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In Remembrance of Christ.

JESUS was a Jew, and was, therefore, obligated to every feature of the Mosaic Law. He came not to destroy the Law, but to fulfil it. This study points to the fulfilment of one feature of the Law — the Passover — not that it is already entirely fulfilled, but that the anti-type has been in process of fulfilment for over nineteen centuries, during which time the Church of the First-born remains covered by the blood.

To appreciate this, we must have clearly in mind the type : — Approximately 3,500 years ago God delivered the people of Israel from the despotic power of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. Time after time Pharaoh had refused to let the people go, preferring to hold them as chattels, slaves. Time after time God sent plagues upon Egypt as chastisements. Under the influence of each plague Pharaoh repented, and through Moses entreated God for mercy for himself and the people for relief from the plague. Nevertheless, every manifestation of Divine mercy tended only to harden his heart, until finally the tenth plague, the severest of all, was necessary. That plague consisted in the execution of the death sentence against all the first-born of Egypt. But the Israelites in Egypt were exempt from its provisions under certain conditions. Each family was required to have its own lamb, not a bone of which was to be broken. Its blood was sprinkled on the doorposts of the house, and the family, assembled within, partook of its flesh, with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, pilgrim-like, with staff in hand, ready for departure out of Egypt in the morning.

When that night the Divine sentence slew all of Egypt's first-borns, the first-borns of Israel were passed over or spared ; hence the name Passover. And this ceremony, as a reminder of the great blessing of the Lord upon Israel, was commended to be observed yearly as a still greater mercy and blessing yet to come.

A little later on those spared first-borns were exchanged for one of the tribes—Levi. Thereafter the Levites were the passed-over firstborns and were specially devoted to God and His service.

Those experiences of the Israelites and their first-borns were very real, and properly very interesting to them ; but they are still more interesting to Christians, who themselves are antitypes now being passed over. By Christians we do not mean all who merely make profession, nor all who attend Church, however regularly. We mean merely the saintly few who are now being called and being tested as to faithfulness to the Lord, and by faith being passed over—from death unto life. These are Scripturally styled "The Church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven." (Heb. 12:23.) As the deliverance of the nation of Israel from Egypt took place after the sparing or passing over of the firstborn, so, correspondingly, the Divine blessing will come upon the world of mankind directly their passing from death unto life, by the power of the First Resurrection. If there is a first-born class, it implies that there will be an after-born class. Thus the Scriptures everywhere distinctly teach that the present call, trial, testing, proving and final rewarding of the Church will not be the end of Divine mercy toward humanity, but, on the contrary, will be only its beginning; for since the saintly are spoken of as the "Church of the first-born," or, as the Apostle declares, "the first-fruits unto God of His creatures" we are assured thereby that after-fruits are equally part of the Divine Programme.

Amongst the Levites were several divisions, representing different ranks and grades of the Church of Christ. But the principal division or section of the Levites was the priestly family of Aaron, just as there is a special class amongst the antitypical Levites, the faithful few, known in the Scriptures as the Royal Priesthood.

In Jesus' day the time had come for the fulfilment of the antitype of the Passover. Jesus Himself was to be the Passover Lamb. By faith the merit of His sacrifice, His blood, was to be sprinkled upon the door-posts of His people's hearts,

and His flesh, the merit of His earthly perfection, was to be eaten or appropriated by them in their minds. With it they were to eat the unleavened bread of the Divine promises, and bitter herbs of trials and adversities, and withal they were to drink wine, the blood of the grape, symbolically implying their participation with the Lamb in ignominy and sufferings.

The Lamb of God, Jesus, the antitypical Passover Lamb, was slain over nineteen centuries ago on the exact anniversary of the killing of the typical lamb. The sacrifice of Jesus needs not to be repeated, for by faith we all sprinkle this same blood today, and in our hearts feed upon the merit of the same earthly sacrifice, and have plenty of bitter herbs of persecution and drink of the blood—share the Master's spirit and its reward of suffering for righteousness' sake.

Not many have experienced these privileges during all these nineteen centuries—in all but a “little flock.” Nor are there many who envy them their present experiences ; nor are there many who appreciate how great will be their reward and blessings in the life to come. Then, instead of suffering with Christ, they shall reign with Him in glory, honor, and immortality.

Jesus, about to begin the fulfilment of this type by dying as the antitypical Passover Lamb (Christ our Passover is slain for us-1 Cor.:5:7), instituted for His followers an annual remembrance, which, in their minds, would take the place of the type, and continually remind them of the great Antitype. Instead of the literal flesh of the lamb, our Master used bread, and instead of the blood, the fruit of the vine, and instead of a further commemoration of the type, He directed that this be done in remembrance of the antitype — “the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the ‘world,’ and the passover coming to the Church of the firstborn, as precedent to the great blessings for Israel and all the families of the earth.

Our Lord, as a Jew, was obligated to keep the typical Passover, eating of the literal lamb, etc., first; but subsequently, after the ‘Passover supper, He instituted with the bread and fruit of the vine His substitutionary memorial ‘of Himself, saying, “Take eat, this is my body. And He took the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them; and they all drank of it. And he said, . . . Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the Kingdom of God” — until His second coming in power and great glory to receive the Church as His elect Bride and Joint-Heir in His kingdom, and to shower blessings richly upon Israel, and through Israel upon the whole world of mankind.

The hour for betrayal was drawing near. The Master knew by some power unknown to us who would betray Him, etc. Breaking the matter to the twelve, He said, “One of you will betray me.” Each said, “Is it I?” Even Judas brazenly challenged the Master's knowledge of his deceitful course and said, “Is it I?” The answer was, “It is as you have said—you are the betrayer.” The Divine programme was carried out by the traitor, and the Scriptures were fulfilled, which declare that Jesus should be sold for thirty pieces of silver ; but the coincidence marks the Divine foreknowledge without implying that God in any manner instigated the traitorous conduct, hence the state-men, “Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed.” From this standpoint we are to understand that there is no hope for Judas in a future life. His sorrow and anguish before his death were such as found no compensation in any happiness he had enjoyed in previous days.

In giving the disciples the bread which represented His flesh, and the cup which represented His blood, the Master pictorially offered them justification and sanctification, and, as St. Paul explained, He did more than this --He offered them a participation with Himself in the sufferings of the present and in the glories of the future (1 Cor. 10:16, 17; Matt. 26:29). The antitype of the cup in its higher sense will be the new joys of the kingdom which all the faithful in Christ will share with the great King of Glory, when He shall take unto Himself His great power and reign.

“Lord, I would keep Thy Holy feast,
Like Israel when His bondage ceased;
And safe beneath the sprinkled mark,
His every home became an ark.

Only the lamb which Israel slew
I need not to make Heed anew:
Because the blood which stained the Cross
Is mark of which there ne'er is loss.

I'd keep the feast with bread from heaven,
Free from all taint of earthly leaven:
Yet find some sad resemblance glide,
Which sets the bitter herbs beside.

I seek the feast with upgirt mind,
As for immediate work assigned;
And eat like one en passing stay,
Impatient to resume the way.

That sprinkled blood hath had the power
To hold me safe is judgment's hour;
But still for me a task remains,
To haste and flee from Egypt's plains.

With Thy refreshing viands fed,
I shrink not, Lord, wherever led;
And still with pilgrim's staff in hand,
Plod firmly tow'rds the promised land." —Selected.

Passover Memorial, 1961

The anniversary of the Memorial of Christ's death falls this year on the evening of Thursday, 30th March. It is for the brethren to arrange their observance in accord with the spirit of the occasion, and in response to our Lord's request—"This do in remembrance of me."

Friends desiring the unleavened bread and wine may procure these from this office. Early application should be made, preferably by early March, stating the number of persons to be served.

Memorial Services.

MELBOURNE.—Sunday, 26th March, at 6.30 p.m., at Masonic Hall, 251 Swan Street, Richmond (near Church Street.)

ADELAIDE.—Thursday, 30th March, at 7 p.m., at Masonic Hall, 68 Waymouth Street, Adelaide.

SYDNEY.—Thursday, 30th March 7 p.m., at 87 The Boulevarde, South Strathfield. (Visitors should leave Strathfield Station on the left side coming from the city, and 87 is on the right of Boulevarde, only 10 minutes walk, or the 4th bus stop from the station).

PERTH.—Thursday, 30th March, at 7 p.m., at 7 Harvest Terrace, Perth.

Adelaide Easter Convention.

The Adelaide brethren wish to advise that their Easter Convention is to be held this year (D.V.), from Good Friday to Easter Monday, March 31st to April 3rd, in the Masonic Hall, 68 Waymouth Street, Adelaide, and they extend a cordial invitation to all able to attend these gatherings in the Lord's name. Further particulars from the secretary, Mrs. H. Bartel, 10 Winston Avenue, Clarence Gardens, South Australia.

A very good Oxford Bible, with References, India paper, thumb index, Brevier clear type, Persian Morocca binding, is now available at 60/-. *Same* Bible with Concordance and Subject Index at 70/-.

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"Our Most Holy Faith."—This is a splendid volume of most helpful articles and sermons by the author of *Studies in the Scriptures*, published by the brethren of "The Dawn" in U.S.A. Containing 719 pages, including Index, and well bound, with silver lettering, it is priced at 20 - post paid.

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The Times and Seasons.

(1 Thes. 5:1).

THERE has been, particularly over years past, 'so much written regarding Bible Chronology and date-fixing in connection with events expected in the closing of •this* dispensation, that it would seem reasonable to *suggest* that such matters are not the most necessary things to spend our time and thought upon.

The Bible evidently was not written, and prophecies were not given in order that Christians should be able to show superior wisdom in being able to declare dates for events prior to their occurrences. It would seem rather that, as with symbols and types which are not understood until the reality appears, time prophecies are given that when the prediction is fulfilled the faith of the watchful, prayerful Christian shall be so increased and strengthened that he may be enabled to endure the greater trials that may still come along.

One thing seems sure, i.e., that God has not provided us with a certain connected chronology. Again we find that *we* are not dependent upon Bible Chronology in order to know how near we are to the end of this age and the setting up of the kingdom of God—the dethronement of Satan as the prince of this world, and the beginning of the reign of peace and righteousness under, Christ and His Church.

All the time prophecies of the Bible have their beginnings within the recorded years of secular history, and these also have had their fulfilment. These time prophecies comprise:—The seven times of punishment upon Israel, which began to count when Nebuchadnezzar subdued Israel in B.C. 606, or 604, and ended with 1914 or 1916 when the Great War resulted in establishing Palestine as the national home of Israel—Jerusalem is no longer "trodden down of the Gentiles." Daniel's 2,300 days (years) began B.C. 454, and ended in 1846. The 1,260 years, 1,290 years and 1,335 years all began in A.D. 539 and found fulfilment in 1799 when the persecuting power of Rome was broken, and the Pope was taken prisoner to France by Napoleon; in 1829 by the proclamation, particularly through the Millerite movement regarding the second advent, and 1874 by the promised' feast which the Lord had foretold He would provide when He came again (Luke 12:36).

The fulfilment of these prophecies and also the evident signs promised by our Lord in His great prophecy, Matt. 24,

and in Luke, are quite sufficient to assure the watchers of the Lord's presence—that *we are* actually living "in the days of the Son of Man." The Lord clearly indicated, that just as Noah was present as a preacher of righteousness, declaring the calamity impending, so He would be present and sending out His messengers, gathering His saints into His garner.

How great is our privilege thus to know the workings of God's great plan, and while it *is* our part to especially declare the message among Christian people everywhere and witness to all men as we have opportunity, yet we must never forget that the special work of our day is the preparation of the Bride of Christ for the great Marriage.

Then, while we must all help one another, our each particular work is the preparation of ourselves. We are assured by the Apostle that we might have faith to do wonderful things, and though we had all knowledge and understood all mysteries, yet if we have-not the Christian grace of love, we are nothing. We must daily keep before our vision the beauties of the character, the disposition, the qualities of His heart and seek to do as He would do and be just like him. That is the best way of preaching, our light will then shine to the glory of God and the edifying of those about us.

It was in this way that Jesus "preached to the spirits in prison"—the angels, who, in Noah's day, had left their own habitation and committed folly with the daughters of men; instead of instructing the human family they corrupted it. Jesus gave them a lesson in obedience—He became obedient to death—and preached to them by His death and resurrection. Quite) possibly some of those angels have profited by the lesson.

Radio on 2VM Moree

Through the zealous and generous co-operation of one of our friends, the Frank and Ernest discussions on the Bible are to be heard over 2VM Moree, in Northern N.S. Wales, from Sunday, 5th March, at the very suitable time of 8.45 a.m. We pray for the Lord's blessing to attend this witness in this new area, in harmony with His good will.

The View from Mt. Nebo.

(Convention Address)

AFTER forty years' wandering in deserts, seeking green pasture, cool water, and shade from a merciless sun, the sight of any land promising protection and stability would be like waking from unpleasant dreams. Pisgah's Mountain is Mt. Nebo, the highest point in a range or ridge of mountains about fourteen miles east of the Jordan River. After their incredible journey, Israel had come to the plains of Moab with one remaining obstacle separating them from the Promised Land.

Their leader had prepared them for this great event. Forty years previously he led them from abject slavery ; 600,000 men, besides women and children. The night they left Egypt a nation was born, Israel. The growing-up period, welding them into a unified community, took forty years. The experiences of those forty years are written indelibly upon the pages of history.

The new generation of the new nation awaited the last order in the desert—the order to go forward and possess their land. Although their remarkable leader was strong and well, a new leader would issue new orders for the new land. Provoked to exasperation by his people, Moses had on one occasion forgotten God's specific instruction. This deflection excluded him from entering the land. Could any leader of Adam's race have done better than "this Moses?"

Many love stories capture the World's imagination and esteem. Possibly many have loved as much, but few could have loved more than did Moses. Time and time again he stood between God's wrath and his beloved people. Moses rejected the proposal to honour *his* descendants at the expense of Israel, preferring to suffer with and for them. When people suffer together they are welded together. Enduring the perils and rigors of -the desert, and even more than this, experiencing God's wrath among them, Moses and the children of Israel had arrived at their goal, fused into a unity through the furnace of adversity. The fruits of victory are at hand, but before any may taste, the leader and his people must separate. This was no ordinary, no casual or natural break ; this is a love story with a sad ending. Could any tongue or pen, however fluent, describe this separation?

The deliverer had rescued his people from the iron furnace of Egypt; brought them through desert and tribulation ; saved them from themselves and idolatry. More than this, he had infused them with hope, faith, loyalty, devotion and unity. Ahead of the people is victory, joy, rest, peace, security, but for Moses is defeat, separation and death. He assembles the leaders, reminds and encourages them with Divine promises (Deut. 8:7-10), as preparation is made to enter "that good land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance." At the same time he tells them it is not for him; he is unable to accompany them, to share their triumph: "The Lord thy God was angry with me for your sakes and swore that. I should not go over Jordan and go into that good land." Ponder these meaningful words and tears will fill your eyes. Man of iron that he was, his throat must have welled with grief and sorrow, so deep, as he repeated — "I cannot go over Jordan to that good land ; the Lord was angry with me for your sakes." If ever a cause existed for "righteous indignation," here it is.

Most men have their big moments. Great men have great moments. Moses was no exception, but unlike others, he had many great moments. Some would say his greatest was when he enjoyed the splendour of the Egyptian court, heir to the throne; others would favor his greatest as the day he forsook that glory. Many would say his greatest moment was that eventful day he took the people out of Egypt; while others would see in the wilderness journey the greatest achievement ever accomplished, especially as the Feast of Tabernacles will perpetuate forever that epic journey. We feel that the greatest moment in the life la this remarkable leader was the day he said "Farewell" to the people he loved more than life ; the day of his humiliation; the day he paid the penalty for others. The Psalmist declares, "They angered him also at the waters of strife so that it went ill with Moses for their sakes, because they provoked his spirit so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips." (Psa. 106:32,33.) He surely must have typed for another great Leader's loving submission to God's will, which later David set to words of music—"I delight to do Thy will, O God."

Bidding them farewell, he began the ascent to Mt. Nebo to *view* the Promised Land—this was his "reward" for loyalty and consecration. Setting out on this sad journey, everything was a last—the last assembly, the last farewell, the first and last view of the glorious, longed-for inheritance promised so long ago. For Moses it was journey's end, and he knew it. Did he ascend that Mount light of heart and foot, excited with the prospect of seeing something that previously could but be imagined? Was he excited with the expectation that Nature would soon reveal her glorious vistas, as a tourist or naturalist expects to discover he knows not what in new fields of study? Or were his steps .heavy, leaden, weary, with a fatigue not born of physical exertion? As he reached the top, was he jubilant, or did he gladly sink wearily on mother earth, to gather strength to enjoy his last portion? Maybe he ascended the Mount like a robot, mechanically, without feeling, not being subject to like passions as other men?

As you consider all these things you will be convinced his view would be influenced by these many experiences, and for that reason it would differ from all others who could have stood at Nebo's peak this day. What did he see? At the top of Nebo is a broad, barren plateau, 2,500 feet above sea level. Southwards one would see the broad silvery waters of the Dead Sea. On the far side of it the long, brown Judean Hills stretched away into the distance. Westwards, towards the Mediterranean, Jerusalem would appear as a small white dot. In the same direction was the Jordan River twisting like a snake on its way towards the Sea of Galilee. Between the Jordan and Pisgah's Range is a barren plain, but on its further banks fertile green pastures. Northwards, rises the high country of Samaria, past Galilee to the majestic snow-capped Mt. Hermon. While at the foot of Nebo was the camp of Israel. Was that all there was to see?

You know how people seek with costly competition a block with a view. You see from such a vantage point the course of development; the city's changing face. In a few, short years old scenes give way to modern ideas, and civilization unfolds many changes from your block with a view. You may see the ravages of war — desolation and destruction, from your elevated site ; you could look upon scenes of revelry and jubilation, or sadness with its sighing and dying. All this is possible from a block with a view. But Moses had a Mountain with a view. What did he see? Whatever it was must have affected him so much, that he died in this Mt. Nebo. What killed him? He was in good health, strong, with not even a defect in his eyesight. Remember, the desert takes toll *first* of the eyesight. With his keen perception it could be that what Moses saw from his Mountain with a view was more than human frame could bear. Instead of the death certificate reading "Heart failure" we think it would have read, "This man died of a broken heart."

How the tension relaxes, how fear gives place to faith and peace when you gaze into the heavens on a clear moonlight night. The same emotions come over you when you quietly consider Nature's grandeur. Strangely enough, though, we grow accustomed to natural beauty; in fact, when it is burdensome to eke a living from the soil, one has little or no time to relax with Nature. The common earth and ordinary lakes have no specific appeal. We have mentioned Moses looking out over the lovely river country connecting the two seas. All do not see this view in the same light. The prophet Elisha told Naaman to bathe seven times in the River Jordan to be rid of his leprosy. Naaman was wroth, asking, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" It seems clear that Moses, from his view on Mt. Nebo, saw more than common earth, ordinary lakes, etc. True, he was looking at the Promised Land; more than this, he was viewing the *Land of the Promise*. His attention is backwards, to confirm his faith regarding the precious promises relating to the land, the people, and the future. The Abrahamic promise, confirmed with Isaac and Jacob, that "in thee and thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," bright though it was, seemed clouded with all the experiences that belonged to Moses.

Without looking very far in either time or distance he saw Balaam devise a trapping of Israel into sin and degradation that cost 1,000 chiefs and 24,000 others. A little further back he could see his beloved people murmuring against the food God had been pleased to supply — manna, — and the toll the fiery serpents took at that time. Like us, he no doubt would have liked to forget some of the unpleasant things belonging to the past. One of the most unpleasant he was not allowed to forget—the contention because of lack of water, that provoked this remarkable leader to desperation to incur God's displeasure. He could see clearly, from his vantage point, all the implications of that disagreeable experience. It was all too easy, and disturbing, to see the connection of one unpleasant experience with the succeeding one.

The further back he looked, it was easier to see; the rebellion of Korah & Co. cost them 250 lives; his own sister, Miriam, who sang praises at the Red Sea, later opposed him and suffered leprosy as a penalty. No field glasses were needed to reveal the upheaval due to lack of flesh to eat and the dreadful scourge that followed. The broken tables of the Law spotlighted rather than clouded the revolt when the golden calf was erected. The people who claimed his affection, for whom he pleaded and interceded, again and again provoked him and threatened to stone him. The faithful leader of Israel was insensible to their ingratitude—to him they were Israel, "prevailing, with the help of the Lord."

The retrospective view, bright though it was with God's pillar of fire, was also clouded with Israel's deflection. Would things alter now, with the entry into the Land of Promise? Do people change as conditions change? Could all the past be wiped off the slate of remembrance and hope for the best for the future? To do so would mean setting aside of Divine Law—the law of sowing and reaping. The more one thought of this, the more foreboding loomed the new sunrise over Israel. Instead of doubts and fears being stifled they came to the surface with renewed persistence. If Moses had suffered any travail of soul with his people in the wilderness, it must have been as nothing compared with the anguish now endured for them, as alone on Mt. Nebo he views the future. He will not be there to help, to stand between them and God, as he so often did. And now it must dawn on him that excluding him from entering the land was not only his penalty, but their punishment.

Frustration! When so much needs to be done, more than at any other time, and all you can do is idly stand by ; when the advice and help you know could be so valuable and beneficial, and all you can do is inactively watch loved ones hurt themselves—this stings deeper than any other lash. The more you love, the less you can do, the deeper the sting.

When Moses wrote the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy he may have consoled himself that such dire calamities might be possible under extreme conditions, hoping the meanwhile all would be well. In the quiet with God on Mt. Nebo he could now see that what was threatened as a deterrent in Deut. 28 was not only a possibility for Israel, but a certainty. Moses died! Who could have endured that view?

Instead of looking *from* Mt. Nebo, let us now cross the river and look *at* it from another mountain, close by Jerusalem. Jesus, with but a few remaining days before Him, wearily rests at the top of Mt. Olivet. A tourist would see the lovely city beneath him, the city that could not be hid, as it basked continually in the sun's rays. Every hour of the day there would be a beautiful and contrasting view, with perhaps the last view of the day, resplendent with gold of the setting sun, the best of all. It was at this hour, after the day's work, that Jesus rested on Mt. Olivet. He, too, has a mountain with a view, a view that seems to duplicate Moses'. Looking back He saw the glorious city guilty of the blood of all the prophets. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Looking forward, His view, like Moses', was full of dark forebodings for the future. His disciples asked Him in detail regarding this forward view. His reply is in Matt. 24 Moses saw the first dispersion and Jesus saw the second. Both saw God's people suffering the unspeakable miseries of Deut. 28. Among many dire distresses was "Ye shall be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it, and ye shall be scattered among all people from one end of earth to the other." "Weep not for me," said Jesus on the way to the cross, "but for yourselves. If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry." History has recorded to the everlasting shame of mankind what "dry" Gentile nations have meted out to the "green," or God's favored people. Jesus, like Moses, saw what was coming. "Weep for yourselves" was His sad and only complaint.

Much water has gone down the river that feeds two seas since Moses took his first and last view from Mt. Nebo. History written long ago, as well as that written in our time, confirms the views of Moses from Nebo and Jesus from Olivet, that Deut. 28, not once, but twice, has been fulfilled to the letter.

It is now our turn to ascend either Olivet or Nebo. Let it be prior to 1948. Our panorama embraces the same land, ordinary lakes and rivers, etc., but something else arrests our gaze. It matters not in which direction we look, nothing but ruins and desolation, debris upon debris. Is this the Pleasant Land? Are hallowed memories and unfulfilled promises the "pleasant" part of it? Nothing but a miracle could reclaim the title deeds and the fertility of this "pleasant" desert. Nothing short of Divine intervention — "restitution" — could rescue it. Yes, prior to 1948 we'd come down the Mount with leaden feet.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Let us take another peep, in 1960. Our view, encompassing the same boundaries, cannot be true? The same sky, hills, rivers, lakes, etc., are there, just as Moses saw them, but a change is sweeping the country — life, fertility. The shadow as from a sheltering cloud protects God's ancient people—Israel. Wonder of wonders, promises dormant so many centuries, so short a while back seemed impossible of imagination, now actually unfolding. The Fig Tree in tender leaf—a nation reborn; the coming out of Egypt re-enacted. Incline your ears towards the Pleasant Land. Is that Rachel mourning for her children, or is it the mirth of children singing in the streets?

Jesus said, Blessed are your eyes and ears, for they see and hear those things which many righteous men and prophets have desired to see, and have not seen them. What a view. We see not only the things of the Spirit, but the view from Mt. Nebo today suggests that, ere long, the season of *figs* will be here, for the blessing of all the nations. "Redemption draweth nigh."

Moses must be one of those righteous prophets who desired to see what we see actually coming to pass in our day. Do you think the view now possible would have killed Moses? Never! It would have renewed and enthused his faith, energy and zeal. He never doubted God in the blackest of nights—how could he doubt Him now?

When you really get on to a good view, how hard it is to tear yourself away. You just want to feast your eyes and wonder on the glories around you. You like to ponder God's "handiwork." There is no need to lose or forget our view from Mt. Nebo. It is growing better and better every year—the plan is clearer, brighter. "When ye see these things, when the 'Fig Tree' is in tender leaf . . . and putting forth its leaves," Jesus said that summer was nigh,—"the Kingdom is near, even at the doors." What a view!

Breaking the Winds.

(Reprinted from "Christian World"—by Dr. James Black in 1936.)

AT the near end of my little garden there is a gully that sends the cold north winds sweeping between the gable of my house and a high wall that separates my neighbour's place from mine. Try as I would, I found it almost impossible to grow anything worth while growing in this abandoned corner. The blasts of January, but even more so the chill winds of late Spring, simply mowed down any green shoots that were foolhardy enough to appear. So I planned what some people call a "windbreak." I put up some good solid planks and nailed or tied them to even more solid poles. Now, I said, let the wild winds do their worst; I have saved my plants from the blasts of Boreas !

Had I? Not one little bit. In fact, my elaborate wooden wall only seemed to make things worse. For, as I discovered to my cost and sorrow, the cold icy winds swept hard against my barrier, then were deflected and driven upwards, only to fall with increased intensity and malice upon the poor plants on the other side.

I went with my tale of sorrows to an old gardener. After I'd told him all I had done, he looked at me with a sort of droll pity. "Ach, you learned folk—there's an awfu' lot in this wand ye dinna ken. Now what ye ought to do is just to knock down your fine big solid wall and stick up some thin dry branches or even a bit o' wire netting. One-inch mesh will do fine. You try that, sir, and see what happens."

I'm afraid I laughed at him, and certainly I doubted the value of his advice. If a solid protection like my "wooden wall" was of little or no good, of what possible use could pea-sticks or wire-netting be? However, in despair—not, let me frankly confess, because I was in any way convinced—I was driven to try the old man's suggestion. I put up a thin trellis of criss-cross wood which seemed to me at the moment to be only a ludicrous protection. But I gladly eat dust, for the thing worked. I find that I can grow plants in the old desolate corner with more than passable success. My grand solid wall failed ; the thin trellis does the trick.

Why? The reason, as I know, is this. My former solid wall only threw the cold winds up, and then sent them swirling down on the top of my wretched plants. But the thin trellis breaks up the wind, jumbles it together, sends it back on itself, and so acts as a finer protection for the flowers than the solid bulwark. A hedge, for instance, that breaks the wind and lets it through in moderated fashion is a better protection than a thick wall.

You can apply this to anything, you like, and you will find it true. What is the best way to protect and shield your children? Build a high strong wall around them, as so many fond people do? But that sort of thing can never save them from the driving winds of life. Discipline, sorrows and trials, against which no human device can ever seclude them, are only deflected to be thrown down on their heads with greater force and devastation. It is far better and saner to let the winds of our common experience play around them, moderated only by such natural protection as love and common sense alike can provide. Sheltered lives are never really sheltered—I mean, against the inescapable things of decision and conflict. If we do manage to build a high wall of selfish exclusion around them, that generally does one of two things—it either softens them into flabbiness or leaves them a prey to the double swirl of the sweeping blasts. Let the winds through, tempered by the natural hedge of love, care and wisdom. Give every good natural protection— love, care, counsel, warning and brave advice. But don't be fool enough to think that walls of wood or walls of gold can save your beloved from the inescapable winds. I saved my flowers by a modest trellis. Temper or break the winds, if you like. But let them through. Wooden walls bring their own special kind of disaster.

"Israel in History and Prophecy" is the title of a very interesting and informative 64-page booklet now in stock, priced at 1/- per copy, 1/3 post paid.

Making Pearls

IN the last book of the Bible *we* are shown a vision of the City of God with its twelve gates, every gate a pearl.

Every road into the Holy City, every entrance into the heavenly life, is through a gate of pearl.

What does it mean? It all becomes plain enough if we learn how a pearl is made. And here is the story, as science tells it.

A wound is made in a shell, and a grain of sand, perhaps, gets embedded in the wound. At once all the resources of repair are rushed to the place of hurt. The wound may be made by any of the thousand accidents and vicissitudes of the life of the shell. But when the hurt has been healed, a softly tinted pearl is found closing the wound.

In other words, the Gates of Pearl, by which we enter the City of God, are made by our defeats, injuries, hurts, losses and heartaches on earth; every gate a Pearl. There is no easy way to the highest life, no rosy road to clear insight and understanding. If to us life sometimes seems to be too hard, it is because we do not know what we are saying.

But, it may be asked, does suffering always ennoble us? Manifestly not. In suffering as such, there is no value or meaning apart from the way we take it. The natural reaction to pain, suffering, defeat, is resentment, rebellion, and if it is long continued, bitter despair if not degradation. That is to turn defeat into disaster.

There is another way of facing the worst that can happen to us, without letting it make the worst of us. There is a way of finding in our own souls a faith, a courage, a power by which we may endure and triumph over anything that life or death can do to us, turning darkness into light, making a hurt into a gem.

It is not a pious theory; it is a matter of observable fact. Look into the lives of those whom you must admire for their worth and beauty of character, and you will find that each of them has faced loss, difficulty, pain, disappointment—and won out. God knows it is not easy to do, but it can be done, it has been done, and we can do it, too, by His grace.—
Selected.