Without Perfection No Salvation.

BY J. DENOVAN.

PART III.

Saved sinners are "complete in Him" —in whom? In Him whose name is "Jehovah our Righteousness," and "God manifest in the flesh." This completeness is therefore *divine* in quality and *infinite* in quantity, "for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Look at Jesus Christ, O child of God, and remember that by Him you are personified, in Him you are represented. In God's covenant reckoning HE IS THOU. "Ye are complete in Him," thus:

1. We all, like David, were conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity; but when Jesus was conceived it was by the Holy Ghost, and when He lay in the Virgin's womb He was "that Holy Thing." When in infancy He hung on Mary's breast, and when in childhood He prattled round her knee, He was the "Holy child, Jesus." In these early stages of His human life we were "complete in Him."

2. Through all stages of our lives, since the dawn of intelligence, we have strayed and sinned—from early childhood on to maturity sinned and strayed; but *He in whom we are complete* "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." He was ever "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners;" He hath magnified the law and made it honorable. This law-fulfilling of His is by the apostle called "the righteousness of God." Ye who truly believe "are complete in Him," and so "accepted in the Beloved," because your righteousness is superhuman—is equal even to Jehovah's highest ideal—*your* righteousness, I say; not righteousness of *your own performing*, but that of Christ transferred and bequeathed to you. Misunderstand me not. Your own practical righteousness and virtue are not supplemented and eked out by His, nor His by yours. Shall we poor sinners so far forget ourselves and wrong the grace of Christ as to go away to the dunghill of our own righteousness which God declares to be "filthy rags," and add some of those rags to the perfections of Jesus Christ? Shall we beg or borrow from Saint Mary or Saint Joseph, from Saint Patrick, Saint Bridget or Saint Sell, some dirty shreds to sew as fringes on the best robe of covenant grace? Where did the guests, gathered from the streets and lanes from the highways and hedges into the King's sumptuous supper, get their wedding garments? Where did the wretched swine-herd get his dress before he sat down to eat of the fatted calf? Did the poor and maimed, halt and blind construct or improve the dress they wore at the royal banquet? Did the prodigal perform some ingenious tailoring before the lordly robe was hung upon his unworthy shoulders and the costly ring glittered on his hand?

Believing sinners are complete in Jesus Christ's life of personal human righteousness.

3. Again, in Jesus Christ's vicarious sufferings and death, believers "are complete"; by the penal ending of His life He was and is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

"The soul that sinneth it shall die," thunders the divine law. But, O law, thou hast laid hold on the sinless and guiltless One, and by thy sentence He died a criminal's death—why is this, O law of God? Because, answers the law, "the Lord laid on Him" the iniquities of others; because "God made Him to be sin" and "a curse" for others; because He accepted the guilt and the doom of others, and thus, "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree," "He hath finished transgression and made an end of sins and hath brought in an everlasting righteousness." This is the only explanation that can ever be given of the tragedy of Golgotha. Yes, indeed, Christ's awful death on the cross means, if it means anything at all, that the full and final penalty of the sins of all those whom He substituted was borne by Him, that the legal vengeance and divine curse due to their sin was exhausted upon Him, as was attested by His expiring declaration, "It is finished." Yes, finished it was, completely and forever. Sin had done its worst; divine law had pronounced its extreme penal sentence; divine justice had exacted and received its full demand, even to the last farthing. "Christ is the end of the law"—the law can go no further, for "It is finished." "Ye are complete in Him."

4. Nay, more. "In Him," under the seal of death, we who in covenant one with Him lay in the grave as prisoners; and in His resurrection we arose and left that dismal cell and entered into the very presence of Almighty God, and now "we sit together with Him in heavenly places."

Thus "in Him" that awful gulf that yawned black and bottomless between sin and holiness, earth and heaven, sinners and God, has already been bridged, and we are exhorted by the Captain of our salvation to march across and take personal possession of the good land—the purchased inheritance. Ye "sacramental hosts of God's elect" give glory to Jehovah's sovereign grace in Christ; form into line; blow the trumpets and beat the drums, and march forward and upward, for the kingdom of holiness and glory—the beautiful city of love and light is yours. Jesus Christ of God is made unto us wisdom and right eousness, sanctification and redemption!

Poor souls, still unregenerate and unbelieving, ye are the children of that very respectable old gentleman (of whom the immortal tinker wrote), Mr. Legality. You, like your father before you, have been long laboring hard and honestly to span the gulf of sinful separation that yawns between you and God, and to scale the heights of heaven by the construction of viaducts and ladders of wood and stubble; but, alas, many a one of your race has broken his neck and lost his soul by the collapse of such worthless scaffolding. Such bridging and laddering never yet bore the weight of one soul. It is, I assure you, not by *doing the very best you can* you ever will secure God's favor or reach New Jerusalem; but only by entering into and venturing upon what *Jesus Christ has done*, by faith. If you will enter into God's favor—if you would escape the clutch of the law and the terrible doom of eternal death, abandon forever all your wretched structures of self-righteousness and go right up the broad stone steps hewn out on Calvary. Jesus hath said: "I AM THE WAY," "I AM THE DOOR." "*There is salvation in none other.*"

"Oh, but I can't go with my sins!" I hear you cry. True, but the "blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." When "*all sin*" has been cleansed, how much remains?

"Oh, but I cannot possibly go there without righteousness!" True again, but "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one who believeth." Surely this is a satisfactory "end" to your difficulty about lack of righteousness.

If you, O perishing soul, are ever saved you must be emptied and humbled until you confess that, from first to last, your salvation is all of free unmerited sovereign grace—that, in short, "*ye are complete in Him.*"

If you ever enjoy permanent peace it must be "peace with God, *through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

If you ever join the songs of heaven you must be prepared to sing, "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,*" without one word about your own penitence, amendment and righteousness—without one whisper about your faith or holiness.

A Visit to the Baptist Missionary Training School.

I know you are anxious to enter each room in the building, therefore we at once step into the dining-room, which we find in the basement—large, well-ventilated, finely lighted, heated to perfection, and measures 40 ft. 1 y 17 ft. 10 in. An oak dado, 3 ft. 2 in., protects the walls from the knock of a chair. The paper has that restful tint that's above refreshing to the weary eye—from the pale cream deepening to that of a slightly deeper color. A gilt border meets the upward glance, and then we see the hook of gilt to which pictures are suspended suitable for such a room; but the *fine picture* is to look upon 54 pleasant faces, and to know that all are in readiness to be seated and do justice to the good and well-prepared food on the tables, all so neatly spread. Do not forget to look at the shining china closets, which must ever be the delight of every housewife.

We now enter the kitchen, laundry and trunk rooms, and stop for a second at the industrial room—22 x 18—in which we find many of the students busily engaged in preparing work for the children of the Industrial School in connection with this school.

Let us ascend a short and easy flight of stairs. Upon turning to the left, we find ourselves in the lecture room, which is 35 ft. 4 in. by 23 ft. 2 in. Beyond a doubt this, to the student, is the room of rooms; here we listen to deep theological subjects, follow with rapt attention the medical lecturer; here, too, we endeavor to attain to the spiritual heights that our teachers wish us to enjoy; and this is the place where we hold our missionary and temperance meetings—indeed, all that is good, grand and noble is brought into the lecture room. The furniture of this "sanctum" must be noticed. The chairs, you observe, are suitable for writing—by that I mean only one arm, and that to the right, which is about nine inches wide, so that a book for taking notes can be placed upon it. The platform, with its fine rug and table, afford comfort to the speaker; neither is the blackboard forgotten, which to a teacher is quite indispensable. There stands the organ beside one of the four large windows that lights this room by day, and at night sixteen gas jets illumines it. Of course there are pictures—Drs. Henson and Lorimer, Miss M. Burdette (sister of R. Burdette, humorist), the indefatigable corresponding secretary of the school, and groups of graduating classes lend to add much to the daintily-papered walls.

Now we step into the library—25 x 14 ft. 8 in.—which opens off the lecture room. Here the "book worm" may revel and the "blue stocking" delight, as volume after volume is examined. Suffice it to say, that all that the student requires for reference is found here, and enter when we will, some reader is present, for there on the table we find a good assortment of the best newspapers and periodicals.

Time moves on, so must we; and, retracing our steps through the lecture room, we enter the reception hall. Look around 30 ft. by 15 ft. 4 in.—a fine bay window from which we may gaze upon the passers-by on Indiana avenue; radiators send forth all the desired heat on this cold day, and so very comfortable are we that, if it was not for a glance at the snow outside, we might think we were in a tropical clime. Do you not admire that dado of oak, 4 ft. 9 in.? Then the paper of a dark shade of terra cotta, going out into a lighter, gives a fine effect as we look up to the ceiling. The handsome Turkish rug, leather-covered chairs, sofa, pieces of bronze statuary, beautiful canal scene in water-colors, cannot fail to meet and please the eye of our most fastidious visitor.

Leaving this fine hall, turning to the right, we are ushered into the reception parlor, where we meet our friends who call on us. Not so large as the rooms just left, but is 15 ft. 8 in. by 7 ft. 10 in. Here also good taste is shown in the choice of furnishing.

Out of this, and still on to the right, we enter the board room—18 ft. by 14 ft. 8 in.—of the Ladies' Home Mission Society. Here monthly meetings are held, business of great importance transacted, and heavy responsibilities carried by those earnest workers.

On again to the right, and now we are in Miss Burdette's private office, 18 ft. by 7 ft. 8 in. Please look and admire that fine desk—just suitable for such a corresponding secretary as Miss B. is, and that which truly enhances the value of it is the fact that it is a loving gift from the students when the Training School was carried on in less commodious quarters than we now find it.

Passing through a short hall, we are in the office, and dare not speak above a whisper, for here we find very busily engaged, Miss T—— at the treasurer's desk, Mrs. C—— seated at her correspondence, and Miss DeC—— busy at the type-writer. This room measures 22 x 15—well lighted, and every convenience that heart can wish. Here all business in connection with the Home Mission Society is carried on. Before leaving we look at the literature, and find that there is a large supply of pamphlets suitable for home and foreign missionary meetings and Mission Bands.

We move on to the left, and enter the publishing room—17 ft. by 14 ft. 10 in. Here the compositor is engaged, and at the appointed time *Tidings*, a small but lively paper, is sent all over the land in the interests of home missions. As in the others, so in this room, we see all that is necessary for the indefatigable worker.

I must ask you to step across the hall, and, in answer to our knock, we enter, and you are introduced to our amiable preceptress, Mrs. C. D. Morris. This is a cosy room, 15 x 13, and a glance at the easel with a fine panel of roses resting on it; oil, crayon and water-color pictures on the walls; bookcases well filled, in which we find a great variety, from the theological to that of the easier reading, such as "Ben Hur," "Under the Surface,"—reveals the taste of the occupant. Our parting glance is at the very neat Brussels carpet, rug and folding bed, which outwardly appears like an almirah closed, in which is set a fine bevel-edged glass. The work in order is a visit to Mrs. Whaley's room. Here we seldom find our genial matron, for the onerous duties that devolve upon her are great. The size of this room is 15 ft. by 14 ft. 8 in., and upon looking about it is easy to discern the taste that has been displayed in pictures, etc.

We leave this flat and ascend the fine broad oaken steps. At once we find there are twelve nice bedrooms, some of which accommodate three students, others two. All are neatly furnished. We notice that there are five nice bath-rooms and two closets for linen.

There is yet another flight of steps, and as we ascend we see the lady students moving about. Even at this height we find two and three occupants in each room, according to the size. Upon counting we ascertain that there are fifteen bedrooms, four bath-rooms and one linen closet on this flat.

All has now been seen—hastily I grant you. Thousands of dollars have been spent to secure a perfect ventilation throughout the building. A fine hot water heating apparatus keeps out "Jack Frost," and you have only to turn the faucet and hot and cold water can be obtained, even on the third flat. If you wish light (at night), there you see the gas jet in readiness to blaze forth—indeed everything has been thought of. The building is papered throughout; perfect taste has been displayed in the choice of colors. If you look up at the ceilings delicate tints meet the eye, and just as delicate are on the walls, in perfect harmony. All the floors are of oak, window and door paintings are done in oak color.

Let us turn to the intellectual line. One has only to read the prospectus to be satisfied. Theological and medical lectures are given by able professors, and there is a practical work carried on in connection with the school that will greatly develop any lady who will enter its pleasant home.

For any further information (and there is yet much) please address Miss M. G. Burdette.

The "New Christianity."

Last week some brief mention was made in these columns of an article in the January *Harper's* by Vicomte Eugene Melchoir de Vogue, and entitled "The Neo-Christian [New Christian] Movement in France." The writer of the article, as translator into the French language of the writings of Tolstoi, has had occasion to study with some care those developments in the line of religious thought of which Tolstoi is so much a representative, and which, it seems, partly through the influence of Tolstoi's own works, are beginning to become noticeable in France, more particularly among the younger class of thinkers and writers in that country. The phenomena brought to view in the article above noticed are deserving of more attention than could be given them in a brief paragraph.

The writer of the article describes three successive stages of manifestation, through which France, religiously, has passed during the hundred years which have now nearly run their course since that Reign of Terror in which the infidelity of Voltaire reached its consummation. "Incredulity in the free thinker," says de Vogué, "was merely one of the aspects of the revolutionary instinct, and formed part of his political opinions; he pursued with the same hatred God, kings, and priests, because these words symbolized the abhorred vestiges of the Old Regime." For just about the first half of the century, this was the attitude of the French mind, as a whole, toward religion and all religious things. "After 1848," says the writer we follow, "at the close of a brief awakening of religious idealism, the simultaneous progress of all the sciences increased unbelief, but modified its nature in cultivated persons." The conception of the universe became a "mechanical" one, the materialism of Darwin, Spencer, Mill and others, being carried to conclusions beyond what even these writers had contemplated. To this influence was added that of German criticism, as in the hands of Strauss and Baus, and reproduced in France by Renan. Infidel science and the destructive criticism became dominant forces in French society and French culture. From the year 1870, a third stage in these manifestations becomes notable. "National life, such as it became reconstituted after that terrible shock, revealed to them [the younger generation who "grew up in an atmosphere of patriotic mourning and amidst the discouragement of defeat,"] on all sides nothing but abortive hopes, paltry struggles of interest, and a society without any other hierarchy but that of money, and without other principle or ideal than the pursuit of material enjoyment. Literature, which is the dominant passion in most young minds when college days are over, reflected those same tendencies; it was dejected or vile, and distressed the heart by its artistic dryness or disgusted it by its trivial realism." Out of this "distress" on the one hand, and "disgust" on the other, has grown up among the younger class of educated Frenchmen that tendency which now bears the name of the "Neo-Christian movement in France." What is its significance? and to what does it amount?

To our own mind it is significant of a fact which must remain a fact while man, whatever his name or nationality, remains man. Says one of these young writers, M. Lasserre, in a work entitled "The Christian Crisis": "The present crisis is merely the very simple protestation of young and healthful consciences against the artificial regime which the last comers of the preceding generation in himself between his newer and higher nature and his old mean one—"For I know that in me, that is in my lower carnal, inherited nature, dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how perform that which is good I find not, for the good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do; but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." "Oh, wretched man that I am"—it is the identical Paul who writes thus of himself, of his sore and dire conflict in the seventh chapter, who also writes in the eighth chapter of his glorious and shining peace and freedom amidst conflict and notwithstanding conflict—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."

I sincerely pity the man who can talk complacently of having gotten out of the conflict of the seventh chapter, because he has left and stopped such conflict, into the peace of the eighth chapter. One of two things is true of him—either he does not know what he is talking about or he has allowed himself to get into a most dangerous and somnolent Antinomian, that is lawless, religious carelessness. He does not struggle against sin, because he has allowed himself to become swollen with the desperately false and unscriptural notion that there is no sin going on in him against which he has need of struggling. Better for all of us the most alert, tasking, tense, even despairing struggle, than the foolish thought that we have so gotten rid of all sin that we may cry peace, peace, when there is no peace.

No, this is the real fact of the case—and it is full of heart and hope for all of us in the hard, tense fight with the as yet unextirpated sin within us—it is the Paul who lives in the seventh chapter who lives also in the eighth; it is the same Paul who fought so desperately with sin in the seventh chapter who also declares in the sweet scripture of the eighth that, notwithstanding such plaguing, hampering, tripping, harassing sin, "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." As some one has splendidly put it, "A Christian is not a criminal, but he is a soldier."—*Standard.*

Sin Changes Us, Not God.

There is something picturesque and awful in the instant change which a sudden crime makes in the whole relation which a man holds to the state he lives in. He has grown up protected by his nation's law. It cared for him even before his birth, and there has never been a moment in his boyhood, youth or manhood when its shield has not been over him and its sword drawn to strike down any one who dared to do him harm. Some day he does a sudden crime, he disobeys the law, he takes a brother's life, and instantly, as his dagger pierces and the life-blood flows, everything alters. The law which has protected him becomes his enemy. Her sword is pointed at his heart. Her shield is spread before him only lest any one should snatch him from her certain punishment. Instead of trusting in her quiet smile, he quails under her pitiless eye. She is transformed the moment that he disobeys.—*Phillips Brooks.*

A Change in Form.

The *Interior*, Chicago's great religious paper, assumed its new form January 1st. It is now a handsomely printed folio of thirty-two or more pages. Its secular news department shows the most exhaustive use of the editorial reaper, and careful winnowing of chaff from the wheat. Its editorials are pungent, vigorous, and of wide range, independent and thoroughly in accord with the progressive spirit guided in safely conservative lines. Its literary features are of the best, its poems and stories are not excelled anywhere. Its book reviews are generally recommended. Missionary notes are given in great fulness. Its prayer meeting topics and Sunday-school lesson reviews are of equally high character. It publishes monetary and market reports, and special articles on every subject of human interest. In view of the intense interest at present in everything which relates to the great World's Fair City many will doubtlessly find *The Interior* the best religious and family paper for the coming year. Its subscription price is $2.50 per year. A month's trial 25 cents. Sample copy may be had free by addressing *The Interior*, 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

— Every chief justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey since the Revolution, with one exception, has been a Presbyterian. Does this fact account for the severity and certainty with which the law has been meted out in that State, earning for it a national reputation?—*Congregationalist.*

— Testimony of Wm. Cummings, Esq., senior partner of the firm of Wm. Cummings & Sons, wholesale dry goods merchants, Truro, Nova Scotia. It is with pleasure that I give you the following testimonial of the wonderful cure that has been effected in me by the use of K. D. C. Three months ago my life was a burden to me. My food would not digest. I had sour stomach and heavy headache. I was prevailed upon by my wife to try K. D. C. After taking it a short time I found myself growing much better. To-day dyspepsia is all gone and I cannot describe the change any better than by saying that there has been a new creation in my digestive organs. Four packages made an efficient cure.

— TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

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CHEMICAL LABORATORY, DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, Halifax, N. S., July 31st, 1891.

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WITHIN the last few months I have purchased, promiscuously, at RETAIL GROCERY STORES in this city, packages of

Woodill's German Baking Powder,

and have subjected same to chemical analysis. The samples were found to consist of FRESH, WHOLESOME MATERIALS, PROPERLY PROPORTIONED. This Baking Powder is WELL SUITED FOR FAMILY USE and has been employed, when required, in my own household for many years.

GEORGE LAWSON, PH. D., LL. D., Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

Notice.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The debts due to the said firm are to be paid to H. J. THORNE, who is authorized to collect the same.

Dated the 9th day of January, A. D. 1892.

THOMAS CLARKE,
WILLIAM KERR,
HENRY J. THORNE.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned have this day entered into Copartnership, as Hardware Merchants, under the name and style of

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