

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1881.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Lesson VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.  
Leviticus xvi. 16-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Verses 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.”—Rom. v. 11.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

- M. The Day of Atonement, Lev. xvi. 16-30.
- T. Making the Atonement, Lev. xvi. 1-15.
- W. Atonement Made by Jesus, Heb. ix. 1-14.
- T. Atonement Received through Jesus, Rom. v. 1-11.
- F. Benefits of the Atonement, Rom. viii. 1-18.
- S. Benefits of the Atonement, Rom. viii. 18-39.
- S. Atonement for the Redeemed Nation, Lev. xvi. 16-34.

PARALLEL TEXTS.

- With vs. 16: Ex. xxix. 36.
- With vs. 17: Luke i. 10.
- With vs. 18: Heb. ix. 22.
- With vs. 19: Ezek. xliiii. 20.
- With vs. 20: Ezek. xlv. 20.
- With vs. 21: Isa. liiii. 6.
- With vs. 22: Matt. viii. 17; John i. 29; Heb. ix. 28; 1 Pet. ii. 24.
- With vs. 23: Ezek. xliii. 14; xliii. 19.
- With vs. 24: Ex. xxix. 13.
- With vs. 26: Lev. xv. 5; Heb. ix. 10.
- With vs. 27: Lev. iv. 12, 21; viii. 17; Heb. xliiii. 11.
- With vs. 29: Ex. xxx. 10; Lev. xxiii. 27; Num. xxix. 7; Isa. lviii. 3-5.
- With vs. 30: Jer. xxxiii. 8; Ezek. xxxvi. 25; Eph. v. 26; Tit. ii. 14.

ATONEMENT FOR THE REDEEMED NATION.

LESSON OUTLINE.—I. Purposes of Atonement, Vs. 16-18. II. Means of Atonement, Vs. 18-28. III. Continuance of Atonement, Vs. 29, 30.

QUESTIONS.—I. Vs. 16-18.—Six objects for which atonement was made are here stated.—What are they? How many of these objects are designated in vs. 32, 33? Why was atonement needed?

II. Vs. 18-28.—What use was made of the blood in the process of atonement? What about blood are we taught in Heb. ix. 22? What was the object in the shedding of Jesus' blood? (Matt. xxvi. 28). How was his blood shed? What name is given this "live goat" vs. 7-10? How could this goat bear the iniquities of the people? (vs. 22.) What were the final ceremonies of the Day of Atonement? (vs. 23-28).

III. Vs. 29, 30.—How often was the Day of Atonement celebrated? On what day of the year? How long was its continuance ordered? Why was this repetition necessary? (Heb. x. 1-4). What other sacrifices were observed by Israel?

ANALYSIS.

If we would understand the events of the Day of Atonement, we need to include the whole wonderful sixteenth chapter in our lesson. In order of time, it immediately follows the tenth, as is seen by the first verse. Nadab and Abihu had suffered death, on account of reckless informalities in the Tabernacle service; and now, God tells Moses to speak unto Aaron to exercise special care in other services, lest he die. We are here taught that "the way into the holiest of all was not made manifest" in that Dispensation, (v. 2; Heb. ix. 8); for even the High Priest could not enter into it "at all times," but only once a year,—upon this Day of Atonement.

It was the tenth day of the seventh month, Tisri; or, rather, from the evening of the ninth to the evening of the tenth, (xxiii. 32). It was a "Sabbath of rest" (v. 31) to the people, in which no work was to be done (v. 29), and was to be spent as a day of fasting,—the only prescribed fast in the Mosaic law.

It was specially the High Priest's day. He prepared himself for it by a week's almost solitary confinement, abstaining from every thing that could make him unclean. Upon this day, arrayed in his splendid vestments, "for glory and for beauty," he took the place of the subordinate priests in offering the regular morning sacrifice, (Ex. xxix. 39). This finished, he laid aside these "golden garments," bathed his whole body in water, and put on the holy, white linen clothes (v. 4), to represent the purity of Christ entering

upon the work of atonement, (Heb. vii. 26). Three things now especially engaged him, and the ceremonies were of a laborious character:

1. He presented a sin-offering for his own sins, and those of his "house" (v. 6), including his priestly associates. See Ps. cxxxv. 19.
2. He made atonement with blood for the uncleanness of the Tabernacle and furniture, polluted by the presence of sin in the persons of the priests.
3. He presented a sin-offering, of a peculiar kind, for the people.

NOTES.—I. The Purification of the Tabernacle, (16-19).

Verses 16.—*Make an atonement.* This was the day's employment by the High Priest,—making an atonement for all the sins of Israel, for himself and fellow-priests, for the people, and even for the ceremonial uncleanness of the Tabernacle, which was polluted by the presence and touch of priests and people. The Analysis gives the connected story. Our lesson breaks in suddenly with the purification of the *Holy Place* of the Tabernacle. This was by the act of the High Priest, who, with his finger, sprinkled the blood of the young bullock, which was the sin offering for the priests, seven times "before the Mercy-seat." See v. 14. The *Holy Place* needed purification; as it was God's portion of the Tabernacle into which none entered but the High Priest, and he only upon the day, and with the blood, of atonement. *The Tabernacle of the Congregation*, or tent of meeting, which included the court, was appropriately purified by the sprinkling of the blood of the goat, the people's sin-offering. See v. 15. This needed purification because of the uncleanness of the children of Israel. God impressed upon their minds that the Tabernacle was stained by their sins, and that they had forfeited the privileges of the Divine presence and worship, and that an atonement must be made, as the condition of his remaining with them.

Verses 18, 19.—*Unto the altar that is before the Lord.* The brazen altar,—the altar of burnt-offering in the court. The High Priest made an atonement for it, as of something used by both the priests and the people; and therefore the blood of both the sin-offerings (the bullock and the goat) was used, being put upon the *horns of the altar*, and sprinkled *seven times* upon the altar itself. The number seven being the perfect number, the act denoted that the altar was thoroughly hallowed from the uncleanness of the children of Israel.

II. *The Live Goat*, (vs. 20-22)  
*Reconciling.* Or, "making atonement for," being the same word as is thus translated elsewhere. The work of the purification of the whole Tabernacle, by the sprinkling of blood, being completed, the High Priest brought the *live goat*. This was the one upon which the lot "for Azazel" fell, (v. 8). The goat "for Jehovah" had been slain, and atonement made with its blood for the people. The sacrifice of Christ for our sin establishes God's glory and vindicates his law, by putting the blood of atonement on his very throne in the Holy of Holies; and Christ becomes our substitute, bearing away all conscience of sin to the believer. The two goats made one offering, and neither was complete without the other. *Shall lay both hands.* This symbolized the transfer of the sins of the offerers to the offering, as their substitute, to bear the guilt and penalty due to them. During the imposition of hands, the High Priest made confession of the people's sins,—*All their iniquities, putting them upon the head of the goat.* Then the goat, thus laden, was sent by the hand of a fit man, or a man at hand, previously chosen for the purpose, *into the wilderness.* *All their iniquities.* Not a partial, but a full salvation. See 1 John i. 7. *A land not inhabited.* Where their iniquities could never be found, and where there was no one to look for them. See Ps. li 7; Isaiah xxxviii. 17; Micah vii. 19. The removal of the sins confessed over this goat was complete. See 1 John i. 9.

III. *Concluding Ceremonies*, (vs. 23-30).  
*Verses 23, 24.—Linen garments.* Which he wore in presenting the sin-offerings. Ordinarily, when ministering as High Priest, he wore his splendid vestments; but, in his highest act of

mediation, he wore, as we have seen, the plain linen garments.—Never did he enter the Holy of Holies in the "golden garments." Taking off the linen clothes, he bathed himself, in order to remove any defilement contracted in presenting the sin offerings; and resumed his pontifical dress, and then offered the two rams for a *burnt offering*. *Make an atonement.* An offering expressive of God's satisfaction that his requirements had been met.

Verses 25, 27.—*The fat of the sin-offering*, was all that was burned upon the altar. It had been put upon the altar when the animals were slain, but was not burned until now. It represented, as the richest portion of the animal, the intrinsic excellence of Christ, as offered to God. The remaining portions of the animals,—*their skins, and their flesh, and their dung*,—were burned outside the camp, as something made abhorrent by sin.

Verses 26, 28.—*For the scape-goat.* Both the one who led out the goat, and those who burned the flesh of the sin-offerings, were considered as defiled thereby, and had to wash their clothes and their bodies, to remove ceremonial uncleanness.

This lesson enforces the truth, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

The two-fold sin-offering for the people expresses the truths of the expiation of sin, and its removal. It throws light upon such texts as Isa. xlv. 22; Rom. x. 9; John i. 29.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine;  
While as a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

—Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

Boys' Department.

Janet's Assistant Gardener.

I want to tell you of such a strange garden I came across a few months ago. The first queer thing about it is that it is 120 feet above the earth. The little girl who planned and started it was Janet McCormick, whose father and mother took care of an immense brick building down in the very heart of the city of New-York, and as she was not allowed to go out alone she used to tire of her playthings. The confinement, too, was not good for her, and one day her father said,

"Wife, you're so watchful over Janet's getting harm in the street that you're overdoing things. The bairn lunks puirly, and ye'll hev her on your hands before the summer's fairly here."

Mrs. McCormick puckered her brows, which Janet knew was a sign that she was thinking.

"I hev it, mon, I hev it," she said at last, "our Janet shall hev the air, fresh and strang, not no' a bad boy near."

To tell the truth, Janet felt as if even a "bad boy" would be better than no playfellow, but she wondered what outdoor place her mother had found, while "feyther" asked no further questions, content if "wife was a-thinkin'."

"Here, Janet, come up here and see your playground," said her mother an hour later, and she led her where the child had often begged to go, but which had been forbidden territory—on the broad flat roof.

"Oh, mother, I'll have a garden. Father'll get me boxes of earth, and I'll grow Scotch heather for you, mother dear, and daisies and buttercups, and—oh, what a lovely time I'll have!" And the anxious mother, as she saw a beautiful flush of pink come into the pale cheeks, breathed more freely, and with hardly a warning about going near the edge, which was much too high for Janet to fall over if she had tried—left the child to play and dream.

That was the beginning of the garden. It grew very slowly at first. At first Janet had only four long boxes, but they were delight enough. But one day—and the real garden dates from that day—young Mr. Travish came up on the roof to watch an outward bound steamer.

"Why, what a good idea—what a nice thing can be made of it! You live here, don't you? I've seen you before?"

"Yes sir—the janitor's little girl."

"Oh, to be sure. Do you water these flowers yourself?"

"Yes, yes, a good way. But if I fixed up another box, could you take care of it?"

Janet's cheeks glowed with pleasure; there was no doubt of her willingness.

"Well, I'll just start a box, and come up once in awhile to see how they get on. I was very fond of flowers once."

Mr. Travish was as good as his word, filling a large box with lovely plants which Janet cared for most tenderly. Travish came up often at lunch time, and soon he had an awning stretched over one side, which was so arranged that Janet could raise or lower it at will. By-and-by three or four more flower-beds were added to Janet's garden. Her face had grown round and rosy, she laughed at the idea of being tired, and even anxious Mrs. McCormick began to hope that this last bairn might grow up a strong woman.

"I'll need a gardener—an assistant, as the gentleman says, mother," said Janet about the first of August. "I wish I could bring just one little girl up to help me tend my flowers."

McCormick looked over to his wife, anxious to second his little daughter, but not at all sure whether it would do.

"Wait a wee' child; I'll help you myself with the flowers." But only a week after, Mrs. McCormick was taken sick; she was sure it was not serious, yet for the day at least she could not get about, and somebody must be sent for to do her duties.

"Papa's too busy, let me go for you, mamma, please let me go?"

So after a moment's doubtful silence Mrs. McCormick let the child go for Bridget, a good cleaner who lived not far off.

"Now, Janet, go straight to the house and back again, and if you feel afraid, don't speak to anybody but a policeman." In a moment she was ready, then running up the spiral stairs, she gathered a large handful of flowers. Half way to Bridget's Janet saw a little girl, smaller than herself, but with the same flaxen hair, who sat on the curbstone leaning against a post. She was dirty and forlorn looking, but her eyes fairly danced at sight of the flowers and she involuntarily exclaimed "Give"—and then stopped.

Janet had heard the word, though, and understood the gesture. "Do you want 'em?" she asked. I've plenty more—a whole garden of 'em right round the corner; you can have these as well as not."

The dirty, sickly looking child snatched them eagerly, and walked away, much to Janet's disgust, for she would gladly have asked her a few questions.

Bridget was found, and promised to come around soon, and then Janet started back. She was still thinking of the poor, sickly looking child, when her dress was pulled, and the very girl, with the flowers in her hot hands, said half angrily, half sadly, "I've been to every corner around, and there ain't a bit of garden. Might a knowed you was a-lyin'."

Janet started, but she saw in a moment that the child was more disappointed and angry, and said gently, "I have a garden around the corner, but it's way up; I'll let you see it if you'll come."

She had no sooner said the words than she wished them unsaid. There was not a doubt but the strange child would "come" quick enough, and—oh, what would mother say! At any rate she must get her friend's face and hands clean before presenting her.

She piloted her new friend to an empty office, and helped her wash her face and hands till "the bones showed wuss then ever," as Katy said, with no idea of the pitifulness of her pale, wan face.

But Janet need not have feared her mother's eye; the doctor had ordered her to keep perfectly quiet, and she, in an agony of fear lest her "bairn" should take the fever from her, had left her that day at least. So Katy was taken straight up on the roof, and invited to rest under Janet's awning.

The poor little said not a word, but lay flat upon her back, rolling her head from one box to another, while her big black eyes grew full of tears. At last they brimmed over, and Janet asked wonderingly what she was crying for.

"I thought you wanted to see my garden."

"It's the leavin' it. Oh, it's so hot down there, and—"

"But you must go home to your mother. If you could dress in your Sunday clothes, perhaps mother'd let ye come again. I'm awful lonely here."

Katy forgot to answer about her clothes, in astonishment that anyone should be lonesome there; but Janet, after what seemed an hour's silence to her impatient spirit, said, "Couldn't you help me water 'em?"

"Yes, yes; do we go way down in that thing for water?"

"Oh, no. Father fills a tub for me over there every day, and you can take turns of bringing the watering pot full." Her white face troubled Janet, and she went down and fetched some porridge. They grew quite social over their bowls of oatmeal, and Janet heard to her astonishment that Katy had neither mother, father, nor home: An old woman kept her after a fashion, but she had tired of her now, and Katy had slept for the last two nights in an old box.

The hours passed by; Janet went down to take dinner with her father. For the first time in the little girl's memory the mother was away, and worst of all, was lying ill in bed. "Father" was upset by the unusual state of things that thought Janet tried to make him understand who Katy was, and where she had found her, and above all where she was then, the poor man gave up trying "to take it in." "I'm no' mysel', Janet, child; is it a homeleas bairn? Sure, we must do what we can. Take her a gude dinner, Janet, and I'll give her a bed down in the basement—sure, we must do what we can." Poor man, he felt dimly as if kindness shown to another might avert the blow he dreaded.

What a happy afternoon the children passed you can easily imagine; the flowers were carefully attended, and Katy lay in the shade almost hidden by the number Janet picked for her in her joy of getting a companion of her own age. A strange companion she was, too so ignorant of all that carefully brought up, Janet knew without thinking how she learned it, but eager to hear the stories the Scotch child told in simple childish language.

"You see, I love lillies best, because Christ talked about them, and I think He must have loved them best, for He could have said, 'Consider the roses,' or any other flower, only I guess He just loved lillies—so sweet and white!"

"Why do you care so much what He loved?" asked Katy in a matter of fact way.

Janet gasped "What! Don't you know don't you love?"

"I don't love nobody, 'cept it is you—I'd like to love you, but the last what I loved was a kitten, and Jim killed it, and" Katy finished with a burst of tears; the happy day was almost too much for her, with the thought of the dirt and misery she must go back to.

"Dinna fret now, don't ye!" said Janet, soothingly, wishing in her secret soul that Katy were a trifle cleaner, so she could soothe and cosset her, as mother always soothed her little one. "I'll tell ye about the Master, and ye'll love Him too. You can't help it. Why, Katy, He even told me to take you in and give you flowers."

"No—He never seen me."

"I'll tell you how. He said if we see any one needin' what we have, we must give it, and He'd feel as if we did it to Him. I didn't think of it," added Janet, penitently, "but I know there's something about giving you water, and—I'm sure mother couldn't be vexed—I'll give you a nice bath!"

Katy didn't look as pleased at the suggestion as her friend had hoped, but when Janet showed her an old outgrown dress of hers which she could put on after the bath, she consented, and came out at the end of a half hour a much more inviting-child. Then came the stories of Him who lived, died, and was now living and loving all children. Katy did not "drink in it," as they say; she argued and questioned, but there all the time was the plain fact that her comfortable bed and good food was given her for His sake—that she understood, and if but for that reason alone she felt dimly grateful that He had lived, and half believed that He still lived.

Two days passed, and Mrs. McCormick was so much better that she asked to see Janet, and questioned her as to her loneliness: "The little girl fairly trembled, for she knew quite well that father was different from mother, and that unless she "was helped," as she said to herself, Katy would have to go.

"Mither," she said, "I've been doing Christ's work while you lay sick."

The self contained Scotch woman, who so seldom spoke that name, was startled.

"What do ye mean, bairn? His work can no be wrang. Speak up and tell mither."

"Doesn't He say to take the naked and clothe them, and to feed the hungry? Oh, mither, mither, she's a puir, lonely sick bairn, and the flowers and the parritch and the washin' and nice dress is makin' her know Him who she'd never heard of—doot send her away!"

Mrs. McCormick's pale face grew white with dread, but—put in that way—she dared not be hasty. "Let me see who it is—I trust it's no fever."

"No, no, it was but the bad air and no bed to sleep in and the need of washin'. Oh, mither, if we send her off, she'll never believe that Jesus loves her. I'll run up to the garden and bring her. No I'll crawl up myself; the doctor said 'twould do me good.'"

And there, lying on a quilt dressed in her own child's clothes, with the flowers she so delighted in all about her Mrs. McCormick found Katy, fast asleep. Her pale sunken cheeks pleased for her. The sharp, keen, worldly-wise eye were shut; the mouth which had learned too many coarse words was closed; only the child, destitute, sickly, outcast, spoke to the warm, motherly woman's heart.

Various notices and a table of contents on the right margin.

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