

have to be met. His judgment passed upon sin has to be borne. His law has to be satisfied. And man can do nothing toward either one or the other, Sisyphus-like toil. Whoever God may appoint must bear the curse—as this writer puts it, taste death alone. Alone He must present a perfect obedience. Then man's conscience has to be purged, his mind enlightened, his heart cleansed, his whole being renovated with his will, and yet to begin with His will is bound as we have described. And at every step the influence of the innumerable secondary influences of evil has to be broken. What conceivable skill can devise a way out of this difficulty? What a host of the most diverse matters have to be dealt with and how at every turn the way seems blocked.

Such most inadequately described is the problem. Does God set in motion a vast array of separate agencies to overcome these difficulties? Lesser minds could have done nothing else. But wonderful to tell He meets and satisfies them all by one exquisitely simple measure, and at a single step solves the grand problem of redemption. He subjects His Eternal Son to suffering, and in that way makes Him perfect as a Prince-leader of salvation. Now as to this suffering I have just one word to say. It is not the suffering of martyrdom. Nor yet—though this I grant followed—a sounding of human woe that by participation in suffering He might come into sympathy with it. Why you would have to excuse the greater portion of this epistle to maintain that. This suffering was the voluntary offering of one sacrifice for sins forever. Right through this epistle Christ is the High Priest standing and offering on the people's behalf and then passing also for His people with His completed sacrifice into the presence of God.

Now as rapidly as we can, let us see how this met all the exigencies of the problem. That death which in one aspect was a true and proper expiation for sin, in another was the crown of His active obedience. And so there are blended indissolubly in the one sacrifice two elements each giving the other added force—an exhaustion of penalty and a presentation of a perfect righteousness. Then passing from that, this sacrifice which secures our acceptance with God so reveals God's love that it breaks our hard hearts. Christ becomes a Prince-proprietor having purchased salvation for all His people, and a Prince-leader drawing the hearts of His captive people on toward salvation. But further since we have surrendered ourselves to Christ because He gave Himself for us—since we have come round to Christ's mind and He is not ashamed to call us brethren, He sends into us the Spirit by which He offered Himself to God. Now the Spirit of Jesus takes the place of our own sinful desires, disinheriting from their ancient seat the evil passions of our souls. And the Spirit ever works through the word applying the mind of Christ and enabling me to realize it. And thus it is Christ through the Spirit who makes me free. And so Christ leads those who were in such bondage on towards glory. And as at the start so right through it is the suffering of Christ which is the ground of our hope, the Spirit of that suffering which is the essence of the life we would live, His sympathy through experience of suffering, which is our stay and support, and His perfection by suffering the goal which we would attain. Further, the very spirit which ran through all His suffering of love to man, possesses His followers so that they seek to bring more and more under His sway and so many sons—an unspeakable multitude—gather round Christ. And more because of the Spirit of Christ in them. His sons confront the millionfold presence of evil in the world as He would have done, bear its wrongs, endure its oppositions, forgive its offences, incur great sacrifices to deliver men from its power, and so its Briarius-like grasp of humanity is being broken, its poor counterfeits are being exposed, its villainies and evil consequences are laid bare. Evil as evil is being foiled. And in this ministry by brave witnessing as by inner abiding the Christ life in the sons of God waxed apace. The heights of glory loomed nearer and more near. Part of the host have crossed the flood and part are crossing now. And when at last the innumerable host have reached the glory and evil has been swallowed up in an eternal victory, then it will be seen that by the method God adopted or rather that by the Son made perfect through suffering, the whole grand result was achieved. Worthy of God! Why listen to the voice of innumerable angels round about the throne and to the living creatures as well as to the elders? Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing.

But now 3. Was the end worthy of such means? Granted that the means met the end, is not the very perfection of this method its defect? Is not the scheme too vast and glorious for an end so limited as the salvation of a single race? To put it in a word, are not the means out of all proportion to the end?

I have only time to expand a little one thought: That is the objection which the writer is incidentally meeting in the context. His eye has been fixed on the world to come, the coming dispensation which, dawning in the coming of Christ and rolling on through Gospel times, will yet only be revealed in eternity. Ah he says angels are not to be rulers of that eternal age. Who then? Come away back to the Psalms, he cries. An old Hebrew singer tells us: It is to man made a little lower than the angels that God has put all in subjection. And, says the writer, these words have a grander meaning than the psalmist dreamed. They refer to eternity as well as to time. He left nothing that is not put under Him. But stop, you say, we do not see all things put

under man. No, but we see them put under mankind's head. But we see Jesus who stood where we stood, lower than the angels, and there tasted death for us, now crowned with glory and honour that He might raise us with Him to His own throne.

The cross, then, has eternal issues. Its influence extends to the whole realm of eternity with all its orders of moral beings as well as to the world of man and the little sphere of time. As an atonement it is confined to humanity, but as a revelation and an influence it will pervade eternity. Remember what we said in the first division of discourse. In the cross we have an infinite and final revelation of the essential glories of God. And God wills that in that cross—all beings through all ages should learn that lesson. Christ is sat down on the throne—a lamb as it had been slain. And round about Him the supreme organs of His will—His body—first now, shall be those who were last and who went so low beyond their primitive meanness under the bondage of sin. To the praise of the glory of God's grace we shall be visible proofs of what the infinite love of God achieved. And the last end of God in creation will thus be attained. Seeing Him as He is in this mirror of redemption the hearts of the whole universe will be bound in perfect surrender of love. God will be all in all.

Here I must stay my hand. My fellow-believer, what shall we say of the worthiness of the cross? Thrice worthy we have seen it to be. And the half has not been told. And it has been by a scheme so glorious as this that I have been plucked as a brand from the burning and under this scheme I have such a heritage of blessing and such an unending career. God has so abounded in love to us sinners. His own heart, unprompted, planned such marvellous blessing to unworthy sinners. And we are here to-day to recall that love, and especially to remember Him in whose sacrifice God's love was expressed. My brethren, what can we say or do? Where shall we find words to utter what we feel? Let our lives speak. Here and now in the hush of this evening hour of communion may we so yield ourselves into the hand of this Christ to be filled and possessed with this Spirit that we shall go out from this place not our own, transfigured by His indwelling not to enjoy the glories or pleasures of earth, not merely to amass earth's glittering dust, but to deny ourselves, to endure hardness, to keep long vigils of prayer, to smite the front of wrong, to succour the distressed, to counsel the downcast, to testify the Gospel of God's grace, to be God's remembrancers in the closet, God's witness in the world preaching by what we are even more than by what we say, visible proofs in an unbelieving time that man does not live by bread alone, but that there is a life from above, a power that is divine, a spirit that is the spirit of the still living Christ and that these are in us, weak though we be, to bring the world to God's feet.

INDIA.

BY M. GRANT FRASER.

When first you arrive in this glowing, beautiful land, all is so new, so wonderful, that you scarce know what to write. From the day of our arrival in Bombay, when I heard shouting beneath the window of the great Apollo Hotel, and leaned out to catch a glimpse of the courtyard below, and saw the snake-charmer with his basket of pets and a cobra, a great hooded horror that swayed hither and thither like a thing bewitched, entranced by the low, sad music of his pipe, I have felt that the East must be a closed book to those who cannot see and know for themselves. True, you look at it all, and say: "I have read of this before." Then you close your eyes, and look again, and feel that there is an ineffable something that no pen can put into words. Even our sunsets, who can describe them? I remember one on the Red Sea. The first gong had sounded for dinner, and a few of us had hurried on deck to take a last look at the sun ere he sank into the sea. The sky was clear with the exception of a few clouds that floated like ghosts in the blue. The sun sank lower and lower, while the sky took on a tender blush. Deeper and deeper it grew, the clouds becoming silvery. Now the sky is not far away, as it is at home. It was near, near, until we seemed to be sailing in a rose-tinted haze, while the clouds became chocolate brown and hung in mid-air. The sea grew black and began to moan in its pain. It was troubled. It could not be still. Now and again, overcome with the burden of its woe, it would sob aloud and toss a white-crested messenger heavenward. And still we floated softly onward through the mystic haze.

The beautiful public gardens, where the palms show cool and fair against the lowering sky, and artificial lakes reflect the overhanging trees, and brilliant birds, like living gems, dart here and there. All this carries you back to your "Arabian Night" days, when you sat in the window nook and read until you held your breath lest some mystical hand would draw aside the curtain and show you no prosaic every-day life, but a phantom land of eastern delight. But I assure you that a missionary does not dwell in dreamland. Nature is fair enough—but man. We are apt to form a wrong idea of this race. True, you find intellect here, subtle, keen intellect, highly educated, learned in the learning of the nations. For grace and beauty of diction the address, in English, of the native Prime Minister at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new hospital, I have never heard excelled. It is their graciousness, their courtesy, their unflinching self-possession that charms you. But

along with all this there is a depth of gross immorality, much of it sanctioned by their religion and upheld by their social customs.

Then the lower classes. Where can we find words to describe their pitiful condition, half-starved, superstitious, diseased, worshipping gods, the outcome of their own foul imaginations. O, if you knew what the words I have penned really mean. If you saw the want, the misery and the sin, it would take more faith than that which induces you to give \$1 a year for missions to keep you from sinking into a state of faithless collapse. We would not see our young men settling in congregations preaching to surfeited people. The Church would be on fire with zeal. They would cry: "Here am I, send me." And the Captain of the Lord's Host, who sendeth no man a warfare on his own charges, would supply the means. Right, you need the Gospel at home. You need enough of it in your hearts to constrain you by the dying love of Jesus Christ to send the story of salvation to perishing human souls. That you might have a full understanding of the country it would be necessary to describe separately the different classes—one characteristic is noticeable in those eastern races. They are economical—of the truth. They seldom speak it. Although a languid race, I have seen a Hindu go a long route sooner than speak it. He accepts your invitation with a grace that makes you feel you are the favoured one; at first you go home and prepare, but you wait in vain; he never comes. His promises are as uncertain as his clothing. He promises to send you some of his choicest, fairest, etc., but alas! you dine on the bitter herbs of humiliation and disappointment, flavoured with a little curry. But then you had the expectation, and is not that half the feast? And if the curry is not hot enough, memory adds her spice, and we think that this economy is not wholly confined to the East, for in the West have we not met those whose promises were as empty as their heads? How a Hindu gloats over a treasure. First he gets it, then he buries it, then he sits over the spot, dreamily smoking. If you see a Hindu sitting on the same spot day after day, evidently wrapped in deep meditation, do not suppose that he has paralysis of the lower limbs, or that he is doing it for a wager. O, no. Just go and buy a spade and dig him up. It is a safer investment than purchasing shares in the C. P. R., or even giving to the Endowment Fund of Queen's, and I can't say more.

And are we reaching these people? I wish you could see our dispensary in the early morning, where the poor, pain-worn, heart-sick souls come pleading to us for help and comfort. What we need is help.

Indore with its 81,000 human souls over whom a Brother-Man is yearning with infinite love.

Rutlam, with 31,000, waiting to hear that voice declare, "I am Joseph," to feel those tears of wounded love. And we do not despair, although those great cities are multiplied all over the land, for "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied," and we know that when that heart of boundless love is satisfied, not one blot shall stain this great universe of God's. Of nothing can it be said "more perfect it might have been."

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. A. Patterson the following letter from Rev. K. J. Grant, bearing date San Fernando, June 8, 1891, has been forwarded for publication:—

I fear I have again been remiss. Pray excuse and assure the good lady of my gratitude for her gift of \$5 per post-office order. Our field covers a large area. Demands on our time and strength are unceasing and urgent, but we have a fair measure of strength and we have almost daily fresh assurances that we do not labour in vain nor spend our strength for nought. Yesterday—Sabbath—was a grand day. It was our communion for those speaking the Hindustani language. The young people of our schools prefer English, and for such the sacrament of the Supper will be dispensed next Sabbath. Between 400 and 500 came up from the various stations. Some arrived on Saturday evening, and till a late hour singing, reading, exhortation and prayer continued amongst themselves in the church. Again early in the morning. At nine, when most had arrived, the more public services commenced. First a prayer-meeting, then a pause. Second, sermon by Rev. C. Rogbie, "Bought with a price." Third, baptism, twelve adults and seven children. One convert, a Babu, turned to the congregation and stated that he had been fighting against Christ and His cause for twelve years, but recently he was convinced that he was doing wrong and now, trusting to the Saviour whom he had despised, he resolved to help the cause he had tried to suppress. Fourth. Then followed the communion, at which I presided, and after the distribution the Rev. Lal Behari followed.

It was a high day. The services continued from nine till a quarter-past one, reminding us almost of the services of boyhood on communion occasions. Several asked permission to speak, but we had already far exceeded our time, and a hundred and fifty young people, pupils and teachers stood around the door to enter as a Sabbath school; the hour for Sunday school being one o'clock.

Several of the Christian women of the town met on Saturday and turned a barrel of flour into "roli," and this having been partaken of with tarkari by those who came from far, renewed their vigour for the homeward journey. Never before did I feel so deeply convinced of the fitness of our East Indian friends to carry on every department of the work pertaining to the house of God, whether internal or external.

The building for our training school is now in course of erection. We expect to open it in January, and if we realize even in part our anticipations, we will in a few years have a body of qualified pastors to feed the flock. No field should ever depend on the foreign agent to do the work. We are necessary perhaps in the earlier stages, but the rank and file of the army that moves forward to victory must be drawn from the body of converts. If converted, and we trust them, they will quit themselves like men.

It will soon be a year since I appeared before your Sabbath school. It has been very mindful of us. Is it yielding up and rearing young people with hearts and minds consecrated, to go to the regions beyond to tell the old old story to a people who have not yet heard it? The Lord prosper your good work.

K. J. GRANT.