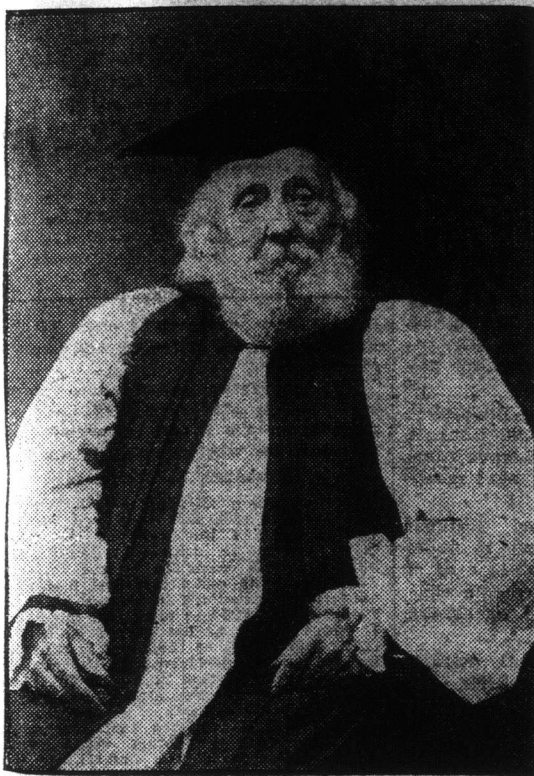


The Descent Into Hell

By Right Rev. Edward Cridge.

In taking as the subject of a brief interpretation of the article in the Apostles' Creed, "He descended into hell," I would remark at the outset that the difficulty which it presents to many minds standing alone would be obviated if considered in connection with the preceding clause concerning our Lord that He "was crucified, dead and buried," then would naturally follow that being dead His soul descended into hell, which is the scriptural meaning.

In entering on this sidelight of Christian history, I am moved by the many heresies which emanate from professedly Christian minds concerning this hidden portion of the



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Saviour's career of salvation. I have no intention of adding aught to the clear and convincing light in which one of these was treated by Bishop Macdonald in your Sunday morning's issue. I am on the same line, but confine my remarks to Christ Himself, believing that a faithful scriptural interpretation of the truth that He descended into hell "as an offering for sin" (Is. 53) would make these heresies fall to the ground of their own accord in the mind which has understanding.

I will begin my exposition with the words of St. Peter (Acts II), in explaining to the Jews the wondrous descent of the Holy Spirit in their sight, saying that he was sent down from Heaven by Jesus Christ, whom they had crucified, but whom God had raised from the dead. For their belief in this truth he quotes from the 16th Psalm the following words: "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." He argues that David could not have spoken this of himself, seeing that his sepulchre was with them the day in which his dead body did see corruption. But being a prophet he spoke this of the resurrection of Christ that "His soul was not left in hell neither did His flesh see corruption." He concludes, therefore, that the soul and body which were divided, came together in the resurrection; the soul being raised from hell and the body from the grave, and thus he was raised from the dead.

So this descent of the soul of Christ into hell is history and is fully attested by Scripture.

We are accustomed to consider Christ as having attained the lowest point of His humiliation in the cross, but this is lower still.

We may here observe that the Apostles rarely put this in the forefront of their preaching, and thus we can see that if this record had been entirely omitted it would not have affected the testimony of the cross to the fullness of Christ's salvation. "For," said the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians, "I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Though not necessary it might serve to the increase of faith showing that Christ offering His soul as a sacrifice for sin, purposed to endure all the suffering that was to be endured in that sacrifice, just as He had gone forward to incur all the bodily suffering which were incurred by the crucifixion. Here His agony in the garden is explained. It was not the bodily sufferings on the cross that caused the great drops of blood to fall from His skin, this he could have endured with human fortitude; but the hell among the wicked, and as, in truth by imputation, the most wicked of them all, was more than His human soul could bear and an angel was sent from Heaven to strengthen Him. We may mention in view of those sufferings, keeping the light of Scriptures still in view, that though dead, it was not by extinction of being, but suspension of earthly life, and He was alive as man in common with the rest of mankind, and through the spirit which was in Him by nature. His soul was dead through the absence of that by which alone He could lead His earthly life; namely, his body, which lay in the grave, but He Himself was alive by His spirit and thus was conscious of His surroundings, and these made his sufferings too great for utterance.

In this sidelight in the history of Jesus we have the word of Scripture to keep us from fanciful imaginations, remembering that the soul which is invisible to mortal eye is seen by spiritual beings, bad as well as good. There was everything in his surroundings to torment his soul, especially the feeling of shame. That

He was susceptible to this feeling is plain from Scripture. "He endured the cross, despising the shame." Yet there was everything in His surroundings to give it poignancy. In the eyes of devils now bent upon Him exultingly that their great enemy was dead; disgraced, crucified as a malefactor of His own kind; and with all His pretensions disowned by God as an impostor; and He could see and feel it all to His own utter shame and defeat. And Jesus was dumb; could neither preach nor utter a word, nor move hand or foot. Moreover the wrath of God was upon him with all the vengeance due to sin; therefore in the spirit it is written that he said (Psalm 40) "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me."

I would counsel if anyone who may believe the truth so far as this imperfect interpretation goes not to give more study to this divine episode of the cross than the proportion of faith requires lest they should be hindered in their proper business as Christians, namely, by their teaching and living to make others partakers of their faith, "for he that turneth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death," while if you do this in the love of Christ you yourself "shall receive the end of your faith, the salvation of your soul" (Peter I.).

AN EXPENSIVE ERROR

One summer some few years ago, I paid a visit to South Shore, Lancashire, to join the "missis," who had proceeded there a few days previously. Thinking to give her a pleasant surprise I had not apprised her of my coming. On my arrival I made for the beach hoping to encounter her, and great was my delight when I espied her in the distance sitting on the sand with her back towards me. Approaching stealthily I threw my arm suddenly around her neck and imprinted a rapturous kiss on her lips. A piercing shriek rent the air! Oh, horrors! I had made a terrible blunder. It was not my wife. The scene that ensued baffles description! Suffice it to say my facial beauty was swiftly spoiled by the imprint of the indignant lady's nails, and a policeman marched me off to limbo amidst the execrations of numberless "trippers" who had assembled. Next day I was brought before the "beak," and after being severely reprimanded, was fined three guineas and costs of 14 days "hard!" Moral—"Look twice before you kiss once."

A LUCKY MOVE

To be on the top of a lofty mountain in a thunderstorm is the sensation of a lifetime. Such an experience fell to the lot of the writer some time ago. But, in addition to it being merely sensational, it was extremely dangerous, and might have ended tragically. In company with a friend I had scaled the summit of one of the highest mountains in the Lake District, when a heavy thunderstorm

suddenly came on. To shelter from the torrential rain which descended we sought the protection of an overhanging rock on the fell side, but as ultimately the rain began to drip on us, we decided to seek fresh quarters. No sooner had we left that place to go to another than a flash of lightning almost blinded us, and the next moment the rock we had been sheltering under was struck, and shattered into hundreds of pieces, the stones flying in all directions. Had we remained a minute longer we must have inevitably been killed, as the ground where we had been standing was torn up as by a plough. We were both too scared to shelter any longer, so we perforce braved the elements and got drenched to the skin, yet were thankful we had escaped unharmed.

A FRIEND IN DISGUISE

"That's done it!" muttered the burglar, as his shin came into contact with a chair and overturned it. And he spoke the truth. It did do it. A sudden movement above, a hurried descent of stairs, and Sikes found himself staring into a revolver.

"Now, then, hands up!" cried the householder. "What have you stolen?"

"Only your wife's pug dog," replied the burglar.

"If that's all you may sneak out quietly," said the householder. "But what else have you?"

"Your mother-in-law's parrot."

"You don't say so! Here's some loose change for you. Anything else?"

"Yes," said the burglar. "Your daughter's photograph."

"Good fellow!" exclaimed the householder. "Here's a \$5 bill for you!"

"And your son's punching bag."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the householder, delightedly, "I shall have peace in my house at last! Will you share a bottle of champagne with me before you go?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THOUGHT IT WAS CHAFF

"Ah, it is superb! Magnifique!" cried the French aviator, as he aviated through a space a thousand dizzy feet above the blue sea. "And when I arrive in England ze people zere will shout 'Brava!' and wave zer hats for me!"

He sailed along happily. Presently the sunlit, chalky cliffs of Albion came into view. He kissed his hand in an ecstasy of joy.

But, alas for his triumph! A sudden gust of wind upset his calculations, his course, and his courage—not to mention himself. He descended from the sublime to the ridiculous, and fell plunk into the sea.

"Ze rescue—ze rescue!" he shrieked.

A holiday tripper jumped from a boat and brought him into safety. After the flabby flier had wrung his clothes, he wrung the hand of his rescuer, and cried:

"Ah, my preserver—my good preserver!"

"Old 'ard, guv'nor—old 'ard!" retorted his benefactor, crossly. "You needn't chaff a feller jest because 'e works in a jam factory!"

Fond mother—Tommy darling, this is your birthday! What would you like to do? Tommy darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!"

For Radium Treatment

With £50,000 worth of radium, the most up-to-date laboratory fittings that money can buy, and palatial treatment rooms, the new Radium Institute in Riding House street, Regent street, London, opened recently to receive patients.

The work of the institute is to be divided between treatment and research. While no experiments are to be carried out on animals, laboratories are fitted for further research into the effect of radium on different tissues. The building, the first in the world to be built entirely as a radium institute, is divided in half for the reception and treatment of two classes of patients—those able to pay and the necessitous. Whether the patient can pay the ordinary fees or nothing at all, the medical treatment will be identical.

Radium and Cancer

The chief point of public interest in connection with the new Radium Institute will be its treatment of cancer cases.

The cases which will be accepted for treatment will, for the present, be only those in which the surgeons are unable to offer relief by operation. Sufferers in the early stages of the disease, whose lives would be probably prolonged if not permanently saved by immediate operation will be advised to have the growth removed. Cases, however, where patients absolutely refuse operation will be classed inoperable and accepted for treatment. Cases already operated upon will be received for "after-treatment" with radium.

The exact extent of the usefulness of radium in operable cancer cases is as yet unknown.

A DEAD LOSS

"See here, Aunt Dinah, I sent two brand new shirts of my husband's to the wash last week, and you have brought only one back. Now, what have you done with the other?" "Yes, Miss Lulu, ma'am, I was coming 'round to the question of dat dar shut." You knows dat I ain't a pussion dat pretends to one thing and pretends to anudder, so I'se gwine to tell de truf 'bout dat shut. It was dis-a-way. My ole man he up and died 'las' week, and de 'Bur'al Sassiety' dey didn't do nothing but covert round, and I nebber had anyting to lay dat man out in. So I helps myself to dat shut for a fac'. An', oh, Miss Lulu, honey, I jes' wishes you could have seen how dat nigger sot dat shut off!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE NEWLY WEDS

They were very young and very happy, and very foolish, and very newly wed. And they kept a kitchen garden. "Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?" She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture, and didn't want to "let on." If she went alone she might commit some egregious blunder. I'll tell you

known, because no one has hitherto controlled enough of the precious metal to arrive at a definite conclusion. The staff of the new institute will have at least £50,000 worth at their command, and will be able to give their patients much larger doses than have ever before been feasible. No other institute in the world controls so much, and it will only need a few months for the London institute to decide whether or not radium can cure deep-seated cancer.

Many other kinds of skin diseases besides cancer will be submitted to treatment by radium rays. Disfiguring birthmarks, old scars of abnormal growth, some forms of lupus—a very chronic variety of tuberculosis of the skin—certain types of eczema, and rodent ulcers have been shown at the Paris Radium Institute to answer well to the action of radium emanations, and will doubtless add largely to the number of patients.

Wonderful Equipment

Through the generosity of Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel, the institute is the most complete of its kind in the world.

Microscopes costing £80, a microtome—a machine which will cut slices of tissue one twenty-five-hundredth of an inch in thickness—a photographic room for taking instantaneous portraits by artificial light, a complete carpenter's shop and machine shop, and a weighing machine so delicate that it has to be kept in a room by itself, supported on a brick framework running through the basement of the building into the London clay, are items of the equipment which help to make the new Radium Institute unique.

what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl-wife, enthusiastically, "we'll go out together. You shall pluck it, and I will hold the ladder!"

A QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP

Long after midnight the suburban man sat on his front doorstep listening to the dismal howls of a relentless canine. "Awful racket!" commented a big policeman sauntering up the street. "Terrible!" agreed the man on the steps. "Wonder you don't make a complaint." "Well, I'm just waiting." "May I ask what you are waiting for?" "Certainly! I am waiting to find out if that is my dog, or my neighbor's dog. If it is my dog—well, you know, we all have to put up with unseemly noises sometimes; but if it is my neighbor's dog—confound me, if I don't shoot him!"

NOT TO BE DREAMED OF

Bang! Bang! He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the boots rapping at his door. "Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"A telegram, sir," replied the boots, in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones, crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy."

"I can't do that, sir," replied the boots, anxiously. "It's on a tray."—Youth's Companion.

GENEROUS GIVER

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, the eloquent New York clergyman, at a recent banquet said of charity:

"Too many of us, perhaps, misinterpret the meaning of charity as the master interpreted the Scriptural text. This master, a pillar of a western church, entered in his journal:

"The Scripture ordains that, 'if a man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Today, having caught the hostler stealing my potatoes, I have given him the sack."—Lippincott's.

THOUGHT WITHOUT WORDS

A gentleman who was no longer young and who never was handsome, said to a child in the presence of her parents: "Well, my dear, what do you think of me?"

The little one made no reply, and the gentleman continued: "Well, you don't tell me. Why won't you?"

Two little fat hands tucked the corners of a pinafore into her mouth, as she said, archly, in a timid whisper: "Cause I don't want to be whipped."

RETRIBUTION

It was close on midnight and the professional guest felt it was high time for him to stop playing.

"Perhaps I'd better not play any more to-night," he said, wearily, "I see you have near neighbors, and they might be annoyed."

"You needn't mind them for a minute," said the hostess earnestly, "We are perfectly sure they poisoned our cat, and if they did, nothing is too bad for them."

"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed. "I have tried," she replied, kindly, but firmly. "My rich aunt has just died," he went on. "In that case, dear, I will try again!"

An old offender was introduced to a new country justice as "John Timmins, alias Jones, alias Smith." "I'll try the two women first," said the justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."

The world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money.—Lippincott's.

