

THE PULPIT TREASURY.

AN EVANGELICAL MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1883.

No. 3.

~~~~~Sermons~~~~~

A PRESENT INCARNATION.

BY J. H. VINCENT, D.D. (METHODIST EPISCOPAL), NEW YORK.

Christ liveth in me.—GAL. ii., 20.

GOD deals with man as the wise teacher with his pupils. The teacher constantly asks: How may I reveal enough truth to excite the eager desire of the pupil to know; and how so limit the revelation that the pupil's own powers of investigation may be employed?

It is this very problem that the teacher of man as a spiritual being—belonging to an invisible world—must solve. How bring spiritual things into the limitations of the material, that men with eyes may see just enough to incite them to examine with closed eyes the deeper verities of religion? How reveal enough truth to the senses to awaken man's interior powers to behold the unseen, feel the intangible, and to know the world forever to mere sense unknowable.

That man Jesus, the great teacher, the divine teacher, was, in His incarnate life, a manifestation, an epiphany of God, and of the elements in man which make it possible for him to be God-like and subject to the divine. Jesus Christ came into the flesh to call attention of men in the flesh to that vast world outside of the world of vision and touch and taste; a world of invisible energies; a world that was before the world of sense; a world deeper, vaster, worthier than the world of sense; a world with wider outlooks, more comprehensive wisdoms, mightier potencies, and more resplendent glories than the world of sense; a world that, as it was before, will be after

2. By the ministrations of angels—these are its guardians, servants, &c.

3. By restraining grace—this is needed by every plant in this garden and every member in Christ's Church.

4. By Christian ordinances—Baptism, the seal of separation. The Lord's Supper, the nourishing feast to which only Christ's children should come. These are like the two pillars of the Temple.

5. By Christian doctrine—No man can be a Christian without believing some fundamental doctrines. This belief is a line between the Church and the world. God has always had His Church circumscribed—the tree in Eden, the ark in the deluge, circumcision in Israel, Goshen in Egypt, Canaan amid the nations. "Except a man be born again, &c.," is the defining line now, and hereafter, a city by a wall great and high. Let us be en-

closed as a garden for Christ, be Christ's *very own*.

Balm for All Grief.

BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., TABERNACLE (PRESBYTERIAN), BROOKLYN.

Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle.—Ps. lvi., 8.

God has an intimate acquaintance with and a tender remembrance of all griefs. He has a bottle where He keeps all our tears. The world to-day is full of grief. God would place every one on a ship that has faith for a rudder, prayer for a sail, Christ for a captain and heaven for a harbor. In His Lachrymal are:

1. The tears of sickness. 2. The tears of parental anxiety. 3. The tears of domestic affliction. 4. The tears of the repentant sinners. These are kept as memorials, and will be transmuted into crystal glory.

TONGUES OF FIRE.

BY REV. E. PAXTON HOOD (INDEPENDENT), LONDON.

No. I.

The legends and stories lurking about in the Church of the Dark Ages were many of them foolish enough, but some of them were evidently constructed and told with a wise and scarcely hidden purpose. We know of none more singular than the very well known story of the strange friar who appeared in a certain monastery, and was requested by the abbot to preach in the church. The strange friar went into the pulpit, and astonished the brothers and the entire congregation. His discourse produced a profound sensation; he descanted on the doom of the lost till the blood of the brothers curdled. Altogether, it was a very wonderful discourse, and the strange friar stepped from the pulpit amidst the awe-struck glancings of the people, whose amazement he had inspired. But, saith the legend, the old abbot was not taken in. Following the strange friar, he discovered that he was the veritable enemy of mankind. He expressed to the preacher his wonder that he should talk in such a

strain. "Think you," said the devil, "that my sermon would have the effect of teaching one hearer to shun eternal damnation?" The devil sneered at the old abbot, as he said, "I made them all shiver, but I did not make one of them weep! Think you that great knowledge and great eloquence are of any use without *unction*? My sermon was a great sermon, but it would do me no harm: it had no unction!"

Uction, then, is the tongue of fire, and it is just the very gift which no universities, no degrees, no amount of learning or critical attainment, no cultivation of the science of belles-lettres, or rhetoric or elocution can bestow. In contrast with the old legend we have just quoted, there is another story—but this, we believe, is a true one, and not a mere legend—of a certain bishop, eminent not only as a preacher, but for his purity and his piety, his gentle kindness and meek wisdom. He had to preach in a certain great church, and he had to travel very far to