

# Our Banner

Vol. XIX

JUNE, 1892

No. 6

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

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JOHN KNOX, NO. 5.

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BY SCOTIA.  
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Those who accept as reliable history the fabrications of both papist and infidel can find nothing in the character of John Knox but what is stern and severe. Especially has this been charged upon him in his family relations. There is in his private letters abundant proof to refute all such false and malicious charges. When driven into exile the oft repeated and long absences from his wife and children were trials reckoned among his severest persecutions. His love for Marjory Bowes, his first wife, who had often shared the hardships of exile with her husband, was most tender and unselfish, and in her early death he was sorely stricken. The friendly relations that always existed between him and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, furnish good evidence that in his home life he was free from aught that was unkind or severe.

About three years after the death of Marjory Bowes, Knox made a tour on foot through Western Scotland to comfort and give instruction to a few Protestant families that were scattered over that region. One of these families was that of "Good Lord Ochiltree," a fast friend of "the wandering preacher." Lady Ochiltree had prepared a "prophet's chamber" where Knox might rest at his pleasure whenever he chose to pass that way. During this visit she said to him, "Mr. Knox, I think you are at a loss for want of a wife." To which he replied, "Madam, I think nobody will take such a wanderer as I." The Lady replied, "Sir, if that be your objection I'll make inquiry to find an answer against our next meeting." Accordingly Lady Ochiltree said to her eldest daughter that she might be very happy if she would marry Mr. Knox. The daughter replied contemptuously, "I think you might wish me better than to marry that poor wanderer." The mother then addressed her second daughter in like manner with the same result. Finally she spoke to her third daughter upon the same subject, who said, "I am willing to marry him but I am afraid he will not take me." Her mother replied, "I will soon get you an answer." The next night when at supper Lady Ochiltree said to Knox, "Sir, I have been considering upon a wife for you and

*Son.*" Of course, while both natures concur in our redemption, and while we may attribute to the person to whom the natures belong the works of each nature, yet we cannot attribute to one nature what is peculiar to the other. We can say "the Lord of glory was crucified," but it would obviously be improper to say that the divine nature was crucified. The divine person who is both Lord of glory and at the same time really and truly man was crucified as to his human nature. We have allowed the masters of theology and the standards of the church to speak for themselves, and with one accord they tell us that the sufferings and the death of Christ were the sufferings and death not of a nature, but of a person, and that a divine person. To have such teachings denounced not only as "doubtful" and "muddled theology," but as "damnable heresy," is harsh and painful. If there is any truth that can bring consolation and joy to the soul, bowed in sorrow under a sense of its sins, it is that human guilt has been atoned for by the personal sufferings of the Son of God, that "the merciful God out of his infinite compassion assumes to himself, and inflicts upon himself in his own personal humanity, the penalty in the stead of the sinner."

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### THOU ART WITH ME.

BY REV. J. M. ARMOUR.

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By faith only can we be assured of the presence of the Lord. The same kind of faith by which we are assured that He is, may give us the assurance that He is *with us*, i. e., that He is present unto us and that he is favorable unto us.

Of His presence and of His favor we may have the very *same kind* of evidence which we have of the presence and favor of any other being; only infinitely more full and abounding on every side. For even our friends, our life-long companions, can give us evidence of their presence and favor in no other way than by some manifestations thereof, such as we are able to take note of, and such as we can interpret. He, the Infinite Spirit, is everywhere present; and not only so, but of this His presence all things which we behold are witnesses. For these could not be were He not: these could not be were *He absent*. They are, then, not only witnesses that He was, but that He is; not only that he is, but that he is present. Sacred, then, are all these, since they are his witnesses, since they declare continually his glory, his power, his goodness, his presence.

"*Thou art with me*"—and this, not as Space or Time, or as any of those subtle, ethereal powers or elements which encompass and permeate all things,—No, "Thou art with me" as thou art a person; and with me as thou encompassed me with thy favor and thy loving care, in ten

thousand ways manifested every day and every hour. My most true and trusted friend when with me, may not always think of me or care for me—other persons, other cares may cause him to forget—but thou art ever “mindful” of me, ever careful of me, ever compassing me round with thy mercies, even *as though no other being* did at all share thy love or experience thy tender mercy. Nor can any, the highest and mightiest of thy creatures be with me in the plentitude of their endowments and in the riches of their possessions, and in the fullness of their power, at any time (much less at all times) as thou art. Thy universe, of beings and things even from the least to the greatest, thou holdest ever in thy hand; so that whatsoever thou hast made is at all times available and ready at thy will, and this, quite apart from the thought or purpose of the agent thou employest; so that, by divine pre-arrangement and pre-determination all beings and things conspire to favor and lift up and help forward thy chosen, thy loved ones. Present, then, thou art in all *that* thou art, and all thou hast; even all thy mighty works which we behold. My best friend may be present, when I am in sore distress and need speedy help; but, it may be, his wealth is far distant; so that he cannot command it readily, or his forces may be stationed in some remote part of his empire; or his store of food may be in some of his “treasure cities” far away, so that I am in danger of perishing before even he can bring forth what is needed for my relief. *Thy* resources, thy armies, stand ever at thy right hand, they linger not but answer to thy bidding saying “*Here we are.*” Living beings, and all the elements—“fire, hail, snow, and stormy winds—fulfill thy word;” they are never beyond thy call, are never held back by any “entanglement,” they do thy will working together for good to all who love thee.

And yet, even this is not the sum and blessedness, the fullness and sweetness of thy presence. No, no, “Thou art with me,” *Thou thyself* in all that thou art. This is too wonderful to be at all understood or spoken of except in simple words of admiration and adoration. What kind of communication there can be between souls, by means of all that whereby thought or affection or tender love may be signified, we can never fully know. Language, that for the most part hath been distant and cold, melteth and gloweth with fervent heat. Light springeth up in darkness. Silence itself becomes eloquent. The starry heavens join with all nature in tenderest ministrations. Who then can dare to speak of that fulness of bliss which the presence and love of the Lord bringeth? Not his work, not his gifts, not what he does for us. No, what he is unto us. This, this is the joy and glory of his saints. “Whom have I in heaven but thee?” “The Lord is my portion saith my soul.” Such is the language of all the saints.

And what “portion,” what “inheritance,” but the Lord himself could satisfy? Hungry and thirsty, faint and weary, full of vehement

longings, must every soul be till the Fountain of all good is reached—the river of the water of life which floweth from the very throne of the Highest. The source and spring of all blessing is from the Rock of Ages: and, wonder of wonders, even this is the “Smitten Rock.” Purest, divinest, most welcome, most blissful, goodness of God himself; the outflowing of his infinite love, in love’s utmost vehemence and glory, when by its own heat and proper motion it becometh heaven-filling Mercy.

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## WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

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BY REV. T. HOLMES WALKER.

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Strange transformations have sometimes taken place in the topography of a country by the freaks of wind or flood. We were struck with the truth of this when passing through Johnstown and along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad but a week or two after that tremendous wall of water had swept the valley of the Conemaugh. Johnstown, that I had known as a flourishing town on the banks of a small stream, was a wild waste with here and there a partially ruined house to point out the general direction of the rows upon rows of houses that the flood had carried away. Perhaps the most wonderful effect of the storm was the fact that the railroad bed had been washed away; and where once ran the locomotive now the stream of water wandered through the valley so that the company was compelled to build a new roadbed where the stream had formerly been. So change the opinions and feelings of men when the flood of popularity or the stormy wind of persecution sweeps down upon them. Rev. Samuel B. Wylie is an apt illustration. “The Two Sons of Oil” fully expressed his views at one time in his life, but his futile attempt to destroy every copy of the book afterward only proved that he had been unable “to stand in the evil day.” It is truly wonderful with what facility and dispatch these storms of popularity or persecution can work havoc in what has taken perhaps years of the utmost skill and ability of man to accomplish. The training of the home, the church, and the seminary, are seemingly of little avail to stem the flood when vows are so easily forgotten and broken and solemn obligations so carelessly flung aside. The history of our church in the past year is but the history of a series of transformations as a result of a series of such storms. One of the strangest freaks of the storm of evil is to be seen in Brooklyn to-day. On Monday, April 18, 1892, in the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, three men came prominently before the Brooklyn Presbytery. One as its Moderator, Rev. David Gregg, D.D.; another, Rev. Robert Sproull, as a Presbyter; the other, Rev. J. F. Carson, seeking admission. Since the first two mentioned left the Reformed Presbyterian Church, breaking covenant vows, it may