

Classed with Him.

Mr. Spurgeon evidently felt the effects of a foggy morning on Sunday as frequently during the service he was troubled with a choking cough...

For the service, 1 Peter, 3: 22 was chosen: "Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God, angels and authority being made subject unto him..."

Now, I hope this morning we shall feel quiet as near to our Lord as we did then, for as he was humiliated for us, he was also glorified for us...

FAVOURERS OF HIS HAPPINESS AND GRANDEUR.

Jesus who has ascended, is as truly our brother now, amidst harps and angels, as he was amidst the weeping women for whom he was about to die...

I wish this morning, first of all, to rehearse the circumstances which lie in the three facts—he is gone into heaven; is at the right hand of God; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him.

We cannot now wash his feet, nor lay our head upon his bosom, nor look into his face.

Now, we are strangers here. He intends that we should be. If he were here, this world would be a kind of home.

He seems to say, "Upwards my children, set loose by this world; I am gone, and you must be gone."

He has gone now beyond the region where our senses can follow him. It is a vain idea of carnal-minded men that Christ is corporeally in the elements.

No more the bloody spear, The cross and nails no more. He is gone up into heaven. Nothing could stop him; death could not hold him.

As the great Lord calls us home. HIS KINGDOM AND HIS DOMINION.

Secondly, we have to look at his being on the right hand of God. It is his manhood which is at the right hand of God.

God is man! Is not this a sublime thought? Christ, our brother, is lifted to the very throne of the Most High.

Thirdly, his dominion—"Angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him."

Now for the reasons to be learned from these circumstances. The first lesson is,—the religion of Christ is true. Whenever I feel any doubt, and you cannot read for long without meeting doubt, I fall back upon "the His did rise, they saw him do so."

le and I believe them. I am satisfied to be out of the march of progress, and to be such a fool as to believe the sacred records...

I learn another lesson, that his cause is quite safe and sure. Let not his church tremble; let her not put out the hand to steady the Ark of the Lord.

A third lesson I can see—that HIS SAINTS ARE SAFE.

If Christ is risen and gone into the glory then each individual will be safe too. Your hope lies in Christ—then your hope is always safe.

And so I must close with one thought more which has several points in it. I think that since Christ has gone to the right hand of God, it shows which way we have to go.

To my Son in the Ministry. G. H. W. WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR.

See here, my boy, unless you change a bit, there's something good to happen that will wholly unfit you for service.

"Dear old dear," cried Rose, "I wish that there were millions for me to give to you. You need not tell me much of this: I see through the whole business."

But Hilda did not give any heed to Rose's earnest enquiry. She was absorbed with her book the whole evening, stopping only once, when the children's bed time came.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" shouted the boys. "It's fair, though, Hilda, to catch a fellow that way. Wait till breakfast-time, when we can all have an even chance."

Some of the school-girls turned the corner just then, and almost overwhelmed Hilda with New Year's congratulations and plans for the day.

"One year, Master, even Christ"—is the word what I have been trying to say and impress home on your heart.

That moment the first rays of the New Year's sun shone in through a window,

not. Bracing himself up, he looked square into the face of the false priest and said (see Amos vi. 12-17) "hear thou the word of the Lord."

But there is another side to this matter which I wish you to carry with you, my boy. Perhaps you are a little "cranky" in your notions; of the rule or rule.

Take this rule: "To know him—to save some" write and place it where it will stay; cannot you want to spell your name with a capital "I"—like "Smith." Well, that won't do, for then you are working for yourself, and not for God.

The meeting was over, and every body was wishing everybody else a "Happy New Year," till the sea seemed full of congratulations.

That first day of the New Year! Would Hilda ever forget it? It seemed just as if Hilda felt asleep that night, thinking that one had only to resolve, and the thing would be done.

After all," she thought, "if I keep my resolve, I shall be a great deal better in which I must grow better. I mustn't be late at church, for instance!

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ending a thrill of gladness into every heart! Persons looked at each other and smiled! Hilda smiled too, and a word from the pastor fell like a seed into her heart!

How many more leaves was she to turn over? Who could tell? The names of dead ones of the church who had been called away during the previous year were always read at that meeting.

Strange, wasn't it? She glanced here and there, over the room, till her eyes rested on Mrs. Colton, who sat next to her. She was interested in work among the poor.

Mrs. Colton, moreover, was looking at Hilda just then, and although they were "in a meeting," they smiled, and nodded to each other.

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Hilda was there with the other girls of the class. She was soon as much interested as were the very little ones of the congregation. Mr. Winthrop gave as his text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

Hilda found herself repeating the text, and the two divisions of the sermon: First, "What is the gospel of Christ?" Second, "Why we should not be ashamed of it?"

Gospel means, "glad tidings," yes, Hilda knew that. But in this case, "gospel of Christ," means Christ himself.

"Why should we not be ashamed of the gospel of Christ? St. Paul tells us: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' St. Paul was writing to the Romans, and he knew how that word 'power' would please them. It is strong power, and that is what he meant by them! Hilda had not known this."

"But," said Mr. Winthrop, "higher than any physical or mental power is spiritual power—the power which will enable us to do all things. Yes, I am right; I have said the words! To be kind, and patient, obedient, unselfish, the power to become all these can come to us only through the Lord Jesus Christ! Our best resolutions are weak, except as they are made in the strength of His blood. Was Mr. Winthrop thinking of Hilda? She was sure that he was looking directly at her."

"But what if we are ashamed of him?" And then Mr. Winthrop told of many ways in which we are all tempted to deny our Saviour.

Presently he said very earnestly, "My dear young people, the time is coming when you and I would rather have one smile from Jesus Christ than all the smiles of all the great who have ever lived! Then, what if we have been ashamed of him? Do you remember what he said? 'Whoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's and of the holy angels.'"

Hilda leaned her head upon her hand, and listened almost breathlessly to every word of the sermon.

"At the last Christ said to some of you, 'I remember you; you were a scholar in a certain Sunday school. You heard often of my love and sufferings on the cross. You were invited to come to me and be saved. Your heart felt very tender toward me sometimes, but you tried to hide your feelings; you did not decide to come out bravely and be my disciple; you were afraid some one would laugh at you; you were ashamed of me, and now—now, I am ashamed of you! You must go away from my presence forever!'"

"Will that ever be true of me?" thought Hilda, with a sob. "Am I ashamed of Jesus Christ? Is that why I do not want people to think I like prayer meeting? Is that why I always laugh, and pretend to be thinking of something silly when Miss Alice talks to me of these things? Mr. Winthrop talks about the power that we must have to help us live aright. Is it because I have refused this power that I have spoiled the first new leaf of my New Year? Hilda could not keep back the tears. She was not ashamed of them any longer, however. She went home with a full heart, ran up stairs, and looked herself in her own room. It seemed to her she had been blind all her life, and that only now her eyes had been opened to see that it was Christ whom she needed—Christ the hope of glory, and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

There in the quiet of her room she sat at his feet, and the words that came from her heart were: "Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid myself of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

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To Sunday-School Workers

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