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God’s Memorial Name (Jan 1955)

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Please Read Ex. 3:3-15, and 6:3. “This is My name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations.”

The subject introduced by the above title should encourage our readers to a greater and stronger confidence in the God whom we profess to know, love, and trust. In the Old Testament there are quite a number of memorials, each one containing precious lessons, from which we derive much spiritual help and profit.

Since a memorial is something by which we keep up the memory of a person or an event, surely these Old Testament memorials enable us to recall important things. Let us think of God’s Memorial Name. This is the name by which He wishes to be remembered. Moses asked in Ex. 3:13, “What is Thy name?” “And God said unto Moses, I Am That I Am,” and in vs. 15 He added, This is My name for ever, and this is My memorial to all generations.” Remember that each name of God has its own significance, each one giving a different view of His person, character, and work.

What do we learn from this name, “I Am That I Am”? A great deal, for it has the same import as the name Jehovah, which in turn means, I continue to be, and will be what I continue to be, the Eternal One, the Ever-existing One. God declares, “I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty, but by My name Jehovah was I not known,” (Ex. 6:3). Does He mean that the fathers did not

know Him by this name? No, but rather, that to them the significance of this name had not been fully proved by them, but now the opportunity for so doing was before them.

Look at the picture! Israel is under the heel of the cruel oppressor. In order for them to be delivered, the might of Egypt will have to be crushed. Any one attempting such a great feat must reckon to meet all the nation's marshalled power. God as I Am That I Am comes near and says to Moses, "I am come down to deliver." Let Egypt muster her forces, bring into exercise all her mightiest engines of war, and pursue the fleeing slaves into the bed of the Red Sea. Yes, she may do all this, but behold, the great I Am bestirs Himself, and looks at them through the cloud: for, "Jehovah overthrew (shook off) the Egyptians in the midst of the sea," (Ex. 14:27). Hark! While Israel sings, "I will sing unto the Lord (Jehovah) for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Pharoah in his pride had said, "Who is Jehovah that I should obey Him?" He knows now. Israel also knows, and recalls this blessed memorial name. It reminds them of their deliverance from bondage; it means good-bye to Egypt forever with its chains and misery. Here we have glimpsed at a little of the deep, deep meaning of I Am That Am.

Greater wonders are yet to be unfolded to us, for God is waiting to thus prove Himself. Do we need deliverance? Does the enemy harass us Are we hemmed in by circumstance that seem to press so hard that we are almost overwhelmed? If this be so, let us reach out to Him Who bears the memorial name. He waits still to manifest Himself, the Almighty I Am. Look at Him,

centuries have rolled their course, and now He stands in the midst of the Churches. (Rev. 1). Listen, as He speaks, “I Am Alpha And Omega The Beginning And The Ending, saith the Lord which is, and which was, and which: is to come,” (vs. 8). Do you recognize Him? Surely, it is the same Blessed One, “Whose years shall not fail,” Hallelujah! This must have been a great comfort to those early believers, many of whom had known the rage of the enemy, and definitely to John, himself, banished on the Isle of Patmos. History gives us a little insight into the suffering and trials of those early saints. Note the pressure of those days as described in Rev. 2:10; there are suggested foul prisons, glaring fires, and cruel tortures. Did these persecutions shake that noble band of heroes? No! Such fierce trials only prove that nothing can crush the great spirit of those who are upheld by the Everpresent, Omnipotent I Am. Let us stand at a later day by the side of John Arkley, confronted by the enemies of Christ, and with nothing before him but the stake, and the burning faggot. Did he surrender when asked to recant? Listen to that heroic soul, “What! Recant? If I had as many lives as hairs in my head, I would give them all to the fire before I would lose Christ.”

I turn from that noble army of heroes, and I thank God for that day when they will be rewarded with “the crown of life” and with the “well done” of the very best of Masters, the Lord Jesus. In these favoured lands, so far, we have not been called upon to tread this martyr path; nevertheless, trials abound. The enemy, though he may have changed his tactics, is still the same inveterate foe of both God and His beloved people. He will do his utmost to harass and perplex, in order to drive them into

a state of despair and thus paralyze them and render them useless in the service of God. Let us remember that God permits trials to enter our lives; yea, betimes plans them, so that we might get to know Him better and prove His wondrous power to deliver. Yea, to learn something of the power of His memorial name, I Am That I Am. Perhaps you are saying, “If only the writer knew how steep the hill is that I am trying to climb at this minute, and how heavy the burden that crushes me down almost to the point of despair.” Indeed, someone may say, “Do you know anything of disappointed hopes, such as lie deep in the heart of parents whose children, the objects of much prayer, have turned their backs on the Gospel? Children, who alas, are now taken up with the fleeting pleasures of a world, fast ripening for judgment.”

These pages might reach some who, daily, feel the burden of ill health. They know the meaning of the dragging hours of pain and the long nights of vigil. Others, there are, who could recount at length the peculiar testings and crosses that seem to be their daily portion. The other day I shook the hand of a brother who had just emerged from the dread ordeal of unjust imprisonment for Christ’s sake. He had passed through deep experiences, the very narration of which seemed like a frightful nightmare to us, but for him it had been horrible actuality. How did he appear? Radiant with the joy of God. What brought him through this crucial test? He was sustained by the almighty arms of I Am That I Am.

Tell me, tried, oppressed, and burdened fellow believer, are you prepared to put your case into the hands of the Almighty Deliverer, the I Am? If you are, you will

experience His grace and power, for He has declared, “This is My name for ever, and this is My memorial to all generations.”

“Jehovah! That glorious name,

Reveals His redeeming power.

His saints, all the blessings, may claim

To comfort when trials lower.”

There is a humility that manifests itself in graciousness; a lowliness that is the essence of peace; a self-denial that radiates the very light of heaven; but, alas! the beauty of these, like that of some exotic bloom, withers under the chilly touch of carnality.

--S of M.

The Memorial Feast (June 1955)

From Food for the Flock, Vol. 1 No. 6, June 1955.

“And this day shall be unto you for a memorial, and ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord, throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever. It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord for bringing them out of the land of Egypt; this is that night of the Lord to be observed of all the children of Israel in their generation,” (Ex. 12:14-42).

At an earlier date in Food for The Flock, I wrote on the subject, “The Memorial Name.” Let me now suggest to you certain thoughts relative to “The Memorial Feast.”

For a clearer understanding of the facts we are dealing with, it would be better to read the entire portion suggested at the close of the above quotation, for in this passage there is a nation-wide call. No one dares to ignore this call; all are expected to respond. Every one is invited to a feast, and this feast is to be a perpetual ordinance to be handed down through all succeeding generations. This feast cries, remember, remember, remember! Remember deliverance, emancipation, and freedom, all wrought by Israel’s covenant-keeping God. Let us in imagination go back to that night. The air is heavy with excitement and anticipation. The Divine stroke through the plagues has fallen nine times. Fear and consternation grips the Egyptians. A haughty and hardened monarch sits in wicked defiance of the Divine command, and is determined not to let Israel go. The zero hour approaches. God is about to strike again. His hand is poised. What a sickening blow is about to fall, a blow that will plunge Egypt into extreme grief, for it will

affect every one from the palace of Pharoah to the dungeon of the captive. Little do they dream of the aftermath that is to follow the sweeping death-stroke of Jehovah's sword. Glance at Israel for a moment. How are they feeling? For days they have been watching God's wonder - working hand plaguing their enemies, and putting to confusion the subtle skill of,the magicians. They are waiting to see what God will do next. They know little of the final act that will mark the grand hour of deliverance from slavery and bondage. Hear them exclaim, "Is this the end of the iron furnace? Are we about really to be delivered from the biting lash of the oppressor? Shall we be no longer the objects of his unpitying hate?" It seemed too good to be true, but it was true on that night much to be remembered by means of a memorial feast.

Fellow saint, does this remind you of anything? Does it not recall for you the time when you were Satan's slave? Does it not bring back to mind those heavy chains, the misery, the sorrow, the despair of sin? Listen! If I could but call you together, I would ask you to sing with me out of a glad heart, "My chains are snapt, the bonds of sin are broken, and I am free; O let the triumph of His grace be spoken, Who died for me." His ancient people were ever to remember their deliverance; let us do likewise.

How was this feast of the Lord to be observed? All was by Divine arrangement, for this was to mark their new beginnings. The previous six months were to be dropped from memory. Do you remember YOUR NEW BEGINNING, and the fragrant and blessed words, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more" ?

As we look into Exodus chapter 12, what is it that holds our attention with an irresistible magnetism? Is it not “a lamb,” “the lamb,” and “your lamb”? As the significance of these words grip our hearts, we cry, “Behold, the Lamb of God,” for surely here we have a foreshadowing of the adorable Lord Jesus.

Notice in the passage the seven outstanding verbs, “take,” “keep,” “kill,” “strike,” “eat,” “roast,” and “burn.” They display the seven rays of Messiah’s glory which throw their beams into the New Testament, and show us:

First, He was taken; foreordained before the foundation of the world but manifest in these last times for you, (1 Pet. 1:20).

Second, He was kept before the eye of heaven, earth, and hell, and during this test was proved to be without blemish and without spot, (1 Pet. 1:19).

Third, He was killed, and yet He gave His life a ransom for all, (1 Tim. 2:6).

Fourth, His blood avails, for being justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him, (Rom. 5:9).

Fifth, He satisfies our souls, for Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, and we keep the feast, (1 Cor. 5:7).

Sixth, He paid the penalty of our sins, and endured the heat of wrath Divine, “Christ also has once suffered for sins,” (1 Pet. 3:18).

Seventh, He saw no corruption, for there was nothing left over to decay, but which was burned with fire, even so, “He, whom God raised saw no corruption,” (Acts 13:37).

What a galaxy of glory! As we read, and ponder; we worship, and join with Rutherford singing, “The Lamb is all the glory of Emmanuel’s Land.”

Pass behind the blood stained door. See what peace prevails there; what joy abounds! The judgment is passed! The first-born lives! A complete family sits at the festal board spread with the roast lamb portioned without the breaking of a bone. What rich fare! They are eating of the head, the legs, and the purtenance, things which typify, the mind of Christ, the motions of Christ, and the motives of Christ; He Who did not sin, Who knew no sin, in Whom there was no sin. As we look we see JESUS IN THE MIDST.

At this feast there is also unleavened bread. Of what does this remind us? Surely this, that THEY ONLY FEAST ON CHRIST WHOSE LIVES ARE HOLY. Leaven is always typical of evil. As all leaven was excluded from that first passover supper, even so, we must, “Purge out the old leaven, that we may be a new lump… Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth,” (1 Cor. 5:7-8).

There is another item on the paschal menu, bitter herbs. God would have them recall how bitter the bondage had been which had brought about the pangs of the slain lamb. As the firstborn would gaze at his cold lifeless substitute on the ground, as he would watch it roasted thoroughly with the fire, he might have said, “What a price for my redemption.” Fellow-believer, journey by faith to Calvary, fix your eye upon the form hanging on the tree, and even although there is a deep-dyed blush of shame for that guilty past, the past that would have

sunk you down to hell, look upon Christ's sorrow; see His dreadful agony; watch Him die, and tell me this. Can you look, and not feel THE ARMS OF YOUR AFFECTIONS reach out, and wrap themselves around that bruised and bleeding form of your substitute? Do you blame the old English farmer who stood motionless, with tear stained face, in the great Art Galleries of London, gazing long at the reproduction of the crucifixion, for crying out, "Bless Him; I love Him." Do you blame the others in the group, for joining their hands and repeating with him in unison, "Bless Him, I love Him"?

Outside the blood sheltered door, the dark dark night has passed. As the morning breaks, we sense the change. We listen to the woeful cries which fill the morning air. Poor bereaved Egypt! Grief indescribable is seen everywhere. There is not a house where there is no one dead. What a lesson we have here! Let us WARN FELLOW TRAVELLERS TO ETERNITY OF IMPENDING JUDGMENT. Let us tell them to hasten within the blood procured shelter. Let us make them understand that all outside must perish in the eternal fires of God's judgment.

This memorial feast was to be observed by Israel when they had entered into the Land of Promise. Their great deliverance was never to be forgotten. Yearly they were to appear before the Lord, and none were to appear before Him empty. THEY WERE TO GIVE TO THE LORD as He had prospered them. (Deut. 15).

Israel's memorial feast reveals also that this remembrance of the first Passover was intended to

provide incentives to a KINDER AND A MORE LIBERAL TREATMENT of their poor brethren.

Let us gather up the threads of this great object lesson, so that we may apply its teaching to ourselves, “Who have known redemption from bondage worse than theirs by far.” May we display our appreciation to the Lord; first, by showing a greater devotion to Christ in our service; second, by manifesting a more practical generosity in our returns to the Lord; and, in third place, by a more literal openness of hand and heart to our dear fellow believers against whom the winds of adversity have blown.

May the lessons of the memorial feast of Israel ever remain with us, and may there ever be to Him, the blessed Antetype, praise, honour, and glory. Amen.

The Memorial Food (May 1956)

From Food for the Flock, Vol. 2 No. 5, May 1956.

In earlier issues we have considered “The Memorial Name” and “The Memorial Feast.” Let us now consider “The Memorial Food,” the manna given by God to Israel. In this we have something unique for it is called “Angels’ food.” Man had never eaten of this before, nor will he ever eat of it again. It was God’s singular provision for His pilgrim people, Israel. In His faithfulness He supplied it every day for forty years until they reached the land of promise (Josh. 5:10-12). Regarding the memorial aspect of the manna we read, “Fill an omer of it to be kept for your generations; that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness. And Moses said unto Aaron, Take a pot, and put an omer full of manna therein, and lay it up before the Lord, to be kept for your generations” (Ex. 16:32-33). Yes, God would not have them forget His marvellous provision.

There is at the very beginning of this story, however, one sad feature which we must notice, and that is the spiritual condition of the people of Israel. “The whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness.” The nation was guilty of complaining, and that against their God-appointed leaders. It would definitely be good for us to read repeatedly the New Testament commentary upon their sin as given in 1 Corinthians 10:1-12; we all stumble so easily into the pit of murmuring, and thus make ourselves a ready prey for the enemy, Satan, who never loses an opportunity to strip us of our power. Is there anything so soul withering as a murmuring

tongue? May the Lord deliver us from being numbered with these transgressors.

With relief we turn from this sad picture to contemplate their faithful covenant-keeping God, Who, in spite of their murmurings, opened up His bountiful hand to meet their urgent need. How like Him! Well might we sing, “Oh God of matchless grace.” What a sight met their eyes the very morning after this shameful behaviour. Over the ground lay heaven’s provision to meet the need of every soul in Israel. The people looked in amazement at the small, round, white, thing that lay like frost upon the ground. “It is manna!” they exclaimed. Actually they asked, what is it? “For they wist not what it was.”

In the Gospel according to John the Lord tells us that, although this was Israel’s food, it was also a type of Himself, “The Bread of God which cometh down from Heaven and giveth life to the world.” When the memorial portion of the manna was put in the golden pot, deposited in the ark of the covenant, and placed in the innermost sanctuary, surely, it was typical of “The Hidden Manna” (Rev. 2:17). Blessed be God! We know that yonder in the immediate presence of God is the very same Jesus Who came down from Heaven as the “Bread of Life.” There He is glorified “living in the power of an endless life,” and although for awhile He is hid from the eyes of men, He still remains the food for His beloved people.

The manna was wilderness fare; it was not for Canaan. Here, surely, is a lesson for us, for the world, although it may be a fair place for the worldling, is to the believer a dry barren wilderness. At this point I would give a word of warning, for it is here that we are apt to make

shipwreck. Demas foundered here, “Having loved this present world.” Many another noble life since then has met the same fate. How it must have broken Paul’s heart to see his trusted companion break up on the rocks of worldliness! To change the figure, the world like a bear has hugged many a believer to death. Let us be on our guard. The world’s glitter can dim the brightest light, and its weighty demands paralyse the strongest arm.

The memorial food of God’s people reminds us that, “Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.” “Heaven is our Fatherland, Heaven is our home.”

Let us view it from still another angle; in the golden pot there was a food that was suitable for all the different stages of physical development. It nourished the newly born babe, it empowered the full grown man, and it was relished by the pilgrim full of days. Young and old, weak and strong, found it the very best of food. Today, every believer can sing of the true Antitype of the manna, “Thou, Oh Christ, art all I want, more than all in Thee I find.” The taste of the manna was sweet, “Like wafers made with honey.” This sweetness reminds us of the words of the bride in the Song of Solomon, “I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.”

This memorial food has still other things to suggest. It brings to mind the fact that the spiritual food of the Christian has to be gathered fresh every morning, that every day one has to gather a new portion of the Divine provision. Fellow believer, it may be that you are weak. Could it be that you are suffering from spiritual malnutrition? Would it be possible that you have not been gathering your daily portion of Christ? Take care,

you may soon become a spiritual dwarf, and as a result be disapproved by the Best of Masters, Christ. Be warned; let no morning pass without feeding at the heavenly board.

Little space remains for our last look at this instructive memorial. The manna was small, round, and white. It again speaks of Christ to the heart. Its smallness infers the profound humility of Christ; its roundness, the beautiful symmetry of Christ's character; and its whiteness, the spotless purity of Christ's manhood. O how beautiful and proportionate were the moral graces of our adorable Lord! Let us feed on Him, for as we feed on Christ we become like Christ, and what could be more desired than to experience that wonderful metamorphosis, to "be changed into the same image, from glory to glory." Many more lessons might be drawn from this instructive memorial, but with space filled, we reluctantly turn away with souls crying out, "Christ is all."