Comforted of God The Call of the Bride

God's Precious Jewels

Frederick (Fred) Lardent was a consecrated Bible Student in England in the latter years of Pastor Russell. After the Pastor's death, he left the Society in the 1920s and served independent groups of Bible Students in England. He was an optician by profession and had a love for poetry and a talent for artistic composition. Amongst his offerings were a beautifully produced series of cards which became known as "Lardent cards," portraying with attractive artwork, poetry and other presentations of truth. This was, of course, long before the advent of computers and graphic programs, and for truth literature it was way ahead of its time for beauty of presentation. Two of his booklets are produced here with Adobe Reader. A careful review of the following will greatly enhance your use of these files. Particularly read the use of the *Navigation Pane*l below.

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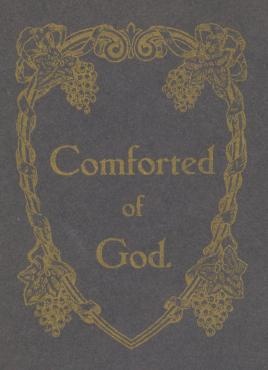
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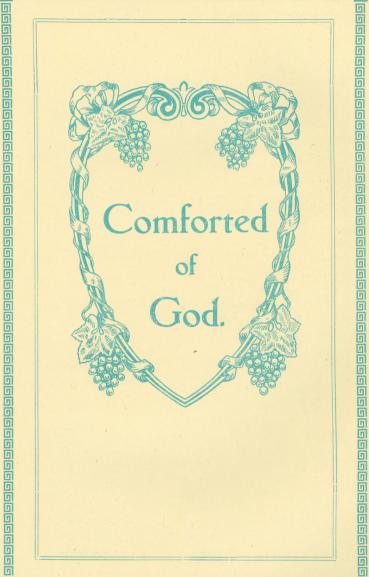
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"Consider the Lilies."

He cares for thee!

1 Peter v. 7.

Matt. vi. 28, 29.

The words like music in the air
Come answering to our whispered prayer,
He cares for thee.

HE thought great comfort with it brings,
Our cares are all such little things
When to this truth a glad faith clings,
He cares for thee.

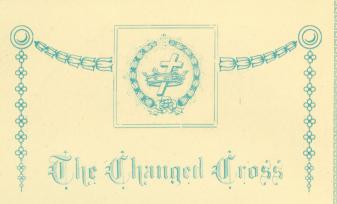
HE pure white lilies know no care,
And yet they grow so grand and fair,
Shedding sweet fragrance here and there
God cares for these.

Great is God's care for His dear child,
Guarding from foe and danger wild
With love so strong and undefiled,
He cares for thee.

No that sweet love will on thee shine
Making His home for ever thine;
O! the rich depths of Love Divine

He shares with thee.

Tune: "Ombersley" (Bristol).



It was a time of sadness—and my heart, Although it knew and loved the better part, Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife, And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these—as given to me, My trial-tests of faith and love to be, It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might Who says "We walk by faith and not by sight," Doubting—and almost yielding to despair, The thought arose, My cross I cannot bear!

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose

A solemn silence reigned on all around, E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound; The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell, And sleep upon my weary spirit fell. A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight, Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere, And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One more fair than all the rest to see, One to whom all the others bowed the knee, Came gently to me as I trembling lay, And, "Follow me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above, And there, beneath a canopy of love, Crosses of divers shape and size were seen, Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold—A little one, with jewels set in gold,
Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took;
But all at once my frame beneath it shook—
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again To see if any there could ease my pain. But one by one I passed them slowly by, Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined, And grace and beauty seemed in it combined, Wondering I gazed—and still I wondered more To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see, Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;— Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair; Sorrowing I said, This cross I may not bear. And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found,
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross—no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart, He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart,—"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me, My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet, Again I turned my earthly cross to meet, With forward footsteps, turning not aside, For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way, Listening to hear, and ready to obey, A cross I quickly found of plainest form, With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest, And joyfully acknowledged it the best, The *only* one of all the many there, That I could feel was *good* for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed, I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest, And as I bent my burden to sustain, I recognised my own old cross again!

But oh, how different did it seem to be, Now I had learned its preciousness to see! No longer could I unbelieving say; Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be, That He who knows me best should choose for me, And so, whate'er His love sees good to send, I'll trust is best—because He knows the end.



A living bright reality!

A living bright reality!

Afore present to Faith's vision been

Than any outward object seen,

Afore dear, more intimately nigh.

Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.



"Yet will I not forget Thee"

Will not forget thee," My cherished one, Mine own, I will not leave thee comfortless, life's path to tread alone,
"Tis better that those outstretched hands, those clinging hands of thine
Be'loosed, beloved, from every clasp of other hands but mine.
Though earthly loves and earthly hopes afar from thee be set,
Remember still, My chosen one, thee will I not forget.

"ET will I not forget thee," though thou hast oft forgot,
And turned unheeding from My voice, My words obeying not:
Yet with Mine own, my dying soul, I bore away thy past;
I took thy sin upon my heart, which broke for thee at last.
But on this heart for ever, let thou thy love be set,
Thy name engrayen on these hands, thee will I not forget.

"GET will I not forget thee," My joy! My undefiled!
Made perfect thro' My loveliness wrapt round a wandering child.
I will forget thy wanderings, I will forget thy sin;
And cast them all behind. My back, as though they ne'er had been.
But'thee My sealed, My chosen, on whom My love is set
I've love alone toward thee—how can I then forget.

" JET will I not forget thee," in mine own garden bowers, I water every moment the humblest fragrant flowers. For mine own Royal Diadem, for My celestial crown. There waiteth still some precious gems of fair and bright renown. And when I wreathe My flowers, and when My gems are set In heaven's glory on My brow, "thee will I not forget."



O Love that will not let me go!

- LOVE that will not let me go—I rest my weary soul on Thee: I give Thee back the life I owe that in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.
- LIGHT that followest all my way-I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
 - My heart restores its borrowed ray, that in Thy sunshine's blaze its day

May brighter, fairer be.

- JOY that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow through the rain, and feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
- CROSS that liftest up my head I would not ask to fly from thee; E'en death's cold wave I need not dread, for in thy home where glories spread

My life shall endless be.

Tune-Sankey's Hymnal.



Wist ye not that I must be about my Rather's business

HEN Jesus was twelve years old, his parents went to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. And as they returned the child tarried behind: and Joseph and his mother knew it not, supposing him to have been in the company. After a day's journey they sought him, and when they found him not they turned back again to Jerusalem.

And it came to pass, that, after three days they found him in the midst of the religious rulers, both hearing them and asking them questions, while all who heard him were astonished at his intelligence.

And when his parents saw him they were amazed and his mother said "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold we have sought: Thee in anguish of spirit." "Why is it that you have been searching for me?" he replied, "wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." But they understood him not, but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

They returned to Nazareth and he was subject unto them and Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

Luke 2:41-52.



The child Samuel answered "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

JUSHED was the evening hymn, the temple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim before the sacred ark: When suddenly a voice Divine, rang through the silence of the shrine.

H give me Samuel's ear—the open ear O Lord; Alive and quick to hear each whisper of thy word; Like him to answer at thy call, and to obey Thee first of all.

H give me Samuel's heart! —a lonely heart that waits When in Thy house Thou art; or watches at Thy gates By day and night—a heart that still moves at the breathing of Thy will.

H give me Samuel's mind! a sweet, unmurmering faith, Obedient and resigned to Thee in life and death: That I may read, with childlike eyes, truths that are hidden from the wise.

Tune-Sankey's Hymna'.



God moves in a mysterious way

OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

DEEP in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

WE fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

JUDGE not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face.

TIS purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

DLIND unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

In a Mysterious Way.

O," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get someone else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please. There would probably be some money in it, but it would, as you know, come from the sale of the little

house the man occupies and calls 'home'; but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"I suppose likely the old fellow begged to be let off?"

"Well-yes, he did."

"And you?"

"I didn't speak a word to him."

- "Oh, he did all the talking, did he? What did you do?"
- "I believe I shed a few tears; he didn't speak a word to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"Almighty God. But, not for my benefit in the least. You see"—the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee, and began stroking his lower leg up and down, as if to help state his case concisely—"you see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of another door just as cosy a sitting room as there ever was.

"There, on a bed, with her silver head way up high on the pillows, was an old lady. I was on the point of knocking, when she said, as clearly as could be, 'Come, father, now begin; I'm all ready'-and down on his knees by her side went an old white-haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then. He began to pray; first he reminded God they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what He saw fit to bring upon them, they should'nt rebel at His will; of course 'twas going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, specially with poor mother, so sick and helpless, but still they'd seen sadder things than ever that would be. He reminded God, in the next place how different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared them; then his voice kind of broke, and a thin white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons —unless mother and he should be separated. But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their dear little home, which meant beggary, in a place they prayed to be delivered from entering, if it could be consistent with God's will; and then he fell to quoting a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. Yes, I should say he begged hard; in fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened; and at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand justice." The lawyer stroked his lower limb in silence for a moment or two, then he continued, more slowly than ever: "And—I—believe—I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself, to-night, than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that."

"You are afraid to defeat the old man's prayer?" queried the client.

"Bless your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it!" He left it all subject to the will of God; but he left no doubt as to his wishes in the matter; claimed that we were told to make known our desires unto God, but of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing in my childhood; and, why I was sent to hear that prayer, I'm sure I don't know; but I hand the case over."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer, because I want the money the place would bring; but I was taught the Bible when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to such an harangue as that you tell me about. I wish you hadn't heard a word of it; and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong again; it was intended for my ears, and yours, too, and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about God's moving in a mysterious way, I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing about it too," said the claimant, as he twisted his claim-papers in his fingers. "You can call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer, smiling.



"She hath done what she could"

Mark 14: 8, 9.

IS NOT OUR PRIVILEGE to come into personal contact with our dear Redeemer, but it is our privilege to anoint the Lord's "brethren" with the sweet perfume of love, sympathy, joy and peace, and the more costly this may be as respects our self-denials, the more precious it will be in the estimation of our Elder Brother, who declared that in proportion as we do or do not unto His brethren. we do or do not unto Him. Our alabaster boxes are our hearts, which should be full of the richest and choicest perfumes of good wishes, kindness and love toward all. but especially toward the Christ-toward the Head, our Lord Jesus, and toward all the members of His body. the Church: and especially on our part toward the feet members who are now with us, and on whom we now have the privilege of pouring out the sweet odours of love and devotion in the name of the Lord, because we are His.



Love's Pictory.

IT takes great love within the loyal heart To live beyond the others and apart, A love that is not shallow, is not small, Is not for one or two, but is for all.

Love that can wound love, for its highest need, Love that can leave love, though a heart may plead. Love that can choose the right and leave the wrong, And breathe in hope and joy the victor's song, A love that will not waver, that will find Just what it means to suffer and be kind.

T takes great love to conquer self and pride,
And swim against the swift and evil tide,
A love that wends its course to that grand height
Where dwelfs our God, enthroned in wondrous light,
Like that great love our Lord did sweet express,
So strong in faith and patient tenderness.
Yea, like the glowing sun, this Love must live,
Moved by one burning deathless force—to give.
Love, faith and courage, courage, faith and love,
Of such are God's victors crowned from above.









"Neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. 2: 4.

Thy Kingdom Come!

The Kingdom come! the cry gone forth, in every land, east, west, south, north, From age to age, two thousand years, the cry gone forth with pleading tears.

Thy Kingdom come! what meaneth this? doth it spell woe or happy bliss, Dread and pain, and depth of sorrow, or doth it tend a glad to-morrow?

Thy Kingdom come! the pomp of earth have counted little on Thy worth! And still they laugh with vain derision, and turn their eyes from such a vision.

Thy Kingdom come Thy will be done! the time speeds on as with the sun. This means that earth—so clearly told—a wondrous change will now behold.

And why? Remember how it rang, the message that the angels sang—''Goodwill to men, and peace on earth,'' which means to all another birth.

For He must reign who died for all, till friend and foe, and great and small, Are back again from their death sleep; He gave His life to save His sheep.

No more they'll hear the awful din of selfishness and war and sin; For rank a d file of every nation will flow to God—a new creation.

The prophecies, to be fulfilled, speak of the land when it is tilled. Will yield like some transcendent story, delights of unsurpassing glory!

Far, far beyond all human thought, laden with riches and pleasures fraught, Reserved for those who bow the knee to Him who died on Calvary.

Thy Kingdom come! who will not pray in this dark world of sin and say:— O may it come O let there be one will alone; He lives for me.

E'en now before the sun shines bright, before the flooding of the light! There're blessings great and grand and fair, the Truth to know, a life to share,

And best of all that deep'ning love, ten thousand times a mother's love! Surpassing all the fondest dream that links with us the great Supreme!

Mat 6: 10





The Lost Sheep

IN the East the Good Shepherd is known by his faithful watch—care over his sheep, which is exercised at the constant risk of personal danger. Under this figure the great sacrifice of Jesus is seen with illustrious force and beauty. Through the merit of Redemptive Sacrifice "the lost sheep," as represented by "all in Adam" will be raised from the dead and be granted the gracious opportunity of attaining to human perfection, the basic characteristics of which are meekness, docility and obedience to the "Good Shepherd." The result will be eternal life on the perfect earth.

Isa, 53. Luke 2:8-14. 2 Cor. 8:9. Phil. 2:5-11. Isa, 35.

HERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold:—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

ORD Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd answered "This sheep is Mine
Which has wandered away from Me."
And although the road was so rough and steep
He went to the desert to save His sheep.

UT none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

ND all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven:
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own.

Tune-Sankey's Hymnal.



Back to their own Borders.

HE little brook that runs by my door is locked in its icy bed.
The little birds that I loved of yore,
Have gone from the branch o'erhead.
The leaves have dropped from the lilac tree,
The grass is under the snow,
And the plaintive note of the chickadee,
Is the only sound I know.

UT I know the birds will come back to me,
The brook will flow again;
The wee brown buds on the lilac tree
Will burst into leaves; and then
My lawn will come from its hiding place,
The birds will sing and will mate;
And I'll hear of their songs of love and grace
So I'll thankfully, patiently, wait.

HE little ones whom I loved so much,
Were blessed with their baby charms,
Yielding my heart to their loving touch,
Have gone from my mother arms.
It is lonesome and still in the nursery now,
I dread to go by its door:
And sometimes in sorrow my heart will bow
When I handle their toys once more.

UT. oh, from the hand of the enemy,
When the winter of death is o'er,
My little ones all will come back to me,
And gladden my heart once more.
As the calves in the stall they shall grow up then
For Jehovah hath planned it so,
My heart responds with a glad Amen!
So I'll wait and be patient now.

Jer. 31: 15-17. Acts 3: 19-21.



In praise of my Redeemer.

- " THEN first I heard of Jesus so marred upon the tree,
 I felt no glad emotion as though He died for me!
 I saw no kingly beauty, majestic, grand or brave,
 I turned away despising His proffered aid to save.
- "BUT when I came to know Him, His precious name grew sweet, And like the tinted rainbow, love arched the Mercy seat; And when—O wondrous glory—light shone from His dear face, All other objects faded before His matchless grace.
- "QND when the joyful tidings, how God's Beloved Son Will raise the dead in Adam, bless each and every one. What could I do but praise Him, make vault of heaven ring! And own Him as my choicest—Redeemer, Lord, and King.
- " Rose of rarest odour! O Lily, white and pure!
 O Chiefest of ten thousand whose glory must endure!
 The more I see Thy beauty, the more I know Thy grace,
 The more I long, unhindered, to gaze upon Thy face!"





Something good or something ill,
In the lives of those around us,
We are planting what we will.

Not a thought for Him decays;
Every fragrant precious blossom,
Will be found in future days.

THEN the very hand that sowed them, Shall have gone with Him to be;
Still the record of their sowing,
Will be seen eternally.

That the seeds we daily sow,

May refresh the hearts of others,

Spreading blessings as they grow.

Av each thought and word and action,
Bring the fruit of Christian love:
To be found in coming ages,
In thy garner house above.

To thine own eternal praise,
Happy ending to our sowing—
Endless joys of fruitful days.

2 Cor. 9, 7-11. Gal. 6, 7-10. Gal. 5, 22-23.



ALABASTER BOXES

Matthew 26: 6-13.

sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when Flowers on the coffin 270 NOT keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled I they are gone, say them before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their nomes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes pring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them when I need them. I would than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn aid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. cast no fragrance backward over the weary way. kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit.

IMMANUEL'S LAND

The summer morn we've longed for: The blest sweet morn awakes:-Dark, dark hath been the midnight But dayspring's now at hand, And God's own glory dwelleth The dawn of heaven breaks, HE sands of time are sinking, In fair Immanuel's Land.

They've stamped their foulest brand, God's Word and precious Name: Are sorrows, wrong and shame, Earth's proud ones have rejected Where He has set the noblest, In fair Immanuel's Land. ORNE on the tide of evil

And praise swells from my harp-DEEP waters over-flowed me, The thorns around were sharp: OON shall the streams of glory Whence flows the song of ages, Where fove in fulness dwelleth Now these lie all behind me With you celestial strand, In fair Immanuel's Land.

Proclaim the Truth now banned, Dissolve earth's bitt'rest woes, Soon shall the earth in gladness, Be changed to Eden's Rose; Soon shall the desert briar Oh, hail the glory gleaming



HERE! there the Rose of Sharon Unfolds its full heart's bloom, The fragrance rare is fanned, With rapturous perfume: There through eternal ages And fills the air of heaven In fair Immanuel's Land. Distilling glory ever

Though sev'n deaths lay between. HE King's transcendent beauty Unveiled there is seen: It were a well-spent journey The Lamb with his Beloved In glory which excelleth,

AF Christ who is the fountain, More deep we'll drink above: The deep sweet well of love How oft its joys we've tasted, There to an ocean fulness Tis 'glory unto glory'

My Lord says, "Come up higher, JOY! what bliss to meet Him, The palace in its splendour, So beautiful and grand! Ah! glory – glory dwelleth In fair Immanuel's Land. Belovèd welcome home!



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LAKI 山下山

And the dear Lord is among them, and many heed it not; He in a borrowed upper room, unheeded and forgot; Let us leave outside the city, in its shadows deep and dim. HE heat of the day is over, the hour is growing late,

And many weary pilgrims press through the city gate, He with His loved disciples, keepeth the feast with them; The presence of Jehovah seems round them everywhere; To rest awhile with Jesus and keep the feast with Him. Ere the rapid sunset vanish and darkness reigns o'er all. n every Jewish household the solemn feast is spread. Over the glad Jerusalem, its temple grand and fair; Oh sight to glad the spirit! Oh rest for weary eyes To see the lofty temple high o'er the city rise! The Paschal moon has risen, her silver light is shed Eager to find a lodging within its sheltering wall The Lord of all is dwelling in great Jerusalem.

HE artist lifts the curtain, we are with the Master now; The evening lamp now lighted, from vaulted roof is hung, Surrounded by His loved ones, there, in that quiet place, A gentle soothing radiance o'er all the group has flung; Reveal the faithful Marys, who gaze around with awe. We see the look of sadness upon His kingly brow. Surprise, and fear, and sorrow are seen on every face. ts sevenfold rays descending, a halo bright has shed, The last rays of the sunset, beyond the open door, Falling in silvery beauty about the Master's head.

Has not that dear One cleansed them, with whom they kept the feast? Have they not learned the lesson, "The greatest shall be least"? And now He tells them sorrowing, that "one betrayetn Me." Those sad eyes full of sorrow, look round upon them all. "One of you shall betray Me,"—we seem to hear them cry, They all have heard the Master these words in anguish say HE servant of the good man, bearing the meal away: "One of you shall betray Me"; and as the accents fall, Even the voice of Tudas joins with them, "Is it I?" And spoken words of comfort to all their company?

SUPPER.

HE water and the pitcher, the towel, all are there—
Has not that sad voice told them each other's griefs to share. he unleavened bread upon the board, the cup and dish we see, felling of all those wanderings his fathers had passed through, Bring back the words of love—"Do this in memory of Me." And in that borrowed upper room they will meet nevermore. For us was broken to sustain all through this earthly strife, hat has a voice for you and me, saying-The bread of life That symbol that the Saviour's life will very soon be o'er, The palm branch set aside we see, token sweet of victory Soon will those voices heard again join in the awful cry, The manna pot upon the pier, dear to each pious Jew, Those glad hosannas all forgot for shouts of "Crucify. We see a fast expiring lamp, and then we understand Seneath the arch upon the pier, upon the other hand, That speaks of joyous Olivet, and not of Calvary; Luke 22: 1-23.

We know ere the morrow's sunset will those gentle tones be stilled; And the mocking ones will hear it, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" That form on which they're gazing will a borrowed grave have filled That moon which lights the city will light up a cross of shame, And those who profess to love Him will fear to own His name! And the voice now speaking sadly be lifted clear and loud: Oh, let us shut the world outside and ponder it again. The sun withhold its shining, and darkness all will shroud. As that loving heart is broken on gloomy Calvary. TYE know the awful story of suffering and pain;

7 XE'LL ne'er forget the picture, the Saviour's look of pain. This world of change all left behind, and blest for evermore. We shall often think upon it, and ponder o'er again: Will come to us when all around is hurry, care, and din-May gather round Him in that land to praise eternally; To be in those fair mansions where He has gone before, That lesson that the artist has taught to you and me. A gentle warning, lifting us above this world of sin, The words the Lord is saying to that sad company Oh, let us ask His guidance, that even you and I

THE CALF'S PATH

One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home as good calves should:
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

ince then three hundred years have fled,
And I nifer the caff is dead:
But still he left behind his trail—
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day,

By a lone dog that passed that way;

And then a wise bell-wether sheep

Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

Through those old woods a path was made:
And many men wound in and out,
And oddeged and turned and bent about,
And oddeged and turned and bent about,
And oddeged and turned and bent about,
But study words of righteous wrath,
Because twas such a crooked path,
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that call.

The ow that forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again.
The crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with its load
Toiled on, beneath the burning sun,
And trus a contury and a half
They trod the footseps of a calf.

The road became a village street.
And this, before men were aware—
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a removed metropolis:
And men two conturtes and a half,
Trod in the footsteps of a calf.

Tach day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zig-zag calf about;
And o'er the crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent,
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf now three centuries dead,
They follow still his crooked way,
And loss one hundred years a day—
For thus such reverence is lent
To well established precedent,

He was we ponder o'er this tale
How men are prone to follow blind
Along the calf-parts of the mind.
And work away from sun to sun.
To do what other men have done
They follow in the beaten track
And out and in and forth and back
And still their devious course pursue
To keep the paths that others do—
But soon they'll learn a wiser way
But soon they'll learn a wiser way

saiah 59:8, 26, 9, 11:1



permission CHRIST'S GLORIOUS KINGDOM!

CHRISTS GLURIOUS MI

Of glorious time is coming, the morning promised long.

When truth and right with holy might, shall overthrow the wrong.

When Christ the Lord and rightful king, empowered from on high.

Will stretch his hand throughout the land, with justice by and by.

he boast of haughty tyrants no more shall fill the air,

But age and youth will love the truth, and speed it everywhere,
No more from want and sorrow shall come the hopeless cry.

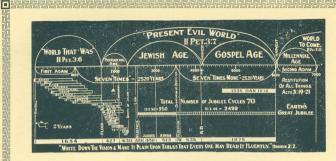
But war shall cease and perfect peace will flourish by and by.

of Messrs, Doutton & Co.

glorious time is coming, the time of Jubilee,

With shout and song twill sweep along, like billows of the sea,
The joyfuness of nations shall ring through earth and sky,
This day of grace draws on apace—O happy by and by !

Till o'er the beight the morning light shall drive the gloom away, For when the beight the morning light shall drive the gloom away, For when the balm of healing shall reach mankind from high. They'll turn toward their precious Lord and love Film by and by.



God's Wonderful Plan

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; There's a kindness in His justice, Though severe His judgments be. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.

- he poet has beautifully expressed the heart sentiments of Bible Students, who are rejoicing that the present dark night of weeping is about to give place to a morning of joy, as a brief survey of the chart above will show.

 —Psa. 30, 5. Hab. 2, 2. Rom. 13, 12. Eph. 3, 11.
- he' World that was' existed from the fall of Adam to the flood. That Dispensation was under the domination of angels, many of whom fell from Divine favour.—Gen. 6. Jude 6. 2 Peter 2, 4, 5.
- he 'present evil World' is controlled by Satan, whose empire is a vast system of iniquity, entailing sorrow, strife, disease, and death; how true it is—"the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."—Rom. 8, 22. Eph. 2, 2. 2 Cor. 4, 4. Gal. 1, 4.
- he 'World to come' will have Divine supervision. Evil will be no more, and righteousness, peace, joy and love will flow on through the ages of eternity.—Isa. 65, 17-19. Rev. 5, 18; 21, 1-4; 22, 1-3.
- he Patriarchal and Jewish Ages mark God's dealing with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the Jewish Race, to whom wonderful promises of deep import were given.—Gen. 22, 15-18. Ex. 19, 3-6. 1 Cor. 10, 11.
- he Gospel Age commenced at our Lord's baptism at Jordan, and extends to his second advent. During this period God has been dealing with "the little flock" who have gladly followed in the sac.ificial steps of the beloved Master.—Luke 12, 22-37. Rom. 8, 14-19. Eph. 1, 4-14.
- he Millennial Age is truly a wonderful period, as it will witness the resurrection of every man, woman and child, who have died in Adam. In coming back from the condition of death (*Eccle.* 9, 10) they will have the glorious opportunity of KNOWING GOD and His dear Son who died for them. This knowledge will mean eternal life to the willing and obedient. O jov to the earth when Messiah reigns! THE TIME IS AT HAND and will follow the trouble now enveloping the whole earth.—

 Zeph. 3, 8, 9. John 5, 25-9; 17, 5. Isa. 26, 9. 1 Chr. 16, 23-36.

(See Literature of The Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society).

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.



A Golden Age Song.





T pleased the Lord of Angels (praise His name) To hear, one day, report from those who came With pitying sorrow or exaltant joy, To tell of earthly tasks in His employ; For some were sorry when they saw how slow The stream of heavenly love must flow: And some were glad because their eyes had seen Along its banks fresh flowers of living green. So at a certain hour before the throne The youngest angel, Asmiel, stood alone Not glad, nor sad, but full of earnest thought, And thus his tidings to the Master brought: "Lord in the City Lupon I have found Three servants of thy holy name renowned Above their fellows. One is very wise With thoughts that ever range above the skies, And one is gifted with golden speech, That make men glad to hear when he doth teach. And one, with no rare gift or grace endued, Has won the people's love by doing good. With these three saints Lupon is trebly blest But, Lord, I fain would know who loves thee best?" HEN spake the Lord of Angels, before whose look The hearts of all are like an open book, "In every soul, the secret thought I read And well I know who loves me best indeed. But every life has pages vacant still, Whereon a man may write the things he will; Therefore I read in silence day by day, And wait for hearts untaught to learn my way. But thou shalt go to Lupon, to the three Who serve me there, and take this word from me, Tell each of them his Master bids him go Alone to Spirans huts across the snow, There he shall find a certain task for me. But what, I do not tell to them nor thee. Give them the message, make my word the test, And crown for me the one who answers best.'

ORTHWITH the angel obedient and elate, Passed the self-same hour through Lupon's gate. First to the temple door he made his way And there, because it was a holy day, He saw the folk by thousands thronging, stirred By ardent thirst, to hear the preacher's word. Then, while the echoes murmured Bernol's name. Through the aisles that hushed behind him Bernol came. Strung to the highest pitch of conscious might, With lips prepared and firm and eyes alight, One moment at the pulpit steps he knelt In silent prayer, and on his shoulders felt The angel's hand:—"The Master bids thee go Alone to Spirans huts across the snow, To serve Him there." Then, Bernol's hidden face Went white as death, and for about the space Of ten slow heart-beats there was no reply, Till Bernol looked around and whispered-" Why?" But answer to his question came there none: The angel sighed, and with that sigh was gone.

ITHIN the humble house, where Malvin spent His studious years, on holy things intent. Sweet stillness reigned, and there the angel found The saintly sage immersed in thought profound. Weaving with patient toil and willing care A web of wisdom, wonderful and rare: A beauteous robe for truth's great bridal meet, And needing but one more thread to be complete. Then Asmiel touched his hand and broke the thread Of fine spun thought, and very gently said.— "The One of whom thou thinkest bids thee go Alone to Spirans huts across the snow To serve Him there." With sorrow and surprise Malvin looked up, reluctance in his eyes. The broken thought, the strangeness of the call, The perilous passage of the mountain wall Appalled him. With a doubtful brow He scanned the doubtful task and muttered—"How?" And Asmiel answered, as he turned to go, With sad disheartened voice: "I do not know!"

OW as he went with fading hope to seek
The third and last to a The third and last to whom God made him speak, Scarce twenty steps away whom should he meet But Fermor, hurrying cheerful down the street. With ready heart that faced his work like play, And joyed to find it greater every day, The angel stopped him with uplifted hand, And gave without delay, his Lord's command. "He, whom thou servest, would'st have thee go Alone to Spiran's huts across the snow To serve Him there." Ere Asmiel breathed again The eager answer leaped to meet him-"When?" The angel's face with inward joy grew bright, And all his figure glowed with heavenly light, He took the golden circlet fron his brow And gave the crown to Fermor, answering-"Now!" For thou hast met the Master's hidden test, And I have found the man who loves Him best: Not thine, nor mine, to question or reply, When He commands us, asking 'How?' or 'Why?'; He knows the cause; His ways are wise and just, Who serves the King, must serve with perfect trust."



Rock of Ages.

"OCK of ages, cleft for me!"—
Thoughtlessly the

maiden sung;

Fell the words unconsciously from her girlish, gleeful tongue.

Sang as little children sing, sang as sing the birds in June,

Fell the words like light leaves down on the current of the tune.

"Let me hide myself in Thee!"—Felt herself no need to hide, Sweet the song as sweet could be, and she had no thought beside. All the words unheedingly fell from lips untouched by care, Dreaming not that they might be on some other lips a prayer.

"Rock of ages cleft for me!"—'Twas a woman sung them now, Pleadingly and prayerfully, every word her heart did know.

Rose the song like storm-tossed bird beats with weary wing the air Every note with sorrow stirred, every syllable a prayer!

"Rock of ages cleft for me!"—Lips grown aged sang that hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly, voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"I am hidden safe in Thee" trembling though the voice and low
Ran the sweet strain peacefully, like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing whose life's thorny path have pressed,
Sung as only they can sing who behold the promised rest!

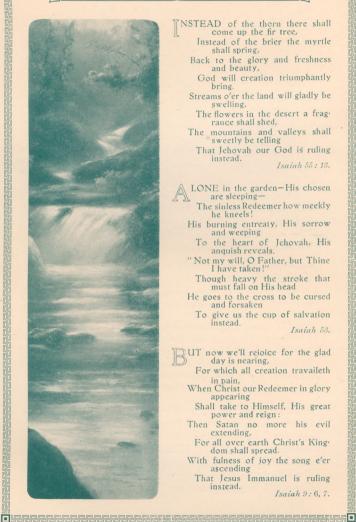
"Rock of ages cleft for me!"—sung above a coffin lid,
Underneath all restfully all life's joys and sorrows hid.

Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul, nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows roll wilt thou need thyself to hide.

Could the sightless sunken eyes closed beneath the soft grey hair,
Could the mute and stiffening lips move again in pleading prayer

Still, aye, still, the words would be—"Rock of ages cleft for me!"

*INSTEAD



NSTEAD of the thorn there shall come up the fir tree,

Instead of the brier the myrtle shall spring,

Back to the glory and freshness and beauty,

God will creation triumphantly

bring. Streams o'er the land will gladly be

swelling, The flowers in the desert a frage

rance shall shed, The mountains and valleys shall

sweetly be telling That Jehovah our God is ruling

instead.

LONE in the garden-His chosen are sleeping-

The sinless Redeemer how meekly he kneels!

His burning entreaty, His sorrow and weeping

To the heart of Jehovah, His anguish reveals.

"Not my will, O Father, but Thine I have taken!

Though heavy the stroke that must fall on His head

He goes to the cross to be cursed and forsaken To give us the cup of salvation

UT now we'll rejoice for the glad day is nearing,

instead.

For which all creation travaileth in pain,

When Christ our Redeemer in glory appearing

Shall take to Himself, His great power and reign:

Then Satan no more his evil extending,

For all over earth Christ's King-dom shall spread. With fulness of joy the song e'er ascending

That Jesus Immanuel is ruling instead.

Isaiah 9:6,7.



Still upward to the highest!

Still upward to the highest realm,
To life so full and free;
A place with me within my throne,
Mid anthem choirs of purest tone,
No greater glory could be shown—
Such prayers unite for thee!

Still upward—where my Father dwells,
Through paths thou hast not known,
Beloved kept by power divine,
Whilst beams of light upon thee shine,
An outstretched hand tight-clasped in mine,
Thou walk'st with me alone.

Still upward though thou stumble oft,
And trials grieve thy soul,
Press on with joy to know my mind,
The golden gate of life to find,
To suffer long and e'er be kind—
Till faith hath cleansed thee whole.

Still upward—then let hopeful songs
Fill hallowed courts above!
Still upward! onward! honour me!
Whilst truth and mercy comfort thee,
Till—token of thy victory—
Thou knowest God's great Love.



The Minister's Panghter.

In the minister's morning sermon,
He told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure, All souls, save a chosen few, Were doomed to eternal torture, And held in the way thereto.

Yet never, by faith's unreason, A saintlier soul was tried, And never the harsh old lesson A tenderer heart belied. And after the painful service,
On that pleasant, bright first day,
He walked with his little daughter
Through the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow Sparrow and blackbird sung; Above him its tinted petals The blossoming orchard hung.

Around, on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled:
"How good is the Lord, who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples,
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord."

Then up spake the little maiden, Treading on snow and pink, "O father! these pretty blossoms Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There had never been a fall,
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell,
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"O, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish He were kind and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain,
And wide, wet eyes uplifted,
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
The words of his little one.
Had he erred in his lifelong teachings,
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol Had he lent the Holiest Name? Did his own heart, loving and human, The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness, From the tender skies above, And the face of his little daughter, He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror Of Sinai's Mount of Law, But as Christ in the Syrian lilies, The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb, Of old was His presence known, The dread, ineffable glory Was Infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the message of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, And the blinded eyes found sight, And hearts as flint aforetime Grew soft in his warmth and light.



25422D



The Bridegroom's Nove

"O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock."

Y dove!" The bridegroom speaks to whom?
Whom, thinkest thou, meaneth He?
Say, O my soul! canst thou presume
He thus addresseth thee?
Yes, 'tis the Bridegroom's voice of love,
Calling thee, O my soul! His dove!

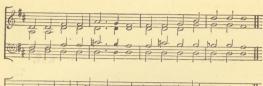
HE dove is gentle, mild and meek,
Deserve I, then, the name?
I look within in vain to seek
Aught which can give a claim:
Yet, made so by redeeming love,
My soul, thou art the Bridegroom's Dove!

S the poor dove, before the hawk,
Quick to her refuge flies,
So need I in my daily walk,
The wings which faith supplies,

The wings which faith supplies, To bear me where the Bridegroom's love Places beyond all harm his dove!

THE dove hath neither claw nor sting,
No weapon for the fight:
She owes her safety to her wing,
Her victory to flight.
A shelter hath the Bridegroom's love
Provided for His helpless dove!

HAPPY dove! thus weak, thus safe;
Do I resemble her?
Then to my soul, O Lord! vouchsafe
A dove-like character!
Pure, harmless, gentle, full of love,
Make me in spirit, Lord, a DOVE!





ZION'S GLAD SONG





father, we would gladly raise

This our song in grateful praise:

Thou hast granted us Thy peace

Hence our joys will never cease.

In Thy sacred Word we find
Thou art gracious good and kind.
Thou hast borne so patiently
Borne our wayward frailty.

esus Christ, Thine own dear Son,
Died for us and everyone,
Soon begins His welcome reign,
Bringing peace and life again.

e would fear no earthly loss,
Daily taking up our cross:
Thankfully we will proclaim
Honor to Thy Holy name.

father we would ne'er let go
Thy dear hand while here below
Firmer clasp O let there be,
Ever draw us nearer Thee.

oyal anthems now are heard,
Hearts in unison are stirred,
Praising Thee the All-supreme
Joy beyond the brightest dream!

ondrous workings thus we trace,
Glad'ning glories of Thy grace!
Beauteous bounties of Thy love,
Beaming from the heights above!

Psa. 40: 1-3. Rev. 15: 3. 4.

The Best of Wishes.

Faith, Hope, Love

Faith

OD grant thee FAITH-true faith in Him Whose word can never fail.

Strong in His truth, His power and might

A faith which, like a little child, Will trust the guiding hand;

Which through the storms of earthly strife

Hope

OD grant thee HOPE—that longs for home To meet thy Grand Desire.

O may thy soul in tune with His

A hope which like the living flame

A hope which greets the Living Lord

Love

That tongue can ever tell! For 'God is Love,' and in that love His saints forever dwell. Love is the fulness of His grace With thanks and praise expressed. Perfection's goal is gained at last And God's Eternal Rest!



St. John the Aged.

"The Disciple whom Jesus loved." - John 13: 23.

OME seventy years ago I was a fisher by the Sea of Galilee. It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide bathed dreamily the pebbles. How the light crept up the distant hills, and in its wake soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields! And then HE came and called

me. Then I gazed for the first time on that sweet face.
Those eyes, out of which shone Divinity, looked on my inmost soul, and lighted it forever. Then His words broke on the silence

of my heart. His love took hold of me and claimed me for its own. There in the twilight I followed, holding fast his mantle.

Oh, what holy walks we had through harvest fields, and desolate dreary wastes! Oftentimes He leaned upon my arm, wearied and worn: I was young and strong and so upbore Him. Lord, now I am

weak and old and feeble! Let me rest on Thee! So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still! How strong Thou art!

The twilight, even now, draws on apace. Come, let us leave the noisy streets and take the path to Bethany; for Mary's smile awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands have prepared the cheerful evening meal. Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see, has gone some steps before!

What say you, friends? that Christ has gone to His Heavenly home! Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so, I know it all; and yet, once more I seemed to stand upon my native hills with the Master as of old. O, how oft I've seen Him bring back strength to palsied limbs! I feel He has to mine. Up! bear me once more to my flock! Once more let me tell of our Saviour's love; for by the sweetness of the Master's voice just now, I think He must be very near. Coming perhaps to break the veil which time has worn so thin that I can almost see beyond.

How dark it is! I cannot see the faces of my flock. Is that the sea that murmurs so, or—is it weeping? Hush, my children. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son: So, love ye one another. Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back. Why call ye me the Holy John? Nay, call me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved, and lover of my children.

Lay me down once more upon my couch, and open wide the eastern window. See, there comes a light like that which broke upon my soul at eve, when in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel came and touched me. See, it grows! and hark! How sweet that song the ransomed sing. Glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds! Methinks my soul can join it now.

O, my Lord, my Lord! How bright Thou art! and yet the very same I loved in Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years to feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord, unto Thy bosom. There shall I abide.'





Her heart can see!

Eph. 1: 18



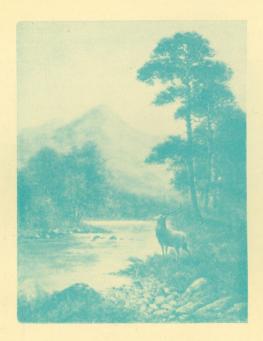
WEET blind singer, over the sea,
Tuneful and jubilant, how can it be
That the songs of gladness, which float so far
As if they fall from an evening star.
Are the notes of one who may never see
Visible music of flower and tree?

How can she sing in the dark like this? What is her fountain of light and bliss?

Her heart can see, her heart can see! Well may she sing so joyously! For the King himself, in His tender grace Hath shown her the brightness of His face.

Dear blind sister over the sea! A joyous heart goes forth to thee, We are linked by a cable of faith and song, Flashing bright sympathy, swift along; One in the east and one in the west, Singing for Him, whom our souls love best,

Sister! what will our meeting be, When our hearts shall sing, and our eyes shall see?"



Longing for Home!

As pants the hart for water brooks, so pants my soul for Thee. Oh, when shall I behold Thy face, when wilt Thou call for me?

How oft at night I turn mine eyes towards my heavenly home, And long for that blest time when Thou my Lord, shall bid me, "Come!"

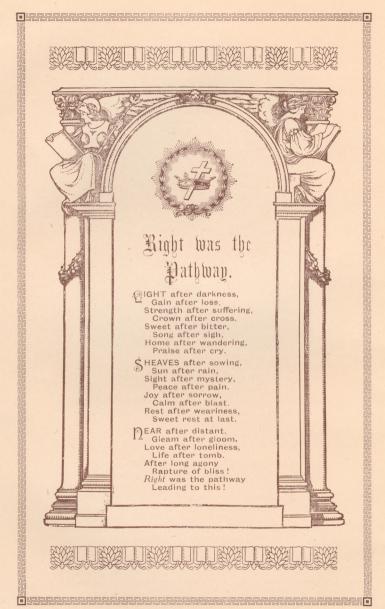
And yet I know that only those Thy blessed face shall see, Whose hearts from every stain of sin are purified and free.

And oh, my Master and my Lord, I know I'm far from meet With all Thy blessed saints in light to hold communion sweet.

I know that those who share Thy throne must in Thy likeness be, And all the Spirit's precious fruits in them the Father see.

Lord, grant me grace more patiently to strive with my poor heart, And bide Thy time to be with Thee and see Thee as Thou art!

Psa. 42:1, 2.







smiled—
"Do better now,
My child."



went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.'
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart

"Do better now, My child."

smiled_

Matt. 6:8. Phil. 4:19. Rom. 4:6-8.



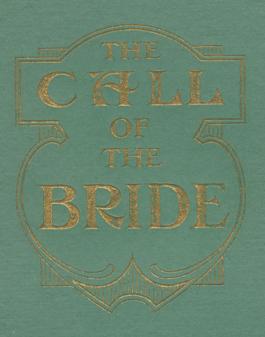
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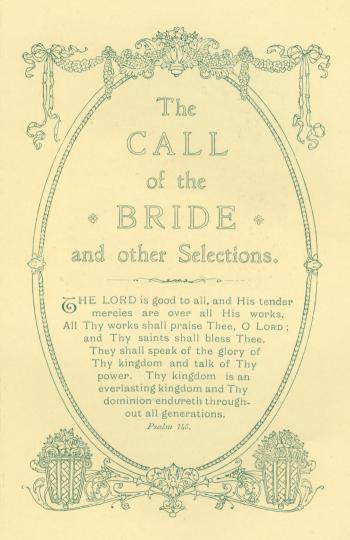
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Rose L. INirsh. Jo Sr. Schuchert





The Father Himself Loveth Yon!



My Heartfelt Greeting.

HE best of all good wishes flow from my heart to-day:
That God's great loving-kindness may bless thee on thy way;
For with it comes all favour, the warmth of His embrace,
Sweet fragrance of His presence in every time and place.

So strong, so good, so mindful, and gentle as a dove. Without this loving favour what would to us remain?

All earthly treasures worthless, and life spent here in vain.

PRECIOUS thought to wish thee, the best He has to give, To all who truly love Him who through His Word do live. The glory of His purpose, with plan so wide and deep, Brings hope to His beloved who will His precepts keep.

FRIEND, when these wishes reach thee, O breathe the prayer for me,

The echoes will arise to God in sweetest melody, Then heart to heart we shall respond to Heaven's glad refrain, Which tells of joyous life to come beyond the hour of pain!







From great Jehovah's mighty throne,
On wondrous mission to the earth,
To find a bride for God's dear Son.
Armed with all power, he went his way
From the high courts of Heaven's King.
And, brooding o'er the sons of men,
A strange sweet song began to sing.

God's love, so grand, so great, God's love, which gave His only Son, The dearest treasure He possessed, To save a race, condemned, undone: A race which had been sold in sin, Whose father lost the right to live; And none could save himself from death, Nor for his brother ransom give.

E softly sang to weary ones
Who had been feeling after God,
That now the way was opened up
By sacrifice of human blood.
No more the blood of bulls and goats
Should year by year for sin atone,
The one great perfect sacrifice,
The ransom paid for every one.

N sweetest notes the song went on—
The love of Christ was now the theme:
How He left Heaven's highest joys,
That poor lost man might be redeemed,
Might be released from sin's dark reign
And be brought back from death's estate,
To travel up the grand highway
Where life, and health, and blessings wait.

HERE perfect knowledge should be theirs,
And every joy of any worth:
When they should have, as God had planned,
Dominion o'er a perfect earth.
And then the song grew grander still,
Such words were never heard before:
That some should leave their human state
And up to spirit regions soar.

AST angel and archangel plane,
Tho' that, indeed, were honour great,
Past cherubim and seraphim
To Christ's divine, immortal state.
What wonder that all Heaven's hosts
With rapture heard the matchless strain!
What wonder that earth's lowly ones
Could scarce believe that grand refrain!

ND as they trembling sought the way,
He said, "I'm sent your steps to guide
"In the same path your Master trod,
"Till He receive you as His bride."
He led them to a narrow gate
And bade them mark its colours grand:
"The snowy linen shows Christ's robe
"Of righteousness, in which you stand.

"The price to Justice has been paid,
"And sprinkled on the Mercy Seat
"His blood your peace with God has made,
"That royal purple is the sign
"That Heaven's King, with mighty power,
"Stands pledged to come to your relief
"In every dark and trying hour.

"GHE threads of blue, the living faith
"Which makes those promises your own;
"Come, follow me within the gate,
"I'll lead you unto holy ground."
And as they entered in the Court
The peace of God fell on their souls;
With joy they heard the tender words:
"The blood of Jesus makes thee whole."

GLOTHED in His righteousness they stood; His blood-bought rights on them conferred; Such blessed hopes faith brought to view Their very hearts within them stirred. Their guide now pointed out to them A brazen altar standing near: "There you must lay, beside your Lord, "All earthly hopes, however dear.

"TND every restitution right
"Which would be yours in future days
"Must be for ever sacrificed
"Ere you can walk the narrow way."
With loving zeal they laid thereon
All future rights by faith possessed,
And, washing at the laver clear,
After their guide they onward pressed.

E led them to the door, and lo!
A wondrous vision met their gaze:
A room, where sunlight never came,
And yet whose walls were all ablaze;
They saw a golden candle stand,
A golden table piled with food,
And at the farther end, before
A vail, a golden altar stood.

The Camp and Court were left behind,
And as they tarried by the light
They there received a heavenly mind,
And former mysteries opened up,
There they rejoicing saw the plan—
Deep things they saw, which never yet
Had entered in the heart of man.

GHEIR holy messenger led on
To where, on golden table spread,
Was what their souls had hungered for—
Frankincense and unleavened bread.
"Est and grow strong," he said to them,
"For you our Lord this food prepared:
"Then pass it on to other priests,
"That they with you the feast may share."

HEY were inclined to linger here,
And think their journey almost done;
But their guide cried, "Oh, tarry not,
"But to that golden altar come:
"Tis here you're nearest to your Lord,
"He tarries just within the vail,
"And watches you with eyes of love,
"And sends you help when foes assail."

ON to the altar then they pressed,
O'erjoyed to find their Lord was near;
They brought with them their two hands full,
Their blood-bought rights once held so dear,
And, standing by the altar fire,
They offered it as incense rare:
When it was crumbled in the flame
A sweet perfume filled all the air.

Joyful sacrifice it was,
Their faces toward the vail were turned
And their hearts' love for their dear Lord
With an unceasing fervour burned.
No holding back of any power,
Nor any grudging service given,
"Fade, fade, each earthly joy," they said,
"And nearer come, ye joys of heaven!

"We're waiting left but death and God,
"Our hearts cry out, 'How long? how long?"
"We're waiting for the welcome words
"'Tis finished now, my child, come home."
"We yearn to see our Bridegroom's face,
"Our pilgrim's journey long has been"—
Lo! while they prayed, their guide appeared
And said, "Tis finished! Enter in."

EEKLY they bowed themselves in death,
Assured that they had won the race,
And in the twinkling of an eye
They saw their Bridegroom face to face.
"Oh! my beloved!" with joy He cried,
"I long have waited for this hour;
"Ascend and share My throne with Me,
"Come! taste thy resurrection power."

ND then the grand procession formed, Ten thousand ranks of angels bright, And columns of Archangels grand, In all the colours of the light; And cherubim and seraphim, Resplendent, led that mighty throng, The pageantry of all the skies

Was there to greet that bridal morn.

GHRIST'S bride the place of honour held, As onward swept that heavenly train; Past earth, and stars, and sun and moon, Beyond the highest spirit plane.

And as they reached the heavenly courts The royal guide approached the throne, And, bending low in homage, said:

"The bride of Christ has been brought home."

ND then the Son presented them
Before the Heavenly Father's face:
"These are the ones Thou gavest Me,
"Each one a miracle of grace!
"Each one for very love of me
"Laid all their earthly prospects down:
"They have been faithful unto death
"That they with Me might wear a crown."

In tender tones the Father said:
"Thrice welcome to these Courts above,
"And to the joys prepared for you,
"Oh! royal Daughter of My love,
"Before the earth received her frame
"Thou wert a part of My great plan,
"Mine eyes have watched thine every step,
"Thou hast been graven on My hands.

"I'VE hedged thee in on every side,
"I've sent thee sun and sent thee rain,
"And even—when thy feet have strayed—
"The rod, to bring thee back again.
"Oh, thou art precious in My sight,
"Come, royal Daughter, welcome home."
And Heaven's King in that glad hour
Proclaimed the marriage of His Son.



"Peace, be still!"

A sudden tempest sweeps the sea,
I see a crew, whose efforts fail
To bring her safely through the gale.
And One I see who seems to sleep,
Unconscious of the rolling deep.
"Master," I hear the anguished cry,
"Unless Thou savest, we must die!"
And then I see Him as He stands,
His loving face, His outspread hands,
I hear His voice of "Peace, be still!"
And waiting with my heart athrill
See wind and waves obey His will.—Luke 8: 22-25.

HE centuries have rolled away;
I stand beside the sea to-day.
The winds of strife blow wild and strong,
Whilst waves of trouble roll along.
And through the blackness of the night
The storm increases in its might.
Our wisest men in vain have tried
To stem the rising of this tide.
But One I see who seems to sleep
Unconscious of the raging deep.
Ah, no! he waits to hear the cry
"Unless Thou savest we must die!"
By faith again I see Him stand,
And listen to his blest command.
Enraptured now, I know the thrill
For lo! I hear His "Peace be still!"
Through faith I see a newborn world,
I see His flag of peace unfurled
And men in homage own His sway
Whom stormy winds and waves obey.—Psalm 46



The Ransom Sacrifice.

From the darkness and gloom of Calvary's hill there flows the light of hope and glory; for not only were the tragic events accompanying the cross, foreknown by God, but also the marvellous outcome. He foregrained and fore-knew that the whole human race would have the opportunity of looking to the Ransom Sacrifice as the only basic means of Salvation. Jesus was raised from the tomb a mighty and glorious Spirit being and He has come to rend the dark night of sin and superstition and to inaugurate the Millennial Age for the raising instructing and blessing all peoples of earth.

1 Tim. 21; 36. Acts 31; 12-26. Isa, 35. Rev. 20; 6. 15a; 26; 9.



HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

SEE from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

ERE the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so Divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
To rejoice my spirit too:
For the precious ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For others still behind me,
And the good that I can do.

LIVE to tell the story—
He suffered for my sake—
To emulate His glory,
And follow in His wake;
With the noblest of all ages,
Whose deeds crown sacred pages,
Who reap Salvation's wages,
And God's great volume make.

LIVE to hold communion
With Him who is Divine:
To feel there is a union
With His dear heart and mine:
To welcome His correction,
Grow wise by calm reflection,
Increase in love's affection,
To fulfil His grand design.

LIVE to hail that season,
By prophets long foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not at all by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

LIVE for those who love me,
For those who know me true:
For the Heaven that smiles above me
To rejoice my spirit too:
For the right that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the glad approaching distance,
And the good that I can do.



My Heart's Desire

- ATHER I know that all my life is portioned out for me;
 And the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see:
 But I ask Thee for a present mind intent on pleasing Thee.
- ASK, Thee for a thankful love, through constant watching—wise, To meet the glad with joyful smiles, to wipe the weeping eyes, And a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize.
- WOULD not have the restless will that hurries to and fro, Seeking for some great thing to do, or secret thing to know. I would be dealt with as a child, and guided where to go.
- ASK Thee for the daily strength, to none that ask denied;
 And a mind to blend with outward life, while keeping at Thy side:
 Content to fill a little space if Thou be glorified.

Psalms 27:4. 37:4.







Eph. 2: 4-10.

The Praise belongs to Bim.

KNOW if I am chosen to joint heirship with my Lord,
To reign with Him in glory, to receive that sreat reward:
If, after all my weaknesses, a crown for me He'll claim,
I know that choice will surely bring great glory to God's Name,

F I had been more worthy, and my stumblings had been few,
When men gave God the glory they'd have praised my virtue, too;
If I'd never lost a battle, or had never missed the mark,
As they talked about His goodness, mine also they'd remark.

BUT my being so deficient, in thought and word and deed, Means He'll get all the glory—He deserves it all indeed. When they see this weak mortal raised to such immortal heights: What praise will rise to Him who in such nothingness delights!

I KNOW that when my Saviour did return to Heaven above.
And was crowned with wondrous glory, it did prove His Father's Iove.
But thinking of Christ's merit, and His sinless life of grace,
'Twas no wonder that Jehovah chose Him for such a place.

√OITH me it is so different; I have not one thing to plead That I should be more honoured than another bruisèd reed; And truly, there's no reason to give me a mite of praise; To Him belongs all glory for the joys which crown my days.

IF you knew all my failings, and my blemishes so vile,
And saw the loving patience my Father shows the while,
'Twould amaze you beyond measure to think He could or would
Make me an able servant who should do His people good.

BUT if to Him such praise is due because of what I am— Because of such a weakling He has made a stronger man, Then what will be His glory, when He's raised me higher still, And crowned me with His choicest on top of Zion's hill?

That all these years of striving find me so imperfect still, Does not speak much to my credit nor give a happy thrill; Where I appear as worthy, 'tis because His grace is there, And in the praise and glory, I deserve no part, no share.

HATE my faults and failings, and I fight them day by day,
But from self with all lits weaknesses I cannot get away:
Despite this fact, He uses me—beyond is still more grace—
And hosts will tell the story—how He found for me a place.



This reputed true likeness of our LORD is said to have been taken from an emerald engraved by order of Pontius Plate, who presented it to Tiberius Casar. In due course it came into the possession of a Sultan of Turkey, who parted with it as the redemption price to liberate his brother from captivity.

The Man Christ Jesus

who gave Himself a ransom for ALL, to be testified in due time.

Description of our Lord from an ancient manuscript from Publius Lentulus, the President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome.

HERE appeared in these our days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth: but His own disciples call Him the 'Son of God.' He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair of the colour of a chestnut full ripe, plain to His ears, whence downward it is curling and waving about His shoulders. In the midst of His head is a seam or partition in His hair after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead smooth and His face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red. His nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be reprehended: His beard thickish, in colour like His hair, but not very long. His look innocent and mature, His eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving He is terrible; in admonishing courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep. In proportion of body and arms, well shaped and perfect to behold. In speaking very temperate, modest and wise. A man for His singular beauty surpassing the children of men.

Answered Prayers

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought." Rom. 8: 26.



PRAYED FOR POWER,
methought that I could win
His favour by many a
noble deed:—
The strength I trusted
left me quite alone;
And in my fall I felt
my direst need:
But, in the dust, when hope
was well nigh gone,
God's own glory with brighter
splendour shone.

PRAYED FOR LIGHT,
perchance to see beyond
All others, even friends
I held most dear:—
The sun went down,
the lesser lights grew dim,
My once glad heart was
charged with gloom and fear:
But while I sat in sorrow
wrapt in night
The face of Christ made
__all my darkness bright!

PRAYED FOR PEACE, and dreamed of restful ease, A slumber drugged from pain, a hushed repose; Above my head the skies grew black with storm, And fiercer came the onslaught of my foes; But while the battle raged, and wild winds blew, I heard His voice and perfect peace I knew.

My feeble prayers, and
answer as I thought,
Since these rich gifts Thy
bounty hast bestowed
Have brought me more
than all I asked or sought;
Giver of good, please
answer each request
With Thine own choosing—
BETTER THAN MY BEST!

Thou wert too wise to heed

THANK THEE LORD,



The dove, the olive branch and the ark tell the story of love, peace, and Divine protection, which comes, in this time of trouble, to the consecrated Christian who determines to

Press Down on the Mark.

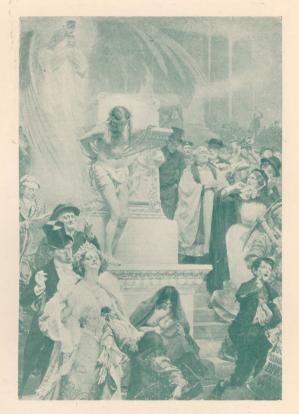
Phil. 3:13-15. 2 Tim. 4:7,8.

PRESS down on the mark—belovèd,
Press down on the mark each day,
Let nothing that comes upon you
Have power to move or sway;
For none but the overcomer
Shall share in the joys above,
So keep at the mark, belovèd—
Press down on the mark of love.

HEN Father sends fiery trials,
When billows around you sweep,
If doubts of His loving kindness
Might over your spirit creep,
Beloved—press down the harder,
One purpose He has in view,
Each trial and test He sendeth
To perfect His love in you.

T sight of your brothers' failings
Your patience may be sore tried,
But love-from a heart o'erflowing
Must all imperfections hide;
And love in the form of service
Must daily be manifest,
As incense sweetly ascending,
As down on the mark you press.

GHE world when it fails to win you May hate you with cruel breath, And hatred may take a cruel form That only shall end in death; But the worst they can do, beloved, Is to change your cross for a crown: So while you let God's will be done—Press down on the mark—press down.



"Despised and Rejected of Men"

HIS remarkable picture shows history repeating itself. In place of the Jewish mobs with their proud religious rulers we see present-day representatives of humanity. The workman, sportsman, soldier, scientist, the smart set, the political agitator, as well as the portly self-satisfied ecclesiastic with his companion given to doctrinal disputes—all alike despise and reject the One who gave His flesh for the life of the world. John 6: 51.

The one alone whose attention is arrested, is a nurse, who gives a startled glance at the Figure depicting her unfamiliarity with,—a bowed spirit—an anguished soul—a neglected nobleness—a broken heart!

The faithful followers of the Lord are still manifested in the person of the suffering Saviour. 1 Cor. 12: 12-28. Eph. 1: 4, 22, 23. 2 Tim. 2: 12.



Thy Kingdom Come.

Ao boice can sing, no heart can frame For can the memory find A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Sabiour of mankind.

For nearly two thousand years the suffering, persecuted, self-sacrificing consecrated ones—faithful Pauls, ardent Peters, loving Johns, devoted Stephens, gentle Marys, and tender and generous Marthas, a long line of brave confessors of the truth—have, after fighting the good fight of faith, laid down their armour, to await their promised reward at the Master's appearing.

And now He has come! The Lord is indeed present! The time is at hand for the setting up of His Kingdom, and the exaltation and glorification of His faithful Bride. To the eye of faith He is now revealed by the prophetic lamp (2 Pet. 1: 19); and ere the harvest is fully ended, the present joys of faith will give place to the rapturous joys of the full fruition of our hopes, when those counted worthy will all have been made like Him, and will see Him, as Heeis, face to face.—1 John 3: 1-3.

While we thus stand, as it were, on Pisgah's heights, and view the prospect just before us, our hearts rejoice in the Lord's great plan with unspeakable joy. The grand anthem, the first note of which was sung by the angelic choir, at the birth of the infant Jesus—"Behold I bring you good tidings of GREAT JOY, which shall be unto all people"—will ere long fill heaven and earth with eternal melody, as the blessed work of salvation—restitution—progresses to its glorious culmination.



"Thy word is truth."—John 17:17.

Autobiography of the Bible.

AM the oldest book in existence, having outlived the storms of thirty centuries. Men have endeavoured by every means possible to banish me from the face of the earth; they have hidden, torn, burnt, reviled and despised me, and have done to death tens of thousands of my faithful witnesses. Indeed no other book has been more bitterly hated, no other book has been more dearly cherished; no other book has been so misrepresented and misunderstood; but to-day, while many of my foes slumber in death, I still live on.

T is not for me to speak of the conflicting creeds laid to my charge, but on behalf of the one true purpose of my Revered Author I appeal to reason. Look at the stately trees of the forest, the living green of the meadows bespangled by a thousand lovely flowers, the singing birds that delight themselves amid the beauties of nature; the blue dome of heaven, illumined by the sun, moon and stars that space out a universe too immense for man to fathom: and know that the Creator of these things has a wise and loving purpose equally great and beautiful on behalf of man.—Isa. 55: 6-13.

HERE is revealed within my covers a chain of testimony which gives evidence of a plan so broad and a design so deep as to be beyond the power of human origin. My story centres around the dear Redeemer, who "by the grace of God tasted death for every man." Based upon this atoning sacrifice, all the dead will be raised, and the whole earth made glorious with life and happiness everywhere, without a trace of sorrow, pain or death.—Jsa. 11: 1-9; 60: 13. Rev. 21: 1-7.

Y message has blessed every follower of Jesus. It has inspired them with hope, encouraged them to zeal, comforted them in sorrow, strengthened them in faith till they have laid down their all in death, awaiting their grand reward. Like the crystal springs from the mountain side which flow on and on to refresh the luxuriant verdure on the plain below, so in the glad day now dawning, the waters of truth will impart its life-giving blessings to the willing and obedient of mankind, who will forever with one sweet accord, praise, love and adore my Beloved Author.—Rev. 5: 8-13.



"Treasures of the Snow."

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail. which I (Jehovah) have reserved against the time Of trouble, against the day of battle and war?"

—Job. 38: 22, 23.

SNOWFLAKES, under a microscope, are seen to be a marvel of Divine handiwork. Each crystallized rain-drop—for such is snow—has a definite symmetrical design of innumerable variation—a few examples are given above.

In Scriptural usage rain symbolizes the blessing of Truth (Deut. $_{32}$: a. Isa. $_{55}$: $_{10}$, $_{11}$), therefore, the variable star-like gems falling from the heavens in the form of snow, brings to mind the thousands of God-given harmonious and well-ordered illustrative incidents found in the Bible, and which incite the consecrated to faith and good works. Forceful and effective truths, as symbolized by hail, are also apparent at this time.—Dan. $_{12}$: $_{4}$, $_{9}$, $_{10}$. Isa. $_{28}$: $_{17}$.

It is also noteworthy that snow reflects Sunlight in its purity, and is therefore a fitting emblem of unselfishness, righteousness, goodness and such like qualities sought after by the Lord's Own (Isa. 1: 16-19. Psa. 51: 6, 7). Black objects, on the other hand, absorb all light, thereby picturing sin, selfishness and destruction.—Jude 11-13.



One Ibere and There.

OF all we meet on life's great stream There's but one here and there, Who treasures most the better things Each man to self most tightly clings, For self he toils, of self he sings, Except one here and there.

HE earth would be a darker place But for one here and there.
Whose heart with self has not been filled, Whose love for God has not been killed, Whose thankful praise has not been stilled; There's one such here and there.

ND this has been the Lord's wise will To find one here and there, Who, counting earthly gain but dross, Would daily take the Christian cross E'en at the risk of any loss;

God finds one here and there.

But just one here and there,
He seeks not all, but jewels fair;
For those who will His sufferings share,
And for His sake reproaches bear;
They're few—one here and there.

BUT oh! the grandeur of the work For this one here and there! To join in lifting up the race, To wipe away of sin each trace, To make of earth a perfect place, With glory everywhere!

Luke 12:32. Malachi 3:16-17.



JERUSALEM

Birthday Remembrance.

They that trust in the LORD shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever.—Psalm 125.

EMEMBERED still, in fervent prayer,
Thy name is breathed to-day!
While this another gladsome year
Falls on thy pilgrim way.
For by His sovereign gracious will
Thou hast thy great desire
To see those days, which endless praise
And deepest joys inspire.

E'EN while the earth mid cloud and gloom
Is bathed with sorrow's tears,
E'en though the world doth read her doom
In dark foreboding fears:
Thy portion is, to wing thy flight
Away from scenes below:
To heights above, where songs of love
And living waters flow.

HIS earth will soon be wrought anew By Jesus' wondrous power.

Soon will His precepts, good and true, Fall as the welcome shower.

Then will the New Jerusalem (Thrice hail that Royal Throne!)

Bring full to birth a perfect earth Where Truth will reign alone.

O chosen one, by His decree,
What more can now be said?
But this thy day that falls to thee
Breathes greater joys ahead!
God feed the flame that burns within,
That flame of sacred love,
Till His great light bursts on thy sight,
In realms of life above!

Desolation.

I MISS them in the morning,
When the mist is on the hill:
When to busy hum is heard
And all the land is still.
Oh, the dear familiar faces,
Oh, the void and empty spaces, and the
Longing for the voices that are still.

I MISS them in the evening,

By the fireside's ruddy glow:
Its light and warmth seem only
The vacant chairs to show.
My heart then fills with sorrow.
For the dawning of the morrow,
Without the loving voices that are still.

WHEN I hear the joyous notes
That hall the coming Spring,
And all around the gladness
Makes wood and valley ring,
Then I miss them even more
Than I were did before, in the
Beauty and the fragrance of the Spring.

WHEN the dreary cold and chill
Of the winter draweth nigh:
When the sobbling wind is heard,
And the pretty flowerers die,
Then I miss them most of all,
And I seem ro hear the call of the
And I seem ro hear the call of the
Dear and Joving voices that are still.

Oh, the dear familiar faces! Oh, the void and empty spaces, and the Longing for the voices that are still.

Palm po: 332.

Restoration.

COUTL see them in the morning, when the Sun shines o'er the hill. The ransomed hosts returning, For 'tis God's unchanging will hast those dear familiar faces Will refill the empty spaces, and praise Will grace the voices that were still.

HAT bright and happy morning
All the prophers have foretold;
A gory so entrancing,
Every eye shall then behold
When bells of joy are pealing,
And broken hearts are healing, then love
Will cheer the voices that were still.

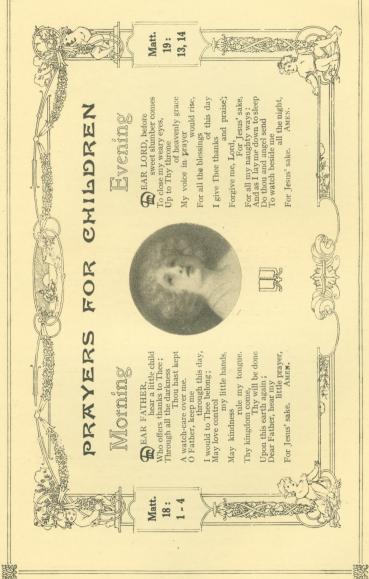
OW, come, behold the foregleams
Of that grand stupendous day,
When weeping, sorrow, dying,
Will forever pass away.
Weep not for desolation
But rejoice in restoration for the
Blossoms that will greet us in the Spring.

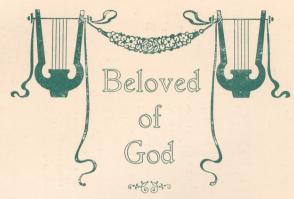
At sweet and joyous Spring-time!

What glories over-spread,
As health and strength and beauty
Adorn the risen dead.

Then you'll praise God most of all,
When you lear the welcome call of the
Dear and loving voices that were still.

Oh, the dear familiar faces! Now thrice happy are the places with the Music of the voices that were still. Earls. 36: 33:38 Acts 3: 19-94.





Eph. 1: 2-6. 1 John 3: 1, 2. Rev. 14: 1-3. Rev. 15: 1-4.

- BELOVED of God! while anthems ring
 That hail the presence of our King,
 The harps of God, in golden tone,
 Proclaim the joys that thou shalt own.
 A chosen heir with him to dwell,
 For evermore his praise to swell:
 And share with him, in sweet accord,
 Who died for all, our precious Lord.
- ELOVED and chosen: called to stand, Enriched with faith in this dark land; E'en though thy foes doth thee surround, His glorious grace doth more abound. The glad'ning song of hope and cheer Proclaims the Presence ever near: His loving arms around thee twine Till in his likeness thou dost shine.
- Beloved by all Who hear the Father's gracious call. He calls us each and all by name, His love remaineth e'er the same. What glories we shall soon behold! The half has never yet been told. O happy they who find release, Beloved of God in perfect peace!



The Secret of His Presence.

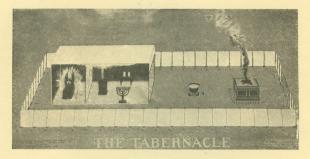
Psalms 27: 5; 91

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide:
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side.
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

WHEN my soul is faint and thirsty 'neath the shadow of His wing There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring. And my Saviour rests beside me and we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

ONLY this I know I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears:
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be If He never, never told me of the faults which He must see.

Go and hide beneath His shadow, this shall then be your reward, And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place, You will bear the shining image of the Master in your face.



Tabernaçle Shadows.

NOT all the blood of beasts on Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, or wash away the stain, But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, takes all our sins away—A sacrifice of nobler name and richer blood than they. My soul looks back to see the burden He did bear, While pouring out His life for me, and sees the Ransom there.

- The Tabernacle was erected under the direction of Moses in the wilderness during Israel's long journey from Egypt to Canaan. It was of Divine design and foreshadowed "good things to come." In brief it portrayed the sacrificial sufferings of Jesus and His true followers "the little flock," and the manifold glories to follow, resultant upon the satisfaction of justice.

 —Ex. 25-27. Col. 2, 17. Heb. 9-10. Luke 12, 32.
- The Court was surrounded by a white linen curtain indicating that all within was sacred. Its entrance pointed out the only way from death to life, opened up by the ransom sacrifice of our Lord Jesus, as symbolized by the Altar of Sacrifice. The washing away of sin was symbolized by the Laver, situated between the Altar and the Tabernacle.—Mat. 20, 28. John 14, 6. Isa. 1, 18. Eph. 5, 25, 26.
- The Holy of the Tabernacle was the first and larger of the two compartments. It depicted Jesus and His anointed followers whilst in the flesh. The Incense Altar showed the Sacrifices were of love and well pleasing to the Father. The Table of unleavened Shewbread represented their necessary food—the pure Word of Truth. The seven-branched Golden Lampstand pictured the entire Church enlightened by the Holy Spirit.—Heb. 13, 15. 1 Peter, 2, 5. Phil. 2, 16. Rev. 1, 20
- The Most Holy in dimensions was cubical. It represented the glorified Christ, as shown by the Ark of Gold. The golden Cherubim with its supernatural light portrayed Jehovah as the Life and Sustainer of the Universe.—Eph. 3, 9-11. Heb. 9, 24. 1 Sam. 4, 4. Isa. 37, 16.
- (Lev. 9) shows that after the sacrifices, the High Priest, accompanied by Moses, went out to bless the waiting throng. When the people saw them they shouted and fell on their faces, thereby picturing the delight and reverential adoration that will result when Messiah reigns to bless all families of the earth. This wonderful time is fast approaching.

 —Isa. 9: 6, 7. 11: 1:10. 25: 6-9.



Moses Foreshadowing Redemption

"ND as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." John 3: 14, 15.



The Great Pyramid of Egypt is the oldest and largest building in the world. It weighs about seven million tons and towers four hundred and eighty-five feet high and is two-thirds of a mile round the base. This remarkable monument contains food for profound reflection for the scientist, historian and astronomer. It is referred to in the Bible and is found to corroborate its testimony, thereby proving that its architect was no less inspired of God, as were Moses and David in the construction of the Tabernacle and Temple. The length of the Jewish and gospel ages are therein affirmed as well as the definite termination of Satan's empire, and the establishment of Christ's Kingdom based upon the Ransom sacrifice.

Isa. 19:19-20. Jer. 32:120.

God's Witness of Stone.

IN a dry weary land, in a wilderness lone;
In a desert of sand, is God's Witness of Stone;
So majestic the whole, and so deep its design,
It convinces the soul of a Builder Divine.
Over four thousand years, it has stood in that place,
'Mid the sighs and the tears of the poor fallen race.
With its secret unknown some have gazed at this tower.
While Jehovah alone knew the depth of its power.
Now there's wonderful skill, that is seen all within;
Come! behold, if you will, the dark symbols of sin,
And then trace from "the fall" how the Lord doth atone,
Showing hope that's "for all" in this Bible of Stone.
'Tis a chart for the wise, giving signs for that day,
When mankind will arise and pursue the right way!
They'll read the glad story which before was unknown,
And God will have glory through His Witness of Stone.
Matt. 21: 42-44; Acts 4: 10-12; Eph. 2: 20-22; I Peter 2: 2-8.



When Jesus is Iking!

PRAISE to our King who is coming to reign, Glory to Jesus the Lamb that was slain: Life and salvation His empire shall bring, Joy to the nations—when Jesus is King.

> OH, that will bring praise to our King, Praise to our King! Praise to our King! Sing the glad song who to Jesus belong: Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.

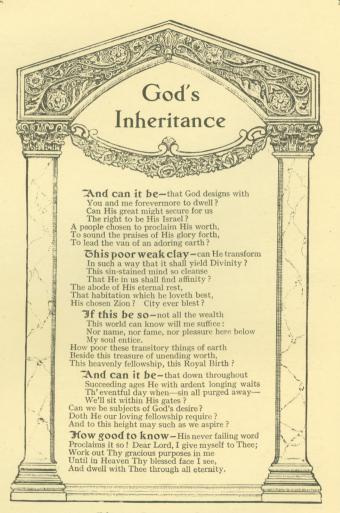
EN shall learn right in His kingdom of Peace, Freedom shall flourish and wisdom increase. Foe shall be friend when His triumph we sing. Sword shall be sickle—when Jesus is King.

LLL shall come back who have lived long ago, Love like a banner shall over them flow; Sin shall be conquered as light shines within, O hail happy day—when Jesus is King.

ALL men shall dwell in His marvellous light, Races long severed His love shall unite. Justice and truth from His sceptre shall spring. Wrong will be ended—when Jesus is King.

Tune-"The Glory Song."

Isa. II: 1-10.



Eph. 1, 15-23. Psa. 132, 13, 14. Rom. 8, 28-39.





"Thy Mill be done!"

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."



"Do not be anxious about anything; but by prayer and earnest pleading, together with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God. Then the peace of God which transcends all our powers of thought, will guard your hearts and minds in union with Christ Jesus."

Phil. 4: 6, 7 (literal).

The Prayer of the Consecrated.



EAR Heavenly Father, reverently, and in the name of Jesus, I approach Thy throne of grace to renew my consecration vow TO-DAY, not content with having made my consecration years ago, nor even

yesterday, I renew it to-day, and present to Thee my body and all its powers, my heart and all its affections. I give to Thee willingly and gladly everything I possess to be wholly Thine to-day. I would not withhold from Thee one single thing.

"Gracious and loving Father and dear Lord Jesus, come in all your fulness into my heart and life—take full possession—and reign there supreme without a rival to-day. Dear Lord Jesus, my glorious High Priest and Head to Thy Body, the Church, continue to offer me to-day upon God's Holy Altar of sacrifice, and until the sacrifice is completed in death."



Overcoming

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels.—Rev. 3:5.

- HEN wrongs are thrust upon you, and things look dark and drear,
 You ponder o'er the future with a strange foreboding fear:
 Just pierce the clouds of heaven, true faith will surely bring
 Its rays of welcome sunshine from the presence of the King.
 James 1:2-4. Matt. 7:7-11.
- Your heart is heavy laden, and faith's hold is weak and loose:—

 Just grip a little tighter, and a little tighter still,

 Refuse to be a weakling when you have a mind and will.

 1 Peter 1: 13. Eph. 6: 10-18.
- HEN suddenly some secret foe would claim you for a prey,
 And firere becomes its dread approach, it fills you with dismay:
 Just wing your flight to Jesus, for with Him alone is rest,
 He'll show the way to conquer, and grant you your request.
 Psalm 10: 12-14. Matt. 11: 28-30
- **HEN loneliness steals o'er you and "a coldness chills the air,"
 "Aloof" seem friends and "distant," "I'm forsaken." you declare:

 Then clasp that Friend the closer, the faithful saving Friend,
 For everyone who's trusting He loves them to the end.

 John 13:1. Psalm 125:1-2.
- HEN vou would take it easy—you slacken in the race;
 Unmindful of that wondrous goal—immortal—by His grace:
 Then remember the good Master and all who've gone before,
 With zeal and loving ardour, seek life forevermore.
 Heb. 12:1-3, 1 Cor. 15:57-58.
- HEN disappointment foils you, and what you thought was best
 Doth fade away as daylight when the sun sinks in the west:—
 Then tread the paths of wisdom, where riches real and true
 Are waiting to be gathered—the treasures great for you!

 Prov. 2:1-11. James 3:17.
- HEN wisdom's pearls are gathered, rare gems which beautify, Then praise the LORD of heaven, who heard your feeble cry, And send them hither, thither: there are others in distress— If you would live forever, then you must live to bless.

2 Cor. 9:6-15. 1 John 2:17.



Drop a Pebble in the Water!

ROP a pebble in the water, just a splash and it is gone—
But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on,
They are spreading, spreading, spreading, and the ripples rise and fall,
While the music of their swelling brings a thought for one and all;
As you watch the waves of water as they widen round and round
Think how simple were their starting—just a pebble from the ground!

ROP an unkind word or careless, in a second it is gone—
But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on,
They are spreading, ever spreading, from the centre as they go,
And there's not a way to stop them once you've started them to flow;
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred;
And disturbed a life once happy—when you've dropped that unkind
word.

ROP a word of cheer and kindness, in a moment it is gone— But there're half a hundred ripples, circling on and on and on, Bearing songs of hope and gladness on each buoyant, joyous wave, Till you'd not believe the volume from the little thought you gave; And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music may be heard Circling miles and miles around you—just by dropping that kind word!

The Two Words

(I) NE day a harsh word rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

KIND word followed it one day:
Flew swiftly on its blessèd way,
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again:
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

ND yet the harsh word left a trace,
The kind word could not quite efface;
For though the heart its love regained.
It bore a scar that long remained.
Friends could forgive, but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

(1) H! if we could but learn to know,
How swift and sure our words can go—
How we would weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air;
And speak those words which move in love,
Like white-winged messengers above.

Matt. 12: 33-37. James 3: 2-13. Proverbs 18: 21.





The Golden Age.

LOSE your eyes for a moment to the scenes of misery and woe, degradation and sorrow, that yet prevail on account of sin, and picture before your mental vision the glory of the perfect earth! Not a stain of sin mars the harmony and peace of a perfect society: not a bitter thought, not an unkind look or word. Love welling up from every heart meets a kindred response in every other heart, and benevolence marks every act. There sickness shall be no more; not an ache, nor a pain, nor any evidence of decay—not even the fear of such things.

Think of all the pictures of comparative health and beauty of human form and feature that you have ever seen, and know that perfect humanity will be of still surpassing loveliness. The inward purity and mental and moral perfection will stamp and glorify every radiant countenance. Such will earth's society be; and weeping bereaved ones will have their tears all wiped away, when thus they realize the resurrection work complete.

Isa 25, 6-9; Ezek. 36, 33-38; Isa. 35; Rev. 21, 1-7; Rev. 22, 1-5.



"And a little child shall lead them."

Ohlessed, blessed time,
Oblessed, blessed time,
The song of peace will never cease,
The joyful bells will chime;
And angel choirs again will sing,
Proclaiming Jesu's reign—
'Glory to God on high! Goodwill!
And peace on earth again.'

The fierce, the proud, the strong, Will learn to rule in heaven's school, Their hearts away from wrong; And love shall be the leading theme The universe to sway, And perfect teachers will control And guide them in the way.

'MD a little child shall lead them,'
The dread and pomp of war,
The captive's groan, the angry tone,
The battle's awful roar—
No more disturbs the harmony
Of earth's desired repose;
The wilderness and desert place
Shall blossom as a rose.

'CIND a little child shall lead them,'
The meek, the good, the kind,
Will see the birth of gladsome earth,
And sweet enjoyment find.
Then age to age will pass along
While praise will flow above
To Him who came and died for all
To prove His wondrous love.





Asleep in Jesus.

Blessèd God, Thy love and mercy, oh, how great! that Thou should'st hide my loved one in the grave until Thy wrath be overpast!—Ah, yes, dear heart, sleep well, sleep well, no dreams disturb thy deep repose.

"Gafeep in Jesus." Undisturbed, the while earth's breast is rent by "Armageddon's" strife, and all creation travails in the pangs that must precede her glorious "second birth." Sleep well beneath His overshadowing wings.

Sleep well, sleep well, until His Kingdom comes. "The ransomed of the Lord shall then return," and He shall bid thee waken out of sleep. A highway shall be there, a way of life, and thou, dear heart, with joy shalt walk thereon, up, up, until perfection's goal is won, when there shall be no pain, nor any death, when God's dear hand shall wipe all tears away. In this blest hope I lay thee down to rest. Good night, dear heart, 'twill not be long.



1 Thes. 4:13-14; Isa. 35:10.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return."



Somewhere the Light is Shining.

Somewhere 'tis always day,
Cease then thy soul's repining
From darkness turn away.
Lift up thy face to heaven,
Where gleams of glory bright
Pierce through the night clouds riven,
Flooding thine eyes with light.

Somewhere there are no shadows, somewhere there is no night, Somewhere there is no blindness, somewhere 'tis always light, After life's span of sorrow, after the darksome way, There'll be a glad to-morrow, there'll be life's perfect day.

Follewhere the cooling zephyrs
Fan fevered careworn brow;
Somewhere delicious fragrance
Floats from the blooming bough.
Somewhere no storms are raging,
Somewhere there's sweet relief,
Somewhere no tears are falling,
Somewhere there is no grief.

Somewhere the light we long for Conquers the cloud and gloom, Until the life we pray for Penetrates e'en the tomb.
Faint not because the darkness Now settles dense and drear, Beyond the clouds is sunshine:
Scale them and do not fear.

Isa. 60: 18-21.



For selfish greed stalks through the earth and misery walks behind it.

O Christmas Bells! what other sounds now fill the earth with sighing! The earth brings forth enough for all, yet men for bread are crying. Though they are given Christmas cheer, and told to banish sorrow, Their mournful eyes behold with fear the spectre of to-morrow.

And round the world is heard the sound of busy hammers ringing; And hands are moulding guns for war while lips of peace are singing. Gigantic vessels sail the seas with weapons forged for killing; And hearts that should with love o'erflow, hate's vengeful tide is filling.

O bells the curse is over all, and Adam's children languish;
For back at Eden's gate began six thousand years of anguish.
God's wrath has rested on the race; its marks are all about us.

[us!
Go search throughout the whole wide earth, and see what sin has brought

On every side disease holds sway; hear now the captive's moaning. The curse of sin is on the race, the whole creation's groaning. Vice crime and evil prey on man; and death fills up the measure. The bells toll o'er ten billion graves. How can they tell of pleasure?

Peal out, peal out the heaven'y joys that breathe a glad to-morrow; Ring out the message God has given—how he will banish sorrow. Tell earth the song the angels sang full soon will have fulfilling; That God shall give eternal joy to every soul that's willing.

Tell out, O bells, their long-lost dead shall arise from Death's dark prison! Tell them the earth will be renewed because the Lord is risen! He holds the keys of death and hell; His powers shall wake the sleeping And raise them up to perfect life, and end earth's night of weeping.

The King's King.

NCE in Persia, reigned a King, who, upon his signet-ring, graved a maxim, strange and wise; which, when held before his eyes, gave him counsel at a glance, fir for every change or chance; solemn words, and these are they—" Even this will pass away."

TRAINS of camels, through the sand, brought him gems from Samarcand; fleets of galleys, o'er the seas, brought him pearls to rival these: but he counted little gain, treasures of the mine or main; "What is wealth?" the King would say, "even this will pass away."

'MID the pleasures of his court, at the zenith of their sport, when the palms of all his guests burned with clapping at his jests; seated 'midst the figs and wine, said the King: 'Ah, friends of mine, pleasure comes, but not to stay—even this will pass away."

WOMAN, fairest ever seen, was the bride he crowned as queen. To the bridal altar led, whispering to his soul, he said: 'Though no monarch ever pressed, fairer woman to his breast, flesh is born but to decay—even this will pass away."

FIGHTING on a furious field, once a jav'lin pierced his shield: soldiers, with a loud lament, bore him, bleeding, to his tent, Groaning from his tortured side, 'Pain is hard to bear.' he cried, 'but, with patience day by day,—even this will pass away.'

TOWERING in a public square, forty cubits in the air, stood his statue carved in stone, and the King, disguised, unknown, gazed upon his sculptured name, and he pondered. "What is fame? Fame is like a fleeting day—even this will pass away."

STRUCK with palsy, weak and old, lying on his couch of gold, said he, with his dying breath, "Life is done! but what is Death?" Then, as answer to the King fell a sunbeam on his ring, showing, by a heavenly ray—"Even this will pass away."



1 Cor. 15; 26. Rev. 21: 1-7.



Hall to the Lord's Anointed, Jehovah's blessed Son!
Hall in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression, to set the captives free,
To take away transgression, and rule in equity.

Christ's entry into Terusalem.

HIS occurred about six days before the Crucifixion. The people, mindful of his wonderful works and words of wisdom, had determined to make Jesus their king, and it was as such that our Lord rode triumphantly into Jerusalem.

The people strewed their garments and palm branches in the way, shouting with joy—"Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of Jehovah!"

The jealous and proud Pharisees were incensed at this, and urged our Lord to rebuke the people, but he replied that a prophecy was being fulfilled which ran—"Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy king cometh unto thee; He is just and having salvation." Therefore, if these should hold their peace the very stones would immediately cry out.

Nearly two thousand years have passed since this event, and we are living at a time when many prophecies are being fulfilled, all evidencing the fact that our risen Lord is overturning the old order of ignorance and superstition, and is setting up His glorious earthly Kingdom as indicated by the general increase of knowledge and travel, and world-wide cry for a substantial orderly government. Christ's Millennial Reign will entirely eclipse every human ideal in the way of impartial justice, goodness, grandeur and righteous dealing which will be meted out to all peoples of earth as they are raised from the dead:—to this end Christ died and rose again.

ı Cor. 15: 16-26. ı Tim. 2: 3-6. Dan. 12: 4, 10. Hag. 2: 7-Zeph. 3: 8, 9. ı Thes. 5: 1-5. Rev. 21: 1-7.



"From Glory unto Glory."

2 Cor. 3: 18.

- "FROM glory unto glory!" Be this our joyous song, As on the narrow way to life we bravely march along. "From glory unto glory!" O word of stirring cheer, As dawns with solemn brightness another gladsome year.
- "CROM glory unto glory!" By faith we see our King:
 We own His matchless beauty, as triumphantly we sing
 Of wonderful fulfilments, of treasures new and old,
 Of shining crowning summits, we now shall soon behold!
 - Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world shall hear!
 Oh royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing
 Like the chorus of redeemed ones, children of the King?
- "FROM glory unto glory!" Though tribulations fall, It cannot touch our treasure when God is all in all: Whatever lies before us there can be nought to fear, For what are pain and sorrows when Jesus Christ is near?
- "HROM glory unto glory!" Without a shade of care, Because the Lord is with us, He will our sorrows share, He'll never, never leave us, He'll bless us on our way, O splendour of this promise unto the perfect day!
- "FROM glory unto glory!" Our fellow-travellers still
 Are gathering on the journey! The glad exultant thrill
 Of bright instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,
 Now freely flows from heart to heart in true and tender beat.
 - Wow onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go, While faith and grace abundantly shall from his fulness flow To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here; Until His glory's presence crown this our happiest year!



"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." Matthew 6:8.

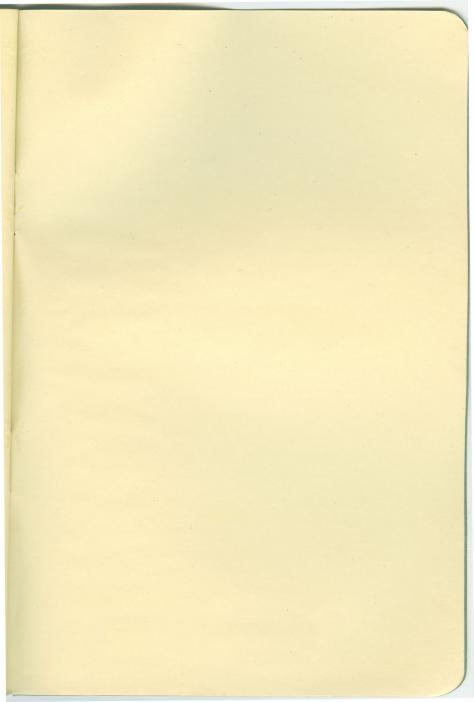
Absolutely tender! absolutely true! Anderstanding all things, understanding you! Infinitely loving—exquisitely near— This is God our Father, what have we to fear?



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GOD'S PRECIOUS JEWELS

by FREDERICK LARDENT

Author of
"The Hidden Meaning of Bible Colours"
"An Instrument of Ten Strings" etc.

Foreword.

God compares His people to quite a variety of earthly objects which serve to lend a lively interest to various truths. He likens them to trees, as the tall palm and the stately cedar; and to lovely flowers, as the lily and the rose. Again they are likened to stars and the light of the sun. Likewise to doves, to portray their spirit of innocence; also to gentle lambs and even to lions to show courage and boldness. Eagles, too, are mentioned to picture far-sightedness and heavenly dwelling places.

When God compares His people to jewels, the similitude becomes worthy of special consideration. Their preciousness, value and beauty make them most apt in their symbolism. Goodly gems have been appropriately termed the "blossoms of the rock" and the "flowers of the caves and torrent-beds." Their

diverse properties well picture the many excellent qualities and characteristics of the Church of the Firstborn.

My brother has sought, in a very beautiful and effective way, to uncover many glorious truths embodied under this figure. A consideration of this sublime theme has deepened my desire to attain unto all that the gracious Heavenly Father desires to see in me. It is my hearty-felt wish that this worthy publication may be scattered far and wide, and stir similarly the hearts of all the precious Sons of Zion.

Yours by Divine Grace, Joseph C Lardent.



"They shall be Mine."



HE jewellers of the East have been among the *greatest* travellers of the world. They have journeyed even to the remotest lands to secure, if possible, the finest stones, It has sometimes happened that they have come across a gem so valuable and costly, that they have sold all their possessions to secure it.

Our Master used this to illustrate a great truth. He said that "the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it" (Matt. 13:45,46) The analogy becomes remarkable in the light of the Divine purposes. Before Jesus came to earth, He beheld the world a desolate region on account of sin. He reviewed, however the possibilities.

While the image of God in man had become blurred, He foreknew the results under wise treatment. From crude flinty material, the human race might again reflect the manifold beauties of the light and love of their Maker which were lost in Adam. In due course the Father opened up to His mental vision "the pearl of great price," in other words, the elect! Chosen from men and women, there were some capable, under given circumstances, of more expressly reflecting the loveliness of the Divine character. Impelled with these thoughts, our Master emptied Himself of His pre-human glory and became a perfect being according to the flesh, arid this He "gave for the life of the world" (John 6:51).

At His resurrection He had the value with which He could purchase the "field" and all that it contained. His first request was for His church. "He appeared in the presence of God for us" (Heb. 9:24).

"The Bride of the Lamb."

The apostle uses the picture of the marriage tie to bear upon this teaching. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave Himself for it: that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: but that it should be holy and without blemish. This is a great mystery: I speak concerning Christ and the church" (Eph. 5:25-32).

The writer of a well-known hymn tells of this sublime relationship. thus —

The Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord.
She is His new creation,
By water and the Word.
From Heaven He came and sought her.
To be His holy bride.
With His own blood He bought her.
And for her life He died.

"They shall be Mine."

The great Creator of the universe and the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ is intensely interested in His elect.

"For the LORD hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation. This is My rest for ever; here will I dwell; for I have desired it" (Psalm 132:13,14). For well-nigh two thousand years He has been watching and waiting for His precious jewels. He declares: "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the LORD, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God" (Isaiah 62:3). The prospective heirs, in turn, become fully aware of the great love of the Father, and prophetically their words, are as follows: "I will greatly rejoice in the LORD, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." (Isaiah 61:10).

The prophet speaks of a time when this precious jewel class will be all gathered together in one. That this time is fast approaching there can be no doubt, for there are hundreds of prophecies co-ordinating in fulfilment. Hearken to the voice of the Lord; "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the LORD, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him" (Mal. 3:16, 17).

The word "jewels" in this text is from the Hebrew *segullah*, elsewhere translated "peculiar" or "special treasure." Here is another passage where the word recurs: "Now therefore, if ye will obey My voice indeed, and keep My commandments, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure *(segullah)* unto Me above all people for all the earth is Mine." (Exodus 19:5).

History reveals that the children of Israel did not hearken unto the voice of the Lord. Their wayward tendencies became more and more pronounced. In the course of time the Messiah came among them, who "spake as never man spake." Nevertheless, He was despised, rejected and ultimately crucified as a malefactor. Thus Israel clearly demonstrated that, as a people, they had neither the faith nor inclination to become the special-treasure of the Lord. For this reason God turned to the Gentiles "to take out of them a people for His name." (Acts 15:14). Thus the redeemed have arisen "out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation," for the Lord is no respecter of person, nationality or sex, but He is of character. The character attainments of His chosen, through the power of God, become superb, wonderful and glorious! For this reason they are spoken of as jewels.



The Breastplate of Judgment.

To lend a pleasing emphasis to the symbolism, the Lord commanded twelve different precious stones, embedded in gold, to form the breastplate of the High Priest of Israel (Exodus 28). It covered the heart to betoken the love and affectionate trust that Jesus, our great High Priest, possesses for His followers.

There is a little mystery attached to this breastplate. In some way, as yet unknown, it expressed the judgment of God. This is indicated by the words, "And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim amid Thummim (lights and perfections), and they shall be upon Aaron's heart when he goeth in before the Lord and, and Aaron shall bear the

judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually." (Exodus 28:30). The suggestion of something supernatural is borne out by an incident in the life of King Saul. He one time sought the counsel of a witch at Endor, because "the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." (1 Sam. 28:6).

Thus the future judgment of saints was foreshadowed. Arrayed in light and perfection, the symbolic jewels will, as members of the Royal Priesthood, judge the whole world of mankind. "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" (1 Cor. 6:2). This judgment was early foretold through the mouth of Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who declared that "the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds." (Jude 14,15).

Some fear the judgment day as though it were an unending catastrophe! Read, however, the joyous song of David, which comes floating down the stream of time in sweet melody: "Let the heavens be glad, and let the fields rejoice and all that is therein. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the LORD, because He cometh to judge the earth. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever. (1 Chron. 16:31-33). The judgment day, therefore, is a time to be desired. "For thus saith the Lord of hosts; yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land: and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory" (Hag. 2:7,8).

The Ruby.

EWELS not only represent the elect of God, but they serve to remind us of the basic teachings of the Bible. This is borne out by a consideration of the first stone of the Breastplate of Judgment, which is mentioned in Exodus 28:17 under the term of Sardius. The margin renders this Ruby, which is evidently a better rendering. The original word is *odem*, which means blood-red, and the letters are similar to that of Adam, which signifies "taken out of red earth." This physical make-up is corroborated by science, which proves that the human body is composed of the elements of earth and air. Thus we observe the solemn truth of the sentence passed upon our fist parent; "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread, till thou return unto the ground, for out of it thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." (Gen. 3:19).

An Amazing Symbolism.

An analysis of the ruby reveals the astonishing discovery that it is red earth or clay in crystallised form. Its very colouring matter is the same as that which gives blood its hue, namely, oxide of iron. For this reason the ruby has been called "petrified blood." The test of a perfect ruby is when it compares most favourably to the fresh blood of a pigeon dropped upon a sheet of white paper.

With these facts before us, what an amazing symbolism is indicated by this precious gem! Adam was the bright jewel of all natural creation, but on account of sin, he gradually lost his glory and lustre. Then, Jesus came to take the sinner's place. His blood was precious because He knew no sin and, in virtue of His great sacrifice, He becomes the world's High Priest (Heb. 5:1). In this sense, therefore, Jesus Christ is a jewel so exceedingly precious that it is destined to attract the attention of every eye. This is suggested in Rev. 4:3. "And He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone (ruby): and there was a rainbow about the throne in sight like unto an emerald."

The preciousness of the blood of Jesus is likewise suggested by the intrinsic value of the ruby itself. For instance, a stone of sixteen grains is worth 400 guineas (\$2,000). The most brilliant diamond of like weight would cost about half that sum.

Reuben.

There is still another important feature relative to this first jewel of the breastplate. Upon it was engraved the name of Reuben, the eldest son of Jacob. Among the Hebrews the eldest son was, in the absence of the father, the representative of the family. To him would all the household look for guidance and judgment. Thus again Jesus the Anointed is brought definitely to mind as the representative of the Heavenly Father and "the beginning of the creation of God." (Rev. 3:14). To Him will all mankind look for guidance and judgment when "the government will be upon His shoulders." (Isaiah 9:6,7).

Imitation Rubies.

Rubies can be so cleverly imitated by artificial methods that they bear a great similarity to real stones. The microscope, however, reveals in the manufactured article the presence of bubbles and striæ. This reminds us of our Master's warning of "false Christs who shall deceive many." (Matt. 24:5). The Lord grants His true followers the power of perception through the Holy Spirit of truth; thus they can discern the character "of Him who was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners" (Heb. 7:26).

There are many gems upon this earth which have strange histories attached to them. It would not surprise us if these have not been overruled by the Most High to teach some great lesson. For instance, there is a valuable ruby in the crown of English royalty valued at £10,000. In the seventeenth century some robbers, led by a certain Colonel Blood, determined to steal it. They actually overpowered the guard of the jewel-room in the Tower of London and seized the crown. The thieves were overtaken at Tower Hill, where a soldier wrenched the crown from the grasp of Blood. Then a strange thing happened – some stones, including the valuable ruby – fell into the mire and were lost. Not even a diligent search could discover the whereabouts of this most precious gem. Some days later, however, it was found by an old woman who was sweeping the crossing.

This brings to mind our Ruby – the precious blood of Jesus – which we must guard with jealous care. We need to be fortified by a growing appreciation, love and esteem of truths which center around the Ransom Sacrifice, particularly those concerning our vital union with the Lord. We are warned of the serious consequences of "treading under foot the Son of God." (Heb. 10:29)

CHAPTER THREE.

Stones of fair Colours.

EFERRING to His future spiritual new Jerusalem, the Lord has stated, "Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires" (Isaiah 54:11). The differing stones of the Breastplate indicate that pleasing variation existing among the members of the little flock. Variations are apparent everywhere in creation. Even the designs noted in snowflakes, when magnified, reveal a marvelous difference one to another, though all are perfect in geometrical arrangement. This lends an unending charm and interest to the universe, and portrays the mind of the Omnipotent illumined with sublime greatness and grandeur. "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord!" (Psalm 145).

The differing stones are due to differing materials and processes of formation. The elect are not all called upon to pass through precisely the same experiences. It is a trial of faith, but those trials vary according to the make-up of the individual. Nevertheless there is a relationship which the apostle likens to the members of a human body (1 Cor. 12). They co-ordinate, and are perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

Following the ruby, there are other stones as follows:-

Topaz.

There is no reason to think otherwise, but that the Topaz has been correctly named as the second in the Breastplate. The finest oriental gems remind one of the sun. Strabo describes it as transparent and shining with a golden light. Ruskin speaks of it as "symbolic of the sun, like a strong man running his race rejoicing, standing between light and darkness and representing all good work." Its symbolism is heightened as we learn that the topaz is strongly electrical in its nature, whether created by heat or by friction. This distinguishes it from other stones bearing a similar appearance.

With our attention turned to the sun, we fleetingly remember the sun-worshipers who looked to the object rather than the living and intelligent Source of creation. While fully admitting the marvelous potentialities of the burning orb, and realising that, if the earth was suddenly deprived of its influence, everything breathing would cease to exist, yet we view it merely in the light of symbolism – "Our God is a sun and shield, the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Psa. 84:11).

The intrinsic magnetic powers of the topaz suggest the attraction which God's precious jewels possess for Himself.

Even among the jewel class there are some who more expressly manifest an intense desire to be like Him (1 John 3:2). In the words of the beautiful hymn they sing fervently and prayerfully —

Sun of my soul, my Father dear, I know no night when Thou art near. O! may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Carbuncle.

The third stone of the Breastplate was the Carbuncle. This is noted for its deep purplish-red colour mingled with scarlet. The word carbuncle signifies "burning coal," given on account of its fiery appearance! The Hebrew word *Bareketh* means "flashing," and is derived from *barak*, "lightning." Its Greek equivalent is *keraunos*, which means "thunder stone." It is positively electric by friction, and affects the magnetic needle.

From its general description it brings to mind the fiery judgment of the Lord, which burns against all injustice and unrighteousness: "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice; hail-stones and coals of fire – He shot out lightnings and discomfited them." (Psalm 18:13, 14).

God is tender, gracious and merciful! His loving-kindness is a precious thing to experience! If – how much is implied by that little word! – one is pursuing an evil course, then soon or late, He will meet with the fiery indignation of the Most High – for "our God is a consuming fire." (Heb.12:29).

Our glorified Lord Jesus, the Representative of the Father, is in possession of the same disposition. He is the "Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth make war. His eyes are a flame of fire." (Rev.19:11,12). The saints of God partake of this same spirit. In evidence, we recall Peter, James and John, whom our Lord called Boanerges, meaning "The sons of thunder." Under the direction of their Captain they will bring to ashes those things which are in the way of the glorious kingdom of peace. This means the complete overthrow of sin and all unrighteousness.

Emerald.

The fourth stone was the Emerald, the beautiful grass-green of which is well known. It was at one time supposed that the colour was due to a mineral oxide, but an authority gives, as his conviction, that it is produced by an organic substance termed *Chlorophyll*, In support of this thought, the stone loses its colour when subjected to heat, while those tinted by mineral oxides remain unaffected. The remarkable thing is that Chlorophyll is the life-giving green sap of plants, and for this reason it becomes a striking emblem of eternal life. The emerald is indeed a wonderful symbol, for, unlike the green leaf which fades through time and exposure, it tenaciously holds its life-giving product in possession.

Our Master said, "For as the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given the Son to have life in Himself." (John 5:26). Graciously He promises life to all who put their faith in Him. Hence the rainbow surrounding the glorified Redeemer is "in sight like unto an emerald." (Rev. 4:3). God's precious jewels are promised life inherent. Divine Nature! Stupendously great will be their reward (2 Peter 1:4). For this reason the emerald was placed among the jewels as a symbolism to encourage and stimulate the Lord's own.

It is recorded that there is now in the Vatican an emerald bearing the presumed true likeness of our Lord. We are informed that it was engraved by the order of Pontius Pilate, who presented it to Tiberius Caesar.

If this be so, then this jewel becomes a most appropriate emblem of our Lord's present nature of immortality.

The story is told that the Czar of Russia gave his wife on her birthday, November 26th, 1887, a necklace of forty large emeralds. For nine months his agents had been secretly traveling over the whole continent seeking the most precious of stones. When the Czarina received it she danced around the room with supreme delight. It was indeed a royal present, and a worthy one where love desires to be ever green!

What a day of rejoicing it will be when the King of the Universe will present to His dear Son and Heir, His jewels. That will also be the birthday of birthdays for the "Church of the Firstborn, whose names are written in heaven." (Heb. 12:23).

Sapphire.

The Sapphire, with its beautiful sky blue colour, was the fifth stone. The Hebrew *sappir* makes its identity certain, for almost every language has a similar word to describe it. Its hardness is equal to that of a ruby, and nearly approaches that of a diamond. It has always been considered valuable, and was most highly prized by the ancient inhabitants of the East.

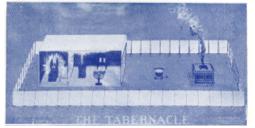
The heavenly blue of the sapphire reminds us of God and the unchanging laws which govern the universe. The eternal safety of all things depend upon Divine faithfulness in maintaining those vast and intricate movements. The sapphire, therefore becomes an emblem of faithfulness. "Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds," "Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens" (Psalm 36:5; 89:2).

For this reason blue has a very prominent place in sacred colours. The high priest had a blue robe underneath his ephod, and the breastplate was fixed by a blue lace (Exodus 28:28,31). When the sacred furnishments of the tabernacle were moved, they were covered with a cloth of blue to remind the Israelites of their need of faithfully fulfilling the Divine requirements with respect to these. (Num. 4:5-12).

The sky-blue of the sapphire amply illustrates this same truth. "Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires." Hence, "faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it" (1 Thess. 5:24). The faithfulness of the glorified Christ is beautifully portrayed in Ezekiel 1:26. "And above the firmament was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone, and the likeness as the appearance of a Man upon it."

The sapphire of the Breastplate indicates the faithfulness of God's precious jewels in the performance of their vows of sacrifice. It also suggests some who particularly shine in their one desire to be true to God, who is worthy of the first place in all things. Thus "blue meets blue," — in other words, God's own faithfulness inspires a similar faithfulness in the souls of His beloved.





"His Truth shall be thy shield."

T is remarkable how responsive to reasoning are the sacred types and symbols. They corroborate so beautifully the plain teachings of God's Word. This we especially observe with regard to the jewels on the breastplate of the High

Priest. They testify of the elect, whose preparation has been secretly progressing during two millenniums. Extracted from the "dark seams of earth" they, after being shaped, polished and beautified, will scintillate the wisdom, power and loving-kindness of the glorious Omnipotent throughout the ages of eternity. True the words of the poet —

"Deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, and works His sovereign will."

Crystal-Beryl.

We now come to the sixth stone of the Breastplate; *yahalom*, the crystal which has been translated diamond in the Authorised Version. While a true diamond is likewise transparent, yet there is a marked difference in the two substances, The modern diamond is of organic origin, while the crystal here indicated is a mineral, and was one time largely used in the manufacture of optical lenses.

The ancients supposed the transparent rock crystal to be ice, which had been congealed through intense cold. To lend emphasis to this supposition, the mineral has been found in the clefts of granite rock which rise to sharp peaks above the snow-line in the Alps. So clear, so ice-like, were these prismatic crystals that they seemed fair enough to be considered frozen water. Howbeit, while it may well serve as a goodly reminder of water, yet its actual substance is silica or flint.

The word used in the New Testament, which stands for the same substance, is Beryl, one of the foundation stones of the New Jerusalem. The true Beryl was a pale greenish-blue colour, and is composed of silica, with the addition of colouring matter. This resembles sea water while the white rock crystal takes after the pure water from a brook.

In Rev 15:2 the saints are depicted "standing on the sea of glass, having harps of God." This pictures a possession of lucid truths which make them happy and confident in the love of God at this awe-inspiring time. Our Lord Jesus is truth personified, "I am the way, the truth and the life." For a striking symbolism we go to the wilderness of Sin, where the Israelites wandered forty years. We read of One "who brought forth water out of the rock of flint." (Deut. 8:15). Modern research testifies that many of these rocks were composed of the same materials as the Rock Crystal under examination, and which formed one of the jewels of the Breastplate. St. Paul makes mention of the wilderness experience thus: "They drank of the spiritual Rock that went with them, which Rock was Christ" (1 Cor 10:4.). Thus is brought to light a stone which represents truth. The jewel class are made pure, holy and strong though this very means.

Ligure.

The seventh stone was the Ligure, (Hebrew, *leshem*,) which appears to be the jacinth of the New Testament (Rev. 21:20). Commentators vary so much with regard to its colour, – red, blue, orange, purple, etc., that we must look for other tokens to denote its symbolic meaning.

It is distinguished from other gems on account of its possession of a strong double refraction after the order of the tourmaline. The optical properties of such crystals are of exceptional interest. A single ray of light is split up into two rays. If, for instance, the stone is placed on a single line, it will appear as two distinct lines. Thus the jewel class have their blessings doubled because they have pursued a righteous course under adverse circumstances.

The world of mankind will have their portion in the earth. A glorious portion indeed, for they will live for ever in perfect peace, health and happiness. The Little Flock will not only have peace, life and happiness, but they will be like God and possess immortality. Words are inadequate to express the inheritance awaiting the Church – "Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him" (1 Cor. 2:9).

Agate.

The eighth stone was the Agate (Heb. *shebo*). The stone is capable of a high and beautiful polish, and it is for this reason that it is so largely used for ornamentation. It is composed of sand, which has been subjected to the strange fierce heats of subterranean fires. During its formation, gases, chemicals and vapours enter into the substance, which result in agates of goodly variety and colour. There is the Moss Agate, Tree Agate, and Stair Agate, besides those which are striped, banded and cloudy. Originally they were found by the River Achates in the volcanic region of Sicily. The word *Accho* means "heated sand."

Issachar's name appeared in the stone, and it is significant to note that Moses alludes to the tribe as "treasures hid in the sand," which so aptly fits the production of the agate (Deut. 33:19).

The jewels all tell their story, and this one speaks of "treasures hid in earthen vessels." (2 Cor. 4:7). It brings to light strange and extraordinary fiery experiences, which changes "sand into gems" of real worth. The world of mankind are likened to the "sand by the sea shore" (Gen. 22:17). They themselves will not be called upon to undergo what the saints have undergone during their preparation for eternal life. The saints lose their identity as human beings in order to dwell with God. No wonder they are spoken of as jewels. They have endured much, and great is their reward in heaven.

Amethyst.

The ninth atomic of the Breastplate is agreed by all as being the correctly named Amethyst. It has a beautiful violet colour due to a minute proportion of oxide of manganese. Violet or purple is a symbol of royalty. The colour is due to a mixture of blue and red, which means faithful unto death. When mocked by the soldiers, our Master was clad in the purple robe. He alone proved His worthiness as King of earth! Likewise the Royal Priesthood all share in that privilege. The message to each and all is "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. 2:10).

The Greek word for amethyst is *amethustos*, which means "not to intoxicate." The ancients believed that wine from an amethyst cup would not inebriate. The stone is the colour of wine and memory goes back to the Last Supper, when our Master passed the cup of wine to His disciples, saying, "Drink ye all of it." That cup represents the cup of experience, the cup of sorrow, the cup of joy, which each follower of our blessed Lord must drink. It is a cup which does not cause one to lose their senses as intoxication suggests, but it brings the spirit of a sound mind (2 Tim. 1:7). This precious stone in the Breastplate indicates the honoured title and office of royalty from the overcomer (1 Pet. 2:29).

Chrysolite.

The tenth stone has been mistranslated Beryl in the authorised version. The word comes from *Tarshish*, which most ancient historians translate Chrysolite. The word literally means gold-stone. It is transparent, and when cut and polished, reminds one of a yellow diamond.

Gold represents things Divine, and the additional thought of transparency suggests an understanding of spiritual truths resulting in Heavenly Wisdom. This is wonderfully borne out in several of the visions observed by the prophet Ezekiel. Cherubic forms surrounded by wheels – wheels within wheels, in appearance like unto a chrysolite (Ezek. 1:16; 10:9). The wisdom from above is always manifold in character. It takes in all things and works harmoniously like the wheels of an intricate watch. (Eph. 3:10,11. Diag.).

It will be noted that there is a similarity between the topaz and chrysolite in appearance. The distinguishing difference, as before indicated, is the electrical energy of the topaz. Divine Love and Divine Wisdom, as revealed in the Scriptures, bear striking relationship. One is impossible without the other (1 Cor. 13; Gal. 5:22, 23; James 3:17). Divine Love has this difference; it is warm, fervent and extremely pleasant in its drawing power. It is the sum-total of God's character – "For God is love." This is aptly illustrated by the inherent electrical energy of the topaz. Divine Wisdom, on the other hand, is calm and reflective. It must needs take all things into consideration, and will even govern love's warm affection – "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way" (Prov. 8:22). How marvellously appropriate to portray this by the tranquil Chrysolite, which compares so well in appearance with the Topaz.

Onyx.

The eleventh stone was the Onyx. There were also a pair which adorned the shoulders of the High Priest (Exodus 28:9-14). The onyx is a striped stone which may be white, black and red. The ruddy variety is usually termed the sardonyx, owing to its appearance of flesh and blood. It has always been much valued for cameo engravings. The layers appear like separate stones, though actually and absolutely they are one.

They represent the basic truths which, while distinct from each other, are nevertheless inseparable. Wonderfully, therefore, does the onyx proclaim the taking away of the sin of the world (black) through the blood of Christ (red). Thus all peoples of the earth will become pure, holy and righteous, as shown by the emblem of white, (Rev. 20:11,12). Thus God's precious jewels will have the privilege of restoring mankind to original perfection (Rev. 21:20; Psalm 145).

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Diamond.

HE Diamond always presents a fascinating study. When symmetrically cut and polished, it is transformed into a gem which is at once beautiful, valuable and lasting. Its property of exquisitely reflecting and refracting light into its rainbow colours captivates immediate attention and commands wonder and admiration.

The extraordinary thing about this amazing gem is noted in the fact that it is derived from pure carbon. In other words, a diamond is a piece of crystallized charcoal! It is just like the great Creator to take hold of quite simple materials and to fashion them into articles of supreme worth and enduring splendour. His own precious jewels – His elect – were chosen from degraded humanity. He has visited the pit of sin, and offered some His highest and best! Even the pure and holy angels marvel at God's way of working (1 Peter 1:12; Psalm 40:1-3). Still more amazing is the knowledge that He has not drawn the so-called elite of the earth, but His outstretched arm has beckoned mainly those who have been considered of little worth in human eyes. The apostle calls them the "are nots" that will eventually bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should have any reason for boasting in his sublime presence (1 Cor. 1:26-31).

Strength and Beauty.

The origin of the diamond, therefore, is from soft black and grimy soot, which, in the Divine laboratory, becomes practically the hardest of known crystals. True to the picture, the Lord's own have been born in regions of darkness and despair, but, under the power of infinite grace, they are transformed into beings of strength and beauty. "Strength and beauty are in Thy sanctuary" (Psalm 96:6). These characteristics come gradually into existence during their earthly career, after having received the Holy Spirit of truth. So strong and decisive become the dispositions of the Lord's true people, that they need to be ever on their guard against imparting unnecessary pain. The beauties of meekness, patience and kindness inclines them to wield the "sword of the Spirit" only in love.

It has been well said that "it takes a diamond to cut a diamond." Even diamond dust is necessary to polish the gem, thus we perceive the immense value implied by fellowship of kindred minds. To the teachable and faithful such fellowship is of the utmost importance for growth in grace and in knowledge.

Ofttimes fellowship is extremely pleasant, but sometimes it may be otherwise, for diamond-like characters prove a great test to those who have not this worth of quality. Fellowship of the Lord's people has consequently been one of constant changes and upheavals from Pentecost even until this hour.

All who resent the cutting and polishing processes, and who become offended, peevish, morose or bitter, give evidence that their characters are not jewel-like, if we have reason to affirm that we belong to the Lord, we will surely give heed to the apostle's exhortation as follows; "Let us consider one another to incite unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another and so much more as ye see the day approaching." (Heb. 10:24, 25).

The Kohinoor.

There are gems which are gems of renown because of their history and value, and the Kohinoor is one of these. It may be traced back to 56 B.C. What stories it could tell were it a living subject! For instance, rather than give it up, Shah Rokh endured many horrible tortures, including the putting out of his eyes.

It was at one time in the possession of the Mohammed Shah. When Nadir Shah conquered Delhi, he ordered Mohammed to give up everything he possessed. The latter, however, concealed the diamond in the folds of his turban, but one of the women of the harem betrayed his secret. Nadir Shah adopted a novel stratagem to obtain it. He ordered a grand festival, at which the two rulers swore love and friendship to each other. At its close, Nadir declared that they must exchange turbans to cement this friendship, and, without giving poor Mohammed a moment to consider, Nadir snatched off his turban and exchanged it for his own. Quietly, within his own abode, Nadir removed the gem from the folds, and exclaimed with supreme delight "Koh-i-Noor," meaning "Mountain of Light," a name which has been maintained to this day.

The Emperor of the Universe likewise treasures His special gems, to whom a new name will be granted. (Isaiah 62:2, 3; Rev. 2:17).

Cutting and Polishing.

The ancients never realised the wonderful possibilities of their jewels. Fearing to reduce their size, they sacrificed brilliance for bulk. Nowadays a gem undergoes very drastic treatment in order that it may be enhanced in symmetry, beauty and refractive power. To this end there is no hesitation to cut away two thirds or more of the original stone. The celebrated Pitt diamond, for instance, was reduced from 410 carats to 136. This cost £5,000 and took two years to accomplish.

The Kohinoor originally weighed nearly 800 carats, and was reduced to 280. When the province of Punjaub was annexed, it became the property of the English, and it was delivered to Queen Victoria in 1850. Its appearance was then somewhat disappointing, for it had been badly cut. Prince Albert sought the advice of Sir David Brewster as to the best manner of reshaping it. The result was that eleven Amsterdam workmen became engaged in the work, and in due course it was reduced to 107 carats, but its beauty was so greatly enhanced that its value went up enormously. It is (*in 1930s*) now worth at least £100,000. It found its place in a bracelet, which was worn by the Queen on State occasions.

Thus it is with the Lord's precious jewels, their value does not so much depend upon their prominence, but upon their beauty,— the beauties of holiness,— and this means a patient, laborious and costly cutting, shaping and polishing. Only God is able to view in advance the ultimate design of each and all. He knows precisely the experiences which are necessary. The part of the consecrated believer is to submit to Divine providences, without murmuring or expressions of discontent, thanking Him always in anticipation that the ultimate design will be according to his sovereign will.

"Whom He loveth He Chasteneth."

Sometimes, the experiences of the Lord's people appear drastic and almost incompatible with human reasoning. We are safeguarded with the knowledge that it is "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

When John Bunyan was sent to prison there flashed upon his spiritual vision the words, "He knew that for envy they had delivered Him" (Matt. 27:18.). Thus the Lord overrules the envy, malice and pride in other hearts to produce the fruits of the Spirit in His beloved. In Bunyan's case his soul burned within him as he became conscious of the Lord's saving grace. Behind prison doors, he produced works which have attracted the attention of tens of thousands to this day. It mattered little if others corrected his grammar; his soul was alight with the Holy Spirit, and that was sufficient for the Divine purposes.

The same experience applies to that persecuted and much maligned woman, Madame Guyon. Illuminated with the gift from on high, she could endure all things through Him who strengthened her. Hear her song during one period of captivity; —

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

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

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

The Diamond Point.

One astonishing feature of the diamond is that it may be ground to a point of infinitesimal fineness. Mr. J. R. Farrants, one time President of the Microscopical Society, had executed upon a piece of glass the Lord's Prayer. The writing done by a diamond was so small that the whole of it resembled a dot made by a fine pen. It needled a very delicate machine to accomplish this and a very powerful microscope to distinguish the writing. Were the whole of the New Testament written in this manner, then the space occupied would be about the size of a small thumbnail. Thus God's precious jewels will comprehend things great and small – inconceivably small! Recall for instance, the minute formations which make up organisms. Think of the marvel of the human structure! Millions and millions of impressions stored in a small space. These will all be precisely duplicated by the Royal Family in due course. The saints of the Most High will possess the kingdom! (Dan. 7:27).

The Jasper?

Commentators have concluded that the jasper of the Bible could not be the same which is now commonly called by this title.

The modern jasper is represented by an impure variety of quartz, which may be in colour – dark green, brown, yellow, blue or black. Light does not penetrate this variety, whilst that mentioned in the Bible is transparent. Indeed, from the standpoint of its description, it is evident that the diamond is indicated.

Note the words in the Book of Revelation; "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife; and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal" (Rev. 21:9-11).

Such a description illuminates also Rev. 4:3, already quoted, for as a diamond scintillates so gloriously the prismatic colours, so the glorified Redeemer upon His throne, sheds abroad the varied beauties expressed in the Divine character. "For God is love," and it has been well expressed that, as "every lovely hue is light, so every grace is love." Now, the jasper, or rather the diamond, was the last stone depicted in the Breastplate, this as though picturing the glorious consummate desire of the Omnipotent, which desire will be amply fulfilled through the offices of the Royal Priesthood. The last shall be first, and so this last stone becomes the first foundation- stone of the city, the New Jerusalem, when the Bride will be complete (Rev. 21:19). Truly marvelous is the mind of God!





