

THE RAM'S HORN.

JOSH. VI

NO. I.

2nd Tim. iv. 2.—“PREACH THE WORD.”

VOL. 1.

“IS MY JESUS HERE?”

Miss —, was a consistent and devoted christian. She was “out and out” for God, and was heartily hated by numbers of professors of religion in the town where she resided. She was neither surprised nor disappointed at this, for she knew that the Master had said, “If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you” (John xv. 18). Wherever she went—in whatever society she mingled, she had a word for Jesus, and did not think it “improper” to talk about the Lord, His Word, and His Work. She was, of course, considered by worldly christians a “very peculiar” person, and far too “straightlaced.” They did not consider it the right thing to ask people “how long it was since they were saved,” or if they were sure that they were “born again.” She continued, notwithstanding the persecution, and reproach, that was heaped upon her,—“Stedfast unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord”—seeking continually to “tell to all around what a dear Saviour she had found.”

Some of the worldly young men and women of the town determined to play a practical joke on her. A fashionable ball was to be held on a certain evening, and they determined that Miss — should be present. How was she to be got there, was the question. All were convinced that she would not accept an invitation. A plan was adopted to secure her presence.

She was asked to spend the evening at a friend's house. She promised to go. At the time appointed a carriage drove up to the door. She was soon driven in the direction of the place, but to her astonishment the carriage stopped at the entrance to the building, where the ball was to be held. She at once perceived the plot, but resolved to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded of speaking a word for the One, who had done so much for her.

As she entered the hall, numbers of gentlemen and ladies were waiting on the tip-toe of expectancy, to see Miss —'s astonishment and perplexity. They were surprised to observe that she was calm and collected. Quietly advancing

to the centre of the ball room, in clear and distinct, yet solemn and earnest tone, she asked,

“IS MY JESUS HERE?”

Consternation was depicted on many countenances. She pleaded with those nearest her to accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and find the only *lasting* happiness that human beings can have. The action of Miss —— completely upset the evening's fun. It acted like a wet blanket on the pleasure seekers. “Is my Jesus here?” rang in the ears of several. Their consciences condemned them—the enjoyment of the dance was gone, and as the direct result of her faithfulness to the Lord, a gentleman who afterwards became a useful worker in the harvest field was brought to decision for Christ.

Christian readers, do you seek wherever you go to speak for the Lord Jesus? Do you try to be “instant in season” and “out of season” in bringing before men and women the realities, of death, judgment and eternity?

“I AM SO DIFFIDENT AND TIMID?”

And do you think that is a sufficient excuse for your disobedience to the Lord? If your neighbor's child were sick would your “timidity” prevent you from inquiring after its health? If your brother's house were on fire would your “diffidence” prevent you from raising the alarm, if you were the first to observe it? Do you find any difficulty in speaking of the *weather* to that acquaintance of yours? Is it very hard to speak to him about President Garfield's death? “No,”

you reply. Well, God has said, “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks.” If your heart were filled with the love of God—if you were walking in communion with Him, you would find no difficulty whatever in speaking of the Prince of peace; it would not be a hard work, to warn poor sinner of the hell-fire to which they are hastening.

Brother, sister, get on your knees, confess your sin to the Lord, and ask him to give you grace and courage in the future to have a word for Jesus wherever you go.

Be rebuked and encouraged by the bravery of the faithful servant of Christ, who, in that ball-room asked, “Is my Jesus here?” See her speaking to those around, telling them of the joys of heaven and the miseries of hell, and warning them to escape the condemnation of hell and flee from the wrath to come. If you meditate on God's wondrous and boundless love; if you think on the joys of the saved and the miseries of the damned; the dreadful carelessness and indifference of men and women to God's great salvation, you will cry aloud and spare not—you will urge, entreat and beseech sinners to be reconciled to God. Go on! Look up! He will give you grace and courage to speak for Him. That's it brother. Are you willing to be filled with His fullness; to be emptied of self-will and self-seeking? To be an empty vessel, “for the Masters use made meet?” A. M.

“While our Lord delays His coming

Do not idle time away,

Oh my brethren be not weary,

Now's the time to work and pray.”

A WORD TO SCEPTICS.

‘Hast thou an arm like God?’—JOB xl. 9.

(BY G. MACLEOD.)

God is! In the face of creation, Atheism is arrant nonsense. Science has long since knocked the bottom out of the antiquated thing, for all, except blind moles. Voltaire tried to send blood into its icy veins, and lost his soul in the attempt! This age has seen it decently buried, and worn no weeds for it!

I say, in the face of the splendours of creation, revealed by telescope and stone hammer and microscope and scalpel, Atheism—or No-godism—is antiquated rubbish, too rickety to stand on its legs. It has long since been scouted from educated circles, as too profoundly coarse to be entertained by rational minds.

Its ghost, however, in the garb of evolution, has arisen to haunt this age. Huxley, Darwin, Tyndal, and a host of intellectual heroes, but spiritual dunces, have gone down into the deeps of natural philosophy, and brought up this monster—Evolution—which is just old No-godism new dressed! E-volution! Atheism and the devil we know, but E-volution! who art thou? Be plain with us common plodders; your mighty words overawe us.

‘Oh! very simple,’ say the fathers of this pretty ghost, ‘most simple! It means just that all the immense empire of creation was originally contained in atoms so small that a score of them would

be invisible on the point of that finger.’

Yes! And I suppose if you ask creation how it came to such magnificent proportions from so insignificant a commencement, its answer will be Topsy’s in *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. ‘Where are your father and mother, Topsy?’—‘Never had none, sir!’ ‘And how came you here, Topsy?’—‘Specs I growed, sir!’ Poor fatherless and motherless universe! I ‘specs’ you must have growed pretty much, if you grew from atoms, a score of which would be invisible on the point of my finger!!

But query, Who made the atoms? *Ah, there’s the rub!* Do you ‘specs they growed,’ Messrs. Huxley and Darwin? It is an eternal principle of philosophy that ‘ex nihilo, nihil fit,’—out of nothing, nothing comes. Then whence came these atoms, ye No-godists? That is THE question; and that nut will keep men, who deny God, a place in his own universe, cracking till doomsday. There *must* be a Creator; and these speculators are driven back on that conclusion, though they don’t wish to confess it. Evolution is the refined and cultivated form of the rotten carcase buried with Voltaire.

How different such childish gibberish from the sublime statement with which revelation opens—‘In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.’ Until they tumble into wreck, that sublime statement will be the finding of all true philosophy.

God is! All arguments to the contrary have their necks broken on

the very doorsteps of creation's matchless temple. The very devil is a Theist. No-godism is none of HIS religion! Out of the whirlwind of ages rings a question which ought to silence for ever the quibbles of wooden-headed Wiseacres and Babes-in-the-sea—Hast thou an arm like God?

God has an arm. Not two, as we should suppose. His power is concentrated. The might of Omnipotence is lodged in one arm. Samson had two arms in which he hugged the lion to death. God has only one—holy, strong, mighty, stretched out, glorious! We know *God has a hand*, for we see it in leaf's vein and lily's dress, and butterfly's wing and spider's web. The human hand, which is God's in miniature, is a wonderful organism. It built Babylon and the Pyramids and the Colosseum. It bridges the oceans with panting steamboats—lashes the hemispheres together with cables of wire—circles the earth with iron roads—and confounds the anatomist by the delicacy of its mechanism! It is God's hand in miniature—the hand that lighted the stars, and paints the morning glories, and plants the daisies, and attends to the proper adjustment of a fly's limb—God's kind, tender, delicate, mighty hand!

If God has a hand, he has an arm to back it. An armless God, though he is the popular God, is not the God of this Bible. Hast *thou* an arm like God? 'He hath an arm that's full of power.' Every bone and muscle and sinew and nerve and vein brimful of power?

No weak point from shoulder to wrist! At some point or other, human arm gives in; at no point God's arm, within the limits of limitless Omnipotence. From the lifting of a dew drop to the rolling of a world; and further, his arm fails not!

Let Creation answer! From the fields of the past, where worlds were encradled, come numberless voices of acclaim—'God's arm is omnipotent!' Six several voices, each deeper and louder than the last, rise from the days of creation, and every time 'tis a thunderous celebration of God's omnipotence. 'Hast thou an arm like God?' is the voice of dark oceans, and burning continents, and newborn suns.

Hast thou an arm like God? *He began with nothing.* Out of that material built the universe—flung off hot suns in millions, like sparks from his anvil—poised the wheeling constellations in thin air, and sent them off in all directions with such precision, that for six thousand years there has been no collision! His arm made this earth—chased darkness from the deep—lifted the Grampians, and the Apennines, and the Balkans, the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains—hollowed the sea basin—rolled into it Atlantics and Pacifics, locking them so effectually within gates of rock that they never succeeded in drowning the world but once, and then he bade them. His arm dressed the mountains in purple, and the valleys in green, and the skies in crimson, azure, and snowy white; and sprung an arch over the whole palace of beauty, in

which all the colours of earth and sea and sun and sky are wreathed—the rainbow around his throne. Omnipotent arm! Let Creation, from thrones of cloud and galleries of light and palaces of beauty, respond—‘Omnipotent!’

List the voice of heavens on heavens, ye deaf sinners! Stand amid wheeling constellations, far off the din of earth, and listen, while Astronomy, among the sciences queen, tells of the arm of God. Seest thou these orbs of light, Jupiter, and Venus, and Mercury, and myriads more, flying through space like meteors in midnight sky! What is their velocity? Measure, if you can, the swift flap of those lightning wings! Have your wits about you, or the thought of such motion will dizzy your brain, and cut your breath away. The velocity of a racehorse is 30 miles an hour—of a swallow, 60 miles—of clouds, under the sharp spur of a hurricane, 90—of a cannonball, 700 miles. Now, gaze on Mercury, if your eyes don't go out with the vision! That world—99,000 miles in diameter—is flashing through space seventeen hundred miles per minute. Mind staggers! That enormous mass, 900 times larger than our earth, hissing through the heavens seventeen hundred times faster than the fastest express train! Mercury flies now, and every time I beat the moment with my finger, it has covered thirty miles. Simply prodigious! There is omnipotence at work, if you want to see it!

Hast thou an arm like God? It keeps these in motion. To start them was a feat of Omnipotence;

to keep them in motion is an endless miracle! To preserve order among *such* fiery steeds is the work of a God. When Jupiter goes off his track and collides with Mercury, the worlds will put on sackcloth! The day our earth strikes the sun, the nations will whiten in death! God keeps them on their track.

Talk about human power alongside of this! 'Tis but bitter mockery. Human grandeur is miserable poverty. Human power—drivelling weakness! Alexander conquering the world—Pompey riding in triumph through Rome to the music of a million voices—little Napoleon putting the heel of his battle-boot on the neck of Europe—who are they but the puppets of petty power beside Omnipotence? Bubbles on life's sea; born to burst, because they were but empty playthings.

King Canute, enthroned on the sea-beach, commanding the waves, ‘Thus far and no farther,’ is an instance of the pride of kings. King Canute, hurriedly wheeling his throne from amid the rising waters, is an example of the puerility of human power.

Omnipotent in creation, God's arm is also *omnipotent in history*. God of nature, he is also *God of miracle*. The natural and supernatural are both of his arm. Miracle is just *God's other way of doing things*. The denial of the supernatural is philosophy run mad—scholarship gone crazy!

God works by law! Yes; but surely God is above his own laws, and can suspend, or alter, or re-

verse them at pleasure. By a natural law, water comes to its level. By a reversal of that law for the time being, water stands up in heaps—at Jordan! It is as easy for God's arm to work by miracle as by natural law. When the Lawgiver cannot reverse or suspend his own laws, this universe will be governed by iron fate. God is above law, hence miracles.

Why, sirs, there are endless miracles at your noses, if you could see so far! It is a miracle that the sun shines, or man walks, or waters run down, just as much as if the sun were darkened, or men rose from the earth, or waters ran uphill. The latter only *appear* more wonderful, because uncommon. Had it been common for water to run uphill, then the miracle would have been to make it run down.

I say the denial of miracle is the denial to God of sovereignty in his own universe, and the face of authentic history cannot reasonably be maintained. God's arm is proved omnipotent in history! Who reined back the Red Sea waves into a crystal wall, to make a way for his ransomed? What power heaved up the waters of Jordan at flood, until three millions passed over dryshod, and children gathered pebbles where five minutes after the floods went plunging and roaring to the sea? Who drew up the sun's fiery chariot and reined in, the silver moon in the valley of Ajalon, at the wave of Joshua's sword? What power stopped and unstopped the bottles of heaven, at the prayer of Elijah? What power, Tyndal, thou who scoffest

at prayer? What power made the march of the Hebrew children through sheets of flame like a walk in summer sun? Answer, heathen Nebuchadnezzar—'God's arm!' Was it ordinary medical or surgical skill which in Jesus cured blindness and lameness, and fevers and dropsies, and leprosies and madness at a word? He never passed through the universities. He took no degree, yet diseases fled at his presence—God's arm, sirs!

Ah, let diseases, let death, ghastly and grim at the grave of Lazarus, confess it—'God's arm is omnipotent!' From between the clenched teeth of grim death I wrench the confession, 'Omnipotent! omnipotent!' And let all the people say, 'Amen!' and worlds on their way to judgment join acclaim, 'Hallelujah!' while heaven's winged hosts swell the song, 'Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'

Omnipotent in salvation! Creating worlds was child's play in comparison to redeeming them. In creation he only *said*, and it was done. In salvation he *suffered*! God scarcely felt the worlds on his arm, but sin was such a dead weight, Omnipotence felt the pressure! As far down as Calvary and the bottom of the bottomless, sin sank the God-man who died to save us! You will never hear anything like that in the ages. To prove his omnipotence, died; to prove it, rose; to prove it, now saves everybody that wants to be saved—the keys of hell and death at His girdle! Do you want to be saved reader?

Hast thou an arm like God, working out salvation for a world? Jesus Christ! going about doing good, healing physical diseases, and deeper—diseases of the soul! Omnipotent Jesus! smoothing the brow of care, wiping away tears of sorrow, gently winning the wanderer. Omnipotent Jesus! trampling Gennesaret into a storm, as he stepped from crest to crest of the billow, then hushing it to sleep—with a word! Omnipotent Jesus! steadying reeling reason in her seat—commanding devils down to darkness from plaguing human hearts—and with the frown of universal empire sending a tremor through the kingdom of Satan that shall last till hell-gate is closed, and after it. Omnipotent Jesus! wrestling with wrath till the blood spurted—abused, mocked, scourged, and led to execution without a word—hanging six hours, iron through body and soul—lashed to the cursed wood, while all God's billows went over him!

Ah! none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how d-a-rk was the night, the Lord
passed through,
Ere he'd found his sheep that was lost.'

Hail, omnipotent Jesus! by thine agonies and blood thou shalt be king! By the tears of the Incarnate one thou shalt reign for ever and ever! He cometh from Gethsemane—will come with blood-dyed garments from Bozrah—glorious in his apparel—travelling in the greatness of his strength—almighty to save! Crown him! All crowns for the brow that was scarred! All sceptres for the hand that was pierced!

Hast thou an arm like Jesus?—so tender that it carries the lambs, Samuel, and Joseph, and Ruth, and Rhoda, and Timothy!—so long that it went down by the bottom of the bottomless, and lifts sinners out of pits that are fearful!—so strong that nations have gone by it into the glory! Mighty arm! It lifted Manasseh, and Mary of Magdala, and the Philippian jailor, and the Bedford tinker from icy darkness into the warm bosom of God! He wept, and whispered, and wooed them; and now they are asking in heaven, 'Hast thou an arm like Jesus?'

Fall on that arm, or it will fall on you! Whosoever shall fall on it shall be broken in repentance, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God! Oh, hide in his bosom—hide—hide! Back on the arm of Omnipotence, helpless soul! You can't be too heavy for him who carries worlds! You will want a pillow to die on one day—he died! Pillow your soul on him, and for ever and for ever be at peace!

If not, take the alternative—*It will fall on you!* Poor puny mortal! your fate will be fearful—Jesus is omnipotent! Think of that, and—shudder! His frown will crush you for ever. His lightest word will live in your soul like lead! The wrath of injured love will be awful and fell! Can'st thou ward off the fell stroke of doom? Wilt thou be always mad? Yield thee! Surrender! Kiss the Son lest he be angry!

I say, make choice. Fall on that arm, or *under* it. *Heaven is on it—hell under it.* Choose now! Think not to escape. Reject Jesus, and escape? By a thousand thunders—no! Escape you shall not! Angels on thrones of light, and devils in hot hell fires, and God Almighty, shall see you don't escape! If Jesus cried to the darkened heavens, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken *me*?—thy doom is in the air!

Sinner! Believe and live—reject and perish. There is no other alternative.

WHOSOEVER AND WHATSOEVER.

These two precious words are often in the Word. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely (Rev. xxii. 17). "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," (John xiv. 13). "Whosoever" is on the *outside* of the gate, and lets in all who choose. "Whatsoever" is on the *inside*, and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and treasury of Grace. "Whosoever" makes salvation free. "Whatsoever" makes it full.

Reader, if you are *out*, come in and welcome; and if you are *in*—live up to the riches provided for you.

Friend, are you in or out? Which?

IN THE RAM'S HORN it is intended to publish Gospel articles both old and new, varied and choice adapted for general circulation among both the saved and the lost. Its one theme will be the Gospel of the Grace of God, in its many-sidedness—short and pithy for busy people. There will be something in it also for sceptics.

It will not be under the control of any sect or party, neither will it advocate any sectarian claims, right or wrong, excepting God's and His Word,—*"To the Law and to the Testimony"* alone will be its testing standard. It has no cause to advocate nor "recognitions" to ask, and is dependent on God alone—therefore to please him only, in lifting up His Christ, is the object and motive.

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All orders, &c., to be addressed to the publisher,
DONALD ROSS,

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Canada, Ont.; Fred. Monteith, 25 Church Street,
Toronto.

Indiana: R. W. Price, Crown Point.

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