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The Evangelical Churchman

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URBS SYON INCLYTA.

Hail Zion, city of our Lord, sure fortress set on high,
For thee with strong desire I burn, to thee for refuge
cry;
Oh, take into thy sheltering walls
The longing heart, the soul that calls!

Naught for my merit's sake I claim, death is my por-
tion due,
Nor may I cover up my guilt—a child of wrath I sue;
Sin's deadly power has marred my life,
With sin my wasted hours are rife.

Yet still the path of hope I tread, in faith my vows arise,
To God I pray by night and day for his blest promises;
On him for grace and mercy call,
Creator, Father, Lord of all!

What tongue shall tell the Saviour's love to sinful mor-
tals shown,
Whom from their vile estate He raised, redeemed, and
made his own.
The world through grace He freed from stain,
Of each sick heart he heals the pain!

And still the stream of heavenly grace, true David's
fountain, flows
With life and healing fraught for all, nor stint nor
measure knows
So may that grace obtain for me
The blissful courts of heaven to see!

O, Zion, summit of my hopes, brighter than gold art
thou!
The conqueror's laurel, ever fresh, shines on thy sacred
brow,
Angels and powers in phalanx bright
Forever in their Lord delight!

Say, O dear country of my heart, shall there thy joy
be mine;
Shall I, in that my precious home, behold the light
Divine;
God's full o'erflowing gift obtain—
Or is my hope, my faith, in vain?

Be this the gracious answer borne from Zion's blissful
shore:
Thou son of earth, thy faith maintain, nor thy true
hope give o'er;
Though sin thy heavenward path would stay
My grace will open thee the way!

Thrice happy state! Most blessed soul who shares
that heavenly grace,
With whom thou, Lord of all the earth, dost make thy
dwelling place!
But sight of woeful guilt to see,
The man who lives deprived of Thee!

ABIDE IN CHRIST THE CRUCIFIED ONE.

'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not
I, but Christ liveth in me.'—Gal. ii. 20.
'We have been planted together in the likeness of His
death.'—Rom. vi. 5.

'I am crucified with Christ:' Thus the apos-
tle expresses his assurance of his fellowship with
Christ in His sufferings and death, and his full
participation in all the power and the blessing of
that death. And so really did he mean what he
said, and know that he was now indeed dead, that
he adds: 'It is no longer I that live, but Christ
that liveth in me.' How blessed must be the ex-
perience of such a union with the Lord Jesus!
To be able to look upon His death as mine, just
as really as it was his,—upon His perfect obedi-
ence to God, His victory over sin, and complete
deliverance from its power, as mine; and to real-
ize that the power of that death does by faith work
daily with a Divine energy in mortifying the flesh,
and renewing the whole life into the perfect con-
formity to the resurrection life of Jesus! Abid-
ing in Jesus, the Crucified One, is the secret of
the growth of that new life which is ever begotten
of the death of nature.

Let us try to understand this. The suggestive
expression, 'Planted into the likeness of His
death,' will teach us what the abiding in the Cruci-
fied One means. When a graft is united with the
stock on which it is to grow, we know that it must
be kept fixed, it must abide in the place where
the stock has been cut, been wounded, to make an
opening to receive the graft. No graft without
wounding—the laying bare and opening up of the
inner life of the tree to receive the stranger branch.
It is only through such wounding that access can
be obtained to the fellowship of the sap and the
growth and the life of the stronger stem. Even
so with Jesus and the sinner. Only when we are
planted into the likeness of His death shall we
also be in the likeness of His resurrection, par-
takers of the life and the power there are in Him.
In the death of the cross Christ was wounded, and
in His opened wounds a place prepared where we
might be grafted in. And just as one might say
to a graft, and does practically say as it is fixed
in its place, 'Abide here in the wound of the stem,
that is now to bear thee;' so to the believing
soul the message comes, 'Abide in the wounds of
Jesus; there is the place of union, and life, and
growth. There thou shalt see how His heart was
opened to receive thee; how His flesh was rent

that the way might be opened for thy being made
one with Him, and having access to all the bless-
ings flowing from His Divine nature.'

You have also noticed how the graft has to be
torn away from the tree where it by nature grew,
and to be cut into conformity to the place prepar-
ed for it in the wounded stem. Even so the be-
liever has to be made conformable to Christ's
death,—to be crucified and to die with Him. The
wounded stem and the wounded graft are cut to
fit into each other, into each other's likeness.
There is a fellowship between Christ's sufferings
and thy sufferings. His experiences must become
thine. The disposition He manifested in choosing
and bearing the cross must be thine. Like Him,
thou wilt have to give full assent to the righteous
judgment and curse of a holy God against sin.
Like Him, thou hast to consent to yield thy life,
as laden with sin and curse to death, and through
it to pass to the new life. Like Him, thou shalt
experience that it is only through the self-sacrifice
of Gethsemane and Calvary that the path is to be
found to the joy and the fruit-bearing of the re-
surrection life. The more clear the resemblance
between the wounded stem and the wounded graft,
the more exactly their wounds fit into each other,
the surer and the easier, and the more complete
will be the union and the growth.

It is in Jesus, the Crucified One, I must abide.
I must learn to look upon the Cross as not only
an atonement to God, but also a victory over the
devil,—not only a deliverance from the guilt, but
also from the power of sin. I must gaze on Him
on the Cross as wholly mine, offering Himself to
receive me into the closest union and fellowship,
and to make me partaker of the full power of His
death to sin, and the new life of victory to which
it is but the gateway. I must yield myself to
Him in an undivided surrender, with much pray-
er and strong desire, imploring to be admitted
into closer fellowship and conformity of His death,
of the Spirit in which He died that death.

Let me try and understand why the Cross is
thus the place of union. On the Cross the Son of
God enters into the fullest union with man—enters
into the fullest experience of what it says to have
become a son of man, a member of a race under
the curse. It is in death that the Prince of life
conquers the power of death; it is in death alone
that He can make me partaker of that victory.
The life He imparts is a life from the dead; each
new experience of the power of that life depends
upon the fellowship of the death. The death and
the life are inseparable. All the grace which
Jesus the Saving One gives is given only in the
path of fellowship with Jesus the Crucified One.
Christ came and took my place; I must put myself
in His place, and abide there. And there is but
one place which is both His and mine,—that
place is the Cross. His in virtue of His free choice;
mine by reason of the curse of sin. He came
there to seek me: there alone I can find Him.
When He found me there, it was the place of
cursing; this He experienced, for 'cursed is every
one that hangeth on a tree.' He made it a place
of blessing; this I experience, for Christ hath de-
livered us from the curse, being made a curse for
us. When Christ comes in my place, He remains
what He was, the beloved of the Father; but in
the fellowship with me He shares my curse and
dies my death. When I stand in His place, which
is still always mine, I am still what I was by
nature, the accursed one, who deserves to die;