

most he attached to the study of the Bible was that it would make one wise unto (towards) salvation—a means towards this very end.

Paul did not say, the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who search the Scriptures, but he did say, it is fulfilled in us who walk after the Spirit. He did not say that they who follow the Scriptures are the sons of God, but he did say that those who were led of the Spirit were. There are abundance of Scriptures to commend walking in the Spirit, *i.e.*, divine guidance, as the grand result of the coming of Christ, but very little, indeed, to even recommend the continued study of the Bible as a means of grace, and absolutely nothing to exalt it to a place of equal importance with divine guidance. Hence this effort to be intensely scriptural ends where similar efforts did in the days of Christ, in being unscriptural.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

We deem it a privilege, indeed, to have the liberty to put the following letter in the pages of THE EXPOSITOR. Never before have we seen an interpretation of Abraham's great trial of faith portrayed with such vivid closeness to life. The fact that the circumstances suggesting the letter had no immediate connection with our Association work will in no wise lessen the interest of reading the letter. In compliance with our request we had the pleasure of reading the letter to the late convention at Galt, and thence arose the desire to publish it for the benefit of others.

396 MICHIGAN ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.,

Feb. 13th, 1891.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have never omitted to pray for your guidance, etc., for a long time past, which is the reason that makes me apparently take so little interest in your work; it has for some time seemed so plain to me that it was all for nothing, so far as we can see. I know it is all right, and I feel like saying, "Praise God for all His mercies and loving-kindnesses!" Surely no earthly father would take so much trouble over his children. He must have

some great blessing in store, to make you pass through such a Red Sea. When we get down to our lowest extremity, and abandon all hope of helping ourselves, then God, like a loving parent watching his babe try to walk to him, tottering struggling along, almost there, and finally stumbling, but, before he can fall, the strong arm is already underneath, so God catches His feeble ones up.

It was not until Abraham's arm was already in the air, with the knife poised about to plunge it into Isaac's body that God stayed it.

Abraham may have thought as God said, "Take thy son," etc. Oh, God doesn't mean me to kill him; why, he's the only hope I have, and he obeyed. As he went up the hill towards the mountain, he may have thought, "Well, this seems as though I had to, after all, but I guess something will happen," and on he goes.

For three days he plods on, and on, and on, through the hot sun and over the hard rocks, pitching his tent, and anxiously waiting for something to happen. But nothing happened! The sun still shone by day, the stars came out just the same as ever each night, and nothing happened. He probably thought, "Now here I have been three days going on this way, I think the Lord knows me by now." And he waited for something to happen, but nothing happened!

"Go on, Abraham, go on, if necessary, to the bitter end." And Abraham goes on until he spies the place afar off. And, still nothing happened! With a sigh I hear him tell the company to wait where they are, while he takes his son apart to worship, and I see him look around for something to happen; but nothing is changed, the same landscape, the same people, the same animals standing peacefully around, watch him with their great wondering eyes, Isaac patiently awaiting his father, and nothing happens!

Is Abraham's heart just a little fluttering as he turns away. "It may be these young men will never see Isaac again," says his heart. "But God is true," says Faith. "It looks very real, I am almost afraid," says his heart. "Fear not, I will be thy shield," says Faith. "Is this going to be all I am to get, this sorrow?" says his heart. "And thine exceeding great reward," says Faith. And Abraham goes on, and nothing happens!

Up they go, father and son, on their way to the place of sacrifice; and Abraham builds up an altar, piles up the wood in order, quietly, for there is a struggle going