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## The Day of Atonement.

The sun sets in stillness over a calm, solemnized, and peaceful camp. It had been a wondrous day from the very first dawn to the last streak of setting sun.

At the third hour of the morning (nine o'clock), every street or way of the camp had been trodden by people going up to a peculiar service, each moving along serious and awe-struck.

As many as the courts of the Temple could

the morning lamb has melted into the clouds.

They see the lots cast on the two goats, the priest enter the sanctuary with his own offering, and return amid the tremblings of Israel, who all feel that they are concerned in his acceptance.

They see one goat slain and its blood carried in. The scapegoat is then led down their trembling ranks out of the camp, and at length Aaron re-appears to their joy.

The murmur of delight now spreads along,

through the darkness by an all-seeing God; and the Levites from the Temple sing responsively as they would round the courts.

Though the sun has risen over the Mount of Olives, none are seen in the streets; no smoke rises from any dwelling; no hum of busy noise; for no work is done on a holy convocation day. The melody of joy and health ascends from the tabernacle of the righteous.

But at the hour of morning sacrifice the



## THE SCAPEGOAT.

contain enter, especially aged men and fathers in Israel; the rest stand in thousands near, or sit in groups under green bushes, and on little eminences overlooking the enclosing curtain.

Some are in the attitude of prayer; some are pondering the Book of the Law; some, like Hannah, move their lips, though no word is heard; all are ever and again glancing at the altar, and the array of courts. Even children sit in wonder, and whisper their inquiries to their parents.

The morning sacrifice is then offered; the priest's bullock and ram standing by, and other victims besides. They wait in expectation of what is to follow when the smoke of

like the pleasant ruffling of the water's surface in the breeze of a summer's evening. The silver trumpets sound, the evening lamb is offered; Israel feels the favor of his God, and returns home to rest under His shadow.

'O, Lord, though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me.'

How intensely interesting to have seen this day kept in Jerusalem! The night before, you would have seen the city become silent and still, as the sun set. No lingerers in the market; no traders, no voice of business.

The watchmen that go about the city sing the Penitential Psalms, reminding themselves of their own and the city's secret sins, seen

city pours out its thousands, who move solemnly toward the Temple, or repair to the heights of Zion's towers or the grassy slopes of Olivet, that they may witness as well as join in all the day's devotion.

They see the service proceed, they see the scapegoat led away, they see the priest come out of the holy place; and at this comforting sight every head in the vast, vast multitude is bowed down in solemn thankfulness, and every heart moves the lips to a burst of joy.

The trumpet for the evening sacrifice sounds; Olivet re-echoes; the people on its bosom see the city and the altar, and weep for very gladness; all know it is the hour for