

THE
PACIFIC EXPOSITOR.

NO. 1.—JULY, 1860.—VOL. II.

RECONCILIATION AND PEACE BY THE CROSS.

A WEDNESDAY EVENING LECTURE IN CALVARY CHURCH, BY THE EDITOR.

AND having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, *I say*, whether *they be* things in earth or things in heaven. — *Colossians i: 20*.

CONTENTS:

The argument stated — The blood of the Cross — Our state by nature — God the sole Author of our reconciliation — Christ the Head and Pacificator of the universe — “All things in heaven and in earth” — Limitation of the phrase — Our redemption just to God — The Church’s mission sublime — The completeness of our salvation.

IN VERSES 15–19 inclusive, we have the apostle’s description of the divine nature, mediatorial work, and glory of God’s Dear Son. He was led to speak of Him from having mentioned his kingdom, into which the believing Colossians were translated. And having assured them of “redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins,” he proceeded to describe His qualifications as a Redeemer, and then applies his argument so as to bring out distinctly his main purpose, which was to show that Christ Jesus, God’s Dear Son, was the only Redeemer, and that salvation was to be sought through Him only, and that as a Redeemer He was perfect and all-sufficient, and so great was the amplitude of redemption through Him, that nothing could be added to it. The efficient agent of our redemption, is the Father, and the instrumental agent is the Son, in whom “it hath

KEEP ME NOT HERE.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

Let me go, for the day breaketh.—*Gen. xxxli: 26.*

KEEP me not here! A voice from heaven is calling,
 Arise, my love, my fair one, come away;
 Unearthly light around my soul is falling,
 The glory,—dawn of heaven's eternal day.

Keep me not here! Amid that light descending
 Angels an escort stand in bright array;
 A choral welcome harps and voices blending,
 They point to heaven,—arise and come away.

Keep me not here! Far on yon heavenly mountain
 Of frankincense and myrrh, till break of day,
 Is he awaiting me by life's pure fountain,—
 Give me an angel's wings to rush away.

Keep me not here! The vale of death is glowing,
 Its shades and terrors lighted into day;
 The saints in light with wreaths triumphal strewing
 Its fearful path, are beckoning me away.

Keep me not here! My deepest spirit gushing
 With glowing love to Jesus, bursts this clay;
 Love's deep-toned calmness sin's last tremor hushing,
 Can rest not here on earth, away! away!

Keep me not here! Around my soul is falling
 Heaven's mantling robe of love, heaven's boundless day;
 I hear a voice from heaven,—'tis Jesus calling,
 Arise, my love, my fair one, come away.

G. B.

THE HIGHEST ELOQUENCE.—Were I called to select the most eloquent passage I had ever known, it would be the following from Robert Hall's sermon on the Lamb of God. Speaking of the Lord Jesus as the only atonement for sin, he says, "The justice of the Diety not to be propitiated by any other means, pursues the transgressor on earth and in hell; nothing in the universe can arrest it in its awful career, until it stops in reverence at the cross of Christ."

G. B.