

"Perfect through *my* comeliness, which *I* had put upon thee," God says (Ezekiel xvi-14), "Our Redeemer; Thy name is from everlasting" (Isa. lxiii. 16), and covered by that precious blood, the Father looks upon us not only as complete in Him, but with delight, for "The Father *Himself* loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God."

Many question that book, but it is the only book that can show us what *we are* and what *God is*, what *we are*, and what *Christ is*. Moses, the law-giver, can fail; and Jacob, "My servant," deceive; and Job, "the upright," vaunt his righteousness; and David, the man after God's own heart, dishonor His name; and the children of Israel make the golden calf as a sequel to their cry of "All that Thou sayest we will do"; for the heart of man is laid bare, *as it is*, and only the spotless Son of God could walk in this defiling world and do "always those things which please Him." If man had penned any of those records, much would never have been told, or handed down to posterity. If men had written of the Son of God from their own imaginings, there would have been no thirty years at Nazareth, no long nights in prayer, no touching the lepers, no homeless days and penniless weeks. Not long ago, some missionaries were translating the gospels into a heathen tongue, and they got some of the native students to look through them for correction; they did so, and arranged the verse in Mark x., "He took the children up in His arms and blessed them," thus: "And being