

The Critic's Corner.

Arrangements have been made for the undersigned to occupy a small space in each issue of the CANADIAN EVANGELIST, in criticisms upon important and difficult passages of the Word of God, and he will be pleased to receive any suggestions or queries in regard to such from any of its readers; with the understanding, however, that only such questions as relate to what is practical and useful will receive attention, and that subjects of mere speculation or idle curiosity will be discarded. E. SHERRARD, Walkerton P. O., Bruce Co.

Hebrews v. 7.

Having seen in one of our leading periodicals an explanation of Hebrews v. 7, in regard to the prayer of Jesus and its answer, which to me is very unsatisfactory, I think a criticism in your Corner might be useful.

INQUIRY.

This striking passage is undoubtedly misunderstood, and consequently variously applied. One popular commentator has it: "What He prayed for was that, if it were possible, He might be spared from a death so painful as He apprehended. . . . His prayer was not disregarded, though it was not literally answered." Dr. Adam Clark makes a bold venture when he paraphrases as follows: "Jesus Christ, in the days of His flesh, for He was incarnated that He might redeem the seed of Abraham, the fallen race of man, and, in His expiatory sufferings, when representing the whole human race, He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears to Him who was able to save THEM from death; the intercession was prevalent, the passion and sacrifice were accepted, the sting of death was extracted and Satan was dethroned." He seeks to justify this rendering by the remark: "Here we may consider the pronoun auton, 'him,' as implying the collective body of mankind, the children who were partakers of flesh and blood (chap. ii 13)."

It appears to the writer that the great mistake is in regard to what is meant by the phrase, "save Him from death," "Szin auton ek thanatou," which does not necessarily, nor even primarily, signify to save Him from dying, but to save Him from the dominion of death, for in this He was certainly "heard," being triumphantly delivered by His glorious resurrection, for, as MacKnight says, "The word 'szin,' to save, signifies either to preserve one from an evil of which he is in danger, or to deliver one from an evil into which he has fallen;" in this latter sense the word is used in Matt. i. 21. "He shall save (that is, deliver) His people from their sins."

The marginal rendering in the New Version agrees with this view: "Was able to save Him out of death."

Though Jesus was the Son of God, yet in His humiliation "in the days of His flesh" He passed through many sufferings to which human nature is susceptible, and one of these sufferings seems to have been the fear of death. Up to this time no one could say: "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore." Generation after generation had passed away, and grim Death held his leaden sceptre over a universal sepulchre, and Jesus, in anticipation of joining the silent multitude through a most painful and ignominious death, prays with strong crying and tears unto Him that is able to deliver Him from the dread monarch's reign, "and was heard in that He feared." "And was delivered from that which He feared"—Dodgidge. "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death; because it was not possible that He should be holden of it." Acts ii. 24. "For in answer to His prayers, His Father assured Him that He would raise Him from the dead, and thereby delivered Him from His fear of lying under the power of death." E. S.

Children's Work.

Mrs. J. A. Ledard, Supt., Poplar Hill, Ont.; to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

DEAR MRS. LEDARD,—You doubtless have noticed the Minnedosa letter in last EVANGELIST, and also Bro. Lister's allusion to the gathering in Wainfleet on the eve of their departure for the North West.

Now I wish to tell you how that gathering was made to aid the Children's Band: Our Sunday school having recently procured new singing books, viz., "Jems and Jewels," the teachers and Bible class met with the children nearly every evening for a couple of weeks, and practised together some of the beautiful songs found therein, and upon the evening in question they sang several, commencing with the one entitled "Sweet Songs of Jesus." Some of the smallest children recited a few appropriate selections, and a choir from a neighboring church voluntarily sang some fine anthems, glee, etc., after which a couple of the children sang an original piece, entitled "The Children's Appeal," and each taking a plate they proceeded to gather the collection, amounting to nine dollars and some cents, which was duly forwarded. The joyfulness of the occasion was somewhat marred by the thoughts of parting with Bro. and Sister Lister, who are terribly missed, as also are

their children by their playfellows and the Band.

Mrs. ANGLE
Wainfleet, Oct. 10, 1890.

DEAR MRS. LEDARD,—During the summer our Band meetings have been very regularly attended. We have at present about thirty members. At each meeting there is a committee appointed to arrange a programme for next meeting. We spend a part of each meeting in singing, reciting and reading. With love from the "Workers for the Master," I remain yours in the work,
J. M. ABBOTT, Sec.
Everton, Nov. 8, 1890.

He Will Provide.

This was a thought too great for little Ary, and yet, in her small way, this Monday morning, out on the curbstone, she was pondering the matter, and finding in it great comfort. Ary wished she could see Him—this One who was all the time looking at her. She threw back her head and peered with keener gaze straight up into the wintry blue, trying to make out a face among the broken clouds. Happy little Ary! Though her wistful eyes saw no face, her heart was full of faith. She believed in Him who is invisible.

A slight noise brought her eyes and thoughts earthward. In a back yard, directly across the way, had gathered

a flock of small brown birds. Now they were flying to and fro, chirping briskly, now they settled on the railings of the fence—dozens of them, their plump brown bodies all in a long row.

"Sparrows!" cried Ary. An' He cares for 'em! They're waitin' fer brekfus. An' He'll giv' it shoro."

At that moment a servant came out on the veranda with a dish in her hand, and flung to the ground a shower of crumbs

Instantly the birds left their perch and flew to the spot, feasting merrily. Ary watched them with keen delight. She had had no breakfast—not so much as a crumb. She looked like a hungry sparrow herself, as she sat there thinking that it must be all true: God loved the sparrows and fed them; He loved His little children yet more. Then He would surely feed her.

A woman was coming this way, a woman with a good motherly face, carrying a well-filled basket on her arm. Nearer and nearer sounded her step on the Townley street pavement.

Just at the corner, not three yards from where Ary was sitting, her foot made a little slip, and a parcel slid from the basket. As it struck the stones, the paper wrapping burst, and out flew such a beautiful plump biscuit and rolled almost to Ary's feet.

The little girl sprung up and caught it.

"Hyr 'tis, ma'am," she said, holding it out to the woman who had just picked up and restored the parcel to its place on the top of her basket.

The good soul looked at the child out of kind, pitying eyes. Did she see the hunger in the pinched face? Did a voice whisper that this was one of Christ's little ones?

"Keep it my dear," she said heartily, "and eat it; and this too," holding out another. "And wait a bit—" she drew from a paper bag a couple of fresh-sweet buns. "Take these, too, and make out a breakfast."

Ary could scarcely believe her eyes when the tempting things lay in her hand. She looked at the woman as if she had been an angel from Heaven. Not a word came from her lips, but in her eyes shone eloquent thanks.

Such a delicious breakfast was that set out on the curbstone! The good woman went her way better and happier for the deed of love. She still had an abundance, and the little, hungry sparrow had been fed.—From Church Voice.

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