

Assembly Annals

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

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November

1937

Teach me Thy way, O Lord,
and lead me in a plain path,
because of mine enemies.

Psalms 27:11

Assembly Annals

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The Word and the World

The Word of God is the storehouse from which the world has drawn its most striking phrases. Into the literature of all nations have been woven catch-words, expressions, slogans, proverbs, illustrations and stories that show and necessitate an acquaintance with the sacred volume. One is astonished in recent years, on reading the names adapted to movies and novels, to find that the authors have borrowed from the Scriptures of truth the telling-titles of their works, so that people who are attracted to these means of amusement have on their lips such solemn phrases as "The wages of sin," (Rom. 6:23). Perhaps some of the convicting indictments at the final grand assize will be based upon the very quotations from the Word of God that have thus become public property, so that out of their own mouths sinners will be righteously judged.

One of the latest of these borrowed titles is "Things to Come" (John 16:13). Now if a novelist thus proffers his lies in pandering to the tastes of his readers, surely the truthful predictions of prophecy should claim attention, and urgently so, seeing that "the time is at hand." In the daily news from the old world we seem to see portrayed a rehearsal of the awful drama soon to be enacted. A Spanish novelist (and so far as his own country is concerned Ibanez wrote prophecy) chose as the theme of one of his books "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", and it was one of the "best sellers" when first published. How he handled his subject we do not know, but his reference to the sixth chapter of Revelation, from which the expression is derived, might well awaken forebodings in the minds of all, and that because of the world-wide unrest and the merciless warfare now being raged in Spain and China, for they certainly presage the events of that fast approaching day.

Let us consider these four horsemen who, in the near future, shall appear upon the world's stage. The rider of the **White Horse** is an invincible warrior. Conquest is his purpose, and one victory opens the way to others. But observe, his is a **white horse**, the symbol of **peace**. His weapon is a bow, not a sword. From a distance he can obtain his victories without besmearing his hands with blood. He is Satan's counterfeit of another Horseman whom we might call the Fifth, the One in Rev. 19, Whose name is Faithful and True and Who makes war and judges in **righteousness**. The ruthless rider of Revelation 6 is an adumbration of the aggressor of today. Under the specious plea of bringing peace to others he grasps new territory by methods outlawed by international agreement. Poison gas, submarine attacks, bombing, are the subtle methods he adopts to send his arrows from air, and land, and sea. And all this, mark you, under the guise of peaceful penetration for the benefit of the conquered people. Mussolini did not wage war against Selassie: his purpose was to rid the land of slavery and his conquest was just a walk-over to the barbarian's throne, and Italy thus became an empire.

The Japanese are not "waging war" against the Chinese: they love the Chinese and desire to be at peace with them, but nevertheless new provinces with puppet governments are added unquestionably to the Mikado's territory, just as surely as Formosa, Korea, and Manchukus were. Franco controls most of Spain, but the nations have not accorded him belligerent rights—the condition is not one of war, they say, it is one of rebellion or insurgency. And these prototypes of the rider of the White Horse go on conquering and to conquer.

But war, real war will follow. Britain just now is making frantic efforts to stave-off another world conflict. She wants peace at present, because she is not ready for war. Her army, navy, air forces, and munitions, do not compare favorably with those of Russia, Germany, Italy, France and Japan. Feverishly busy to supply the lack caused by pacifist propaganda, she wants two or more years yet to get ready: but once ready she will stiffen her demands, call Hitler's bluff, gulp down no more insults from Mussolini, suffer no more affronts from Japan, and the result will be war, horrific and terrific. The rider on the Red Horse of war will flourish his fire-brand and the resultant conflagration will be such as history has never yet recorded.

Next will come the Black Horse of famine, the historical and logical sequence of every war. Non-combatants will suffer; the days wages of the working man will be consumed in his own meals of one day, although luxuries will still be obtainable by the wealthy.

In Germany there is at present a group of former army officers, and what, think you, are their keen minds occupied with? The most efficient methods to be adopted for the dissemination of disease during the next war. How most effectively to spread plague, cholera, typhus etc. among the civilian population of their opponents is the devilishly clever objective of their brainy research. Yes, the rider of the Green Horse of pestilence, whose name is Death, will be ready when the mandatory call "Come" is announced, and he will claim more victims than the spurious "Peace" and War, and Famine did. And Hell is in his train.

The Editor of the Detroit Free Press (September 22nd) citing aerial assaults by planes and Zeppelins, piratical submarine attacks on merchant ships without warning, poison gas, violation of the Red Cross, the horrors of the Ethiopian conquest, the murderous indiscriminate butchering in Spain, the bombing of a city of one million inhabitants by the Japanese, sums up these atrocities under the striking head-line of "Journey toward Hell."

It has been said that the Book of Revelation is difficult to understand. Its pages are understandable today. For all that is now transpiring before our eyes is but an adumbration, a pre-view, a rehearsal of "things to come," to come probably within the life-time of many who read these lines.

And if the horrors of these premonitory droppings are so tragically real, what will the deluge be?

H. A. C.

Conferences

CHICAGO, ILL. The Fifty-fifth Annual Thanksgiving Conference will be held, D. V., Thursday to Sunday, Nov. 25 to 28th inclusive at the Logan Square Masonic Temple, 2451 North Kedzie Boulevard, Chicago. Visitors will be entertained as formerly. Communications should be sent to Clarence Welsher, 5963 Rice St., Chicago. Telephone Columbus 8628.

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

PITTSBURGH, PA. The usual conference will be held D.V. at Thanksgiving time in the Gospel Hall, 4917 Friendship Avenue. Meetings will be opened with a prayer meeting on Thursday afternoon, November 25 at 2 P. M. followed by three meetings daily on Friday, Saturday, and Lord's Day, Nov. 26 to 28. No circulars will be sent out. Communications to Norman Gunn, Shields, Pa.

CLIFTONDALE, MASS. "The Conference was a time of blessing. God is continuing to bless in saving and adding for which we praise His name". D. Walsh.

Addresses

Mr. Thomas Smith, a missionary just returned from Malaga, Spain, is now at the home of his parents 142 Hastings Ave., Toronto 8, Ont., Canada. An article from his pen in this issue of Assembly Annals is we hope, the first of a series of missionary experiences in that land.

Sowing and Reaping

UNITED STATES

ITALIAN WORK. **Mr. Cesare Patrizio** visited Hoboken and Orange, N. J.; then attended the monthly conference in Methuen, Mass., which was a splendid one and later went to Hartford, Conn. He purposes moving from Philadelphia to Detroit where no doubt he will be of great help in the Italian assembly. **Mr. Frank Carboni** was encouraged by three striking conversions during his visit to Chicago. He will visit Kalamazoo on his way back returning home after four months among Italian colonies in various sections.

MASSACHUSETTS. **Mr. Hugh Thorpe** spent a week in New Bedford. **Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw** were also there for a few days. They are on the way back to China where for 32 years they have labored and have seen fruit that remains. **Mr. W. H. Hunter** hopes to begin meetings in Springfield.

NORTH CAROLINA. **Mr. Lester Wilson** (Box 41 Salem Station, Winston-Salem) had fourteen weeks under canvas this summer in Winston-Salem. The opposition was quite keen, but with the persecution there were over twenty conversions and additions to the assembly, thus giving encouragement to the saints. He hopes to go now to Five Forks where a number gather who were saved five years ago, and prays for blessing there also.

OHIO. **Mr. John Goven** has had nightly meetings in the new hall in Youngstown and hopes to see the Lord's hand in salvation among some who are exercised.

PENNSYLVANIA. **Brother B. Bradford** has started a gospel campaign in Mascher St., Philadelphia.

RHODE ISLAND. **Brethren C. R. Keller** and **A. Klabunda** have begun a gospel series in Pawtucket. **Mr. W. H. Hunter** visited Brockton and Barrington recently.

The Crisis in the Prairie Provinces

In view of the alarming reports as to conditions on the Canadian Prairies I have written to brethren in fifteen country assemblies for first-hand information as to the situation and in replies have learned upon reliable authority that it is the worst ever known. For eight years in a large area there have been no crops because of drought

and grass-hoppers. Each year the area effected has been growing in extent until this year practically all of the large province of Saskatchewan and a large part of Alberta are cropless leaving people destitute. The last report is that scurvy has been observed in the drought belt and the Government is shipping car loads of fresh vegetables, fruits, etc. to the suffering areas.

The different denominations in other parts of Canada are sending relief to their people. It would be nice if assemblies in more favoured parts would read Acts 11:27-30 and seek to carry out this principle. Any thing contributed for relief of poor Christians in about thirty little assemblies will be carefully and wisely placed as in former years. Please send communications to J. J. Rouse, 234 Crescent Road, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

GERMANY. Extract from a private letter: "We have full freedom to preach the gospel in Germany. It is still better than last year. The tents are crowded and many profess conversion. The "open" brethren have united with the "exclusives" in Germany. We are thankful to the Lord for this. The old questions about Muller and Darby have been put aside, and the independence of each assembly recognized."

CHINA. Mr. E. J. Tharp (Lingyuan,, Jehol Province, Manchukuo) writes of an encouraging time at the great Taiming fair, and of the opening of a new Gospel Hall in a very good location where already the Word has been blessed to sinners. Midst many disappointments they have seen the good hand of God in overruling all such occasions for good. China has been the subject of much intercession for centuries, but the effectual fervent prayer that availeth much is imperative now. Many of the Lord's servants are passing through a period of very great strain and are in imminent danger because of the existent state of war. Let us who live in a land of peace remember these saints before the throne of grace.

Mr. Tharp's son Gilbert is shut up in Shanghai, and would greatly appreciate prayer during this especially dangerous time while the city is in a state of siege. He had a merciful escape when a bomb passed through his room. Mr. Donald Hunter is in Peiping helping to care for wounded soldiers.

"With Christ"

ALHAMBRA, CALIF. On Wednesday, September 29, 1937, Mr. Joseph C. Thompson, of Alhambra, a brother beloved and identified with believers in Avenue 54 Assembly, Los Angeles, passed into the presence of the Lord whom he loved and served.

Mr. Thompson was saved in Iowa at the age of 28, and lived until 70, witnessing for over 42 years to the reality of the saving power of the grace of God. He shall be greatly missed by the Christians in Los Angeles and Southern California, among whom he was highly esteemed and beloved for over 37 years. His godly counsel and brotherly kindness and prayers for all the saints, (many of whom he mentioned daily by name) have availed much and by these he being dead yet speaketh. He was a faithful witness, having on the wall of his Barber Shop, that grand text, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners". For over twenty seven years this was read by all who came into his shop, and a great number of his business acquaintances were present at his funeral to manifest their sincere respect.

A very large number of Christians came from all parts of Southern California to honor his memory. Brethren Tom. M. Olson, Samuel Greer and E. Wallace (friends of many years) faithfully ministered the Word of God. It was a soft, solemn service that magnified the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and honored His worthy servant.

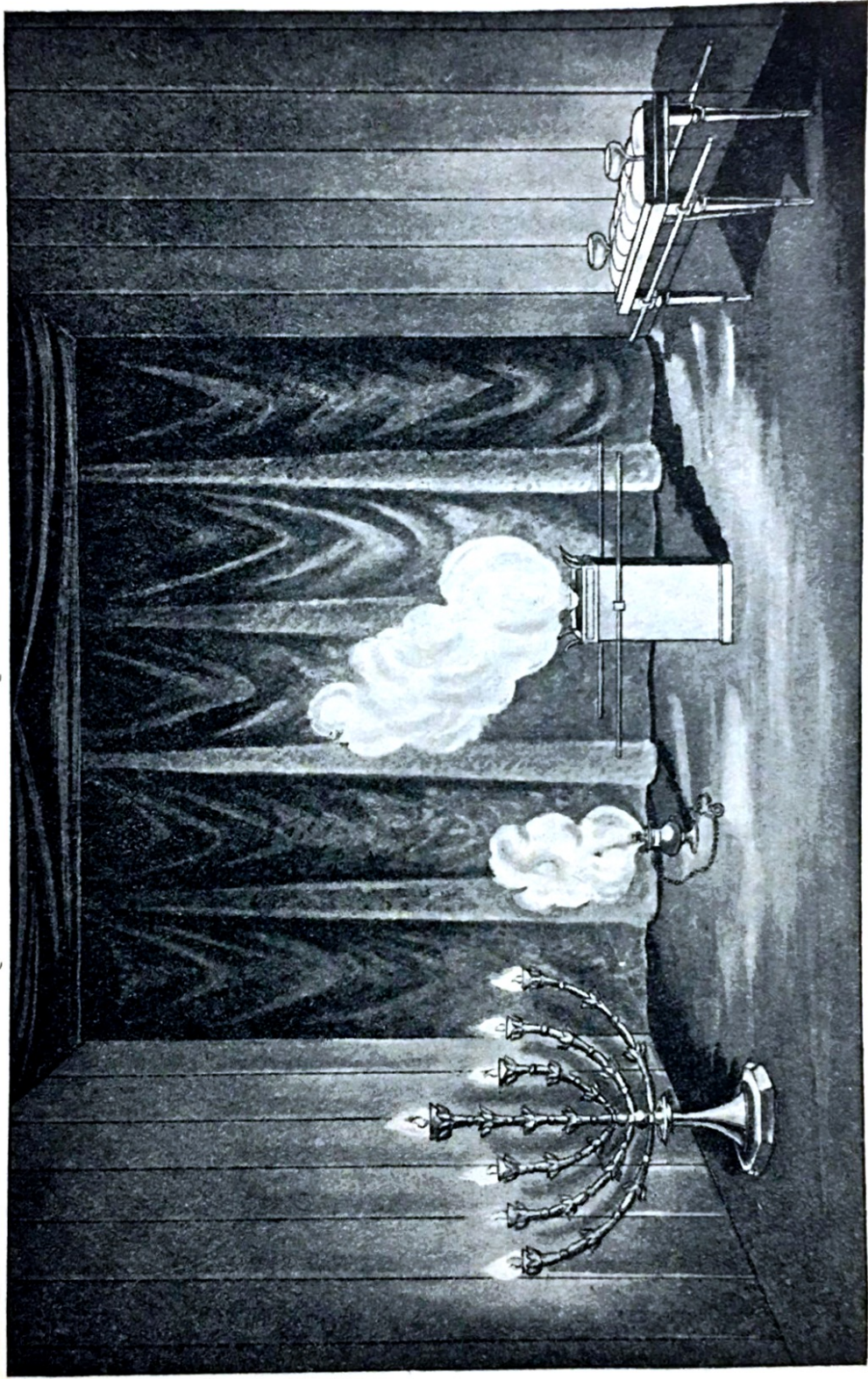
One who knew him well said of Bro. Thompson that he was, "A Christian gentleman, who read daily, for over ten years the 13th Chapter of 1 Corinthians, and practised it every day, at home, in business, in the social circle and in the church." He leaves this rich spiritual heritage to comfort his dear wife and son and daughter, and his other relatives—"Until the Day dawns and the shadows flee away". "The memory of the just is blessed." E. Wallace

NEW BEDFORD, MASS. On Sept. 19 our sister **Mrs. Hannah Beaumont** was released from suffering and entered into rest. Born in Lancashire, England: born again in New Bedford about 40 years ago. Widow of Anson Beaumont who preceded her to the "Homeland" 13 years ago. A woman of a gentle spirit and constant at the place of Gathering when physically able. Mr. W. H. Hunter conducted the service, both in the home and at the grave.

ORANGE, N. J. It pleased the Lord to take our dear Sister **Donata Iatesta** on Sept. 26th at the ripe age of 83 years. Saved for about 8 years and in fellowship with the little Italian assembly here. She bore a good testimony to her Lord and her loss is felt by us here. Services in the home to a very large number of unconverted by Bro. Moffatt in English and Bro. Rosania in Italian, and at the cemetery by Bro. Patrizio in Italian and Bro. Rosania in English. May God bless His Word to the sinners and comfort those of the family. She leaves seven children four of whom are saved. May the Lord speak to the others.

ST. CATHERINES, ONTARIO. **Mrs. Wm. E. Burdette** who before her marriage was Miss Neta Jean Walken, passed into the presence of the Lord September 28, at the age of thirty-eight. She was saved twenty-five years ago under the ministry of Mr. Robert Telfer, through reading Roman 10:9. For a number of years her health had been very poor and she had had much suffering. She was very patient and bore a bright testimony to His sustaining grace. Just before passing into His presence and knowing that she was near Home, she repeated the words of Hymn 168 in the Believer's Hymn Book, "Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine; Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine," and then turned to her husband and said,—"Only one life 'twill soon be past; only what's done for Jesus will last." Leaves a sorrowing husband and one daughter, Jean, who mourn her loss. Services at the home and cemetery were conducted by Brethren Telfer and Albert Joyce who spoke words of comfort to the saved and words of entreaty and warning to the large number of unsaved who were present.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO. **Mrs. Alm** passed into His Presence on the 6th Oct. Born in Sweden 70 years past, and saved in Oshawa, Ont., Can., when in her teens and lived in Youngstown for the last 46 years. Was baptised and received into fellowship here in the fall of 1924. Her quiet, godly testimony in the family circle and neighborhood, abides fresh and fragrant, and by it, "she being dead yet speaketh." The funeral services were conducted by J. Govan. Prayer is desired for her husband and two daughters with their families, all of whom she earnestly prayed for.



The Holy Place. [J. K. Souter & Co., Edinburgh.]

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The Tabernacle of Israel

Thos. D. W. Muir

As we pass through the Door of the Sanctuary, into the holy place, a wonderful sight meets our view. Beneath our feet is the soil of the wilderness,—over our heads are the beautiful fine linen curtains embroidered in blue, purple and scarlet, in figures of cherubim with outstretched wings,— on our right and left are the gold-covered boards which support the sanctuary, and before us, arranged in due order, are the Table of shewbread,—the Golden Lampstand and the Golden Altar for incense. Here, only the priests entered, to do the service of God,—and as we enter, may He lead us into the spiritual meaning of it, there to find how all speaks of Christ, and the believers' privileges and blessings in Him.

On the right hand, as we enter, stood the Table, on which were twelve loaves of bread,—a loaf for each tribe. Exod. 25: 23-30. The Table itself was of Shittim wood, overlaid with pure gold, and would tell of Him who as the God-man maintains and presents that upon which God and His own priestly family can feed, or find delight. For the loaves of bread on the Table also speak of Christ, and as Aaron and his sons fed upon it in the holy place, they could have said to the world outside, "We have bread to eat that ye know not of." For no one but the priests were, under the law allowed to eat of it. Even so none but those who are the true children of God, can feed on, or delight in Christ.

As with the Altar, there was a golden border or "crown" round about the edge of the Table,—for it is a crowned Christ in glory of Whom it speaks. There was no crown to the Brasen Altar in the Court, or for the laver there, but inside the holy place, and in the holiest of all, we find the golden crown, on the Table, the Altar and the Ark. Man had a crown of thorns for the Lord Jesus here. God has a crown of "glory and honor" for Him up there! With the Table, there were accompanying staves, with which to carry it on their pilgrim journey through the wilderness,—for as we have said, the bread on the table was that which speaks of Christ, the heavenly provision for a priestly family, passing through the world on their way home.

The Bread, which was on the Table is described for us in Leviticus 24:4-9, which portion the reader would do well to study carefully. It was made of fine flour,—there was neither coarseness or unevenness in Him of whom it speaks. They were to bake twelve loaves, for all Israel, and there are none of the redeemed of the Lord who have not this portion in Christ now, even as every tribe in Israel had a loaf in the presence of God then. These twelve loaves were to be set in two rows upon the pure Table before the Lord, with pure frankincense upon the loaves. For seven days they were thus before the Lord. God “fed” on them,—then the priests changed the old for the new, the bread removed being their portion, which they were to eat in the holy place. Thus do we find the thought of purity and holiness associated with this ordinance. The Bread was of fine flour,—the Table was covered with pure gold,—on the Bread was to be put pure frankincense,—These loaves were to be changed and eaten by a holy Priesthood, in the holy place on the Sabbath day!

What pains has our God been put to, in order to bring before our hearts His thoughts concerning His Son! For all this and much more is true of Him on whom our souls are called to feed in fellowship with God. In the measurement of the Table, it has been noticed that the length of it was equal to the height of the Golden Altar, and its breadth to the width of the Golden Altar, while its height was that of the mercy seat upon the Ark inside the holiest of all.

On the other side of the Holy place stood the seven branched candlestick, or Lampstand. Exod. 25:31-40. This was to be made of “pure gold,”—it was to be of “beaten work,” and was constructed with one central “shaft” and six branches, ornamented with bowls, knops and flowers. It was to be beaten out of one piece of gold, a talent in weight. The lamps on either side of the central shaft, gave light over against it. As there was no window in the Tabernacle, God thus provided light. The lamps in this wondrous Lampstand were supplied with beaten oil (Lev. 24:1-4)—that is oil beaten out of the olive berry, and the work of Aaron and his successors was to trim and fill these lamps, that they might burn brightly before the Lord continually.

Does not all this speak to our hearts of the Lord Jesus as the source of the true testimony which God has appointed. For we doubt not the central shaft speaks to us of Christ, who in the energy of the Spirit bears testimony before God. While

the six branches would tell of His church who is from Him yet united to Him in that glory, and whose testimony blends with His, revealing the glory of God in all that heavenly scene. "For He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." Heb. 2:10-11. Thus are they "All of One," as though beaten out of one piece of gold!

In Revelation 1,—we find the seven Churches of Asia represented by seven Golden Lampstands. There is no central shaft with branches emanating from it. But there is One who is in the midst of His assemblies, and to whom they are united by an invisible yet none the less real bond. The Lampstands here are seven, distinct and separate one from the other, but we find Him doing the work of Aaron,—trimming the Lamps, using the "golden snuffers," if perchance He might cause the Lamps to burn more brightly. And let us remember that when the priest used the snuffers, he also poured in a fresh supply of the oil. So when our divine Aaron finds need to use the snuffers on us, and remove that which is hindering our testimony from shining brightly, He also pours in more of the grace of His Spirit to compensate, as well as energise. Let us not, however, imagine when He uses the "snuffers," that He is seeking to extinguish our light. For there was no "extinguisher" connected with the lampstand. Therefore, let us not faint when we are rebuked of Him, as though He meant to harm us,—for His only design.

"Is the dross to consume, and the gold to refine?"

One other piece of furniture was there in the holy place,—The Golden Altar to burn incense upon. Exod. 30:1-10. Made of the same wood as the other articles of service, such as the Altar of Burnt offering, the Table, etc., it was overlaid with pure gold, and it had a crown of gold around the top of it. One fifth the size in breadth and length of the Brasen Altar, it was two-thirds of its height. No sacrifices were offered here,—it was for incense only,—although the blood of atoning victims outside, was brought in and sprinkled upon the horns of it. See Exod. 30:10.

Beautiful picture this of the Lord Jesus, who "now appears in the presence of God for us," Heb. 9:24. The shame, the suffering, and the death is to Him past forever, and He has entered into His glory now. "God also hath highly exalted Him," Phil. 2. But, we remember John saw "a lamb as it had been slain",—the marks of death were still upon Him. (Rev. 5,6). So, answering to the blood on the horns of the golden

Altar, He has in His own Person carried the evidence of His all-atoning death into the presence of God. For the ground of His intercession on behalf of His people, is the death He died for them. For this reason He is "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. 7:25. He died to reconcile, He lives to save (Rom. 5:10).

This last thought is seen illustrated for us in the character of service connected with the Golden Altar. "Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning when he dresseth the lamps . . . And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at evening, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the Lord," etc. Ex. 30:7, 8. All through the weary days of toil, or the long dark nights of watching, the incense on the Golden Altar sent up its sweet savor on behalf of Israel. And on the ground of this the service and worship of His people was acceptable to God. Even so is it now. The Lord Jesus, like the Angel who is seen standing by the side of the Golden Altar having a Golden Censer in his hand with much incense, now adds to the prayers and praises of His redeemed ones. the sweet incense of His own priestly intercession, (Read Rev. 8:1-4), and on this ground are they acceptable to God. For as an "holy priesthood" are they to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. 1 Peter 2:5.

No strange incense was to be offered thereon (Ex. 30:9). God gave directions as to the composition of the incense (Ex. 30, 34, 38), and death was pronounced on any one who dared to imitate it. No strange fire was to be used in causing the incense to ascend. The fire which came down from God, (Lev. 9:24), and which fed upon the sacrifice offered on the Brasen Altar, could alone be used. (Lev. 16-12, 13.) Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, had "offered strange fire before the Lord," (Lev. 10:1-2) but they died for their sin. Now the incense speaks, as we have seen, of the intercession of Christ for His people in the presence of God. All other so-called "intermediary" whether of angel or saint, parson or priest, is as "strange incense" forbidden by God. And God's Word frowns on all such, and His judgment must surely fall on it. The "Strange Fire" might speak of fleshly or human energy, instead of Holy Ghost energy the true power for all priestly service. Oh to be delivered from mere imitation or formality! Oh, to have a holy fear and reverence in connection with the things of God. For "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him MUST worship Him in spirit and in truth." John 4:24.

Guarding the Good Deposit

W. J. McClure

Address delivered in Central Hall, Detroit
October 13th, 1937

Please read Ezra 8:15-34.

Here we have a very interesting picture, the picture of a large company of people who had been exiled and are now returning to their native land. Ezra reviews the people and finds that among them there is none of the sons of Levi, ministers of the house of God, and he sends messengers to the Levites with the result we read of in v. 18.

Then at v. 21 he says, "I proclaimed a fast at the river of Ahava that we might afflict ourselves before our God to seek of Him a right way for us, and for our little ones and for all our substance. For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way: because we had spoken unto the king saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him . . . So we fasted and besought our God for this, and He was intreated of us."

This company was gathered with the prospect of a long journey through a hostile country. They did the right thing: they waited upon God. The natural thing would have been to apply to the king who was favorable to them, but if they did so, he would perhaps enquire of them "Did you not say that the hand of God was upon you to protect you? If you believe that God is able, why do you want a convoy of soldiers," But Ezra did not ask the king: instead of that he and the people asked God. It is a good thing to announce the truth. Keep at it even if it is above you. It will help to keep you straight. If you have been telling what wonderful things God can do if you have confidence in Him they might twit you about it if you do not live up to your preaching.

"Then I separated twelve of the chief of the priests . . . and weighed unto them the silver and the gold and the vessels . . . I weighed unto their hand six hundred and fifty talents of silver, and silver vessels an hundred talents; and of gold an hundred talents, also twenty basons of gold of a thousand drams, and two vessels of fine copper, precious as gold."

Now look at v. 29. "Watch ye and keep them until ye weigh them before the chief of the priests . . . at Jerusalem in the chambers of the house of the Lord."

We see him separating a number of the priests and their brethren and he entrusts to them the gold, silver, and copper vessels *precious as gold*. Each man has to share the responsibility of what is given them to keep, and he says "I will part with my life rather than part with that treasure. I will keep it until it is weighed in Jerusalem." Day after day they trudge along and the men bearing the gold and silver and copper are very much alive. "And the hand of our God was upon us and He delivered us from the hand of the enemy and of such as lay in wait by the way. And we came to Jerusalem and abode there three days.'"

V. 33. "Now on the fourth day was the silver and the gold and the vessels weighed in the house of our God . . . by number and by weight every one; and all the weight was written at that time".

Now please turn to Jude verse 3: "Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." I do not think that it requires many words on my part to apply this. We have the type in Ezra 8, and here we have the antitype. "*The faith*" is the revelation that God has been pleased to give us concerning His blessed Son. "Once for all delivered to the Saints". We have *vessels of silver* that speak of Christ's redemption. Silver the pure white precious metal speaks of our Lord Jesus Christ as Man, the Holy Man in His separate walk. What will contemplating Him as such do to us? It will work separation in us, as we see Him in His holy walk, separate from sin, obedience to His Father the greatest thing in His life. Outside the camp He is the despised One. When we contemplate Him it will lead to separation.

The *gold* tells us that the Lord Jesus Christ who was Man was also God: "God over all blessed for ever." Do not let us hold things out of their balance. All truth is important and we cannot do without any of it but the truth that God has given us about His Son is the most precious of all. The gold speaks to us of His deity. Alas, how many in speaking of our Lord Jesus degrade Him.

And the *copper vessels precious as gold!* What is there to learn about the copper? It was that metal of which the Brazen Altar was made, for brass in the scripture is really copper. Now what have we in this? The death of the Lord Jesus Christ—the truth of Christ as to His atoning death—His sacrificial work. Well may we speak of the copper *precious as gold*. We have heard or read that modernists say the death of Christ was after all not so very consequential.

They say He came to save but not to die. Of course, they say, if a fireman goes into a burning house and perishes in saving the occupants his death was unfortunate but not necessary. The death of Christ was not an accident. It was according to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, and as we gaze upon that cross we say of the copper—"precious as gold." Let us then make much of these precious truths.

Now look please at 2 Tim. 4.7: "I have kept the faith." What faith? The faith once for all delivered to the Saints. We cannot subscribe to the faiths that men have drawn up, formulated at different times. "Which of them do you adhere to?" To none of them. "What then?" Only to the faith "once for all delivered to the saints". It was given to Paul and he kept it. A stony path was his: much that he bore we shall never know. But it is all past now: all is just about to end: in a few hours he will lay his head upon the block and a Roman soldier will behead him by a stroke of the sword.

But look at the first chapter of this same epistle—2 Tim. 1:12: "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." I do not know why, but it is almost the universal idea that the Apostle is speaking here about his security. He is not speaking about that at all. He is not speaking about his soul or his life. The Revised Version makes the meaning clear: "He is able to keep that which He has committed unto me." Do you see the difference? The Apostle Paul is like one of those who were entrusted with the precious vessels in Ezra's day. To his keeping the faith was delivered, entrusted to him. As time went on he saw how things were going and he had many a sorrowful hour about it. "But" he says, "though many have departed from the faith, I am persuaded that He is able to keep that good deposit which He committed unto me". And he says to Timothy, "Hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. That good thing (the good deposit) *which was committed unto thee* keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."

Don't think lightly of things that have to do with our form of gathering and our separation from the sects around. Avoid the loose expressions that are common in the so-called Christian world. "Hold fast the form of sound words." The Lord help us that we may see the position we are in. We are passing through a hostile world and in the measure we are faithful

to Him we shall feel it. Contend earnestly for the faith: hold it with a vise-like grip. The devil would filch it from you, but every day you live remember you are like those men in Ezra's day. If you are not on your guard you will lose it.

At one time I believed that no one could pick my pocket, but one day when going down St. Catherines Street in Montreal in a crowded street car, some ladies were getting off and several young men hustled about to make room for them to pass and pushed me about. When I got into Eaton's store to make a purchase I found that my purse was gone and a good deal of my self conceit about not being robbed was gone too. That put me on my guard however. Now if the Lord has taught you the precious truth of gathering to His Name hold it fast. If he has taught you precious truths about the Lord Jesus Christ earnestly contend for these. By and by when you get home you will be rewarded for guarding the deposit.

The Word of Truth

By Professor F. Bettex

Who was the author of Genesis? According to a venerable tradition which to doubt we have no reason, aye, we may say according to a God-planned belief prevalent among the chosen people, it was written by Moses, without any question the greatest character of the Old Testament. He also wrote Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. These five books are referred to by Christ as "the scriptures of Moses." We may assume that Moses wrote Genesis during the forty years which he spent with Jethro in Midian. It is not likely that a man trained in all the wisdom of Egypt, should have remained intellectually idle for so long a period. The records of creation and of the deluge came to him as traditions from Noah and his sons the Bible stating that Noah lived three hundred and fifty years after the flood. From the fact that Noah entirely disappeared from the biblical record and from the records of an ancient Chinese myth which speaks of Fohi, the son of the rainbow who sacrificed seven beasts introduced agriculture and "the vineyard," some have concluded that he migrated eastward and laid the foundation to the Chinese empire. Interesting in this respect is Chinese chronology relative to the deluge and of the said Fohi which strikingly coincides with the biblical report. Shem lived five hundred years after the deluge and thus became a contemporary of Abraham and Isaac. According to very explicit Persian traditions he became

the founder of the Persian empire which he governed for many years. Even today a statue, one hundred and thirty feet high, can be seen in Dschem-Bamain, commemorating the reign of Baal-Shem. Ham and his posterity migrated toward Ethiopia and toward the Northern Coast of Africa. How natural that the sons of Noah should have cherished the memory of the great events of the past and handed them down to their children's children, while God Himself guarded those records against error and misrepresentation.

We also know that Moses spent twice forty days on Mt. Sinai in the very presence of God. For this heavenly communion he prepared himself by fasting, eating no bread and drinking no water. Is it not probable that there he had revelations such as God indicated to him in the ordinances of the tabernacle, prototyping holiest mysteries, and that he received at that fountain of all wisdom accurate information relative to creation and the origin of man?

We may even consider Moses the author of the Book of Job. Egyptian imagery such as the description of sapphire mines in the mountains of Sinai (Job 28:1-11) the ruins of which exist up to the present day; mountain abysses through which rush mighty waters, merely to dry up again; the swift canoes, made of reeds which were in use on the Red Sea; crocodile and hippopotamus; gazelles lost among the crags; eagles soaring above; deserts uninhabited; all of these descriptions seem to indicate that the writer of Job lived on the peninsula of Sinai. There Moses may have met him and, having heard his story, preserved it for the biblical record. Chronologically this hypothesis would have no difficulties.

How marvelous the career of Moses! "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." Given a royal education by the very enemies of his own people, planning revolt after his own fashion, Moses is selected as a tool of Providence to unfold the scroll of the divine will before Pharaoh and eventually to shatter the forces of Egyptian tyranny. The local setting of the careers of Joseph and Moses has been abundantly confirmed by historical researches into that far-off age. The attitude of Pharaoh toward Joseph for instance; the Egyptian expression "Ab En Pe'rae" (Gen. 45:8) "Tebn," meaning straw; "gash" meaning stubble, or rather reeds, (Exodus 5:7-12), also the command of the Lord, "go to Pharaoh in the morning; behold he will go toward the water," reminding us of the ancient religious precept ordering

the Egyptian kings to bathe every morning in the Nile—all of this has been verified by the historian. (Ex. 7:15.)

By a series of miracles God liberates His people, destroys their enemies, leads them out of Egypt, guides them through the wilderness. For in God's Provision we have periods of miraculous interference as well as periods of silence. We read of no miracles during the fifteen hundred years preceding the deluge nor during the long captivity of Israel. Of our own generation, too, it might be said "He could do no wonders there on account of their unbelief." But the time will come when there shall be great "signs in heaven and earth," (Matt. 25,) when an atheistic and defiant age will verify the prophecy of Jesus that "men's hearts will be failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

God leads His people into the wilderness and then up to Mt. Sinai. There out of the thick darkness, enveloped in thunder and lightning, from a throne of rugged cliffs God gave to the Jews a law, a ritual, a spirit of worship which turned a conglomeration of barbarous beings into a nation which in the strength of these revelations has been able to withstand for thousands of years every storm from within and without!

Space does not permit us to enter into the details of this divine service. Just a brief glance at its striking symbolism. Out of the wilderness of this world the seeker after the truth passes through the brazen laver which cleanses him. The altar burns whatever there is imperfect in the sacrifice. The sanctuary represents the trinity, the Father offering the daily bread, the Son whose loving intercession is expressed by sweet-smelling incense, the Holy Ghost by seven-fold illumination. (Rev. 1:4.) In the Holy of Holies, in utter darkness, enthroned above the cherubim, God Himself, whom no man can see and live!

And how grand is the law! Jehovah promises protection and invincibility to his people. He gathers the twelve tribes in an annual reunion at which all Israel, together with man servant and maid servant and also with the stranger that is within their gates, eat and drink in grateful recognition of the Father who provides all blessings. By the willing offering of the choicest fruits, by songs of rejoicing mingling with the silver trumpets of the priests, the religious attitude is beautifully expressed. And yet there be those who find in Jehovah naught but a stern and cruel tyrant. "And Solomon sent the people away into their tents, glad and merry in heart, for the goodness that the Lord had showed them." (2 Chron. 7:10).

Justice is meted out without charge. The law is interpreted by the elders at the gates, the priests, and finally submitted to God Himself, who through the Urim and Thummim of the High Priest, gives the last decision. And while transgressions against religion, the sanctity of life and the purity of morals are rigidly punished, the law is infinitely more lenient than that of ancient Rome or of the Dark Ages. Slavery is not tolerated, (Exodus 21:16; Deut. 24:7); we hear of no dungeons, no torture; the transgressor merely becomes a servant to the wronged party, reforming through labor and repaying for the damage he caused. The tenth commandment curbs the hatred between different classes of society. The nature of the law may be gathered from the following: "If there be among you a poor man, thou shalt not harden thy heart nor shut thine hand, but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need in that which he wanteth. And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger. Thou shalt not curse the deaf neither shalt thou speak evil of the servant to his master." (Deut. 15:7; Lev. 19:9-10; 23:22).

But the most beautiful feature of the law is the year of jubilee. On this grand occasion the bond-servant was made free, all debts were annulled, parental heritages were restored! What universal rejoicing and gladness! Good tidings to all people! A symbol of the final restoration of all things! In what other religion have we anything approaching in excellence this wonderful institution!

However the Jews were a stubborn and stiff-necked people. As soon as Moses had disappeared on the summit of the mount, the lightnings of Sinai were forgotten. Israel danced around the golden calf. The earth had hardly opened her mouth and swallowed Korah and his company, when the people murmured saying, "Ye have killed the people of the Lord." (Num. 16:41). At the end of his laborious career Moses sums up his estimate of Israel in the exclamation: "Ye have been rebellious against the Lord from the day that I knew you." (Deut. 9:24). Thus they perished in the wilderness and God raised a new generation which, disciplined in the school of divine goodness and divine severity carried the purposes of Providence a step farther.

Moses dies. The mighty man of God who communed with God as with a friend, face to face! The record of his death

was probably added to the Pentateuch by Joshua. At the sound of the silver trumpets, carrying the ark in their midst, the militant Israelites in twelve army corps, cross the Jordan to exterminate the Canaanites who by their murderous and adulterous deeds have become a carcass attracting the eagles of judgment. Their utter degeneration appears from the burning of children sacrificed to Moloch. In their wars against the Israelites they were utterly crushed. Did God order the shedding of human blood? Does He sanction war? No, but He has given the primal law that whosoever sheddeth a man's blood, his blood shall likewise be shed!

We call ourselves "Christian" and brag about our wars of victorious conquest, many of which were started by rank injustice. Meanwhile we venture to criticise Jehovah for exterminating the Canaanites who had become a menace to humanity and whose vile actions had long since provoked the wrath of the Supreme Judge. "All souls are mine," says the Lord, "and whosoever sinneth shall surely die!" Rest assured, you frivolous mockers, that some day you shall experience the wrath of the Almighty which manifested itself in the extermination of the Canaanites. A merciless verdict on those who never practised mercy! "Vengeance is mine," says the Lord, "I will repay." (Rom. 12:19).

Now Israel lived in cities which it had not built, among vineyards which it had not planted. God being its king, it might enjoy prosperity and peace. But it had been disobedient to the divine command. It had permitted some of the Canaanites to remain in its midst. Like a poisonous sore this influence spreads through the entire nation. Idolatry flourishes. The people of God offer little children to Moloch! The stream of the Jewish tradition is polluted by Philistine and Canaanite mixtures! Joshua dies. Judges are appointed. Under Samuel Israel clamors for a king, discarding the divine government. Saul, irresolute and unreliable, proves a failure. David, a "man after the heart of God," a warrior bold, falling and rising with the ebb and flow of his tempestuous nature, leaves a precious heritage of psalms to posterity. How much consolation and inspiration has flown from these songs into the hearts of millions! Christ Himself uses Psalm 22 to express his isolation on Golgotha: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The hope of immortality radiates from their prayers: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (hades)!" (Psalm 16:10). And again "that I may walk before God in the land of the living." Solomon the greatest of the kings, rules

so wisely that his reign prototypes the kingdom of heaven. Peace everywhere. Prosperity abounds. Foreign kings pay their homage. But even Solomon sinks from the height of his glory and becomes a prey to his passions. Therefore his exclamation, "All is vanity!" (Eccl. 1.2.)

The history of Israel is the history of every nation. Sin and degeneration, victory and defeat, arrogance in prosperity, fear and trembling in disaster, prayers in days of trouble and, above all, a merciful God! The noble Hezekiah succeeds the evilminded Ahaz. After Ahaz, Manasseh the worst of all the kings, (2 Kings 21:11). And still there is room for repentance and also forgiveness!

Meanwhile Israel is rapidly declining. Before it is finally doomed, God sends a number of inspired prophets, men like Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hosea, who furnish life and light and love in periods of disaster and darkness. The temple is rebuilt. But a foreign conqueror shatters the Jewish forces and scatters to the four winds the ten tribes.. When the period of the gentile nations will have passed, God will remember Israel and restore its former glory. The great prophets prophesy of Christ, His suffering, death and final triumph. But they look even further. In the dim shadows of the future they see David upon the throne, reigning for a thousand years.

The Feasts of Jehovah

William Ferguson

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

In considering this, the most solemn of the "set seasons" of Jehovah, it behoves us to approach the subject with that solemnity which should characterize those who have learned the value of the blood of atonement and the sacrifice of Christ. To say that God placed, and still does place, great value on the blood of Christ, is to state a truth well known by the true child of God. Israel had to learn the sinfulness of sin and the alone way of dealing with it, hence the multitude of sacrifices and offerings, each typical of the *ONE* great sacrifice which was to be offered up on Calvary. On the tenth day of the seventh month, however, a solemnity settled upon the whole congregation, because on this day the High Priest had to enter into the Holiest with the blood of atonement in order that the sins of the people as a whole might be atoned for and covered over. The ceremony is well known, so we do not enter into detail in connection with Lev. chap. 16, save to mention a few outstanding facts.

The High Priest, as the representative of the people, entered in first of all with the blood of atonement, for himself, and then with the blood of atonement for the people. Here Aaron, as a type of Christ, stands out in contrast with our blessed Lord Who needed not to offer for His own sin, since He was the sinless and pure One. It has been said by some that Christ officiated as a priest at His own sacrifice, but this does not stand the test of the scriptures since it is evident that He entered upon this necessary and wonderful work which He maintains so constantly and untiringly on the groundwork of His own death and blood-shedding. While on earth He did not enter into the inner Temple but only its outer courts. A consideration of the following scriptures might be helpful in this connection—Heb. 2:17; which might be spoken of as “Bethlehem”—“made like unto His brethren, that He might *be (or become)* a merciful and faithful High Priest”; Heb. 5:10—*called* of God an High Priest—the work of suffering complete and He “being made perfect” (Calvary); then Heb. 6:20—“Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus *MADE* an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec”—the ascension and the glory.

When the Day of Atonement was finished and Aaron had entered into the Holiest and sprinkled the blood upon and before the mercy seat and the sins of the people had been confessed over the head of the scape-goat which, in turn, was led away into a land of forgetfulness, the whole camp experienced a sweet sense of relief and rest of conscience for the time being, knowing that God was satisfied and could dwell with them and could refrain from pouring upon them His wrath which was only restrained because of what He could see in the exercises of that day of the future value and preciousness of the Blood of Christ.

According to Lev. 23:27 and Num. 29:7, we see that the special characteristics of this day were “affliction of soul” and “reconciliation” as effected by the offerings. All getting into right relationship with God is the result of affliction of soul. Murray McCheyne used to say “If thou never hadst a sick night or a pained heart for sin, thou art not yet in the Kingdom of God”, and our brother William Matthews remarked of those who did not seem to have deep trouble of soul before conversion, that they generally had this trouble afterwards. God makes those who become His own to realize the bitterness of sin and then, when the reconciliation is effected, there is a sense of it, and sweet rest of heart and conscience follows.

In Israel’s case today the veil is upon their heart as in

2 Cor. 3:15, and of course they see not the fading glory of the old covenant as in Ex. 34, where Moses put a veil over his face that the children of Israel might not see the "end of that fading brightness"—2 Cor. 3:13 (C & H), nor the ever-increasing glory of the *NEW*, as described in 2 Cor. 3; and when they return to their land and have again a national status, it is in unbelief (with the exception of the remnant whom we considered in our last paper on the Feast of Trumpets). Ezekiel 37 in its description of the valley of dry bones would give us the picture as true of Israel in their spiritual death, and as it will be seen in the coming day when there is a "coming together" and a "form" once more in the land. The *body* is seen, but with this significant word in v. 8—"but there was no breath (spirit) in them". But God through His Word and Spirit will produce *life* in this dead mass 'as in v. 14—"I shall put My spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land; then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord."

This turning to the Lord will be brought about after the Feast of Trumpets (the recalling of Israel to their long lost glory and land) and the ten days between this and the Day of Atonement are really a ten days of awakening, (the number ten gives us the thought of responsibility towards God), and as the truth really dawns upon Israel, the remnant identifying themselves with the rest of the nation, and the culmination seen in the Coming of the Lord as Son of Man and coming King to Israel, then we have that bitter contrition of Israel and their affliction of soul on this 10th day—the Day of Atonement. The 53rd of Isaiah will have its true fulfillment then, as well as other portions of the prophetic scriptures.

This is all brought about by a remarkable out-pouring of the Spirit of God, leading them to repentance—Jer. 31:9, Jer. 50:4-5, and note especially Zech. 12:10—"And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for His firstborn".

Thus the characteristics of the Day of Atonement are seen in this day, and the view of the pierced Christ draws forth their bitter lament for their terrible sin in refusing and rejecting Him. When bitter affliction strikes a family circle the members of the family prefer to mourn out their complaint *alone* and so will it be, as in the closing verses of Zech. 12.

However, immediately, we notice in Zech. 13:1 the grace of God—"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness" and no sooner is their sin realized and confessed than they view the blood of atonement, and as they gaze at the wounds in the hands of their Messiah and realize that that sword of justice found His heart for their sakes, the reconciliation is effected, and they experience the forgiveness and salvation of the Lord and see the fulfillment of His past gracious promises, in their own land.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord—Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation. For I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed: for the Lord dwelleth in Zion". Joel 3:18-21. What a happy consummation to the chequered, bitter and dark history of the covenant people who had spurned their relationship and crucified their Lord! Surely one could shout in connection with this day—GRACE TRIUMPHANT REIGNS.

Christ the Surety-Substitute

Let us pass from the typical, to the PROPHETICAL testimony upon the vicarious sufferings of the Redeemer. Two among several other passages may suffice.

The first, is the 53d chapter of Isaiah; that wonderful Old Testament picture of the Saviour's humiliation. Again and again is the truth we are now unfolding there brought prominently before us;—that the Lord Jesus *took our sins actually upon Him,—that He suffered in our room and stead.*

Ver. 4, "Surely He hath *borne* our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

Ver. 5, "But He was wounded *for* our transgressions, He was bruised *for* our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, *and with His stripes we are healed.*"

Ver. 6, "The Lord hath *laid upon Him* the iniquity of us all."

Ver. 8, "For the *transgression of My people* was He stricken."
"By His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, *for He shall bear their iniquities.*"

Ver. 12, "And He was numbered *with the transgressors, and He bare the sin of many.*"

What could be more explicit than these varied statements?—that He who rose up before the Seer's vision as "the Man of Sorrows," was really the Substitute of the guilty; enduring the stripes that were due to us—carrying the load of sin *we* should have borne. Though sinless Himself, yet, as the Vicar of His people—enrolled—"numbered, among transgressors."

The other prophetic passage we may cite in confirmation of the doctrine, is from the Book of Daniel. That Prophet, speaking in the most explicit and indubitable language of "Messiah the Prince," who was "to finish (the) transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in an everlasting righteousness," adds, "And after three score and two weeks (of years) shall Messiah be cut off" (by death), "*but not for Himself.*" He was to suffer, but it was for no sin of His own, for no personal demerit. He was to finish the transgression of His people, to discharge their debt, by the offering of Himself: and the Prophet immediately adds, that having thus completed His atoning work, "In the midst of the week, He shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease." The substance having been revealed, the shadows melt away. The Divine Antitype being come,— the great Antitypical Sacrifice being offered, the ceremonial ritual is abrogated, all other sacrifices and oblations are abolished.

J. R. M.

Lessons from Ezekiel's Temple

The River from the Throne

Such is the "going forth of the sanctuary." From that day when a Man had become as rivers of water in a dry place, those made one with Him, waves in that stream, have been no longer as a fountain sealed, but as a well of living water, as streams from Lebanon. Filled with His Spirit, it is through them that the river flows onward in its glorious power; on through the ages has it flowed through the arid places of this desolate earth. The joy which the soul drank in at the source, at the fountain-head in the secret place of the Most High, has been borne forth beyond the walls and the barriers of the sacred courts, a stream deepening as it flowed, till its depth could no more be measured, and the parched ground became a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water in the far deserts of the desolate places.

And it was a river that brought life "to everything that moveth," for its source was the Eternal Life, and He had said, "Because I live ye shall live also." "This is the reward, that

God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." The same life; we have no other. The old life is forfeited—ours no more. His life is ours. "I live no longer, but Christ liveth in me"—Christ who is our life.

Therefore it is His life in His own, and further, His Spirit in His own—that is the stream whose course we may trace for nineteen hundred years, wherever by faith in Him souls have entered into the Holiest by His blood, to come forth in the power of eternal life.

Still to His own is His commission given, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead." Still are they sent to open the blind eyes, to turn the lost soul from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God; to be blamed for their selfish enjoyment of the blessedness of their Father's House; to be blamed yet more if they bring the water of joy and life to the thirsty in the desert.

Yet there are those amongst the thirsty whose eyes are opened as were the eyes of Hagar by the God of compassion, and they see the well of water, and drink of it, and live. And in turn do they become waves of that river of life, whose waters widen and deepen as the ages pass.

And in the days when the Lord shall have returned to His land and to His Temple, shall the waters flow forth afresh, and then shall the earth be filled with the knowledge of His glory, as the waters cover the sea. Meanwhile the spring of water whose waters fail not flows unseen by the world, which knows not the servant because it knows not his Lord. F. B.

The Trial and Triumph of Faith

Samuel Rutherford, Scottish Preacher, born 1600, died 1661.

Christ came to save sinners; then, saith Paul, "to save me", for "I am the chief of these sinners." (1 Tim. 1.15). And though a temptation's language be the language of hell and unbelief, as thus, "Thou art a sinner, a lost and condemned one, and therefore hast nothing to do with Christ:" faith argueth in the language of heaven and the gospel from this, "I am a sinner, and a lost one; but one of Christ's sinners, and one of Christ's lost ones, and for that very same cause I belong to Christ."

Faith doth here contradict the temptation, and modestly refuteth Christ. If Christ say, "Thou art a transgressor, from the womb;" answer Him, "I confess, Lord, but Christ died for transgressors." If He say, "Thou art under a curse;"

answer Him, "It is too true, Lord: so I am by nature, but Christ was made a curse for me." If he say, "Thou hast holden me at the door;" "I confess, Lord, it is so." But if Christ say, "I came not for thee, thou art a dog; Christ, the bread of children belongeth not to such", you may then answer, 'O Lord, with all reverence to Thy holy Majesty, it is not so; I am Thine, thou didst come for me, the bread belongeth to me.' When a sinner dare not dispute his actions with Christ, yet he may dispute his estate: the state of sonship is not sin; and therefore, we must adhere to this, as Christ did when He was tempted: "If thou be the Son of God." He refused to yield that. If then Christ himself should say, 'Thou art a reprobate,' expound it as a temptation; far more, if Satan, if conscience, if the world say it, you are not to acknowledge these to be heralds sent to proclaim God's secrets. Job would not believe his friends in this. Then to be tempted to deny your sonship and claim in Christ, may be your temptation, not your sin. Let Christ tutor me as He thinketh good; He hath seven eyes, I have but one, and that one dim.

Sin

J. N. Darby

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" Rom. 3:23

A single sin is more horrible to God than a thousand sins—nay than all the sins of the world—are to us.

It is the action of an independent will which is the principle of sin.

God can let no sin pass: He can forgive all, and cleanse from all but let nothing pass.

If all the sins that ever were committed in the world were congregated in your person and were your own act, that need not prevent your believing in Christ and coming unto God through Him.

If our hearts feel not sin—Christ felt it when He drank our cup and bore sin for us. If the heart does not feel the gravity of sin, not to the same degree—if, feeble as it may be, the feeling of sin is a stranger to us—we have not at all entered into the mind of Jesus.

Adam sinned and left God, because he thought more of what Satan offered him: he thought the devil a better friend to him than God: but he found out to his cost that the devil was a liar: that he never had the power to give him what he promised by catching at the devil's bait: he received his hook,

and that "the wages of sin is death."

On the cross hung the one spotless Man, yet forsaken of God. What a fact before the world! No wonder the sun—the central and splendid witness to God's glory in nature—was darkened, when the Faithful and True Witness cried to His God and was not heard. Forsaken of God! What does this mean? What part have I in that cross? One single part—*my sins*. It baffles thought—that most solemn lonely hour, which stands aloof from all before and after.

Christ died rather than allow sin to subsist before God.

Directly grace acts on the heart, it gives the consciousness of sin; but at the same time the love of Christ reaches the conscience, deepening the consciousness of sin: and if this is deep, it is because the consciousness of the love of Christ is also deep.—

Father! Thy sovereign love has sought
 Captives to sin, gone far from Thee;
 The work that Thine Own Son hath wrought,
 Has brought us back—in peace and free!

"Before Governors and Kings"

Clarence D. Ussher, M. D.

Sir Ahmed was a Circassian nobleman living in Constantinople in Sultan Abdul Hamid's time. He was over six feet in height, with a massive head; a man of dominating personality, accustomed to having his own way. His education in Turkey had been above the ordinary and he had also spent some time in French Universities.

Spies aroused the suspicion in Abdul Hamid's mind that Sir Ahmed was a member of the Turkish Revolutionary Party. He belonged to too prominent a family to be as summarily removed as many had been by the Sultan, but the wily monarch appointed him *Mutessarif* of Amasia, in the province of Sivas, and said to him with a warning look before sending him away:—

"Do as you please in Amasia, but do not come back to Constantinople or your life will be forfeit".

In Amasia the young man had a Circassian rival who had sent valuable horses and other presents to Abdul Hamid and had in return been permitted to rob and plunder as he pleased; whoever crossed him was disposed of either by the Sultan or himself. He had become so daring that at one time, I have been told, he carried off from the very gate of the city of Marsovan forty-two wagons loaded with merchan-

dise. Valis and police had felt compelled to close their eyes to his depredations.

Sir Ahmed called his chief of police and ordered him to bring this robber chief before him.

"Oh, but can I? How can I?"

"Bring him, or your head will go." With a bow the chief of police withdrew. Whether he gave the Circassian an invitation to a feast, or told him the Vali had some new honour for him from the Sultan, or wanted his advice about the government of the district, I do not know. Turkish diplomats use such methods. However, it was managed, the Circassian came one evening to be the guest of the *Mutessarif*. Sir Ahmed informed him that he would be hanged in the morning.

"Oh, no I will not; I'll appeal to the Sultan; he is my friend".

"I am Governor here, and the Sultan has nothing to say about it." And the noted and powerful robber chief was hanged the next morning. The fear of that Governor fell upon all the district; robbers sought refuge in other provinces, and his fame spread far.

When Abdul Hamid was deposed, Sir Ahmed, being in the inner councils of the "Young Turk" Party was appointed Vali of the province of Van. At this time the success of our schools and hospital was attracting attention. Our treaties with Turkey gave us the right to own property and prosecute our legitimate business, and to have our premises and persons inviolate by Ottoman officials.

But Sir Ahmed was so tyrannical that, harking back to Mohammedan law, which says that a foreigner may live in the country and do business unmolested for a year, must then either become a Mohammedan, quit the country, or become a slave and pay tribute, he dared to announce that he would have the American doctor deported and the hospital and schools closed.

Before deporting us he, as a conscientious Mohammedan, would give us a chance to accept his faith. It was Ramzan, when Mohammedans fast absolutely from sunrise to sunset throughout a lunar month. On the fifteenth day of this fast many Mohammedans invite "infidels" to an evening feast for the purpose of converting them to Islam. To such a banquet the Vali invited the male missionaries of Van, Protestant and Catholic.

Sir Ahmed sat at the head of a long table. Dr. Reynolds was

at his right, and next to him a Chaldean Catholic Bishop. The writer was at the Vali's left, and around the table were Catholic priests and Turkish officers. After we had feasted on a delicious thirteen course dinner, a sweet and a meat served alternately, each dish a separate course, the Vali opened the religious conversation by addressing the black-and-crimson-robed Bishop:—

“My Lord Bishop, will you kindly tell me what you think I must do to enter Paradise?”

“Your Excellency,” replied the Bishop, “if you will permit me, I believe that God, for Jesus Christ's sake, pardons my sins and will receive me into Paradise.”

“No sir,” said Sir Ahmed; “I cannot accept that, for I believe God to be absolutely just and righteous, and one who is absolutely just cannot show favouritism. I am Vali here and my power is practically absolute: you might have a friend in prison for debt to the Government (Turkish law imprisons a debtor until his debt be paid); you might come to me and say, ‘My friend is in prison for a debt which he can never pay, I beg you for my sake to pardon and release him.’ I might not want to hurt your feelings or deny you anything as my friend so I might pardon him; but if I did so I should be wronging the whole people. If God can do that kind of thing He is no more righteous than I am, I cannot believe that of Him.”

I thought Sir Ahmed's answer a good one and was interested to see how the Bishop would reply. But he said not a word more, and I began to realise that this was one of the most critical moments of my life. Here was Christianity on trial before Islam; the Vali had asked a perfectly fair question, the most important question any man could ask—practically “What must I do to be saved?” and it was up to Christianity to give him a satisfactory reply.

I had got so far in my thought when Sir Ahmed, speaking loudly, as if to the far end of the table, but with his eyes turned slightly toward me, said, “Doctor Ussher, what do you say?” I did not know what to say, but I remembered the promise of Christ Himself, “Before governors and kings shall ye be brought for My sake . . . but when they deliver you up be not anxious how or what ye shall speak;” and I prayed with all my heart, “O God, give me an answer.” Without a moment's hesitation I replied, and the answer came so distinctly as an answer to the prayer and was so far beyond what I alone was capable of saying that I feel it a duty to put it on record:—

“Your Excellency, if you will permit me I will use your

own illustration: I will make a little change in it, I will call you the king; you have a son who is a friend of mine and loves me; I am in prison for a debt to the Government on which I cannot pay one in a thousand. Your son comes to you and says, 'Father, my friend is in prison for debt; can you not pardon and release him?' You reply, 'My son, I too love him and do not want him to be in prison, but I cannot pardon him, for if I did I should be wronging the whole people. I must treat all alike.' 'Well, father, will you let me pay his debt and he go free?' 'Yes, my son, and he shall go free. I will let you pay the debt, if he will accept it.'

"The son goes at once, to the proper office, pays the debt, and it is marked on the books that my debt is paid. He receives a receipt upon which is the Government seal stating that my debt is paid, and now I am free. Then he comes to the prison with the receipt and says, 'You are free. Your debt is paid, I have paid it.'

I may take one of three courses. I may refuse. I may say "No, I will not accept it" or I might sit moping and say, "I wish it were so. But I cannot believe it".

"The third thing I might do and ought to do, when he tells me he has paid my debt and I am free, is to fall at his feet and say, 'I thank you, I have nothing to give in return'—since my pennies to his pound would be an insult—but I shall endeavour by my life to show my thanks.'

"Then I would go out of prison, as they did on Liberty Day when Sultan Abdul Hamid was deposed and all the prisons were thrown open; every man was free; men who were sentenced to be hanged, those who were imprisoned for life, or were confined, hopeless, for debt, rushed into the street shouting, 'Azad! Azad!' (Free! Free!). It would be joy to me to tell every one that I was free and who set me free.'

"But this is not all—instead of letting me return to my hovel where there is nothing but poverty he takes me to his beautiful home. There he gives me the *Hamam* (Turkish bath), the most thorough cleansing known. My prison clothes with all their filth are thrown into the fire, and that is the end of my past life. Then he brings me his own beautiful garments of coloured broadcloth and silk, and, clothed as a prince, he brings me to you, O King, and says, 'Father, this is my brother!' And you say 'Come my son, from this day you are my son. You shall take my name upon you; I will entrust it to you and you will honour it. In my name you shall go in and out; all that I have is yours.'

"This," I said, "is as I understand Christianity. God is the King. Jesus Christ, His Son, paid my debt. I believe it and know I am free."

"Now," I said, "what will be my attitude toward the Prince? I see him coming down one of the narrow streets on horseback; someone has dumped a load of firewood in the street, filling it up, he cannot pass, what shall I do? Wait until he comes and say, 'What will you give me to remove this obstruction from your way?' Or will I not, as soon as I see him coming, set to work with all my might to remove the obstruction, and then, when he passes, step aside and salute him with joy, glad that I have been able to do something to show my gratitude for what he has done for me? If he should offer to pay me, I would say, 'No, I did not do it for pay. I rejoice that I can do something to show my appreciation of what you have already done for me.'"

"So!" said the Vali, knitting his brow; "and do you mean to tell me that the hospitals and schools you have here are to show your gratitude to God for something He has already done for you, and not for the purpose of winning some new favour from God?"

"Yes, Sir, exactly."

"Well, I had not thought of it so before."

We all sat about the table until Sir Ahmed arose; then those on the right passed toward the reception room door and waited there for the Vali to enter first; those on the left passed down the length of the table and around the end toward the rest. Just as I reached the farther end of the table Sir Ahmed, who was still standing at the head, threw up his hand, and all stood silent and motionless. Then, pointing his finger at me, with flashing eyes he said sternly, "But, Doctor Ussher, you say 'Jesus Christ, the Son of God.' God is one; He neither begets nor is begotten; how can you say 'the Son of God'?"

The scene was dramatic. It was as if I stood before a court. I replied:—

"Your Excellency, I am talking to you in your language. If I were talking to you in my language, English, I should be able to say to you things which I cannot say in Turkish, because your language has neither the word nor the thought. For instance, in a little while I shall say to you (and I said it in English), 'I am going home.' When I translate that into Turkish I have to say, 'Ava giderim' (I am going to the house), and then I must explain that when I say I am going to the house I do not mean that I am going to the building. I mean

I am going where there is a companion, family, love: where every member of the household thinks unselfishly for every other member—to the sweetest place on earth. By a long process I must explain to you that when I use your word I mean something different from what you have always understood by it.

“When God talks to man He uses man’s language and is limited by it. He uses our words and then, perhaps by a long process, explains that He means something different from what we have been accustomed to understand from them. When God speaks of Jesus as His Son, He uses the best term that we have. But He does not mean simply, a man born of a woman, as we have been accustomed to understand the word.”

Here our conversation was interrupted, to be resumed when I went to pay my dinner call the following Friday morning. We were sitting with a window between us and the sun was shining into the room. I put my hand into the ray of light and asked:—

“Your Excellency, what is this?”

“Why, that is the sun,” he replied, in a tone of surprise.

“Is this the sun, or is that it which we see up there in the sky?”

“There is no difference; it is all the one light.”

“Well, is that the sun that we see, or is there a body back of it that no man has seen at anytime, but the light declares it?”

“Yes, I suppose there is a body that we know through the light.”

“Is there one sun, or two? Which is the sun?”

“One sun, they are inseparable.”

“Now,” I said, “When I put my hand in the light I feel something; what is it?”

“It is the sun.”

“Yes,” said I; “it is a power that goes down into the blackness and death of the earth, takes hold of the life in the seed, and brings up the beautiful grass and flowers and trees. What is it?”

“It is the sun; without the sun there is no life.”

“Your Excellency, is there one sun, or three suns?”

“One sun.”

“Which is the sun, the light, the body, or the power?”

“It is all one inseparable.”

“Well, your Excellency, if you have no difficulty in recognizing a trinity in the sun with three things so distinct as the light, the body, and the power, why should you have

difficulty in recognizing a trinity in the Godhead? God loved man and wished to manifest Himself to him. The manifestation of Himself He calls His Son, just as your poet speaks of the light as the sun of the orb; and your Koran speaks of Jesus as 'Noor Allah' (Light of God) and 'Ruh Allah' (Spirit of God). We Christians do not worship three Gods as you accuse us of doing, but one God; God the Father, 'whom no man hath seen at any time;' God the Son, who said, 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father;' and God the Spirit who comes from the Father and the Son into our hearts and teaches us what He wants us to be and do—all One Inseparable God."

There were no more threats of deportation, and before a great while the Turks of Van made complaint to Constantinople that the Vali was too friendly to the Christians. He was removed from his position, but, being a man of great power and ability, he rose again and became Vali of the most important province in Turkey. When the order was given from Constantinople to deport and destroy the Armenians he refused absolutely to obey. He gave up a very large salary and allowed himself and his family to be banished and their lives endangered. The last I heard of him he was living on a farm in the interior of Turkey near Tokat.

I have wondered sometimes how many of us who profess to be Christians would have measured up to the standard of that man who had never made any profession of faith in Christ. If we believe that Christ paid our debt on Calvary, does it not behove us to ask ourselves, How are we to show our thanks?

Alonso's Stedfastness

Thomas Smith. Malaga, Spain

The call to stedfastness was sounded out by the Apostle of the Gentiles in his letter to the saints at Corinth. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. 15:58). That such a call is very necessary today cannot for a moment be questioned, and it is with a desire to encourage our younger brethren in Christ that I would relate the following incident that happened some years ago in a hospital in North Africa.

A young fellow of 21 years, brought up in a mountainous district in the south of Spain like all other Spaniards of his age, received the call to join the army. He was converted to God

some time previously, and had seldom, if ever, been away from home in his life. To say goodbye to his family and leave his old surroundings, where he had spent all his days, was a rather trying ordeal for this dear lad. On reporting to the military officer, he was shipped across the Straits of Gibraltar to a town on the north coast of Africa, but because of heart trouble he was ordered at once to enter the hospital. There Roman Catholic nuns were in charge, and during his sojourn in the hospital, his faith was to be tested for don't let us forget that God delights to test or try our faith. It is more precious to Him than gold, and while the test for us may be rather unpleasant, for at times, even fire is applied, yet, our God delights to find the test such as will bring praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. (1 Pet. 1:7). One morning a nun entered his ward with an iron crucifix in her hand, and going from bed to bed ordered all the soldiers to kiss the same. Alonso politely refused to do so. This shocked the nun who at first pleaded with him to kiss it, but, on his refusal to do so as last told him in plain language that he was now a soldier and must therefore obey orders. He still refused to bow to this mandate. "You must be a Protestant then" was the nun's bitter reply to his refusal. Alonso quietly informed the good lady that he was not a Protestant but a Christian, and therefore could not do a thing which God in His Word had forbidden. To take such a bold stand in a Roman Catholic hospital costs something, and as a result our brother had to go without his breakfast the next morning. The nun reported the matter to the Doctor who was second in command, whereupon this officer in angry tones ordered him to kiss the crucifix at once. Alonso remained steadfast. The commanding officer, (also a Doctor) was called in, and again our brother was ordered to conform to the nun's order. "I am sorry, sir, but I cannot possibly kiss that thing", was Alonso's answer. The officer's eyes flashed with rage. "You are a soldier and must obey and I command you to kiss this at once", said he sternly, but again the country lad refused. An explanation was demanded by the captain, and Alonso in simple language told how he was a Christian and could not violate God's Word by obeying an order to kiss something that was an abomination in the sight of God. "Do you love the Lord? Supposing He were here in person, would you kiss Him?" enquired the captain, somewhat changed in his attitude. "Yes, I would kiss Him and embrace Him if He were here, but I can't kiss a piece of iron" Alonso replied. Turning to the nuns and officers the captain

said, "Look here, the boy is right. He loves the Lord' and after all, this is only a piece of iron. From today on, no one must molest him." The captain then took down the card that was hanging at the head of our brother's bed, and made out an order that he was to be put on to milk and egg diet. This was a strange turn for the captain to take, at least, the other soldiers (who were allowed only sardines and oil) thought so, and their remarks to Alonso were anything but complimentary. One morning the captain appeared, and as a final test said to him, "If you kiss the crucifix, I will send you home in five days time". This was rather tempting, but again our brother stood firm, and to Alonso's surprise, the captain returned with his papers, and, with a smile on his face, said, "Now you can go home". So instead of serving two years, he served only a few months. This was not all; the captain actually accompanied Alonso to the boat and wished him a happy journey home.

Perhaps there may be some who think that it was a matter of little importance to have kissed the crucifix, but not so, for by doing this, was to acknowledge a thing that God hates. The language of the Old Testament is most emphatic, "Thou shalt not make thee any graven image . . . thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them" (Deut. 5:8, 9). and if we turn to the New Testament, the principle is exactly the same . . . "Touch not the unclean thing". 2 Cor. 6:17.

May the Lord enable us to be more and more stedfast in these last days, so that our lives may be to His eternal praise and glory.

One Shepherd and one flock

The gospel belongs to no one country, but to all. Every sea is not paved with pearl shells; nor does every soil grow vines and palms, nor does every mine sparkle with gems, nor do the streams of every land roll their waters over golden sands. These symbols of grace have a narrow range; but not grace herself. She owns no lines of latitude or longitude. All climates are one to her. She wears no party badge; and belongs neither to class nor color. She takes no objection to a negro's skin. That one whom his white oppressor refused to worship with, eat with, sail with, or dwell with on earth, shall dwell, and worship, and reign where his master may never be; and when—as may often happen—the white skin is shut out, and the black man, now and for ever free, passes in at the celestial gate, it shall furnish but another illustration of the

truth, that salvation is "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

With this truth, as by a zone of love, elastic enough to be stretched round the globe, we would bind mankind together. Let it awaken in Christian hearts an interest and an affection for every land. The distant natives of the Poles and Equator shall be associated in heaven; they who have never met on earth shall meet there; and they who never could agree on earth shall agree there; the desire of our hearts shall be accomplished there; and there those who scowled at by bigots, and pitied by many as amiable visionaries, have sought a closer union among God's children here, shall have their fondest wishes gratified. From the dreadful wars that now shake the earth, it is a pleasant change to contemplate this general assembly, where—Jesus the Lord Himself presiding—the representatives of all nations, tribes, languages, sects, and parties are met to sing the jubilee of universal peace, and celebrate the funeral of all their differences. Over that grave no tears are shed; beside it no pale mourners stand; all quarrels and controversies, with their weapons of war, are now for ever buried—buried without fear of resurrection, and above it heaven rises, a temple dedicated to eternal concord, "whose builder and maker is God".

Dishonoured often in the present time by their quarrels, and always by their separation, the Lord Jesus shall then be glorified in all his saints. It is the dust and the rust which the liquid mercury has contracted that impair the beauty of its luster, and prevent the union of its divided globules. And what is it but earthly contaminations and unworthy passions that keep true Christians apart. From these let them be purified by the genial fires of love, or the sharp fires of suffering, and union will follow—follow as when the purified globules of quicksilver, brought into contact, run into each other's embraces to form one shining and brilliant mass. May God give His divine Spirit of love and unity for such a blessed end—a consummation so devoutly to be wished for, then, the redeemed of the cross, and elect of God, shall make up a countless company, one which no man can number—multitudes and myriads—offering such a contrast to the handful who follow the steps of the Man of sorrows, that we shall hear these words no more—"Ye are a little flock." T. G.

Do you really love Christ? Has your heart been touched and attracted by His wondrous love to you? If so, remember that He was cast out by this world and it has not changed.

The Emperor and the Major

Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, while travelling in the western part of his domains, came one day to a small town of which he knew but little; so, when he found that he must change horses he thought that he would look around and see what the town was like.

Alone, and habited in a plain military coat, without any mark of his imperial rank, he wandered through the place until he came to the end of the road that he had been following. There he paused not knowing which way to turn; for two paths were before him—one to the right, the other to the left.

Alexander saw a man standing at the door of a house; and, going up to him, the Emperor said, "My friend, can you tell me which of these two roads I must take to get to Kalonga?" The man, who was in full military dress, was smoking a pipe with an air of dignity almost ridiculous. Astonished that so plain-looking a traveller should dare to speak to him with familiarity, the smoker answered shortly, "To the right."

"Pardon!" said the Emperor. "Another word, if you please"—"What?" was the haughty reply. "Permit me to ask you a question" continued the Emperor: "What is your grade in the army?"—"Guess": and the pipe blazed away furiously.—"Lieutenant?" said the amused Alexander:—"Up!" came proudly from the smoker's lips.—"Captain?"—"Higher"—"Major?"—"At last!" was the lofty response. The Emperor bowed low in the presence of such greatness.

"Now, it's my turn," said the major, with the grand air he thought fit to assume in addressing a humble inferior, "what are you, if you please?"—"Guess" answered Alexander.—"Lieutenant?"—"Up!"—"Captain?"—"Higher"—"Major?"—"Go on"—"Colonel?"—"Again".

The smoker took his pipe from his mouth. "Your excellency is, then, General?" The grand air was fast disappearing.—"You are coming near it".—The major put his hand to his cap: "Then your Highness is Field-Marshal?"

By this time the grand air had taken flight, and the officer, so pompous a moment before looked as if the steady gaze and the quiet voice of the traveller had reduced him to the last stage of fear.—"Once more, my good major" said Alexander. "His Imperial Majesty?" exclaimed the man, in surprise and terror, letting his pipe drop from his trembling fingers.—"His very self", answered the Emperor; and he smiled at the wonderful change in the major's face and manner,

"Ah, Sire, pardon me!" cried the officer, falling on his knees,—"pardon me!" "And what is there to pardon?" said Alexander, with real, simple dignity. "My friend, you have done me no harm. I asked you which road I should take, and you told me. Thanks!"

But the major never forgot the lesson. When, in later years, he was tempted to be rude or haughty to his so-called inferiors, there rose at once in his mind a picture of a well-remembered scene, in which his pride had brought shame upon him. For what a difference there was between the pompous manner of the petty officer, and the natural, courteous dignity of the Emperor of all the Russias!

"Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted" is the heavenly principle enunciated by our Lord Jesus Christ, and nowhere did it find so wondrous a concrete example as in His own blessed person, For "being in the *form of God* and equal with God, He made Himself of no reputation and took upon Himself *the form of a servant*, and being found in fashion as a man, *He humbled Himself* and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross: wherefore *God also hath highly exalted Him*, and given Him a name which is above every name that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. 2:6) Though "Lord of all" He said to His own "I am among you as he that serveth." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

They shall see his face. (Rev. 22:4). An old Welsh minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been so satisfactorily answered. "John Evans, do you think we shall be known to each other in heaven?" "To be sure we shall," he replied; "do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here?" After a momentary pause, he again proceeded, "But, Margaret, I may be a thousand years by your side in heaven without having seen you; for the first thing which will attract my notice when I arrive there, will be my dear Saviour; and I cannot tell when I shall be for a moment induced to look at any other object."

The Master's Letter

"James, I wish you to come and see me this evening at six o'clock when you have finished your work."

Underneath this was his employer's signature.

At the hour indicated the young man came as directed. When he came into the office and had waited several minutes, his master raised his head from his work, and said:

"Do you wish to see me James?"

Somewhat surprised at this reception, James presented the note he had received.

"Ah! I see you have got my letter—you thought I wanted you, and you came at once."

"Surely sir, I could not do otherwise."

"It is well James; you were right in coming. But wait, here is another letter for you. Will you also respond at once to this invitation?"

At the same time his master handed him a paper upon which he had written some lines. James took the paper and read:

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

No sooner had the young man read the lines than his lips began to tremble, and his eyes to fill with tears. Drawing from his pocket his large red handkerchief, he covered his face with it, and held it there, not knowing what to do. At length he said, "Have I only to believe these words in the same way that I believe your letter?"

"Yes, just the same," was the answer; and that evening James believed the Saviour's gracious invitation; he came to Him and found rest and peace for his soul. He saw that he could trust the word of Him who said: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." If we believe what an honourable man, worthy of our confidence says; how much more reason have we for believing Him who is truth.

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: and this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John v, 9-11.)

Dear reader, will you not like James, believe in the invitation of the Lord Jesus, which is to you also; and come to Him, receive the testimony of God, and enter into possession of life eternal.

Faith takes God's word and locks it up in the heart, and there it remains as hid treasure. The happy possessor of this treasure is rendered thoroughly independent of the world.

A Brave Pilot

In one of the cemeteries of Buffalo, N. Y., may be seen a magnificent marble monument with the following inscription in letters of gold:

To the Pilot, John Maynard,
from
The grateful passengers of "The Swallow."
"He died for us."

John Maynard was a pilot on a steamer plying between Buffalo and Detroit. One day, a beautiful day in summer, the boat was loaded with passengers, when suddenly the terrible cry of "Fire! Fire!" was heard, and everybody became aware of volumes of smoke arising from the hold. All hands rushed on deck, and torrents of water were soon pouring on the flames, but to no purpose. The cargo of tar had caught and was blazing fiercely.

The passengers crowded around the pilot. "How far are we from Buffalo?" they asked.

"A mile and a half," was the reply.

"How long will it take to make it?"

"At the rate we are going about three-quarters of an hour. But look, the smoke is getting worse. For the love of God, stay in the front of the boat, if you want to save your lives."

They all rushed to the bow, passengers, crew, men, women and children. The after-part of the boat disappeared amid the smoke and fire which came whirling upwards.

"John Maynard!" shouted the captain through his speaking trumpet, "Aye, aye, sir, what's the course?" "East south east." rang the answer.

The fire grew worse and worse but the shore was near now.

"John Maynard!" the captain called again.

"Aye, aye, sir" came the answer through the raging flames and smoke.

"Can you hold on for five minutes more?" shouted the captain.

"I'll hold on, with the help of God," but those were the last words he was heard to utter. At that moment the brave man's hair and beard were burnt and his clothes were on fire. His right hand was a cinder, but his left still held the tiller fast and guided the boat to safety.

All got ashore. He only, John Maynard, was dead.

The crew, the passengers and the whole city followed the body to its last resting place, and many tears were shed on that tomb by those who lived because he had died, and the golden

letters on the black marble were the expression of full and grateful hearts:

“He died for us.”

And you, who read these lines, have you ever given *Him* a thought who died on Calvary, insulted by men, forsaken by all, even by God Himself? Have you realized that the death of the Lord Jesus Christ was for your deliverance and salvation, and have you written, not in letters of gold on a tomb, but in burning letters on the tablet of your heart:

“He died for me.”

Life in a look

Maurice S. Baldwin

Bishop of Huron

“*Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth*”
(Isaiah 45:22)

Life in a Look! How wondrous! Not life as the reward of weary toil; the result of agonizing efforts; the purchase of money, of tears, or of prayers, but Life—eternal, blessed life—as the result of a believing look to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Redeemer of the world.

The agony of the lost will be the terrible reflection that they might have had life if they had only looked, but they would not.

He that was poor on earth is not now able to say, “I had no money, and therefore I could not buy it.” Nor he that was always busy, “I had no time to attend to it.”

Life was offered them as a gift, if they would only look to the Lord Jesus Christ, and by Him be saved; but even this was rejected. And now, confounded by the sense of their own guilt, they must admit the awful justice of His dread judgment. They are without excuse.

Reader, this life is now offered you on the same terms: Life in a look. If some one should show you how, by a bold adventure, you would secure untold wealth, would you not at least look into his scheme? Today God says: “Come now, and let us reason together,” And as you listen He says: “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” “He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life.”

Such are God’s conditions *today*. *Tomorrow* you may be in eternity, where the salvation of Christ will be beyond your reach for ever.

Some men have amassed enormous wealth—some soldiers

have gained decisive victories—by seizing the critical moment, when everything depended on immediate action. Whilst others were deliberating, they had executed their design: the opportunity was grasped, the prize secured.

Today may be the critical moment with you. It may be the very *last* day when life may be obtained by a believing look at Christ—the last day when the Son of God will turn to you and ask you to repent, believe, and live. Delay not, lest the opportunity, being neglected, may never return.

When the steamship *London*, some years ago, was endeavoring to cross the Bay of Biscay, she sank with nearly all her crew. The reason of her loss was neglect of the critical moment when she might have turned back. On she went, neglecting every warning: until at last, advance and retreat were alike impossible, and then, with one terrible plunge, she sank forever.—

“There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee:
Then Look, sinner, Look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him Who was nailed to the tree.”

“Tell ye your children of it”
The Boy who Brought his Mother
D. L. Moody

Many years ago an infidel lived near my Mission School in Chicago. He was very angry because I had started the school near his house, and “Like Parent, like Child.” His children knew their father didn’t like me, and when I went by the house they called me “hypocrite” and pretty much everything else that was bad. I worked months and months to get these children into my Sunday-school, but met with nothing but curses from children and parents. One night we were having a boy’s meeting, and I noticed that one of his little boys, about thirteen years old, had come in. At first I thought God had sent him, but afterwards I thought perhaps Satan had, for he was sticking pins into the other boys, and doing everything he could to break up the meeting. I kept quiet and when he went out I said:

“Allie, I am glad you came tonight. I hope you will come again.”

He felt ashamed when I spoke so kindly to him, after he had behaved so badly, but he promised to come again, and he came night after night. One night he arose in the meeting and said:

"Boys, you know all about my home, and you know all about me. I wish you would pray God to convert me. I would like to become a Christian."

I said to myself, "That is the entering wedge into that infidel home."

One day about five weeks after, I noticed that he was crying. I thought perhaps something had gone wrong with him during the day, but he got up weeping and said:

"Boys, I wish you would pray for my mother."

"Thank God for that" I said.

After prayer I took him aside, and said:

"Allie, have you ever told your mother what God has done for you?"

"No," he said, "but I have tried to show it in my life. I have been obedient and kind, and done everything I could to please her".

"That is splendid," I said, "but perhaps the time has come for you to confess Christ. And now, when you go home, won't you ask your mother to let you pray with her." He said he couldn't.

"You had better tell your mother what the Lord has done for you," I said.

The next morning he came to my place of business, and said his mother wanted to see me at her house. I said:

"I will go up this afternoon".

He said she would like to see me right away. So I went. When I arrived at the house the mother wanted everyone to go out of the room but Allie, herself and me; and when we were alone, she said:

"Mr. Moody, I sent for you to tell me what to do to be saved."

"Well, what has brought about this change?"

"Well," she said, "how can I help believing in religion when I see such a change in Allie? Last night he nearly broke my heart. He came to me from the meeting and hung around as if he wanted to tell me something, but he said nothing. At last I said 'Allie, you had better go to bed.' He still lingered, and finally I comanded him to go. He has been a very obedient child lately. He started and went up one or two steps, and then suddenly came back and buried his head in my bosom and began to cry. I said, 'Are you sick, Allie?' 'No, mother'. 'What is the trouble? Has anyone hurt your feelings?' 'Mother, I have been trying to be a Christian for the past five weeks, and the boys at school laugh at me, and brother

Charlie laughs at me when I pray, and I have nobody to help me. I wish you were a Christian, for if you were you would help me.' Then he went to his bedroom. I thought I would go to his room and see if he felt as badly as he pretended to. I heard him praying: 'Save my Mother tonight. Have mercy on my mother.' I could not sleep. All through the night I could hear my little boy's voice pleading for me. I never spent such a wretched night in my life. If you will show me how to become a Christian I will become one. I don't want to keep my boy back."

She became a Christian. She came then to my school, took a class, and within a few weeks every one of that infidel family but one, were Christians.

With Christ At Sea

Frank T. Bullen, First Mate

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

GODLESS DAYS

I come now to a long period, during which I am compelled to say that religious thoughts, as far as I could tell, and religious practices certainly, as far as my surroundings were concerned, were entirely non-existent. How far I am justified in briefly touching upon the leading incidents of those years I do not know. The general title of these reminiscences would seem to suggest the leaving out of those voyages wherein there was not found one spark of the recognition of the presence of Christ on board. Rather would it seem as if this particular part of my narrative should be headed, 'Without Christ at Sea.' Only I am sure that, firstly, such a title would be misleading, since the poor unthinking seafarer, although he omits to cultivate in the smallest, most perfunctory measure the acquaintanceship of Christ, forgets Him, in fact, as completely as he is able to do, can no more sail without Him than he can sail without water. And even though the name of Christ be unused, except to give weight to a meaningless oath or to emphasise a story, and His holy attributes are all unknown, there at any time may suddenly arise a deep, sincere longing after Him as the one faithful powerful Friend.

Secondly, it would be unjust to those who I trust will read these lines, to allow them to think that there is on board of every ship some form of religious observance, some recognition, however formal, of the overlordship of the Most High God.

Unjust because misleading, hindering effort, and encouraging that lack of knowledge about the conditions of life in our merchant ships which is such a prominent and painful feature in our mental exercises today in Britain.

There is another difficulty in the way. As I have in the 'Log of a Sea Waif' dealt chiefly with these years about which I am now speaking, not, if I may coin a word, 'fictionising' their incidents, but giving them as they occurred to the best of my recollection, it must occasionally happen that I shall be travelling over old ground. I hope, however, that as I am on a different subject I may be forgiven for sometimes touching upon matters already dealt with elsewhere. So with this brief apologia I return to the 'Discovery.'

We left Sant' Ana the next day after I joined her, and for a fortnight I enjoyed life as I had never done before. Sailing upon summer seas with nothing but kindness shown me by all, and abundant leisure to indulge in what was always my delight, hanging over the side gazing into the limpid blue waters with their inexhaustible store of wonders, I was supremely happy. And then came an awful night, when I was suddenly awakened to the knowledge that the ship was wrecked—run ashore upon a coral reef in the middle of the Gulf while all hands, including the helmsman and the lookout man, were asleep. Even then, after the first shock had passed, I found that there was nothing to fear. The prospect of spending some time upon a little barren patch of sand had nothing in it alarming. Getting ashore was a trying experience, for the wind and sea had risen, and only by a series of hair-breadth escapes did we all succeed in getting safe to land.

Then came a few days of unalloyed pleasure. A free, wild life such as boys pent up in cities pant after as they read stories of adventure, without any hardships at all. The days were spent in roaming round our small domain, picking up and throwing away such treasures in the way of shells, curious fish, and corals as are only seen in museums at home. So happy was that time that I felt quite loth to leave it when a friendly Frenchman, homeward bound from Vere Cruz to Bordeaux, hove to off the island, sent his boat ashore, and took most of us, including myself, away. Swiftly she bore us to Havana, where we were landed and placed in the British Consul's charge to await trans-shipment home at the earliest opportunity.

But the spirit of adventure was growing upon me, and without a thought of the consequences I left the company of my

shipmates and became a hanger-on at the billiard-room of a large hotel much frequented by English and American skippers. Here, under these pleasant but baneful conditions, I rapidly developed into a pert boy, without reverence or fear, because I was encouraged to be saucy and witty by all who came. And the only thing I learned which was of the slightest use to me was Spanish. But I was to have a serious call. The yellow fever devastated the city, and I could not help seeing how fast people's bodies were being carted away for burial. In the night, when except for the tolling of the great bell of the cathedral for the passing souls all was silent, I would often wake in a cold sweat of fear and pray that my life might be spared in the midst of all this death. This, however, was *only* fear. There was no sense of God's protecting care, no real desire for Him. After all, I was but a little boy of twelve living under abnormal conditions.

Not only was my life spared, but I had no illness of any kind during my stay of nearly six months. I witnessed company after company of miserable-looking recruits marched off into the interior to fight the Cubans; saw, too, their bleeding and tattered remnants come back. The sight of a dead man lying in the gutter of that great city became a familiar one; in fact, death in various forms was always prominent. And then came a hurricane, a terrible visitation in its destruction of shipping and dwellings, but a blessing in that it swept the city clean of the yellow scourge. A few days after the hurricane I was seized by the Vice-Consul and hurried on board a ship to be taken home. I pleaded to be allowed to remain, declaring that I had no home, but he would not listen, so again I took up the thread of board-ship life most unwillingly.

If religion had been conspicuous by its absence from the two previous ships, where my own countrymen were in the great majority, it could hardly be expected to show at all on board of my new vessel. For although she flew the British flag, being a Nova Scotian barque, she had the most extraordinary mixture of races in her small crew that I have ever known in one ship. I lived in the fo'csle, and I was there the sole representative of the British race. Three men of the near East, who called themselves Austrians, but of whom one was certainly a Montenegrin and the other two came from somewhere near Trieste; a Frenchman, a Swede, and four black men made up the fo'csle crowd, while the cook was an American negro and the carpenter a man whose nationality I never knew. Spanish was the language spoken in the fo'csle, but on deck

orders were given in that extraordinary kind of English that is really the *Lingua Franca* of the sea. Of the "afterguard," the master was a gentle old Englishman, who had lived for some years in Cuba, holding some official appointment; the mate was a drunken, loathly Scotsman, the only representative of that splendid race that ever I was shipmate with of whom I could honestly say a hard word; and the second mate a stern, seaman-like Englishman.

With such a crew as this it need hardly be wondered at that not even the husk of religion was present. It was never even mentioned in discussion. Instead, there were innumerable tales of devilry in the Levent, of bloodshed both afloat and ashore, until I used to wonder much what kind of a land it could be that bred such men as these. I never doubted the truth of their tales, for they all looked like men who would figure in such lurid exploits with the greatest delight, given the opportunity. Yet strange to say, I was never on board of a more peaceful ship. Every man carried a murderous-looking knife stuck in a sash; every man looked as if, on the slightest provocation he would use it, and perhaps it was the mutual respect bred by this knowledge of the price to be paid for quarrelling that kept things so uniformly peaceful. On deck it was the same. They were all good, willing seamen, quick and capable, and as no attempt was made to impose upon their good nature, things went very smoothly.

By this time I had almost lost the habit of prayer—my life in Havana on the whole was not favourable to its practice—thrown as I was into the midst of the wildest dissipation, kept up invariably until the small hours of the morning, and begun again about noon. But an event that occurred a week after we had sailed from Havana, bound to Mobile, made me revert to it in a great hurry. Whether through negligence on the part of the officers or the terrible swiftness with which it arose I do not know, but one morning we were suddenly stricken by a most terrible squall, a squall, in fact, of almost hurricane violence. I saw it coming, and it was as if the sea had reared itself into a wall of foam, which was rushing down upon us at incredible speed. All sheets and halyards were let go, but the sails would not come down, and the vessel went over, over, until her deck was almost vertical. I lay flat on the weather side with my feet against the side of the house feeling as if I were standing upright. And I heard beneath me the great stones composing the ballast rolling thunderously down to leeward as if to complete the vessel's

destruction by turning her right over. I remember, as if it were even now happening, my feeling of utter helplessness of being saved, and I prayed for life, only a little more life. Overhead all was darkness and tumult, a tremendous confusion of noises which could not be separated by the ear, and beneath, that ominous rumbling. Suddenly the wind eased and the vessel righted a little. Speedily the sky cleared, revealing the state of affairs aloft. No spars had gone, but every rag of sail that had been set when the squall burst upon us—that is to say, nearly all the sail we carried—was gone, leaving only a few fluttering threads wrapped here and there about the lee-rigging. Well for us that the sails were an old suit and that the vessel was staunch. Had such an accident occurred to the 'Arabella' she would have been blotted out like a burst bubble, and not one soul would have survived.

Now it settled down into a steady, fierce gale, making the work of bending fresh sails exceedingly toilsome and difficult. All night long the men laboured cheerfully, doggedly, to get the vessel under control again by making it possible to set some sail, and when that was done they were sent below to shift the ballast, all of which they did without a murmur. In all this labour I bore my small part doing what I could until, tired beyond all expression and aching in every limb from being so long drenched, the weather being very cold, I crept into a corner of the fo'csle that was allotted to me (I had no bunk) and fell fast asleep.

This was my first experience of bad weather at sea, so that no wonder need be manifested at its being so clearly stamped upon my memory, even though it is thirty years ago. But one thing about the whole affair puzzles me, has often puzzled me since when repeated under similar circumstances—the calmness almost amounting to indifference, with which after the danger had passed, I looked upon the whole affair. I should have expected to feel the deepest gratitude to God for answered prayer. Instead of that I seemed to take it for granted that what had happened was only to be expected, and my thankfulness was far from being commensurate with the fervour of my petition when the danger was imminent. I have often wondered whether this is a common experience, or only a phase of individual ingratitude.

If we have the hand and heart of the living God with us, we need not fear. If we can say "The Lord is my Shepherd", we can assuredly add, "I shall not want."

The Fountain Head

Fountain of the living water
 Flowing from the throne of God;
 Christ in glory, we adore Thee,
 Source of that exhaustless flood.
 Thirsting in the barren deserts
 Deeply did we drink,
 Of the gladness all surpassing
 We could ask or think.

Now within Thy radiant Temple,
 Crowning God's most holy hill,
 From the fount of His pure river
 We have drunk our fill.
 Brought to Thee within the Holiest,
 Risen and ascended Lord,
 Thee we know, the source eternal,
 Whence the mighty river poured

Down through all the desert places,
 Through the ages traced for ever,
 By the trees of leaves for healing,
 By the fruit for meat.
 Fed by that celestial river,
 Fruit surpassing sweet,
 In these courts of peace and splendour
 Thee alone we see.

Radiant glory, chambers stately,
 River, healing tree,
 All in speech of heavenly wisdom
 Tell the soul of Thee.
 There brought near to that blest centre,
 Thy most holy place,
 Where the ransomed soul may enter
 And behold Thy face.

Glad, there we to have our being
 Now alone in Thee,
 Waves of that mysterious river
 Evermore to be.
 Bearing life and joy and healing
 Through the deserts lone,
 For that stream of life eternal
 Issued from the throne.

—F. B.