

Christian Assurance.

I do not know! I cannot tell!
What time the silver cord will break;
But this I know, it will be well
When from this world my flight I take—
Then I shall see my Saviour's face
And sing of his redeeming grace.

I know there is prepared for me,
Prepared for me, at God's right hand,
A mansion fair which mine will be
When I shall reach that glory land—
Then I shall see my Saviour's face
And sing of his redeeming grace.

I know him whom I have believed
My Saviour reigns in heaven above
Life's crown from him I shall receive
The gift and token of his love—
Then I shall see my Saviour's face
And sing of his redeeming grace.

Then oh! my soul fight bravely on
From day to day renew the strife
Until the victory shall be won
And thou hast gained eternal life.
Then I shall see my Saviour's face
And sing of his redeeming grace.

St. Stephen, N. B.

D. A. VAUGHAN.

Operations of the Spirit.

In Feb. 28th issue of "MESSENGER AND VISITOR," A. D. M. asks for light on four questions regarding the condition and means of salvation under the Mosiac and Christian dispensations.

I send the following answers as the view I take of the Scripture teaching:

Question 1. In reference to the outpouring of the spirit, as in Isa. 44:3; Ezek. 36:27; Joel 2:28-32; Zech. 12:10; John 7:38; fulfilled Acts 2:4; 10:44:—Was there a new power or force in the world that would operate upon the hearts of the people, that had not been in the world previously (special persons specially prepared for special purposes excepted)?

Answer. (a) I believe the above prophecies of the Old Testament are not completely fulfilled in Acts 2:4; 10:44; but rather only partially; fulfilling their complete fulfilment in the personal coming of Christ, thus inaugurating his millennial reign of one thousand years on earth; these prophecies having reference to the future blessings of the Jewish nation: of which the baptism of the Holy Spirit in Acts, was a foretaste.

(b) Perhaps it would be more Scriptural to say that it was a new dispensational working of this force, rather than a new force.

Question 2. By the doctrine of regeneration or the necessity of the birth of the spirit as the condition of salvation, as shown by Christ to Nicodemus:—Was there a new condition of salvation required of those who were under the law, or was it a possible condition of salvation under the law and the prophets, before the gospel dispensation?

Answer. Yes, viz., belief on, and obedience to, Christ who had come which was not possible under the old dispensation; however the new birth was possible under the old dispensation, not by the deeds of the law, but by faith in God, as shown by observing the ceremonies which were typical of, and pointed to, the coming Christ. It is an indisputable fact that men were saved under the old dispensation, if saved, then they obtained salvation. Salvation is the possession of eternal life, and eternal life is none other than the life of Christ.

Question 3. If the new birth was possible and necessary to the salvation of all, God's people under the law, what change to the better has the gospel brought besides removing some ceremonial observances required by the law.

Answer. See Hebrews 10:1: "For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things," etc. Thus, as the old dispensation was the shadow it must of necessity at some time give place to the substance, (if there were no substance there could be no shadow.)

Question 4. If the conditions and forces or power necessary to salvation under the law and the gospel differ, what is the difference?

Answer. God's plan of salvation was from the beginning a salvation of grace. The condition on man's part is implicit confidence in God, but as man is by nature unbelieving and rebellious, he was put under law to show that God required perfect obedience, and how incapable the natural man is of rendering the required obedience, thus the law was a school master to bring them to Christ. Although man was saved under the old dispensation, he was never justified by the deeds of the law but always by faith in God (Hebrews 11th chapter) see verse 13. These all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them, etc., also 39th and 40th. God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. We are under the new dispensation of God's providence, Christ has made the atonement, by his death we have been reconciled to God, and by his life we are saved, i. e., Christ has ascended to the place of authority and power and actually imparts his

life to the believer, thus Paul speaks of the hidden mystery which is now revealed, viz., "Christ in you the hope of glory." Christ our great High Priest was raised from the dead and we his followers have been raised into newness of life by faith, as the death, resurrection and ascension of Christ, ushered in, as it were, a new method of God's working, so we his subjects under the new dispensation, are called members of the church of Christ, (the called-out ones,) the bride of Christ, the body of Christ, waiting for the time when Christ the head, and the church his body, shall be united.

The church of Christ on earth began at Pentecost and will terminate when caught up to meet Christ, then the marriage of the bride and bridegroom shall take place. Again, the difference between God's people under the gospel and those under the law is remarkable when we consider the great commission, viz., "Go ye therefore and teach all nations"—and "I am with you" . . . "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

This peculiar commission was never given before in the world's history; also it is very important to notice, was not given until after the resurrection of Christ and at the time he was about to leave the earth; and let us not forget that at the fulfilment of the great commission, (i. e., after being witnessed to in all nations) Christ shall return and set up his glorious kingdom, to which the Old Testament saints were by faith looking. Thus we understand more clearly Hebrews 11:40, "They without us should not be made complete." C. W. M.

Sights and Sounds in India for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—How do you like your new school teacher? We had a teacher once whom we did not like. We will give him the fictitious name of Mr. Mercenary. He was a mere hireling, like little Tommie Tupper who sang for his supper. He came and went simply by the tick of the clock, and seemed to have no more heart in his work than the clock had. We were compelled to give him his walking ticket. Nevertheless, we thank God for sending him to our school, as you will see by the time you have finished reading this letter. No thanks to him, however. Before we dissolved partnership he helped us get a Telugu Munshi. That was about seven years ago.

The man he brought was about thirty years of age, although he looked older, for his hair and moustache were iron-grey. He had a long face and a sad countenance. He was industrious and knew how to mind his own business. His business was to help the new missionaries learn that sweet language called Telugu. All this was seven years ago, or perhaps longer, when some of you had just begun to go to school and were learning to read about the fat cat running after the fat rat. But now perhaps you can spell even the long name of our long-faced Telugu Munshi of long ago.—Mr. Kantamahthy Appalanarasayya. Probably you will find it easier to spell it than pronounce it. Try the last part first. The last name is his first name. Almost everything here is the opposite of what it is at home, as the east is opposite the west. First, then, say "Apple Nursery," just to give you a start. This is not exactly right though, for the first syllable is pronounced "Up". Each "a" is pronounced like "u" in "up". Now, all together,—"Up-pu-lu-nu-ru-su-yu"! Correct! After this we will call him Apple for short. He is the subject of this letter.

The earth turned on its axis: the planets revolved around the sun: the seasons came and went: and Apple was with us no more. He went on his way at some other business, in some other town or village. We did not even know his address. One time we heard that he had charge of a toll gate somewhere. We knew not where. A toll gate is not a gate at all here. It is only a little hut on the side of the road. It looks harmless enough, but you cannot get past it without paying. A man pops out of the hovel and stands in front of you. He is the gate. If you run over him you run over the Queen. The ordinary price of a ticket to get by him is four cents for a vehicle with two wheels and twice that amount for one with twice as many wheels. You have to pay pay even for a bicycle. The government has decided that a bicycle is a two-wheeled vehicle. Like the Roman eagles, the British flag must fly over good roads. This toll money is to help pay the expenses of keeping up the roads. The privilege of having good roads is well worth many times the money. Some of the roads do not keep good very long, for the long caravans of heavily loaded ox-carts cut them up badly and leave them full of ruts and holes. Well, we heard that Apple had charge of a toll gate somewhere. Then we did not hear anything more about him for several years. Then we heard that he was sick.

We often met the old, lazy teacher who was dismissed from our school. He always greeted us with that low, insincere salaam, with which the sycophant hopes to obtain some kind of earthly gain. One day, about two years ago, he came to pay us his respects. After he had straightened himself up from his obsequious salutation, I asked him if he could tell us anything of the whereabouts

of our old munshi. "O, he is dead," was the cool reply, as if he were speaking of the death of an ox. The words struck me like a bolt. That serious face flashed itself upon my mind, as if he sat in the chair before me pronouncing Telugu. I was bowed down with sorrow to think of his bitter end in the bottomless pit. I came home and told Mrs. Morse about him, and we were sad together over the unseparable tragedy of a soul lost, beyond the reach of hope, lost forever. One who had read the Bible with us day after day, lost! Lost forever!

Leading out of Bimlipatam there was two main roads. Northward, one stretches away to Vizianagram and Bobbili. Southwesterly, another steals out between the Hindu houses, and winds around amongst the hills, twenty-one miles to another city by the same sea. The name of the city is Vizagapatam. We call it Vizag for short, and we call this road the Vizag Road. One evening about a year and three months ago, I was spinning out of Bimil, on this Vizag Road. At the toll gate, I had almost overtaken Mrs. Morse, Marion and Miss Newcombe, who were out for a walk. My blood almost curdled in my veins; there met me, face to face, in the middle of the road, our dead munshi! I jumped off the bicycle and stood staring him in the face,—that same sober, sad face, with the iron-grey moustache. His beard too had not seen a razor for several weeks. As soon as I could command my voice I exclaimed, "I thought you were in hell!!" Mrs. Morse, Miss Newcombe and Marion came back, and I said, "Here is our munshi whom we thought to be in hell!!" Then we told him how Mr. Mercenary said that he was dead. He trembled as he replied and said, "Perhaps it was some other man who died." I answered, "Well! you are not in hell yet, are you? Good! I am glad! I cannot tell you how glad I am. Praise God! You are not beyond the reach of mercy! Lose no time! Soon you may be in hell, in earnest! You have heard the gospel! Now is the day of salvation!" We both trembled in our tracks, while the God who loved him spoke through unworthy human lips a few more plain messages of grace that seemed to go straight to his heart. The heathen street was gone, and we stood there with the gates of hell and the gates of heaven flung open to our view. Then he told me how the Saviour had already been knocking at the door. When we parted the Hindus at the toll gate derided him for listening so long to the preaching of the missionary. But his heart was full, and he was not the least disturbed by their mockery.

Since that day, in conversation with him, we have found out a few other interesting things in his experience. He says that one day, when he was our munshi, Mrs. Morse was learning a Telugu verse. It was, "Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely!" From that day he began to wonder what the verse meant. I remember the day when Mrs. Morse learned that very verse. I can hear her now saying it over and over again after the munshi. She made the munshi pronounce it over and over again many times, until she could catch the Telugu brogue,—much the same as you would get one to sing a hymn over many times if you wanted to learn the air. He says now that he was afraid to ask us the meaning of the verse for fear that we would preach to him more than he bargained for and lead him astray. He did not like to acknowledge that he cared anything at all about the foolishness of the gospel. However, ignorant as he was, there was yef in the passage a beauty, a sweetness, a grace and a free offer of salvation that hung over him like a rainbow wherever he went, and would not leave him. It never left him. It was through this verse that God first began to make him feel the power and glory of the gospel.

Some time after this he was visiting at the house of a relative. While his friend was looking over the contents of a trunk he saw a book at the bottom. It was hidden away, like a guilty thing, underneath other more innocent possessions that had a right to exist in this world. On inquiring what book that was his host replied, "It is the Bible." Now Apple from his childhood had heard that it was a sin to read the Christian Bible. But the music of that verse about the water of life kept ringing in his ears. It made him want to hear more of the same kind. He could not rid himself entirely of his superstitious fears about the harm that book was able to do. He had even heard that whoever read its magic pages was almost sure to turn Christian. It was a most dangerous book. But, like the first drink of sparkling wine which makes a boy say, "Drunkard's grave or no drunkard's grave, I must have another drink," so he said to himself, "Sin or no sin, danger or no danger, I want to see the rest of what is in that book! I have plenty of sins already and this new sin will only add another one to the many I have now upon my back. Come what will, I am going to read that book!" Such thoughts as these, he says, passed through his mind when he saw the fearful little volume lying in the bottom of his friend's box. "Will you lend me that book a little while," he asked tremblingly. "Yes! Take it, if you want it. I don't want it. I have no use for it. Take it and keep it!" The owner threw it down as it were an empty egg-shell. Apple took it up and put it under his arm as carefully as if it had been a loaded bomb-shell. He brought it home and read it through. He did