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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm 137, 4-5.

With St. Paul at the Cross.

BY THE REV. S. A. TIPPLE.

"That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conform unto his death.—PHIL. III. 10.

This was once the earnest aspiration of a great man—to become conformed to the death of Him who perished by crucifixion on Calvary. St. Paul had learnt not only to love Christ with passionate fervour, but to look up to Him also with intense admiration and reverence, as the realisation of all perfection. His career seemed to him immeasurably the noblest the world had ever witnessed, and to grow like Him, to follow in His track, was the ruling idea, the dominant ambition of the apostle's breast. Here he expresses his strong desire to be made "conformable unto His death."

Now what did he mean by that? On the first blush we might suppose that he was yearning to die as He died, to be permitted to drink the same cup given Him to drink upon the cross—the cup of martyrdom for the truth and kingdom of God. The writings of St. Paul clearly evince that there were senses in which he felt the Redeemer's death to be wholly unique and inimitable, a thing by itself,

not to be repeated. But whatever it was to his view, in respect of which it could not be emulated, in respect of which no repetition of it by mortal man was possible, it was, anyhow, the immolation of one who suffered voluntarily in the cause of rightness and for the sake of eternal realities; and since the apostle had been brought to covet resemblance to the Lord Jesus in all His approachable features and aspects, we might imagine that the text was the utterance of his wish to die, like Him, a martyr's death.

But such a wish would not be necessarily excellent or praiseworthy. Men are often found wishing to copy some grand deed or conduct of which they have heard, without the slightest real sympathy with the motives and sentiments of the actor, without the slightest real participation in the spirit that swayed and animated him. There was a certain *eclat* about it, it created a sensation, it stirred a tumult of applause, and they would fain enjoy that; or they truly feel how dignified and fine it was, and they would fain stand clothed in such dignity and exhibit such fineness; it would gratify them amazingly to play so brilliant or so generous a part. They read, for instance, of one who, in devotion to his sense of right and duty, remained at his post reck-