tergini.

34 -

oor rd,

ise

ke. rtey

ful ne nd

In-

at

to-

SS

d.

nd

tle

m

ut

to

or

ut

y. DU

гy

ls

n+

le

e

LS-

n

S

K-

y

IS

nd

t, 1t

d

a

IS

h

e

nt d

10 L 3-

ie

r. d

y

1 - e

r. it

y d.

1;

Evangeligal Churchman. The

A CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol.IX.-No. 12. Whole No. 428.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, July 31, 1884.

82.00 per Annum in Advance Single Copies 5 Cents.

The Evangelical Churchman

PUBLISHING COMPANY,

CANADA. TORONTO,

DIRECTORS.

A. H. CAMPBELL, Esq., President. HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C. REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A. B. HOMEB DIXON, K.N.L. W. H. HOWLAND, Esq. I. GEOBGE HODGINS, Esq. LL.D N. W. HOYLES, Esq., B.A. J. HERBERT MASON, Esq. H. MORTIMER, Esq., Hon. Treas

CONTENTS.

a fine of the second		FAGE		1
Light in Darkness	•••		135	4.
Abide in Christ, as your Sanctification	••		135	Ι.
Christianity the Remedy for Socialism	• • .		136	wi
The Greatness of the Littles			136	au
MISSIONARY-				
Uganda, Central Africa	• •		I 3 7	Co
BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS		• •	137	
HOME NEWS			139	wł
CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE S	Socie	TY	141	tio
EDITORIAL-				th
Editorial Notes			142	ca
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL-				Je Go
Absalom's Rebellion	•••	••	144	to
CORRESPONDENCE	• •	• •	145	rig
CHILDREN'S CORNER-				It
Lady Temple's Grandchildren			145	per

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

The following piece of poetry, often republished, is gener-ally attributed to John Milton, but was really written by Miss Lloyd, a Quakeress of Philadelphia.

I am old and blind ; Men point to me, as smitten by God's frown, Afflicted and deserted of my kind, Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong; I murmur not that I no longer see, Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong, Father Surpreme, to thee.

O Merciful one, When men are farthest then Thou art most near-When friends pass by, my weakness shun, Thy chariot I hear.

It is nothing now, When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes, When airs from Paradise refresh my brow, That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime My being fills with rapture, waves of thought Roll in upon my spirit, streams sublime Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre, I feel the stirrings of a gift divine; Within my bosom glows unearthly fire, Lit by no skill of mine.

-Miss Lloyd.

ABIDE IN CHRIST, AS YOUR SANCTIFICA-TION.

'Of God are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us isdom from God, both righteousness and SANCTIFICATION, nd rederaption.'-I COR. i. 30 (R. V. marg.).

'Paul, unto the Church of God which is at orinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, alled to be saints ; '-thus the chapter opens in hich we are taught that Christ is our sanctifica on. In the Old Testament, believers were called e righteous; in the New Testament they are lled saints, the holy one, sanctified in Christ esus. Holy is higher than righteous. Holy in od has reference to His inmost being; righteous, His dealings with His creatures. In man, ghteousness is but a stepping-stone to holiness. is in this he can approach most near to the erfection of God (comp. Matt. v. 48: 1 Pet. i 16). In the Old Testament righteousness was found, while holiness was only typified ; in Jesus Christ, the Holy One, and in His people, His saints or holy ones, it is first realized,

As in scripture, and in our text, so in personal of sap from the old roots into the new stem is so experience righteousness precedes holiness. When complete, that the old life has, as it were, been first the believer finds Christ as his righteousness, entirely conquered and covered of the new. Here he has such joy in the new made discovery that I have a tree entirely renewed,-emblem of the the study of holiness hardly has a place. But as Christian who has learnt in entire consecration to he grows, the desire for holiness makes itself felt, surrender everything for Christ, and in a wholeand he seeks to know what provision his God hearted faith wholly to abide in Him. has made for supplying that need. A superficial acquaintance with God's plan leads to the view If, in this last case, the old tree were a reasonthat while justification is God's work, by faith in able being, that could co operate with the gardener, Christ, sanctification is our work, to be performed what would his language be to it? Would it not be under the influence of the gratitude we feel for the this: 'Yield now thyself entirely to this new deliverence we have experienced, and by the aid of nature with which I have invested thee; repress the Holy Spirit. But the earnest Christian soon every tendency of the old nature to give buds or finds how little gratitude can supply the power. sprouts ; let all thy sap and all thy life-powens rise When he thinks that more prayer will bring it, he up into this graft from yonder beautiful tree, finds that, indispensable as prayer is, it is not which I have put on thee; so shalt thou bring enough Often the believer struggles hopelessly forth sweet and much fruit.' And the language for years, until he listens to the teaching of the of the tree to the gardener would be : ' When Spirit, as He glorifies Christ again, and reveals thou graftest me, O spare not a single branch; Christ, our sanctification, to be appropriated by let everything of the old self, even the smallest bud, be destroyed, that I may no longer live in faith alone. Christ is made of God unto us sanctification. my own, but in that other life that was cut off Holiness is the very nature of God, and that alone and brought and put upon me, that I might be is holy which God takes possession of and fills wholly new and good.' And, once again, could with Himself. God's answer to the question, How you afterwards ask the renewed tree, as it was sinful man could become holy? is, 'Christ the bearing abundant fruit, what it could say of itself, Holy One of God.' In Him, whom the Father its answer would be this: " In me, that is, in my sanctified and sent into the world, God's holiness roots, there dwelleth no good thing. I am ever was revealed incarnate, and brought within reach inclined to evil; the sap I collect from the soil is of man. 'I sanctify myself for them, that they in its nature corrupt, and ready to show itself in also may be sanctified in truth.' There is no other bearing evil fruit. But just where the sap rises way of our becoming holy, but by becoming into the sunshine to ripen into fruit, the wise partakers of the holiness of Christ. And there is gardener hath clothed me with new life, through

no other way of this taking place than by our personal spiritual union with Him, so that through His Holy Spirit His holy life flows into us. Of God are ye in Christ, who is made unto us sanctification. Abiding by faith in Christ our sanctification is the simple secret of a holy life. The measure of sanctification will depend on the measure of abiding in Him; as the soul learns wholly to abide in Christ, the promise is increasingly fulfilled : 'The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.'

To illustrate this relation between the measure of the abiding and the measure of sanctification experienced, let us think of the grafting a tree, that instructive symbol of our union to Jesus. The illustration is suggested by the Saviour's words, 'Make the tree good, and his fruit good.' I can graft a tree so that only a single branch bears good fruit, while many of the natural branches remain, and bear their old fruit,—a type of believers in whom a small part of the life is sanctified, but in whom, from ignorance or other reasons, the carnal life still in many respects has full dominion. I can graft a tree so that every branch is cut off, and the whole tree becomes renewed to bear good fruit; and yet, unless I watch over the tendency of the stems to give sprouts. they may again rise and grow strong, and, robbing the new graft of the strength it needs, makes it weak. Such are Christians who, when apparentpowerfully converted, forsake all to follow Christ, and yet after a time, through unwatchfulness, allow old habits to regain their power, and whose Christian life and fruit are but feeble. But if I want a tree wholly made good, I take it when young, and, cutting the stem clean off on the ground, I graft it just where it emerges from the soil. I watch over every bud which the old nature could possibly put forth, until the flow

Thy glorious face Is leaning toward me, and its holy light Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place. And there is no more night.

On my bended knee I recognize thy purpose clearly shown ; My vision thou hast dimmed that I may see Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear, This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing, Beneath it I am almost sacred, There can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been, Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land, Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go, Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ; From angel lips I seem to hear the flow Of soft and holy song.