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THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

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Far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come.—Eph. i., 21.

THE pages of our human history are luminous with names of the first magnitude. It is impossible to go back and follow down on the lines of religious experience and life ; of poetry, and oratory, and art ; of statesmanship ; of war and conquest ; of ethics and philosophy ; of science, and discovery, and inventions ; of great moral reforms, and not encounter, all along the way and in all these departments, names marvelously rich in suggestions of devotion, and knowledge, and skill, and foresight, and efficient energy. Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Moses, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Paul, Julius Cæsar, Augustine, Charlemagne, Columbus, Raphael, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Copernicus, Newton, Washington, Wilberforce, Darwin, Livingstone, leap at once into mind ; and we bow in reverence at thought of the exceptional abilities these men possessed, or the vast results they brought about, or the lofty virtues they exhibited, or the magnificent ends they cherished, or the measureless volumes of influence they set in motion.

But while these names are great, there is one other Name which is greater. While these names will shine on resplendent from century to century in the firmament of the world's large and heroic souls, there is one other Name whose shining is with a light unborrowed, original, and eternal. Before that Name all other names grow dim, as the stars, though still burning on with their unquenched fires, lose their brightness and retreat into obscurity when the sun mounts the sky, and fills all the wide space with the radiance of his

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

ONE of the many internal evidences that the Bible is of Divine origin, is furnished by its method of dealing with heaven. If it were a human composition, it would devote a large space to that existence in which immortal beings are to spend everlasting ages; it would dwell on numberless particulars in its description of the "Better Country." But God's Book devotes over one hundred average pages to the rules of life in this world—even though this life on earth is measured by two or three score of years. Its aim is to show us the *way* to heaven; and when we get there it will be time enough to find out what manner of place it is, and what will be the precise employment of its occupants. A very few sentences only in God's Word are devoted to the description of the saints' everlasting home. The Bible says just enough to pique our curiosity and to stimulate speculation, but not enough to lift the sublime mystery which o'erhangs it like a cloud of glory. A few things seem clear to us. It is a *place*—a distinctly bounded one, or else such words as "walls" and "gates" are a mere phantasy. The light of it proceeds from a central throne; for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne is the light thereof.

There is something beautifully suggestive in the many-sidedness of heaven, with gates of entrance from every point of the compass. This emphasizes the catholicity of God's "many mansions," into which all the redeemed shall enter, from all parts of the globe, and from every denomination in Christ's flock. All shall come in through Christ, yet by many gateways. The variety of "fruits" on the trees of life points towards the idea of satisfying every conceivable taste and aspiration of God's vast household.

Heaven is assuredly to be a home; its occupants one large, loving household. It will meet our deepest social longings; no one will complain of want of "good society." The venerable Emerson is not the only profound thinker who has fed his hopes of "a good talk with the apostle Paul." Dr. Guthrie is not the only person who has felt assured that his "wee Johnnie would meet him inside the gate." Many a pastor counts on finding his spiritual children there as a crown of rejoicing in that day. The recognition of friends in heaven cannot be a matter of doubt. Nor will any hateful spirit of caste

mar the equalities of a home where all have a common Lord, and all are brethren.

When Cyneas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, returned from his visit to Rome in the days of her glory, he reported to his sovereign that he had seen a "commonwealth of kings." So will it be in heaven, where every heir of redeeming grace will be as a king and a priest unto God, and Divine adoption shall make every one a member of the royal family. What a comfort that we need never to pull up our tent-poles in quest of a pleasanter residence! Heaven will have no "moving day." When you and I, brother, have packed up at the tap of death's signal-bell, we set out on our last journey; and there will be a delightful permanence in those words "*forever* with the Lord." The leagues to the home are few and short. Happy is that child of Jesus whose life-work is kept up so steadily to the line that he is ready to leave it at an instant's notice; happy is he who is ever listening for the invitation to hasten to his home.

One of the best evidences of the changed and entirely sanctified condition of Christians in that new world of glory will be, that God can trust us there with complete unalloyed prosperity! I never saw a Christian yet in this world who could be, even Paul himself needed a "thorn" to prick his natural pride and keep him humble. There is not one of us whose religion might not soon decay, like certain fruits, if exposed to the blazing heat of a perpetual sunshine. Here we require constant chastisements, constant lettings down, and frequent days of cloud and storm. God could not more effectually ruin us than by letting us have our own way.

But in heaven we can *bear* to be perpetually properous, perpetually healthy, perpetually happy, and freed from even the need of self-watchfulness. The hardest recognition of heaven will be to *know ourselves*. We shall require no rods of discipline there, and there will be no house-room for crosses in the realms of perfect holiness. Can it be that you and I shall ever see a day that shall never know a pang, never witness a false step, never hear a sigh of shame or mortification, never see one dark hour, and never have a cloud float through its bright, unbroken azure of glory? Can all this be? *Yes*, this may all, and will all, be true of me, if I am Christ's faithful child; but, oh! what a *changed creature* must I be when I get on the other side of that gate of pearl! Heaven will not be a greater surprise to us than we shall be to ourselves.