The Blood of Sprinkling.

A NEW SERMON BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

"Ye are come.....to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."—Heb. 12:24, 25.

I have to speak with you upon the practical question involved, which is this: Where are we with reference to this blood of sprinkling? The text says, "Ye are come." We are not come to Mount Sinai, but we are come to Mount Zion; to angels and their God; to saints and their Mediator, and to the blood of sprinkling. This having had its share of our thoughts, we are to conclude with the question, What then? If we have come to this blood of sprinkling, what then? The answer is, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." Let us give to the wondrous truths revealed to us by the sacrifice of Jesus the most earnest heed, that our souls may hear and live.

I. My business under this head of my discourse is to answer the question,

WHERE ARE WE?

I have to explain what is meant by the expression which is found in the twenty-second verse of the chapter, "Ye are come." Link the twenty-second verse with this twenty-fourth, and read, "Ye are come to the blood of sprinkling."

Well, first, ye are come to the hearing of the Gospel of the atoning sacrifice. The Israelites left Egypt, and, having passed the Red Sea, they entered the desert, and at length came to the mount of God, even to Sinai, that terrible mountain. In the valley around that throne of God they were gathered together in their thousands. Israel crowded in the valley below, subdued by the terrible majesty of the scene, and overawed by the trumpet voice which pealed forth from the midst of the thick darkness. The Lord spake with them, but their uncircumcised ears could not hear His glorious voice, and they entreated that Moses might act as mediator, and speak in God's stead.

You and I have not come to such a terrible sight at this hour. Count yourselves happy that you are privileged to hear of the divinely appointed way of reconciliation with God. You are come to hear, not of your sin and its doom, not of the last judgment and the swift destruction of the enemies of God, but of love to the guilty, pity for the miserable, mercy for the wicked, compassion for those who are out of the way. You are come to hear of God's great expedient of wisdom, by which He, by the same act and deed, condemns sin, and lets the sinner live; honors his law, and yet passes by transgression, iniquity, and sin.

SELF-CONDEMNED.

In a better sense, going a little further, we have not only come to the blood of sprinkling by hearing about it, but we have come to it because the great God now deals with us upon methods which are founded and grounded upon the atoning sacrifice of Christ. If God were to deal with us upon the terms laid down at Sinai, He need not be long in finding the "two or three witnesses" to prove that we have broken His law. We should be ourselves compelled to plead guilty; no witnesses would be required. Truly, He hath not dealt with us after our sins. We are so faulty that we can draw no comfort from the prospect of judgment by law; we appeal to mercy alone; for on any other ground our case is hopeless. "This do, and thou shalt live" is a covenant which brings us no ray of comfort; for its only word to us is that thunderbolt—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yet the Lord does not, under the Gospel dispensation, deal with us according to law. He does not now sit on the throne of judgment, but He looks down upon us from the throne of grace. Not the iron rod, but the silver sceptre, is held over us. The long-suffering of God rules the age, and Jesus the Mediator is the gracious

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF THE DISPENSATION.

Through our Lord Jesus sovereign grace and infinite love find a free way to the most undeserving of the race. Through the divine sacrifice the Lord saith, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Thus the rebel is treated as a child, and the criminal as a beloved one. Because of yonder death on Calvary's cruel tree, God can invite guilty men to come to Him, and He can receive them to the bosom of His love. Oh, my dear hearers, do remember this! By virtue of the blood of sprinkling the language of boundless love is heard among our apostate race, and we are entreated to acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace.

HOW IT IS SPRINKLED.

Further, there is a far more effectual way of coming to the blood of sprinkling than this—when by faith that blood is sprinkled upon our souls. This is absolutely needed; the blood shed must become to each one of us the blood sprinkled. "How can I know," says one, "that the blood of Christ is upon me?" Dost thou trust thyself with Christ? Dost thou believe that He made an atonement on the cross; and wilt thou venture thy eternal destiny upon that fact, trusting in what Jesus did, and in that alone? If thou dost thus trust, thou shalt not trust in vain. Dost thou apply thy heart to the precious blood of Jesus? Then that precious blood is applied to thy heart.

The act of faith, whereby we accept and trust in the Lord Jesus as our Mediator and Sacrifice, is the true and effectual coming to the blood of sprinkling. May none of us forget thus to come! He is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, and those who come to Him shall be led into full salvation. Have you thus come? If you have not, why do you delay? He saith: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Come to Him, for He is calling you; come to Him, even as you now are, and He will receive you without fail.

ITS EFFECTS.

Further, to come to this blood of sprinkling means thankfully to enjoy all that comes to us through the blood of sprinkling. I have intruded upon this somewhat already. Brothers and sisters, if you have come to the blood of sprinkling, believe in the full pardon which God has given you, and in your consequent peace with God. It is a blessed word in the Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins? I have seen some of the children of God who have believed in Jesus, but it has been with a faith which did not realize the full blessing promised to it; for they were as troubled about their sins as if they had never been forgiven.

I want every child of God in his inmost soul to come to the blood of sprinkling by full assurance of his justification, and then to go on to enjoy constant access to the mercy-seat, and communion with the Lord God. We may now with holy boldness speak with God in prayer, for the mercy-seat is sprinkled with the blood. Oh, pardoned one, be not backward to enjoy thy liberty of fellowship! Thou art clean through the blood, and therefore thou mayest enter into the closest communion with the divine Father; thou art consecrated by the blood, and therefore thou mayest abound in the service of thy God. Trust thy God as a child should trust a father, and be not so awed by His majesty as to be cast down and distressed because of past sin, seeing it is pardoned. Take the good that God provides thee; enjoy the peace the blood has bought thee; enter into the liberty that thy ransom price has insured thee.

IN THE LIEU.

I think, once more, that this coming to the blood of sprinkling means also that we feel the full effect of it in our lives. The man who knows Jesus shed His blood for him, and has had that blood applied to his conscience, becomes a sin-hating man, consecrated to Him who has cleansed him. I believe that there is no fruitful source of virtue like faith in the precious blood of Jesus. I hope your conduct will always support me in this assertion. Those who are debtors for salvation to their dying Lord should be the most holy of men. You people who think that you will get to heaven by some other way than by "the blood of sprinkling" have no sure bonds to hold you to holiness. You trust partially to your own works, and partly to what Jesus has done. Well, you do not owe him much, and therefore you will not love Him much, and therefore you will not feel bound to live strict, holy, gracious lives. But the man who knows that his many sins are all washed away through the blood of Jesus, and that thus he is saved, he is the man who will serve God with all his heart.

Are there not Christians who hold the doctrine of the atoning blood, and yet are no better than others? Alas! it is so. But it is one thing to hold a doctrine, and another thing for that doctrine to take hold upon your heart and influence your life. Oh, if we believed practically what we believe professionally, what manner of persons should we be in all holy conversation and godliness! Hear me, my brother, and answer the appeal I make to thee as in the presence of the Lord. Blood-bought; canst thou live for thyself? Blood-washed; canst thou defile thy garments? Marked with the Kings own name, in the King's own blood; how canst thou yield thyself to other rulers? God grant that we may come unto the blood of sprinkling till it shall purify our nature, and fill us with an all-consuming enthusiasm for Him whose heart was pierced for us!

A HEBREW LEGEND.

I ask you, then, to put the question closely home, "Have I come unto this blood of sprinkling? If not, why should I not come at once?" I read the other day an imaginary story, which describes the need of looking well to this great business. Receive it as a parable: A little daughter of the house of Israel had heard the commandment concerning the Passover night, and as she lay ill in her bed she cried: "Father, have you sprinkled the blood upon the lintel and the two side-posts?" Her father answered: "Not yet, my child.—It shall be done." The daughter was distressed, and filled with fear. After waiting a little while she again cried: "Father, father, have you sprinkled the blood upon the door?" The father passed over her inquiry; he had been eating of the lamb with his friends, and thought that this was sufficient; he did not care to give too much prominence to the ghastly idea of blood. He was of a liberal mind, and would not believe that a merciful God would smite his household for so small an omission.

Then his daughter arose from her bed, made strong by the God of Israel. Nothing would content her until she had been outside into the street, and seen for herself whether the saving mark was over the door of her father's house. It was almost midnight, but by the light of the moon she looked, and no blood-mark was there! How great was her distress! "Father," she cried, "make haste and bring the basin." There it stood, filled with blood; for the Paschal Lamb had been slain. The father, at her entreaty, dashed the hyssop into it, struck the lintel and the two side-posts and shut the door, and as he did so the midnight hour arrived. They were saved so as by fire. The daughter's obedient care and reverence of the Lord had warded off the sword of the destroyer. Oh, that the holy anxiety of some one now present would work the like blessing for other households!

II. The last part of our subject is this:

WHAT THEN?

According to our text, the blood of Jesus is the voice of the new dispensation. It is the blood which speaks, and it speaks better things than the blood of Abel. What, then, is our duty? How doth the apostle express our obligation? "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

I would have a quarter of an hour's very quiet talk with you, without excitement or quibbling debate. Lend me your ears, for I speak in all love for your souls. I want, dear friends, that this great truth of atonement which I so often preach may have a fair hearing, and not be left to lie among the lumber of forgotten things.

Do not refuse the voice of Jesus by cold indifference. God was made flesh, and dwelt among men, and in due time He took upon Himself our sin, and suffered for it in His own body on the tree, that sin might be put away by the sacrifice of Himself. By His death upon the cross our Lord made atonement for the sin of man, and those who believe in Him are delivered from evil and its consequences. The main point is that Jesus died for us, the just for the unjust. His atoning blood has a voice: "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." The text says; See to it; look to it; make sure of it; be careful about it. Do not miss the salvation of your Lord through neglect; for he who dies by neglecting the healing medicine will as surely perish as he who stabs himself. Be in earnest to accept the Saviour; I beseech you so to do, for I am afraid that many refuse Him that speaketh, because they never think of Him or of His sacrifice.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

When you resolve to study the doctrine, do not approach it with prejudice through misapprehension. Those that hate the Gospel of Christ are very busy in caricaturing the doctrine of the atonement. They assert that we preach that God was not merciful by nature, but must needs be appeased by the blood of His own Son. They charge us with saying that Jesus by His death made God loving. We distinctly teach the very opposite of that statement. What we do say is this, that God is infinitely loving—that, in fact, God is love; but that love does not cause Him to be unjust or unholy; for that in the long run would not be love. God is the Judge of all the earth, and He must do right.

The Lord, as the great moral governor, if He makes a law, and threatens a penalty, must execute that penalty, or else His law will lose its authority. If the penalty threatened be not executed, there is a tacit acknowledgment that it was threatened in error. Could you believe in a fallible God? The Lord has made a law which is perfect, and just, and good. Would you rather be without law? What reasonable person desires anarchy? He has backed up that law with a threatening. What is the use of a law if it break it involves no evil consequences? A government that never punishes offenders is no government at all. God, therefore, as moral ruler, must be just, and must display His indignation against wrong and evil of every kind. It is written on the conscience of men that sin must be punished. Would you have it go unpunished? If you are a just man, you would not.

To meet the case, therefore, the Lord Jesus Christ, by Himself bearing the penalty of death, has honored the divine law. He has shown to all intelligences that God will not wink at sin, that even His infinite mercy must not come in the way of His justice. This is the doctrine; do not listen to those who twist and pervert it.

We do assure you from God's Word that apart from the atonement of our Lord Jesus you can never be saved either from the guilt or power of evil. You will find no peace for your conscience that is worth having, no thorough and deep peace, except by believing in this atoning sacrifice; neither will you meet with a motive strong enough to rescue you from the bonds of iniquity. Therefore, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." Hear, and your soul shall live. Cavil, and you will die in your sins.

THE ONLY WAY.

I cannot help it if you do not like this teaching, although I shall be grieved if you refuse it. I can only tell you the truth, and leave it with your own hearts. Do not wilfully refuse it. When I meet you face to face in that last day, to which we all must come, I shall not be clear of your blood unless I tell you what is assuredly the truth—that in the precious blood of Christ is the only cleansing from sin, and the only acceptance with God. By believing in Jesus, as slain for you, you shall be saved; but do what you may, pray as you may, fast as you may, give alms as you may, you shall not enter heaven by any other road. Look not to any other, for no other is needed, no other is provided, no other can be accepted. Jesus is the sole messenger of the covenant of life and peace. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

"See that ye refuse not." Then there is a choice about it. If you had never heard the Gospel, you could not have refused it; but now that you have heard the message, it lies within your power, and it is an awfully dangerous power, to refuse Him that speaketh. Oh, can you, will you, dare you refuse my bleeding Saviour—refuse the Lord of love? I see Him now. The thorn-crown is about His brow. He is hanging on His cross expiring in unutterable pangs! Can you refuse Him while He presents such a spectacle of sacrifice? His eyes are red with weeping; have you no tears for such sorrow? His cheeks are all distained with the brutal soldiers' spittal; have you no love and homage for Him? His hands are fastened to the wood—His feet the same; and there He hangs to suffer in the sinner's stead. Will you not yield yourself to Him? I could joyfully bow before that cross-foot to kiss His dear feet distained with blood. What a charm He has for me! And you—do you refuse Him?

A GENTLE VOICE.

When the text says, "See that ye refuse not," it tacitly and pleadingly says, "See that ye accept Him." Dear hearers, I trust you will receive my Lord into your hearts. When we read of refusing, or receiving, we perceive an action of the will. Jesus must be willingly received; He will not force Himself upon any man. Whosoever accepts Jesus is himself accepted of Jesus. Never was there a heart willing to receive Him to whom Jesus denied Himself. Never! But you must be willing and obedient. Grace works this in you; but in you this must be.

I do not wonder that the Israelites asked that they might no longer hear the voice of thunder from the top of Sinai; it was too terrible for human ear; but you have no such excuse if you refuse Him that speaketh; for Jesus speaks in notes more sweet than music, more tender than a mother's sonnet to her babe. Let me remind you, that He was wont to say; "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He declared that all manner of sin and of blasphemy should be forgiven unto men. He stood and cried, on the last day of the feast: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." I am telling you no fables; for Christ, who was born at Bethlehem and died on Calvary, by His own blood which He shed for many, assures you that there is forgiveness for every man of you who, confessing his sin, will come and put his trust in Him.

Thus the blood speaks. Will you not answer, "Lord, we come to Thee, for Thou hast drawn us. Thy wounds have wounded our hearts. Thy death has killed our enmity. Sprinkle us unto Thyself. Bedew us with Thy blood. Let us be accepted in the Beloved"? Amen. So God may hear us!

Discouragement.

I remember a good many years ago I got very much depressed because the Lord, I thought, hadn't blessed my ministry. I was cast down, and used to talk discouragingly of what was being done. There was not any life in my ministry and this went on for three months. One Monday, when I was in the valley, and very much cast down, I met a friend who was on the hill-top and exceedingly elated. He said he had had a grand Sunday; what had I?

"O!" I said, "I had not a good one."

"Much power?"

"No. What did you preach about?"

"O, I preached about Noah."

I said, "How did you get on?"

"O, grandly. Did you ever study up Noah?"

I said I thought I knew all about Noah, for there are only a few verses about him.

"O, if you haven't studied up Noah you ought to do it. He's a wonderful character."

After he left I got out my Bible, and read all I could find about Noah, and while I was reading this thought came to me: Here is this man who was a preacher of righteousness for 120 years, and yet never had a convert outside his own family. I went to the prayer-meeting after that, and there was a man, who had just come from a town in Illinois, who spoke of a hundred young converts. "Why," I said "what would Noah have said if he had had 100 converts, and yet Noah didn't get discouraged." Then a man right close to me got up, and he was trembling. "My friends," he said, "I wish you would pray for me." I said to myself: "What would Noah have given if he had heard that during those 120 years, and yet he never heard the voice of an inquirer—not one. Still, he didn't get discouraged."—*Moody.*

In His Own Way.

There was a hushed chamber in Mr. Clauson's house. Such a chamber as most of us have entered at some time in our lives. A room in which the husband and wife can hardly look each other in the face; where the footsteps fall lightly, and the few words spoken are whispered ones.

It seemed enough of sorrow that the little darling of the household, four-year-old Willie, should lie there before the eyes of the parents so cold and still. Yet that was not the only trouble oppressing them, although at present it far outweighed all others.

Mr. Clauson's affairs had been steadily growing worse and worse for many months, until he found it impossible to pay any longer the bills of interest arising from the mortgage on his pleasant homestead, which had been his father's before him, and was "bound by a thousand ties to his heart." And now this bitter affliction had come, as if to test to the utmost the strength and faith of these children of God. But Robert Clauson's faith never wavered for a moment.

The evening before the funeral, as Mr. Clauson and his wife were sadly recounting the recent events, Mrs. Clauson remarked in a broken voice:

"Hard isn't it, Robert, that so soon upon becoming childless we must also become homeless? A note came from Mr. Liscomb yesterday, saying the mortgage had been foreclosed, and a sale would take place early next week."

The husband's reply came readily enough:

"Never mind; I've done my very best, Jennie, and—

'It may not be my way;
It may not be thy way;
And yet in his own way,
"The Lord will provide."'

I must leave all in his hands."

Oh, blessed trust of the children of God! Aye, and he will provide.

Later in the evening Mr. Clauson took his hat, then paused before his wife, as if what he would say was of so painful a nature as to be hard of utterance; at length he said in a tremulous tone:

"Its getting late, Jennie, and I'm going around to Darkling's. I told him I would do what I could to make expenses as light as possible. You know it is one of our painful necessities, Jennie, wife!

And she knew he was going himself, poor man, alas, and alas! for a little casket.

Lawyer Liscomb was on the high road to great prosperity. His wife was a devoted Christian, and Mr. Liscomb was a professor of religion, but the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches had, indeed, choked the Word, until his life had become unfruitful, and even barren of anything like godliness. His loving little wife had remonstrated on more than one occasion at what seemed to her unwarrantable measures on his part, where a question of worldly greed and a kindly showing of humanity were concerned, but although a kind husband and doting father there was at such times a certain pursing of the lips, as he would reply with firmness that he was, perhaps, the best judge of how business matters should be conducted, which had finally silenced good little Mrs. Liscomb effectually; that is, had silenced her in the presence of her husband, but she only went the oftener to her closet, and begged the Father in heaven to show him the errors which were fast mastering him, overcoming his better nature, and crushing the piety out of his life. And this afternoon, happening into her husband's office for a moment, she had seen a written advertisement lying on the table ready to be sent to the daily paper; stating that early next week the fine estate of Robert Clauson would be sold at auction.

"Oh, how can he?" she said to herself, "and his only little son lying dead, to be buried to-morrow."

What could she do? Jennie Clauson and she had been schoolmates. Mr. Liscomb was not at the office, so she walked home alone, wishing she could say something to induce him to reconsider the matter, but that evening the lawyer was particularly silent and hurried; sat writing until rather late in the evening, then said he must go out for a while, he had an errand to attend to.

Soon as he had gone, his wife went upstairs, and with a betroubled heart sought God in his own way to provide for her husband a way of escape from his own increasing selfishness and utter want of feeling for others. What had seemed her way of trying to open his eyes had only resulted in disappointment and failure.

It was a dark, damp night, and a heavy fog made objects at but a short distance from the street lamps hardly discernible. Lawyer Liscomb was passing rapidly through a by-street on his way home from the office of the daily paper, when suddenly on turning a corner he collided violently with another man, a man who with bent head and downward gaze was carrying a something dark and long. It would be impossible to tell how it happened; no one ever can tell how such things happen, but in the eager effort which the other made to save himself from dropping his burden, and the effort which the one man made to save himself from falling on the slippery pavement, the object which the former was carrying suddenly became transferred to the outstretched arms of Lawyer Liscomb, and looking down he saw at once by the light of the lamp on the corner that he was holding—a casket—and he noticed, too, on the instant, that it was one just large enough for his Willie!

A cold, weird feeling of superstition, almost of horror, ran over him, as he said sharply:

"Here, man, take back this uncanny thing, and be more careful another time." The next instant he added in another tone:

"Ah, Clauson, is it you? Sorry for you, poor fellow; upon my word I am! There, don't say a word; it was all my fault. I beg your pardon."

As soon as Lawyer Liscomb re-entered his library that night his wife wondered what had come over him, and at bed-time she wandered still more, for he hung about Willie's little crib, kissing the child again and again, until the little fellow, as if instinctively, kissed him back; then he broke out in an impulsive tone, startling his wife with its fierce accent:

"Lord, what should I do if that little boy couldn't kiss me back!"

Well into the night Mrs. Liscomb knew her husband was not sleeping, but she wisely refrained from asking any questions. After awhile he said softly:

"Wife?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"I shan't foreclose on Clauson at present; he's in trouble, you know."

"Oh, I'm so thankful!" was the response. And an hour later:

"Wife?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to help Clauson up hill again, if I can. He's a royal good fellow; got a good wife, too."

"Yes; and members of the same church we are," was the significant reply.

And still a little later:

"I'm going to be a church member in earnest, wife, God helping me."

Early next morning, before breakfast, Lawyer Liscomb slipped out on an errand to the office of the daily paper, and that night after the funeral a note was handed to Robert Clauson, informing him that the foreclosure on the property was indefinitely postponed.

No one else knew how it was that Lawyer Liscomb all at once resumed his old place at church, and in the prayer-meeting; nor why it was he showed at the same time such a friendly interest in the affairs of Robert Clauson, who was soon really well on his way up hill again. His happy little wife only knew that somehow in his own way the Lord had touched her husband; but he knew well what a searching, wholesome lesson had been borne in upon his innermost soul by being obliged voluntarily to hold for a moment in his father arms that little casket.

And so with his limitless range of resource, the good Father, who makes the sun to shine alike on the just and the unjust, had by one master stroke of Divine power spoken in his own way to both his children, blessing and confirming the faith of the one, and calling back to allegiance the wandering feet of the other.—*Golden Rule.*

John Knox's Preaching.

He began his discourse most commonly with Biblical exposition, and spent a little time in calmly, clearly, and fully explaining the meaning of the passage on which he was engaged. In this portion of his sermon, if we may judge from the published tracts which were apparently founded on pulpit utterance, he was clear, simple, convincing; not making a parade of learning, yet bringing out withal the true significance of the sacred text. Then having cleared away all doubt from that, he made it the foundation of a battery, where on he erected a swivel gun, and with that he swept the whole horizon, firing at every evil which came within his view. Nor were the shots mere random things. They were deliberately aimed, and they commonly did most effective work. No matter who might be the evil doer, the exposure was sure to be made; the expostulation usually ending in denunciation, unless the sinner should repent, was sure to follow. Whatever he might do elsewhere, he could neither shut his eyes nor keep back his utterance when he was, as he called it, "in public place." He was "set as a watchman" to the people of Scotland, and he would watch with wakeful vigilance, and give honest warning of everything which he saw wrong for the wrong with him was always fraught with danger, and the wrongness was enough to evoke his protest. He used no soft words. He was no maker of polite phrases. He spoke in order to be understood, and therefore he "called a fig a fig, and a spade a spade." He went into the pulpit not because he had to say something, but because there was something in him which was compelling itself to be said. He spoke because he "could not but" speak. That irrepressibility gave volcanic energy to his manner and fiery force to his words, so that the effects produced by his sermons were not merely superficial. Like those modern missiles which burst in the wounds which they have made, his word exploded within the hearts of those who had received them, and set them on fire with convictions that flamed forth in their conduct. It was apparently impossible for any one to listen to him without being deeply moved, either to antagonism or to enthusiastic agreement, or—for he could be tender also—to tears.

It may be said indeed that he allowed himself to great liberty in commenting on public men and national affairs; and we readily admit that in ordinary times, and especially in our altered circumstances, it would be unwise in most preachers to use the pulpit precisely as he did. But we have to bear in mind that the crisis through which his country was passing at the time was as much religious as political, and that the pulpit was the only organ at his command.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor's "John Knox."*

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