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I. LITERARY.

MOSES.

No man among the sages
Enrolled on history's pages
To challenge all the ages
To reverence or condemn,
Can hold compare with Moses ;
No other name discloses,
No other life exposes
Such grandeur as reposes
In that God-crowned king of men.

No page in human history—
Sacred or profane,
No myth of heathen mystery,
No saga of the Dane,
No vague or weird tradition,
From all the hoary past,
Of man, or woman's mission
In labors great and vast
Suggest such scenes of splendor,
Of wonder and amaze,
To thrill the heart and render
One mortal's life ablaze,
As track the Hebrew Prophet,
In paths of lurid light,
From burning bush of Midian
To Pisgah's lonely height.

As Prophet and Preacher
And humanity's teacher,
The Koran's inspirer
Before the Hegira

SERMON.

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“Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.”—Heb. v. 8.

When we get into our minds the full bearing of this verse, we will regard it as among the most wonderful things ever written. It is, as you know, a teaching about our Saviour, Jesus Christ. So, before going further, let us,

1st. Remember who He is.

“The Son of God,” is one of His titles. Of Him we read: “God was manifest in the flesh.” He is spoken of, in Theology, as the second person of the Godhead (I do not like the word “Trinity.”) The doctrine of revelation is, that He is very God forever,—yet that He took upon Him our form and nature that He might show his love, by giving Himself for us in that great atoning work by which sinners are saved. It was in coming to this work, and in doing it, that the apostle says of him,—“Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.” And in these words is a most precious lesson which if learned, would make Christian life brighter, the sinner’s way of salvation clearer, and all the world better. But, wondering, we ask:

2nd. “How could the Son of God *learn anything?* Are not all things naked and open before him,—as God?” Yes! As God! But it was in His *human nature* that this learning was done. In his *human nature* ALONE, He did not know more than others born in like station, and to like advantages. It may be that this “perfect man” was of superior endowments, in body and mind. Yet he was as truly a learner, as any other traveler through time.

From the hour of his birth, to that of his crucifixion, he had to walk the life-path which is worn so bare and hard by other human feet in all the generations. The things of this life opened up to his understanding and experience, just as to ours. If such thoughts seem to lower him from the high position in which we are, rightly, accustomed to think of him, let us remember:—“This is the Lord’s doings;” and it may well be “marvellous in our eyes.” When we read Phil. ii. 7, 8, we

see God's own, voluntary action, throughout. He was, and is very God—blessed forever. But he “made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men : And being found, in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.”

Yes! He did it! Did it all! Then, in his human nature, he must learn as others of that nature. But do we understand,

3rd. How far-reaching his act was? Eternity will be full of its results. Redeemed souls find a new step upward in every throb of the sufferings of Christ—the God-man. But, let us look at the “*Law*” of life. He took upon Him the little babe's life,—just as it was and is, and shall be,—that He might open heaven for every one of the dear little pilgrims, who are the most helpless creatures ever born in this world, before God and man. What time and opportunity does death give them to know how to be saved? Jesus was born a babe, that His redemption might reach as far as the arm of death ever does or can. Since in the babe is *double* helplessness, inability,—by reason of sin, and by reason of infancy, therefore, here, if ever,—“where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”

Jesus grew into *boyhood*, that boys,—these blessed little fellows that *men* are made of,—Jesus grew to be like one and all of them, that every boy who will, may find a Saviour in Him, and by His help, drive out the bad from his nature, and take in the good, so, as not only to be a good boy as Jesus was, but grow up to bless all who know him as a good man. So did Jesus.

He grew into young manhood, that time which it is *so hard to get through* with an unspoiled life—life out of which purity and virtue of habit have not been driven. Jesus walked the young men's life for young men, that in Him, as *their special friend*, they might be saved, and kept, and delivered from this present evil world. And, hardly did he grow out of his young manhood; for he never reached middle age!

So he stands nearest, as Redeemer, to those who most need that some true friend and strong helper should stand by them to *make* strong, and true, and good, and brave when it is hardest to be so; when flesh is weakest to resist evil enticements; when life is most apt to be made false; when temptation gives most allurements to what is bad; and when, to say, “No!” to

to wrong, and "Yes!" to right is the hardest of all things to learn and do! For the world's code too often *commands with more forcefulness than God's fear*, that a man say "Yes!" to wrong, then publicly applauds him for doing so, though, in truth he has most emphatically and openly proved himself a weak coward in not *being able* to say "Yes!" to the right! It is Jesus—the strongest, truest, bravest man, and most pure and perfect gentleman, who stood in the young man's place and the young man's age, that out of His young manhood might come into other young manhood the inspiration and the power to be strong, and true, good and brave when 'tis needful to be so!

The young man who learns of Him, and goes, all in His strength, will write the name of his life *somewhere*, very high,—if too high for dust-filled eyes of mortals to read it, then all the nearer where God can and will see it, and make its copy in "The Lamb's Book of Life," which is written in heaven, and which will be read one day by the universe on bowed knees.

Yet, Jesus stood, also in perfect manhood, near enough to all other lives. Every one who studies His life, shall be able to say, with the Apostle to the Hebrews: "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was, in all points, tempted (tried) like as we are, yet without sin." And, "In that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." By becoming a real, perfect man,—as really man as ever was any other born in the flesh,—He took the place where He *must*, of necessity, *learn* what life in this world meant, and how to meet that life as a man, in behalf of those He would seek and save.

Divine nature dwelling in His human body, was distinctly separate from—yet the inspiration and power of—the human nature. His Divine nature knew all. This human nature had to learn all. The *God* knew, the *man* did not know the way through life; nor was the man's knowledge completed and his obedience perfected until the last experience in human duty,—and the last breath of life had been drawn. Into, and with the crown of thorns was woven all that men learn of joy and sorrow. He had learned all in His own experience. And all that while He was learning for us, how to put a human heart, submissively, under the will of God. The greatest of all life's attainments! No marvel that His victory was not won until, in

Gethsemane. Then, not until then, He said before God. "Not my will, but thine be done!"

4th. Finally, a question :

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

He who came,

"Our souls,
At His soul's price, to gain,"

is awaiting the answer from each one. Hearts with sin-rusted hinges are hard to open. We find it so. The opening may be with much creaking and groaning, but if opened, really, for Jesus, all discordant sounds will be harmonised into melody, and angels will bend yet lower over heaven's bright walls to see life transfigured and made glorious as it sings :—

"No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
That consecrated cross I'll bear,
'Till death shall set me free."

What more I would say, must be said briefly. Perhaps it will be most acceptably and profitably condensed by quoting from another: "What was Christ doing in the Carpenter's shop? Practicing. Though perfect, He *learned* obedience. * * * * Do not quarrel, therefore, with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never-ceasing cares, its petty environments, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all, do not resent temptation; do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you, more and more, and ceases neither for effort, nor agony, nor prayer. That is *your* practice,—the practice which God appoints you; and it is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and generous, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the, still, too shapeless image within you."—(*The Greatest Thing in the World.*)—By Drummond.)

What, then, shall we do? So much wrong! So little right!

The statue of "The Greek Slave" is very beautiful and perfect. What a contrast was seen, when a ragged, dirty, forlorn slave-girl of real life, stood before it! She gazed at it with burning eyes. Her soul was captured. She looked earnestly and long; then went home and washed her soiled face, combed her unkempt hair. The next day she came to look and won-

der again, and other aspirations were born. Once more she went home,—washed her clothes and mended them. And so, each day she came and drank in knowledge and inspiration for better life, from the beauteous perfection of that statue,—moved by pathetic longing to be more like it, and less like herself. And so,—until at last none could know that the fair creature she became, was the wretched-looking object who once stood, in a sort of dumb amaze, before the work of art. May something like that be for us? “Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run, with patience, the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.” Yes! And the vilest, most lost and degraded life,—the life most stricken by sin, will, day by day, grow better, cleaner, more beautiful, in “looking to Jesus,” until we are “changed into the same image.”

He who thus learns life,—even by the things which he suffers,—will, at the end, say: “Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”