

Assembly Annals

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

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| The Tabernacle, <i>T. D. W. Muir</i> | 333 |
| The Upper Room, <i>W. J. McClure</i> | 336 |
| The Word of Truth, <i>Prof. Bettex</i> | 341 |
| The Feasts, <i>Wm. Ferguson</i> | 345 |
| The Surety-Substitute, <i>J. R. M.</i> | 348 |
| Triumph of Faith, <i>Samuel Rutherford</i> | 351 |
| Ezekiel's Temple, <i>F. B.</i> | 352 |
| Progress and Development, <i>T. G.</i> | 355 |
| Love and Loyalty, | 357 |
| A Papuan Adventure, | 358 |
| Michael Angelo's Confession | 360 |
| Marguerite, | 361 |
| "Tell ye your children of it", | 367 |
| With Christ at Sea, <i>Frank Bullen</i> | 369 |
| My Hiding Place, <i>Major Andre</i> | 374 |
| News Items | i to vi |

September

1937

Hear not; for I am with thee: be not
dismayed; for I am thy God:
I will strengthen thee;
yea, I will help thee.
Isa. 41:10.

Assembly Annals

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The Word and the World

Perhaps nowhere else is there such a striking and convincing agreement between "the witness of God" and "the witness of men" as is to be seen in the predictions and fulfilments of prophecy. It would seem at times that in the very words of travellers and historians (and among them such inimical witnesses as the infidel authors Voltaire and Gibbons) we hear the echo in the recording of events which were long foretold by God's inspired penmen, the prophets. One of the most notable of these parallels is depicted on the one hand in the devastations fore-announced by Isaiah and Jeremiah concerning Babylon the Great and on the other hand by the narratives of explorers and excavators in the Euphrates valley, backed up by the mute evidence supplied by the ruins themselves.

The walls of Babylon were one of the wonders of the ancient world, bulwarks that defied and proved invulnerable in siege. So strong were they that the Babylonians needed not to go out against their enemies, but, secure within the protecting ramparts, they could sow and reap, revel and carouse, and upon the broad walls they could disport and mock at their enemies. The impregnable walls without were matched or even surpassed by the fortifications and gates of brass that lined the Euphrates in its passage through the city. To predict the fall and destruction of Babylon seemed sheer folly to the men of that day, and yet to the jots and tittles the doom foretold came true. The palaces of that seemingly unconquerable City, "the glory of kingdoms, the Chaldean's excellency, the destroying mountain" were transformed into a mound, "the hammer of the whole earth" was cut asunder and broken, and Babylon most proud became a burnt mountain, a desolation among the nations.

Into the mound that once was Babylon archaeologists have dug and from it they have brought to light and reconstructed relics of this ancient metropolis, and it is true even today that "Chaldea is become a spoil", for the Expeditions sent out by Universities and Royal Societies have taken toll of her hidden treasures. Here for instance in the Detroit Institute of Fine Arts is a large plaque, beautifully executed from glazed tile depicting a dragon, a composite monster, the constituent elements being a unicorn, snake, tiger, eagle and scorpion, a decoration formerly part of the Ishtar Gate of Nebuchadnezzar's "Great Babylon". It thrills one to see and touch this product of that king's patronage of Babylonian art, especially when we think that Daniel himself in his tours of inspection did the same as we do today. It also throws a side-light on the language of prophecy which he wrote, for not only did he use Hebrew for the Jews and Chaldee for the Babylonians, but he employed symbols to describe future events under the guise of four great beasts that graphically portray the nature of the world-monarchies that were to rise. Here again the Word of prophecy and the Word of history touch hands and are unanimous, as necessarily they must agree. Straight as a die the alignment must be exact, as it is, one of the proofs that the Holy Scriptures are the Word of the Living God.

H. A. Cameron



“THE DRAGON OF BEL-MARDUK”

A glazed tile relief from the Ishtar Gate of Babylon. Seventh Century B. C.

(By courtesy of The Detroit Institute of Fine Arts)

Two New Series of Articles

The reprinting of Dr. J. H. Brocke's monograph "Israel and the Church" has put into the hands of our readers a complete Scriptural refutation of the new and strange doctrine that has recently been propagated, namely that God will have nothing further to do with the Jew. We trust that those who have been disturbed by this false doctrine will, through the perusal of Dr. Brookes' sober presentation of the truth, be established, strengthened and settled. Josiah Henson's Life, another out-of-print volume, proved interesting reading to many. We are glad to announce that two new series of articles will take the place of those recently completed. By arrangement with the Lutheran Literary Board of Burlington, Iowa, we are beginning the reproduction of Professor Bettex' "Word of Truth" a very fine presentation of the theme which he announces and handles well. It will prove a feast of good things to our friends. Frank Bullen's autobiography will also, we trust, be to them an interesting human-interest story.

("The Word of Truth" by Prof. Bettex may be obtained direct from the Lutheran Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa: Price 50c. It is a nicely printed and neatly bound volume that should be in the Christian's library).

Conferences

BOSTON, MASS. We are asked to announce that the Labor Day Conference will be omitted this year.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. A Conference will be held (D. V.) Sept. 4-5-6; prayer meeting Fri., 7:45. All meetings in Gospel Hall, 1477 Addison Rd. The Lord's people are invited to be with us at these meetings and join with us now in earnest prayer to God that it will be a season of spiritual profit and blessing.

"Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (Jer. 6:16).

No circulars will be sent out. Conference inquiries to J. H. Smith 3366 Meadowbrook Blvd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

DETROIT, MICH. The forty seventh annual Convention will begin (D. V.) with a Prayer Meeting in Ionic Temple, corner of Grand River Ave., and Chope Place (opposite Ferry Field) Friday evening, September 17th, followed by three meetings daily at the same place on Saturday and Sunday, September 18th and 19th. Communications to Dr. H. A. Cameron, 7615 Dexter Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

GALT, ONTARIO. The annual Conference will be held (D. V.) on Labor Day, September 6th, in the Moose Hall, 13 Water St. North. Meetings at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 and 7 P.M.

—John MacKay, 67 South St., Galt., Ont.

HAMILTON, ONT. Our Conference will be held D.V. this year as usual at Canadian Thanksgiving time. Beginning with a prayer meeting in Gospel Hall, 140 McNab St., N. on Saturday evening, Oct. the 9th at 7:30 P. M. Meetings on Lord's day and Monday in the I. O. F. Temple, Gore St. The meeting for remembering the Lord, at 10 A. M. No circulars will be sent out. Believers' Hymn Book used. Please bring one.

—John Moreland

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT. The annual Conference of Christians in Soo Mich. and Soo Ont. will be held (D. V.) as usual in St. John's Memorial Hall, John and Albert Sts., commencing with Prayer Meeting, Friday evening Sept. 3rd and continuing Sat., Sun., Mon., Sept. 4, 5; 6. Correspondent R. H. Davis, 425 Douglas St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

OLD ORCHARD, MAINE. Attendance was smaller than last year, probably due to the industrial situation; the ministry was profitable and much enjoyed by the Lord's people who came hither from widely separated sections.

Addresses

NEW YORK, N. Y. "The Assembly formerly located at 60th St. and Madison Ave., N. Y., is now meeting at N.W. corner of 75th St. and Madison Avenue." —John B. Trimble, 328 East Market St. Long Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

ROANOKE, VA. The Gospel Hall is located at 119 W. Campbell Ave. Correspondent:—W. L. Overstreet, 1217 Peachin Ave., Roanoke, Va.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS. The assembly correspondent is now A. Pomeroy, 747 Kentucky Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

TORONTO, ONT. The brethren in West Toronto Junction Assembly are building a new hall at 425 Pacific Avenue and hope to move into same about October 1st.

Sowing and Reaping

United States

TENT WORK IN THE FLOOD AREA There is encouragement in the three tents being operated by brethren Mehl, Sheldrake, Schwartz and Bullander among flood sufferers at Jeffersonville, Utica, Valley Station, good hearings and some cases of conversion.

Valley Station, Ky. Messrs. Sheldrake and Mehl had much encouragement in the large attendances at the gospel services in the tent. In addition to nightly preaching they were engaged in the arduous labour daily of ministering to the needy the gifts of clothing so generously sent by Christians for the flood sufferers.

Jeffersonville, Indiana. God is honoring His word at it goes forth here. Mr. Bulander has been granted permission to use the public square in the heart of the city as a location for the tent, and conversions continue to cheer the servants of the Lord.

Mr. W. J. Pell, with two other brethren from Grand Rapids travelled up the Ohio river as far as Cincinnati. preaching in each of the towns and finding a good reception among the people.

CONNECTICUT. Brethren B. Bradford and Hugh McEwen have been encouraged by blessing upon the gospel in **Bridgeport** tent, and Mr. John Conaway who held forth the word of life in **Bristol** also saw fruit from his labors.

ILLINOIS. Chicago Cesare Patrizio while engaged in tent work among Italians, was called home on account of the illness of his wife. Mr. Luigi Rosania continues the meetings which are encouraging in spite of priestly opposition.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston. Mr. W. J. McClure after the Old Orchard Conference closed, went on for meetings in Cliff St. assembly.

MICHIGAN

Detroit. We had a short but much enjoyed visit from Mr. Sidney Sward of Venezuela. He ministered very acceptably in Central, East Side, West Chicago and the Italian assembly in Detroit and in Windsor, Ont.

Gospel Car Itinerating Work. Mr. Wm. Ferguson has returned to the Lower Peninsula and has had interesting times in various places. He had the joy of baptizing some who made clear confession of their faith, and also in visiting isolated believers here and there. He is now working in the western part of the State around White Cloud where there was blessing upon the Word some time ago.

Pickford. Kindly remember in prayer an effort in the gospel in this town about 25 miles from the Soo. Mr. W. G. Foster pitched the tent but had only one meeting in it as a windstorm tore it to pieces. He was granted the use of the town-ship hall however and continues nightly preaching there.

NEW YORK, East Aurora. The tent work of brethren Chas. Keller and A. P. Klabunda in the farming section was continued during August with fair attendance considering the busy life of the farmers who are harvesting at present. Pray for a revival in this needy field, the scene of former labors of Dr. Martin and Samuel Keller.

VIRGINIA. W. Fisher Hunter (General Delivery, Roanoke) continues plodding away in the Gospel here. Two more were baptized recently and added to the assembly.

Canada

BRITISH COLUMBIA. Mr. Forbes MacLeod from New Zealand and Australia, has been with us at Seymour Street Gospel Hall, Vancouver and also at Nanaimo, Vancouver island. The meetings were well attended and the ministry good and practical.

ONTARIO, Tillsonburg. Mr. George Duncan was with us for a week and ministered the Word along the old lines. The ministry was much appreciated and the saints were refreshed.

JAMAICA, B. W. I. Mr. John Rankin (c/o E. C. Mais, P.O. Box 380, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.) is free to continue here in the Lord's work, because of an extension of his permit. He is enjoying the Lord's blessing with the Word preached to saints and sinners.

"With Christ"

BELFAST, IRELAND. On July 9th, 1937, Mrs. Wills (nee Flattley) beloved wife of William H. Wills of Venezuela, after 2 years of painful illness, went home to be with Christ at the age of 47. Saved over 30 years ago in tent meetings at Irvington; baptized some years later when amongst the Baptists; guided to the Word of God regarding separation and gathering in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ by a cousin and was received into fellowship in Mourne Street Assembly about 20 years ago, and was later in fellowship in Adam Street, until emigrating to Canada where for some time was in fellowship in the Central Hall, Toronto, from whence she left to be married to Mr. William H. Wills in Venezuela (1922) where she continued to labor in the Gospel with her husband in Aroa, San Felipe, Albarico, Chivacca and Duaca districts. She sought to serve both saint and sinner, often sharing her small portion with others. She was a loving wife, a kind mother and a faithful friend who will be greatly missed. A husband and 2 children mourn her loss. The funeral was large, Mr. T. Campbell spoke to the number gathered from Psa. 17 and Thes. 4:15-18, seeking to reach saved and unsaved. Her favourite Hymn, "Oh Christ He is the Fountain" was sung at the service and also "I'm

but a stranger here" was sung to a large audience in the street. Mr. F. Knox spoke to the large number who followed the precious remains to the cemetery from Psa. 17, emphasising the great necessity of being prepared for eternity, with words of comfort in that she was "at home" "comforted" and "with Christ." May her home-call arouse others to be up and serving the master while it is called "to-day". Kindly remember the loved ones left behind in prayer. Rev. 14, 13.

DETROIT, MICH. On the morning of Aug. 12th Mrs. Agnes Sinclair, passed into His presence, being released from a body bruised and broken as the result of an auto accident, on the 6th. Her longing desire, expressed repeatedly and recently to friends and neighbors, was thus realised, though tragically. Born in Bruce, Huron Co., Canada, Dec. 16, 1858. Born again in the fall of 1879, in Bay City, continued in unbroken fellowship with saints in Bay City and Detroit where she has made her home for 26 years. The funeral services which were large, were held in Saginaw, conducted by Dr. H. A. Cameron, and Mr. Thos. Dobbin. Prayer is desired for the family most of whom are unsaved.

TORONTO, ONT. Mrs. Jeremiah Taylor who, before her marriage was Miss Mary R. Sword, passed away peacefully on June 12th in her eighty-seventh year. She was saved in Chatsworth, Ontario, January 27th, 1880, was then in the Chatsworth Assembly, following which she was in the Owen Sound Assembly until moving to Toronto in 1912, since which she has been in Central Hall. She was a most godly, consistent, active Christian all her life. In recent years, unable to get out much, she spent her time distributing the Gospel by tracts, mailing them to all whose addresses she could obtain. Mr. Jackson conducted the service in Toronto previous to the interment in Greenwood Cemetery, Owen Sound, Ontario.

The Cross of Christ

*The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.*

*It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm to fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.*

*The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The theme of praise in heaven above.*

Assembly Annals

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Vol. XI. No. 9

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New Series
Vol. IV. No. 9

The Tabernacle of Israel

Thos. D. W. Muir

THE COVERINGS

In our last we gave a general view of the sanctuary and its furniture. This month we shall endeavor, as the Lord may enable to look at some of the details. As we have noticed already, the coverings and curtains of the sanctuary were four. Looking at it from the outside the first seen were the

Badger Skins.—“A covering of badger skins.” *Exod. 26-14.* There are no dimensions given,—no measurements as to length and breadth. It was a “covering,”—that is all. There have been various opinions among Bible scholars as to what these skins really were. The *Rev. Version* doesn’t seem to help matters much by translating it “seal-skins,”—as neither the Badger nor the Seal were likely procurable by Israel in the wilderness. But that matters little, the purpose of the skin covering being to protect what was underneath, and therefore of a durable nature. Its homely character, however, seems to picture the form of humiliation Christ took upon Him when here!

When we remember that this “covering” shows forth His glory, for, as in the temple, so here, “every whit of it uttereth His glory.” (*Psalm 29.9-Marg.*), we ask how is Christ displayed in this Badger-skin covering, and wherein is His glory seen! To the eye of the outsider this caused the sanctuary to present a rough and unattractive appearance, concealing the glories that were revealed to those who could enter in where the glory was.

And as we think of Christ when here,—how disappointing He seemed from the standpoint of Messianic prophecy! Those who looked for regal splendor, and the pomp and display that usually accompanies royalty, found instead a man of humble origin, living in an obscure northern village and plying the trade of a carpenter. And when He eventually comes forth and makes claim upon the men of Israel, He chooses as His associates,—not the noble, learned, great or influential, but a band of men who were “ignorant and unlearned,” and most of whom were fishermen. Hence we read, “He came unto His own (inheritance), and His own (people) received Him not.” *John 1-11.* They “knew not the time of their visitation.” *Luk. 19-44.*

The Badger skin covering, then, might well speak of Him as the One who "humbled Himself," and it is quite fitting that we have here this covering unmeasured. For no one is able to properly estimate the humiliation of our blessed Lord, but God Himself, and He has made known His estimate of that wondrous "stoop" when He raised Him from the dead. For Him who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God, yet humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, God hath highly exalted and given a Name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Phil. 2.9-11. Thus does God tell out His thoughts, His estimate, of the humiliation of His beloved Son!

The Ram's skins dyed red, which formed the covering underneath the Badger skins, were also unmeasured, and no doubt might well, in that, teach the same lesson, inasmuch as the devotion and consecration of our blessed Lord, of which they speak, was beyond estimation by any but God. The Ram, we find, from Lev. viii. and other scriptures, was not only used in sacrifice, but was connected with the consecration of the priesthood, etc., and therefore speaks of that devotedness to His Father, seen in our blessed Lord, and which stopped not short of death. Nothing could turn Him aside from this path. Neither the temptation of Satan (Luke 3), the anxiety of friends (John 7.3-8), the sympathy of His disciples (Matt. 16:21-25), or the enthusiasm of the populace (Jno. 6-15), could cause Him to swerve a hair's breadth from the path that led to Calvary.

In this, as in the path of humiliation, He has left us an example that we should follow His steps. For, "He that saith He abideth in Him ought himself also to walk, even as He walked." We are living, however, in a day when the Devil has tunneled the hills of difficulty and filled up the valleys of humiliation for the people of God, so that an easy path is presented to them,—very different from that formerly traveled by their Lord and Master, or such as Paul, who followed closely in His steps!

The Goat's hair curtains. (Exod. 26:7-13). There were eleven of those. As the name indicates, they were woven of goat's hair. Now, as the goat was especially marked out as the

animal used in connection with the great day of atonement (Leviticus 16), and the daily sin-offering was a kid of the goats. (See Numb. 28-15), they might well speak to us of the atoning work of our blessed Lord. As we shall see, there were but ten of the fine linen curtains underneath, the eleventh curtain of goats' hair was to hang over the forefront of the tabernacle, reminding all of the need of atonement, even as it might remind us of the plenteousness of His redemption. (Psa. 130.7).

These curtains, unlike the skin covering over them, were measured in length and breadth. For the "uttermost farthing" was computed and paid at Calvary,—the exacting demands of the Law being met,—even as the "uttermost farthing" will be exacted by a holy God from those who have refused His redemption and are in a lost eternity. But alas, they will never, through eternal ages, be able to pay it! No fires of purgatory, nor "prayers of the faithful," will avail to satisfy divine righteousness, or appease offended Majesty, for those who now reject His mercy. The dream of the "restorationist," whether it be the old school "Universalist" or the more modern "Millennial Dawnist" with his Satanic "gospel of the second chance," is simply a lie to deceive and delude the poor sinner down to his doom.

But God has measured out the deserts of sin, and the atoning work of Christ is enough to meet every claim of His holiness,—and "much more." (Rom. 5, 8, 9, 10.) This "much more," the extra curtain seen overhanging the forefront of the Sanctuary, would seem to illustrate. The goats-hair curtains were made one by loops and taches of copper, for that which is the bond of true unity in the house of God is righteousness and truth.

Curtains of fine linen. (Exod. 26, 1-6.) These,—ten in number,—were the inner curtains, made of fine-twined linen, and embroidered with cherubim in blue, purple and scarlet. They covered the holy and most holy places. No eyes but those of the priestly family saw this glorious place, reminding one of that scripture, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory . . . full of grace and truth." Jno. 1-14. The world knew Him not. His own received Him not. But there were those who did know Him, and did receive Him, and they beheld His glory, and are destined to share with Him his resurrection glory forever.

These ten curtains were all of one measurement, and were joined by loops of blue and taches or clasps of gold. Their unity was divine and heavenly, and might well tell us of Him, who while He was here had His glory hidden from the unbelieving gaze of the world,—tho' seen to faith. But this glory is revealed now in the presence of God, where the outstretched wings of the cherubim would tell of peace, shelter and security for all who come to Him. We first see the cherubim at the gate of Eden, with a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way to the tree of life. Here the sword which was sheathed in the bosom of Jehovah's Fellow, at Calvary, is no longer seen,—though the blood sprinkled on the mercy-seat tells of satisfaction received by a holy God for sin. Hence the wings are outspread to cover with His feathers the redeemed of the Lord. (Ruth 2-12.) Well might David sing: "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy Wings." Ps. 36, 7. May both reader and writer find, increasingly, their security and satisfaction there; for "In His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures forevermore." Ps. 16-11.

The Upper Room

W. J. Mc Clure

Notes of an address at the Waterloo Conference, July 4, 1937.

In the account which we have read, (Luke 22:1-14) there are two little words which we would notice before dealing with the subject of "The Upper Room". First, "Now the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the Passover. And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might *kill Him*." (Verses 1-2.) Observe, it is not as in Ex. 12, "*kill it*". No, God's Paschal Lamb is His own Son, and ignorant of God's purpose, they are going to fulfill that purpose. The other word is in verse 7. "Then came the day of unleavened bread, *when the passover must be killed*". God would not have lost much if they had omitted keeping those feasts, as in the hands of Israel they had so degenerated that what were "The feasts of Jehovah" are spoken of in John again and again as "the feasts of the Jews." (John 2:13; 5:1; 6:4). But that particular passover *must* be killed. His enemies have resolved on putting Him to death at that season, but they would have plotted in vain had God not settled in His eternal counsel to give His Son. So, "being delivered by the determinate counsel of God"

(Acts 2, 23) in wondrous grace, the Son of God willingly gave Himself up to them, when they came to the garden to take Him. (John 18, 4-8). The Holy One of God *must be lifted up* on that cross of shame. In no other way can God be glorified, sin judged, and sinners saved. "*The Passover must be killed*".

"And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover that we may eat. And they said unto Him, Where wilt thou that we prepare? And He said unto them, Behold when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in". (Verses 8, 9 and 10).

In this passage we believe God gives us real help for our guidance in these days, when it is true in a way it never was before, that every man, is doing that which is right in his own eyes, and when believers connect themselves with sects and parties without the sanction of the Word of God. Indeed, in many cases there is the thought that we are left free to please ourselves in respect to the company with which we connect ourselves, its name, order of worship and service, membership, etc. By many real Christians the Bible is regarded mostly as given to show us how to get to heaven, but not a book of practical instruction to guide us in worship and service. We trust such believers will get help from this picture of the last Passover and the first Breaking of Bread.

The disciples ask the Lord, Where wilt thou that we prepare? He gives them very definite instruction, and gives it in such a way that it serves us now as it did them then. The feast of Passover in a past dispensation answers to the Lord's Supper with us. It was to be kept according to the Word, no latitude was left for Israel to introduce their changes. And surely God is not less particular about the weekly remembrance feast which we keep.

In I Cor. 11, 23, Paul tells the Corinthians that he received from the Lord the ordinances he delivered unto them. And in verse 2 of the same chapter he praises them for keeping them as he delivered them to them.

Let us look at the answer the Lord gave to the disciples' question. "When ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in. And he shall show you a large upper room furnished; there make ready."

It was an *UPPER* room. At any other time a room on the ground floor would have suited just as well. Why not now?

The earthly dispensation has now come to an end, and the first breaking of bread must proclaim the truth of our heavenly outcalling. Our place of worship is no longer on earth. He has gone up, inside the veil, and when we worship, that is where we worship, where our High Priest is. The grand places of worship seen all over christendom but proclaim that they have not understood the truth of the changed dispensation; that they are still in their thoughts in the old one.

"The man with the pitcher of water," Of whom is he a picture? Assuredly the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, He by whom the Word of God is applied to the heart. "Follow Him." This is brought out in a very oft-used scripture, which has been called the Magna Charta of the assembly. "For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them". (Matt. 18, 20). The word rendered "gathered" has been translated, "To be led unto." This implies a *Center*, and that center is Christ. Then we have a *Gatherer*, who is the Holy Spirit. And the *gathered* are believers.

Among some believers there exists much confusion about the leading of the Holy Spirit. Their feelings are mistaken for the leading of the Spirit. The Spirit leads by the Word. A gentleman in Pretoria came nightly to my meetings. As he was a very earnest Christian, I was rather surprised when I asked him one night if he had been baptized and he gave me his reason for not being baptized that *it did not come on his mind*. I looked to the Lord for something to say that would reach his conscience. I said to him: You have extensive business interests, but let us suppose it becomes necessary for you to be away for a considerable length of time, and you believe that I am competent to look after those interests while you are away. So you give me a list of the things I am to look after, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. When you return we go over that list together. "How about 1 and 2?" "Yes, they have been attended to." "What about 3?" "No I have done nothing about that." You ask me why. "Oh, it did not come on my mind." You say to me, "I don't see how I could put it on your mind in any better way than by putting it on the list." I knew that his conscience was reached, but I hardly expected he would act so soon. In about a week, he was one of a dozen baptized in the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool in Pretoria. His obedience was more grateful, I believe, to God, since it was at the risk of his life. What I mean is this. As a man of the world, he was staying in Durban, and one day wading into Durban Bay to have a swim he felt he was going to have a

stroke and he hurried out of the water. He did have the stroke and his life was for a time in danger, but God used that event to awaken him and he was led to Christ. He returned to Pretoria and opened his beautiful home for meetings. As I took his hand that day in the pool, I could tell that he was very nervous, which you can understand when you know that the last time he waded into water he got a stroke, but he took the risk, and it was alright. He came out of the water full of joy, praising God.

The Holy Spirit leads by the Word. Your feelings have nothing whatever to do with it. As a believer you are to own the lordship of Christ by obeying His word in baptism, as the early christians did (Acts 2:41).

That Upper room speaks of our present gathering around our Lord Jesus, and what was linked up with that room then, speaks of what will characterize the simple scripturally gathered assembly now. In John 13 we have the High Priest washing the disciples' feet, fitting them for worship within the veil. In chapter 14 we have a truth which is inseparably linked up with the remembrance feast, the heavenly hope. "I will come again and receive you unto Myself". (verse 3.) What shall we say of chapter 17? It is our Lord's prayer, in which we hear Him thank the Father for having given us to Him, and that we are one with Him in life and glory, and do not belong to this world, but are hated by it.

The man with the pitcher of water led them to a *LARGE* upper room. That is what He still does. We hear the saying sometimes, "Truth is stranger than fiction." I found an illustration of that in my native town soon after I was saved. I found a little company in an upstairs room in a little house. According to God's Word that little company was the largest thing in that town, which boasted several fine large ecclesiastical buildings, for in principle, there was room there for all God's people. It is true, all God's people were not there, nor would any of that company have said that they were. But as they gathered according to God's Word, no man-made test kept any Christian out. Suppose that they had made the precious truth of baptism a basis of fellowship. Even if ninety per cent of Christians accepted it and were with them, that would have made them a sect, a part, and knowing what a scriptural assembly is, we could not be one of that company. It can be said of every sect that it fails to take in all God's people, and on the other hand, it takes in more than God's people.

“He shall shew you a *LARGE* upper room.” The scriptural assembly is large enough to take in *all* God’s Word. This is not true of the Largest denomination in Christendom. To some believers this may be thought an extreme statement, but it is true. There are sects which have departed farther from the Word than others, but none is large enough for *ALL GOD’S WORD*.

The *LARGE* upper room is large enough for *ALL GOD’S GIFTS*. Evangelists, Pastors, Bishops, Deacons, Teachers, all have their place there. The one man minister of the churches today has completely set aside God’s order. There is not in the whole Word of God one instance where one man was set over a church, which is the popular way now. Over sixty years ago, when I was much exercised as to taking my place with a large upper-room company, some of my intimate friends sought to turn me from my purpose, saying, “There is no room among the Brethren for a young man to use his gift.” Thank God, it was not a place to preach in that I was looking for, but a place in which I could carry out the Word of God. But I found myself in a *LARGE UPPER ROOM* where, contrary to what those folk said, there was room for all the gifts. When one gets a glimpse of Christ “outside the camp”, there is a blessed fascination which draws them on. Many years ago John Gunn was a deacon in the Baptist Church in Winnipeg, of which Alexander Grant was the pastor. Mr. Gunn became exercised as to following the man with the pitcher of water. Mr. Grant laboured hard to get him to stay in the Baptist Church, but without any success. At the last interview Mr. Grant’s words were: “Well, go to the Brethren, for I have found that any who are going there will go, if they should break their necks.” Perhaps if dear Grant had followed convictions, which he confessed to me, he might have been spared to exercise his undoubted gift, instead of being taken home in his prime.

“He shall shew you a large upper room *FURNISHED*”. They found all provided for them by the good man of the house. But the divine simplicity of that upper room has been spoiled, cluttered up with man’s ecclesiastical furniture, so that the Lord might say again, “Take these things hence.” (John 2:16). In simplicity the room of the prophet in 2 Kings 4:10, is like the room to which the man with the pitcher of water led the disciples. That room in Kings had in it a bed, a table, a stool, and lampstand. To the child of God most suggestive articles of furniture. The bed, Rest in Christ. The table, Communion and food. The stool, a low seat, Discipleship, and the lampstand, Testimony and Witness for Christ.

The Word of Truth

By Professor F. Bettex

English Translation by Andreas Bard

FOREWORD

A thousandfold echo of voices, defying God and His Word, is heard all around us. New religions proclaim a false Christ. Books of unbelief flood the market. In this little volume we shall try to reassure those faltering in the faith. There is no cause for alarm. Let us repeat the fact so often forgotten: "The Word of our God shall stand forever!"

* * * *

How insignificant is man upon this little earth, whirling about through infinite space together with millions of worlds unknown to him! How transient his life and of how little worth! We come to earth as tiny and helpless babes. We have to be carefully guarded for years, requiring others to nourish and clothe us. A third of our existence is needed for preparation. Another third is devoted to a more or less arduous struggle for the daily bread. Before we know it, old age has arrived, the evening of life. Add a few years and you have hoary-headed senility, shoved on the shelf by the rising generation. Short periods of decrepitude, illness—death.

These are hard and sober facts. No braggadocio can change them. And though art and science had reached dimensions a thousand times more gigantic than at present, they would not be able to change even an iota of human misery and struggle. How could they relieve your family cares and worries, your financial difficulties, scandal and calumny, illness, old age and decay? Nor will they assist you, when death comes stealing around your bed, invisible but patient, slowly and surely claiming your life.

Moreover, we are not certain of anything. Accidents on land and sea, paralytic strokes, undreamed of disasters all around us! Thousands of our fellowmen are continually disappearing, their plans and dreams consigned to the limbo of oblivion. Whither have they gone? What are they doing on the other side of the curtain? How do they feel among the innumerable shadows awaiting the hour of judgment?

Or is this a foolish supposition? I know that there are people who from the height of their "glorious enlightenment" smile upon our religious scruples. They chase away such thoughts and lose themselves in the dissipation of sport and business, ridiculing such teachings over a glass of champagne and amid

the throng of frivolous associates. But it's a hollow laugh. Sifting the matter we find the snake of cowardice coiling around the gay flowers of their mockery. They lack courage to face the stern reality of things. They dodge the great fact of death and the greater problem: What can I do to affect my life in the Beyond?

Or is there no star in the night, no guide to point the way? Reason may help us to appreciate the material universe, to design practical methods of exploiting it. It teaches us to build and plant, to buy and sell. But as soon as it tries to solve problems of statesmanship and society, of ethics and conduct, it is torn to shreds, one civilization superseding another. This accounts for the innumerable discords of modern life. Reason is a lamp, but it needs constant trimming and at times goes out altogether.

Let us illustrate. Ask reason whether this world is finite or infinite. If finite, then it is too small for man who is ever looking "before and after" and demands some answer to the great "Whence" and "Whither." If infinite, then it lies beyond our power of comprehension and undermines all scientific attempts. Can reason understand matter? Look at the atom, indivisible and immutable, which approaching another atom changes itself into an entirely different form—surely a most irrational transaction! Force is supposed to explain the motion of matter. But if my reason should decline this supposition? I am sure that Force could not have existed before the world evolved itself out of nothing. Where is the origin of Force? Reason cannot account for it. If then reason cannot account for Matter and Force, if dealing with such problems it appears as a babe holding a cannon ball, how can it argue concerning things supernatural, which are stirring within, above and around me!?

There is much idle talk about the glories of science, the marvels of investigation. Look at your universities. You will be surprised to discover that men of science, while speaking with great reverence of modern knowledge and presenting to their admiring students innumerable interesting facts coupled with more or less tenable or untenable generalizations, nevertheless attest their own ignorance. There are theological professors who declare that they are most uncertain as to whether our conceptions of God have anything in common with the real nature of God. They are sure only that they are sure of nothing. God, never having revealed Himself and allowing nature to take care of things, would certainly be absurdly foolish, should He

listen to the prayer of simple faith: "O Lord, restore Thou mother's health!"

Or look at the study of philosophy. Here we are told that the origin of the soul, the purpose of life, in fact, all things lie beyond our power of comprehension. Others claim that the world has existence solely in our ideas. Of late we have heard that for man to give up his "desire to live" would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. (Schopenhauer and Hartmann.)

Jurisprudence assures us that there is no such thing as "absolute justice." Our ideas of right and wrong are questions of local, temporary and everchangeable interpretation.

Medical Science declares the theory of the existence of a soul as superfluous, inasmuch as no surgical knife has ever found one. It views the body as a machine and explains insanity as a result of material processes. Experimentation is all.

Science teaches that we know nothing of life. The discovery of radium has upset cherished traditions about Matter, Force and Light. But new theories are being evolved. They will probably show that in a thousand billion years there will be worlds made of entirely different elements and altogether beyond our comprehension. Previous to this phenomenon suns and stars may collide and create an equilibrium of forces concomitant with the prevalence of darkness and cold. At this juncture the world, humanity, aye even science would come to a sudden halt. *Ex est!*

At all events it is amazing to hear this voice of Knownothingism from all directions. No one seems to offer explanations concerning the aim of life or its origin. No wonder that no attempt is being made to answer the question: "Is there a God?" We have, of course, a great mass of scientific material dealing with details, for this is the age of specialists. But our time lacks a calm perspective of things, its vision is oblique and distorted. Ancient savants having had far less information made more valuable deductions therefrom than modern science from its accumulated pile of subordinate facts.

Or shall we rejoice in the triumphs of industry, in the mastery of nature by our skilled engineers. But who can terminate earthquakes and typhoons? Even our finest ocean liners bow to the caprice of the elements. Our battleships are blown up by accidental explosions. Our trains are derailed. Our aeroplanes fail. The control of nature is by no means accomplished in spite of our bragging and boasting.

We can worship at the shrine of nature, of course, and derive

from communion with her infinite joy and inspiration. In her God's great thoughts and plans have taken form and shape. No wonder "the return to nature" appeals more forcibly than ever to our enervated and overworked generation! We have open air rooms, sunshine baths, mountain climbing, water cures, etc., recognizing the fact that man living close to nature is in every way saner and sounder than his artificial brother. However, without the living Creator creation is but a temple without altar, a palace uninhabited; its mighty halls are chilly and damp and lack the home touch. We are reminded of the poet's words: "Man holds out to nature the cup that she might fill it with the water of life; but nature returns it only half filled."

But, even at that, existence might be tolerable, were it not for the heaviest of our burdens: sin and guilt. For who dare assert that this world is what it ought to be! *Ayc*, if the tree would not wither, the flower not wilt; if love were not followed by loss, if our treasures were not eaten by rust and moth! Above all, if it were not for the accusing oracle within us, the still, small voice which never ceases to warn, to caution, to reproach. Conscience tells us that our claims of honor and honesty, our rules of etiquette, our amiable manners are but masks that hide the hideous deep of selfishness and self-love. You cannot even show yourself as you are. You must ever conceal your self, lest you should shock those about you. You are certain that you are not what you ought to be and this sense of your unworthiness is the bitterest draught from the cup of life, the cause of your restlessness and dissatisfaction. Even the unchristian, but sagacious philosopher Schopenhauer recognized this fact when he said: "There is no question that the great guilt of the world is the cause of its misery, for it is absurd to assume that the never-ceasing pain which fills the universe is purely accidental and without purpose."

Striking picture indeed! Man, limited in his pleasure, infinite in his sorrow! Goethe, most privileged as far as this world's goods are concerned, calls man "a weary guest upon this darkling earth." Only by shallowest superficiality or indeed by a stubborn refusal to see the facts can we escape these conclusions. But though you find diversion in sport and society, in business and politics, in fads and fashions, in love and luxury at last you must awake. Do you realize that when you think of the pleasures of life, you think of the few who in the possession of perfect health and wealth are parading their little day upon the stage of prominence. Of the millions who in sickness and sorrow, in disappointments and failures, bowed by old age and worn by

the struggle have withdrawn from the gaze of the public you take no notice. For this reason we find hardly a man of merit among the poets and philosophers of all times, who did not bear witness to the tragedy of earth. Alexander V. Humboldt, eighty years old, exclaims: "Life is nonsense." Tolstoi and Ibsen reached a similar conclusion. Billions there are who throw it away as a delusion and a snare. It failed to keep its promise.

As we are tossed about on this wide, dark, tempestuous sea, can we discern no beacon on the shore, to point the way into the harbor? Is there no rock, defying the waves, upon which we can safely place our feet? I have looked for it in hundreds of books written by human hands. But whatever they may have contributed to the study of ethics and philosophy, to systems of aesthetics and philanthropy, they fail to lead us to the truth.

Finally I open a time-worn volume, neglected by many, despised by others, yet greatly revered by some. There I discover words that touch me to the quick, appealing to my innermost self in a straightforward and striking manner.

This book states plainly that "all is vanity." (Eccl. 1:2). It unfolds the cause of human misery: "Whoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." It pronounces judgment on all the world: "There is not one that doeth good, nay, not one" (Rom. 3:12). It reveals the reason of death: "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6:23). It places a star above the tomb: "Who-soever believeth in Me, shall have everlasting life" (John 5:24). It offers comfort to grief: "Blessed are they that mourn" (Matt. 5:4). It illuminates the last page of the world's history: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. 21:4). Truly, this book speaks to my soul. It breathes the spirit of truth.

The Feasts of Jehovah

William Ferguson

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST

The "church" was in the mind of God in a past eternity. This is a stupendous thought but well established in the Word of God. Hence in the consideration of the "Feasts" it is not a divergence to find the Feasts of Pentecost coming next in order as we meditate on these "appointed seasons".

There was an interval of fifty days between the Feast of Firstfruits and that of Pentecost or Weeks. The word "Pentecost" is simply the Greek word for "fifty" and is not found in the Old Testament. *There* it is called the Feast of Weeks. This brought it into the Wheat Harvest season, in the month Sivan, the third month of the "holy" year and is typical of the

harvest being gathered in during this dispensation which has lasted almost 2000 years already. What a wondrous harvest in the power of a Resurrected and Glorified Christ it has been. It is still the day of "firstfruits" and the power is not diminished, Lev. 23:15-21.

The "feast" is typical of the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2) and coincident with the descent of the Holy Spirit then, which was fifty days after our Lord rose from the dead, and ten days after His ascension to God's right hand.

The reference in Lev. 23:17 to the two loaves is clearly to the "church" as composed of Jew and Gentile—"baken with leaven" referring to the fact that there would be evil in the testimony since that which has been committed to man has always had failure in it—and always will have until the Lord comes. But note that the work of the leaven was hindered by the "baking" or action of the fire and in the church's testimony there is room for the direction of God's Word and the effectual discipline so necessary to the retarding of evil and sin. Where any company (no matter what the claim) fails, as a matter of lack of principle to carry out the discipline as laid down in the Epistles in conjunction with the other scriptures in connection with church doctrine and practice, there is no evidence of God's pleasure in it or of His presence, since He only dwells where there is exercise of heart and submission to His word and authority. He is patient, lingers over His own, far more forbearing than we think, but His authority and the authority of Christ, the Head of the "church", *must be recognized* and a desire evidenced to submit to this as revealed in the scriptures to give any assurance of His presence in collective testimony.

While God saw the leaven in the two wave loaves, there was an offering on this feast day which perfectly satisfied the heart of God and enabled Him to dwell with His own in spite of the evil that would be manifested from time to time. There was the Burnt Offering as in v. 18 of Lev. 23, plainly ascending as a sweet savour of Christ's perfect purity of character so necessary in His sacrifice, His devotion of service and His real and entire consecration to which He so really gave testimony while on earth and in His death. Then there was the Sin Offering showing that God could dwell with a sinful people on the ground of sacrifice and the Peace Offering proclaiming that peace had been made.

On this solid basis or foundation—Christ and His work—the "church" stands and is accepted in the Beloved One.

In Deut. 16:9-12 Moses exhorts the people in connection with this "feast"—"thou shalt keep the feast of weeks unto the Lord thy God with a tribute of a freewill offering of thine hand—and thou shalt rejoice before the Lord Thy God—and thou shalt remember thou wast a bondman". This feast was to express the outflowing of joy and happy testimony to the Lord's delivering and redeeming love and power and in the beginning of the "church's" testimony, of which this feast is typical—what joy and happy service was manifested amongst His own. The reproach of Christ—the wrath of the enemies of the Gospel—the attempt to suppress and bring to nought their testimony—but drew forth from these early saints *joy* and further *evidence of devotion*.

Sad it is when there is not the same joy today in the "testimony". What a pity to see any decaying and instead the leaven of murmuring perhaps take place or some other forms of evil which rob the christian of his happy moments. These things began to manifest themselves in the early history of the church and in every fresh revival, when one would look for a continuance of the joy and power and loving service, there is, alas, a retrogression. The remedy is in a return to first principles and a remembrance of our former lost estate and a fresh grasp of the great truth of our redemption—a return to our first love. You will see in 1 Cor. 11 how the apostle leads (by the Spirit of God) the saints back to where they began, THE CROSS.

So we see that in this "feast" God received something from His people speaking of praise and worship and happy service and what a happy people they were when thus in His mind! What rejoicing was seen amongst them! They were to bring their freewill offering "according as the Lord Thy God hath blessed thee". This blessing flowed from the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit when He descended on the Day of Pentecost to indwell His own, the Church, made the renewed heart willing and full of joyful service (and even before this all such exercise was the result of His prompting). The accompaniment of the freewill offering was rejoicing in the presence of the Lord, Deut. 16: 10, 11, then, as now. When the joy is gone, the freewill offering ceases also. The devoted and happy christian is fruitful and generous according to his ability and the unfruitful and niggardly are never happy, but dried up and selfish. Joy and the desire for the joy of others always flow from grace—fruit of the Spirit's power.

It is not our purpose in this article to dwell further upon the Baptism of the Holy Spirit whereby Jew and Gentile are

baptized into the Body of Christ, but we commend the reading and careful study of the following scriptures in this connection—Matt. 3:11—Acts 2:1-4—Acts 10:45—Acts 11:15-17—1 Cor. 12:13.

In v. 22 of Lev. 23 we read of the “gleaning of thy harvest” for the poor and stranger. The reference is not to the “church” but Gentiles who have not heretofore had the Gospel brought into blessing after the removal of the “church” at His coming and during the period in which God deals again with the nation of Israel in view of their restoration to the “land” and when such takes place there will be many Gentiles enter into blessing with them. More of this, however, will follow in succeeding articles.

Christ the Surety-Substitute

“Christ also hath once suffered for sins the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.”—1 Pet. iii. 18.

Mysterious, but most precious Cleft in the *Rock of Ages*—the vicarious work of Christ as our Substitute and Surety!

It seems incumbent on us, thus early in the consideration of this great theme, to contemplate the Divine expiatory Offering taken “without the camp, bearing His reproach”; receiving upon His own head the crown of thorns, that He might place upon ours a crown of glory; having, in the might of His glorious Person overcome the sharpness of death, that He might open the kingdom of heaven to us and to all believers.

We concede, at the outset, that such a method of atonement is quite beyond the suggestion of mere reason. Tried by the boasted “verifying faculty,” or “principle of congruity” of some modern theological thinkers, it would at once be rejected as unsatisfactory and untenable. Natural law dictates, as the ordinary and equitable course of justice, that for personal guilt there must be personal retribution:—“The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” Fatal and destructive, however, would it be to the reception of all revealed truth, were the inquirer to demand summary rejection of every doctrine, at variance with preconceived idea or natural law. What God hath unfolded and recorded, it is for us meekly, and with unquestioning docility, to receive. And if there be one truth more vividly and expressly dwelt upon in Scripture than another, it is that of a Surety-Saviour, suffering in our room and stead. If there be one utterance more frequently proclaimed than another, from Genesis to Revelation,—from Abel’s first sacrifice, to the last song of the ransomed, as they gather round the once slain Lamb in heaven—it is this, that “without shedding of blood there is no remission!” Socin-

ianism, and its modified rationalistic theories, in exalting the goodness and boundless beneficence of God, overlook or discard two great cardinal truths, which, despite of attempted rejection, everywhere assert themselves in the pages of Revelation—viz., that sin is an infinite evil, entailing and demanding an infinite penalty; and that God, the Almighty One to whom we are responsible, is a moral Governor, requiring the vindication of His violated law. While “mercy and truth go before His face,” “justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne.” Not that there is any implied conflict or antagonism between the divine Holiness and Love: these two attributes of the Supreme Being must ever act in strictest harmony. But regarding Him as infinitely just and righteous, as well as beneficent and merciful, it would be to impeach His moral character, and to subvert the immutable principles on which His government rests, were He to grant indemnity to the guilty without any expression of His hatred at sin, or of His obligation to visit it with condign punishment.

As “God absolute,” indeed, it may be affirmed, and with truth, that He can do anything. As God absolute, He has the sovereign power to confer on His rebellious subjects a free, unlimited pardon,—a universal amnesty. At His omnipotent mandate, every rebel-chain could be broken, and this revolted orb again placed within the sphere of His regards.

But what He *could* do as the Almighty Sovereign (with reverence we say it), He could *not* do as the Righteous Lawgiver. As such, He is under a moral necessity, arising out of His own nature, to dispense His laws with equity. “It *became* Him, of whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.” (Heb. ii. 10.) The whole teaching of Scripture represents Christ the Son of God, as identified in law with those He came to redeem. As Adam (to use the theological term of our old divines) stood the representative or federal head of the first covenant; so Jesus, the second Adam, the Lord from Heaven, stands as the vicar of His Church, in the room and stead of each of its members. Having voluntarily taken upon Him their responsibilities, He must endure in His person the penalty annexed to their transgressions. In His assumed humanity He was “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.” He had no personal complicity in our guilt: and we must therefore beware of the unwarrantable phraseology of those who speak of Him in connection with His vicarious work, as “becoming a sinner.” We only, however, use the

words of Scripture when we say "He became *sin*". He was reckoned and dealt with, in the eye of the divine law, as guilty; as if the condensed transgressions of the millions He came to save ("His unknown agonies," as it is significantly expressed in the Greek Liturgy), were poured into His mysterious cup. All the bitter experiences of His passion,—the mocking, the scourging, the jeers and taunts, the thorn-crowning, the God-desertion,—were His due, not personally, but by imputation. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, *being made a curse for us.*" Different indeed, in kind, was the penalty endured by this Almighty Substitute, from what sinners themselves would have suffered, had they been left to undergo the full measure of punishment due to their transgressions. It belonged, however, to the Great Creditor to accept some satisfactory method, by which the infinite debt might admit of being discharged, without infringing the rights of justice, or lowering and violating the sanctity of His law. And, owing to the dignity of the Sufferer's Person, this Atonement rendered by Christ was of surpassing value. It was the substitution of Incarnate deity. The altar of His Divine nature sanctified the gift, and imparted a priceless worth to the divine oblation. As "God manifest in the flesh," He was free from the law, and the obligations of creatureship. Had He been less than divine, He could not possibly have obeyed for another. As a creature, He could not have transferred to another the merit of His obedience. Moreover, on the supposition, for a moment, of the admissibility of substitution in the case of an angelic being; one creature-substitute could only at the utmost discharge a *single* debt. It would be creature for creature, life for life. But owing to Christ's peerless dignity as the eternal Son of God, not only was He above the obligation of all natural law—"a law unto Himself," having "power over His own life;" but the sacrifice of the Divine Victim was of that infinite value, that the One offering was deemed sufficient to effect the ransom of "a multitude which no man can number." On this account, His whole work has received in theological language the appellation of a "*satisfaction.*" It was, in the eye of God's righteous law, a glorious and all-sufficient equivalent. It met all the requirements of Sovereign Justice, Righteousness and Truth. Thus remitting the myriad liabilities of an insolvent world, the Great Creditor signs a full discharge, and the holiness of His name and nature, and the righteous principles of His moral government, remain intact and inviolate.

J. R. M.

The Trial and Triumph of Faith

Samuel Rutherford, Scottish Preacher, born 1600, died 1661.
 "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto
 the dogs." (Mark 7:27)

Observe also, that Christ bringeth Himself in here as a great householder in the gospel. In His house there be divers children, servants, dogs, and the house is broad, and open to all that come: there is bread in our Father's house for all. What bread? A great marriage supper: Here is a king's son married, (Matt. xxii, Luke, xiv,) and many excellent dainties, and all these dainties point to Christ, the marrow of the gospel, that Bread of Life; "I am that bread of life," (John, vi, 48). He was the wheat that dieth in the earth, and then taketh life, and bringeth forth fruit, (John, xii, 24). He is the wheat that suffered the winter frosts and storms, rain and winds, and went through the millstones of God's wrath, and was "bruised for our iniquities," (Isa. liii, 5;) "For it pleased the Lord to bruise Him," (verse 10) *Dakeo*, is *contundere*, to grind as in a mortar, or mill); and He went through the oven and fiery furnace of the anger of God, before He could be bread for the king's table, and the children. Every bread, is not the bread of children: Christ is not a loaf, nor a feast for the man that lacketh His wedding-garment: and of those that loath Christ, and love their lusts better than Him, Christ saith, "None of these men that were bidden, shall taste of My supper," (Luke, xiv, 24).

The children are parts of the house, and are more than children, heirs, even joint heirs with the eldest heir, Christ, (Rom., viii, 17), because Christ and the younger heirs divide heaven (to speak so) between them. (1) The Spirit that raised Christ from the dead dwelleth in them, (Rom., viii, 11). (2) They have one God, and one Father; Christ and we are Father's children; "Go to My brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God," (John, xx, 17). (3) We must be together in one place; all the children must be in one house together, (John, xvii, 24). "And if I go, (it is not an *if* of doubting,) and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also," (John, xiv, 3). "And where I am, there shall also My servant be," (John, xii, 26). (4) One resurrection, "Because I live, ye shall live also," (John, xiv, 19). Every believer is raised in Christ, but in order; "Every man in his own order, Christ first, as the first fruits," (1 Cor., xv, 23). (5) One heaven, and one kingdom, and one throne, (Luke, xxii, 29, Rev., iii, 21).

There be great odds between the spirit or mind of an heir or a son and a servant. The heir will do much for the birth-right; take his life from him, ere you take his heritage from him. Esau's face dried, he wept no more, when his father blessed him with the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth. A servant will not contend to be an heir.

"The servant abideth not in the house for ever, but the son abideth ever." (John, viii, 35.) The son's reward is all hope, as some courtiers attend princes upon hopes; servants have hand-payment, and present wages. Let every professor try his spirit and nature: if the spirit bend toward the inheritance, and heavenward, it is right: see who looketh to the last year of nonage and minority, and hath not an eye and heart on time. There is a latent hope in all troubles, in sons, as in a king's heir in a far country where he is not known, not honoured as one of a prince's blood, but neglected, injured—yea, in want and necessity; yet when he casteth his eye upon his over-sea hope, it cometh home to his heart with ease, "One day I shall be a king, in honour and wealth." Try the free and ingenuous spirit of a son toward the father: there is not a nature, or an instinct in the servant, nor such an inward principle toward the lord of the house, as in a son: blood and nature is strong and prevalent; blood-bonds, nature-relations are mighty.

Lessons from Ezekiel's Temple

One only direction remained to be given—the prince should retain his inheritance for himself and his sons forever, and the portions assigned to each of the Lord's people should be an eternal inheritance. They should dwell in the land forever, "the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified."

All this had been spoken to Ezekiel in the inner court, before the House into which the guide had led him by the north inner gate. He now led him back, not to the north gate, but to the entry at the side of the gate, the way of entrance into the holy chambers of the priests.

"Behold," said Ezekiel (chap. xlvi. 19), "there was a place on the two sides westward." This place appears to have been the space enclosed on two sides by the holy chambers, and on the side towards the outer court by the wall of 50 cubits in length. In this place, on each side of the Temple, were the priests to boil the trespass-offering and sin-offering and bake the meat-offering, "that they bear them not out into the outer court to sanctify the people." That is to say, they were not to carry them to the

boiling places in the outer court to which the guide now led Ezekiel and where he took the last measurement of the details of the House.

He showed him four courts, one in each corner of the outer court. These courts, 40 cubits long, by 30 broad, had boiling places all around them, "where the ministers of the house shall boil the sacrifice of the people."

We have now, therefore, the last revelation of the mind of God with regard to the order of the house; His provision for the food of His priests, and for the feasts of His people. "I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness, and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord."

Let us trace back this thought of the feeding of the people of the Lord on the sacred food, the symbolical eating, which is so fully explained to us by the lips of Christ. We find no offerings but burnt-offerings in the early ages; no feeding, therefore, on the sacrifices to God. All was consumed, and was for Him only. But when the time came for the redemption of His people whom He had chosen out of all the nations of the earth, we have for the first instance of "eating before the Lord" an atoning sacrifice, the Passover feast. Of the lamb it is said, "They shall eat the flesh in that night, roast with fire and unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs shall they eat it." Thus were they to eat it year by year, till the day should come when Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us, and the mystery of the slain lamb was revealed to the soul.

Thenceforward we know that the food of the soul is Christ, and Christ crucified—Christ slain as the substitute for the guilty. And we know also that it is not enough for us that He should have been slain, it is needful also that we receive the food of the sacrifice as our life. "Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood *hath* eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed."

So are the words of the Lord true to him who thus eats and drinks. "I have satiated the weary soul and I have replenished every sorrowful soul." For to Him do the weary come, and thus receive into their souls the life that is in the Son of God—the sorrowful come, and their heart rejoices with a joy no man can take from them. "Ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the Name of the Lord your God, which hath dealt wondrously with you." The Lord would not build His Temple

without a provision made for the food, first of the priests in the inner sanctuary and also of the people, who, eating their part of the peace-offering worshipped Him in the court of service.

Christ, the hidden manna, the food of the holy priesthood in the holiest place—Christ, the feast of joy for the redeemed in the court of service—for those who seek Him and are crying unto Him in their troubles, that He may deliver them from their distresses. Then do they find that He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

The sacred food of the priests, the meat-offering, the sin-offering, the trespass-offering, and their part of the peace-offering, might be eaten by them alone in the inner sanctuary. It needs for those whom now He has made priests to Himself to know in His Holy person and in His atoning work, that they may draw from this source the power for worship; that they may abide in the secret and sacred communion with Him, which is their strength for praise.

And in the Father's House, since the door was opened, and all things have been made ready; since the sacrifice has been slain, and the lost son has turned his face towards home, has a feast of joy been kept, with the music and the dancing; and in that joy has the Father His portion, and the son, who was dead and is alive; and the household who rejoice in the Father's joy. There is for him who believes the feast of communion in the holy place, and the feast of welcome and refreshment in the court of service; all provided by the love of God—all provided—and all is Christ. "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple."

Christ the food; but it is not only the meat-offering which His priests should eat; not only should His sacred humanity be appropriated by the soul, but the sin-offering and the trespass-offering which made it possible that the meat-offering should be their nourishment, Christ being the curse of sin; Christ made sin for the sinners, His body broken and His blood shed; Christ as the substitute, the atoning sacrifice, received into the soul by faith, so that the Word is verified. "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me." Thus has God made provision, not for the offering of the sacrifice only, but for the feeding on the all-sufficient sacrifice, the Flesh given for the life of the world.

F. B.

The Heavenly Manna. I am the Living Bread which came down from Heaven; if any man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever. (John 6:51)

Progress and Development

Man is subject to the law of progress. The cradle is shorter than the coffin; infancy outshoots its dress; the once stammering tongue grows eloquent; the formerly tottering foot later follows the chase, or stands balanced on the rocking mast; and those feeble arms, which now clasp a mother's neck, shall ere long battle with difficulties, subdued the rugged soil, or lay groaning forests low.

Our minds also grow with our bodies. They open like a flower bud; memory, fancy, reason, reflection, lie folded up in an infant's soul like the leaves of an unblown rose. Bathed by night in dews, and by day with light, these open out to show their colors and shed their fragrance; so those expand under the tender influences of a mother's culture, and the dawning light of truth.

The law that reigns paramount in the worlds of matter and mind—universal as that of gravitation—extends itself into the spiritual kingdom. The God of nature is the God of grace, and as He acts outside the church, He acts within it. In the first place, the Word of God itself was gradually developed. The Bible was once a very little book. It grew by degrees to its present size; and, as in a house, stone is laid on stone, and story built upon story, so book was added to book—history to history—prophecy to prophecy—gospel to gospel—and one epistle to another, till the hands of John laid on the copestone, and, standing on the pinnacle of this sacred edifice, he pronounced God's wide and withering curse on all who should impair its integrity. The temple, in which "the Lord of the temple" appeared, took forty years to complete, but the written word was a work of two thousand, and the revealed word of not less than twice two thousand years. It was a long way between Paradise and Patmos; and a protracted dawn from the first streak of morning that rose on the Fall, till the sun introduced the perfect day. A period of at least four thousand years elapsed between the curse of Eden and the cross of Calvary.

In the second place, while the truth was thus slowly developed and let in by degrees on a benighted world, the effect of that truth on a benighted soul is also gradual. No man starts up into a finished Christian. The very best come from their graves, like Lazarus, "clothed in grave clothes"—not like the Lord Jesus, Who left His death dress behind Him; and in our remaining corruptions, all, alas! carry some of these cerements about them, nor drop them but at the door of heaven. The

Christian is an example of gradual development. When our growth is quickest, how slow it is! As, from some fresh stain we wash our hands in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; as, from the field of daily conflict we retire at evening to seek the healing of the balm of Gilead; as, with David, we eye some eminence from which we have fallen, or, looking back on some former period, measure the little progress we have made—how often are we constrained to ask in disappointment, “When shall I be holy?” How often are we constrained to cry in prayer, “How long, O Lord, how long?” At times it looks as if the dawn would never brighten into day. We almost fear that our fate shall have its emblem in some unhappy flower, which—withered by the frost, or worm—never blows at all; but dies like an unborn infant, whose coffin is a mother’s womb. This shall not happen with any child of grace. God will perform all things for his people, and perfect what concerneth them. Still, although He who has begun a good work in them will carry it on to the day of the Lord Jesus, all the figures of Scripture indicate a gradual progress. The believer is a babe who grows “to the stature of a perfect man in Christ,” and “the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

These laws of development have their limit in creation. They affect not God. He has made no progress. There was room for none. His maturity, eternally as well as divinely perfect, knows neither growth nor age. His wisdom, knowledge, goodness, love, justice, truth, and mercy, were always—millions of ages ago—were what they are now. Knowing no growth, He can suffer no decay. It is the sun which rises that sets; but it is the peculiar attribute of Divinity to be “the same yesterday, today, and for ever.” His being is as an infinite ocean, that holds within its bosom all that lives and is, that has neither shore nor bottom, beginning nor end, ebb nor flow, calm nor tempest; which no changes alter, nor tributaries supply; and which, affected neither by tide nor time, has been, is, and ever shall be full. How adorable is God! He is great, and greatly to be feared. The *attributes* of God, however, have been gradually revealed to the knowledge of His intelligent creatures, and their light has risen on the universe like day-break upon our planet. For example, when He created angels, suns, and worlds, God, in the first instance, displayed His being, wisdom, power, holiness, and goodness. Then came the first Fall. Its scene was laid in heaven, where a part of the angelic host committed

sin; and this event called forth the exhibition of another attribute, or—to speak with more propriety—a new display of justice. Punitive justice was now revealed. She unsheathed her glittering sword, and it fell in vengeance on the workers of iniquity, and sheared their glory from angel's heads.

Time rolled on; how long we know not. At length our world was created—or rather brought into its present form—and became the scene of our first parents' probation. Sin came; death trod on the heels of sin; for, as the Apostle tells, "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Now the culprits stand trembling before their Maker, nor is there an angel who looks on, but expects to see the sword once more unsheathed, and hear the thunders that once shook thrones and principalities in heaven, now roll, and peal, and crash among the hills of earth. At this awful moment—at that eventful crisis—how unexpected the voice which came from the most excellent majesty—"Deliver from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." To the surprise of angels from out the light that surrounds the throne, a beautiful form steps forth, and Mercy, arresting the uplifted arm, turns the weapon away from man toward her own bared, spotless, loving bosom. In the Son of God about to become incarnate, she says—"Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God." Ready both to satisfy and suffer for them, the Lord Jesus interposes for His own as He did for His disciples, when, stepping in between them and the armed band, He said—"I am He; let these go their way." —T. G.

Love and Loyalty to the King

When King Robert the Bruce was fleeing from the English, when they invaded Scotland, he came to a poor old Highland-woman's house, and asked for a night's lodging. "Who are you?" said she. "I am a stranger and a traveler," said the King. "All strangers and travelers are welcome here," said she, "for the sake of one". "And who is that one", asked the King. "Our good King Robert the Bruce", said she, "Who, though he is hunted by hounds and horns, I acknowledge to be the rightful king of all Scotland." She could not enthrone him, except in her heart, but she would if she could. and in his rejection she acknowledged him to be her rightful King. And so it is, or ought to be with us: and we should jealously watch anything that would tempt us from heavenly principles during the absence of the King.

A Papuan Adventure

The savages had seemed quite friendly on the previous day. They had swarmed round the missionary's little launch as it lay in the tiny bay, some of them in their canoes and others swimming as only Papuans, who take to the water as babies just as readily as ducks do, can swim. Eager to trade, they had exchanged taro and yams for tobacco (which is the common currency of Papua as Treasury notes, silver, and copper are the currency notes in England), and hoop iron. They had even made little presents to the missionary and his wife, who, having just lost a dear little baby girl of her own, was fascinated with the little brown children who swam like fishes in the blue water round the launch.

"I think we can safely go ashore tomorrow," Mr. Abel said to Mrs. Abel. "I should like to see their village. It looks quaint from here. I think the natives are friendly. Anyway, we'll risk it."

So, early next morning the missionary and his wife left their launch and in a little dinghy landed on the savage island. As soon as he stepped ashore, the missionary who had sharp eyes for danger signals, noticed that the smiling natives of yesterday were scowling to-day. But he was not a man to be scared by a scowl, and, seeing a path leading from the shore towards the native village about a mile away, he took his wife's arm and struck the trail through the bush. Both strode on confidently.

Then a very ominous sign caught Mr. Abel's eye. A savage carrying a spear slipped along a path which ran parallel with the main path to the village. Another armed native scurried forward through the bush on the other side of the path. In three minutes he counted eight or ten such hurried movements of spear-bearing savages. A bend of the path exposed the native village to view, and the missionary saw an alarming sign of native hostility. The village was being cleared of the women and children, who were being hurriedly sent into the scrub for safety. Mischief was certainly brewing.

But the missionary strode quietly on, till his wife whispered, "Charlie, is something wrong? I've just seen a man with a spear run behind a bush on our right."

"Yes, I saw him too," replied Mr. Abel. "But it's no good turning back. We're in a tight place I'm afraid, my dear. But the best thing is to go on to the village, praying that something will turn up to get us out of the fix. Keep calm, and don't look alarmed."

Brave woman that she is, Mrs. Abel followed in her husband's footsteps. The path was narrow now, and they walked in Indian file. I expect her heart was throbbing like a motor engine, and that she had a queezy feeling inside. But she stepped out boldly.

At last the missionary and his plucky wife reached the village. The sight that greeted their eyes confirmed their worst fears. There were no women or children to be seen; fierce-looking savages stood about in clusters holding their spears, and looking out of suspicious eyes. The situation was as ugly as it could well be. But there was no way of escape for the two defenceless white people. To run away would be certain death; even to show fear would excite the savage Papuans to murder them.

Across the village street—if one can call the space between the rude native huts a street—lay a trunk of a fallen tree. To gain time and show confidence, Mr. Abel suggested they should sit on the stump, as if to rest.

Mrs. Abel sat down; but as she did so she turned to glance through the door of the hut nearest the tree. With a little cry of delight she jumped up again and walked into the hut. Inside a native mother was lying with a tiny little brown baby in her arms. Mrs. Abel ran to the baby, picked it up, and kissed it. Then, with all her mother love so recently shadowed by the loss of her own little child shining in her eyes, she brought it out nestling in her bosom for her husband to look at.

In a moment every savage had flung down his spear. The touch of mother-nature had made white and brown akin. The savages knew when they saw that strange white mother kiss that little brown baby that these suspected strangers were friends, not foes. So they threw aside their weapons, called the women and children back to the village, brought out native food for the missionary and his wife to eat, and gathered round them in eager, friendly curiosity.

Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Abel walked back down the pathway from the village to the sea, not now with hearts aflutter with fear or anxiety this time, but with gladness in their souls. To tell the truth the walk was not really an easy one, because they were so burdened with fruits and vegetables which the savages had heaped upon them as presents.

They had come through a great adventure—rescued from dire peril by a little act prompted by a Christian woman's love for a helpless little child that had a brown skin and woolly hair.

—From *Abel of Kwato*

Michael Angelo's Confession of Faith

The great architect of St. Peter's, Michael Angelo, poet, painter, sculptor, although he never left the Church of Rome, seemed to have really belonged in spirit to the Reformation. In his declining years when his soul (to use his own words) had been remodeled or "born anew", his faith seems to have been as simple as that of Luther, as witness his later writings:

Despite Thy promises, O Lord, 't would seem
 Too much to hope that even love like Thine
 Can overlook my countless wanderings;
 And yet Thy blood makes me to comprehend
 That if Thy pangs for us were measureless,
 No less, beyond all measure is Thy grace.

Sonnet XLIX

From a vexatious heavy load set free,
 Eternal Lord! and from the world unloosed.
 Wearied to Thee I turn, like a frail bark,
 'Scaped from fierce storms, into a placid sea.
 The thorns, the nails, the one and the other hand,
 Together with Thine aspect, meek, benign,
 And mangled, pledge the grace to mourning souls
 Of deep repentance and salvation's hope.
 View not my sins in the condemning light
 Of justice strict; avert Thine awful ear;
 Nor stretch forth on me Thine avenging arm.
 May Thy blood wash my sins and guilt away;
 As age creeps on, may it abound the more
 With timely aid, and full forgiveness!

And in his eighty-third year:—

Time my frail bark o'er a rough ocean guides,
 Swift to that port where all must touch that live,
 And of their actions, good or evil, give
 A strict account, where Truth supreme presides.
 As to gay Fancy, in which Art confides,
 And even her idol and her monarch makes,
 Full well I know how largely it partakes
 Of error; but frail man in error prides.
 Thy thoughts, once prompt round hurtful things to twine
 What are they now, when two dread deaths are near!
 The one impends, the other shakes his spear.
 Painting and Sculpture's aid in vain I crave;
 My one sole refuge is that Love Divine,
 Which from the cross stretched forth its arm to save.

Marguerite

It was a summer day and the heat was oppressive, but as the day wore on and a shadow was cast upon one side of the street, I set out to make my daily round of visits.

The part of the city to which I directed my steps was toward the docks, peopled for the most part by sailors, longshoremen and laborers rough in their ways, but generally intelligent and industrious. A number of them came regularly to our gospel meetings and I was no stranger in that quarter. I had just entered a narrow street which led to the docks when I heard myself called; I turned and saw a seaman, poorly clad, leaning against the door of a hut which had been built of old wreckage of a ship—his hard features and brutal aspect denoting a man who had lived a depraved life.

"Halloo! stop!" he shouted, in a hoarse and commanding tone. Then pointing with his finger to the clock on a church spire some distance away, he added in a jeering tone:

"I suppose you are the captain of the frigate out there. Are you not?"

"Do you wish to speak to me, my friend?" I quietly replied, without reference to his rough manner or the way he had spoken.

"Not exactly," he answered, with an air of indifference, "it is the old woman in here who wants to see you; she is about ready to go and would like to be told if her passports are all right."

"Are you speaking of your wife?" I asked, regarding him with a look of mingled indignation and pity.

"Yes, if you like it better that way. It is all about up with her, and she has been bothering me about going to look for you, but you see it is altogether too hot for a Christian to put his nose out o'doors, and then I saw you and hailed you."

"A Christian! and are you a Christian?" I said, with a look and tone that seemed to intimidate him somewhat.

"Oh, I don't take much stock in passing for one. What is a Christian? A tiresome sermon maker—the fewer the preachers in the world, the better things would go."

I made no reply, but passing on before him I entered the only room of which his house consisted. The sick woman was lying on a mattress in a sort of case fastened against the wall, much like the berths of the sailors in the cabins of the ships. She turned toward me a smiling face and held out her hand. "Blessed be God for this favor!" she said, with a feeble voice, whilst the changed expression of her features indicated the nearness of the end.

From seeing the rough and coarse husband I expected to see a woman of the same type of character, so often seen among that class of people. My astonishment, however, was great when I saw in the poor dying one an expression of sweetness, intelligence and of breeding which contrasted strangely with her sorrowful surroundings. She appeared to be scarcely thirty years of age, and I could not but ask myself how it was that so delicate a nature had been able to unite itself to so hard and brutal a creature as her husband.

On looking at her again I recognized in her one who, although not a member of my flock, had the previous month taken the communion, and I had sought in vain her name and address.

"O, sir," she said, "it was one of my greatest desires to see you before I should die, and God has granted it. Oh, I beseech you pray for my husband." And her looks rested upon the lighterman who, with his back against the frame of the door, heard what was said in the room although he appeared to be only occupied in following with his eyes the movements of a vessel in the harbor.

"Marguerite," said he, turning his head, "if you wished to see the pastor to ask him to pray for me, it was a useless anxiety. If there are ever any prayers to be made on my account, sir," he added, regarding me with an insolent and defiant air, "you would do well to address them to the devil."

The poor woman closed her eyes, and her lips moved silently as though she were lifting up a mute supplication to God. There was engraven upon her countenance an expression of patience and resignation which told so plainly to what a degree her heart and her piety had been exercised to endure the daily opposition of her unworthy husband.

"I don't want anything of your religion," he continued with an oath.

"Are you a man?" I asked, in a firm and serious tone.

"Well, I don't think I'm a dog," he replied, sneeringly.

"Then you have need of the christian religion and of all that it brings to men. In the whole universe there are only two orders of creatures who do not—the angels, who have never sinned and have no need of a Saviour, and the brutes, who have no souls to be saved; but the man who has sinned has need of the salvation which Christianity announces. Since you say you have no need for religion, you are either an angel or a brute."

He surveyed me with a wicked look. "You are saying things, pastor, which are very hard for a man to bear."

"You acknowledge, then that you are a man," I replied

calmly; "God commands all men to repent of their wicked course of life—the language which seems to you so hard is that of the word of God, which says that men without God are 'like the beasts that perish.' " (Ps. xlix., 12).

I saw at this moment the fists of the lighterman closing, as he was about to give vent in violence to his rage.

"James!" cried his wife, "do not strike!"

"No, no, Marguerite, do not fear; I won't fight about a passage in the bible, but people ought to go a little more softly when they pitch a stone at your head. Is isn't very pleasant to hear yourself spoken of as a brute."

"Excuse me," I said to him, "I have not applied that word to you—it is you have drawn this conclusion from my words. I merely said that a man has need of the christian religion, while only angels and brutes have not."

He was silent, and turning his back upon me began to pace the room, apparently reflecting upon what he had just heard with less of anger than of confusion.

His wife followed him with her eyes several minutes, then said to me.

"May God bless you, sir, for having spoken so plainly to him. He would have been a good husband to me if it had not been for drunkenness and wicked companions; his great evil is that he is irreligious. Oh! sir, when I am no more, think of him, pray for him, come to see him sometimes and speak to him. He has a soul to be saved; his sins are not too great to have part in the pardon obtained through the sacrifice of Christ. Once he was good and kind, but the drink, the frightful drink, has changed him altogether. He is not at all what he was when we were married."

"I promise you that I shall not forget him, and I shall make it my business to look after him, which is my duty as a servant of the Lord."

"Thanks, sir, thanks."

At this moment the emotion which filled her heart choked her words. I saw the shadow of death, spreading itself over her pale and wasted features, which my presence for a little had appeared to reanimate. I kneeled beside her pallet and prayed earnestly to God commending to Him this soul which was about quitting its earthly abode. When I arose she opened her eyes again which seemed brilliant with a heavenly light. She smiled, and said with a tone full of assurance: "I know that my Redeemer liveth! James, my husband, come near me. I am about to leave you, let me bid you farewell."

The lighterman who had discontinued his walk during the prayer came near his wife's bed, but he continued standing, his arms crossed and affecting a profound insensibility.

"Come nearer James, look at me, give me your hand!"

He came near but with bad grace and stretched out his rude and calloused hand; still I saw that he was touched. The agonized visage of his wife seemed to reach a cord still sensitive in his hardened heart. He said nothing to the dying woman, but he looked fixedly at her; she exclaimed:

"James, farewell! I am going away, I am going to heaven the thought of which has long sustained me in this vale of tears. I go to be with Jesus who has loved me and has opened heaven for me. I go where there is no more sin, no more tears, no more grief, no more death. The joy of that abode will endure forever, it is eternal life in the presence of God. And now, O my husband listen to me. At the moment of death one thing sustains me, it is the glorious hope of the gospel of which my reading has so often irritated you against me, but forgive me; I do not want to utter any reproaches. Put your arms about me James."

To my surprise he leaned down upon the pillow supporting himself on one knee and put his arms about the head of his dying wife; she smiled, and placing her hand upon his head, prayed, saying:

"O Father, glorify Thyself by making my husband a Christian; nothing is impossible with Thee."

In spite of the effort which the rough longshoreman made to conceal the emotion which was taking possession of him one could see the struggle that was taking place within him. However, Marguerite was sinking rapidly, her eyes were evidently losing their brightness.

"Sir," she said to me, raising with difficulty her drooping eyelids; "I wish also to say farewell to you. We shall meet again in heaven, I thank you for the teaching, and for the consolation I have received from you, and for your presence here. Dear James, farewell, I cannot come back to you but you may come, where I shall be. Farewell! Oh! that it may not be an eternal farewell."

The touching seriousness and the tenderness of Marguerite's words added to the solemnity of death which was already chilling the hand which she held, finished the work of breaking down the lighterman. Like a spring which, flowing through a rock has been suddenly set free by the blow of a pick, and the waters gushed forth abundantly from the hidden source, so James'

tears flowed with violence from beneath the hardened shell by which they had been so long restrained. Then Marguerite ceased speaking. I saw the great breast of her husband heaving convulsively, and in spite of all his efforts he suddenly burst into tears and gave way to groans of anguish. Leaning his head upon the pillow of his dying wife he sobbed like an infant.

How can I describe the expression with which the countenance of the departing one was marked? She smiled, but it was a heavenly smile, and drawing her husband nearer she embraced him saying;

“James, those tears give me joy. They show me that you love me. Oh, may God give you grace to come where I am going. Will you promise me that you will try to go to heaven?”

“Yes, Marguerite I promise it, may God help me!” His voice was firm although broken by emotion.

She remained some moments motionless and speechless. We thought that all was over. Her husband, with his eyes fixed upon her, watched for the slightest sign of returning life. Then bending again toward her, he embraced her again and again, and I heard him murmuring; “What a wretch, what a brute; I am not worthy to come near to one who is so near to God. Marguerite forgive, Oh, forgive all the wrongs I have done you. I did not know that there was any reality in religion, now I see that it was that enabled you to bear with me. May God forgive me! I am not worthy to live, I detest, I abhor myself.”

Suddenly, during this effusion of remorse and anguish, the lips of Marguerite moved; she opened her eyes, her face as before was overspread by a heavenly radiance as she cried out:

“Do you hear the music? Listen to the celestial choir!”

Then she stopped and began repeating, but indistinctly:

“What joy shall fill my soul,
When in those courts above,

I listen * * * ”

The voice failed but presently she continued:

“There robed in spotless white,
I gaze upon His face,
No earth born cloud to dim my sight,
No hindrance to His grace.
And now He calls me home
I hear His blessed voice,”

Then she added: “Oh! yes, Lamb of God, Jesus, my Saviour, my hope, I come to Thee to be forever and ever with Thee.”

She seemed absorbed by a marvelous contemplation, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed, she looked like one in a transfiguration,

she did not seem to breathe; we heard her however murmuring:

“In that heavenly land

Eternal rest is mine,

O, Jesus Lord, come take me hence.”

She said no more; her heart had ceased to beat; the immortal soul had taken its flight to the realms of glory, to the Saviour who loved her, and only the casket which had contained the precious jewel was left to us.

The lighterman had continued kneeling. He looked upon the face of the departed with tenderness and respect; then after again kissing the forehead, cold in death, he arose.

“My friend,” I said to him, “you have seen how a Christian dies.”

“Yes sir,” he replied, with an energetic effort to master his tears, “and I have seen how a Christian lives. This woman was an angel of God sent from heaven to me. I see it, I understand it all now. Her piety enabled her to bear with my brutalities,, I called it weakness! Sir, I am a brute. I have treated her shamefully, and she has never given me a bitter word. These lips, now closed forever, have never uttered anything but words of love, of sweetness and of truth. I hated her on account of her goodness. The holiness of her life was a continual reproach to my conscience, a living witness against me and against my wretched life.”

He hurried out of the room and occupied himself with looking up and down the court-yard at the rear, while I went to seek a neighbor woman to ask if she would watch near the body and I would go and make arrangements for the burial.

On the following day, at the funeral, the husband was present, serious and deeply impressed by the service, and by all that he heard. When the first shovel-full of earth resounded on the coffin, grief and remorse overcame him again. Burying his face in his hands, he leaned upon the tombstone and everyone saw with surprise and sympathy the flowing tears, and heard the sobs which escaped from his breast. James D. was well known by all the residents of the locality as the most wicked man of the neighborhood, and his respectful attitude at the funeral had already excited surprise and called forth the remarks of the neighbors who were ignorant of what had transpired by the death-bed of his wife.

From that time the Holy Spirit began His work of grace in the heart of the lighterman. His eyes were open to the hideous aspect of sin and he saw that the sinner righteously merited condemnation. He felt the misery of the slavery to which his

passions had subjected him and the danger of dying out of Christ and without the assurance of the pardon of God. He had learned by the example of his wife that there is a peace which passes knowledge but that it can only be possessed by those who have been purified from their sins by virtue of the work of expiation accomplished by the Saviour.

He believed in the Lord Jesus and the same grace which brought salvation was manifested in his life, for renouncing all worldly lusts he lived thenceforth soberly, righteously, and piously. Sovereign grace made of James D. a faithful Christian, serious and devoted. May every unconverted reader of this narrative (far as he may be from James D's condition, as the world judges) understand that there is nevertheless just as much need for forgiveness and salvation for them. May they come to the One who has made peace by the death on His cross; through whom God pardons and justifies the sinner who believeth in Him. In Him is eternal life. Glory be to God for the inexpressible gift to us of His Son! Glory be to the Son of God who loved us and gave Himself for us! Glory be to that love supreme which receives the greatest of sinners, and bestows His grace upon them.

“Tell ye your Children of it”

Major Andre, the British soldier, who was captured by General Washington's men with the plans of West Point in his possession, was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. The British did their best to arrange for his freedom and Washington offered to release him, if Benedict Arnold (the traitor who had sold Andre the plans and had deserted to the British) were delivered up, but to this the British of course could not agree, so although greatly beloved by both English and Americans Andre had to be put to death according to the rules of war.

An incident in Andre's life as narrated by an American boy is interesting and illustrative also of a beautiful gospel truth. Here is how the boy told it:

“A foraging party of British soldiers from New York made an inroad into our settlement near that city. The neighbors soon assembled to oppose them, and, although not above fifteen years old, I turned out with my friends, in company with another boy, in age and size and nearly my own speed. We had counted on a fine chase, but the British were not to be driven so easily as we had expected. Standing their ground, they not only put us to flight, but captured several of our party, myself and the other boy among them. They presently set off with us for New

York, and all the way as we were going my heart ached to think how distressed my poor mother and sisters would be when night came and I did not return. Soon as they brought me in sight of the prison, I was struck with horror. The gloomy walls and frightful guards at the doors, and the wretched prisoners at the iron windows, together with the thought of being locked up there in dark dungeons with disease and death, so overcame me that I burst into tears. Instantly a richly dressed officer stepped up, and taking me by the hand, with a look of great tenderness said, "My dear boy, what makes you cry?" I told him I could not help it when I compared my present sad prospect with the happy one I enjoyed in the morning with my mother and sisters at home. "Well, well, my dear child," said he, "don't cry, don't cry anymore." Then, turning to the jailor, he told him to stop there until he should come back. I was struck with the wonderful difference between this man and the rest around us. He appeared to me like a brother, they like brutes. I asked the jailor who he was. "Why, that's Major Andre," said he angrily, "the adjutant-general of the army, and you may thank your stars that he saw you, for I suppose that he has gone to the General to beg you off, as he has done many of your rebel countrymen." In a short time he returned, and, with great joy in his countenance, called out, "Well, my boys, I've good news for you! The General has given you to me, to dispose of as I choose, and now you are at liberty. So run home to your fond parents and be good boys, and mind what they tell you, say your prayers, love one another, and God will bless you."

That is the story. But the gospel contains better news still. For though we sinners are rebels against God and deserve to die, yet our Lord Jesus Christ desires us to put our case in His hands. If we do so God will give us to His beloved Son so that He might set us free, for "whom the Son sets free, they are free indeed." "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." H. A. C.

Ever and everywhere. Spurgeon went down into the country to visit a friend who had built a new barn and on the barn had put a weather vane on which was the text, "God is love". Spurgeon said to his friend: "What do you mean by putting that text of Scripture on the weather vane? Do you mean that God's love is as changeable as the wind?" "Oh, no" was the reply; "I mean to say that God is love *whichever way the wind blows.*"

With Christ at Sea

Frank T. Bullen, First Mate

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

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE FO'CSLE

In becoming a denizen of the fo'csle, I entered unconsciously upon the fourth great change in my life. Of the first I cannot now speak; it happened before my memory was born; the second was that sorrowful out-casting from the serene haven of my aunt's home into the tempest-tossed sea of the laundry and the streets; the third was going to sea. But this last change was, I think, the most momentous of all. For I was now, at an age when most boys are mere children, admitted to the real companionship of men on such terms of equality as few boys ever experience until they can be rightly called boys no longer.

The circumstances were peculiar. All the conditions of service in this old ship were so bad, food and accommodation being alike abominable and her hull and rigging so rotten, that it was constructive murder to send her to sea. Had the master and officers been genial, sympathetic men, determined to make the best of things and doing their best to hearten up the ill-used crew, much might have been done to lighten the gloom. But the skipper's temper was morose and vindictive. His face wore a continual scowl, and he never spoke to anyone, even the mate, without arousing a bitter feeling of resentment in their breasts by his opprobrious words.

So that his treatment of me was taken by the fo'csle hands as a studied insult to them, as one more item in the black account against him, and they determined to do what in them lay by their treatment of me to annoy him. All agreed to pet me and make my life in the fo'csle as happy as it could well be. And in my watch on deck, whenever I was given a task they considered too hard for me, one of them would rather ostentatiously come to my assistance, all the more readily if the old man were in sight. In my watch below I was always being taught something useful. The mysteries of knots, splices, seizings, bends, cringles, and all the manifold intricacies of sailorising were unfolded to me with the greatest patience and kindness, although the teachers often squabbled among themselves over the exact method in which this or that piece of work should be done. One man, a big Yorkshireman we called Joe, laid himself out to teach me the mending and making

of clothes, neglecting his own sewing, and making what he called a 'tarpaulin muster,' that is, a general collection from his watchmates of any old garments they could spare to fit me up with what I sorely needed, sufficient clothes.

Looking back upon that time years after I have often thought with deepest feeling of the behaviour of those rough, almost savage men. They modified their language for my sake. If I entered the fo'csle during the telling of one of the usual tales of a 'Highway' debauch there was an instant hush, nor, although one or two of them grumbled a little at first about it, was this practice ever altered while that crew were together. I had nothing to give them in return but affection, and with that I was overflowing; because for years it had been dammed up without ever getting an opportunity to flow at all. Now that I was amongst the kindest of friends I did not know how to make enough of them or to show my love, until one day I was crooning to myself one of the hymns I had learned at the Lock Chapel: 'When gathering clouds around I view,' to the tune of 'Melita.' When I had finished I noted how intent the silence was, and looked around abashed. But one of the chaps said: 'Got 'ny more like that, Tommy?' and delighted, I tuned up in earnest. After that in the dog-watches my treble pipe was always in request, although with the exception of 'Mother kissed me in my dream,' 'What are the wild waves saying?' and 'Little Nell,' I knew nothing but hymn tunes. The men's great favourite was Jackson's 'Te Deum,' which I used to sing at the very pitch of my lungs.

Now whether this singing of the songs of Zion had any effect upon the men beyond mere outward alteration of conversation and conduct never troubled my mind, because I knew nothing at all about the matter. With me it was merely a revival of pleasant memories, of emotional delights, just as saying my prayers was a performance due solely to habit. But the colored boy, Jem's lessons in the all-round efficacy of prayer had not been without their effect, so that now I used to ask in such language as I could command for what I considered would be good for my friendly shipmates. My greatest friend was Yorkshire Joe, who taught me tailoring, and his welfare formed the central subject of my petitions. But to my grief he was subject to furious gusts of passion, when he would swear horribly, using language that I had never heard until I came to sea, language wherein the names of Jesus, of God, and of Hell were combined in such fantastic blasphemy that I trembled to

my heart, expecting momentarily to see him fall dead. So it came about that one night when I was repeating my usual requests to the Invisible Father in whom I most fervently believed, I received a startling testimony. I suppose I must have been a little more emphatic and unconventional than usual, for when I had finished I saw Joe standing by my side, his rugged, bronzed face all a-work, and his beard sparkling in the feeble rays of the lamp as if it had been sprinkled with dew.

Full of concern I asked him what was the matter. But he returned an evasive reply, putting his hand upon my head and remaining quite silent afterward for several moments. Then suddenly he asked: 'Why was ye a-praying for me, Tommy?' Something tugged at my heart, and bursting into tears, I faltered out: 'Because—because I'm so fond of you, Joe—you've been so kind to me, and I was afraid God would strike you dead some day if you didn't leave off asking Him to. I do wish you wouldn't swear so dreadfully: it does frighten me so!' He listened in perfect silence and then said gravely and slowly: 'Well, I won't any more—you see if I do. Not that I mean anythin' by it, it's only a way of speakin' I've got into, an I hardly know when I do it. But what was you really afraid of, little man?' 'I was afraid that God would kill you and put you in Hell for ever and ever,' I panted. 'Ah!' he murmured, 'but suppose—'and then he stopped suddenly. After a little while he said, quite gently and low, 'Let me hear ye say them prayers agen, will ye?' Very shyly, and in an almost inaudible whisper, I repeated my prayers while he leaned over my hammock—the hammock he had made and swung for me because I had no bed and he would not let me lie on the hard bunkboards—and when I had finished he said quite clearly and solemnly, 'Amen.'

I wish I could say that from that day forward he was cured of his blasphemy, but it would not be true. There is only one cure for a habit like that, and it had not been applied. Nevertheless, he strove hard against the violence of his tongue, and I have often seen him when just about to give way glance around at me standing near and be silent, his sunburnt face flushing a deeper red.

Now the conversation in the fo'csle took a decidedly theological turn. We had not a Bible on board, as far as I knew, certainly not one in the fo'csle, so that it was impossible to bring any evidence to bear upon the discussions that took place, and in consequence some extraordinary views were aired. Strange to

say, there were no quarrels over the arguments. I say 'strange' because every sailor knows that argument about religion in a ship's fo'csle is perhaps the most fruitful cause of rows there. So much so that in many fo'csles the subject is tabooed altogether. I have heard men whose lives were as foul as a man's life could well be contending furiously over particular forms of religion, the true church to go to, the real priesthood, &c., while it was evident that they did not possess the slightest knowledge of the subject they were discussing with so much heat. Still less had they any real care for the truth. Poor fellows!

But in the 'Arabella's' fo'csle religion was discussed quietly, and although I heard many remarks that made me shiver, they sounded so dreadful to my carefully tutored ears, the familiarity with which those lofty themes and holy names was handled had in it nothing of irreverence. On one point they were all agreed. It was that there was no hell for sailors. They were not at all sure that a good many shipowners would escape the unquenchable fire, especially those who gave liberally to charities ashore and fed their wage-earners at sea worse than pigs. In fact, some of them went so far as to say that if there wasn't a hell for such people there ought to be. None of them had any doubt as to the existence of God. That matter was discussed at great length, the idea of such a doubt existing being apparently only stated to be demolished with scorn.

As to the Plan of Salvation they knew next to nothing. Dim and hazy ideas of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ for man were somewhat timidly hazarded, but of the great fundamental truth of Christianity, summed up in the words, 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself,' they had not the shadow of an idea. I said but little at these discussions, unless asked a question; and, truth to tell, I took no great amount of interest in them, beyond feeling the importance of being permitted to nestle in the midst of the talkers by the side of my friend Joe. But I have no doubt that the free handling of topics which in my own experience had been confined to Sunday for as long as I had heard them mentioned at all had, on the whole, a beneficent influence upon me, although its effects were not manifested for some years.

Stormy days were ahead. First of all came a row between Joe and the skipper, a row which had myself for its proximate cause. Joe took upon himself to go aft and ask the 'old man' for a piece of second-hand canvas wherewith to make me a 'jumper,' a primitive kind of garment like a cuirass, which,

when lined with a piece of old flannel, makes a very warm shelter and requires little clothing underneath. This piece of impudence, as the skipper termed it, led to hot words between Joe and himself, much to the delight of the rest of the crew. For me personally it had unpleasant results. For the skipper, at the first opportunity, beat me unmercifully, which most unfair exercise of authority nearly ended in a mutiny. I declare that I was in no sense to blame. Had I been consulted I would certainly have endured any extremity of cold before giving my consent to the skipper's being asked for canvas. And when I paid the penalty I did so feeling greatly afraid lest the crew should do anything dreadful in their indignation at the way in which their pet was being treated. When I got forward, although writhing with pain, I implored Joe not to do anything—I looked upon him as capable of any act of violence for all his tenderness to me—and, very reluctantly, he yielded to my importunities.

Shortly afterwards we arrived in Georgetown, Demerara, and I had a most pleasant time in the harbour, the skipper being generally ashore, and the mate, a Norwegian, being far too much in awe of the crew, who were all English but Jem the Jamaican negro, to interfere much with me. Then came 'liberty day,' when the crew, watch by watch, received a little money on account of their wages, and were permitted to spend twenty-four hours ashore. Having heard a great deal in the fo'csle of the intentions of the men I was much afraid of what would happen when they returned. They now discussed with loosened tongues their prospective pleasures, while I listened with awe, wondering why they did not restrain one another before me as I had seen them do previously.

At last, I went to Joe just as he was ready to depart, and implored him, for my sake, not to get drunk and come on board to fight. He promised me with a smile that he would not, and he kept his word. He was the only sober man out of the fo'csle members of the crew on the morning of their re-assembling, and when the mutiny took place, whose events I have fully recorded in the 'Log of a Sea Waif,' he alone held aloof. And I was able to save his life. For if it had not been for my shouted warning he would certainly have been stabbed by an Irishman, who, one of the pleasantest of men at other times, was then simply frantic with new rum.

The result of that grim morning's work was that all of the old crew, except Joe and Black Jem, went to prison.

My Hiding Place

Hail, sovereign Love, which first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a Hiding Place.

Against the God who built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a Hiding Place.

Enwrapped in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a Hiding Place.

And thus the eternal counsels ran.
"Almighty Love, arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no Hiding Place.

Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried with frowning face,
"This mountain is no Hiding Place."

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
He led me in a placid pace,
To Jesus as my Hiding Place.

On Him almighty vengeance fell,
Which would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for a sinful race.
And thus became their Hiding Place.

Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll
And shake this globe from pole to pole
No thunderbolts shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me on fair Heaven's coast,
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.

Major Andre.

"And a *Man* shall be as an *Hiding Place* from the wind, and a *Covert* from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a *Great Rock* in a weary land." Isaiah 32:2.