

The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

They never seem to be far away,
The loved and dear who have left my side!
A breath, that the sunlight shall lift one day,
Floateth between, their forms to hide;
I saw them last, with their faces pale,
As the angel arms were about them thrown,
I shall see them again, within the veil,
In the glory mortal hath never known!

When morn is fair in her silver mists,
Or eve is dark with her shadows gray,
I think how royal with amethysts
And pearl and gold is their shining day!
In the household work that used to share,
The thought of them is a bit of heaven,
And holier growth each household care
That catcheth a gleam from the light of heaven!

They are only gone where our Jesus is,
And never can that be far away;
They stand in His presence. O! perfect bliss,
To dwell in the light of His face for aye.
Oft in prayer have we felt Him near,
Oft have we walked in His guiding hand!
They cannot lose Him, in doubt or in fear,
And therefore the joy of the better land!

Why should they seem to be far away,
Loved and dear, for whom Jesus died?
While as a star is our hope one day
To enter, and with them be satisfied!
Only a step to the clear noon-day,
Out of our darkness, that is all!
Only a veil, that shall lift away,
When soft as a zephyr, His touch shall fall!

—Our Monthly.

Religious.

"ENTHUSIAST."

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE
BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN
LONDON, APRIL 24TH, 1872, BY
REV. CHARLES STANFORD.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I
live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, &c."
—GAL. II. 20.

(Continued.)

III. We have here the declaration of a man whose enthusiasm for Christ was heightened by the consciousness that he was personally loved by Christ. The great missionary goes on to say, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me." To one man the name God, means a Force; to another man it means a Spiritual Terror; but to me, if I have Paul's faith, it means a tender, glorious, Infinite Friend, revealed to me under the name of Jesus Christ. "He loved me," and as infinite perfection never changes, "He loves me still, and will love me for ever. Yes, He loves me. In His sight, I am not a mere human cypher; in His universe, I have not only a number, but a name. He calls me by name, and leads me out. He puts his hand upon me, and even now my soul is vibrating to his touch. He walks with me in my Galilee; He sails with me in my poor boat; He often shows me on which side it will be best for me throw my net. His voice, flung upon the tempest of cares, stills them into perfect peace. The words of love written by Him in this book are to myself personally, and I can understand, through sympathetic insight, the meaning of that disciple, who said: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate *Hugh Kennedy* from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus or Lord." It is impossible for a poor dweller in "the flesh" to feel that he is himself so highly graced, so deeply loved by Christ, and not be an enthusiast for Christ. He will say: "I know the Lord—there is but One; does He want me? May I go on one of his missions? Lord here am I; send me. To think that I should ever sadly grieve Thy Spirit, be dull to hear Thy voice, or slow to do Thy will! I will follow Thee into the serpent-haunted wilderness, or through the crowd of human furies. Only try me;

set me to make some great sacrifice, or do some daring thing. Bid me come to Thee on the water, and see if I will not make the venture!" "Yes," says some worldly-wise man, "that is just what I say: your enthusiast is not a safe man; he is not fit to be trusted with affairs requiring delicate and careful judgment." This we deny. Such a man may sometimes fall into a mistake, and be hurried away into some sublime extravagance, or noble rage; but the blunders caused by enthusiasm are nothing, compared with those caused by the want of it; and the most imprudent things done in the Church are done, not by its Edward Irvings, but under the influence of what are called "prudent men"—men who never fling their souls into great movements, who never feel the rapture of a grand passion, who never favour a new thing; spiritual refrigerators—advisers, who pass for safe and wise, mainly because the name of Christ has not made them enthusiasts. In God's affairs we act with soundest policy when we act with most enthusiasm. Enthusiasm will not be wildfire, it will not be rash eccentricity, it will not work reckless mischief in the Church or the world, when it is a love—a love kindled by Christ. "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love," how can any evil come out of great love to Thee!

IV. We observe, again, that the enthusiasm here confessed is gloriously roused by thankfulness to God for His unspeakable gift. That gift of God is nothing less than God Himself. "He gave himself for me," continues the Apostle. The very life of God is one glorious and perpetual giving of Himself away. This giving of Himself is the only revelation of Himself. He never reveals Himself, never asserts Himself, but through this endless and infinite flow of munificence. We never see Him, but as we see Him giving—the Sun giving rays of glory, the Fountain giving waters of Life. When out of "the light unapproachable" of the One Godhood, there emerge to us in revelation the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,—these Three; it is a revealing, by means of a giving. God, giving Himself to lost men as the author of the Gospel, and the sender out from His own glory of His own Son as our Saviour, is the Father: God giving Himself, through the miracle of the Incarnation, to accomplish the fact of the Gospel, is the Son: God giving Himself to work by secret influences on human hearts, to make the Gospel effectual, is the Holy Spirit. In this, and in every other revelation of God, we only see Him in some act or process of giving Himself away for some purpose of righteousness or love. Only, let it be understood, that though God gives Himself to us, He does not force Himself upon us. It is in our power to make "the grand refusal," and this the unbeliever does. There must be a receiving, as well as giving, and it is only the joyful receiver of the gift who can say, "He hath loved me, and given Himself for me." This fact is adapted to rouse an enthusiasm of magnificent generosity. It furnishes us with a royal law that regulates all our Christian giving. Christians! Christ gave Himself to you—then give yourselves to Christ. Give, give, give. Give love, give thought, give speech, give time, give the best of your best, give from your hearts outwards. Sometimes, in collecting rounds, questions are asked like these:—"I should be sorry to be singular; what shall I give? What is usual? What will be expected of me?" The answer is, "What man expects is no concern of ours, but the least that Christ expects is that, as He gave Himself to you, you should give yourself to Him." Do that, and you will find, by a Christian rule, sure and fine as instinct, what is your own share in the financial part of the enterprise. For your sakes, and not for his own, Christ allows you to have such a share. We are not sufficiently sensitive to the grace of this arrangement. Some persons give to the Mission Fund as if they were

paying a rate, or conferring a favour; as if they only half believed that Christ has ordained the money-power as one of the powers of His cause; as if, in travelling from place to place, the journey of a missionary cost no more than the flight of an angel; as if the Philip of to-day might be "caught away by the Spirit of the Lord," and then suddenly "found at Azotus;" as if bills could be paid by devout emotions, or declamatory words; as if lives could be fed on mere air; as if ravens might be expected to bring food to fainting prophets, and miracles of Providence to sustain the ministries of grace! But this is not God's way of working. You are to furnish material supplies for material apparatus; are invited to make your very gold and silver evangelical, and to cast it into the treasury in the spirit of the new song: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive . . . riches!" Is this taxation! Think of the "unsearchable riches," covered under the great name "God," and hear the touching question: "I have given all this to thee—what hast thou given to Me?"

V. We find, in the next place, that the utterer of these words felt free to serve Christ enthusiastically because in Christ he had already suffered the penalty due to sin. "I am crucified with Christ," he says. He has just been telling us that he is "dead to the law," and now he goes on to tell us that he was put to death in this mystical way.

He who gave Himself for us, gave Himself to be crucified. He took up our nature, just as it was, with the burden on it, and so gave Himself for us. He clothed Himself under the conditions of time, space, and sensation, and so gave Himself to live for us that He might afterwards give Himself to die for us. From the moment the song of Bethlehem died away, He was always giving, until he gave Himself to be crucified, and then, even as God, He could give no more. Now, says Paul, "I am crucified with Christ." What does he mean by crucifixion? In the word "crucifixion" we find an inner and an outer meaning—a soul and a body, spirit of fact and matter of fact. As to the spirit of the word "crucifixion," it means death for sin—death by open, awful, shameful, excruciating, uttermost infliction of penalty. The material suffering on the cross was the only symbol of all this. Every sinner ought to be crucified, and, sooner or later, in one way or another, under the rule of righteous Omnipotence, what ought to be, will be. But, by an arrangement that we should have never thought of, and which is the pure creation of Infinite Wisdom, having no analogy among things finite the sinner who trusts Christ, is treated as if crucified with Christ,—crucified in the person of his Representative. When the Accuser says to him, "Sinner, you have to be crucified through all eternity,"—he can say, "No! I have been crucified already. I was crucified more than eighteen hundred years ago; that is over and done with—'It is finished.' The law has had its course; mine is not a sentenced nature now—the sentence has been fulfilled."

Many a man recollects the exalted moment when first he felt this. Perhaps you do. Perhaps, one day, when your soul was shot through by some great sorrow, yet when it thrilled with keenest life, when the glory of the great white throne shone out upon you, when you felt your own eternity, when for the first time you saw sin, and knew that you deserved to die for it,—when you made the great venture, and trusted your soul with Christ—just then, while you were looking to Him, you felt distinctly sure that the penalty for your sin was exhausted when your Saviour died, and that the form on the cross was yourself,—yourself, yet not yourself; yourself in Jesus! Ever since then, you have known yourself to be crucified with Christ, and have felt free to be an enthusiast in Christ's cause.

Sir Walter Raleigh, to find a goldmine at Guiana for the king, went out on his last voyage under an unremitted

sentence of death that had been passed upon him fifteen years before. No wonder that the magnetic consciousness of a sword dangling over him by a hair should benumb his brain, distract his faculties, and turn his enterprise into a long tangle of blunders and calamities! Pity the adventurer who goes out on a missionary voyage under an unremitted sentence of death,—the preacher of Christ crucified, who has himself yet to be crucified,—the worker for Christ, who works under the shadow of his own cross,—the man in chains, who preaches liberty to the captive. We are moved to say to him, "Weep not for others, weep for yourself; spare your pity for others, pity yourself. Trust Christ yourself, be safe yourself, then go out into the wilderness after that which is lost." Even when a person is really safe, but is not sure of his safety, he will not work well; at best, much of his time will be wasted, and much of his spirit spent in mere inspection of self, or more perusal of evidence; and while uncertain of his own interest in Christ, it will be impossible for him to be an enthusiast for Christ. Dispirited and terrified evangelists, mournful tellers of joyful tidings, you are strangely inconsistent! It is not the Father's will that you should go on His errands of love with all that weight of uncertainty at your hearts. He never meant His birds and insects to feel more light and free than His children do. You have watched a lark fly upward from the grass, waver and thrill higher and higher, till lost in the blinding glory of the morning; then, mounting higher and higher, you have heard it rain down music, fresh and lightsome as the spirit of the spring. If God so fills the little bird with gladness, will He not much more gladden you, O ye of little faith! Why are not you light-hearted? Provision is made for it. You are trusting in Christ, are you not? Then, of course, you have been crucified already. "You are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Grasp this great happiness. Dare to say, 'I am crucified with Christ;' then, the ban lifted, the burden gone, and death for ever past—no more weakening fears or undefined misgivings—you will be free to ring through the world the joyful music of the Saviour's name."

VI. I remark that here we have a Christian paradox—in the case of a man who, having passed through death for sin, is more alive and more himself than ever. This remark is founded not simply on the connective phrase, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live" (the accuracy of which, as a translation, may be disputed); it is founded on the spirit of the entire paragraph, and is supported by the significant fact that here the word "I" occurs ten times in three verses. He who has been crucified with Christ, compared with any other person we know, shows most vigorous life and most pronounced individuality. So far from having suffered any loss in the quality or quantity of his manhood, he can say "I am never so much myself" as when I have most fully learned the apostolic note, "For me to live is Christ; I am fulfilled in Christ; I am unable to reach the completeness of my own nature until I am thus made a partaker of the Divine."

Let anyone, captivated by the thought that Christ has given Himself to him, give himself to Christ, just as he is; and Christ takes him as he is, to use him, not as He would use another man of different character, temperament, and peculiarities of mental make but just as he was made to be used. Some kinds of religious enthusiasm seem to destroy independence, stamp out individuality and to treat a man as a mere human wheel in a great machine—an automatic instrument only, having no conscience but the conscience, no will but the will, and no force but the force of the society to which he belongs. But it is not with our congregation "De Propaganda Fide." Our ideal missionary institution is one that helps every missionary, young or old, mar-

ried or unmarried, able (like Peter) to preach Jesus to three thousand sceptics together, or best able (like Philip) to preach to one man at a time—to find out his own gift, to do his own work in his own way, as far as possible in the place of his own preference. This independence, arising out of individuality, will, no question, be apt at times to assert itself inconveniently. It did so even when Apostles were directors of the Gospel Missionary Society. "As touching our brother Apollos," Paul writes "I greatly desired him to come to you with the brethren, but his will was not at all to come at this time." And we read that, "notwithstanding" the demur of the disciples at Antioch, "it pleased Silas to abide there still." Even Divine machinery, if worked by human hands, will have its difficulties; but these very difficulties may help to educate the graces of mutual patience, holy wisdom, and Christian chivalry. Come what may, nothing must allow us to forget that Christ's instruments are not things "cast after one pattern, packed by the gross," and used without their own choice. Each one is a distinct and willing individual, as Paul was. Paul is Paul for doing the work that no one else was born to do, and for ever saying, with all the powers of glorified existence, "I live."

(Conclusion next week.)

FUNERAL OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

The funeral of this eminent man took place on the 20th inst., and it will be a day long remembered in Glasgow. It was arranged that, besides the private services in the home of the deceased, there should be public devotional exercises in the Cathedral Church and in the Barony Church, in the latter of which the deceased had been settled as pastor for many years. The assemblages at both places were large, and comprised ministers from all parts of Scotland and belonging to all churches of Christ. The leading citizens of Glasgow were also present, either as individuals or as representatives from the various public bodies; and Royalty was represented on the occasion, L. R. Robertson of Balmoral, having attended in obedience to the commands of her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, and the Hon. Elliot Yorke, of H. M. S. *Galatea*, on behalf of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Rev. Dr. Watson, of Dundee, one of Dr. Macleod's oldest friends, and the gentleman who accompanied him in his visit to India a few years ago, conducted the service in the house of deceased; the Rev. Dr. Eadie of the United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, and the Rev. Dr. Smith, of North Leith, conducted the service in the Cathedral Church; and the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith, of the Free Church, Glasgow, conducted those in the Barony Church. When the hearse, and the relatives and friends in seven mourning-coaches, reached the Infirmary-square, the different companies formed into one funeral procession in which there were upwards of 2,000 persons on foot. The procession left the square before two o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded at a slow pace to Sight-hill a distance of about a mile and a quarter.

This route runs through a part of Glasgow which is densely inhabited by the working classes, and it was easy to see that the deceased had, during his lifetime, no more hearty sympathisers and well-wishers than among the toiling sons of labour. The number of spectators on the long line of streets through which the funeral passed from the house of the deceased near the west, must have been great, as they were lined by people of all ranks in the social scale. The band of the 90th Regiment played the "Dead March," and this was an honour awarded to the memory of the deceased as one of the chaplains to Her Majesty. At Sight-hill the procession halted and after allowing the hearse and the mourning coaches, which were now augmented