

WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH FROM EDOM?

Mrs. Chas. B. Cowman

Old and dusty second-hand book shops offer for some of us a great attraction. Among the many joys of the summer was one realized on a morning when there was nothing to do but "browse" in such a shop. On a top shelf and quite out of reach, an old book with a worn-out cover was espied. It was written half a century ago but the writer long in his Heavenly Home yet speaketh. The message penned by him who had deeply loved the Lord Jesus, brought the Risen Christ so close to our heart and afresh into our lives that we wish to share a few of the excerpts with you at this wonderful Christmas time when we are singing carols. In my own heart he implanteth a song—a song of courage, strength, a glad new song!

"I have been reading and re-reading the Gospel of Matthew, and if you ask me what I think of the Gospel now that I have closed it, I will tell you I am like a man who has been in a strange land in which all the people wore unfamiliar garments, no man spoke my native tongue. Amongst them stood a Man like no other man I ever saw, with a Face that burned, and an Eye that changed from pity to judgment and from judgment to pity, with startling rapidity, a Voice in which thunders were chained and all the mysteries of music hidden—a Voice marvelous. A strange Man—now shrunk from like a mountain on fire, now sought as a garden of delight in which palms grew for wounded hearts, and flowers bloomed that were fit for festivals of unutterable joy. Loved by all women, kissed by all children, longed for by all sufferers, besought, entreated with tears, honored, worshipped, hated with all the malignity of hell.

"His name was Jesus. He was a man of strange ways, so fond of loneliness that He stole away secretly to the mountain long after the sunshine had fled from its slopes and crags, and when the cold stars looked glitteringly upon the cold dew of the still night. There He was; there within the crags as within a Holy church, there on His knees with His face upturned to the starry canopy, and His lips moving in the eloquent agony of speechless prayer. Not a human creature was at hand. Angels thronged the steps, and the low winds brought fragrance from the sweetest paradise, and the planets attested the solidity and beneficial rigour of infinite law—but no man was there, no child, no woman, nor Mary, who bore Him: He stood off like a Priest. He stood above like a sun that cannot be touched. Men never knew what to call Him. He was almost the anonymous one, but He was called Jesus by the Angel.

"I shut my eyes and see it all, I betake me to some quiet dream-spot where the flocks lie down at noon, and in a waking dream I hear and see everything once more. What voices of the night are those like silver bells that sweetly sound; is it the splash of some gentle streams flowing through gardens that slope towards the sun? It is indeed His very song. It rises and falls with the rhythm of some other and infinite movement to which the throbbing stars beat time. What song is that? It is a birth song; it is no prophecy of mere hope; it is the joy song of an immediate blessing:

"A child is born, a Son is given; glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men!"

"That song comes downward; it broadens and it rolls and fills the whole earth with musical thunder. He came with music. He came to make music; He will reign till all nations repeat His song and call Him blessed. The Man who was born amid the songs of angels goes out to make the whole world glad. He is a Father standing at the wide-open door, wistfully longing for the prodigal's return. Then swiftly He is a King that says He will make a marriage feast for his son and fill the whole house with radiant guests and make it glow with sacred fire.

"A Man, so weak yet so strong—amid the weakness of tears there is the energy of almighty power. The Man touches the blind eyes and they are blind no more. He turns the desert into a banqueting hall, walks upon the sea, summons the dead from the winding sheet, and in the presence of His health all disease flies away; He went about doing good; He came not to consult other kings but to rule them, not to offer homage, but to claim it from all masteries and dominions, from all chiefs and potentates. Royal, yet He had not where to lay His head. Royal and therefore He could stoop and wash the disciples' feet. Royal, therefore He could accept the Cross and triumph over its shame and pain.

"Then comes the strangest scene of all—the scene so strange in his exciting Gospel. No such spectacle ever appalled the human imagination. Marvelous vision this! We are lost in paths we have not known. A silent Man in the presence of imperial power. A Man deserted by the few followers whose uncertain worship seldom passed beyond the point of selfish or troubled wonder. A great, grim Cross, sturdily built and built with savage delight, and thrust through the stony ground with the joy of cruel triumph. I see darkness at mid-day, but I see and can hear not. Then the light comes back. The blue sky sheds its blessing on the terror-stricken earth and away yonder on a mountain stands the Risen Man—possessed of all power, sending out the gospel to the whole world. And having spoken of His great last word of love He arises, He enters into a descending cloud sent down to receive Him, as in a chariot, and into the skies where the angels sing the birth-song, rises the Conqueror who has made the lofty song the peace music of all life. "He arose, He arose, Hallelujah He arose!"

"Son of Man, what seest thou? I see a handful of corn upon the top of the mountains, scattered by a sower who went forth to sow. I see first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn on the ear; field after field of golden grain, all the hillsides rich with corn, all the valleys rejoicing in the abundance of its sunny harvest. I see reapers going forth to reap; I see the shocks of corn fully ripe; I hear the angels' song—'Harvest home.'

"Son of Man, what seest thou? I see a good Shepherd, treading His way through stony places. I see Him climbing hills, crossing streams, and cleaving rank brushwood. I see his eye brighten and his face flush as he lays the lost one upon his shoulder with thankful, shepherdly joy.

"Son of Man, what seest thou? I see a father looking tenderly and wearily into far-off space. On the face are the strains of many years. Old age has come upon him, with the prematureness of over-much sorrow. Now he suddenly starts, and with a sob he says: "This, my son, was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

"Son of Man, what seest thou? I see the shining of a great light, the outbrusting song of nations of the glory of the Lord. Gentiles are coming to His light and kings to the brightness of His rising. The abundance of the earth is being converted and the forces of the Gentiles are hastening to the Cross. I hear a shout. It out-swells the eloquency of the thunder, and rises in tower pride of strength. Hallelujah! The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, forever and ever. Hallelujah. Amen."

"Despised and rejected of men. He is now the light of the universe and the joy of the whole creation. He sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied for His boundless universe is a boundless Heaven.

"Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ our Lord!" The Man that is called Jesus! All hail, Emmanuel! King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

"And we shall reign with Him forever and forever more!"

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

"Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

—Isa. 9: 6-7.

ONE WHO DOES NOT CHANGE

R. Barclay Warren

After an absence of three years, it has been my privilege to visit the old home. What changes! New buildings; farms and businesses have changed hands; more modern methods have been introduced; a number of residents, particularly of the older people have taken their leave of this life; time has ploughed deeper furrows on many brows and the white blossom of the almond tree is in greater abundance; young people have married and boys and girls have developed greatly.

This is a changing world, but there is One who does not change.

"Thou, Lord, didst found the earth in the beginning;

And the heavens are the work of thy hands; They will perish, but Thou remainest; They will all grow old like a garment, Like a mantle Thou wilt roll them up, And they will be changed.

But Thou are the same, And Thy years will never end."

—Heb. 1:3-8.

"For I am the Lord. I change not."

—Mal. 3:6.

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever."—Heb. 1:8.

"Every good endowment and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change."—Ja. 1:17.

Because God changes not, we may trust Him and His promises as found in the Bible. "The work of the Lord abides forever. That word is the good news which was preached to you."—1 Pet. 1:25.

Those who are living in harmony with the unchanging God of the Bible are happy.