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"A Little Child shall Lead Them."

MANY years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and as the years came and went I went to live at a seaside town. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys.

I heard of a miner who lived over the hills, and was dying of consumption, and they said: "He is so vile no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food by him, and leave him for twenty-four hours. They'll find him dead sometime, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my housework, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me: "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work, if you want it."

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, or how, as a woman, I shrank from one so vile as he.

At last, one day I went over the hills to the little cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner on some straw and coloured blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated hastily. As my shadow fell over the door, he looked up and greeted me

with a dreadful oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he replied. "Well, I am yours, and"—but the oaths came thickly as he said: "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out, at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and, stepping back to the doorway, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, but he cursed her. I

WORK.

"To work with my hands is just helping;
To work with my heart is to love;
But to work on my knees, by real praying,
Will always bring God from above.
And who, who can help those around us,
To find in the Saviour their rest?
'Tis only the Father can draw them,
So to pray, yes, to pray, is the best."

spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said: "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself: "I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown.

At the end of that time, I said: "I am not going any more." That night, when I was putting my little boys to

bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it, and said: "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man."

"No," I answered, with a sigh.

"Have you given him up, mamma?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, mamma?"

That night I could not sleep. The man dying, and so vile, with no one to care. I got up and went away by myself to pray.

I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded; but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to travail for a human soul. I saw my Saviour as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

As I went back to my room my husband said: "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I said. "How are you going to do it?" he asked. "The Lord is going to save him," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon when, my work being all done, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hillsides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work and, without waiting for gloves, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but to win a soul! I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the

balance, and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on a neighbour came out of her cabin, and said: "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said: "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath, but it did not hurt as it did before, for I was behind Christ, and stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird's note. "What's that?" said the man eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door, I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand, said: "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said: "I'm 'fraid;" but I assured her with "Poor sick man, he can't get up, and he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel; her bright face framed in golden curls, and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage bush, and bending toward him she said: "I'm sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will 'ou have a posy?"

He laid his great, bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes as he said: "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd

been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said: "Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burnt alive a thousand times over if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamie," he replied.

* * * *

Oh, soul-winner, you know what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that I could tell it in earnest.

The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then, clutching me, he said: "What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talkin' to Somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"Pray now, pray quick. Tell Him I want my little gal agin. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie, and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember, this was Mamie's prayer:

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his 'ittle girl, and he feels bad about it. I'se so sorry for him, and he's so sorry, too. Won't You help him, and show him where to find his 'ittle girl? Do, please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood the glorified One with the prints of the nails in His hands, and the wound in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying: "Tell Him more 'bout it; tell Him everything; but oh, you don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that

I could not have borne it but for the One that was close to us that hour. You, Christian workers, know He reached out after that lost soul.

By and by the poor man grasped the strong Hands. It was the third day when the poor, tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save, "The Man that died for me," as he said. He lived on for weeks as if God would show how real was the change. And, oh, it was a change—every one marvelled.

Finally, there came a look into his face that told the end was near. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good morning' up there!"

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the boys sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools.

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up, 'bout midnight, and smiling, said: 'I'm goin', boys. Tell her, I'm going to see Mamie. Tell her I'm going to see the Man that died for me,' an' he was gone."

J. K. B.

ARE we not more ready to get occupied with what we are doing for *Christ* than with what *He is now doing for us* by His continuous intercession? (Heb. vii. 25).

"'Twas when the sea, with awful roar,
A little ship assailed,
And pallid fear's distractive power
O'er each on board prevailed;
Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus?' a seaman cried,
'While terrors overwhelm?'
'Why yield to fear?' the child replied
'My father's at the helm.'
The child of God may here be taught,
To check his groundless fear;
And think on all that God has wrought,
His Father's ever near."

The Power that the World Knows Nothing About.

By the late Dr. W. P. MACKAY, M.A.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Romans i. 16).

THIS was the reason Paul gave for his readiness to preach the Gospel at Rome, the centre of the world's wisdom, to Greeks or to barbarians, to wise or unwise. For, let man be cultivated or uncultivated, wise or ignorant, he is lost; let him be rich or poor, he is lost, and needs nothing less than salvation. But the Gospel is sufficient, however contemptible in the eyes of the great men at Rome, however foolish to human wisdom. It is the sufficient and sole power God now uses. Let us see.

1st. The power God is using. His Gospel.

2nd. The purpose God is working out. Salvation.

3rd. The people God is blessing. Every one that believes.

I. THE POWER GOD IS USING.

His Gospel. This is the only moral engine God is using to reclaim lost man. Man has his hundreds of schemes, his philanthropic societies, his improvement of man as he is, his reformation or alleviation of the first Adam, his many levers or helps to the Gospel. God has but one power which requires no help, and that is "His Gospel."

The words, "of Christ," are not in the best manuscripts—though certainly it is the Gospel of Christ (2 Cor. x. 4)—but the thought in Romans is, that it is God's own good news, "the Gospel of God" (i. 1). Good news to bad men, is the wonderful and solitary lever God is using. The reception of a testimony outside of us is the only way by which we can deal with God. Therefore, since it is news to us, we have nothing whatever in it but hearing it.

It is not that in itself the

good news has any intrinsic power—but the message that this good news brings is "concerning Jesus Christ our Lord" (v. 3). The good news tells of God's justice perfectly satisfied; God's law magnified; God's demands all met; and God glorified, while sin has been put away, for God's Son is risen. Had He but died there would have been no good news: the good news is "Christ has died; yea, rather, is

HEART LONGINGS.

LORD! I would "LIVE" for Thee,
I pray Thee, keep me true;
Thine own sweet will, I humbly plead,
In me each day renew.

Lord! I would "SHINE" for Thee,
In this dark world of sin;
O fill my soul with Love Divine,
And keep me pure within.

Lord! I would "WORK" for Thee;
Thou hast a work for all;
Help me to do my little part,
Uphold me, lest I fall.

Lord! I would "SPEAK" for Thee,
By "pencil" or by "voice;"
Give me the message—Thou canst bless,
Thy will, not mine, the choice.

Lord! I would "FOLLOW" Thee,
And in Thy footsteps tread;
My longing heart, O let it be,
With "Heavenly manna" fed.

Then soon I'll be "WITH" Thee,
Where pain will all be o'er;
And through the eternal ages
I'll serve Thee evermore.

W. J. YOUNG (*Bedridden*).

risen." God is now proclaimed as just, while justifying sinners. It is because the Gospel tells of God's demands being met, that it is of use to the sinner's conscience.

For God's demands are first. The need of the sinner, the good of man, the elevation of the race, the progress of mankind, are not the first questions, but the glory of God, the vindication of His Name, the equipoise of all His attributes

preserved, and all-perfect, all-equal, because all-infinite God.

The Gospel proclaims His perfect love and His perfect hate; His perfect love to the sinner, His perfect hatred against sin. Man could be satisfied with the exhibition of love, but tries to get out of the reach of the demands of justice against sin. In our day there is a great deal of talk about the love of God, though what is meant is not love at all, but the overlooking and winking at sin, the toleration of evil.

This is the cause of the deep-seated hatred to "the blood theology." We hear a great deal concerning following in the footsteps of the great example, Christ, following Him in His devotion to God; but where in all this is there rest to the conscience of a man who instinctively feels that God is just, and, come what may, that that justice should be upheld, though it should entail the eternal perdition of every creature? God can by no means clear the guilty. There is a great deal of whining sentimentality about God being so good, and so loving, and so merciful, forgetting that His justice is equal to His love, His righteousness to His grace, because each is infinite.

There is no such thing as God having a darling attribute. It is a human invention, measuring God by man. He is certainly showing His grace, a love all His own, in seeking out the vilest, and putting them on the throne of His Son, and taking them to His own heart—but it is a grace that flows through righteousness, through the settling of His every righteous demand, and the Gospel comes revealing this. The law came demanding man's perfect obedience to God, the Gospel comes revealing God's perfect provision for man.

All the grounds of the Gospel have been laid; therefore it can

be preached. Everything on God's part has been done; therefore it has only to be proclaimed. Nothing can be added to make the work more God-glorifying, for God would not order His terms to be preached, till they were perfectly adjusted. He is the offended party. He has made the conditions; He has satisfied the conditions; and now He proclaims that all has been adjusted for our acceptance. Ours is the place of simple acquiescence.

Hence the good news is God's power. If it fail to reclaim the vilest, then nothing will succeed. It has saved the vilest, and it is waste of time in a Christian to be at anything except this Gospel.

Let the world reform itself: all very well; we are thankful for it. Let the dead bury their dead, and if they do it decently we are very glad; but the voice to us from Jesus is: "Follow Me." How many dear Christians waste their energies at all sorts of worldly mixed plans, instead of using the one lever—God's own one power—His Gospel.

In reading this text, we seem to see the apostle, as it were, standing on the quarter-deck of a small contemptible ship, built on a new principle from all other ships of war—with His flag, "the Gospel," nailed up, and boldly saying, "Laugh on, ye wise, ye powerful, this is in your eyes foolishness, and weakness; but wait a little, I'm not ashamed of it, and am prepared to bring it to Rome, and lay it alongside of all the heaviest gun-boats or men-of-war. For it is the power of God, and will blow to pieces all that is of man."

Or, says Paul, "I have got the true philosopher's stone, that will not certainly change everything it touches into gold, but will do far more, it will change even the vilest sinner whom it touches into an heir of God, will raise him from the dunghill to the throne, will

make the beggar a prince." What a talisman Paul and every believer carries with him, the very power of God unto salvation. Fellow-Christian, are we using this wondrous "power of God," believing it is what it is? Why is there so little power? Because there is so little Gospel. In the Gospel is the power of God. Are we ashamed to stand up at all times with it, and *with it alone*?

And is it not hard, over and over again, dear brother, to go out with this same message of glad tidings, and repeat the old story, and believe that it is the power of God. Human wisdom would suggest something else, something additional, but "the Gospel" is all. We do not go out to make experiments to see whether the Gospel is the power of God—that is unbelief, and will not be blessed; but, starting on the ground that we have in our hand, the only power God will use, in the simplicity of confidence we proclaim His good news to all. We can't save a man; let us tell the story that God can use. We can't give the blow, but we can hold the instrument straight, on which the hammer descends which will rend the rock. How often is preached what God could not bless, except by making the hearers disbelieve it.

To be continued.

Believe—Trust.

IN listening to a lecture on chemistry, I heard it explained how it happened that water, if spilt on a bar of hot iron, would spread upon it and instantly dry up; but if the bar were much hotter, it would form into a globule, and run off; and this was said to be the *spheroidal condition of liquids*.

Many more experiments were shown to prove it, and we were all convinced of the reality and the cause of the phenomenon. In one experiment the lecturer's assistant, having dipped his hands into a liquid,

plunged them immediately thereafter into molten lead, and took out a handful of it, thereby showing very strikingly the truth of the theory.

At the end of the lecture a number of us went up to the lecture-table and looked at the molten lead; and we were invited to try the experiment. For my own part I was quite convinced of the truth of the doctrine of the *spheroidal condition of liquids*; but the molten lead looked remarkably hot, and I could not bring myself to plunge in my hand merely after dipping it in water.

I thought, however, this is very absurd; for it must be either true or untrue. If true, my hand cannot be hurt; if not true, what has the lecture been about? and how did the experimenter escape? But I was convinced of the truth of it, and that the experimenter had *bona fide* plunged in his hand with no covering on it but the moisture from the liquid. But still I could not do it. At last I thought I would try. So I dipped my little finger into the liquid, and then suddenly plunged it into the molten lead, and immediately pulled it out again, when I felt my finger even colder than before. After that I could trust my whole hand. A fellow-student standing beside me said, "Well, I believe and understand all about the *spheroidal condition of fluids*, and I believe that the lead would not injure me; but I can't do it."

In this I think we have a simple and striking illustration of a very important and momentous doctrine. I can believe all about the doctrine, but I cannot trust it. Thus, when we speak to many persons in our enlightened land about the Lord Jesus Christ, they believe all about Him and His work, but they have no knowledge of personal salvation in Him. Why? Because

(Continued on page 80.)

The Curve in the Railway.

SOME time ago after my conversion I went to Spain—residing at Madrid—and was connected with many of the earliest railway projects in that country. The providence of God afterwards directed my steps to the province of Santander.

Being an engineer by profession, I undertook the construction of a very heavy section of the railway to Madrid then in course of execution, through one of the gorges of the Pyrenees. Lofty peaks lost in the clouds on both sides, thickly wooded rocks, often perpendicular and a foaming torrent, called for continuous retaining walls, heavy rock cuttings, numerous bridges, tunnels, and other contrivances to carry the iron road through this wonderful pass. Before, however, commencing the work on the lower part of my section I detected a gross mistake in the direction of the line as it had been originally laid out and suggested to the two principal engineers, who were brothers, the alteration of this portion, showing at the same time that a considerable saving might be made in the cost, were a straight line adopted instead of a rapid curve.

The proposed alteration was for a month or more a subject of much discussion and was stiffly resisted by the two brothers who left no stone unturned to hinder its being put into execution. They carried their point, unfortunately for themselves, as will be seen in the sequel, and from that time forward were not amicably disposed toward me; and as they were in a position to give me sorrow and trouble, I had my share of it during the execution of the works. But as the time drew near when the railway was to be publicly opened, these sorrows were increased to such a degree that my health gave

way, and I was prevented from remaining any longer on the works.

It was on the Friday before the opening of the railway that I proposed to my wife to go to the seaside, some six miles off, so as to get perfect quiet for my head and heart. We passed the Saturday there with the children, and I was suffering extremely.

On the sweet Sunday morning I went up on a rock overlooking the Bay of Biscay, accompanied by my son David then about ten years of age. I had my Bible with me and opened it at the 91st Psalm and read it through. But how shall

KEEP AWAY FROM IDOLS.

"WHAT has stripped the seeming beauty
From the idols of the earth?
Not the sense of sight or duty,
But the sight of peerless worth.
'Twas the look that melted Peter,
'Twas the face that Stephen saw,
'Twas the heart that wept with Mary,
Can alone from idols draw.
Draw, and win, and keep, and fill me
Till the cup o'erflow the brim,
What have I to do with idols?
I have companied with HIM."
"Little children, keep yourselves
from idols" (1 John v. 21).

I describe the effect of its precious contents on my weary, troubled, and afflicted heart? "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High"—this was the portion of Jesus when here, and I claimed it as my portion, too. I took every word for myself—"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence." On looking at the French translation I found this verse was rather different from ours and was "*mortmal-heureuse*," or unfortunate death. Yes, it was all for me. Joy and peace entered on believing these promises, and I said to my son, "See, dear,

what a portion the Lord has sent this morning." We read together, and I said, "Never has my spirit been so quieted by the Word as this morning; a great weight seems to have been suddenly removed."

I proposed to go at once to my wife, and asked her to get a sheet of paper and write down the first four verses of this Psalm, which she did. When she wrote the words, "Surely He shall deliver thee," I underlined the word SURELY; and said, "When God says surely, He means what He says, and will certainly do it." When she had finished writing I took the paper and wrote above, the date; unto you, "Love your enemies, and asked her to write below do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven."

When all was written, I put the paper into my pocket, and felt much better all day. In the evening every one had gone to bed, and I was alone in the sitting-room. Again I pulled out this sheet, and on reading it was led to reflect on the latter part that it was all very good in theory to write what I had written, but to be a practical Christian I must do what it said—Love my enemies, and pray for my persecutors. Now I felt it no easy matter to love two men who had nearly killed me through sorrow. Nevertheless I got down on my knees, and began to pray for them as best I could; and at length was wonderfully helped by the Spirit, who had compassion on my infirmities.

The result was that, having been obedient, I was filled with Heavenly joy and peace, which strongly reminded me of a certain memorable night in Paris some years before, when I received forgiveness of sins. My sleep was so sweet, I rose so refreshed and so much better in health, that I was well enough to bathe early in the morning.

I had scarcely dressed when I saw my son come running very fast, and evidently the bearer of some extraordinary tidings. "Oh, papa! do you know what has happened?" he cried. John had come with the horses from Las Caldas; they were opening the railway. The two engineers before spoken of, were driving the engine conveying the train, loaded with the directors, their friends, and the railway officials. Great admiration was being expressed at the beauty of the work and scenery, and all was joy for a time. But He that dwelleth on high looked on things in a different light. They had been praising the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood; but the God in whose hand their breath was, they had not glorified.

At length the engine came to the unfortunate curve which they had so persistently refused to alter; and going at this time at a higher speed than was safe, the engine got off the rails, and threw them both down a deep embankment on a rocky place below. The engine came upon the body of the elder brother, and death almost immediately ensued. The other brother was also under the engine; and the fire, steam, and hot water had scalded his legs to such an extent that death was evidently sure to follow. He was, however, after much trouble, extricated, and brought to a house exactly opposite the one where I lived.

On hearing this strange story I soon connected it with the stranger piece of paper I had caused to be written the morning before, at about the very hour the catastrophe had taken place, and which I should have shared in had I not left for the seaside. I need not tell the reader how carefully that paper has been preserved by me, and how frequently it has been read and re-read since then; nor need I tell what the precious 91st Psalm has been

to me, and is to this day in all danger and trial.

The remainder of this story is full of interest. I was well enough the following day to return home, passing by the scene of the terrible incident, and minutely examining the engine and carriages, where many had been bruised and wounded, but none killed but the elder of the two brothers. On arriving at home, two friends who had been also slightly hurt by the accident came to my house. It was a solemn moment for me and for them for we were saved through God's infinite goodness. I proposed that we should all return thanks to God.

It was a very precious time we spent at such a crisis before the mercy-seat. I asked for great things in much detail and all was granted by our prayer-hearing God, the principal request being for the salvation of the soul of the sufferer now drawing near his end. I went to see him on the following day; confessed to God and to him that I had often been bitter and hard-hearted towards him, and asked his forgiveness with tears. The work was immediately begun in his soul; all hatred appeared to vanish before the mighty Spirit, who had taken his case in hand. I made but one request to him—that I might be permitted to watch by him as long as God saw fit to prolong his life. This he gladly acceded to. A friend had left on his chimney-piece a small pocket-book with a text for every morning.

His sufferings were so intense, violent tetanus setting in, that not a wink of sleep could he get. All that medical skill could do was had recourse to, and three doctors were exhausting all the resources of their science in endeavouring to prolong life; but all was of no avail. Corruption set in rapidly; and this fine man, who a few days before was a model of beauty and cleanli-

ness, had now become a prey to great worms. Truly his comeliness was turned into corruption. Such was one of God's ways of humbling a spirit naturally proud. On one occasion he said, "I would gladly give fifty pounds for ten minutes' sleep." But no sleep could be had.

I was with him during the night, pleading with God unceasingly for him; and it was only in the cool of the morning as the birds began their early anthem, that he could listen to the little text appointed for him by Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.

He tarried on earth about nine days, the work of grace going forward with a rapidity that I had never witnessed before. Two days before his death he asked me to read all that was written in Scripture about little children, which I did. He had become as a little child.

A few minutes before his death he called me to give me (once an enemy) his last embrace. Oh, what a heavenly smile! Oh, what peace in the poor dying man's face! Oh, what a God of grace we have to do with that has the arms of His mercy wide opened to do thus for all who say, "I have sinned," and accept His offered mercy through Jesus Christ.

His end was peace. The spirit of the little child was given to him by Jesus, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me;" and thus did he depart from this world of sin and sorrow. But I hope to see him on the bright resurrection morning.

And now, Lord Jesus, I cast this little story on the waters, commending it to Thee and asking Thee to bless it to all who read it, especially to engineers and railway men, young and old; and Thou alone shalt have the praise; for Thou alone art worthy.

W.G.

Did Jesus Rise from the Dead?

BY DR. W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE.

Continued from Last Month.

BUT we must go beyond this and think of

II. THE RESURRECTION AS A SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

This aspect of it emerges from and rests upon the fact; for what is historically false cannot be spiritually true. In the N.T. a heavy superstructure of teaching is built upon the declared event. Facts always precede doctrines, and doctrines inevitably grow out of facts. Theology is the child of history, for from the beginning Divine revelation was made in human life; so that the Bible is not so much the revelation as the record of it. The resurrection is the revelation of a new life, and, significantly enough, it was made only to disciples. Christ Himself was changed. He was the same, for His disciples knew Him; and yet He was not the same, for "what was natural to Him before, is now miraculous, and what was before miraculous, is now natural."

Before the Cross His Spirit was manifested through His body; but after He rose from the grave His body was manifested by His Spirit. "He was no longer subject to the laws of the material order to which His earthly life was previously conformed."

Christ in resurrection life is the link between the seen and the unseen. In His resurrection body were blended the earthly and the spiritual, for it had the qualities of the higher sphere to which it belonged, and yet retained the visible marks which demonstrated the identity of the present with the past. The resurrection registers the transition from the historical to the spiritual Christ. Behind Him lay the infancy, the childhood, the manhood, the ministry, the

crucifixion, and the burial; while before Him there opened the whole length of the life in Heaven which, to His humanity, was a new experience.

The resurrection is, therefore, a revelation of the spiritual world and of our connection with it.

This doctrine stands at the very centre of the Christian System of Truth, and both history and revelation are enigmas without it.

It is the event to which all pre-Christian history converged, and from which all Christian history has flowed.

It is "at once the end and the beginning of vast develop-

.....

TO-MORROW.

"I HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow,
Its burdens then why should I
share?
Its grace and its strength I can't
borrow,
Then why should I borrow its
care?"

"I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
My Saviour will make that His
care;
Should He fill it with trouble or
sorrow,
He'll help me to suffer and bear."

.....

ments of life and thought; the climax of a long series of dispensations which find in it their complement and explanation," and we must place it in the very front of our confession, with all that it includes, or we must be prepared to lay aside the Christian name.

The writers of the N.T. have given it a dominating place. The sunlight of the resurrection morning floods all the landscape of the Gospel story, in the Records of the Evangelists, as a fact; in the Book of the Acts, as an experience, and in the Epistles, as a doctrine.

The truth must never be allowed to obscure the fact,

nor the fact to take the place of the truth. To preach the fact was the first function of the Evangelists; and to embody the doctrine is the great office of the Church.

The fact of the resurrection, resting on its appropriate evidence, invites to the consideration of its own transcendental meaning, and this meaning both confirms and glorifies the fact.

But it is not enough to believe the Fact, and appreciate the Truth; we must also know

III. THE RESURRECTION AS A PRACTICAL POWER.

Not only is it the basis of Christian Theology, but also of Christian Morality; and so Paul earnestly desires to know, not the fact, nor the doctrine, but "the power of His resurrection." If Christ rose not from the dead, we have no substance on which faith can lay hold, and no ground on which hope can rest. If He triumphed not over the grave, then the mysteries of life are unilluminated, and its problems, intellectual and moral, must remain unsolved.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead."

And the power by which He was raised is the working energy of our faith, and the sure foundation of our hope. To believe this fact and confess it is the pledge of salvation.

It will enable us to do, in our Master's absence, what His disciples entirely failed to achieve in His life-time, and under His teaching. It will give us courage and strength to go forth to the conquest of the world in His Name. It will lead us, as it has led believers before us, to almost incredible labours and privations, to the surrender of home and fatherland, and all that life holds dear, in order to do His will and win His smile.

How informing, then, and inspiring is this vision of the *Risen Christ*; at once the proof

of His Divinity, the seal and crown of His atoning sacrifice, the beginning of His glorification, the conquest of death and the grave, the ground of Christian faith, the strength of Christian love, the brightness of Christian hope, the source and standard of Christian holiness, the type and pledge of the spiritual quickening of souls, the very essence of the Evangelic Message, the guarantee and model of the believer's bodily resurrection at the end of the age, and the pledge of the continuance and consummation of all the redeeming purposes of God for a sinful race.

How rich and full a Gospel is in this word: "*God raised Him from the dead.*"

The Hermit's Hut; or, Not Alone.

It was one of the strangest dwelling-houses you ever saw. The walls were made of turf, several feet in thickness, and the roof was covered with heather. There was one small window, about two feet square, where barely sufficient light could enter to allow you to see what was inside. The furniture was very scarce, and what there was, was rough and plain. The only dweller was an old man, thought to be over seventy, but no one knew his age exactly. His clothing was many years behind the times, and the old man in the neighbouring village could not tell how long he had lived there, but he knew it was "ever since he was a boy." He had no friends. One day a gentleman, visiting in the district, called to see the aged hermit, and much to his surprise he was well received. The old man told him part of his history, and ended by saying, "I have lived here alone for forty-five years, yet not alone, for God, my true and only Friend, has been with me night and day all these years, and when I leave

this hut, where He has been my Guest, I will go to dwell with Him for ever." The old man was happy, hermit as he was, for he was saved, and had God living with him. This, dear reader, is the only true and lasting joy.

NEVER let the rush of business crowd out prayer. The more work that any day has to do, the more time must be spent in prayer in preparation for that work. You will not lose time by it, you will save time by it. Prayer is the greatest time-saver known to man.

SOLACE IN PRAYER.

THE Saviour prayed on a mountain alone

As the night came up from the sea;
His face was aglow with a wonderful light

As He prayed for you and me.
Oh, let me pray as our Saviour prayed,
On a mountain by the sea,
With a face aglow with heavenly light

That's shining for you and me.

Believe—Trust.

(Continued from page 76.)

they have never made up their minds to *trust Him* and His work, plunging at once into the "fountain opened," staking all their chance of eternity with the greatest confidence on Him and His work.

They stand beside the river of the water of life, acknowledging its life-giving power, but will not *trust and drink*.

Reader, you know all about the doctrine of justification by faith: are you justified by faith? You know; do you *confide*? You have had the doctrine proved to your entire satisfaction; have you acted upon it? You believe about the mighty Sinbearer; have you laid *your* sins upon Him? You may have often sung, "I lay my sins on Jesus;" but do you believe they are indeed on Him? You believe; do you *trust*.

W. P. MACKAY.

REVIEWS AND COMMENTS.

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