

ty-five calls since coming on this field. There is indeed enough work here for two pastors, and trust in the not too distant future arrangements can be made for one of our young men to take half of it over.

May God bless all the brethren in their various charges and give divine leadership in the placing of workers in just the right place, where they can be best used for His glory in the coming church year.

Yours for holiness,

J. A. & MRS. OWENS

### GOD'S UNFOLDINGS

Theodore L. Cuyler

Sitting today in Christ's school (for that is an essential idea of His Church), let me say a few words to my fellow-scholars. The meek and the teachable will He guide in His way. There is room for us all in that spot where Mary sat—at the feet of Jesus. And the encouragement to us is: "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." This does not mean everything, even though our hearts may ache to find out many mysteries. The "secret things belong unto God." Over certain doors the inscription is affixed: "No admittance here." In heaven we may know these things even as we are known; but now they are wisely hidden from our eyes.

Yet our all-wise and loving God is constantly unfolding Himself to His earthly children. All scientific discovery is the passage from the unknown into the known; every truth discovered is a fresh unfolding of the Creator. Very slowly, very gradually is this progress effected. Centuries passed away before Galileo found out the rotation of the earth, and Newton the law of gravitation. Other generations must roll by before man learned enough about God's laws of electro-magnetism to fashion the ocean telegraph. Yet these laws were all in existence in the days of Noah and Abraham; only they had not yet been unfolded. I once spent a night on Mount Righi, and there was nothing visible for a rood from my window. But when the morning broke, the icy crowns of the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn began to glitter in the early beams. They had been there all the night, waiting for the unfoldings of the dawn. Even so have all God's laws of the material universe and all His purposes of redeeming mercy through Jesus Christ been in existence from the beginning. They only waited for the dayspring of discovery. And one of the most delightful occupations of a devout mind is to watch the unfoldings of God, and to drink in new truths as He gradually reveals them.

The more closely I study my Bible, the more I detect a steady progress of divine doctrine, from the first line of Genesis to the closing grandeur of the Apocalypse. That little altar of turf on which Abel lays his lamb points onward to Calvary. The whole Jewish dispensation goes on step by step until the Messiah comes. Then I find four sections of the Book which photograph the life of Jesus to me, each one presenting some particular view of my Saviour's face and footsteps, and miracles and teachings. Calvary and the resurrection only prepare the way for the descent of the Holy Spirit. Then comes the visible manifestation of the Gospel in the conversion and organization of the Primitive Church. Peter's tongue, and Paul's brain, and John's heart, and Dorcas's needle all get into motion. These new converts require spiritual instruc-

tion, and the whole series of inspired epistles are produced. The man or the minister who asserts that the writings of the four evangelists are "Bible enough for him," and that the epistles of Paul are only excellent surplusage, worthy of small attention, simply writes himself down an ignoramus. There is as veritable an unfolding of heavenly truth in the eighth chapter to the Romans as in the Sermon on the Mount. And when the laws of our spiritual life have been unfolded in the inspired epistles of Paul, John, Peter, and James, then the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse is unrolled, and we get a glimpse of Christ's final triumphs and the glory of His celestial kingdom. After John lays down his pen, History takes up here, and carries us on through the martyrdoms of saints, and the councils, and the conflicts, and the Reformation period, and the inauguration of modern mission to the nations who sit in darkness. At the foot of every page she writes, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

In no direction do we behold more wonderful unfoldings of God than in what we call His Providence. This is a department of God's school in which we are learning fresh lessons every day. In Providence, divine wisdom is married to divine love. All things work together for good to them who love God and trust Him. The sceptic jeers at this, but the trusting Christian knows it from actual experience. It is often a dear-bought experience, for some of God's truths are knocked into us by hard blows, and some lessons are spelled out through eyes cleansed with tears. Our perverse mistake is that we demand that God shall explain Himself at every step, instead of waiting for Him to unfold His intricate purposes at His own time and in His own way. Why A—— is set up and good Brother B—— (who seems equally deserving) is cast down; why the only little crib in one Christian home is emptied by death, and the nursery in another home is full of happy voices; why one good enterprise prospers and another one is wrecked,—all such perplexing puzzles shake terribly the faith that is not well grounded on the Rock.

To all these pitiable outcries the calm answer of our Heavenly Father is: "Be still, and know that I am God. I lead the blind by a way they know not. What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." These are the voices of love which come to us from behind the cloud. If we wait patiently, the cloud will break away or part asunder, and our eyes will behold the Rainbow of Mercy overarching the Throne. Twenty years ago, on a day of thick fog and storm, I ascended Mount Washington by the old bridle-path. Over the slippery boulders we picked our toilsome way, unable to see anything but our sure-footed horse and our guide. A sulky company were we when we reached the "Tip-top House." But presently a strong wind swept away the banks of mist, and revealed the magnificent landscape from the mountain's base to the great wide sea. As the wonderful vision unfolded itself to our delighted eyes, we could mark the pathway by which we had been led up to that mount of discovery. Tenfold more delightful was the outlook because we had gained it by such hard toil and it had been so long hidden from our sight.

That day's experience was a sermon to my soul. It taught me afresh just how a believer must leave God to order his footsteps, and how he must wait for God to unfold the hid-

den purposes of His love. Faith's stairways are steep and slippery. They can only be climbed by a sure foot and a steady hold on the Unseen Hand. In the hard clamber we are often thrown down on our knees. Cry as loudly as we may in the driving mist for "more light," we do not receive any other answer than this: "Fear not! Only trust!" If we unloose our hold on God's hand for an instant, we go over the precipice. But the more tightly we cling, the steadier we walk; the more willing we are to be humbled, the more certain are we to get upward; the more crosses we bear for Christ, the lighter will be our hearts; and by and by we shall reach that gate of pearl, the opening of which will unfold to us the everlasting flood of glory. These are among the thoughts which came into mind as I have sat today in Christ's school, while some of the scholars around me have been singing; but, alas! some others are sobbing and weeping.

### THE LIMITATIONS OF LIBERTY

J. B. Chapman

Some time ago I made a trip "down the cape" to see the Plymouth Rock, to climb the Pilgrim Memorial Monument at Provincetown, to wander about in the oldest cemeteries of white America, and to read the chiseled inscriptions which commemorate the ideals and record the deeds of that intrepid band who came across the Atlantic on the Mayflower to lay the foundation of free government in the New World. It was a day to remember. It was a day filled with the symbolism of heroism and made one glad he can be a member of a race with whom God and liberty rated so high.

But I also saw instances of the twisting of good into the instruments of evil; for I saw where the proponents of systems which seek to cast doubt upon every tenet the Pilgrims held dear used the words of those hardy, holy pioneers to defend their right to tear down what those of the early day sought to build up. They made the fundamental rights of the fathers to promote the faith they loved ground upon which to stand their supposed rights to destroy faith.

It is one of the tricks of heretics to say, "Oh, but you must not be stubborn. You are not afraid of the truth, are you?" The answer to this is, I am not afraid of the truth, but I am mortally afraid of error, and I refuse to speculate on questions that have been settled by the Word of God and the faith of our fathers.

There is of course a narrowness that is fanaticism, but there is also a breadth that is compromise, and the modern habit of claiming that all the thinkers are on the side of loose theology and questionable ethics is as reprehensible as it is false. And the supposition that ideas are true because they are new is just as presumptuous as the supposition that all old beliefs are good and dependable.

It is really too bad that any man should not be able to maintain his faith in things high and holy. But if he breaks down, it is but sordid recompense that he should then seek to destroy the faith of others. There are no instances on record where investigation substantiates the claims of those who say they are happier and freer since they have lost the fear of God and confidence in the Bible as the Word of God. Therefore the dispenser of doubt cannot be classed as a liberator of mankind. Not doubt, but truth makes men free.