

**Liquidation** What a word! It came from the Communists. In China they are running true to form. Walter S. Robertson, assistant U. S. Secretary of State, has told the U. S. Congress that the Chinese Reds, in "just about the bloodiest pattern that the Communists have followed in any country in the world," have killed about 15,000,000 of their own people since 1949 (*Calgary Herald*). Communism, like its father the devil, has indeed been "a murderer from the beginning."

**Italy** U. S. giving to Italy may prove to have been a foolish gamble. Catholic pressure pulled billions to Rome. The gift figure stands at \$5,000,000,000 since World War II. If the very thin margin of only 4% of the deputies lose their seats in the government, the Communists will get all these gifts plus American arms and "a munitions industry financed by the U. S." "Weapons and dollars, flowing in, haven't yet dented Communist strength" (*U. S. News and World Report*, Feb. 19).

Communism has two strong beachheads in the country: Italy's poverty-stricken condition, plus Rome's rich and hollow-hearted religion, which has drained the people dry.

How hamstrung the U. S. must be when Catholic Italy can take from America five thousand millions of dollars in eight years and yet illegally deny American missionaries the freedom promised by the Italian constitution.

**Ex-Communist** "The only solution is Christ," says Mrs. Helen Sigrist, staff member of a national magazine and a former Communist. She was speaking to 100 Christian editors. "We Christian editors should not be wasting our time on anything else. Theoretically Christians believe that, but in actuality they often go overboard on other ideas and panaceas."

Communism and Catholicism have much in common. They are both religions. Both are bent on worldwide domination. Both demand lordship of body, mind, and soul. Neither ballots nor bullets nor U. S. billions can

defeat either one. To meet the onslaught of either, "the only solution is Christ."

**Antagonisms** Moscow has circulated a 32-page pamphlet in East Germany charging that Communism and Christianity are "as irreconcilable as freedom and slavery, truth and lies, light and darkness."

What then shall be said of the Red Dean of Canterbury? What of James Endicott of Canada? What of the Rev. Claude C. Williams, of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., who headed the People's Institute of Applied Religion, described by the Committee on Un-American Activities as "one of the most vicious Communist organizations ever set up in this country"? Williams once said, "Denominationally I am a Presbyterian, religiously a Unitarian, and politically I'm a Communist. I'm not preaching to make people good or anything of the sort. I'm in the church because I can reach people easier that way and get them organized for Communism."

The Presbyterian Church finally ousted Williams.

Let the reader beware of any preacher with even so much as a "pink fringe."

**Spain** Franco has signed a pact with the Vatican recognizing the Roman Catholic Church as "the only true religion of the Catholic nation" of Spain. *Prophecy* (Dec. '53) observes these further interesting facts concerning this ideal Catholic country:

Spain—a country where there are 25,000,000 people who have never seen a Bible; where 3,000,000 people live in caves; where 37½ cents is the daily wage for a man; where there is no religious tolerance; where the Roman Catholic Church has one religious worker for every 35 people and owns half the wealth.

**Sinking?** As an aged saint of God was entering life eternal, one whispered softly at her bedside: "She is sinking!" With a confident smile on her face, the dying saint said: "Not so! How can one sink through a Rock?" Her faith was built upon the Rock of Ages.—*Walter Knight*.

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and is established upon the enduring Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus! Those who have fled to this Rock for refuge will outlive the storms of life. Of this Rock myriads can say, "There is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God" (I Sam. 2:2).

The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,  
A shelter in the time of storm;  
Secure whatever ill betide,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

#### THE FOUNDATION ROCK

We like to think of the Saviour as a Rock. It is thus He is often spoken of in the Scriptures. There is no other rock sufficiently strong or enduring upon which to build the edifice of life, or the hope of Heaven and eternal life. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (I Cor. 3:11).

Many are building upon the foundation of human goodness. But the Scriptures tell us, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one" (Rom. 3:12); "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23); "we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. 64:6).

Many are building upon the foundation of self-righteousness: "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth" (Rom. 10:3, 4).

Others are building upon the insecure foundation of good works. But we are told again, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8, 9). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4:5). Toplady expressed it thus:

Not the labours of my hands  
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

#### INSECURE FOUNDATIONS

Are you building upon any of these foundations? If so, we plead with you to forsake insecure foundations, and take your stand upon the enduring Rock of Ages, Christ Jesus. How insecure are all who endeavour to build their hope of eternal life upon sandy foundations!

In the city of London, a street preacher was "holding forth the word of life" during the Shamrock races. Many were talking of the event. A disturber on the edge of the group, thinking he would have a little fun at the preacher's expense, called out, "Mr. Preacher, what do you know about the Shamrock?" The preacher never paused.

A second time the disturber called out, "Mr. Preacher, I am asking, 'What do you know about the Shamrock?'"

This time the preacher paused, and the group became very still. Pointing upward with one hand, he said distinctly, "On Christ the solid rock I stand! All other rocks are sham rocks!"

My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

When the great scientist, Michael Faraday, lay dying, some journalists questioned him as to his speculations concerning the soul and death. "Speculations?" exclaimed the dying man in astonishment. "I know nothing about speculations! I am resting on certainties!" He then quoted from Paul's letter to Timothy: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day" (II Tim. 1:12). The faith of Michael Faraday was built upon the Rock of Ages.

Only the One who spoke the earth and the sea and the sky into being can say to fearful hearts: "Peace, be still!" Let Satan do his worst; let the storms of life rage with fury about our defenseless heads; our anchor will hold, for it is fastened to the Rock!

Upon the Rock Christ Jesus God is building His Church, composed of all born-again persons. After Peter had declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," the Lord Jesus said, "Upon this rock I will build my church" (Matt. 16:18). The Lord Jesus Christ did not say He would build His Church upon Peter, or upon any other man, but upon the confession of who He, the Christ, is—the Son of the living God.

#### *THE SMITTEN ROCK*

For the sin of the world, Christ, the Rock, was smitten: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53:5).

Moses records that once on their tiresome trek through the wilderness, "There was no water for the people to drink . . . and the people thirsted there for water." To him came the word of command: "Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink" (Exod. 17:5, 6). Referring to this experience of the children of Israel, Paul wrote: "For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ" (I Cor. 10:4).

As the Saviour was upon the cross, "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water" (John 19:34). The waters that gushed from the smitten rock in Horeb slaked the physical thirst of the wilderness wanderers of old. The out-poured life of the smitten Saviour slakes the spiritual thirst of all who will "take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22:17).

By the blood of His cross, the Saviour made a new and living way to the heavenly home. The door of mercy

and cleansing is still ajar. Here and now we may know that His precious blood cleanses from all sin; that we are redeemed by "the precious blood of Christ"! The vilest, the weakest, the most unworthy—all may come for cleansing and go away not only forgiven, but rendered in God's sight justified, as though not one sin had been committed. "Being justified *freely* by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 3:24).

A minister was boarding at a farmhouse, and his host was not a Christian. Early one morning, the farmer beckoned to the minister to follow him out to the chicken house. There, on one of the nests, sat a hen with a brood of chickens peeping out from under her wings. "Touch her, parson," said the farmer. As the minister put his hand on the hen, he found that she was rigid in death! "Look at that wound in her head," the farmer continued. "A weasel has sucked all the blood from her body, and she never once moved for fear the little beast would get her chickens!"

"Oh, Jonas," said the minister, "that was just like Christ! He endured all the suffering of crucifixion, though He might have come down and saved His own life. But He didn't, because our redemption depended upon His death. If He had been spared death, we would be lost!"

The farmer saw it instantly. Tears of penitence began to course down his cheeks, as with grateful heart he thanked God for His unspeakable gift!

How powerless is any other gospel to save from sin's ruin or to transform character! John Richard Green went from the university to the squalor and filth and wretchedness of East London. There he instituted and promoted many social reforms for the good of the people. After years of untiring efforts at social reform, he gave up in despair, saying, "It's no use. They will go on drinking and gambling until the flood!" So he went back to Oxford to write his History of England.

Down into that same scene of human wretchedness went William Booth and his wife Catherine. They preached

*Thomson's new song - Dumbbells, baskets  
etc - self respecting people*

the message of the cross, and gave sacrificial service in the all-powerful name of the Saviour, who died to save men from sin. They won! The record shows that thousands of men and women in that district were wonderfully saved from sin by the power of the gospel. Drunkards and harlots became self-respecting, useful subjects. For "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

#### THE REJECTED ROCK

Of the Lord Jesus Christ it is written, "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders" (Acts 4:11). He is still "despised and rejected of men." And still a sin-laden, sin-blinded, distracted, desponding world cries out: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Self-seeking hearts are saying: "We will not have this man to reign over us" (Luke 19:14).

Today the destiny-determining question comes to everyone: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" (Matt. 27:22). You cannot be neutral. You are either for Him or you are against Him. "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad" (Matt. 12:30).

Many, alas, are crucifying Him afresh upon crosses of neglect, indifference, or worldliness, thus putting Him to open shame. Still our God pleads, "Give Me thine heart." Oh, weary and sin-laden ones, do not longer reject the One who has waited so long outside your heart's door. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," He says, "if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

A father held the hand of his little daughter as both looked reverently upon Holman Hunt's painting, "The Light of the World," known more popularly as "Christ at the Door." Looking her father in the face, the child asked earnestly, "Oh, Daddy, did they let Him in?"

#### THE SMITING ROCK

The Bible says: "Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "He, that

being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29:1).

In 1888 a corps of civil engineers came to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and examined the dam that controlled the waters flowing down the valley. They went to the authorities and said, "The dam is unsafe. The people in the valley are in constant danger!" Some said, "You can't scare us!" That fall the men came back and again examined the dam. Again they reported, "We warn you people, your city is in hourly danger." The people laughed. In the spring the engineers examined the dam the third time, and again warned the people, but the people did nothing.

Fifteen days later a boy rode furiously into the valley shouting, "Run for your lives! The dam has broken!"

In a few minutes the swirling waters struck Johnstown, completely inundating the city. More than thirty-seven hundred souls were swept into eternity.

The Saviour never uttered sadder words than these, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life" (John 5:40). How His great heart of love yearns to save you! How moving is the scene of our Lord weeping over the city of Jerusalem whose people He had come to save! "How often would I have gathered thy children together, . . . and ye would not!" (Matt. 23:37).

A gypsy lad saw his mother hurled into a swollen river from a wagon drawn by runaway horses. She was struggling wildly to keep afloat. Being an excellent swimmer, he immediately plunged into the stream to rescue her. The panic-stricken mother struggled so frantically that rescue was impossible. At the funeral the lad was heard to sob, "Mother, Mother! I did my best to save you, but you wouldn't let me!" Will our Lord be forced to say this of you as you stand in His presence one day?

How our heart yearns for the salvation of all who are without God and without hope in the world! For Jesus is coming again, as King of kings and Lord of lords, "in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that

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know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (II Thess. 1:8). To the Christ-rejecting and unbelieving, the coming of Christ will be a time of fearful judgment, "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness" (Joel 2:2). To them He will come as a smiting stone. To God's children, however, His coming will be a time of rejoicing and blessing.

Do you cherish the "blessed hope" of His imminent return or will His coming be for you a time of judgment? Trust Him today. Fly to the Rock of Ages and shelter from the coming storm.

—Abridged. The entire message, in an attractive booklet at 6c per copy, is obtainable from MOODY PRESS, 820 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 10, Illinois.

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✻✻✻ **CHRISTIAN WORKER'S CORNER** ✻✻✻

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**Fragrance** Renan, the French sceptic, said sarcastically, and yet how truly: "You Christians live on the fragrance of an *empty tomb*."

**Wellington's Signal** When the battle of Waterloo was being fought, all England, waiting for the result of the battle, was dependent for the news upon signals flashed from station to station by semaphore. One of these was on top of Winchester Cathedral. Late in the day the message was received: "Wellington defeated . . ." At that moment a sudden fog descended. The news of the disaster spread like wildfire, reaching London, and causing an unspeakable gloom, almost bordering on despair.

Just as suddenly the fog lifted again and the rest of the message was received: "Wellington defeated the enemy." Sorrow and gloom were turned into untold joy, defeat into victory.

When the Lord Jesus went forth to the Cross, all hope seemed to die out. His followers saw Him in death, and the hosts of hell must have rejoiced in that seeming defeat. Thank God, the fog of doubt and disappointment was suddenly lifted and the full message was declared—"Christ defeated the enemy." In resur-

rection He appeared again, to prove His victory over sin, death, and Satan.

In that very death which seemed defeat "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9:26), broke its power forever, overthrew the enemy, and won victory over death forever. In His resurrection He opened the Kingdom of Heaven to whosoever will. Now all who believe in Him, instead of living in the fog in dread and despair, can know the absolute certainty of His triumph by having their chains snapped and their sins forgiven, and have the glorious prospect of sharing His triumph forever.

"Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 4:25-5:1).

—G. A. N.

### A Risen Testator

Robbie Flockhart used constantly to preach in the streets of Edinburgh, and he told this story: "I had a friend in the army, and he committed some offence in war time, for which he was condemned to be shot. So he said, 'Robbie, I have to die tomorrow, and as I have a little money, I have made my will and have left it to you.' 'Thank you,' said I. The next morning, instead of being taken out to be shot, the soldier received a free pardon; so," said Robbie, "he got his life and I lost my legacy, for a testament is not of force while the testator liveth; he must die to give effect to his will.

"Our great Testator," continued Robbie, "is dead; we know that He died—they nailed Him to the cross; therefore His will stands good. Let us go and take the legacy He has bequeathed to us. But," added Robbie, "that story is not enough to set forth Christ's work for us. Some time after, another friend left me a legacy, and he did die." However, there were some lawyers who got hold of the money, and Robbie never received a penny of the legacy. He said, "If my friend had been alive, I should have got it; that is to say, if he could have died and then afterwards have been alive again, he would have seen that I received the legacy.

"The first time, I lost my legacy because the friend who left it to me did not die; and the second time I lost it because the friend who left it to me did die, and did not rise again. But," said he, "see the glorious safety of the believer's legacy from his Lord. He who died, and so made the will of effect, has risen again, and He will see that no lawyer, honest or dishonest, shall ever interfere with the legacies that He left to His people. Not

*Even the Devil shall prevent heirs of unbelated life  
from obtaining the heritage — C. H. Spurgeon*

even the devil himself shall prevent the heirs of everlasting life from obtaining the heritage which Christ has left them in the new covenant which He sealed with His blood."

—C. H. Spurgeon



## THE RESURRECTION

By T. DE WITT TALMAGE\*

**P**HILOSOPHIC SPECULATION has gone through heaven, and told us there is no gold there; through hell, and told us there is no fire there; through Christ, and told us there is no God there; and through the grave, and told us there is no resurrection, and has left hanging over all the future one great, thick London fog.

If I were to call on you to give the names of the world's great conquerors, you would say: Caesar, Alexander, Philip, and the first Napoleon. You have missed the greatest! The men whose names have just been mentioned were not worthy of the name of Corporal when compared with him. He rode on the black horse that crossed the fields of Waterloo and Atlanta, and his bloody hoofs have been set on the crushed hearts of the race. He has conquered every land and besieged every city, and today Paris, London, Moscow, New York, and Brooklyn are going down under his fierce and long-continued assault.

That conqueror is DEATH. He carries a black flag and takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with carcasses.

Herod of old slew only those of two years and under, but this monster strikes all ages. Genghis Khan sent five millions into the dust; but this, hundreds of thousands of millions. Other kings sometimes fall back and surrender territory once gained; but this king has kept all he ever

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\*Extracts from a powerful sermon by Mr. Talmage.

won, save Christ, who escaped by Omnipotent power. What a cruel conqueror! What a bloody king! His palace is a huge sepulchre; his flowers the faded garlands that lie on coffin-lids; his music the cry of desolate households; the chalice of his banquet a skull; his pleasure-fountains the falling tears of a world.

But that throne shall come down; that sceptre shall break; that palace shall fall under bombardment. "For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation" (John 5:28-29).

Heathen philosophers guessed at the immortality of the soul, but never dreamed that the body would get up and join it. This idea is exclusively scriptural, and beyond reasoning.

#### AT THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of the trumpet. Then there will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! O Grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption. Surrender it now in incorruption"—thousands of bodies arising from the field of Waterloo, from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain—from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude!

#### WHAT WILL THESE BODIES BE?

But how will these bodies look? The bodies of the righteous, in the first place, will be *glorious*. The most perfectly formed body, indeed, is a mere skeleton to what it would have been had not sin come. God's model of a face, of a hand, of a foot, of a body, we know not. If,

after an exquisite statue has been finished, you should take a chisel and clip it, and chip it, and set the statue in an out-of-door exposure, its beauty would nearly all be gone. The human body has been clipped, and blasted, and battered for thousands of years. Physical defects have been handed down from generation to generation for six thousand years, and we have inherited all the bodily infelicities of all the past.

When God, however, takes the righteous out of their graves, He will refashion, and improve, and adorn according to the original model, until the difference between a gymnast and the emaciated wretch in the lazaretto will not be so great as that between our present bodily structures and our gloriously reconstructed forms. Then you will see the perfected eye, out of which, by waters of death, has been washed the last trace of tears and study. Then you will see the perfected hand—the knots on the knuckles of toil untied. No more stoop of the shoulders from burden-bearing and the weight of years, but all of us erect, elastic—the life of God in all the frame.

The most striking and impressive thing on earth now is a human face: yet it is veiled in the black veil of a thousand griefs. But when God on the resurrection morn shall put aside the veil, I suppose that the face of the sun in the sky is dull and stupid compared with the out-flaming glories of the countenances of the saved. I suppose that when those faces shall turn to look toward the gate or up toward the throne, it will be like the dawn of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day.

The body will be *immortal*. The physical system is now perpetually wasting away. Sickness and Death lurk around to see if they cannot get a pry under the tenement, and at a slight push we tumble off the embankment into the grave. But the righteous, arisen, shall have an immortal body. It will be incapable of disease. You will hear no cough or groan. There will be no miasma or fever in the air. There will be no rough steep down which to fall, no fracturing a limb.

People cross the sea for their health; but that voyage over the sea of death will cure the last Christian invalid. There grows an herb on that hill that will cure the last snake-bite of earthly poison. There will be no hospital there, no dispensary, no medicines, no ambulances, no invalid chair, no crutches, no emaciation, no spectacles for poor sight, no stopping up of windows to keep out the cold blasts, but health immortal for the resurrected bodies of the righteous.

Again, the body will be *powerful*. Walking ten or fifteen miles now, we are weary. Eight hours of work make any man tired. But the resurrected body will be mighty. God always will have great projects to carry on, and will want the righteous to help. Yea, in God's presence it is noonday all the time, and all heaven is coming and going. They rest not day or night, in the lazy sense of resting. They have so many victories to celebrate! so many songs to sing! so many high days to keep! They need no night, for their eyes are never weary. They need no sleep, for there is no call for physical renovation.

That kind of a body I want. There is so much of work to be done that I now begrudge the hours for sleep and necessary recreation. I sometimes have such views of the glorious work of preaching the Gospel that I wish I could tell men of Christ and Heaven, from the first day of January to the last day of December, without pausing for food, or sleep, or rest. Thanks be to God for the prospect of a resurrected body that shall never weary, and for a service of love that shall never pause and never end!

Oh, glorious day of resurrection! Gladly will I fling into the grave this poor, sinful frame, if at Thy call I may rise up a body tireless, and pure, and glorious, and immortal! That was a blessed resurrection-hymn sung at my father's burial:

"So Jesus slept: God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.  
Rest here, blessed saint, till from His throne  
The morning break and pierce the shade."

## THE RESURRECTION OF DAMNATION

But my text speaks of *the resurrection of damnation*. The Bible says but little about it; yet it is probable that as the wicked are, in the last day, to be opposite in character, so will they be, in many respects, opposite in body.

Are the bodies of the righteous glorious?—those of the wicked will be repelling. You know how bad passions flatten the skull and disfigure the body. There he comes up out of the graveyard—the drunkard, the blotches on his body flaming out in worse disfigurement and his tongue bitten by an all-consuming thirst for drink—which he cannot get, for there are no cocktail lounges in hell. There comes up the lascivious and unclean wretch, reeking with filth which made him the horror of the hospital, now wriggling across the cemetery lots—the consternation of the devils.

Here are all the faces of the unpardonable dead. The last line of attractiveness is dashed out, and the eye is wild, malignant, fierce, infernal; the cheek aflame; the mouth distorted with blasphemies. If the glance of the faces of the righteous is to be like a new morning, the glance of the faces of the lost will be like another night falling on midnight. If, after the close of a night's debauch, a man gets up and sits on the bed, sick, exhausted, and horrified with the review of his past; or rouses up with delirium tremens and sees serpents crawling over him or devils dancing about him—what will be the feeling of a man who gets up out of his bed on the last morning of earth, and reviews an unpardoned past? or, instead of imaginary evils crawling over him and flitting before him, finds the real frights and pains and woes of the resurrection of damnation?

Between the styles of rising, choose you. I set before you, in God's name, two resurrected bodies. The one radiant, glorious, Christlike; the other worn, blasted, infernal. I commend you to the Lord of the resurrection. Confiding in Him, Death will be to you only the black

servant that opens the door, and the grave will be to you only the dressing room where you dress for glory.

It is accepting Christ as your personal Saviour that assures you of life eternal and the resurrection of life. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" John 11:25. Believe, then, in Him—and live.



## THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

**D**R. E. R. BULL, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Loo Choo [Ryukyu] Islands, Japan, has found on the Island of Amakusa a huge grave marked by a stone boulder. An inscription on the boulder states that the heads of 11,111 Christians lie buried there. The grave dates back to the year 1637, when the Japanese exterminated all the Christians; and the inscription over this grave states that 33,333 Christians were slain, beheaded and buried. Their heads were buried in graves many miles distant from the rest of their bodies, one third of the Christian heads being buried on this particular island. When Dr. Bull made inquiries in Nagasaki, he was told: "When the Catholic priests\* preached the resurrection, they said that Christians would rise again. Fearing that it might be true, the officials of the persecuting Shogun determined that they would make it impossible for them to rise again by separating different parts of the bodies of the dead Christians."

"Ye do err," is our Saviour's rejoinder, "not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God" (Matt. 22:29). The most detailed description of the resurrection ever given says of the dis severed skeleton, "the bones came together, bone to his bone" (Ezek. 37:7), distance being negligible. For the Martyrs' hour is coming:

Somewhere beyond the stars  
 Is a love that is better than Fate;  
 And when night unlocks her bars,  
 I shall see Him—and I will wait.

—Selected

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\*Francis Xavier and other Catholic missionaries brought Christianity to Japan at a time when the infant Protestant churches were still struggling for their existence.—Ed.