

Buried With Him in Baptism.

It may be admitted that the human mind is prone "to resort to forms, and magnify them into undue importance, and trust in them as of marvelous efficacy," but it does not thence follow that forms are wrong, and ought to be abandoned. Abuse does not argue the necessity for disuse, but it calls for reformation or restoration. If God gave a form to religion, when the faith was once for all delivered to the saints, it impeaches his wisdom to pronounce it unnecessary. What he joined to Christianity no man dare disjoin, alter, or amend. According to Christ, who revealed the Father's will, "The true worshippers must worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Truth here denotes form. Paul denounced those who had a form of godliness, but denied its power, (2 Tim. iii.) yet he thanked God that the saints at Rome had obeyed from the heart the form of doctrine that had been delivered unto them. Worship to be perfect must hence have form and spirit. Like man, it is two-fold in its nature—it has both body and soul.

It is urged that neither Christ nor the apostles were tied to forms, and that, forgetful of this, immersionists ring the changes upon "liquid grave" and "watery grave." Is it true that neither Christ nor apostles were tied to forms? As for Christ I shall not speak, but Paul shall speak for himself: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." This ties Paul to the Gospel he preached. But that was "for the obedience of faith." The Romans, in that obedience of faith, obeyed a form. Paul was thus tied to a form through the Gospel and the obedience of faith. So too are all who preach Paul's Gospel.

The Catholic, as he invests the people with authority to change the Gospel, may disregard forms, but the Protestant must either renounce his principles or bear the exhortation to Timothy: "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."

The writer of the article in review asserts that the only burial of Christ was in the rock-house sepulcher of Joseph of Arimathea. He assumes, he does not, he cannot prove that Christ was not buried by John in Jordan. Of course John sprinkled in Jordan, and also at Aenon, because there was much water there. But to the burial of Christ in Joseph's tomb: Between this and immersion he can trace no resemblance. Wonder if his rantistic imagination can see a resemblance between Christ's burial in the tomb and rantism! Goad the honest imagination with all the Greek roots of *rantizo* and *cheo* extant, and sprinkling and pouring will fail to meet the demands of inspiration. "Joseph, of Arimathea, laid the body of Christ in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock, and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher." Is there nothing in this that looks like laying a man down in the water and allowing the liquid mass to overwhelm him? The learned and pious Presbyterian, McKnight, must answer: "Christ submitted to be buried under the water by John, and to be raised out of it again as an emblem of his future death and resurrection. In like manner the baptism of believers is emblematical of their own death, burial and resurrection."

Wisdom is justified of her children; but whether the *Commonwealth* and *Observer* are ready to hear, or allow to be heard, these words of wisdom, remains to be seen.

The truth is, continues the writer, "Burial by baptism refers not to the mode in which baptism is performed, but to the act of baptism, and that act performed by the Holy Spirit." This sentence is a singular violation of a

law implied, if not expressed, in the Mosaic ceremony, and written upon the tablets of common sense: Thou shalt not yoke together truth and error. It contains a truth in that, it hinges the baptismal controversy upon action, not mode, and an error because it makes the baptism in question spiritual baptism.

Let the author of those words stand by them, and he will soon dwell beneath a clear sky, lit up by the truth only; or, denying the history of the past, he will lapse into hopeless error.

When Christ gave his apostles authority to baptize, that word must have represented some definite action. Since according to the concession made, baptism is an action, what is it? Was it sprinkling, pouring, or immersion? Or was it indifferently any one of these? If sprinkling, why not use the word by which that specific act was denoted? If pouring, why not use *cheo*? Why Christ did not use *rantizo*, nor *cheo*, has not been answered, nor can it be. He did use *baptizo*, a word which denotes an action separate and distinct from either sprinkling or pouring, and a word which in contrast with them is translated dip. But it is uncertain which of these acts Christ meant to designate. Then, no one knows whether he has been baptized? To be certain of baptism, men ought to be sprinkled, poured, and immersed. But it can hardly be considered a question of uncertainty, nor can it be regarded a matter of indifference. Now the word translated baptism, more properly, anglicized baptism, either designates the whole or a part of the act to be performed. It will be said that the part of an act to be performed is designated. If the whole act to be obeyed is expressed by the word in question, it is impossible to see how that act may be either of the three acts, sprinkling, pouring or immersion. Either one of these excludes the other, for they are not identical actions. Identity cannot be affirmed of plurality. Neither sprinkling nor pouring can be substituted for the word baptize in the New Testament, and harmonize with the context. Let the English reader unacquainted with the original try it for himself. Not so the word immerse. It everywhere when substituted for baptize and its cognates, makes good sense. But I did not propose a treatise upon this oft-discussed question. I simply wanted to show that when it is made a question of action, and not mode, it must be not indifferently, either sprinkling, pouring, or immersion; but exclusively one or the other of these three, and that immersion alone meets the demand of the word as found in the Bible, it alone meets the demand of reason.

The second part of the statement quoted above calls for sifting. The act of baptism, here referred to, is said to be "performed by the Holy Spirit." Grant that this unwarranted assumption is true, and what have the opponents to immersion gained?

If this be spiritual baptism, then we read, "therefore are we buried with him by sprinkling or pouring," and this constitutes spiritual baptism. Spiritual baptism involves a burial. Our spirits, though the Holy Spirit may, as on the day of Pentecost, be represented as poured, must be buried in figure, or in fact in the Holy Spirit. What is this but immersion, though effected by pouring. Our spirits are overwhelmed or submerged in the Holy Spirit. With this before us the sprinklers have gained nothing. But this position is a violation of Biblical teaching, and is at war with the theory of spiritual baptism held by Presbyterians.

It is taught in the Scriptures that the apostles or one hundred and twenty and the household of Cornelius were baptized in the Holy Spirit. Other baptisms in the Holy Spirit are not recorded. Nor have we any unless they be found in the right of every Christian to be filled with the

Holy Spirit. It is a matter for thanksgiving that we are not said to be sprinkled by it or with it. Nor do the foes to immersion in water cherish the thought that the Spirit's influence is a mere sprinkling. Hence the theory they hold is at war with the position that baptism is, in Rom. vi. and Col. ii. sprinkling. Besides, it is maintained that spiritual baptism is customary. It does not represent our spirits put under the influence of the Holy Spirit and lifted out of it immediately.

But the baptism here assumed to be spiritual does that. It involves a burial and a resurrection. What is buried is raised. Into an element we immerse, from the same element we emerge. Is the spirit alone buried, that alone is raised? Does it lie buried in the Holy Spirit or under its influence, from that condition it rises. "If ye then be risen with Christ," says Paul to the Colossians, "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." These saints like those at Rome, had been buried, and they had risen. Certain it is, burial and resurrection are wholly inapplicable to any theory of spiritual baptism. Spiritual baptism furnishes no resurrection. It utterly fails just here. Nothing but water baptism will meet the requirements of these unyielding facts. Nothing but immersion will satisfy the meaning of the word, and will complete the symbol before the Apostle's mind. In that alone is found a burial and a resurrection upon the threshold of a new life consequent upon a death to sin through a penitent faith. There is then no escape from the conclusion that "burial by baptism," is immersion in water, and that being the form of doctrine obeyed by the Romans, it can not be neglected without God's disapprobation.

One more quotation from the *Commonwealth* and *Observer* must suffice. What I have said I know is for the common weal, but I fear it is more than will be observed:

"And so thousands of those who have never gone down under the water and who never expect to, but who have nevertheless been baptized in the truly 'primitive and apostolic mode' of sprinkling or pouring, show by their subsequent blameless and irreproachable lives that they have been really 'buried by baptism into his death' and that they have risen [have risen out of what? from what have they risen?] and now walk in newness of life."

What is there in all this against immersion? Nothing. The immersed do right in living moral lives, therefore immersion is not baptism. What proves too much is no proof at all. Assuming that sprinkling is baptism, Cornelius and his household before baptism presented lives more acceptable to God than thousands of Presbyterians; therefore the Presbyterians are unbaptized. There is no proof in the utterance quoted for or against immersion. Water whether poured, or sprinkled, upon the candidate, or used for his immersion, has no force of itself to empower man to do or to be good. True, it has long been taught that even where faith is not, repentance is; yea, where these cannot be for years to come, a little water sprinkled or poured is the sign and seal of regeneration, but is so held by people who are not tied to forms. Those prone to resort to forms, and magnify them into undue importance, may teach this marvelous efficacy of water; but the undersigned holds no such views.

Before concluding I must urge the necessity of continuing steadfastly in the Apostolic doctrine. If that bid us observe forms, let them be observed. But we do not wish to substitute faith, repentance or baptism, for God. We do not wish to worship an appointment as a Savior. Each of these derives its power to save from "the Lamb of God that taketh away the

sin of the world."—J. B. JONES, in *Apostolic Times*.

Tender Mercies of Eum.

A young wife lay dying on a pallet of straw. Her worried life had been one of joy and sadness. For a time all went well. Her husband was everything that heart could desire. In an evil hour he formed wicked associations, and the serpent of the still had bound him fast. Then came neglects, harsh words, and brutal assault from the one who, in other days, led her proudly to the altar. She had been so frequently disappointed, her hopes withered, her prospects blighted, that her heart was well-nigh crushed, and she looked forward to the grave as a bed of down to lay her weary body.

He had made so many promises and tried so frequently to reform, and had failed, that it seemed time would urge him again to abandon his cup. Hope began to struggle again for existence in the bosom of the young wife. "Perhaps he will heed my dying request. If he promises me now, I know that he will keep the pledge." So fancying, she turned her pale face toward him, as the hot tears ran down her cheeks, for the last time. It was fast approaching night. The sun had gone down behind the hills. The sky was blushing in opal and crimson and gold. The birds, recent with flight and song, were sitting mute upon the branches. The laborer had left his plow in the furrow and was winding his way homeward. She said, "Husband, I am going to be with Jesus to night. The angels are already here to carry me now. I will soon see our darling Willie. Oh, I see bright faces! I hear the rustle of wings! Hark! Willie is calling me: 'Don't be afraid, mother; Jesus will help you. The angels will carry you; and I am waiting for you.' Husband, I don't want to go until you promise me—promise me for the sake of little Willie, whom we laid under the violets a year ago, for the sake of your dying wife who will be 'waiting and watching' for you at the beautiful gate—promise me, husband, that you will not take another glass of liquor until you take it from my hand." He was completely overwhelmed, and swayed back and forth in agony like an oak in a tempest. At length he promised. "Wife, you have always been good to me. Forgive me for the wrong that I have done you. I will do as you say. God help me to keep my vow; and meet you and my child in heaven." Heaving a shivering sigh as he dashed the tears from his eyes, and lo! his wife had gone. Gone from the side of a bloated, blotched, bleary-eyed, drunken husband, to be forever with the Lord.

What a charge was his. See how he kept the pledge. Didn't he mean it? Before the morning dawned he went out and procured a bottle of whisky. Returning he turned down the tattered quilt and took the clammy hand of his dead wife. Opening the stiffened fingers, he put a wine-glass into her palm, and filled it with whisky and drank it. This he repeated at intervals until he became brutally drunk. What cared the poor wretch for angel, son and sainted wife, when the spell was upon him? If they had not been in glory, he would now have dabbled his feet in their blood for the sake of rum.

Is this God's earth? Has he no thought for the suffering of his creatures? O God, rend the heavens and come down and set the captives free.—B. Minard.

The Gospel is a proclamation of a free salvation, for the chief of sinners, without money and without price; it bids them receive and live, embrace and be happy, obey and be holy: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

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Mr. Spurgeon on Unbelief.

It is specially appalling that a man should perish through wilfully rejecting the divine salvation. A drowning man throwing away the life-belt, a poisoned man pouring the antidote upon the floor, a wounded man tearing open his wounds; any one of these is a sad sight, but what shall we say of a soul putting from it the Redeemer and choosing its own destruction? O souls, be warned, and forbear from eternal suicide. There is still the way of salvation, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To believe is to trust. I met with one the other night who had imbibed the notion that saving faith was simply to believe that the doctrines of the word of God, and the statements therein made, are true. Now faith includes that, but it is much more. You may believe all this book to be true, and be lost notwithstanding your belief. You must believe it as to act upon it by trusting. "Trust what?" say you. Let us alter the question before we answer it. "Trust whom?" You have to trust in a living person, in the Lord Jesus Christ, who died as the substitute for those who trust him, and lives to see that those whom he bought with blood are also redeemed from their sins by power, and brought home to heaven. Trust Jesus Christ, soul. Have done with yourself as your confidence, and commit your soul into the keeping of the faithful Redeemer.

The Pope's Stocking.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following account of a miracle effected by one of the Pope's old stockings. The sequel shows that the Pope, even in his old age, has as keen a relish for a joke as for a miracle:

Among the many pilgrims who have of late visited Rome was an old French lady, who undertook the pilgrimage, according to an Italian paper, under circumstances of no ordinary interest. She had for some time suffered from an affection of the leg of so serious a nature that, acting under the advice of eminent physicians, she at last consented to have the limb amputated as the only chance of restoration of health. On the day, however, before that on which the operation was to take place, one of her friends persuaded her to defer it until she had tried the effect of a stocking worn by the Pope, and which he asserted would infallibly cure her. She accordingly put on the stocking, and, to her surprise and delight, at the end of a few days was able to walk about as thoroughly cured as though she had never labored under any infirmity. Having made a vow that if the remedy proved successful she would perform a pilgrimage to Rome, she lost no time in redeeming the pledge; and on being ushered into the presence of the Pope, prostrated herself with emotion before his Holiness, enthusiastically thanking him for the benefit she had derived from the use of his stocking. After hearing her story the Pope coldly replied, "You are most fortunate. One of my stockings has healed you and restored you a leg. As for myself, I put two of them on each morning, yet I am not able to walk or even stand upright on my legs, and am obliged," he added bitterly, "to be wheeled about in my chair."

He who says education, says government; to teach is to reign; the human brain is a sort of terrible wax, that takes the stamp of good or evil according to whether an ideal touches it or a claw seizes it.—Victor Hugo.

She who does not make her family comfortable, will herself never be happy at home, and she who is not happy at home, will never be happy anywhere.—Addison.