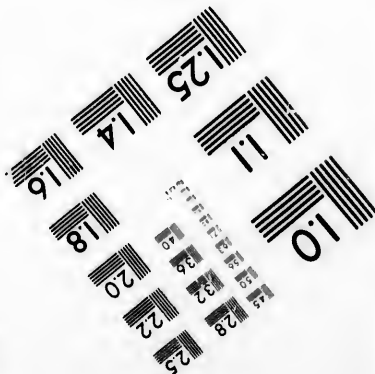
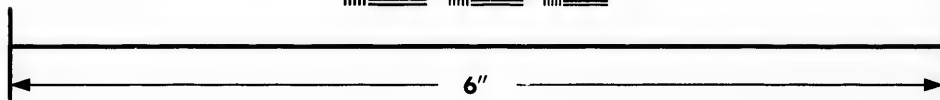
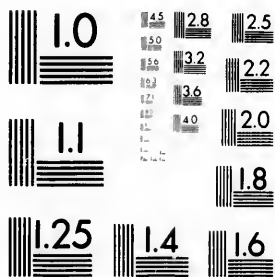


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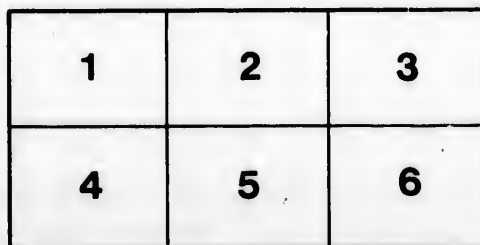
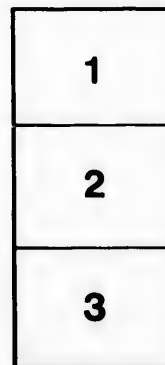
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GOD EVERYTHING

TO THE

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S E R M O N S

P R E A C H E D B Y

REV. CHARLES B. PITBLADO,

O N

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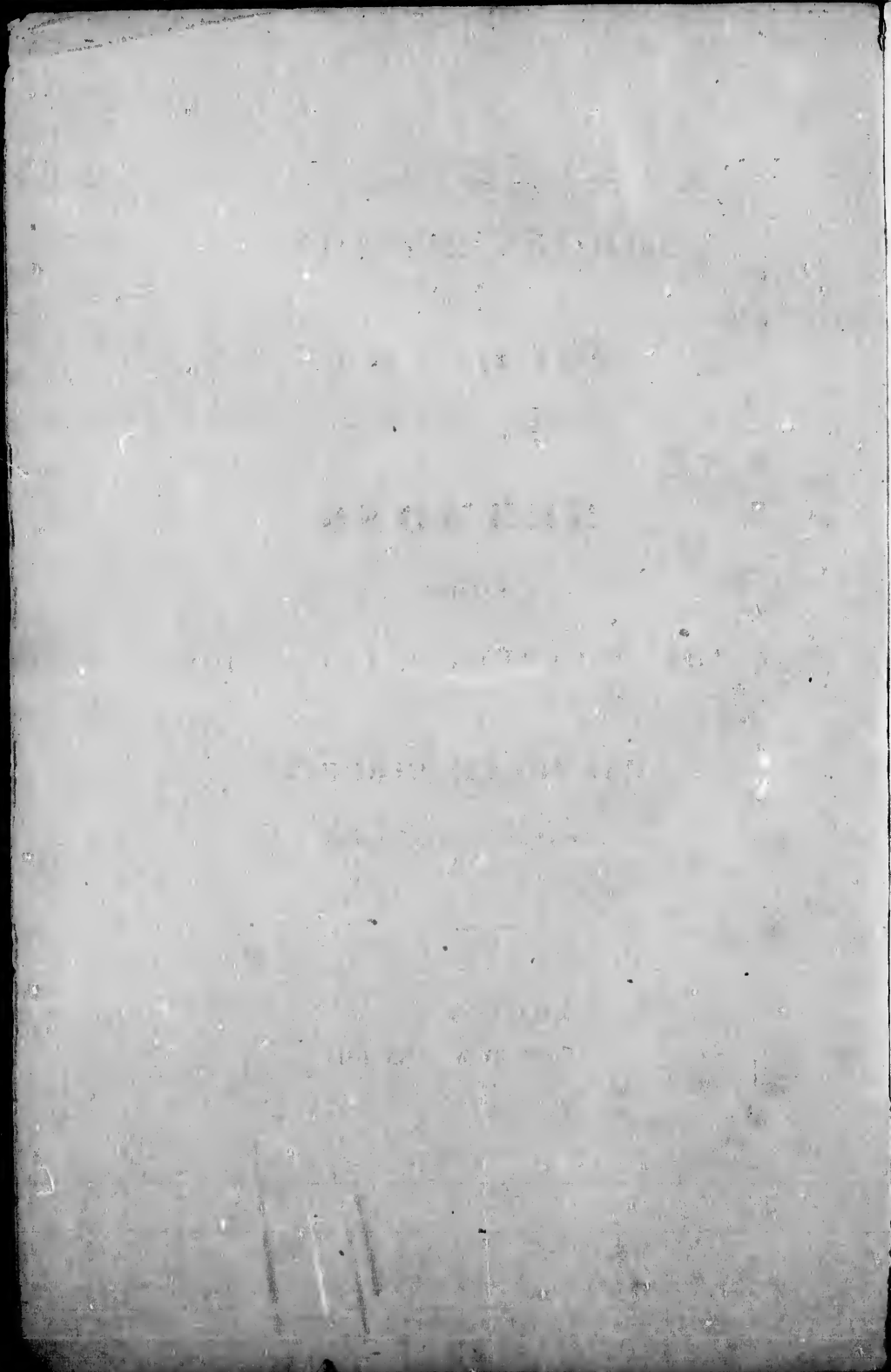
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GOD EVERYTHING
TO THE
UPRIGHT.

SERMONS

PREACHED BY

REV. CHARLES B. PITBLADO,

ON

FALMOUTH CIRCUIT,

AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY W. CUNNABELL,
1868.

PREFACE.

By request we let the following Discourses go to the printer just as they were prepared for our regular work. We are conscious that they are defective; still they may do good. We are greatly inclined to use the pruning knife, but had we time to do so they might be pruned to death.

Go little darlings of my head and heart: go and the Lord God go with you.

PITBLADO.

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PART FIRST.

“The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.”
Psalms lxxxiv. 11.

DAVID was a poet: wanting to say something glorious about his God, turned to the sun as it poured high noon from its golden urn and cried “The Lord God is a *sun*.” David was a warrior: in imagination taking his stand amid battle camps and battle dangers, cried “The Lord is a *shield*.” David had been a shepherd: remembering how he had shepherded his flock in field and fold, and thinking of God’s kindness and promises to His flock, cried “The Lord will give *grace and glory*”—a rich field on earth and a richer fold in heaven. David was a king. At this time perhaps Absalom had usurped his throne, still remembering the past, with a brightening eye and a brimming heart, he cried “No good thing will He withhold.” But knowing that to man, God was all these—a sun, a shield, a portion—conditionally, he with a trustful humble heart, added God is everything to “them that walk uprightly.”

Two ideas in the first part of this verse.

First, what God *is*. Second, what God *gives*.

First. What God is here said to be.

I. A SUN. What the sun is to the *material* world God is to the *moral* world.

The sun dispels physical night. Lifting his brow from the cushions of the orient, draws back the sombre damasks of the night, and loops them up with tassels of gold. God rises on the spiritual world, and looping back the soul curtains with a cross, suns the blackest midnight into noonday.

The sun is the source of physical *heat* and *light*. The fires in that stove and in yonder furnace are warm with sun-heat. The lamp in the mine, the chandelier in the palace and the beacon-cresset on the rock are bright with sun light. The Lord God is the source of all moral heat and light--all love and knowledge. The heat of all hearts, and light of all intellects come from God.

The sun is the source of *vegetable life* and *beauty*. Blot out the sun and flowers and forests would soon turn drowsy and die. Blot out the sun, the rosebush would wear no blush and the sky no blue. All nature losing its handsomeness would become a shrivelled thing. God is the only source of moral life and beauty. Lacking His presence churches were coffins and church members were corpses.

The sun is a blessing to man *physically* and *intellectually*. The child grows strongest when allowed to play in the sunlight. Science is discovering that in sunbeams there are great curative powers. Travellers are beginning to attribute much of the mental and physical deformity that prevails among the inhabitants of the deepest Alpine valleys to the dimness of the daylight. Idiots and hunchbacks seem most to prevail where the people are shadowed by the highest mountains. Did not the Lord God shine upon humanity our earth would become morally a lunatic asylum—a vast hospital. Shadowed by worldism men grow one sided. Sunned by God they grow symmetrical.

The sun is the *giver of all pure, thirst quenching, life giving water*. He gathers the water from the salt sea; from the dank morass up into his air repositories, and sends it down to us sparkling in wee, shy, brisk streams, where the mountain goat drinks and the lily dances; leaping in the way-side spring where the worn traveller kneels to quench his thirst; flowing in the clumsy river that garters the hills, and upon whose banks we build our Ninevas and Babylons, our Romes and Londons; gushing in ten thousand thousand city cisterns; waiting quietly in pump and well beside unnumbered village greens. If Paul Denton, or as some say

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Judge Arrington when a preacher, said "everywhere it is a thing of beauty," we say everywhere it is a thing of life—of physical life to man. God is the only Giver of all pure spiritual life-giving water. Taking it from His own brimming sea, He lets it distil in living, quickening showers upon the thirsty soul world,

But for the sun there would be no moisture in the air, and but for this moisture in the air, the heat that earth appropriates by day would pass away through the darkness, and by dawn our world would be chilled to death. Were it not for God there would be no life moisture in the soul. Souls would become chilled into spiritual icebergs. The world would become a moral ice house.

The sun is *far* and *near*. Distant from our earth as astronomers tell, 95,000,000 of miles, yet coming to our world in about eight minutes, floods our hills and homes. God is far beyond all suns, above all milky-ways, nevertheless He is here—here to iron out the wrinkles from our soul—here to guide man on his pilgrim way. This truth makes the Christian so strong and glad.

The sun can be discovered only by his own native brilliancy. The moon and planets are lustrous in borrowed glory; not so the sun; he shines out self and can be seen only by his own light. Were every mountain to become a flaming Vesuvius; every world a blazing Saturn—even then the mighty flare would do nothing more to reveal the sun than the sparkling of a phosphorescent sea or flickering of a glow-worm. God can be discovered only by His own shining and presence. If *creation* shines out God, it is because He is there. He is in the little crystal plant gleaming in the mysterious bosom of the tiny snowflake, as well as in the glistening coronal with which eternal winter caps the Andes. He is in every molecule of light that touches the eyeball as well as in the rainbow halo that wreaths His throne. He is in the monad as truly as in the star galaxy. He is in the animalcule as well as in the man; in the butterfly as surely as in the archangel. Creation is more than a gem upon the brow of its Maker, it is a diamond full of His light. There is God in all things. It is God alone that shines out Deity in nature, and not nature apart from God.

If *providence*, shepherding worlds and pasturing souls, shines out God, it is not because He has been so particular

in establishing certain laws, but because He is above every law and behind every law and in every law.

If *redemption* shines out God more brilliantly than either creation or providence, it is because in it there are more of the divine elements displayed. Here "mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace kiss each other." God's presence in redemption gives it a star to guide the darkling on his upward way. The philosophy of Confucius or Hume, the religion of Budah or of Mahommet can boast no such star.

Again: The *nearer* the planets are to the sun the *more heat and light* they have. Mercury the nearest, and distant from the sun only thirty-seven millions of miles, has seven times more heat and light than our world. Heat enough to burn it up. Neptune the farthest from the sun, and distant two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight millions of miles, has probably between seven and eight hundred times less heat and light than our earth. Cold enough to stiffen our mightiest cataracts—freeze our mountain springs and turn our seas into prodigious icebergs. Light not much stronger than our star light. The nearer man lives to God the more divine love and spiritual light he will possess. The warmer will be his heart and the brighter his mind. If we live near to God His warmth will cause the latent emotions of the heart to bud into sweetest life, and the embryo qualities of the intellect to wake into energy and splendour.

Again: The *nearer* the planets are to the sun the *more swiftly* they revolve. While Mercury goes at the rate of 105,000 miles an hour, Neptune runs at the rate of only 12,000 miles in the same time. The nearer man lives to God the more swiftly he runs in all the ways of truth and God.

"Nearer, my God to thee, nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

Yet again: The sun *gladdens* the natural world. Day lifts a certain dull moan from the rill and puts a throb of joy in its song. The sun steps out, upon the earth bids every pond and pool look gleeful, and turns every glen into an orchestra. He rises, and every thing animate and inanimate seems preparing to utter one long, loud shout, "Hail! bright, warm sun, we are happy to see you back again; every cryptic

creek and lowly thing looks glad, as in their silent eloquence they join the linnet and the lark in the chorus of their matin song—"Good morning lovely sun, we are glad you have come." God gladdens the moral world. It is His delight to happyfy humanity. Looking up through a guilty conscience and old dogmas and musty superstitions, we might be ready to say, "Thou art after all but a stormy God." But looking up through nature and the Bible and a pacific conscience, we have to say, "Thou art a kind, kind God, ever ready to turn our sadness into gladness, to fill our souls with eternal spring-time and shake down upon the upright perennial noon."

II. God is a *shield*. Two ideas here. First the idea of a *battle*. Second the idea of *protection* in that battle.

First. The *battle*. It is of course spiritual. We are all on the field.

Paramount are the *issues* that hang upon this battle. Great may have been the issues to marshalists and nations that hung upon such battles, as Zama and Marathon, Salamis and Granicus, such battles as Bannockburn and Poitiers, Trafalgar and Waterloo, Inkerman and Lucknow, Bunker Hill and The Wilderness. But how much greater, deeper, higher are the issues that hang upon this spiritual battle? These concern not so much the transitory as the eternal; concern not such golden fleece as that for which the Grecian argosy crossed Euxine seas, but such golden fleece as that which enriches souls; concern not thrones of gold and jasper here, but thrones of sapphire up in heaven—not wilting coronets for dusty brow of carnage hero, but dazzling coronets such as God's immortal heroes wear.

Tremendous *foes* in this battle—the old dark trinity—"The world, the flesh and the devil."

"*The flesh*"—a bad force within—a traitor in the camp. A worse traitor than was Menteath to Wallace, Brutus to Cæsar, or Ptolmy to Pompey. "*The world*"—a smiling fascinator having three grand mediums of attack. It attacks us through "the *lust* of the flesh"—the sensual—a desire for the external; pleasing excitement that will thrill the animal—rock the bewildered senses. It attacks us through "the *lust* of the eyes"—the covetous—a desire for the transitory—love for the grand that must crumble, for the glitter-

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ing that must pale. It attacks us through "the pride of life"—the ambitious; love of the shadowy; the credit which comes from being beautiful, talented, wealthy, knighted; the repute which we imagine comes from having a wealthy uncle, a famous grandfather, a titled ancestry.

Our other foe is "*the devil*." No dark metaphor but a person—a spiritual force, bent upon the blighting of every fair thing, upon the ruin of humanity. A serpent—his slimy trail is in every garden. A lion—the imprint of his paw is upon every door step. The prince of darkness—his ebon throne shadows every hearth-stone. A liar. When Canute and Edmond ruled England between them, Canute promised to make him who would kill Edmond the highest man in all the kingdom. True enough the murderer was made the highest; that day he was hung by Canute's command on the loftiest tower in London. That is just like the devil. If he offers exaltation, it will be on a gallows. Nero sent for his mother Agrippina for the purpose of harmonizing animosities. She came and landed at Baiæ, probably in the same spring that Paul sailed into the port of Puteoli, after his having appealed to Nero Cæsar. Agrippina was received upon the shore by the carcases of her emperor son, while at the same time he was having a barge prepared in which she might be crushed to death. Just like the devil. His caresses are full of death. He invites to kill. If he offers a pleasure sail in a gilded barge on a sea of balm, the barge will turn out a coffin and the sea a hell. If he promises a mansion it will turn out a bastille.

A *deceiver*. What Jack the giant killer was in fable, the devil is in fact. He digs pits, and artfully covering them over woos his victims to their falling, and then cuts off their heads. Ever artful. The polypus takes the colour of the rock and the angler baits the hook in order to catch the fish. The carelion assumes the colour of the grass to catch the grasshopper. The devil assumes many a garb and uses many a bait in order to catch men. Poor fellows, how easily we are duped and caught!

Not long ago we saw a little girl causing a number of chickens to race and push a scramble after a few handfuls of gravel dust. Poor little things, they were cheated. It was not food. The devil keeps men running and fighting and

scrambling after world dust and hell dust. Deluded immortals, dust can't fill hungry souls.

"The world, the flesh, and the devil." These are the foes banded together against us. They are everywhere a power—a terrible power. What shall we do? Do! What can we do? Our eyes are full of sin dust, our swords are broken, our panoply is stolen, we are wounded and fast sinking into the battle trench. "Alas! my Master, what shall we do?" Listen. Do you hear that voice "The Lord God is a shield"? Thanks, thanks. Here is a shield to protect that can never be broken or bruised in the fray.

Second. This shield is our *protection* in this war. It is divine. What God said to the father of the faithful He says to all the upright—"Fear not Abraham; I am thy shield." God is our shield.

"Fear not." Thy shield *covers* thee. Homer tells that Achilles was wounded in the heel, the only vulnerable point he had. We have many vulnerable points, but our shield covers us, we need fear no spear. Homer speaks again of young Telemachus often getting into difficulty and danger, but when ready to fall his unearthly friend Mentor was ever near to help. Our shield is the true Mentor who can keep off all arrows. Naturalists tell us of a water-insect that can weave for itself out of the air a crystal shield, by which it can dive about unwet in seas or pools. Covered with our shield we can walk about unharmed amid the vilest powers: Oh, what a shield is ours! Standing in a glass house on Hymalays in a thunder-storm the fiercest lightning shafts could not touch you. Standing behind our divine shield we can bid defiance to the hottest artillery of our foes.

"Fear not." Thy shield is *strong*. "God is thy shield." "The Lord strong and mighty" will keep thee. Keep thee when no one else can. Years and years ago we stood one sunny day upon one of old Scotland's hills watching a "hare chase" with growing interest as they bounded over heather braes, across grassy paths and through hazel glens. Now all the hounds were near their prey. Now all lagged behind but two. Now only one dog in hot, hot chase came hard upon the little creature in the clover furrow. Now they began to climb the hill. The hare made for the hillock where it stood. How changed it looked. When it started it was

large and almost silver grey, but now it had shrunk into a little thing almost black. It came right on and looking up into my face and holding back its ears seemed to say "take me up, O take me up!" It ran among my feet and I could almost hear it cry "O that dog; take me up!" How I wanted to take it up into my arms. How I wished to be a strong man and have a stick with which I could smite that bound to death. I was weak and unable to help that little creature in its extremity.

I think of another picture. Man is hunted by the hounds of hell. He runs up to God as He stands on Calvary's hill and cries "O take me up, O shield me!" "Keep me O Lord my God; O save me according to thy mercy."

What then? The Lord will lift us out of danger, and strike back our foe. Then we are safe. The Eternal is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms; and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say destroy them. We are glad as David when we cry "Thou art my hiding place and my shield."

Second? What God bestows. *Grace. Glory.*

I. *Grace.* It is sometimes expressed plurally—graces. It has a great many elements. Looking at sin it is called repentance—at truth it is called faith. Contemplating trials it is called patience. Contemplating the future it is called hope. Grace—all external and internal favours—all physical, intellectual and moral mercies—all animal qualities, mental faculties, spiritual principles. Grace—a *power* to choose salvation and live a hallowed, earnest life; a *guide* amid intricacies and gloom, surer than stone *cavens* to wanderer among Scotland's highland hills—surer than tall crosses to traveller among Swiss mountains—surer than compass or beacon-crest to mariner amid the thunder chime and ponderous gambols of the wayward sea; a *voice* sounding above the grunblings of the storm, saying "It is I be not afraid," "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," "My grace is sufficient for thee." It is a star in the blackest sky—a life-boat on the rudest ocean—an asbestos-robe in the furnace-flame—a tent for the weakling "under the shadow of the Almighty"—an asylum for the soul sick "in the secret place of the Most High." It has pardon for the penitent—a foun-

tain for the unclean—a garment for the naked—a table for the hungry—a couch for the weary—balm for the wounded—bucklery for the soul. Taking the upright by the hand it leads him all along the path of life, and when down amid the gathering shadows of the valley whitens the gloom and bids him sing the victor's song "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" It is the argosy in which we cross the latest seas—the wings shut up in the soul with which we scale the bastions of glory.

II. Bestows *glory*. Here and hereafter.

1. *Here*. Desire of earthly glory is an instinct of human nature. All seek for it in some way. The mechanic as well as the politician—the street sweep as well as the philosopher—the gardener training the woodbine as well as the artist painting for eternity. Men seek it in *wrong* ways. We may admire the poet as he turns all nature into an organ and strikes its keys with a witchery that charms humanity, but his is not *true* glory. We may admire the philosopher as he chains the thunderbolt, builds his laboratory on the sun and strings the stars together—as he tells us strange stories he reads in valley boulders about primeval forests and pre-adamite seas, but his is not true glory. We may admire the orator as he stirs the stagnant depths of the most sluggish heart and bids high echoes whisper in the caverns of the dullest souls, but his is not true glory. We may admire the warrior as he clambers up, on human skulls to power, and shakes the hot gore from the laurel he binds upon his brow, but his is not true glory. Samson with the jaw bone of an ass leaving a thousand dead upon the field; Leonidas dying in the pass of the Thermopylae; Hannibal crossing the Alps and rushing down upon the Romans like a tiger, wreaking upon them the vengeance of his early vow; Alexander plunging into the Granicus; Miltiades at Marathon driving back the armies of Xerxes into the sea; Black Douglas flinging before him the heart of Bruce in its golden urn, and springing into the battle and the death with the cry "Lead on brave heart as thou hast done before;" the Black Prince returning as the hero of Poitiers, and riding up the carpeted streets of London, with King John of France a captive by his side; the Highland warriors round the well of Cawnpore

taking their awful oath with a murdered woman's tresses in their hand: such men may gain all the glory a nation or a world can give, but their honour possesses no element of true glory. Pollok in his *Course of Time* wrote—

“Who grasped at earthly fame,
Grasped wind; nay worse, a serpent grasped, that
Through his hands slid smoothly, and was gone; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain.”

Men have wild ideas of glory. We seem to think that there is more glory in physical courage than moral courage—more glory in brute force, than soul force—more glory in the masculine, the intellectual, the brave, the strong, than in the gentle, the tender, the pure, the good: not so God.

Here God gives to man *true appropriate* glory. Every creature has its own peculiar glory. The peculiar appropriate glory of humanity is moral goodness. This we learn from what God said to Moses—“I will let my goodness pass before thee.” Gentleness is greatness. This we learn from what David said—“My gentleness hath made me great.” To have gospel goodness is to be glorious. To have gospel gentleness is to be great. Here God gives the glory of *belonging to His family*—“Son of God.” This is no “inessential shade,” but substantial glory. “How do you desire to be treated?” said Alexander to Porus, an Indian prince whom he had conquered. “Like a king,” was his answer. “Do you ask nothing more?” said the conqueror. “No,” said the prince; “all things are included in that.” What Porus said of a king, we say of a son of God—All things are included in that.

Here God gives the glory of *true honour*. God says “Them that honour me I will honour.” Again He says of His lover, “I will deliver him and honour him.” Jesus said “If any man will serve me, him will my Father honour.” Praise from God. Oh! what to this are the plaudits of a world!

Again: Just before entering heaven finally He gives the glory of *crowning honours*. According to the Bible there is to be a grand coronation for all the good, somewhere about the winding up of all things earthly. It would appear from Scripture that the upright have two grand entrances into heaven, one at death, the other at the resurrection; and that

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Jesus has two modes of receiving them. To those who come just hot from the battle, He says "Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord." "Well done" from Jesus—this is glory. And further, when the "last day" has come, and the tread of gathering hosts is dying away and the booming of the latest thunder becoming drowsy and the flame of smouldering worlds flickering low, Jesus coming down to our coronation will lift off the throne, a present from the Lord, and placing upon our head a crown, will look into our face and say "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you since the foundation of the world." Crowned by Jesus, King over such a grand old Kingdom. This is glory.

2. Glory *hereafter*. It is *fadeless*. It has no blanch, no change. It is *progressive*. "From glory to glory" is one of its characteristics. From one white cliff to another more dazzling cliff on Jehovah's throne, and still the cry is "Excelsior." On and up for ever more, reaching and ever reaching more swiftly and more gloriously the glistening turrets of the uncreated throne, without ever standing upon its pinnacle. The life time of God can alone work out this soul glory. The soul is like an immortal egg within which there are unnumbered songs and sunny lives—lives ever throbbing into higher ecstasies and songs ever trembling into sweeter harmonies. This is a *restful* glory. It has no strain nor bustle nor toil nor turmoil. It has aspiration without languor, advancement without panic. Thank God, soon we will be done with the scramble and the sweat and the ache.

The soul is gasping for this glory now. We wonder what it really is. We feel a struggling in our being to tell, but no man, no angel can. It is effulgent as the smile of God. Once there was a shaft of it fell upon Tabor. This glimpse of immortal splendors bewildered the beholders. John dimly, darkly saw a corner of its shadow in the lonely, rocky Isle in the Aegean sea. His superhuman pictures suggest to us much, but tell us little. What is it? Edens of unfading beauty, homes full of the music and friends, wealth that knows no corroding, health that knows no sickening, youth that knows no wrinkled age, life that knows no dying. All this, but more. What is it? Ecstasy that never wanes, lovers that never change, hearts that never sigh, souls that

never sin. All this, but more. What is it? To have our darkest problems solved. To have interwoven into our being all the love and beauty and blessedness, that all the saints and angels possess to-day. All this, but more. What is it? Ceaseless pulsations of soul harmony with God; a wondrous unfolding of the harmonious powers of the broad deep soul all along the sunny cycles of the Eternal. All this, but more. O how we are thrilled with grandeur to the centre when we think that we are moving on and up into a splendid mystery! What is it? We must wait. But soon, soon we shall take the Angel by the hand, and going home know what it really is to be in Heaven among those who "see His face"—know a little of what it is to stand up in the glory of God.

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PART SECOND.

“The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.”
Psalu lxxxiv. 11.

We have already spoken on the first part of this verse. Of God as “*a sun*” we have spoken. What the sun is to the physical God is to the spiritual. Of God as “*a shield*” we have spoken. What the shield is to the soldier amid maddening cohorts and gleaming steel, God is to the true hero in the great hot moral strife. Nay more than shield or corselet or coat of mail to the warrior, is God to the upright. Of God as a *donor* we have spoken—as a giver of grace and glory—of plenty and dignity on earth and of a home and a heaven in eternity.

I. Further and first now we speak of the Lord God as a *dispenser of luxuries* to the upright. “No good thing will He withhold.” Heaven granted luxuries may not always or often touch the mansions and coffers and goblets of earth; they oftenest touch the dearest, deepest pantings of the immortal. The soul may often luxuriate amid luxuries, while the body pines amid penuries. Delicacies from the culinary of the Father may be the spirit’s repast, while little more than the crust of bread and the cup of water may be the mortal’s richest fare. God will always provide what under the physical, intellectual, and spiritual circumstances is “good” and best. Taking the broadest view of man, it is said “*No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.*” David was authorized by God to tell this to the world. It comes to us bearing the signature of the unchangeable Jehovah. In essence it is a promise from the Lord God to man.

What a climax it is—promise of grace and glory. It is a casket bursting with the jewels of God—a cup overflowing with the nectar of Heaven—a table laden with the viands of life eternal—a bank with doors and drawers wide open, and with the Trinity for the bankers.

Three ideas we have in this promise.

1. Here we see God's *wealth*. He alone is wealthy. He is rich in *material wealth*. Whose are those untrodden wilds, those mysterious forests, those seas sobbing to the moon and rolling their echoing chime around a thousand isles, those mountains crowned with the glacier and scarfed with the iris, where storms sing their thunder hymn? The Lord God's. Whose are those treasures in that sky where the astronomer descries millions of suns and where the angels discover millions more? The Lord God's.

He is rich in *life wealth*. These myriads—throbbing in the rain drop, dancing in the gold-light, flashing in the summer bower, roaming in the wild wood, climbing on the lone rock, sporting on the briny wave, sleeping in the buttercup, dwelling in the atom and the iceberg, crowding our cities and standing upon yonder "sea of glass"—whose are these? The Lord God's.

He is rich in *beauty wealth*. He has stores of beauty visible and invisible. There is a beauty which belts and coronets the seasons, that Thompson never saw. There is a loveliness in spring which summer never works out. There is beauty beneath the surface which autumn never weaves into its mantle of aerial gauze or wreathes into its hazy crown of sifted gold. There is a latent splendor in winter that never glistens in his garb or glitters in the icy garland of his fountains. Nature has unseen repositories of beauty and hidden laboratories, where she turns carrion into clover and exhalations of frog ponds into gleaming glories. Beauty all around. Glancing in the iceberg, nestling in the rosebud, shimmering in the Aurora and glittering in the nebula. Beauty seen and unseen. Whose is all this physical loveliness? The Lord God's.

God is rich in *music*, heard and unheard. He has songs among the willows and the billows no human ear ever heard.

He is rich in *power*, latent and manifest. His dew-drops are things of power as well as His oceans. He has power in His acorns as well as His thunderbolts.

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He is rich in *soul wealth*. His most precious wealth is spiritual. He has worlds full and eternities full. He is full handed and full hearted. He has every kind of opulence that we can require. But soul opulence is the most valuable kind to us. He alone can give it. God is golden. He alone can give pure human gold—heart riches—spiritual wealth. He has given much.

2. Here we see God's *liberality*. "NO good THING will He withhold." *God gives joyfully and ingrudgingly*. Our Father God is no miser. He has not only plenty to give but He is anxious to give it. Julius Cæsar said that there was no music so charming in his ears as the requests of friends and those who wanted his aid. To God there is more charming music in the suppliant's cry than in the seraph's song. The Lord God delighteth to help man. "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry." "Call upon me" He says "in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Pisistratus kept near him a servant with a bag of silver, for the purpose of helping the needy. God keeps servants going about the world with bags of better gifts than the Athenian's. Are there richer splendors that laurel the temples of every June and robe the shoulders of every summer than Demetrius ever wore in his double crown or most gorgeous mantle? They come out of God's beauty bags. Are your coffers full of wealth? It comes out of God's gold bags. Are your tables spread with viands that the Roman Heliogabalus with his peacocks' and nightingales' tongues and pheasants' brains served up on golden plates might have envied? These delicacies come out of God's culinary bags. Are our lives enriched with liberty and friends, our understandings with truth, our imaginations with pictures of grandeur and beauty, our hearts with love, our consciences with peace? All these gifts come out of God's treasury bag. All that is worth having comes from Him.

God's liberality is *unlimited*. Taking the upright by the hand does he say like Ahasuerus "to the half of my Kingdom?" No. He says "All things are yours." "I have prodigious riches," said Cyrus to his friends, "but they are as much yours as mine." But the Persian could never say "All things are yours." That is the way God speaks to His

friends. It is good to speak it out and hear it spoken. "All are your's; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

God's liberality to us cost Him more, so far as we know, than His liberality to the young "sons of the morning." All He has given to the angels we know not. We know a little of what He has given us. He might have only given us the sweepings of His throne room—that would have been liberal. He has given us the darling of His soul. He could not have given more. This is the crown and the cream, the otta and the soul of God's liberality. Come up this hill and look at that cross. There—that is the greatest thing Heaven could do for man. That cross is the great reservoir whose mouth opens wide before the throne, and into which God now pours His gifts, until flowing down Calvary they flood the world. Here among many other promises you read, "No good thing will He withhold." "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things." Yonder garden and cup, this cross and victim, yonder tomb and Conqueror—all cry, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

3. Here we see God's *wisdom*. "No good thing will He withhold." "No good thing"—nothing that is really necessary for your truest comfort, your highest interests. He knows what would hurt us and withholds it: He knows what would help us and bestows it. The Arabian fable tells how Aladin had only to rub his lamp and forthwith he had all he wanted. We cry to our Father and we have, not all we want, but all we want that is for our real good. Often it would be cruelty to let us have all our own way. God will, if we let Him, *always do* for us the *best thing*. In doing this He has often to thwart our most darling plans: blow away our most gorgeous air-castles: curtain our hearts in strange mystic gloom: let us sit under the cypress for a season, and hang our harps all night upon the willows. How cheering at such times it is to know, that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Although called to sit upon the ruins of what you think your earthly all, yet you need fear no want. The snail has its shell, the beaver its den, the condar its rock and the snow bird gets its food: you will have some home and plenty here, and a fine home among lovers hereafter.

God will *personally* do for us the very best He can. He is intensely interested in all that concerns us. That He is too great to be interested in man is only an Epicurean dream. That He is here only by representation was the leading notion of the ancient Gnostic philosophy which has been exploded long ago. He personally attends to man. The Bible is full of the idea of the Eternal ego dwelling with man and in man and working for man. "Fear not, I am with thee." "I will never leave thee." "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." God is interested in our little matters as well as our great matters. Our earth is but a shining mote amid the one hundred millions of suns and systems that lie within the range of the telescope, and all that blaze of material glory may be only as a taper, compared with the awful splendors of burning star-clusters undiscovered and undiscoverable by man. If God is interested in our little world, why not interested in our little matters too? He is interested in our little matters; interested in the dropping of our teeth as well as in the shaking of our nations' thrones; interested in the falling of the blossoms from our orchard trees as well as in the dropping of stars from their sockets; interested in our business as well as in our souls, in our farms as well as in our heaven.

In doing for us the best thing, He would if necessary for our good, lay at our feet the wealth of hill and sea, and bring from other worlds the rarest gems to build for us a throne, such as was never dreamed of by kings or conquerors. He would if necessary for our highest wellbeing rear for us a mansion of sardonyx and sapphire, on a hill of charysolyte and topaz, with a garden rife with sweeter roses than Cashmere ever grew, and filled with groves of more gushing music than the skies of Britain or the woodlands of the Levant can boast, whose walks would blaze with rarer diamonds than Golconda ever gave, and whose walls would shimmer with richer pearls than Cleopatra ever saw, and brighter onyx stones than were ever found in Havilah. He would, if necessary for our greatest good, discover to us the hidden laboratory of nature, reveal the secrets of fire and flood and air, of microscope and telescope, explain the link between the mental and the physical, and the condition of the action and

reaction of spirit and matter. He would, if best for us, fill our hearts with little-heavens every morning, independently of ourselves, and guard our sunny life with visible seraph bands created for the purpose. He would—what would He not do, if necessary for our truest welfare?

God *will* do for us the best thing.

The highest design of the Lord God with humanity is moral goodness. His grand end is not to make man a Cræsus or Napoleon here, but an Abraham, an angel yonder. To lift man to a pedestal on earth; to enrich and embellish his intellect with the brightest trophies of human lore; with the science of rock and sky, flower and sea; to fill his coffers with the pelf of banks and the riches of mountain and mountain cavern, of ocean and ocean cave—to do all this for man and end there is to do but little—in to fail. Dust blessings, mere intellectual boons, may be soul banes. To set man upon a golden mole-hill, to lift him above the throng, may be to sink him in moral mud; dwarf the spiritual forces of his nature. God has better things for the saintliest than dust and toys. He has soul sympathy; He has heart love; He has a God for the aching spirit gap; He has everything that is worth having for the upright.

II. Those to whom God is so good.

“*Them that walk uprightly.*” Mark the *condition* upon which we receive the purest benedictions, the deepest beatitudes of God—uprightness of character.

Note ideas implied. Here man's *responsibility* is implied.

By virtue of God's fiat and presence man is a moral cause. He can will to do, and not to do. Adam, of the garden, could fall; Adam, of the wilderness, by virtue of the atonement, can rise. God is in humanity, through the cross, giving religious possibilities which man may pervert or improve, use or neglect. Unused—the eye or limb becomes useless, so with the capacity of religion. Unused—the religious talent will die away—the best side of man rust out. God says walk uprightly. To do so is man's business.

Here the *advantage* of the upright is implied. This man's best friend moves the mechanism of things, and all the varied dispensations transpire for his good. His Father

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steers the ship, past many a whirling Charybdis and sunken rock. In the stormiest weather, he looks up, it may be through tears, and sees the shining bow about the tempest's brow. If the hand of adversity wrings grief-drops from his trembling, aching heart, he knows that they will turn to pearls in the soul. He has by virtue of his connection with God and Christ, a power within him, by which he can transmute all the dealings of God and man towards him into blessings. The infantine oak turns the sunbeam and the shower into oak life. The rose bush turns the elements it appropriates into rose life. The Æolian harp turns storms into songs. The bee gathers sweetness from the bitter wild flower. Thus, in principle, it is with the upright man. He can turn "sad misfortunes" into gladdest fortunes. He works temporal as well as spiritual blessings, into soul forces. The upright man works all God's providences towards him into uprightness.

Note some of the *characteristics* of the upright.

1. His *external deportment* is Godward. He is *honest*. "Honesty is" not only "the best policy," but it is one of the elements of uprightness.

Honesty in *business*. Salesmen have sometimes been discharged for, what is called, their "foolish scruples in business." Their employers were not upright men. Messrs. Methuselah Cræsus & Co. is something like our modern signs. In many cases it ought to be Messrs. Methuselah Cræsus & Beelzabub. The devil is no sleeping partner in many a firm.

Honesty in *little things* as well as in great things.

Dr. Smollett gave a gold coin to a beggar in mistake for a quarter dollar. The poor man, running after him, offered to return it. He might have kept it, but Honesty said it is not your's. He might have reasoned "It is not much for that gentleman." Honesty said "However little, it is not your's." One of the characteristics of uprightness was here found amid rags and want. "Go and pay for that salt," said a Persian king to his attendants, who had taken it from some villagers. It was only a little salt to season some venison. That king was honest in the little. The upright man is honest in ounces of salt and in shoe-strings as well as in tons of hay and bales of goods. He is honest in preachers' subscriptions

and seat-rents, in newspaper subscriptions and doctors' bills as well as in house rent and grocery bills. He is not apt to forget his debts. He believes in paying for brain sweat as well as body sweat, for soul food as well as material food.

He is *truthful*.

He *speaks* the truth. "As to you Petrarch, your word is enough." Such were the words addressed to this great Italian poet when he was about to take an oath. Pretty much the same was said by the judge to Zenocrates the Athenian philosopher, when he approached the altar to swear what he stated was truth.

"As to you Christian, your word is enough." Such is the way in which the upright, by their friends and acquaintances, are addressed. Their word can be relied upon.

The orator Denades once cried "I call all the gods and goddesses to witness the truth of what I shall say." The Athenians replied "And we call all the gods and goddesses to witness that we will not believe you." Poor man, he had lied his reputation to death. It may be that there are politicians and editors and deacons and preachers and lawyers and shoemakers and orators and tailors and merchants who have done the same thing. The upright man adheres to truth on the platform and at the fireside, in the newspaper and in the letter. He does not trade in white lies. He don't tell his servant to say "not at home," because he cannot be disturbed. To him the utterance of an untruth is like a dagger in the conscience, like a gall drop in the soul.

He *acts* the truth. "She is asleep; I put on my night-cap and lay down with her, and she dropped right off." Such was the language addressed by one lady to another in regard to a little girl and overheard by Robert Hall. He reproved her by saying among other things "That which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." That truth is ignored by the etiquette world, but treasured by the upright man. He tries to make his actions speak the truth as well as his tongue.

He *acts towards others* as he would have others act towards himself.

He acts towards others *justly and kindly*.

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palace gate—"Do nothing to others which you would be unwilling should be done to yourself." That principle first uttered by Jesus is written on the heart of every upright man and worked out in his life.

He tries to *render good for evil*.

"Renounce your Saviour if you will save your life," cried a conquering Italian to his trembling foe. The poor wretch did so. Then the monster, plunging his dagger into the coward's heart, cried "Now I have revenge, for I have killed both body and soul." That was the revenge of a fiend. "Revenge is sweet" only to the wicked.

Readers of ancient biography know that the spirit of returning good for evil has often been strikingly exhibited in the lives of some of the great and cultured heathens, such as Socrates, Pericles, Aristides, Phocion and others. In this particular these men put to shame many who live in Christian lands. This spirit of rendering good for evil is startlingly taught in the upright man's guide book. When the upright are injured, they hear God say "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," and so they leave their cause and case in His hands. To be passive and not thirst for revenge is only half their duty. They further hear God say "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink." Something more than that yet. Jesus said "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

He *joys* in the *prosperity* of others.

Some seem to hate those who are more prosperous than themselves. Caligula killed his brother because he was better looking than himself. Dionysius punished Plato because he was superior to the tyrant in his logical powers. Cambyses the Persian king took his brother's life because he was his superior in the art of archery. Oh! Envy, what a demon art thou! When the Greeks were about to banish Aristides a peasant said to him something like this—"Will you write the name of Aristides in my shell?" "What wrong has he done you?" said Aristides. "None," said the fellow, "I don't even know him; I am tired and angry with hearing every one call him *the just*." The modern Christianized world is full of such characters as this Grecian clodpate. It makes them angry to hear others praised. They get tired of seeing others prosper. When they look sad we would pro-

bably be right, did we say in the language of an ancient, "Either some great ill has happened to Mutius, or some great good to another." On the contrary, it is pure delight to the upright to know that his friend, his neighbour, his enemy prospers— prospers in gold, or fame, or power— prospers in his family, or especially in his soul.

He is *active*. He is no drone, no sloth, no somnambulist in the church. His walking waking powers are from God and he uses them for God. In a world where so much labour has to be done, and with God's command ringing in their ears, they dare not hide themselves in the ascetic's cave. The saintliest are not those who bury themselves in forest glens or mountain grottos, or consecrated cloisters. The hermit is not the holiest man. The truly upright has a place among the throngs that gather upon the slopes of heaven for prayer; he has a place also among those scarred and dusty ones, who, sweating, toiling, lean up against the world's heart, until their warm heart-throbs stir new fresh pulse-beats in the bosom of humanity.

2. The upright man's *internal deportment* is straight. His tongue and fingers and heart are harmonious. They are all working Godward.

He is *humble before God*. He thinks of the love he has neglected, and of the sacred possibilities within him which he has perverted and he bows his heart in contrition. He sees Jesus taking a child in His arms and teaching the people a lesson of humility, and he learns that humility is not a development, but a returning to all that is humble and confiding and trustful and loveable in childhood. This quality belongs not to the craven or the temporizing. It is the star of the brave—it is the wreath of the noble—it is the glory of the earnest—it is the tiara of the upright.

He is *loving* towards God.

Love suits hearts. All hearts are set upon some one object in particular. The heart, while it has many chairs to give, has only one throne. The character of this throned sovereign will be our character. Make gold monarch and you will be turned into a money-worm. Put science on the throne and you will be developed into a sapless intellectualist. Let pleasure enthrone herself there; she will pollute you into a sensualist. Set power there; it will distort you into a

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tyrant. Give Satan that throne, and your whole being will be cursed and blackened into a devildom.

Set some friend there; his character will soon become yours. Throne the Lord God there, and your soul will be worked into Godliness. Love makes or unmakes the man. While dominant earthward love makes the miser, the despot, the stoic, the libertine; dominant Godward love suns the soul into uprightness.

He rests confidently upon the *adaptation* of the Lord's nature to his. He knows by experience that God is suited to him. If he is in darkness, God is a sun that knows no setting. If he is weak and foe beset, the Lord is a shield and stronghold mightier than a thousand Gibaltars. Is he bankrupt and needy? The Lord is his portion—a better portion than ten thousand argosies of golden fleece. God suits him and he wants to suit God.

He rests his soul upon God's *promise*. Looking down into this text, he reads "He will give." This is enough. This is a rock for the feet of the soul amid all the mutations of being—amid the quicksands and whirlpools of life. The continents of earth may be swept by contending seas, the Himmalayes may be tossed from their rocky thrones, the sun with his stars may be struck from his luminous centre, Alcyons; but the upright man knows that this rock will remain unmoved and immoveable as the eternal throne. God's promise is as immutable as God's throne. "To the upright there ariseth light in darkness." The upright man has often seen this light. He expects to see it come out the next dark day. Here is another promise, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for *the end of that man is peace.*"

The upright are specially interested in the *beyond*. One day I saw within the margin of a sunny lake, three pretty things—a pebble, a shell, a lily. As I stood gazing at the three beauties in delight, my eyes changed and I looked away beyond the pebble, away beyond the shell, away beyond the lily, into the dreamy immensity, and saw clouds of new fantastic loveliness hung up in the setting sun. Forgetting or neglecting the wee beauties at my feet, I was lost in the magnificent glories beyond. Thus it is with the upright. While attracted by the fading beauties of earth, they are more attracted by the infinite glories of heaven. If attracted by the praise of men, they are more by the praise of

angels and God—praise that will receive its brightest garland amid shivering worlds, and the plaudits of ransomed hosts and seraphic throngs. If attracted by the mansions and the trappings and the golden toys of the present, they are more, far more attracted by yonder glory-palms, by the “white robe” that God’s heroes wear, and by the palaces amid Zion’s hills and along Eden’s highways—highways by the spoiler forever untrodden. While attracted by the dear, loving, wilting friends of time, they are more attracted by the dear, ever-young friends of eternity. For many reasons their hearts are set on heaven. Laying their ear upon the shores of earth’s continents, and listening, they hear the rumbling of the funeral clods upon the coffins of the dead, and the sigh and the groan of the broken hearted; turning the Bible into an ear trumpet, they lay it on the shores of the angel land, and listening, hear no rumbling of funeral clods, no groan of broken hearts, and contrasting earth with heaven they often long to be there where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;” and “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.” They often long to be gone,

“From grief and groan, to a golden throne
Beside the King of Heaven.”

Who among us belong to the upright?—Does your preacher belong to this class? He has not forgotten the days of other years, when in another land, he was impressed with the necessity of a soul interest in things divine, by the simple, solemn words of his aged grandfather. He has not forgotten when all the little powers of his young soul laid hold on God—and to-day although far from the land and the years when his first vows were made, he can look up to his Father God and say, “I know whom I have believed.” Do those aged men and women belong to this class? Dear friends the shadow of the tomb is on your brow. How is it with your soul? *Young woman* do you belong to this class? Have you seen yourself in another mirror than that which speaks of physical loveliness? Is your life moulded by a higher etiquette than Chesterfield ever taught? The world is full of rosebushes and China sets, pianos and editions of Byron and Bulwer, and gold rings and lovers, but on such things, souls starve and die. *Young man* do you belong to

this class? What are you doing with your soul? Are you burying it among ploughs and ships, sleepers and cotton, books and sweethearts? Who in this congregation belong to the upright? Who on that side of the house? Who on this? Who in that gallery? God knows who.

Brother, if you are not one of the upright, you know how to become such. You know the teaching connected with the Calvary story. "He that *believeth* shall be saved." While this belief has in it, at work, all the elements of the soul, the power that renders it *living, saving* belief, is a *moral* power—"With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." Heart faith works the character into uprightness. Throne your heart, by faith, on the atonement: throne Jesus on your heart and He will throne you in heaven.

