wireless telegraphy, whatever the improvement in these things, the

“age” is the same, Christ is still rejected, and God’s purpose still is to “deliver” His own from “this present evil age,” its spirit and its projects. To the men of the world this stand is outrageous—it is to them proof of obstinacy on our part, but if our Lord is rejected still, we cannot but share it with Him, and obey that word which says, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate” 2 Cor. 6:17.



The Study of the Prophetic Word

W. J. McClure

“And we have the word of prophecy made more sure; whereunto ye do well to take heed (as unto a lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawn and the day star arise) in your hearts” (2 Peter 1:19). Second epistles have a special bearing upon “the last days.” In them we get that which meets the peculiar needs and difficulties of those days. That it is, therefore, in 2nd Peter that we have the Holy Spirit commending to us the study of the prophetic word, is significant.

The apostle had just spoken of the transfiguration on the Mount, when he with James and John “were eye witnesses of His majesty,” and had heard the Father bear testimony to the Son, in those words, “This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.” That sight of Christ in His glory, and those words, “Confirmed the prophetic scriptures.” For that is the meaning of “The word of prophecy made more sure.” There can be no such thing as an utterance of God in prophecy being uncertain, but it can be confirmed and He did that on the Mount, not alone for the three apostles, but for all His people. Reading the verse with part of it in brackets, we get the sense more readily. “And we have the word of prophecy made more sure; whereunto ye do well to take heed in your hearts.” And then we get three things in the parenthesis.

I. What the prophetic word is—“A lamp shining.”

II. What the present scene is—“a dark, or squalid, place.”

III. For how long we are to give heed to it—“Until the day dawn and the day star arise.” That is, until our Lord, who is the Day Star shall come.

How very necessary is that admonition by the Holy Spirit, “Take heed in your hearts.” Of all lines of truth which God

has given us in the Word, there is none that we are in such danger of treating in a merely intellectual way, as the prophetic Scriptures. Man is curious to know what the future holds in store, even though he is not directly concerned, and the believer needs to guard against this spirit of curiosity. Then it has been a very neglected field of study for so long, and it is now claiming the attention of very many. So there is a very real danger of wishing to be posted, so as to be able to speak on the subject. Thus the need of "taking heed in our hearts," not alone "in our heads." The heart speaks of the very center of our moral being, feeling and also responding to it. It will then be to us, like the little book which the angel gave John (Rev. 10:10) of which he says, "It was in my mouth sweet as honey, and soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter." For while the believer may revel in the truth of the Lord's coming and other prophetic events, if they are learned and held in the heart, they will lead into the path of fellowship with a rejected Lord.

But a tendency to "traffic" in prophetic truth is manifest in some. There is the holding it in an unpractical way, which all are in danger of, as well as the fact that many of the most Christ-dishonoring and soul-destroying errors of the present, (such as "Pastor" Russell's Millennial Dawnism) get a hearing, they otherwise would never have gotten, because they are linked up with professed expositions of prophecy. This was all foreseen by the Holy Spirit, yet His words are "Ye do well to take heed in your hearts." Not, "Ye do well to let it alone, because of the misuse that has been made of it." We would like then to point out some reasons why the people of God should seek to be well grounded in the truth of prophecy, so that they not only may be enabled to enter into God's mind better, but to help those whom the Devil would ensnare with the errors that abound on every hand.

First. Almost every system of evil (such as "Russellism") is helped on by the general ignorance that prevails on the subject of prophecy. It is not long since a man called John Alexander Dowie gathered a following around himself, announcing he was "Elijah" the prophet. It does not matter to us whether he himself really believed he was that individual or not, others believed it, and some whom we have reason to believe were Christians were among them. Now a very slight knowledge of

the prophetic Word would have exposed the sham. Elijah's ministry will be exercised among the remnant of Israel during the great tribulation. But at that time, we, of this Church age, will be with the Lord in the glory.

Again: in various parts of the country there is a sect, whose distinguishing tenet is "the keeping of the Sabbath Day." They are most industrious in pushing their legal gospel, of "believe in Christ and keep the Sabbath," the one being just as important as the other, with them. It is spoken of as "The seal of God." And all who do not observe the "Seventh" day, but gather together for worship on the "First" day, are said to have the "Mark of the beast." For them the Roman Catholic church is the "beast." They say that that church changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day, and it (the keeping of the first day) is the mark of "the beast." All this is a hopeless jumbling-up of prophecy. The Roman Catholic church is not "the beast," or future head of the revived Roman Empire. But on the contrary, "the beast," and his ten subordinate kings, will be God's instruments to judge that corrupt system. What the youngest believer ought to know, is that Rev. 2 and 3, gives us in panoramic form, the course of the professing church, and that we are now near the end of the 3rd chapter. The 4th and 5th chapters show us the saints in heaven. All after that has to do with the time after the "rapture" when Christ comes. Now these people drag into the present, events which are to transpire then. For want of very little knowledge some dear people have been carried away by the unscriptural theories of this sect. And it is very significant that most of their converts come from where least is said about prophecy and the coming of the Lord.

Some time ago when walking along the streets of an American city with a brother in the Lord, we came upon some Mormons holding forth in the open air. We remarked, "They will be likely telling the people that they are the true church." We stood just long enough to find out what they were saying. The speaker was dwelling upon the woman of Rev. 12:1, which he told the people was "The Mormon church." It was the church which had the twelve apostles, which answered to the crown of twelve stars, which the woman had on her head, etc. Again we were reminded of the terrible confusion which is to be seen on every hand. The fact is the woman is the

Jewish remnant, the time, the days between the coming of the Lord for His people and His return with them, to set up the Millennium. In other words, it is the "tribulation" period.

Another very common mistake, which is made by many of these sects, including Russel's, is that God is gathering out the 144,000 now. It is not a very great number, but you generally find that those who are teaching this, look upon themselves as included in it. We would not notice these things, which are so transparent errors, were it not that some believers get caught by them, and perhaps some who will read these lines have. What is the truth here? The 144,000 are Israel exclusively. "The sealed of Israel," are the nucleus of the new nation. The number is that which speaks of governmental completeness, and belongs to that time, after the church has been caught up, and Israel is once more before Him for blessing.

(Continued D. V.)



The Love of Christ

"**THY LOVE TO ME WAS WONDERFUL**" (2 Sam. 1:26).

(Continued from November number)

II. The love of Christ to us is wonderful, because there was nothing in us loving.

We love what loves us. Such is the law of our nature; and love comes in time to see its own face reflected in the heart of another, as in water at the bottom of a draw-well. We cannot resist loving what loves us; it matters not who or what it is; though but the dog that barks, and bounds, and wheels in joyous circles around us on our return—"the first to welcome and foremost to defend." I would hold his friendship cheap who did not love a dog that loved him; and care little for the child that would not drop some tears on the grave of his humble but faithful playmate—or to borrow a figure from Bible story, of the "little ewe lamb which the poor man nourished, which ate of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was to him as a little daughter." Let a poor dumb creature love us, we are drawn to love it in return, by a law of nature as irresistible and divine as that which draws a stone to the ground, or makes the stream flow onward to the sea.

Whatever secrets this key unlocks; whatever strange and singular marriages it may explain, it does not open the mysteries of Calvary; it does not explain the love of Christ. I have, indeed, seen some that had abandoned themselves to a life of vice who still respected virtue, and looked back with remorseful regret to their days of childhood and the innocence of a father's home. I have seen a profligate son, who, though wringing a pious mother's heart, and bringing her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, yet love her; mourning his own failings he returned her affection; yielding to sin, still he clung to his mother as a drowning wretch to a piece of the wreck, which he hopes may float him to the shore. Now, if our love of goodness had survived the loss of it; if we had retained any love to God after we had lost His image; if we had cast back some lingering looks on Eden; and, like Absalom, who felt pained at being two whole years in Jerusalem without being admitted into his father's presence, if we had been grieved at God's displeasure, then, with such goodly vestiges of primeval innocence, Christ's love to us would not have been so wonderful. But there were no such feelings in man to awaken the love of Christ. Hateful, man is by nature hating. I appeal to the unconverted. Do not your hearts prove that? and how do those who have been converted, see it in the memory of those days on which they now look back with horror—wondering how, when they were in arms against God, trampling on His laws, despising His mercy, scorning His grace, He should have borne with them as He did. Then, how plainly is that written also in the Bible, in such sentences as these, The carnal mind is enmity against God;—Herein is love indeed; not that we loved God, but that He loved us;—God commendeth His love to us in that while we were sinners Christ died for us. And what is graven deep on our hearts, and written so legibly on the pages of the Bible, I see in still more affecting characters on the body of Him Who sits throned in heaven. More than wounded for our transgressions, He was wounded by the hands of the transgressors. The nail-prints on the hands that our Advocate holds up in prayer, and that deep scar on His side, were not the work of devils. To the question, What are these wounds in Thine hands and Thy side? how truly may He answer, These are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of My friends! Inflicted by the

hands of men, the marks of a love that, throwing its arms around enemies, embraced the unloving as well as the unlovely, hatred as well as loathsomeness, let the shining throngs that stand before Him with crowns of glory, and in the white robes of victors, join the church on earth, and weave these words into the anthems of the skies, Thy love to us was wonderful!

III. This love is wonderful in its expression.

“Art thou in health my brother?” So Joab saluted Amasa, as he took him by the beard to kiss him; and the last word had not left his lips when he stabbed him to the heart. Smiting him under the fifth rib, he passed on. Not so the people that followed Joab to battle. As they came up, the sight arrested their steps; and they stood in gathering crowds—gazing with surprise and horror on Amasa as, victim of the basest cruelty, he wallowed in blood on the highway. Any dead body lying on the street would gather a crowd around it; and stay alike the steps of men on business, of the gay, of stooping age and tottering childhood. Exclamations of pity, of surprise, of horror, would burst from all lips; while the questions passed from person to person, How did it happen? Who is he? Where did he live? Who are his friends? And how would it move us, move the roughest men, to see some trembling, bent, grey old man, or a distracted mother, rush through the throng, and fling themselves on the body with a shriek, a wild, piercing cry, Oh my son! my beloved son! Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!

That stays the foot of man. But a sight is here that might have stayed an angel's wing; and filled both heaven and earth with wonder. Who is this? Hear, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! By the cross where He dies, the ear of faith catches the voice of the Eternal: “This is My beloved Son!” He there, who is buffeted by cruel hands, and meekly bears the blows; Who faints from loss of blood and sinks beneath His cross; Who there hangs upon the tree, while the blood streams from His hands and feet; whose dying ear is filled, not with holy prayers and psalms, but with the shouts and mockery of an impious crew; He, hanging mangled and lifeless on the middle cross, with head dropped on His breast, the pallor of death spread over His cheek, the seal of death on His lips, the film of death on His eyes, is the Son of God. The Prince of

life has become the prey of death; at once its noblest Victim and its almighty Conqueror.

How did it happen? One word conveys the answer—that word is Love; love to sinners, to the greatest, guiltiest sinners. Love brought Him from the skies; love shut Him up in Mary's womb; love shut Him in Joseph's tomb; love wove the cords that bound His hands; love forged the nails that fastened Him to the tree; love wept in His tears, breathed in His sighs, spake in His groans, flowed in His blood, and died upon His cross. It is impossible to think Who He was, and we were, what and for whom He suffered; to stand beside that cross, with its noble, bleeding, dying, divine burden, and not address that dear, sacred body, saying, Thy love to me, to me a poor sinner, an ill-doing, and hell-deserving sinner, a guilty and graceless, a hateful and hating sinner, was wonderful—passing the love of women; passing the loves of angels; passing any tongue to tell; passing figures to illustrate or fancy to imagine, thought to measure or eternity itself to praise.

It was and it is still a common custom in the East for one man to express his friendship to another by presenting him with rich and costly vestments—by taking his own robe and putting it on him. I saw it related how an Emperor of France, having marked the dauntless bravery of a soldier in the very thick and whirlwind of the fight, took his own Cross of the Legion of Honour, and, in the enthusiasm of his admiration, fixed it on the brave man's breast. In harmony with such customs, the Scriptures tell us that Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was on him, and gave it to David, and "his garments, even to his sword, and to his girdle."

And when that shepherd lad, having doffed his homely attire, now stands before the court, and camp, and king, apparelled as a prince, we have a faint image of what Jesus does for us. Son of God, He denuded Himself of His visible glory, and, as it were, exchanged vestments with us. Taking not only our nature but our guilt upon Him, He put on our shame, that He might apparel us in His glory. What an exchange! Our sins are imputed to Him, while His righteousness is imputed to us; and thus, with a crown of thorns He purchases us an immortal crown, and ascends the cross, that we might ascend to the skies. Behold how He loved us!

In illustration also of the love of Jonathan, we are told that he said to David, "Whatsoever thy soul desireth I will do it for thee." The very language which Jesus addressed to His people! He cannot withhold anything from those to whom He has given Himself. How can He? It were unreasonable to believe it. If He never said to any of the sons of men, Seek ye My face in vain, far less will He hold such language to those whom He purchased with His blood, and has enshrined in His heart of hearts. Nor has He promised what He lacks either the will or the ability to do. Jonathan's was a large and loving-hearted promise, but alas! the day came when the heart that loved and the hand that would have helped David were cold in death. "Thy love to me was wonderful." Bitter thought! it was a thing in the past, a sacred memory: no more! The arrows of the Philistine had drunk up that love. The iron mace of war had shattered this sweet fountain. It lay empty and dry. The ear into which David once poured his sorrows was heavy in death. The heart that loved him had ceased to beat. Jonathan was gone—dead and gone; and all left was the memory of joys never, never to return. He should see his face no more: and so, he flung himself on his bloody grave, crying, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; the beauty of Israel is slain on his high places. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!"

How much happier the circumstances of a lover of Jesus! He is no broken cistern; but a fountain ever full and overflowing. His name is, "I am He that liveth and was dead." The angel guards an empty tomb; and dries up the women's tears, saying, He is not here; He is risen. From the Cross that held Him, and the sepulchre that entombed Him, we rise in imagination to follow His track along the starry skies, onward to the gate of heaven; and still on, and still up, through lines of shouting angels, to the throne of the Eternal. He is there now; and changing the tense, as we behold Him forgiving our daily sins, supplying our daily wants, pouring down daily blessings on our head, we say not, Thy love to me *was*, but "Thy love to me *is*, wonderful.' ' And never till we ourselves have passed in at heaven's gate, and behold its lofty thrones and shining ones, the glory that Jesus has with the Father and shares with His brethren, never till the 'palm of victory is in our own hands, and a blood-bought crown is on

our own heads, never till we walk the streets that are paved with gold, and join the songs that are as the voice of many waters, shall we sufficiently understand what we owe to the love of Christ; how justly we may address to Him these words, Thy love to me was wonderful. —T. G.



Modern Science and Christianity

Translated from the German by
Edmund K. Simpson, M. A. Oxon

(Continued from November number)

TRUE PROGRESS OR NOT?

III.—Pre-historic Man (continued)

The contention that these primitive men bore any resemblance to monkeys is now overwhelmingly refuted. Figuier, writing of the Mentone skeleton, which is supposed to be the oldest relic of the kind, says that "one is surprised at its likeness to the finest modern crania. The facial angle does not appear to differ from the type of the most intelligent races of mankind. Where, we may ask, does the alleged descent from the ape find a place here?" These antediluvians were much rather imperious natures, full of untamed, self-reliant strength, as they are pictured to us in the song of Lamech and the fifth chapter of Genesis, and as these muscular skeletons and fine skulls testify. Broca remarks that the Cromagnon skulls exhibit in conjunction an almost bestial greed and force in the lower half, together with a forehead and brain of the most spacious order and the most superior formation. These are those old long-lived giants who figure in all mythologies, battling against lions and monsters or amongst themselves, nay, menacing the gods and seeking to scale Olympus, in the character of Titans, demi-gods, etc. — Hercules, Theseus, Odin, Thor and the rest—and like Cain's grandson, Tubalcain, that "master in all works of smithery" whose name has lingered in the Roman Vulcan, were themselves venerated as deities.

This Titanic clan very soon learnt, as the Scriptures tell us, to build cities and fuse all kinds of metals, and invented musical instruments; whilst the minor races meantime, the Pariahs of humanity, fled timidly before them to remote districts and caves, and for a long space lived in barbarism. Sure-

ly the couple of hundred tenants of the caverns of Cromagnon, Aurignac and Solutre, do not represent the whole then existing population of France, but only some *exceptional cases*; for Professor Fraas is of opinion that these hunters in other instances interred their dead with due solicitude. But the mighty men, held in religious reverence in the East, and at a later date in Rome, under the titles of Kebirim, Cabiri, "the great" (Job 15:10 Heb.) who were able to build Cyclopean cities, an ark of larger tonnage than our ironclads, and the Tower of Babel subsequently to the Flood, could have erected temples and pyramids in Egypt forthwith, and did not require the lapse of centuries, or even "countless millenniums," to acquire the rudiments of civilization. For mankind have never lacked an intellectual pontiff, or gifted and predominant nations to be their vanguard.

There is as little ground for the anticipation of the entire future civilization of the race. During the last fifty years we have been repeatedly disabused of the hallucination that savage tribes can be incontinently promoted to the rank of civilized by the importation amongst them of brand-new laws and regulations, with (duly taxed) European clothes, customs and schools; for it has been found that some of them, strangely enough, prefer to become extinct! On the other hand, Anarchists, Nihilists, Communists, the hundreds of thousands of homeless vagabonds in our midst, and the tens of thousands who live in London, Berlin, Vienna, Paris and New York in conditions worse than those of savage races, the human rats of our great cities who support themselves on garbage and petty larceny, compose a mournful commentary on the civilizing influences of the age. Finally, that social upheaval of the future, compared with which it is predicted that the French Revolution will rank as a mere piece of child's play, cannot but have a disastrous effect on modern "culture!"

In the human structure the head, the seat of thought, occupies barely a tenth part of the body. In like manner it would seem that the function of mental guidance is assigned to an even smaller segment of mankind, and that any interference with this constitution of things may be as pernicious to it as if the brain were enlarged at the expense of the remaining organs of the body. Probably it will always be so; but the complaints of the subordinate members of the human fam-

ily at the injustice of this arrangement are as perverse as if one's foot or arm were to bewail the misfortune that it was not the brain or eye. Happiness does not lie in (so-called) education or civilization, but in the fear of God and moral rectitude. We may make that discovery by comparing the inhabitants of many a tranquil vale of Switzerland, the Tyrol, Scotland or Norway with the men of fashion, or business and money-making classes, of London or Paris. A plain stonemason may be as happy as Michael Angelo; indeed, has a much greater chance of being so. It was a shrewd remark of Bismarck that he had known many contented foresters, but not a single contented minister or politician in his life. As for eternal blessedness, it is notorious that that does not hinge on earthly rank or education, and is promised rather to the poor than to the rich and influential of this world.

IV.—Christianity and Progress

In regard to this question, many date an era of progress from the first advent of Christianity, and assign to it a potent civilizing function. We dissent from this belief. Had it been the purpose of our Lord to civilize mankind, how easy would it have been for Him to have appeared as the son of a Roman Emperor (He might nevertheless have died on the cross), to introduce, as universal Ruler, a new era of Christian refinement and intellectual advance by unexceptionable ordinances, statutes genuinely humane, and a gradual abolition of the scandal of slavery, by an enlightened patronage of art and science, and by promoting commerce and manufacture! How might a few words from Him have guided us to a correct knowledge of steam, electricity and other material forces of which we are still ignorant! He might have solved all social problems and put an end to physical suffering by a perfect regimen supplemented by miraculous agency, by a supernatural augmentation of the means of sustenance, and so on.

Such a procedure lay wholly at His divine disposal, inasmuch as God controls history, and is no "product" of it, as certain wise men have pretended to discover. But there is not a surmise of all this! We might almost say that Christ scorns—He certainly ignores—art and science, politics and legislation, and refuses to intervene even in a plain question of right with the stern rebuke, "Man, who made Me a judge over you?" Brought into the presence of the representative of the might-

iest empire of the earth, instead of expounding to him the incalculable advantages of Christian civilization, He rebuffs him with the short answer: "My kingdom is not of this world."

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Let a man be converted, and he is civilized enough; but, unconverted, neither education nor civilization will do him any good. That is the language of Christ. He did not come to bring culture, but eternal life to our race; and the boon was rejected. A reflecting mind will see, on the contrary, that a state composed of true Christians would not have developed art, or commerce, or industry to half the extent that they have grown. Satisfied with a moderate competence, and eyeing eternal interests as first and earthly things as secondary in rank, such a polity would have set no great store on inventions like electric lighting, telegraphs, telephones and railroads, as we may gather from the annals of the Moravian Brethren, the Puritans, and other Christian communities. Christianity sanctions the pursuit of trade and commerce, science and art, but it forbids the Christian to make his art or science or any earthly vocation his main business. His watchword also is that utterance, "My kingdom is not of this world."

Those persons who, whilst in many cases rejecting the divinity of our Lord, take pains to prove that modern civilization art and science are an outcome of Christianity pay her a very dubious compliment; for then, on *a priori* grounds, Christian art and science, modern culture, and our reputedly Christian governments, ought to surpass all previous institutions of the kind as far as the truth of Christianity towers above the infatuations of paganism. Every one must perceive that such is not the case. No Christian churches, not even St. Peter's or Cologne Cathedral, stand out as preeminently above the Parthenon, the Ephesian Temple of Diana, or that at Karnak, or the gorgeous shrines of India, as Christianity does above heathen systems of religion. As works of art, the Madonnas of Raphael and Muñillo are not superior to the Venus de' Medici or the Apollo Belvedere; nor does Michael Angelo's Moses excel the Zeus of Phidias in sublimity. As for Protestant art, as we might anticipate from its slight recognition of symbolism, in mere conception and execution, its stained glass, carved pulpits and "altar-cloths," and its sometimes pretty, but bare places of worship, are so obviously inferior to Romish productions,

that, judging by such a standard, we should be compelled to associate it with a much smaller modicum of Christian feeling and truth. But the completion of the minsters of Cologne and Ulm has been stripped of all *sacred* associations by the circumstance that it was only effected with the assistance of lotteries!

No doubt, art and nature have a divine fountain, and all the laws of the former are implicitly embodied in the latter. But that which is divine is not therefore Christian. The universe, a revelation of God accessible to all mankind, is divine; the peculiar revelation of God in Christ, applied to the individual soul by the Holy Spirit alone, is Christian. As there is no such thing as a Christian external nature, there can be no Christian art, but only an ecclesiastical (Greek, Anglican, or other) art, appropriated to the service of the Church. "As education progresses," says Herder, "there arrives an epoch in the history of every nation when its art supersedes itself." Baader writes still more drastically: "There is no Christian art, save that of bearing the cross. Of what use to paint madonnas, angels and saints in this region of darkness and gravitation, figuring a hyper-physical world in mundane colours? I feel a contempt for that entire school." Not without reason does the realistic painter Courbet aver that "no artist should paint an angel or a portrait of Christ; for he has never seen either."

It is a most significant fact, and by no means casual, but the act of Providence, that whilst we possess excellent likenesses, and in many cases even well-preserved, authentic mummies of the Pharaohs and rulers of Nineveh and Babylon, we have not one effigy or representation of a single prophet or apostle, or of the Saviour Himself. Any attempt, therefore, to illustrate the Scriptures is open to grave objection. An outward, realistic representation, supposing such a thing possible, would inevitably daze the mind, arresting its attention upon accessories, and diverting it from the deep significance of the written word. On the other hand, an idealized picture, governed by conventions of style, is untrue at the outset. God has His own reasons for not giving us a "pictorial Bible." He could easily have inspired one or more Bezaleels for such a task. But a spirit of emancipation from externalisms and the thralldom of material forms pervades the whole of Scripture from that commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself the likeness of anything that is in the earth beneath," and the prophecy,

“He hath no form nor comeliness that we should desire Him,” down to the declaration of our Lord that “God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,” or the utterance of Paul “Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him thus no more.” Whither, moreover, the natural craving and reverence of man for the outward form tends, the image-worship of the Romish and Greek churches, and in a grosser and more barbarous shape fetishism and idolatry in general, are witnesses.

As for the ethical standard and humanitarianism of a nominal Christendom, the moral conditions of the Byzantine court were undoubtedly worse than those of Egypt, Greece or Republican Rome had often been, worse than they had been under Titus, Adrian, Trajan or Marcus Aurelius. They became yet more degraded in the so-called Christian Rome of the Borgias.¹ The entire spirit of the Middle Ages—aptly designated “Dark”—the fruit of an erroneous conception of Christianity embodied in the Inquisition, witch-trials and, finally, the Thirty Years’ War, (three of the most ghastly spectacles in history), was an immense retrogression from the civilization of Egypt, Greece and Rome. Goethe, Schiller, and others are not altogether in the wrong, when they deplore that what they falsely deemed Christianity had not proved itself capable of engendering such attractive and harmonious social conditions as classical antiquity had produced.

¹ If any one doubts this let him read the awful facts avouched for by various witnesses: how at Cardinal Estouteville’s burial the rings were torn off the dead man’s fingers by the monks; how upon the murder of the Duke of Gandia, the incestuous Pope (Alex. VI.)’s son, a witness said he had seen a hundred bodies thrown into the Tiber, and no one blamed for it; how every office in the church was sold to the highest bidder; how nameless orgies defiled the Vatican, and this Pope was probably poisoned by a potion he designed for a cardinal:—and doubt no longer. (E.K.S.).

(Continued D. V.)



The Lord Jesus never once stopped to inquire how any act or circumstance would affect Himself.



Self-judgment is one of the most valuable and healthful exercises of the Christian life; and, therefore, anything which produces it must be highly esteemed by every earnest Christian.

*The Last Match**Dr. G. F. Pentecost*

Some years ago a young man was in what was then known as the Territory of Kansas, when the excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold at Pike's Peak broke over the country. Fired with a desire to be in the field of the new Eldorado, he bought an Indian pony, got together a few things and slung them in a little bag behind him. After two days' travel he came to a long stretch of barrens—about forty miles—which he must cross. It was not a very hard day's ride, though it was in the short November days. Heedless of any thought of danger, early with the rising of the sun he started across the sterile desert. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold, the path through the tall grass was well marked, and for hours the ride was made with pleasure and good speed.

A little past noon the sky became overcast with grey and flying clouds. Nothing for a time was thought of this—the journey was more than half over, and the settlement on the other side would soon be reached. Presently the snow began to fall—at first a few stray flakes, then faster and thicker; then it grew darker and snowed faster and thicker still.

The first thought of anxiety began to creep into that young man's heart. It was still daylight, and the tall grass marked the boundary of the trail, though the snow, by this time covering the bare earth, and grass catching it everywhere, turned the prairie into one vast field of winter fleece. Then with increasing anxiety came an increasing sense of cold.

The darkness gathered rapidly in the thick and now fast falling snow. For a while all attention was given to keeping warm by beating the arms about the body, hallooing and slinging the legs against the side of the patient pony.

But now another horror came. How or when he knew not, he had suffered the pony to step aside from the fast filling path. But he could easily find it again. A pull of the bridle to the right, a hundred yards in that direction, but no path; then a pull to the left, a hundred yards or more in that direction, but still no path. Now a standstill. Where was he? No sun in the sky to show the direction, no path under foot, no compass—for that had not been thought of; darkness like prison walls, gathering about; blinding snow falling, clinging

to him like a winding sheet; the cold now piercing to the bones; the conviction now fastening upon him, "I am lost in the snow storm on a trackless prairie." Then thoughts of death came and pressed him hard—thoughts of his mother in the far away Southern States; even the fantastic thought, "Would his body ever be found? Should anybody ever know the story?"

Then the mental scenery was shifted, and eternity opened up before his vision. The great white throne was set. Heaven and hell were in view. There was the rejected Son of God seated as Judge. The thoughts of a lifetime of sins, how he had revelled in them, mocked and made light of them; how he had scoffed at religion, turned away from many kindly-meant words of warning; and now he was to die and go—where? Not to heaven; he knew he was not fit for heaven. He had rejected Christ. To hell! Alas! where else?

Now he deplored his sins, and almost cursed his folly in not having spent a different life; now wondered if God would forgive; now wondered what many things he had heard in days gone by meant. All this time the cold seemed to abate. The pony was wandering aimlessly about. Then came the fatal sense of drowsiness. This awakened him to fear. He had been dreaming and freezing. Now terror seized him. Leaping from the pony, or rather tumbling off, he gathered his numb fingers under him as best he could, and began to stamp on the snow, and beat about with his arms until circulation was again felt.

Then with the instinct of self-preservation, the thought of a fire occurred. Instantly falling down on hands and knees, groping in the darkness and snow, he began to pull up large handfuls of grass and, beating the snow off, lay it on a pile. Then, as Providence would have it, his hands fell on a little low bush growth—a kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking its brittle branches and laying them on the pile of grass, the thought came, Now for a fire and all will be well. A piece of newspaper for kindling, and then a match. A match! The heart almost stopped beating. Had he a match? Many had he used that day in lighting pipe and cigar; but had he any left? Instantly finger and thumb went into the vest pocket. For a moment hope died, and then revived. Yes, there was a match; but just one. One little sulphur match—only one.

That young man's life and salvation, too, were wrapped up in that match. For should that fail him, he must die in his sins and go to hell.

From a frozen prairie to a burning hell. No pleasing contemplation that. One match. What do you suppose would have bought that match from him? One hundred of them could be bought in the next settlement for a cent, and yet if Pike's Peak, with all its stored wealth, could have been crumbled into diamonds and laid at his feet as the price of that match he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Why? Because it was a match? No; but because it was the only match he had; if that failed him, he was a dead and damned soul.

My friends, do you wonder that, when he drew that match across his sleeve, his heart almost stopped beating? Do you wonder that his eyes almost started from their sockets as he watched, with a great lump in his throat, that little pale blue flame, as it seemed now to die and then struggle for life, until, at last,—oh, thank God!—it reddened into fire, and kindled the paper waiting to receive it, and the fire was built that saved his life. My friends, I relate the incident to show you the value there is in an *only* Saviour. If I had the charred stump of that match now, I would frame it and hang it in my study. I would write this legend under it, "His only match; it saved him."

Now what shall I say to you? The blood of Jesus Christ is precious because it is the sinner's *only* salvation. My dear friend, Jesus Christ, the Crucified, stands between you and the eternal burnings. If you miss Him, if you reject Him, oh, then God pity you! You are a hopeless, lost one, and in hell you will soon lift up your eyes, being in torment. "For without the shedding of blood there is no remission." God has given His only Son to shed His blood for you. Reject Him, and you are utterly lost. When He gave His Son, He gave all that He had to give. After Him there remains no more sacrifice for sin. May the Holy Spirit incline you to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ this very hour and be saved.



It is a much easier thing to ask, in a general way, for the forgiveness of our sins, than to confess those sins. Confession involves *self-judgment*; asking for forgiveness may not, and in itself, does not.

“Tell ye your children of it”

Trust

D. L. Moody

No man or woman who has trusted in God was ever disappointed or ever will be. I once noticed a young woman in one of our meetings, who sat near the pulpit; and every time I looked down her eyes were rivetted upon me. One day I said to her:

“My friend, are you a Christian?”

“Oh, no,” she said, “I have been seeking Christ these three years, but cannot find Him.”

“There is some mistake about that,” I said.

“Do you mean that I have not been seeking Him?”

“Well, I know He has been looking for you for twenty years.”

“What am I to do then?”

“Do? Do nothing; probably the trouble is that you have been trying to do.”

“But how am I to be saved then?”

“You are to believe on Him, and stop trying.”

“Believe! Believe! Believe! I have heard that word until my head swims; everybody says it, and I am none the wiser.”

“Well,” I said, “I will drop that word for another. The word ‘believe’ is used in the New Testament, and the word ‘trust’ in the Old. I will say to you, *trust* the Lord to save your soul.”

“If I say I will trust Him, will He save me?” she asked.

“If you really do trust Him, He will save you.”

“I trust the Lord to save me,” she said. “But” she added, “I do not feel any different.”

“I think you have not been looking for Christ: you have been looking for feeling. God does not tell you to feel; He tells you to *trust* Him, and you are to let feelings take care of themselves.”

“But I have heard people say they felt happy when they became Christians.”

“Well, wait until you become a Christian, and then you may talk about a Christian’s experience: you must trust the Lord that He will keep you.”

She sat there five minutes, and then put out her hand to me and said:

"I trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save my soul."

That was all there was to it: no praying, no weeping. The next night, while I was preaching, she sat in front of me, and I could see joy written on her face, and light from the fields of glory shining in her eyes. At the close of the meeting she was the first to go into the enquiry-room, and when I went there she had her arms around a young lady's neck and was saying: "It is only to *trust* Him." She led more souls to Christ in two weeks than any other worker.

Oh, my friends, there is nothing to hinder you trusting Him. If you trust, when Death comes he won't be unwelcome, he won't terrify you. I remember coming down the Tennessee River after a battle, and we had four hundred and fifty wounded men on the vessel. A good many of them were mortally wounded. A few of us had gone to look after their temporal and spiritual wants. We made up our minds we would not let a man die on the boat without telling him of Christ and Heaven—that we would tell them of Christ as we gave them a cup of cold water. We found one young soldier unconscious. His leg had been amputated and he was sinking rapidly. I asked the doctor: "Will this man live?"

"We have amputated one of his legs, and he has lost so much blood he will probably die."

I said to the wounded soldier next to him: "Do you know this young man?"

"Yes, we came from the same town: we enlisted together: and we belong to the same company."

"Where do his father and mother live?"

"His father is dead, and his mother is a widow."

I asked if she was a Christian. "Yes, she is a godly woman." I was anxious to get some message from the son to the widowed mother. Every once in a while I would speak the young man's name, and after I had spoken it a number of times, he slowly opened his eyes.

"William, do you know where you are?" I said.

"Oh, yes: I am on my way home to mother."

"The doctor has told me that you cannot live. Have you any message to send home to your mother?"

"Tell her I died, trusting in Christ," he said.

Oh, how sweet it was! It seemed as if I were at the very gate of heaven.

"Is there anything else?" I asked. He was sinking rapidly but he replied:

"Yes, tell my mother and sisters to be sure and meet me in Heaven.

In a few minutes he was unconscious, and in a few hours he died. What a glorious end! "Tell my mother I died trusting in Christ."



Missionary Labours in Many Lands

Dr. Baedeker's Gospel Tours in Russia

The spirit of Dr. Baedeker cannot be better illustrated than by the following. A Russian gentleman of high rank told him of a certain district in the remote dominions of the Czar, where hardship and solitude had rendered the unhappy exiles desperate, and turned them into demons.

"The country is beautiful; but the inhabitants add to the brutal degradation of the local Asiatics, the fierce savagery of European criminals," said his informant. "They will without hesitation shoot down a man merely for the sake of his clothes and the few coins he may possess. Twice they levelled their arms at me, but God preserved me. Their common saying is: 'It pays better to shoot a man than to shoot a partridge. The partridge is worth but a few kopeks at the most; but a man has at least his clothes, and there may be money also!'"

"Tell me all about them," said Dr. Baedeker eagerly. "I mean to go there. Those people terribly need the gospel!"

He went, of course; accomplished his mission, and returned unharmed.

"In all my journeys through the country, by day and by night," said he, "I never once saw the face of man turned towards me with evil intent."

It was never among brutalised criminals, nor yet among inhabitants of remote regions, but in haunts of learning and circles of culture, that the most bitter hostility to his work was met with.

Early in his career, as evangelist, he paid a visit to Zurich, in Switzerland. He rented a chateau on the hillside outside

the city, where his wife and he decided to remain for a few months, while he visited the people and preached the gospel in the neighborhood. The fact that there were at that time a considerable number of Russian refugees living in the city, attracted him thither.

His first meeting was billed to be held in a large public hall, the subject announced being "The Bible." The doctor had only one theme: "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," under whatever title it was announced. On this occasion the subject proved to be a great draw. The university students, scenting an attack on the Word of God, a delightful prospect to the unregenerate in every place, assembled in great numbers. A learned doctor of philosophy had come to tear the Bible to shreds; they must be present to testify their approval right boisterously.

When Dr. Baedeker appeared on the platform he was welcomed with a storm of applause. When he invited his audience to bow their heads for a few moments' prayer, they stared at each other in astonishment. The early portion of the address was listened to in significant silence. It took the young fellows some time to realize the exact situation. Then they became restless, noisy, insulting, and the assembly broke up in a violent storm. A huge mob waited in the street for his emergence from the hall.

"We will fling him into the lake when he comes out!" they cried excitedly. Passing out through the rear of the premises, he escaped their fury and reached home in safety.

The next Saturday he again applied for the use of the hall for the following day. He was refused.

"We dare not let it to you for such a purpose if you offered twice the rent," said the proprietor.

Nor could he hire any other hall in the city. Had he been an infidel lecturer instead of an evangelist it would have been an easy matter to provide a platform. Dr Baedeker, however, was not to be beaten. He sought out the Methodist authorities. They had already heard all about him, and readily allowed him to conduct his meeting in their building.

The doctor laboured in Zurich on that visit for nearly twelve months, holding services in a theatre for the most part. God never allowed his enemies to do him the slightest injury, nor even to daunt his fearless heart. He has preached in

Zurich many times since then; and the fruits of his work are yet to be seen upon the shores of the lake in which the opponents of the gospel would gladly have seen him drown.

In Dec. 1896 he wrote from Zurich, "Here I have my meetings in the same large hall they once refused to let me have the second time. Now they give it me free of charge! Last night I had my first meeting, which was well attended. This afternoon will be a Bible-reading, and every day the same till Sunday. Today my subject is 'Faith and Life.' I send you the advertisement that you may pray for these great opportunities."

The doctor used to tell a story of an adventure that befel him on one of his visits to Transcaucasia. He had gone to conduct a series of meetings in a remote Armenian village among the mountains. It was in the end of December. The lateness of the season, the awful loneliness of the district, the risks of sudden snow-storms blinding the venturesome travelers, and covering tracks and waymarks, all united to make the enterprise unattractive to those who knew the country. But the villagers had pressed him to visit them on so many previous occasions, when it was impossible for him to do so, that he could no longer resist their importunities.

On a memorable Christmas morning he bade them farewell, and with his Armenian interpreter and guide began the return journey. A few of the Christian brethren of the village accompanied them a little way to point out the track. Presently these also were left behind, and the two proceeded on their way alone.

How long they had been wandering in the wide solitudes before the guide became apprehensive that he had lost his bearings, I cannot remember hearing. The signs of night oncoming were beginning to appear and when night falls, it falls suddenly in those regions—when the Armenian at length stood still and said:

"I can go no farther. I am spent. We have lost our way: and we are walking in vain!"

"Is there nothing you can recognize? Nothing to show us our whereabouts, or the direction we should take?" the doctor inquired.

"I have been seeking and watching for some sign or mark in vain! Alas! we shall perish here of cold before the morning

comes. The sun will set in a few minutes."

"Then let us just kneel down where we are and tell our Heavenly Father about it."

"Alas! that I was so foolish as to venture on such a journey, so unfamiliar, and at such a season!"

"God can take care of us and direct us. We will pray about it."

"Most likely we are many hours' journey from a human habitation, and my limbs are very weary. I shall never see my home again!"

"If you don't know the way, God does. Come, cease lamenting, and we will pray together."

The two men knelt silently side by side for a few minutes. Then the doctor turned his face to heaven, and prayed in his glad familiar manner to Him in Whom he trusted with such triumphant faith.

"Father, we cannot be lost, for we are in Thy hand all the time, and under the shadow of Thy wing. Thou knowest the way that we take. Send us help in our need, and guide us to safety!"

The prayer was interrupted by the distant barking of a dog.

"Listen! There is our Father's answer," said the doctor. "Praise His name, He hears, and does not keep us in suspense."

The welcome sound inspired the fainting guide with new strength. They turned in the direction of the sound, and following it, arrived as the night was closing in upon them, at a small Tartar encampment.

The surprise of the Tartars on seeing the new arrivals was very great.

"How did you come this way?" they inquired. "We never see travellers hereabouts in December. Are you not afraid of the snows?"

"My Master, who guided me here, can control the snows so that they shall not hurt us: and you can see He has done so, for no snow has fallen."

"Who is your Master, then?"

"Herr Jesus!"

And there and then he opened his mouth and began and preached unto them Jesus. Although they were Mohammedans they listened attentively to their venesable visitor, who afterwards told how they gave him and his guide the best enter-

tainment in their power. His Christmas dinner that evening consisted of a piece of the common hard black bread, eaten by the Tartars, and a pomegranate! Writing home to his wife on the following day he told her he imagined the feastings in England; and was certain that nobody at home ate their Christmas dinner with more gratitude and joy in the Lord, than he ate his. In the morning, with much good will, the Tartars sent one of their number along with them to put them into the right road.



Trophies of Grace in Paraguay

Joseph G. Martinez

THE DIRECT AND INDIRECT EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL
(Continued from October number)

2. *A Murderer*:—A comparatively young man whose life culminated in the commission of an awful crime in the capital of Paraguay, being sought by the police, he crossed the river by night to take refuge in an Argentine town where he lived for a time without being suspected by anyone. One day passing through a certain street, being attracted by the sweet notes of a gospel hymn, he drew near to a group of godly men who were standing on a street corner preaching the Gospel of God's grace. The message was not new to him for he had heard the Gospel in his home town before, but at this time the Word of God fell upon his ears with convicting power raising up a great storm in his mind and conscience. He was made miserable as his whole sinful life was brought before him by the operation of the Holy Spirit. At the closing of the meeting an invitation was given to attend another gospel meeting which was to take place in the home of a believer. He went and before the meeting was over, this wretched sinner trusted the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour. "And there was a great calm" the calm that infallibly comes to the troubled soul of any sinner that trusts in the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ. He knew then that the question of sin between him and God, was settled for ever.

The meditation on the blessedness of sins forgiven and peace with God through the atoning work of Christ, not only filled his heart with unspeakable joy, but led him also to think on his position as a runaway criminal; for while it was a reality that

his sins were forgiven by God through Christ Jesus, it was also true that he was accountable to society for his crime. Considering his situation and thinking on the penalty of the law which he had incurred, he decided to cross the river back to Asuncion, the Capital of Paraguay, where the crime had been committed, and present himself to the authorities.

The surprise of the judges was great when this fugitive appeared before them confessing the gravity of his crime and admitting all the details recorded against him. But their surprise grew into amazement when he told them of the change that had taken place in his life through the Gospel, and the "great calm" that he had experienced when he knew that his sins which were many, had been forgiven through faith in the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ. He gave a wonderful testimony before his judges, declaring also that now with the help of God he was leading a life of separation from sin as a testimony to the world that Christ Jesus is able to save even the worst sinner that comes unto God by Him.

Several witnesses that knew the young man before and after his conversion, were called in by the judges to testify as to what they knew of the case. The judges were perfectly satisfied with their testimony and seeing that there is no Capital punishment in Paraguay, considering that the purpose of incarceration of a convict is that he may be changed while serving in prison, so that he may be able to lead a better life when he is set free, and knowing that this transformation had already taken place in the life of that believer, they ruled that he should be acquitted. He was set free at once to go to his home among his loved ones, and to his neighbours to show them by words and works, that now he is a new creation in Christ Jesus, living in the enjoyment of that "great calm," able now to sing with gladness—

I have ceased from my wand'ring and going astray,

Since Jesus came into my heart!

And my sins which were many, are all washed away,

Since Jesus came into my heart!

Yes when he permitted the Lord Jesus to come into the little ship of his life, he could say of a truth, "AND THERE WAS A GREAT CALM."

The Lord Jesus is the one that has the power to speak peace to the sinner's troubled soul, not only to such extreme cases

as we have been describing in this article, but also to those who are upright as men count uprightness, for the word of God declares that there is no difference for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; and we know by experience as well as by observation, that whenever any one thinks upon eternity no matter whether he is an abominable sinner or a morally correct one, a great storm will rise in his soul bringing fear and distress to his troubled mind. This leads me to mention:

3. *A very religious young man.* At the beginning of the World War No. 1, an Italian obeyed the call to arms in his own country, and after a time of training, was sent to the front where he entered into action against the Austrians who were crawling along trying to take the trenches by assault. Our young man who was in charge of a heavy machine-gun, being in an advantageous position, could have destroyed many of his enemies, but his conscience, which was made sensitive by his early training, revolted against the thought of taking life. Thus endangering his own life as well as the lives of his own country men, he raised his machine gun just high enough so that a man could go under the bullets without getting hurt; but three Austrian soldiers who were eager to defeat the enemy, stood up in an effort to reach their goal and at that moment our young man saw those three falling dead in front of him. The battle ended and all retired to rest but our young man could not forget those three that lost their lives in battle, and though it was not altogether his fault, every time he went to sleep he had a night-mare, seeing always the faces of those three in his dreams.

After the war ended in 1918, a new Pope was to be elected, and our young man was selected, together with others, to become a guard in the Vatican grounds for fifteen days while the election was taking place. When the new Pope was installed, a cardinal appeared on the staircase and announced that the "holy father" was coming to forgive all the sins of the soldiers that were on guard during the ceremony. They were told to think on every sin they wished the "holy father" to forgive. Our young man wanted to be forgiven of that grievous sin which so frequently haunted him and he thought on the three men who were killed in battle. As the Pope pronounced the words "Absolvo te" our young man went to his

post satisfied thinking that now his sins, and specially those that troubled him most, were forgiven; but a great surprise was awaiting him, for he was awakened that very night by the same alarming dreams as before the magical words were pronounced, leading him to the conviction that the ceremony was inefficacious and his sins still remained.

Through a combination of circumstances, of which we need not speak, he got married and came to Paraguay, South America, arriving during the Paraguayan-Bolivian war which lasted three years, and secured employment in a Roman Catholic seminary as a gardener. While he was attending his work, he got into conversation with a priest who, in his patriotic enthusiasm and forgetting his "high calling," expressed his desire of going to the battle field to "kill Bolivians". Our young man asked him who would then forgive his sins; to which he answered that by confessing to another priest he would be forgiven. To this our young man replied, "Nonsense, I have confessed to 'his holiness' the Pope and he could not forgive me."

The storm which was raised in his soul while yet in his own country could not be abated by all the religious observances; on the contrary, it was increasing in intensity; and we believe that the circumstances through which he was obliged to come to Paraguay, the employment he obtained there, the conversation with the priest and many things which he saw in the seminary that were contrary to the word of God, were the dealings of God with him to bring him in contact with the light of the Gospel.

One day as he passed through the business center of Asuncion, being attracted to an open air meeting, first by the Gospel hymns which we were singing, and then by seeing there a large group of people, he stood with them listening to the word of God. The Lord Jesus was presented to the gaze of the people as the all-sufficient Saviour of guilty sinners. When the meeting ended, he accepted a Gospel of John which he took to his home and read with interest. As he meditated upon the Holy Word of God and thought on what he had heard in the Gospel meeting, the Holy Spirit opened his eyes to see that Christ Jesus was not only the all-sufficient Saviour, but also his personal Saviour. "And there was a great calm." All his sins were forgiven and he knew it: first because the Word of

God declares it, secondly because of the change which he experienced in his heart and mind. He noticed moreover now that for the first time all his alarming dreams had disappeared and the joy of the Lord had taken their place. Now he could sing with gladness:

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

Yes he took the Lord Jesus with him in the ship, the only one who could produce the "great calm" and this calm has also extended to his home, where the children are being taught in the fear of God; and the wife who had no interest whatever in eternal things, is at present waking up to the reality of her need so that we are praying that she too may soon be converted.

We praise God for the "Great Calm" which the Lord Jesus Christ brings to the troubled soul.

(Continued D. V.)



The Cruise of the Cachalot

Frank T. Bullen

In process of time we made the land of Vau Vau, a picturesque, densely wooded, and in many places precipitous, group of islands, the approach being singularly free from dangers in the shape of partly hidden reefs. Long and intricate were the passages we threaded, until we finally came to anchor in a lovely little bay perfectly sheltered from all winds. We moored, within a mile of a dazzling white beach, in twelve fathoms. A few native houses embowered in orange and coconut trees showed here and there, while the two horns of the bay were steep-to, and covered with verdure almost down to the water's edge. The anchor was hardly down before a perfect fleet of canoes flocked around us, all carrying the familiar balancing outrigger, without which those narrow dugouts cannot possibly keep upright. Their occupants swarmed on board, laughing and playing like so many children, and with all sorts of winning gestures and tones besought our friendship. "You my flem?" was the one question which all asked; but what its import might be we could not guess for some time. By-and-

by it appeared that when once you had agreed to accept a native for your "flem," or friend, he from henceforward felt in duty bound to attend to all your wants which it lay within his power to supply. This important preliminary settled, fruit and provisions of various kinds appeared as if by magic. Huge baskets of luscious oranges, massive bunches of gold and green bananas, clusters of green cocoa-nuts, conch-shells full of chillies, fowls loudly protesting against their hard fate, gourds full of eggs, and a few vociferous swine—all came tumbling on board in richest profusion, and, strangest thing of all, not a copper was asked in return. I might have as truly said nothing was asked, since money must have been useless here.

She was a busy ship for the rest of that day. The anchor down, sails furled and decks swept, the rest of the time was our own, and high jinks were the result. The islanders were amiability personified, merry as children, nor did I see or hear one quarrelsome individual among them. While we were greedily devouring the delicious fruit, which was piled on deck in mountainous quantities, they encouraged us, telling us that the trees ashore were breaking down under their loads, and what a pity it was that there were so few to eat such bountiful supplies.

The next day, being Sunday, all hands were allowed liberty to go ashore by turns (except the Kanakas), with strict injunctions to molest no one, but to behave as if in a big town guarded by policemen. As no money could be spent, none was given, and best of all, it was impossible to procure any intoxicating liquor.

Our party got ashore about 9:30, but not a soul was visible either on the beach or in the sun-lit paths which led through the forest inland. Here and there a house, with doors wide open, stood in its little cleared space, silent and deserted. It was like a country without inhabitants. Presently, however, a burst of melody arrested us, and borne upon the scented breeze came—oh, so sweetly!—the well-remembered notes of "Hollingside." Hurriedly getting behind a tree, I let myself go, and had a perfectly lovely, soul-refreshing cry. Reads funny, doesn't it? Sign of weakness perhaps. But when childish memories come back upon one torrent-like in the swell of a hymn or the scent of the hawthorne, it seems to me that the flood-gates open without you having anything to do with it.

When I was a little chap in the Lock Chapel choir, before the evil days came, that tune was my favourite; and when I heard it suddenly come welling up out of the depths of the forest, my heart just stood still for a moment, and then the tears came. Queer idea, perhaps, to some people; but I do not know when I enjoyed myself so much as I did just then, except when a boy of sixteen home from a voyage, and strolling along the Knightsbridge Road, I "happened" into the Albert Hall. I did not in the least know what was coming; the notices on the bills did not mean anything to me; but I paid my shilling, and went into the gallery. I had hardly edged myself into a corner by the refreshment stall, when a great breaker of sound caught me, hurled me out of time, thought, and sense in one intolerable ecstasy—"For unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given"—again and again—billows and billows of glory. I gasped for breath, shook like one in an ague fit; the tears ran down in a continuous stream; while people stared at me, thinking, I suppose, that I was another drunken sailor. Well, I was drunk, helplessly intoxicated, but not with drink, with something Divine, untellable, which, coming upon me unprepared, simply swept me away with it into a heaven of delight, to which only tears could testify.

But I am in the bush, whimpering over the tones of "Hollingside." As soon as I had pulled myself together a bit, we went on again in the direction of the sound. Presently we came to a large clearing, in the middle of which stood a neat, wooden, pandanus-thatched church. There were no doors or windows to it, just a roof supported upon posts, but a wide verandah ran all round, upon the edge of which we seated ourselves; for the place was full—full to suffocation, every soul within miles, I should think, being there. No white man was present, but the service, which was a sort of prayer-meeting, went with a swing and go that was wonderful to see. There was no perfunctory worship here; no one languidly enduring it because it was "the right sort of thing to show up at, you know;" but all were in earnest, terribly in earnest. When they sang, it behooved us to get away to a little distance, for the vigour of the voices, unless mellowed by distance, made the music decidedly harsh. Every one was dressed in European clothing—the women in neat calico gowns; but the men, nearly all of them, in woollen shirts, pilot-coats, and trousers to match, and

sea-boots! Whew! it nearly stifled me to look at them.

Squatting by the side of my "flem," whom I had recognized, I asked him why ever he outraged all reason by putting on such clothes in this boiling weather. He looked at me pityingly for a moment before he replied, "You go chapella Belitani? No put bes' close on top?" "Yes," I said; "but in hot weather put on thin clothes; cold weather, put on thick ones." "S'pose no got more?" he said, meaning, I presumed, more than the one suit.

"You no go chapella; you no mishnally. No mishnally (missionary—godly); vely bad. Me no close; no go chapella; vely bad. Evelly tangata, evelly fafine, got close all same papalang (every man and woman has clothes like a white man); go chapella all day Sunday." That this was no figure of speech I proved fully that day, for I declare that the recess between any of the services never lasted more than an hour. Meanwhile the worshippers did not return to their homes, for in many cases they had journeyed twenty or thirty miles, but lay about in the verdure, refreshing themselves with fruit, principally the delightful green cocoa-nuts, which furnish meat and drink both—cool and refreshing in the extreme, as well as nourishing.

We were all heartily welcome to whatever was going, but there was a general air of restraint, a fear of breaking the Sabbath, which prevented us from trespassing too much upon the hospitality of these devout children of the sun. So we contented ourselves with strolling through the beautiful glades and woods, lying down, whenever we felt weary, under the shade of some spreading orange tree loaded with golden fruit, and eating our fill, or rather eating until the smarting of our lips warned us to desist. Here was a land where, apparently, all people were honest, for we saw a great many houses whose owners were absent, not one of which was closed, although many had a goodly store of such things as a native might be supposed to covet. At last, not being able to rid ourselves of the feeling that we were doing something wrong, the solemn silence and Sundayfied air of the whole region seeming to forbid any levity even in the most innocent manner, we returned on board again, wonderfully impressed with what we had seen, but wondering what would have happened if some of the

ruffianly crowds composing the crews of many ships had been let loose upon this fair island.

I have no doubt whatever that some of the gentry who swear at large about the evils of missionaries would have been loud in their disgust at the entire absence of drink and debauchery, and the prevalence of what they would doubtless characterize as adjective hypocrisy on the part of the natives; but no decent man could help rejoicing at the peace, the security, and friendliness manifested on every hand, nor help awarding unstinted praise to whoever had been the means of bringing about so desirable a state of things. What pleased me mightily was the absence of the white man with his air of superiority and sleek overlordship. All the worship, all the management of affairs, was entirely in the hands of the natives themselves, and excellently well did they manage everything.

I shall never forget once going ashore in a somewhat similar place, but very far distant, one Sunday morning, to visit the mission station. It was a Church mission, and a very handsome building the church was. By the side of it stood the parsonage, a beautiful bungalow, nestling in a perfect paradise of tropical flowers. The somewhat intricate service was conducted, and the sermon preached, entirely by natives—very creditably too. After service I strolled into the parsonage to see the reverend gentleman in charge, whom I found supporting his burden in a long chair, with a tall glass of brandy and soda within easy reach, a fine cigar between his lips, and a late volume of Ouida's in his hand. All very pleasant and harmless, no doubt, but hardly reconcilable with the ideal held up in missionary magazines. Yet I have no doubt whatever that this gentleman would have been heartily commended by the very men who can hardly find words harsh enough to express their opinion of missionaries of the stamp of Paton, Williams, Moffat, and Mackenzie.

Well, it is highly probable—nay, almost certain, that I shall be accused of drawing an idyllic picture of native life from first impressions, which, if I had only had sufficient subsequent experience among the people, I should have entirely altared. All I can say is, that although I did not live among them ashore, we had a number of them on board; we lay in the island harbour five months, during which I was ashore nearly every day, and from habit I observed them very closely; yet

I cannot conscientiously alter one syllable of what I have written concerning them.

And now I must come to what has been on my mind so long—a tragedy that, in spite of all that had gone before, and of what came after, is the most indelible of all the memories which cling round me of that eventful time. Abner Cushing, the Vermonter, had declared at different times that he should never see his native Green Mountain again.

Two-thirds of our stay in the islands had passed, when, for a wonder, the captain took it into his head to go up to the chief village one morning. So he retained me on board, while the other three boats left for the day's cruise as usual. One of the mate's crew was sick, and to replace him he took Abner out of my boat. Away they went; and shortly after breakfast time I lowered, received the captain on board, and we started for the capital. Upon our arrival there we interviewed the chief, a stout, pleasant-looking man of about fifty, who was evidently held in great respect by the natives, and had a chat with the white Wesleyan missionary in charge of the station. About two p.m., after the captain's business was over, we were returning under sail, when we suddenly caught sight of two of our boats heading in towards one of the islands. We helped her with the paddles to get up to them, seeing as we neared them the two long fins of a whale close ahead of one of them. As we gazed breathlessly at the exciting scene, we saw the boat rush in between the two flippers, the harpooner at the same time darting an iron straight down. There was a whirl in the waters and quick as thought the vast flukes of the whale rose in the air, recurving with a sidelong sweep as of some gigantic scythe. The blow shore off the bow of the attacking boat as if it had been an egg-shell.

At the same moment the mate stooped, picked up the tow-line from its turn round the loggerhead, and threw it forward from him. He must have unconsciously given a twist to his hand, for the line fell in a kink round Abner's neck just as the whale went down with a rush. Struggling, clutching at the fatal noose, the hapless man went flying out through the incoming sea, and in one second was lost to sight for ever. Too late, the harpooner cut the line which attached the wreck to the retreating animal, leaving the boat free, but gunwale under. We instantly hauled alongside of the wreck and trans-

ferred her crew, all dazed and horror-stricken at the awful death of their late comrade. I saw the tears trickle down the rugged, mahogany-coloured face of the captain, and honoured him for it.

That evening we held a burial service, at which hundreds of natives attended with a solemnity of demeanour and expressions of sorrow that would not have been out of place at the most elaborate funeral in England or America. It was a memorable scene. The big cressets were lighted, shedding their wild glare over the dark sea, and outlining the spars against the moonless sky with startling effect. When we had finished the beautiful service, the natives, as if swayed by an irresistible impulse, broke into the splendid tune St. Ann's; and I afterwards learned that the words they sang were Dr. Watt's unsurpassable rendering of Moses' pean of praise, "O God, our help in ages past." No elaborate ceremonial in towering cathedral could begin to compare with the massive simplicity of poor Abner's funeral honours, the stately hills for many miles reiterating the sweet sounds, and carrying them to the farthest confines of the group.



Question Box

How can you reconcile the anointing in Mark 14 two days before the Passover with that in John 12 six days before the Passover?

Chrysostom, Origen, and Chemnitius maintain that the anointing of our Lord took place three times: once, as narrated in Luke 7 at the house of Simon the Pharisee; once in Bethany, at the house of Simon the leper; and once in Bethany, at the house of Martha and Mary. Mark says that a woman anointed our Lord "two days" before the Passover, and poured the ointment on His "head", while John says He was anointed "six days before the Passover" and the ointment poured on His "feet." If we hold that our Lord was anointed twice in the last week before He was crucified, once "six days" before, and one "two days" before, and on each occasion by a woman, the whole thing is clear. That such a thing should be done more than once in those days is no objection, considering the customs of that age. To anoint a person as a mark of honor and respect was common in our Lord's time. That our Lord's

language in defense of the woman should on each occasion be the same is somewhat remarkable but it is only a minor difficulty. The close similarity of the language can only be explained by understanding that our Lord twice said the same things. On the whole therefore, I agree with Chrysostom that there were three anointings, and I also think there is something in the view that Mary, sister of Lazarus, anointed our Lord twice, once six days before the Passover, and once again two days before.

J. C. R.



Our Great High Priest and Advocate

Our Great High Priest within the veil,
 For us doth intercede;
 The value of His precious blood,
 He ever lives to plead.

His loving heart our weakness knows,
 He feels our every pain;
 And by His priestly work above,
 Our spirits doth sustain.

When wandering thoughts oftimes would mar,
 Our sacrifice of praise,
 He then, as our Interpreter,
 His voice for us doth raise.

When Satan brings our sins to God,
 And judgment quick demands,
 Our Advocate before the Throne,
 Lifts up His piercéd hands.

Thus boldly we approach our God,
 And mercy we obtain,
 Find grace to help in time of need,
 And fellowship maintain.

—R. T. Halliday

“The Love of Christ, which passeth knowledge”

I bore for thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore from thee thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plumbed the depth most deep from bliss above;
Not I my flesh, nor I my spirit spared:
And gave for thee my love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drought,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost;
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth;
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on my shoulders, and rejoiced.
Men only saw upon My shoulders borne
The cursed cross: and shouted angry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

The nails did grave upon My hands thy name;
The crown of thorns with gore did blind My eyes.
The Holy One, I took thy guilt and shame;
I — God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left;
Six hours, alone, athirst, in misery;
At length in death one smote my heart and cleft
A hiding place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross; no bed of down
That cross whereon to stretch Myself and sleep:
Thus did I win by death for thee a crown;
A harvest—come and reap.

—Christina Rossetti.

The Bible

The Bible! Hast thou ever heard
 Of such a book? The Author, God Himself;
 The subject, God and man; salvation, life
 And death—eternal life, eternal death—
 Dread words whose meaning has no end, no bounds—
 Most wondrous Book! bright candle of the Lord!
 Star of eternity! the only star
 By which the bark of man can navigate
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
 Securely; the only star which ever rose on Time,
 And on its dark and angry billows, still,
 As generation, drifting swiftly by,
 Succeedeth generation, throws a ray
 Of heaven's own light, up to the hills of God.
 By prophets, seers and priests, and sacred bards,
 Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,
 And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
 Apart and consecrated to declare
 To earth the counsels of the Eternal One,
 This book, this holiest, this sublimest book
 Was sent: this holy book, on every line
 Marked with the seal of high divinity,
 On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
 Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
 And signature of God Almighty stamped
 From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
 This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
 Mercy took down, and in the night of time
 Stood, evermore beseeching men with tears
 And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live;
 And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
 Believed, obeyed; and now (as the Amen,
 True, Faithful Witness swore,) with snowy robes
 And branchy palms surround the fount of life,
 And drink the streams of immortality,
 For ever happy and for ever young.

—Pollock's "The Course of Time"