

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

In the passing of Brother Edwin Redmond at North Head a great loss has been sustained. In all the years of our ministry we have not been associated with a more consecrated and devoted follower of Christ.

He was a man of a very quiet and friendly disposition, and one whose daily life bore witness to the Christian experience which he professed.

It was our privilege to have known our brother for over fifty years, having been acquainted with the family from the early days of the Holiness movement, his parents being among those who embraced the doctrine of Full Salvation when it was first preached on the Island.

Our brother accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, early in life, at one of the regular services of the Church, and during the years since has always taken a deep interest in every department of church work.

It was our privilege to have been pastor of that church at three different periods, and we came to know him better than most people. For many years he had been treasurer of the church and as such we recall his unique way of making the receipts of the church cover the expenditures, and we knew many times that he had made up the deficit himself. Our brother also was a regular attendant at all the church services, and while his duties in the general store, of which he was proprietor, took all his time, yet he always closed his store to attend the weekly prayer meeting. He surely will be greatly missed.

To the relatives who are left we extend our deepest sympathy.

H. C. ARCHER

THE MESSIAH'S ADVENT

He came to His own in the fulness of time, But Him they knew not nor His mission sublime;

They read not His signs, they saw not His star,

Yet strangers discerned it, and came from afar.

Through dimness of vision they strained for the light,

But heard not the Bethlehem song in the night;

They knew not the Infant that lay in the stall

Was child of the Virgin, and Monarch of all.

They looked for His coming, King David's great Son!

But knew not already His time had begun, That the lowly degree, by prophets foreshown, And the mission of love were the base of his Throne.

They stumbled before Him, and over their fall Came riches and fullness of blessing to all: The Babe in the manger is born to the race, And He, the rejected, has magnified grace.

"Despised and rejected of men" was He then, But when He shall come in His glory again, The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free, In glad adoration shall bow down the knee.

Meanwhile at His feet, as the sages of old, We bring Him our homage for spices and gold, We worship Him lowly, the Child of the stall, And hail Him Redeemer and Saviour of all.

—Selected

MAN OF SORROWS

R. Barclay Warren

There are at least ninety-three different names and titles applied to our Lord Jesus Christ. The name "Man of Sorrows," is found in Isaiah's prophetic portrait of the suffering Messiah. (Isaiah 53:3). He is not to be thought of as despondent for He was anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows. To His disciples He gave of His joy and peace. Nevertheless He earned His title, "Man of Sorrows."

He was always walking through the wards of a vast hospital. The sick pressed upon Him in the crowd, called to Him from the roadside and one was even let down through the roof of the house where He was teaching. When He crossed the lake to find rest and seclusion, they followed Him around the shore. They sought Him not in vain. He had compassion upon them and healed them. He was acquainted with our grief. "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Before He healed the deaf and dumb man He sighed or moaned. He groaned and wept as He stood with the mourning friends of Lazarus. He, as the perfect man, as the Divine Human person was able to enter our sufferings as no one else.

Jesus was the Man of Sorrows because of His contact with sin. Sin, whether it manifested itself in hypocrisy, pride, greed, or hate, grieved the pure spirit of Jesus. But more than that, He bore our sins in His own person. Hear Him cry as our sin was laid upon Him in Gethsemane as He prepared to go to the cross, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." He who knew no sin became sin for us.

He was sorrowful because He was despised and rejected of men. He wept scalding tears over Jerusalem, crying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate." He sorrowed for He knew that all who reject Him are desolate.

Jesus became the "Man of Sorrows" that we might have salvation from sin and share of His joy and peace here and enjoy heaven hereafter.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE BIBLE

The following quotation is from a paper on "Moses," written by Winston Churchill and published in 1932:

"We reject with scorn all these learned and labored myths that Moses was but a legendary figure. We believe that the most scientific view, the most up-to-date and rationalistic conception, will find its fullest satisfaction in taking the Bible literally. We may be sure that all these things happened as they are set out in the Holy Writ. In the words of a forgotten work of Mr. Gladstone, 'We rest with assurance upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture.'

"Let the men of science and of learning expand their knowledge and probe with their researches every detail of the records which have been preserved to us from these dim ages. All they will do is to fortify the grand simplicity and essential accuracy of the recorded truths which have lighted so far the pilgrimage of man."—Pentecostal Evangel.

THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD

One afternoon following my return from the hospital where I had distributed Testaments to all of the patients who were without God's Word, a young corporal came into my office and asked if he, too, might have a New Testament. He was a big, tough former lumberjack who had obtained less than four years of formal education in his life, and had never had a Bible. He said he had been reading one that belonged to a patient, and wondered if he could not have one of his own, because he was very anxious to read more. Six days after he left with his own Testament, he returned for a conference, and before it was over, he was gloriously saved.

A Jewish girl, who is a civilian worker on the field, was handed a New Testament at the conclusion of one of our Sunday chapel services at which she sang for us. A few days later she asked if she might have a copy of the whole Bible. Her request was granted, and from the chapel reading room she was given a Bible for her own personal study. Eight days following she returned and related that she had accepted Christ as her personal Saviour. She stated quite frankly she could see that the prophecies of the Old Testament had been fully and completely fulfilled in Christ and that He was the Messiah.—Sel.

THE VOLUME DIVINE

William Luff

It is the Nation's Volume, therefore, kings Were sent to it, as to the eternal springs Of law and light and liberty. Blest realm, That has this Royal Pilot at its helm!

It is the City's Volume: Business men Who work along its rules, who can condemn? They have clean hands, and deal in righteousness, And can look up and ask their God to bless.

It is the Homestead's Volume! Round the hearth It scatters light, and on the daily path Strews fragrant flowers of joy, and peace, and love: Until our homes are like the Home above.

It is the Children's Volume! Blessing youth: It is the Young Men's Volume—here in truth. In prime of life, in sickness, and in age, All may find help who read the sacred page.

It is the Sinner's Volume! Only here, A guilty conscience, trembling, and in fear, Can see a Saviour ready to forgive, Dying sin's death, that death's condemned may live.

It is Jehovah's Volume! He has set His seal upon it, lest we should forget, And think it common. Here His voice is heard, Above all other books: "This is My Word."

O Universal Volume! for all time, In every age, in every land and clime: We own Thee as the message God has given, Broadcast to earth from His eternal Heav'n. —The Christian (London)

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