

WITHIN THE VEIL.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

Under the old covenant the Lord was set forth to the people as dwelling apart, within the veil. A thick tapestry hung before the most holy place, and this concealed the light which symbolized the presence of God.

Now, beloved friends, the priests of old, the holy and the most holy place, were only "patterns of things in the heavens; they were not the things themselves."

The striking point which I call your attention to is this: while our Lord was here, He was comparable to the High Priest when He stood on the outside of the veil. I want you to recollect that fact.

Outside is the place of sinful men. But the body of Jesus ever stood there? He did, but after He had presented His sacrifice, after He had been consumed with fire; He passed within the veil, and rose to the throne of the eternal God.

He entered heaven as a priest, in all the solemnity of atonement, and offered the sacrifice of Himself. By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption.

I first I call your attention to the sacrifice of His entering. We note concerning it, first, that the sacrifice presented by our Lord was unique. It was "His own blood" that He offered—blood from the veins of a man; and what a man!

The sacrifice of our Lord was, in the highest sense, substitutionary. The penalty of sin is death; and Jesus died. All through the old law there is no atonement, except by the death of a victim.

The sacrifice which our Lord presented before He went within the veil was personal suffering and personal death, yielding up His whole being as a sacrifice in our stead.

I have done, but let me ask my beloved hearers, one by one, have you this eternal redemption? Do you believe in Him, the Lord Jesus? He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life, and that is the outcome of eternal redemption.

A Holy Life.—A holy life is made up of a number of small things—little acts, little duties, little graces, little deeds, not miracles or battles nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life.

accomplished. His sacrifice has an immediate efficacy. In the spot it waited to open the kingdom of heaven. From the cross the Forsaken One entered into His Kingdom as the Beloved of God.

It was once, and it cannot be twice, because it was so effectual; and this is set forth by the evangelists, for the veil was rent. The holy of holies was laid open; its enclosure was thrown down.

Then, next, He enters there to appear for us. He hath gone there to put in an appearance on our behalf. Our sins His saints in heaven in the person of their glorious representative. In Him we are raised up together and made to sit together in the heavenly places. Is not this a subject for quiet enjoyment?

He is there, next, to perfect us. Look at the tenth chapter and fourteenth verse: "For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." His one sacrifice hath made the comers thereunto perfect; and to show their perfectness they enter into the holy place.

But now, lastly let us review the glories of His entrance. We have seen the sacrifice of our Lord's entrance, the manner of His entrance and the objects of His entrance; and now let us muse on the glory of His entrance, which is this: "Having obtained eternal redemption." The words "for us" are supplied by the translators, and therefore we leave them out.

Our Lord enters in because, first, His work is all done. We do not read, "He entered in that He might obtain it," but "having obtained." There is no getting redemption out of the Bible. I bless God for this. Many cannot endure the Word, but it is there; and it is redemption by price, too—a monetary transaction, as they profanely speak. "Ye are bought with a price." Redemption is deliverance through payment; in this case, ransom through one standing in another's stead, and discharging that other's obligations.

This, indeed, is a great redemption. We are redeemed from all the bondage that ensued from sin. We are no longer the serfs of Satan, nor the slaves of the world, neither are we subject to bondage through fear of death. That last enemy shall be destroyed, and we know it. The Son hath set us free, and we are free in fact. He entered into the heavenly places with this for His everlasting reward, that He has obtained redemption for His people.

When prophecy is all fulfilled, and we pass into the dead future, we fear not death, since our Lord has obtained eternal redemption. "Eternal punishment" is a word of unpeppery terror; but it is met and fully covered by "eternal redemption." Do not be afraid, O ye that trust in the Lord Jesus, your sacrifice and priest! There is that in the mystery of eternity that need appal you.

A Holy Life.—A holy life is made up of a number of small things—little acts, little duties, little graces, little deeds, not miracles or battles nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant unobtrusive, not the lightning, the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not "waters of the river, green as little deeds, not miracles or battles nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life.

Worthy to be Trusted.

I never can make out why some people think they cannot trust Christ. A young man came from Holland about this time last year. I was sitting seeing inquirers, and he came in and spoke in broken English. I asked him where he came from. He said from Flushing, by boat. The fact was, he wanted to know what he must do to be saved.

"Well, it is a long way to come to ask that question; you know that you are to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," He says, "But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ." "Well," I said, "now look here. I have believed in him a good many years, and I do trust him; but if you know of something or other against Him, please to tell me, for I do not like to be deceived." "No, sir, I do not know anything against Him." "Why don't you trust Him, then? Could you trust me?" "Yes; I would trust you with anything," said he. "You do not know much about me, do you? No, not people; yet may come loyally to the throne of grace. Blessed be the name of our Lord who has entered in "once"!"

III. But now, finally, let us consider the objects of His entrance. What did our Lord Jesus Christ do by His entrance within the veil? What comes of it? I mean, first, that He made atonement within the veil. Ablem that the guilty are taken up to dwell with God, and our poor prayers are accepted of God, neither by our prayers nor any defilement within the holy place, occurs the atoning blood is there before-hand. After heaven hath sucked up into itself so much of the sinfulness of earth, it remains as pure as when only God and His holy angels dwelt therein. While man that were once accepted in sin are permitted to come and sit at the right hand of God, God remains as rigorously righteous as if no guilty one had been forgiven; the great sacrifice has secured this.

—I am so glad that it is a divine being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows! Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want almost sympathy. Ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or indelness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who has come. When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home, and he has to take the office of a father, and he has to seem to be Christ looking out upon your helplessness and He proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of the one and the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father, I will comfort you, and as a father, I will be to you." He says, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Do you not feel the hush of the divine "hush"? Put your tired head down on the heavenly bosom, and on the glory of His entrance, which is this: "Having obtained eternal redemption." I will be thy God. Ophaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry. Then He touches your eyelids with His fingers, and sweeps His fingers down your forehead, and wipes away all the tears of loneliness and helplessness, and what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us! I do not ask you to lay hold of Him. Perhaps you are not strong enough for that. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.—Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.

—Passing along the street one day, I saw a company of men digging a large hole through a bed of solid rock. A few days afterwards I had occasion to pass that way again, and saw the man laying the foundation of a magnificent building. After some months I again passed that street, and found the workmen busily engaged in laying course after course of brick. The last time I saw that building was towering heavenward, and the men were still laying the brick course after course. Now, this is the way with the Christian life. One can at once enter into all the fullness of Christ, and sit down with folded hands, but day by day he is brought closer and closer, day by day he may "grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus," through fear of death. That last enemy shall be destroyed, and we know it. The Son hath set us free, and we are free in fact. While He is ever ready and willing to bestow on us that which will build up our Christian character, Satan is ever watching and pulling down; hence, the warfare. Then again, some Christians never get above the foundation, while others keep on building until their characters tower to the very heavens, and when the message comes to them, they only step over the world death, and enter the heavenly gates. Let us, then, begin with a fixed determination to grow daily in grace.—C. W. Bibb.

For Superintendents.—We endorse the following, originally from the Nat. Baptist, in the consideration of Sunday-school superintendents: "The famous Dr. Philpotts tells us that he once made a tour to the Antipodes, and saw how they did things in that rather indefinite section of country. Among other places of interest he visited the Sunday-school, and was much surprised, and not a little pleased, at the very orderly, business-like and quiet style in which everything was done. The Superintendent tapped the bell, and the chorister arose, announced a hymn, and the school sang it through. At another tap of the bell, another brother arose, Bible in hand, and reverently read a lesson. 'Yes,' said the native, 'that's what a third brother arises and says, "Let us pray," and leads the school in a brief prayer. At another tap of the same bell, the teachers take charge of their classes, and the work of instruction begins. Dr. Dobbs was mightily impressed with the quiet, business-like expedition, which was evidently the regular thing in that school; so he approached a gentleman and said: "Things seem to move on here very quietly. I noticed you got to work at the lesson in a very short time." "Yes," said the native, "that's what we care here for." "Noticed, too," said the doctor, "that your superintendent did not say a word." "Can't," replied the native. "Why not?" "How in the world did you happen to select a dumb man?" "Did it purpose. School been talked to death, and so I elected a man that couldn't talk. He has had time for lessons ever since. Never had before."

Down along the sands went Jack Stiles, his hands plunged in the depths of his pockets, and whistling with all the might of his strong lungs. This latter occupation he presently stopped to grumble to himself: "Where on earth is that fellow? I've given a good hour to looking for him."

A sudden turn round the rocks brought him an answer to his question in the person of the "fellow" himself, stretched at full length on the beach, his hat over his eyes and a book under his head.

"Well, here you are at last!" said Jack, unceremoniously twitching off his friend's hat to see whether he was asleep. "I've tracked around after you till I've worn out a new pair of boots, and I've hallowed till I've lost my voice entirely."

"If you'll promise never to try to find it again, I'll give you the money," said Dan Wheeler, "I'll get you the money for some more boots. I know every body would contribute to such an object."

"What are you doing here, anyway?" asked Jack, ignoring the compliment.

Fellowship.

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"What are you doing here, anyway?" asked Jack, ignoring the compliment.

"Improving the shining hour." "Yes, it looks like it. Do you want any help in the job?" "Yes, I do," said Dan, with a sudden energy. "Sit down, will you? I want to talk to you. There's something that we fellows have got to see to, and the only question is how to set about it. I've been thinking of it all the afternoon."

"What is it? Man, woman, or child, Home Missions or Foreign?" "It is, as it is, I'm afraid it'll continue for some time to come. That chap is just about the worst, and no mistake."

"He is. There's something in him, though, more than most, I say. And, you say, he hasn't any kind of a chance, and if we can help him, why not? I mean to try, and I don't want to go in all myself."

"I should think not. I should think a fellow would want the whole Young Men's Christian Association to back him up on a job like that. However, don't let me discourage you."

"No, I suppose not, you hard-headed old chap! Weariness in well-doing and you aren't on speaking terms, I know. You've a pretty good way, Dan, but what a little old to the great blue ocean which stretched below them, as if Jim were out there in the water, you'd give your life to save his, worthless as you think it; you are just the one, Dan. And certainly, if you'll excuse a little preaching, when we see his soul drifting out to sea, right before our eyes, we oughtn't to stand back and do nothing; especially, and the boyish tones dropped a little, "when we are pledged to such work, and can have all the help we want in it."

"How do you mean to begin to work it on him?" Dan hesitated. "Why, I thought, if the rest of you were agreed, we might offer him the benefit of our society."

"No," said Jack, promptly, "but I dare say the others here. I won't trouble you. Go on, Jim. We mayn't all be able to be present at your first sermon, so give us some of the points now."

"I suppose," said Jim, "that that summer when we were at the shore together, you fellows thought that I didn't see you were taking me in with you for charitable purposes, and that it went very much against the grain with you to do it. I was, though, all the same, but I didn't care so long as it suited me. And it did suit me, because I had been feeling awfully down and alone, and I wanted a change, it didn't make much difference what, and just then you came for me. It was providential."

"Most things are," interposed Jack. "I used to sit and listen to you talk about your homes and your mothers, and read little pieces out of your letters, and tell nice family stories, until I hated you all, and myself too. I didn't know anything of all that; nobody cared a cent about me; I wished I was dead. But you used to be awfully good to me, too; it's all written down to your account, gentlemen, how many times Bob kept his temper and Jack held his tongue for my sake, and how many stumbling blocks I had out of my way and how often Tom set up to censure when he thought my backbone was giving out. You'll be paid off for it in full some day, and lots of boot besides, and I expect to be there to say amen!"

"But what's this got to do with the sermon?" asked Tom Mercier.

"Everything, Tommy. If you fellows hadn't lived it's very likely I never would have preached it. I mean to tell the people if they want to convert a sinner from the error of his ways, it won't do to stand off and shout at him; they've got to go after him, and take a good, tight hold of him, and help him along. That's what I mean to preach about."

"And what's going to be the text?" asked Jack.

"The text shall be, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'—Christian Union.

Private Prayer. BY J. F. WILLING.

"Always at our best" should be our motto. Not one of us should ever take one backward step. Few Christians can say they have never declined in spirituality. Not many can say: "I am sinner, but to-day than ever before in my life." Yet that is our constant privilege. Grace is sufficient. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always have all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

That we may move steadily forward no means of grace can be more helpful and necessary than private prayer. Christ commanded us to pray in secret, and promised that our Father which seeth in secret shall reward us openly. He also set the example, spending whole nights alone in prayer. It is the only way in which we can acquaint ourselves with God. We can not love deeply people whom we meet only in public. For the building up of a true, enduring friendship, there must be hours of the free interchanges of thought when no others are present.

No wonder some care so little for Christ. They spend so little time alone with Him. A few hints may be helpful. 1. Form a habit of praying regularly at least three times a day, so that when the time comes for private prayer your soul will turn as naturally toward the exercise as your appetite takes you to the table when the dinner-hour arrives. 2. Pray while you pray, and do not indulge in religious reveries, fancying that that is prayer. If you watch yourself, you will find it easy to say the most earnest forms of prayer, and even moan and groan them out, while your mind is wandering, like the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth. It is not the quantity, but the quality that counts. Otherwise, Mohammedans and Romanists would be prime saints. 3. Be definite. "When I was in the army," said an old general, "the man who came to headquarters for something and knew what he wanted, and asked for it in straight, honest English, got a favorable answer; if he requested was at all reasonable. But woe to the one who came mumbling something over about something he didn't exactly know what. We generally sent him off about his business, bringing definite answers. 4. Depend on the Spirit's help. Ask Him to lead your thought while you pray. "He helpeth our infirmities." We are sure to get what He leads us to ask for, if we only believe. 5. Give Him a chance to answer when you call. We sing, "Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal." And, "With Thee conversing we forget All time and toil and care."

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