

Through Death to Life.

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
The Arab's Gimeel Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes
Where the birds of rare beauty are?

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore?

Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but his life, in untold souls,

Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,

The Visitor's Pulpit.

Love Creating Love.

A SERMON BY REV. E. B. TEAGUE, D.D., OF WILSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

"We love him because he first loved us." 1. John 16.

The mind of the Spirit, in these words, may, by the blessing of God, be brought out by considering,

- 1. A fact—we love him.
2. The cause of that fact—he first loved us.
3. The character we bore when this love was exercised toward us.

I. "We love him." It is not said some of us, apostles, and elders, and saints by pre-eminence, but "we." The position is universal, applying to every true disciple.

Farther: This love is matter of consciousness. As we are conscious of natural life, so we are conscious of spiritual life.

In a word the whole thing is brought out in an old stanza, that, used in a country singing school, smote upon my ear and heart long ago:

"I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Lord, I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word; With tender emotions I love sinners too, Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe."

This is God-like. It is the re-enslaving of the divine image on the soul. So the Blessed Trinity loved into unity before time began—sat in sweet counsel together from everlasting, delighting in the thought of man's redemption.

we love like him. If we are his we have his spirit. The measure may be very humble but of the fact Scripture allows no question.

"If it be so, why am I thus?" exclaims the poor doubting one.

'Tis a point I long to know, Off it causes anxious thought; Do I love the Lord or no, Am I his or am I not."

So sang the saintly Newton—sang, doubtless, his own experience. In such a frame, for the most part, lived his poor, down-cast, melancholy, despairing friend, Cowper.

"There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."

Words that will be sung—with which the tempted saint will sing and cry himself into quiet, even as the babe cries itself into sobbing slumbers on its mother's bosom,—as long as it shall be remembered that "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."

The sick man often furnishes proof of life—that the vital stamina are not all gone—by restlessness, returning sensibility; imagines he is dying because he suffers more acutely.

Some ingenious spirits are overwhelmed with awe as they contemplate the great God, making the clouds his chariot, riding on the wings of cherubims, archangels ministering about his court, of purer eye than to behold sin or look upon iniquity, that the familiar emotion of love, or anything analogous to it, is swallowed up in "terror of the Lord," scarcely recognizable in company with the more potent emotion.

Whelm us, oh, whelm us with the glory of thy Godhead!

II. "Because he first loved us." There are two factors in this cause. We may distinguish the one as the efficient cause of our love, the other as the motive cause.

1. Love is productive. In the immeasurable ages of eternity, God existed alone, so far as creatures are concerned. The holy Trinity dwelt together in infinite amity and bliss, but there was no creature upon which to lavish benediction and blessing.

III. "He first loved us." "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

the angels, but destined to be crowned with glory, and honor, and immortality, along with him who is the "brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person."

Oh, how will the glory reveal itself in the great future! voiced in songs of angels at the birth of the Redeemer,—the volume of acclamation increasing evermore—what shall it be when the general assembly and church of the first-born shall all join the chorus? but the limits of this service forbids indulgence in this side-thought; and the sober, commonplace view of God's efficient love recalls us and imperiously claims our present consideration.

The product of divine love is grace, and grace gives the word and spirit of God, the one as instrument, the other as agent convert the soul.

"Grace first contrived the way To save rebellious man, And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took."

2. The motive cause of our love. The stumbling block of apparent austerity in the exercise of justice towards the incorrigible, on the part of God being removed by the light of the word and the Spirit, the love of holiness created in the heart, then Jesus as the sin bearer, the great exemplar, the Friend and Shepherd, becomes an object of interest and attraction.

The foregoing discussion, apart from any refreshment it may have afforded, may prepare us for right views of the remaining topic. There is great reason for anxiety on the subject. Much Christian peace depends upon our views of it; the power of the Gospel to affect sinners, so far as this is connected with intellectual conception, depends largely upon it.

III. "He first loved us." "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

tation of such passages is the simplest and most natural. The proposition that Christ died for the "sins of the whole world," thus construed, is believed to be in accordance with the entire analogy of faith.

Oh, sinner, believe in your heart that Christ died for sinners, and you are redeemed and disenthralled forever. Realize that he died for you, as among the number, and you are happy. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Even now where Alpine solitudes ascend, I sit me down a pensive hour to spend, And raised on high above the storm's career, Look downward where a hundred realms appear.

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! So the heir of a great estate, attained to legal majority, surveys the palace and the park, and the broad domain, descended from a royal ancestry, henceforth to rank as a peer of the realm.

O prodigal, return! In thy Father's house the hired servants have bread enough and to spare. He waits thy coming. The fattened calf is in the stall. The purple robes are in the guest chamber.

That a Lazarus should starve at the rich man's gate; that a Moses should die in sight of the promised land; that a boatman should be hurled over Niagara in view of a thousand anxious spectators, were painful enough; but that myriads of souls, even one, should be banished forever from life and hope and Heaven.

"When pity prompts me to look round Upon my fellow clay, See men reject the Gospel's sound, Great God, what shall I say!"

To heaven or hell we haste. To you, to me, it will soon be said—this night shall thy soul be required of thee.

O brethren in the Lord, the world of love is just before you. See you not the spires of the everlasting City? Hear you not sometimes some notes of the everlasting song? The waters are even now parting for some of you, and presently you step upon the other shore! List, list! way-worn pilgrim:

"Hark! they whisper, Angels say, Sister spirit, come away!"

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