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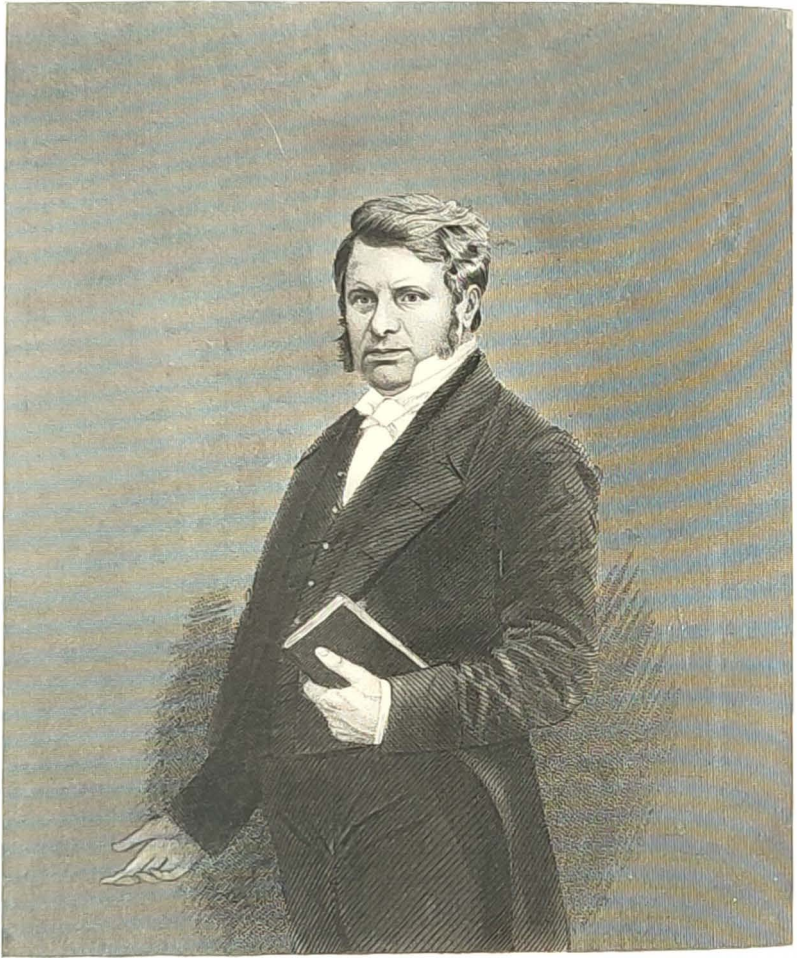
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William Brock.

THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FROM

JANUARY TO JUNE.

1858.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS.

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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER,
AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST FOR HIS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"He laid down his life for us."—1 John iii. 16.

COME, believer, and contemplate this sublime truth, thus proclaimed to thee in simple monosyllables; "He laid down his life for us." There is no long word there, it is just as simple as can be; and it is simple because it is sublime. Sublimity always needs simplicity in words to express itself. Little thoughts want great words; little preachers need Latin words; great thoughts and great expressers of those thoughts always use little words. "He laid down his life for us." Here there is little upon which any man can display eloquence; here is little room for metaphysical discussion or for deep thought. It is a simple and sublime doctrine. What, then, shall I do with it? If I would speak of it profitably to myself, since I need not exercise my wit to dissect it, nor my oratory to proclaim it, let me exercise my adoration to worship it. Let me bow all my powers before the throne; and, like an angel when its work is done, and when it has no more distances to fly on its mysterious commands, let me fold the wings of my contemplation, and stand before the throne of this great truth, and meekly bow myself and worship him that was, and is, and is to come—the great and glorious One who laid down his life for us,

It will be well for us, in starting, to remind you that there is no understanding the death of Christ except we understand the Person of Christ. If I were to tell you that God died for us, although I might be telling you a truth, and you might possibly not misunderstand what I meant, yet I should be at the same time uttering an error. God cannot die; it is, of course, impossible, from the very nature of God, that he could even for a moment cease to exist. God is incapable of suffering. He hath emotions; words, at least, are used to express emotions on the part of God; but then mostly we speak after the manner of men. He is impassive; he cannot suffer; it is not possible for him to endure aught; much less, then, to suffer death. Well, we are told, "*Herein we perceive the love of God towards us.*" You notice that the "*of God*" is inserted by the translators. You see it is in italics; it is not in the original. "*Hereby we perceive the love.*" We know it is the Lord Jesus Christ. But when we read of God, it might lead the ignorant to fancy that God could die; whereas, God could not. We must understand always, and constantly remember, that our Lord Jesus Christ was "*very God and very man,*" and that, as God, he had all the attributes of the Most High, and could not, therefore, be capable either of suffering or death. But then he was man, "*man of the substance of his mother,*" "*very man,*" just like

unto ourselves, sin alone excepted. And the Lord Jesus died not as a God; he died as a man. It was as man that he gave up the ghost; as man he was nailed to the cross. As God he was in heaven, even when his body was in the tomb: as God he was swaying the sceptre of all worlds when the sceptre of reed did mock his hand, and the purple of universal monarchy was on the eternal shoulders of his Godhead when the old-red purple of a soldier's cloak was wrapped about the loins of his manhood. He did not cease to be God, he did not lose his Omnipotence and his eternal dominion when he became man; nor did he, as God, die or suffer. It was as man that he suffered.

Come, now, my soul, and worship this man, this God. Come, thou, and behold thy Saviour. Come to the innermost circle of all sanctity, the circle that contains the cross of Christ, and here sit thou down; and, whilst thou dost worship, learn three lessons from the fact that he laid down his life for us. The first lesson should be—Did he lay down his life for us? Ah! then, my brethren, *how great must have been our sins* that they could not have been atoned for at any other price! Did he lay down his life for us? Ah! then, beloved, *how great must have been his love!* He would not stop short anywhere, until life itself had been resigned. Did he lay down his life for us? Ah! then, my soul, be of good cheer; *how safe art thou*, if such a bloody atonement hath been offered, if such a sure satisfaction hath been given to Almighty God! How secure thou art! Who is he that can destroy him that hath been bought with the blood of such a Redeemer!

I. Come, then, let me believingly meditate on the first sad fact. Did he lay down his life for me? Then HOW GREAT MUST HAVE BEEN MY SINS? Ah! my brethren, I will speak now a little of my own experience, and in so doing I shall speak yours. I have seen my sins in many different ways. I saw my sins once by the blazing light of Sinai; and, oh! my spirit shrank within me, for my sins seemed exceeding black. When the sound of the trumpet waxed loud and long, and the light of the lightning flashed into my heart, I saw a very hell of iniquity within, and I was ready then to curse the day that I was born, that I should have had such a heart, so vile and so deceitful. I thought that then I had seen the exceeding blackness of my sin. Alas! I had not seen enough of sin to make me loathe it so as to leave it; for that conviction passed away. Sinai was but a volcano, and it was hushed to silence; and then I began to play with sin again and loved it as much as ever. I saw another sight one day. I saw my sins by the light of heaven. I looked up, and I considered the heavens the work of God's fingers; I saw the purity of God's character written on the sunbeam; I saw his holiness engraven upon the wide world, as well as revealed in Scripture; and I compared myself with Him, and I then thought I saw how black I was. Oh, God! I never knew the heinousness of my own heart, until I saw the glory of thy character; but now I see the brightness of thy glories; my whole soul is cast down at the thought of my sinfulness and my great departure from the living God. I thought that then I had seen enough. Ah! I had seen enough to make me worship for a moment; but my gladness was as the early cloud and as the morning dew, and I went my way and forgot what manner of man I was. When I had lost the sense of the majesty of God I lost the thought of my own guilt too. Then there used to come another view, and I used to see God's loving kindness too. I saw how he had dandled me upon the knee of Providence—how he had carried me all my life long—how he had strewn my path with plenty, and given me all things richly to enjoy. I remembered how he had been with me in the hour of trial, how he had preserved me in the day of hurricane, and kept me safe at the moment of storm. I remembered all his goodness to me,

and struck with surprise at his mercy I saw my sin in the light of his goodness ; and I said, " O, sin, how base thou art, because thou art such dire ingratitude against a God so profoundly kind ! " And I thought then, full sure I had seen the worst of sin, when I had laid it side by side, first with the character of God, and then afterwards with his bounties. I could curse sin from my inmost heart, and thought I had seen enough of it. But ah ! my brethren, I had not. That gratitude went away, and I found myself still prone to sin—still loving it. Oh, happy day, thrice happy, yet thrice mournful hour ! One day in my wanderings I heard a cry, a groan : methought 'twas not a cry such as came from mortal lip, it had in it such unutterable depths of wondrous woe. I turned aside, expecting to see some great sight ; and the great sight I saw. Lo, there, upon a tree, all bleeding, hung a man. I marked the misery that made his flesh all quiver on his bones ; I marked the black clouds come rolling from heaven, like the chariots of misery ; I saw them clothe his brow ; I saw even in the thick darkness, for mine eyes were opened, and I saw that man's heart was as full of blackness of grief as the sky was full of blackness then. I looked into his soul, and I saw there torrents of unutterable anguish—wells of torment such as mortal lip dare not sip, lest it should be burned with scalding heat. I said, " and who is this, this mighty sufferer ? " Who is this, and why doth he suffer ? Hath he been the grossest of all sinners, the basest of all blasphemers ? And a voice came forth from the excellent glory, and it said, " this is my Beloved Son, in whom aforetime I was well pleased ; but he took the sinner's sin upon his head, and he must die the death. " Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree. " O, God ! I thought I never saw sin till that hour !—never !—when I saw sin tear Christ's glories from his head—when I saw it put out for a moment the loving-kindness of God towards him—when I saw him wallowing in his own blood, and plunging into the lowermost depths of oceans of grief. Then I said, " now shall I know what thou art—never before ; " and though these other sights might teach me something of the dire character of evil, yet never till I saw the Saviour on the tree, did I understand how base a traitor man's guilt was to man's God. O heir of heaven ! lift now thine eye, and see that majestic scene. Come in the moonlight ; tread the crisp earth, crisp with the frost, or stand between those olives ; see the man sweat in the frost, and see him sweat great drops of blood. Go from that garden, trace him to Pilate's bar. See your Master treated with the grossest and filthiest insult ; see the face of spotless beauty defiled with the spitting of soldiers ; see his head pierced with thorns ; mark his back, all rent and torn, and scarred, and beaten, and bruised, and bleeding beneath the lash. And O, Christian, see him die ! Go and stand where his mother stood, and let him say to thee, " Man, behold thy Saviour ! Come thou to-night, and stand where John stood ; hear him cry, " I thirst, " and find thyself unable either to assuage his griefs or to comprehend their bitterness. Then, when thou hast wept there, cry " Revenge ; " clasp thine hand and cry " Revenge ! " Bring out the traitors ; where are they ? And when your sins are brought forth as the murderers of Christ, let no death be too painful for them ; though it involve the cutting off of right arms, though it be the quenching of right eyes and putting out their light for ever ; do it ! For if these murderers murdered Christ, then let them die. Die terribly they may, but die they must. Oh ! that God the Holy Ghost would teach you that first lesson, my brethren—the boundless wickedness of sin, because he had to lay down his life before your sin could be wiped away.

II. Now we will come to the second head, and here we will lift our hearts a little from the depths of sadness to the heights of affection. Did the

Saviour lay down his life for me? Come, we will now read it "me;" and the Lord help each of you by faith to read it "me," because when we say "us," that is dealing in generalities, blessed generalities, it is true; but come, let us at this time deal in specialities. "He laid down his life for *me*?" Then HOW GREATLY HE MUST HAVE LOVED ME! Ah! Lord Jesus, I never knew thy love till I knew thy death! Beloved, we shall try again, if we can, to tell the story of our own little experience, to let you see how God's love is to be learned. Come, saint, and set thee down and meditate on thy creation, and see how marvellously thou hast been formed, and all thy bones fitted to one another, and see love there. Mark, next, that predestination which placed thee where thou art; for "the lines have fallen unto thee in pleasant places," and after all thy troubles thou hast, compared with many a poor soul, "a goodly heritage." Mark, then, the love of God displayed in the predestination that has made thee what thou art, and placed thee where thou art. Look thou then back, and see the loving-kindness of thy Lord, as displayed to thee in all thy journey up till now. Thou art getting old, and here and there a grey hair is whitening thy brow; but he hath carried thee all the days of old; not one good thing hath failed of all that the Lord God hath promised. Come, reveal thy story! It is a story, every thread of which is full of gold. Come, go back now, and look at the tapestry of thy life, which God has been marking every day with the golden filament of his love, and see what pictures of grace there are upon it. Canst thou not say, Jesus loved thee? Turn thine eye back, and read the ancient rolls of the eternal covenant, and see thy name amongst the first-born, amongst the church of the living God, the elect. Say, did he not love thee when he wrote thy name there? Go and remember how the eternal settlements were made, and how God decreed and arranged all things so that thy salvation should come to pass. Say, was there not love there? Pause over thy convictions; think of thy conversion; remember thy preservation, and how his bounty hath been upon thee, in adoption, in justification, and in every grace of the new covenant; and when thou hast summed up all these things, let me ask thee this question. Do all these things so much strike thee with a sense of gratitude as the one thing that we shall mention now, the cross? For, my brother, if thy mind is like mine, although thou wilt think highly enough of all these things that God hath given thee, thou wilt be obliged to confess that the thought of the death of Christ upon the cross swallows them all. This I know, my brethren, I may look back, I may look forward, but whether I look back to the decrees of destiny, or look forward to the pearl-gated city, and all the splendours that God has revealed and prepared for his own beloved children, I can never see my Father's love so beaming forth in all its effulgence, as when I look at the cross of Christ and see him die. No, I can read the love of God in the rocky letters of the eternal covenant, and I can read the love of God in the blazing letters of heaven hereafter. But those crimson lines, my brethren, those crimson lines, there is something more striking there, than there is anywhere else; those lines written in blood; that line which says, "He laid down his life for us." Ah, here it is ye learn love! Ye know the old story of Damon and Pythias, how the two friends struggled together which should die for the other! There was love there. But, ah! there is no comparison between Damon and Pythias, and a poor sinner and his Saviour; Christ laid down his life, his glorious life for a poor worm—stripped himself of all his splendours, then of all his happiness, then of his own righteousness, then of his own robes, till he was naked to his own shame. And then he must lay down his life, it was all he had left. Our Saviour had not kept anything back. Just think of that

thought for a moment. He had a crown in heaven, he laid that down that you and I might wear one; and he had a girdle of brightness, brighter than stars about his loins, but he took it off and laid it aside that you and I might wear a girdle of righteousness; he had listened to the thrice holy song of the seraphim, he left them all that we might sing where angels sing, and then he came to earth, and he had many things, even in his poverty, which might have tended to his comfort; he first laid down one glory, and then another at love's demand; at last it came to this, he had nothing left but one poor garment woven from the top throughout, and that was sticking to his back with blood, and when he came to the cross, he laid down that also. Then there was nothing left—he had not kept back one single thing. "There," he might have said, "take an inventory of all I have, to the utmost farthing; I have given it up for my people's ransom." And there was nought left now but his own life. O love insatiable! couldst thou not stay there? Though he had given up one hand to cancel sin, and the other hand to reconcile us unto God; had given up one foot that we might have our sinful feet for ever transfixed, and nailed, and fastened, ne'er to wander, and the other foot to be fastened to the tree that was might have our feet at liberty to run the heavenly race; there was not hing left but his poor heart, and he gave his heart up too, and they set it abroach with the spear, and forthwith there came thence out blood and water. Ah! my Lord, what have I ever given to thee compared to what thou hast given for me? Some poor things, like some cracked fourpences, some rusty farthings, I have given thee—but how little compared with what thou hast given me! Now and then, my Lord, I have given thee a poor song upon an ill-toned instrument. Sometimes, my Lord, I have done some little service, but alas! my fingers were so black they spoiled what I intended to have presented to thee white as snow. It is nought I have done for thee, my Lord. No, though I have been a missionary and surrendered home and friends; no, though I have been a martyr and given my body to be burned, I will say in the last hour, "my Master, I have done nothing for thee after all to be compared with what thou hast done for me. And yet what can I do more? How can I show my love to thee, for that love so peerless, so matchless as thy love to me?" What shall I do? I will do nothing but—

"Dissolved by thy goodness, I'll fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

It is all I can do, and that I must."

III. Now, beloved, we will change the theme and go one note higher. We have run up the gamut a long way, and now we have just reached the height of the octave. But we have something else to get out of this fact—"He laid down his life for us." Did my Saviour lay down his life for me? Then HOW SAFE I AM! Come now, we will have no controversy to night with those who do not see this truth; the Lord open their poor eyes and shew it to them, that is all we will say. We who know the Gospel see in the fact of the death of Christ a reason that no strength of logic can ever shake, and no power of unbelief can remove, why we should be saved. There may be men with minds so distorted that they can conceive it possible that Christ should die for a man who afterwards is damned. I say there may be such. My brethren, I am sorry to say there are still to be found, some such whose brains have been so haddled in their childhood, that they cannot see that what they hold is both a preposterous falsehood and a blasphemous libel; Christ dies for a man, and then God punishes that man again; Christ suffers in a sinner's stead, and then God condemns that sinner after all. Why, my friends, I feel quite shocked

in only mentioning the doctrine; and were it not so current as it is, I should certainly pass it over with the contempt that it so supremely deserves. The doctrine of Holy Scripture is this, that God is just, that Christ died in the stead of his people, and that as God is just he will never punish one solitary soul of Adam's race, for whom the Saviour did thus shed his blood. The Saviour may have died for all, as indeed, he did die for all; many a mercy all men do receive through his blood, but that he was the substitute and surety for all men, is so inconsistent both with reason and Scripture, that we are obliged to reject the doctrine with abhorrence. No! my soul, how shalt thou be punished if thy Lord endured thy punishment for thee? Did he die for thee? Oh, my soul, if Jesus were not thy substitute, and died in thy very stead, then Jesus is no Saviour to thee. But if he were thy substitute, if he suffered as thy surety and in thy stead, then my soul, "Who is he that condemneth." Christ hath died—yea, rather hath risen again, who sitteth at the right hand of God, and maketh intercession for us. There stands the master argument, and the reason cannot be condemned. Christ hath laid down his life for us. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled unto God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved through his life." If the agonies of the Saviour put our sins away, the everlasting life of the Saviour, through the merits of his death added thereunto, must preserve his people, even unto the end. This much I know—ye may see men stammer when they say it—but what I say is an old Lutheran, Calvinistic, Augustinian, Pauline, Christian truth—there is not one sin in the Book of God against anyone that believeth. Our sins were numbered on the Scape-goat's head, and there is not one sin that e'er a believer did commit that hath any power to damn him, for Christ hath taken the damning power out of sin, by allowing it so to speak by a bold metaphor, to damn himself. For sin did condemn him, and inasmuch as sin condemned him, sin cannot condemn us. Oh, believer, this is thy security that all thy sin and guilt, that all thy transgressions, and thine iniquities have been atoned for, and were atoned for before they were committed; so that thou mayest come with boldness, though red with all crimes, and black with every lust, and lay thine hand on that Scape-goat's head, and when thou hast put thine hand there, and seen that Scape-goat driven into the wilderness, thou mayest clap thine hands, and say, "It is finished, sin is pardoned."

"There's pardon for transgressious past,
It matters not how black their caste,
And oh, my soul with wonder view,
For sins to come here's pardon too."

That is all I want to know; did the Saviour die for me? Then I will not continue in sin that grace may abound. But nothing shall stop me of thus glorying in all the churches of the Lord Jesus that my sins are entirely removed from me; and in God's sight I may sing as Hart did sing—

"With my Saviour's garments on,
Holy as the Holy one."

Oh, marvellous death of Christ, how securely dost thou set the feet of God's people on the rocks of eternal love; and how securely dost thou keep them there! Come, dear brethren, let us suck a little honey out of this honeycomb. Was there ever anything so luscious and so sweet in the believer's heart as this all-glorious truth that we are complete in him; that in and through his death and merits we are accepted in the Beloved! Oh, was there ever anything more sublime than this thought that he hath already raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, far above all

principalities and powers," just where he sits! Surely there is nothing more sublime than that, except it be that master thought stamps all these things with more than their own value—that master thought that "the mountains may depart and the hills may be removed, but the covenant of his love can never depart from us." The waters may cover the earth, the covenant with day and night may be forgotten, but, saith Jehovah, I will never forget thee O Zion, for "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me." Oh Christian, that is a firm foundation, cemented with blood—and that is thy foundation. Ah, my soul, thou needest no other hope but this—Jesus, thy mercy never dies. I'll plead this when cast down with anguish—thy mercy never dies. I'll plead this when Satan hurls temptations at me, and when conscience throws sin into my teeth, I will plead this ever, and I'll plead it now:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are my glorious dress."

Yea, when I die and stand before thine eyes, thou dread Supreme, I am bold to meet thee—

"For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through Christ's blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

Ah, brethren, you may come to the table now right happily; it will not be coming to a funeral, but a feast of gladness. "He laid down his life for us."

AN EXPOSITORY EXERCISE ON EPHESIANS, CHAP. I.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

WE frequently read this chapter and this epistle because it has been well remarked that the Epistle to the Ephesians is a body of divinity in miniature. Here all the great doctrines are each of them discussed; here all the great precepts are laid down for the guidance of believers. He who would understand the theology of Christ Jesus should read the Epistle to the Ephesians with great care:—

1. Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, to the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus.

2. Grace be to you, and peace, from God our Father.

There must be grace first; peace cometh afterwards. They seek blessings in wrong order, who seek to gain peace first, and then grace. "There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked;" and he who hath a peace which doth not own grace for its parent hath a false peace—a peace where there is no peace—but first let us have grace in our souls, then shall our peace be "like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea." Note here, as Luther has said on a corresponding verse in the Galatians, this apostle says:—"Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father." And lest that terrible name should affright us, he has joined therewith the name of God the Son, and sweetly put it in—

And from the Lord Jesus Christ.

We can have nothing to do with an absolute God. "God is a consuming fire." It is the God in Christ whom we love—whom we adore—who alone is our Saviour.

3. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ:

4. According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.

The Apostle commences by laying down the great doctrine of predestinating love. There is little Gospel preached where election is denied. We marvel that some of us should be regarded as heretics because we preach the doctrine of God's divine sovereignty in giving grace to men ; whereas, in former times, the opponents of that system would have been the heretics. Turn to all the creeds that are preserved and you shall find that mentioned. Above all, we can scarce conceive that any person who is a member of the Established Church, and holds that faith, finding election in his own articles, can, in the least degree, deny it. It is the glory of that Church that it hath a calvinistic creed :—

5. Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will.

6. To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

Adoption follows predestination. We were chosen of God ere time began. The result of that choice is, that he puts us into his family.

In the fifth verse, the Apostle declares that the only reason for our adoption, or for our election, rests in the good pleasure of God Almighty. There is nothing in man which can merit God's regard ; and when we enter the kingdom of heaven we shall even there sing,

“ What was there in me to merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
’Twas even so, Father, I ever must sing,
For so it seemed good in thy sight.”

Mark here the channel through which all God's mercies run. Jesus Christ is the channel through which grace flows to us ; we are chosen in him ; we are adopted by Christ to himself ; and we are accepted—but we are “ accepted in the Beloved.” It is said of that eminently holy man, Harington Evans, that when near death he told his friends to tell this to his church. “ Tell them,” said he, “ I am accepted in the Beloved.” Can we say, my brethren, we are accepted in the Beloved ? Can we put our hand upon our heart, and say, I may not be accepted by my fellow-creatures, I may not be acknowledged by them, and certainly before my God I can never be accepted in myself ; but in the Beloved, clothed with his righteousness, and standing in his person, as a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones, I am “ accepted in the Beloved ?” :—

7. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace ;

8. Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence ;

9. Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself ;

10. That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth ; even in him :

The great design of the Gospel is to exalt Christianity. We forget God's great design if we look only to humanity. If we regard salvation as a means only of lifting up our race from its fall, and putting it among the princes, we have made a mistake. We should remember that God's glory is even a greater object than man's salvation. Not so much to save us did God give his Son, as to honour himself, and to glorify that Son of his ; and we should

always remember that the word of the Gospel has for its greatest aim the glory of all the attributes of the Divine Being. He has determined at last to gather together in Christ all things that are in heaven and in earth, even in him." Some foolish persons have wrested this text, to prove the absurd doctrine of the final restitution of all things. They have said that even the spirits in hell are to be restored. We find it not in this text; we have it particularly said, "things in heaven and things in earth." But there is no mention made of those concerning whom God had long ago said—"He that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is unholy let him be unholy still." We have often thought that these words of the angel are conclusive with regard to the eternity of future punishment. Heresy hath arisen in this day, denying the eternity of the punishments of men, believing that they will in time expire, or something of that kind; whereas we are told in the Revelation that the angel will "plant his foot on the land and on the sea, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever that time shall be no more." Now, if a spirit could expire in ten thousand years, it would be "time;" and if a being, after having been plunged in hell, could lose his existence in a million million of years, still that is "time," and it would not comport with eternity at all. No; once dead, immutability is stamped upon our state; once let us die, and our destiny can never be changed.

"There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there."

But "things in heaven and things in earth" are to be "gathered together in one," even in him:—

11. In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will:

12. That we should be to the praise of his glory who first trusted in Christ.

13. In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise.

14. Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory.

We cannot help remarking how continually the Apostle exclaims, "in Christ," "in whom," "in him." He will not have a doctrine out of Christ; he will not mention a single blessing, or a single mercy, out of Christ. We believe there is no way of preaching Gospel doctrines truly apart from the Master. In Christ's own days, if you had asked one of his followers what he believed, he would not have been long telling you; he would not have pointed to fifty doctrines, but he would have pointed to Christ, and said, "I believe in him." "But what do you believe?" and you might have asked him fifty times, and he would have replied, "I believe in him; he is in himself the great embodiment of my faith; his person carries within it all the great doctrines which I receive therefrom; he is my truth; I believe him, and believe in him." Let us learn, then, always to trace our mercies to Christ Jesus, to look upon every blessing as being the purchase of his blood, and never to ask any mercy, nor endeavour to obtain any blessing, except entirely in connection with him:—

15. Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints."

Whether they live at Ephesus or elsewhere, whether they exactly agree with your opinion or not,—

16. Cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers;
 17. That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him:

18. The eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints.

19. And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power,

20. Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places,

21. Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come

22. And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the Church,

23. Which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

Calvin has a striking remark upon this verse, "the Church is the fulness of Christ." "Ah!" saith he, "Christ would be incomplete without his Church." What would a king be without his subjects? A mockery; yea, and all the members of Christ's mystical body—the Church—are necessary to make a whole Christ. If the very least believer shall be absent at last, Christ will not be complete; even the Almighty Son of God will feel a lack within himself, or would do, if it were possible that one of those whom his Father had given him should not at last be found at his right hand. We rejoice to know that there is such a connection between ourselves and Christ. Here is our glory and our boast; and here is our trust. We believe that

"Not death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His favorites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They shall for ever rest."

A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL TO REASON AND FAITH.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.'

"Should it be according to thy mind?"—JOB XXXIV. 33.

POOR Job found his trial too great for his patience, and he complained, he fretted himself, he reflected on God's dealings with him, and stumbled at the dispensations of Divine Providence. How often, how very often, we do the same! We complain when we ought to be grateful; we fret when we ought to praise. We reflect on God's ways when we ought to condemn ourselves; and we stumble at providences when we ought to be resting on the promises. Complain! What can a sinner have to complain of who is out of hell? Fret! What can a believer have to fret about whose heaven is secure? Reflect on God's dealings! What, when all his ways are mercy and truth to such as keep his covenant and his testimonies? Stumble at providences! What should stumble us, who are assured that all things shall work together for our good? With such conduct God may well be displeased. For such conduct God may well chastise us. But he condescends to reason with us. He appeals to our sense of right. He makes us reprove and correct ourselves. He asks us by Elihu, "Should it be just as you fancy, ought I to consult your whims, SHOULD IT BE ACCORDING TO THY MIND?"

To what does this apply? *To God's dealings with us as individuals.* Should the Most High consult us before he gives, or takes, works, or suspends his operations? Are we to be consulted as to the way in which he will lead

us home, or the means by which he will prepare us for the joys which are at his right hand? If the Lord promises to do us good by all things is he to consult us as to how he shall work, or by whom, or by what he shall accomplish his purposes? It will apply, also, to *God's dealings with others*. It may be our friends, or our foes; our relatives, or strangers; the Church, or the world. God has taken the management of the world, and every individual in it; of the Church, and every believer that composes it, into his own hand. He says, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. I will work, and who shall hinder me?" Yea, who has a right to question him, or to find fault with him? Friend, do you claim such a right? From whence did you derive it? How do you vindicate it? Things may be done that baffles your reason, perplexes your mind, confounds your judgment, and grieves your spirit, but may they not be right for all that? May they not be the wisest and the best? "SHOULD IT BE ACCORDING TO THY MIND?"

But, WHY? *Are you wiser than God?* His wisdom is infinite. He is the only wise God, and he displays his wisdom in all he does, and in all he permits to be done. Is it possible that you can fancy yourself capable of devising a wiser plan, or of executing God's plan in a more judicious manner? *Are you kinder than God?* His loving kindness to man is declared in his word, proved by his works, and is gloriously displayed in our salvation by his Son. His loving-kindness is great beyond conception, and tender beyond description. Kinder than God! *You kinder than God?* But if not, "should it be according to your mind?" *Are you holier than God?* He is holy in his nature, and holy in all his works. He does nothing but what is strictly just, perfectly right, and calculated to produce the greatest good. If you are not more holy, more just, more righteous than God, "should it be according to thy mind?" *Are you better informed than God?* Do you know more of the nature, dispositions, and tendencies of his creatures than he does? Can you see the end from the beginning, and the working of all things to bring about the end, fixed by his wisdom and grace, better than he does? In him dwells all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He knows the whole and every part, the present and the future, which you do not; your mind is dark, confused, selfish, unsettled, and often undecided; "should it then be according to thy mind?"

In order to calm your mind in trouble, to compose your spirits under losses and crosses, remember that *God acts in infinite wisdom*. His plan, according to which he governs the world, and manages the affairs of every individual, is the perfection of wisdom. It will admit of no improvement. To alter, would be to injure. Whatever God does, he purposed to do; and whatever God purposed to do is infinitely wise and good. *God's motives are just and gracious*. God always has a reason for what he does, though he may not reveal it; and he is prompted to do what he does by justice and grace. He is just to all, but gloriously gracious to his own people. *Whatever God has purposed to do, or permit, is worthy of himself*. We often act unworthily, and repent of doing it, feeling ashamed of it; but God never does anything, or permits anything, that is unworthy of his nature and character. We may not see this now, for his work is not finished, his plan is not fully carried out, and until it is, "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing." But he has told us for our comfort, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

The least we can do is to submit; we ought to approve and acquiesce. True many things are very painful to flesh and blood, and are very trying to faith and patience; but we have only to *give God time to explain himself*, and all will be made clear and plain. Then we shall see why it was that we were robbed of our property, bereaved of our children, separated from our friends, deprived of our health, and persecuted by the world. "The day shall declare it," and we shall see what we now profess to believe, that God is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Oh, Christian, you should *prefer God's wisdom, way, and work, to your own!* Whatever he does, he does well; in all he does, he keeps your good and his own glory in view; and, therefore, when you are displeased with any of his dispensations, he asks you, "SHOULD IT BE ACCORDING TO THY MIND?"

Sinner, God has devised and revealed a way of salvation, in which he can save you, and if you submit he will save you, but only in his own way, which is entirely of grace. Your own works stand for nothing. Neither your prayers, nor tears, nor efforts, will tell at all in the matter; it is all of grace, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Against this your proud heart will rise, to it you will perhaps raise many objections, but if you do, God's question to you is, "*Should it be according to thy mind?*" Whose will is to be consulted—the will of the Saviour, or of those who need to be saved by him? He has devised a way in infinite wisdom, he has determined to save in that way, though it cost him the life of his only begotten Son, and he is willing and ready to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Are you anxious to be saved by him? to be delivered from the wrath to come, to be entitled to and prepared for heaven? If so, God is willing to save you, and to you he says at this moment, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED."

LOOKING TO JESUS.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else."—Isaiah xlv. 22.

THE agreement of God's revealed truth is one of the strongest collateral evidences of its Divine origin—an argument which has silenced the sophistry and answered the arguments of ten thousand objectors to the truth of revelation. There is an extraordinary agreement, a strong, palpable, and most perfect harmony in the revelation of the Sacred Word—the Old Testament confirming the New, and the New authenticating the Old. Especially with regard to the grand theme of the Bible—the salvation of man—is this strikingly so.

This passage stands, as we find it, in the very heart of the Bible, as if God would plant it there to show that salvation was the grand theme of the Scriptures, and that it is in most beautiful and striking harmony with every part of God's sacred Word.

It is, then, to SALVATION that this delightful passage refers; and, in considering it, it will be necessary to notice *the Speaker, the invitation given, the extent of that invitation, and the argument by which it is enforced.*

I. What Being is this who, with such commanding authority, and yet with such winning and irresistible tenderness, invites us to look unto him and be saved? He speaks like one clothed with dignity; there is a majesty in his

attitude, an authority in his diction, a pathos in his words, which stamp him no ordinary being. There is something that transfixes you with awe, and yet melts you into love. Who is this *SPEAKER*? He must be more than man, and yet he must be less than God. He must be more than man, for he offers you salvation. He must be less than God, for he bids you "look unto him." And I read in the sacred volume that I cannot "look on God and live." What extraordinary Being, then, is this, who addresses us in the language of the text, "Look unto me, and be ye saved?"

Unite, my brethren, these two extremes of being—the finite and the Infinite—the God and the man—and you have before you the incarnate God; the Divine Redeemer and Saviour of men. And he who addresses you in the tender, touching language of the text is none other than he who was born in Bethlehem, trod the streets of Jerusalem as "a man of grief," ascended Calvary, and was transfixed on the cross, and poured out his soul, an expiatory offering for sin.

Now there are two points to which I wish to direct your attention, as forming the very basis of this grand subject. It was essential to the redemption of man and the salvation of our lost race, that he who executed this grand expedient should be essentially and absolutely God. Salvation is the work of Deity; it is the work which called into exercise all the resources of the Divine nature. Deity planned, and formed, and fashioned, and called into being this beautiful universe. Divinity shaped, adorned, and beautified this lovely, yet sin-cursed world. And if it required the exercise of Deity to summon into being the material, how much more did it require the exercise and resources of Deity to effect that which was spiritual. Brethren, the apostacy of man sunk us, and hurled us at such an infinite distance from God, that we were far beyond the reach of all finite power to meet our case. Had we been left to the mercies and resources of angelic beings, not one ray of hope had ever dawned upon our lost and ruined world. If the Deity had not embarked all his resources, summoned into exercise all his power, and displayed all his wisdom, compassion, and love, not a solitary child of our fallen race would ever have retraced his steps back to Paradise, and have become an heir of God and of glory. It was essential that Deity should embark in the work. It was the Godhead that was to give virtue and efficacy to the obedience that repaired the broken law; to impart efficacy to the atoning blood; that was to perfect, and complete, and seal the work. It was God only that could save; and if you are not saved by Deity, you are lost to all eternity. Oh! if there be among you one who is staking his eternal happiness on a created Saviour, who is rejecting as a figment of dogmatic theology the Deity of Christ, and, consequently, his atonement, I do testify to that man, going into eternity with no better foundation for his hope, that heaven will be to him, through all eternity, a distant and an unknown land. With all the tenderness and affection of my heart I solemnly affirm to you, no man can be saved who dies in the wilful, blind rejection of the Godhead, and, consequently, of the atonement of Jesus.

It was equally essential to the salvation of man that the Saviour should be man. There was that in the redemption of the Church which could only be effected by man, just as there was that in the redemption of the Church which could only be effected by God. It was necessary that there should be obedience, for we had broken God's law; it was necessary that there should be suffering, for we had incurred its penalty; and the Redeemer and Saviour could only accomplish this as he was man. As man he obeyed; as man he lived as much a life of faith as the poorest of his disciples; as man he paid

down the penalty ; as man he unveiled his bosom to the lightning stroke of Divine anger ; as man he took the cup of bitterest anguish—the mixture of God's wrath, pressed it to his lips, and drained its very dregs. As man, the Lord Jesus Christ accomplished all this. You see, then, we have, as the conclusion of our argument, that the Speaker is none other than the God-man, Jesus, the Father's beloved Son, his inestimable gift ; that Redeemer who left the bosom of the Father for the embrace of the cross, lived and laboured, obeyed and suffered, died, rose again, and is at "the right hand of God, exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins."

II. We proceed to notice THE INVITATION which this extraordinary, this glorious Being announces. "Look unto me and be ye saved."

Now, there are two or three important points for our consideration here. The first which arrests our attention is the *singleness* of the object of salvation. "Look unto me." To this part of our subject I respectfully ask your strictest attention. There is a marvellous unfolding of the Divine wisdom of God here. Who does not at once perceive that had the object of salvation been complex, as the religion of man would make it, and not simple as the religion of God has made it, what confusion of thought, what distraction of mind there would be in the poor, humble, earnest seeker after salvation. You who know anything of the philosophy of mind understand that it is utterly impossible for an individual to concentrate all the powers of his thought and will on two distinct objects at one and the same moment. Now, I repeat, had the object of salvation been complex, as the religion of man makes it, and not simple, as the religion of God makes it, there would have been this mental embarrassment, that would have completely thwarted the design and the purpose of Jehovah. Such, then, is the object of our salvation—it is simple, it is single ; it is embodied in these gracious words of the Redeemer, "Look unto me."

This Divine and gracious Redeemer might have said to you, and virtually he does say, You have many objects that are good, and precious, and significant. I have given you baptism as an initiatory rite into my Church ; I have given you the sacred emblems of my sacrifice, to keep in memory my redeeming and atoning love ; I have given you my sacred word, with all its exceeding great and precious promises, to comfort and to solace you in your pilgrimage homeward ; I have given you the Sabbath as a day of rest from toil and anxiety, on which you may assemble together to worship me ; I have given you a ministry for the establishment of your faith, and the consolation of your spirits ; I have given you a mercy-seat sprinkled with my blood, around which you may cluster in your times of suffering, sorrow, and want, and have all your necessities supplied. But all these things, precious, and comely, and significant as they are, are not *myself*. I bid you look not to your baptism, nor to the emblems of my sufferings and death, nor to my ministers, nor to my mercy-seat, for salvation. I bid you arise and soar above these symbols, and these signs, and mount until you find your rest within my very heart. "Look unto me." Look not to my sacraments, look not to my Church, look not to my ministers ; but "look unto me, and be ye saved."

You will find another striking illustration of the singleness of the object of salvation in the history of the Jewish Church. In that Church you are aware there was the shew-bread, the pot of manna, Aaron's rod, the golden candlestick, the table of the covenant, and over it the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy-seat. Now, when the wail of anguish and despair rose from the camp of Israel, uttered by many a blanched lip—"we are bitten, and we are dying"—God commanded Moses to lift up a serpent of brass, and bid them

look at it. Had Moses placed side by side with that lifted serpent the shew-bread, or the manna, or the ark, or the golden candlestick, or Aaron's rod, I ask you if there would not have been an embarrassment, a distraction of thought and mind in that vast mass? And that vast multitude, not knowing to which object they should look, would have looked, probably, to the wrong, and failed of being healed. Had Moses dared to place side by side with the lifted serpent, Aaron's rod, or the golden candlestick, or the shew-bread, he would have veiled the one and only object to which the bitten, dying Israelites should look; and tremendous would have been the guilt of that prophet of Israel. And any man who dares to say to me, Look to your baptism, and look to your sacraments, for salvation, or dares to place it side by side with the cross of Jesus, I tell that man he is trifling with my deathless soul, and tremendous will be his guilt and final punishment. My brethren, there is but one object to which you must look for salvation; not to your baptism, not to the symbols of the Saviour's broken body and shed blood, nor on any other object but Jesus Christ crucified, who, in the language of the text, says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

There is another view in which we are invited to look at this subject. There is *attraction* as well as a singleness in the object. Here do I see the loving kindness, and graciousness of my God. He is beautiful in himself; he has made all things beautiful in this world. God, the author of beauty, knows how to appreciate your fondness for the beautiful, your tastes for the lovely; and, in presenting to you an object for salvation, he would seem to have gathered all that was beautiful in the world above, and in the world below, and concentrated it in that one object. And then he invites you to fix your eye on that lovely object, and look, and live. Looking unto Jesus I see God manifested in the flesh—the Son of God and the Son of man. Looking unto Jesus I behold him altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand. And when the Holy Ghost draws the veil from your heart, chases the film from your mental eye, and presents to you Christ as your Saviour, the language of your heart is "never did I behold an object of such beauty, of such surpassing loveliness as I now see in him who was smitten, bruised, and wounded for my transgressions." Oh! let the attraction of the object draw you to him! You that have a taste for the lovely, and a passion for the beautiful, come and concentrate your mental gaze on Jesus Christ, who says to you in the language of the text "Look unto me and be ye saved."

Then the direction is most *simple*—"LOOK!" It is but one word. "Look unto Me." How do men in their blindness stumble at the very simplicity of the Gospel! Present to them some profound problem for their solution, and bid them work it out—bid them dive into the mysteries of science, and they will suppose that you have suggested to them a subject worthy of their understanding, and their intellectual greatness. But unveil the Gospel in all its naked and beautiful simplicity, and you will find that such is the degeneracy and blindness of the human heart, that men will stumble at it. What will not man do of himself in order to be saved; to be delivered from a body of sin, and of death, and to be made an heir of glory and of Christ; to secure a home in the many-mansioned house of the Father; to know that his future and final condition shall not be one of misery and woe, but one of inconceivable bliss. There is no work nor labour too great, no sacrifice too costly, no price too exorbitant for man to submit to in order to be saved. Bid him bind around him a robe of sackcloth; bid him gird himself with a belt of thorns; bid him take a pilgrimage to Rome, barefooted on flints, and he will do it. Anything however costly, however great, he will willingly submit to, to secure eternal

happiness. Bid him look to Jesus; bid him turn his languid eye of faith, and fix it on the cross; tell him that one glance at that cross will bring down holiness into his soul; tell him, one simple, single look of faith will remove a mountain of guilt from his conscience; bind up the bleeding wound of his heart, and fit him to be the heir of eternal glory; and he stumbles at it as you may. It shall stand an immutable truth—that the eye of faith, the look of faith resting on Jesus, and apart from all the doings of the creature; apart from all his worthiness or unworthiness and sin, brings salvation with all its peace and blessedness into the soul. Oh! that look—that one simple look—who can tell the efficacy, the charm, the blessedness that is in it! And this has been the solace of my heart; and this, I doubt not, has been a balm also to many a bleeding heart in the season of bereavement, amid sad tidings that have reached bright and sunny homes, that as, perhaps, when life was fast ebbing away, and death's mantle on the brow, and eternity was lifting its awful veil, some fallen hero had remembered a mother's exhortations, or a father's counsels, or a faithful minister's teaching—had remembered in that awful moment “if I but look to Jesus now I shall be saved; my heart's blood is flowing; my life is ebbing away; eternity is near,—if I but look to Jesus I shall be saved!” Oh! yes, I doubt not in my heart, that many a hero has gone to glory from Alma's heights, or Inkermann's vale looking unto Jesus, the Saviour of the lost in that last awful and closing scene of life.

There is one more point to which we must refer, and then pass on; I allude to the *organ of vision*—the eye by which I look to Jesus. That eye is faith. “Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” It is not the natural eye; it is not the carnal eye; it is the spiritual eye of faith that looks to Jesus. You may look at a picture of Christ, and if there is aught that pains my heart, it is to see the walls of many Protestants, I will not say adorned, but I will say desecrated by pictures of the crucifixion—it is not the carnal picture that you must look at. I well recollect that when, as an invalid, I was walking in pensiveness and thought along the aisles of *Notre Dame*, observing one thing, a worshipper prostrate before a splendid picture of the suffering Saviour; and the attitude itself, with all the marks of earnestness and devout solemnity; his bended knee, and his clasped hands, and his raised eye intently fixed on that picture, presented to me the very *beau ideal* of a sincere and devout worshipper. And as I stood amidst the silence and the pensive gloom of that cathedral, how my heart panted to go and whisper in his ear the words of the text! how I longed to tell him there was something better than a picture of a suffering Saviour that would bring joy and peace into his sad heart! how I longed to tell him Christ himself was ready to hear him, Christ was ready to receive him, and if he only looked simply to Jesus he should be saved. You may pride yourselves on your Protestantism, and yet have no better faith, and be looking on no better object for your salvation than this. You must look to Jesus. The eye that gazes on him must be the eye of faith, and one glance of real faith fixed on the suffering Saviour will bring salvation, and eternal glory into your soul.

But in speaking of the salvation of Christ, let me not be misunderstood; let me not mislead you. Salvation is not that easy thing, that the great majority of men suppose it to be. We know how hard it is to smite on your anguished breast, under the galling conviction of your sinfulness; to tear from you a robe of righteousness which your hands have woven, as a worthless rag; to come as a penitent, and falling down before the cross, utterly lost

and undone, receive Christ as your only Saviour. It is no easy matter. You must be convinced by the Spirit that you are lost—you must have a sense of condemnation in your own hearts. You must be convinced that you are under the curse of a holy law; you must be divested of all dependence on any works of your own; you must come as a poor, lost, and self-condemned sinner to the cross, to look alone to Jesus “and be saved.”

Oh! glorious and blessed fact! it is only the wounded he heals; it is only the lost he seeks; it is only the sinful he saves. And no poor sinner, however weak his look may be, or, however great the turpitude of his guilt, need despair if he obey but the invitation of Christ, “look unto me,” if he looks unto him “he shall be saved.”

III. The third part of the subject refers to THE EXTENT OF THE INVITATION, upon which I will not detain you long. “Look unto me, and be ye saved, *all the ends of the earth*,” It alludes to the Divine character and sovereign efficacy of Christ’s salvation. And this is the great encouragement for our domestic and our foreign missionary efforts. We enter on our Christian enterprise of saving men, and bringing them to the knowledge of the truth on this great fact, that the uttermost ends of the earth will “look to Jesus,” and “be saved.” That such is the sovereign virtue of the atonement of Christ, that it extends to the uttermost; and there is no nation too deeply sunk in iniquity or in superstition; no people on the face of the earth that are too debased to be enlightened, and to be saved. We cannot affirm of the religion of man—the systems of human philosophy—that they can reach the moral exigencies of the uttermost ends of the earth; but we firmly believe that the glorious Gospel of Christ, sent by your charities, and watered by your prayers, may, and can, meet men’s moral exigencies; and that there is no being of our race too deeply sunk in superstition and idolatry, but that in his darkness and superstition and idolatry, you may, by the blessing of God, be instrumental in leading him to look to the Saviour, that so he may be saved. Oh, precious blood that “cleanseth from all sin.” Oh! glorious righteousness, that completely justifies him that believeth! Oh! glorious Saviour who has invited the uttermost ends of the earth, “to look unto thee and be saved.”

We learn from these words of our Lord, that he has an elect people at the extreme ends of the earth. Everywhere, and I believe amongst all nations, God has a chosen people, a portion of his own elect church and family, and so far from my believing in a limited atonement, so far from my believing in the doctrine of divine election, hampering me, or making me indifferent to missionary operations, I believe that a simple belief in the doctrines of grace serves as the strongest stimulant to our Christian efforts to send the Gospel to the uttermost ends of the earth. When God has a people scattered and lost, whom he intends to bring into his fold, and who are invited to “Look to Jesus, and be saved.”

IV. Then you will observe THE ARGUMENT BY WHICH HE ENFORCES THIS GREAT TRUTH:—“For I am God, and there is none else.” Now, to this part of the subject we can only make a brief reference, simply saying, that Christ in these words invites you to come, and be saved *because* he is God; and bids the believer to receive implicitly his word of truth, *because* he who has uttered it is God.

Let me devote the few remaining observations to a brief review of the subject.

How consolatory is the thought, that however dim may be the eye that looks to Christ, a simple exercise of faith in Christ would bring salvation to the soul—that however distant, and shadowy, and dim, may be your sight of Christ, looking to Christ in obedience to the command (because God has

spoken it), "you shall be saved." Your salvation does not rest on the bright unclouded vision, though I would most earnestly exhort you not to rest until you reach that attainment—but the most dim and distant view of Christ will bring salvation to the soul. I can easily image, brethren, that when the message echoed from lip to lip along the camp of the Israelites, "*Look! look! look!* to the serpent, and ye shall be healed," that if at the remotest distance in that camp there lay a poor bitten man, who felt that his life's blood was fast ebbing away, and darkness was gathering over his eye, if the moment he heard the invitation—"Look to that brazen serpent, and you shall live, he lifted the poor languid eye almost sinking in death, and fixed it on the object, true it was distant from him; true he saw it not clearly, he saw it not distinctly, he but beheld the mere outlines; yet he looked, and he felt his life's blood flowing back, he felt his health and vigour returning, he rose and stood on his feet a healed man. It was not the clearness with which he saw the object that saved him; it was obedience to the command of God that saved him; it was looking to the object that healed him; and such is the sight of Jesus that will save you. Your faith may be so weak, your knowledge of Jesus may be so dark and shadowy, that you almost despair of being saved, but I have great pleasure in assuring you that the faintest look of faith to Christ will bring your soul into heaven. One look of faith to Jesus will extinguish the fires of your hell for ever, and light up the deathless glories of your heaven. Ah! think of this in your wanderings; think of this in your exiles; think of this in the final conflict and battle of death; think of it thus in your dying hour—the faintest look of faith will save me; I will look to Jesus, for he has said—"Look unto me, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and besides me there is none else."

And let me say too—whoever points you to Christ, whoever bids you "look to Christ," receive the message that he brings you without any demur, or objection, or hesitation, as to the instrument. I think that one of the greatest impertinences of the day is the dogma of apostolical succession. Now, suppose that when the invitation to look to that brazen serpent had passed through the camp, some proud supercilious Israelite, priding himself on his long ancestry, had argued, "if it can be proved to me that the wood of which that pole was formed, was taken from a tree that grew in Paradise, and I could trace up the pedigree of that tree, I will believe it has a virtue and an efficacy to save me," would he not be deserving of death? Ah, this is one of satan's modern delusions to keep sinners from looking to Jesus. "Prove to me that you have apostolical authority, and I will receive your message, and submit to your teaching; but unless you can give me evidence and credentials of apostolical succession, I scorn your message." My beloved friends, I warn you against this, and bid you receive the Gospel message by whomsoever it comes, and look unto Jesus, whoever may be the arm that raises the pole, if it presents to you that one glorious object, on which if you look you will be saved; and from which if you turn you will die.

Moreover, this exhortation of Jesus is addressed to you under all the circumstances in which you may be placed. Do you want a deeper sense of sin? You must look unto Jesus. Do you want a heart broken and a spirit contrite? Look unto Jesus. Do you want a surer sense of your pardon and acceptance? Look unto Jesus. Do you want soothing in your present sorrow? do you want succour in your present weakness? do you want guidance in your present perplexity? Look unto Jesus. Look unto Jesus in the very depths of your sorrow; for oh! his heart throbs with unutterable sympathy-

“Look unto him, and be ye saved.” “Look unto him” for strength and support under all your burdens, for he can give you Almighty strength. Oh, only look to Jesus! Look away from your own doings, look away from your own works, look away from your charities; look away from your churches, from your sacraments; from your ministers; they are only stepping-stones to lift you to Christ, to whom you must come at last, embracing his cross.

And, in the solemn hour of death, when the eye is closing on all earthly scenes, and opening on eternal realities; when you bid farewell, the last farewell, and take the last look at kind and loving friends; be this your posture, be this your simple action—“Looking unto Jesus;” and then, to quote the words of one who has gone to be with Jesus, “When I close my eyes on earth, I shall open them on Christ. The first object that meets my gaze will be him who bore my sins; who gave his life for my salvation. Oh! blessed thought, to drop the telescope of faith, and gaze with an unclouded vision on the lovely, the enthroned, the glorified Lamb!” The weakest, dimmest eye of faith now shall, by-and-bye pierce and penetrate the veil of eternity shall behold the King in his beauty, and gaze for ever on his ineffable glory. Yes, beloved, if thou dost see beauty in Jesus now, if thine eyes behold glory in Immanuel—feeble and dim though the view may be—thou shalt assuredly be with him where he is, and shalt contemplate the ceaseless unfolding of his glory, and that through the everlasting ages.*

TRUSTING AND LOVING.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF “OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.”

WE have been friends for more than forty years, and have loved each other like brothers; who could have thought that he would have acted in this way toward me? I imagined at least I could have trusted *him*, but I find I have been deceived. He has failed me at last, and *how can I love one whom I cannot trust?*

Such was the exclamation of a Christian man, who had been wounded by what *he considered* to be the unfriendly conduct of an old friend. What were the grounds of his bitter complaint, and how far he was justified in what he said I am not able to state. Perhaps there were faults on both sides. But, leaving this, the latter part of his lamentation appeared to contain a very important question, and led to a serious train of thought. The question was, “*how can I love one whom I cannot trust?*” On these words I raised some questions, and from them deduced some inferences.

Ought we to trust any one implicitly? The word of God answers NO! “Put not your trust in princes nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.” “It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man.” I do not mean to imply by my question, nor do these scriptures teach, that we should walk about the world clad in the cloak of distrust—indulging suspicions of every one we meet, but that we should trust no one (that is, depend on no one, expect from no one) as we should trust in God. There surely is a road, though it may be a narrow one, between creature idolatry and chilling misanthropy; there is a way of treating our fellow creatures with a *proper* degree of confidence; ever remembering that the staff is weak, and will not bear too much weight. We are prone sometimes to expect too much from man, so that the creature may well cry out as Jacob did to Leah; “am I in God’s stead?” and then again, under some disappoint-

* Report of a sermon from the notes of an eminent shorthand writer.

ment, to say in our haste, "all men are liars." In mercy, God disappoints our hopes when we put anything in the place of himself.

Suppose a friend or fellow Christian has failed us once, is that a sufficient reason for our ceasing to love him? We may have looked for too much from him, or we may have exaggerated his alleged offence. Suppose it is as bad as we think; we do not know the temptation he was under, the difficulties he was struggling with, the irritation from some other cause he was then enduring, or the regret that he now feels, and how he longs to make all right again. Besides, we continue to love *ourselves*, in spite of all the evil which we discover and condemn; and it is a noble triumph of Christianity when we act thus toward our brethren. Surely we may still love, even though we cannot repose full confidence.

Perhaps this disappointment is part of a weaning process, necessary though painful. It is the very essence of religion, to trust God, as we trust no one beside; and we are continually prone to act opposite to this. God permits our props to be broken, and our cisterns to fail, so that we may learn the sixty-second Psalm experimentally. "My soul wait thou *only* upon God, for my expectation is from him." At first the Psalmist said "I shall not be *greatly* moved," but as he continued musing on God's word, and climbing higher and higher up the rock of ages, he left out the word "greatly" and boldly said "*I shall not be moved.*" From this eminence he learned to estimate all creatures aright, and testified that, as compared with that God who was HIS REFUGE "*they were altogether lighter than vanity.*"

How supremely should we love him, whom we may so constantly and implicitly trust! They who trust in Him shall never be confounded. Such are blessed and shall "want no good thing." God has "never failed them" but ever cared for the confiding heart. If then we love those of our fellow-creatures who honour our confidence, how should we love that faithful Creator in whom we may trust with all our hearts "at all times," and "for ever;" and who always responds to the confidence we place in him. In becoming an altogether suitable object for our trust, God has shown himself to be infinitely loving and worthy of our warmest love. *Delight will be in proportion to dependence;* and should not dependence on God be in some goodly measure in agreement with his gracious words. Should not his past acts towards ourselves and others, encourage us "to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon our God" in darkness and sorrow, as well as in light and joy.

Let those who have hitherto felt no love to God, learn to trust in him, then they will love him and be happy in him. So long as men expect nothing good from God, they will take no pleasure in his character. When they see how graciously he has revealed himself to them, how lovingly he has invited them, and how he stands prepared to bestow all blessings on them, they will no longer treat him with sullen suspicion, but casting their souls on his mercy, and finding him to be the God of salvation, they will trust him with everything else. Then their language will be "*how can I but love that God whom I may so implicitly trust!*"

How blest it is to love by faith,
And cast our burden on the Lord;
To credit what the Saviour saith,
And rest confiding on his word!

To find a refuge in his breast,
From every deep corroding care:
And feel that calm rejoicing rest,
Which none but Zion's children share.

THE POLISHED STONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL."

A Tale of the Holy Land.

A VERY long while ago, in the hilly country around Mount Hermon, there lived a pretty little black-eyed boy, whose name was Javan. The cottage in which he dwelt with his family was perched on the steep side of a high cliff, that was cut into terraces all the way up. With a great deal of trouble and labour, these terraces had been covered with fine, rich, dark mould, brought in baskets from the valley below, and planted with vines, olives, figs, dates plums, pomegranates, almonds, apples, and many other delicious fruits; besides cucumbers melons, gourds, leeks, onions, and many other useful vegetables. There were also a great many flowers, among which the bees were continually humming; and these bees built their waxen cells in clefts of the rock, where their honey was easy to find. Of course there were plenty of singing birds where there were so many trees for them to build their nests in, and so many seeds to pick up. There were also conies, a kind of small rabbit, that made its dwelling in the sides of the rock, and pretty green lizards, and butterflies of many colours.

A couple of vines, bearing large clusters of purple and yellow grapes, ran over the cottage, which was partly scooped out of the rock, and buried it in fruit and green leaves. A large fig-tree, loaded with figs, shaded the door, and a rivulet of the clearest water, falling from the top of the rock, made a pleasant trickling sound, and kept the terraces well watered.

The green and fertile valley below was intersected by fine rivers, and shaded with large trees, and contained many walled cities and villages. Its meadows were dotted with white flocks of sheep, and goats, and herds of cattle. The shepherd lads, and cow boys set to watch them, often played sweetly on pipes and small-stringed instruments, and sang songs and hymns of praise.

What a happy place it was! It was "the promised land," the *Holy Land* we call it since it was trodden by Jesus Christ, and some of these days it will be holy and happy again.

All those walled cities are now thrown down. The great stones lie upon the ground, but, here lies the wonder, *not one of them is lost!** There they are, all ready to

pick up and put together again as good as ever, some of these days, when the Jews have learned to know Christ, and when all neighbouring countries will think it a privilege and pleasure to help them to rebuild their cities.

One of the quarries from whence these great stones were hewn, was near the cottage of Javan's father, whose name was Heber. It was Heber's business to polish the stones that were brought out of the quarries; and he and a great many other men were working very hard at them, because the famous king Solomon had commanded that they should supply a great number of large stones, ready squared and polished, to be used in building his beautiful temple in Jerusalem.

But though Heber worked very hard all day, he came home in the evening, and sat under his own vine and fig tree, and drank milk, and ate bread and honey, and grapes, and figs, and dates. Then, when he was refreshed, he would tell his wife and children how much he and his fellow-workmen had done, and say what a beautiful temple it would be when finished—they should all go and see it.

This delighted the children, especially Javan, who was the eldest. They talked of how they would lock up the cottage, and load their nice, strong, gentle donkey with provisions, and walk by its side, resting at noon in some shady place, and sleeping at night in some grotto or cave, with dry leaves for their bed, and travelling early in the morning, and late in the cool of the evening, till they reached Jerusalem.

"At first," said Javan, "we shall have the road nearly to ourselves, but as we approach the beautiful city, 'the joy of the whole earth,' there will be such crowds of people from all parts flocking towards it, that we shall hardly be able to make our way. Perhaps we shall find every house full of guests, and be obliged to sleep in a stable, or a tent, or a tabernacle of green boughs."

"Ah," said the other children, "we shall not dislike that at all."

Hitherto, Javan had had enough to do in keeping his father's sheep and goats, and watering the garden, and finding honey; but now he wished very much to help his father at his work, and his father said he might.

* Keith's "Laud of Israel."

He gave JAVAN a stone like the others, and shewed him how to polish it. It was about as high as himself. Javan worked at it very hard, and sometimes, when he was tired, he went to see how others were getting on. When he returned to his father he said—

"I fear it will be a long time before we go to Jerusalem. One labourer is idle, and another is stupid, and another is not very strong, and another spends half his time in quarrelling with his companions."

"What concern is that of ours?" said his father. "Let you and me each polish our own stones, without troubling ourselves about those of other people."

Another time, when JAVAN had heard the men talking very eagerly about the progress of the works, and how king Solomon had eighty thousand quarrymen at work among the mountains, and seventy thousand to carry the stones to Jerusalem (perhaps on some kind of trucks), and three thousand three hundred overseers to superintend them, and keep them to their work, JAVAN ran back to his father and cried—

"Oh, father, father, my stone will hardly be worth finishing! What will one be among so many?"

"That might be said of every stone in its turn," said his father. "Keep on, and finish your work."

Another time, JAVAN came and said, "Father, I am getting on pretty well, but I should like to be able to polish dozens and hundreds of stones for the temple. That would be something to talk of!"

"Why should we want to do something to talk of?" said his father. "Our companions are a great deal fonder of talking of their own work than of hearing us talk of ours. Let us do our best with all our might, without wanting to glorify ourselves about it."

At length, JAVAN'S stone was finished, and he was very much pleased to see it sent away with those that had been done by the men. It had tired him quite enough, however, for him to be glad that he had not "dozens and hundreds" yet to do, even for the beautiful temple; and he was not sorry when his father sent him back to look after the goats and sheep.

When the beautiful temple was finished, Heber prepared to take his family up to Jerusalem, to the feast of dedication. They packed up their cottage, and set forth, a happy party, one fine morning. For some distance they had the road to themselves, but towards noon they passed some tents, under the shade of a group of terebinth trees; and the people who were in the tents

came out and said, "Doubtless you are going up to Jerusalem. Turn into our tents till the noon-day heat is less fierce, and let us eat bread together."

Heber and his wife (whose name was Milcah) readily consented, and contributed a cheese and some beautiful grapes to the meal. The master of the tent gave thanks and broke the bread, and distributed it among them, and those who were so inclined, sopped it in saucers of oil and vinegar. After they had rested and refreshed themselves, the two families resumed their journey in company, talking and singing as they went.

At the corner of a cross road they met another party, among whom were two strong young men, carrying their father, who was very old, on their shoulders. It did not seem to tire them at all, but, from time to time, two younger brothers relieved the two eldest. They all seemed very merry, and the old man as much so as any.

A little farther on, they heard the sound of flutes and timbrels, played by persons who were a little in advance of them. Among this party was a poor woman who had lost the use of her limbs, and who was being carried by two of her daughters. As the man who had invited Heber to join his party, had a light waggon, he prevailed on these good girls to place their mother in it, and walk by her side, and thus they were saved much fatigue.

All this day they only saw villages and farm-houses at a distance, and when night drew near, they halted in a pleasant meadow, and pitched their tents, or made arbours and tabernacles of green boughs, in which they slept very comfortably.

Early in the morning, after worshipping God, they pursued their journey while it was yet dark. Towards noon they drew near a village, the boys and girls of which came running out to them, saying, "Are you going to Jerusalem, good people? Tell us, are you going to Jerusalem?" When they entered the village, they found tables covered with a clean cloth, and spread with cakes, fruit, and honey, placed at every door for them.

After this, the road became more and more crowded all the way to Jerusalem. It was quite late when they came in sight of it at last, and several of the party resolved not to enter it till morning, and began to pitch their tents outside the walls.

Heber, however, had an uncle living in the city, who was prepared to receive him; and he therefore took leave of his follow-

ravellers, and collected his children together with considerable trouble, for they had made friends with other children among their travelling companions, and were scattered here and there, like sheep on a common. At length, when they were all found, they merrily accompanied their father and mother towards the city, though the roads were very steep and fatiguing. Javan said, "Father, what means the bleating of so many sheep and the lowing of so many oxen, in my ears?" His father said, "They are brought by grateful people, my son, for sacrifice."

When they entered Jerusalem, they could hardly make their way through the crowded streets. Javan said, "I wish the streets were not so narrow." His father said, "Then they would give less shade." At last they reached the house of Heber's uncle, who was a baker. He was a pleasant old man, and appeared very glad to see them, but he said they must sleep on the roof of his house, for his house was quite full already. As the roof was flat, with a railing all round it, and spread with mats, they did not mind this, but thought it all the pleasanter for being so cool. It was very pretty to look down upon the lighted streets, and to see other people making up their beds (which were only light mattresses with bolsters) on the roofs of other houses; but they were all very tired, and glad to lie down as soon as they had had their supper and said their prayers.

Long after Heber's uncle had shut up his house, however, there was much bustle in the streets, and at length, quite in the middle of the night, there was a loud knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" presently said the old baker, putting his head out of the window.

"Pray make haste and come down," said a man in the street, very earnestly, "for a friend has just come to me from a distance, and I want three loaves."

"You cannot have them to-night," said the baker, "for I and my children are in bed, and cannot be disturbed."

However, the man continued knocking, and was, so importunate, that at length the old baker got up and gave him the three loaves. After this the house was quiet.

Long before day-break, however, the whole city was up and awake again; and everybody hurried over their breakfasts because king Solomon was going to fetch the ark from that part of Jerusalem which was called the city of David, and remove it into the temple. Javan held his father's

hand tightly as they mingled with the crowd. He could hear the beautiful hymns sung, now by the men, then by young girls playing on timbrels, then by little boys with sweet voices; but he could not see anything till his father set him on his shoulder, that he might have a glimpse of such a noble sight as he would never behold again. Then Javan saw the priests and Levites carrying on their shoulders the ark, which contained the two stone tablets on which were written the ten commandments; and before the ark walked king Solomon, in all his glory, arrayed in garments as white as lilies, over which flowed his long, dark beard. He looked very happy, for he had accomplished his desire of building a beautiful temple for the worship of God; and, as he has himself said, "The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul." It was sweet to his soul, far sweeter than it afterwards was to see thousands of pieces of gold laid at his feet, and to hear himself called the wisest of men.

When the priests had brought in the ark to the place appointed for it, which was called the "holy of holies," they drew out their staves and left it. Then God filled the whole place with a thick cloud, to show his pleasure at all that had been done, and king Solomon offered up a very fervent and beautiful prayer. After this, a great many sacrifices took place. People, according to their inclination and ability, took sheep and oxen to the priests, who killed them, and burnt the fat upon the altar to the glory of God, who had promised to send his own Son, in due time, into the world, to be a sacrifice for the sins of all mankind. Then the priests received certain portions for themselves—the shoulder and the breast—and the men who had brought the sheep and oxen carried away the remainder to feast upon, with their families and friends. King Solomon, for his share, gave twenty-two thousand oxen, and a hundred and twenty thousand sheep. Thus he had an immense stock of provisions afterwards, to distribute among his people; so that there was not a man or woman among them who had not a good piece of meat, a loaf of bread, and a flagon of wine. They feasted for a week, and on the eighth day he sent them to their homes, full of cheerfulness and gratitude to God.

Before Heber left Jerusalem, he showed Javan as much of the temple as he could; after which, they sat down at some distance from it, and looked at it. Then said Heber, "The stone you polished is but one

among many; but do you, for that reason, regret the labour and pains you bestowed on it?"

"Oh, no," said Javan, "I no longer feel the weariness, and I am full of joy at having contributed even one stone to so glorious a building."

"Then remember," said his father, "that we ourselves are the stones of God's living temple, and, since He thinks us worth building up in it, let us seek the Holy Spirit's sanctifying grace, that we may be fashioned according to the pattern He has set before us."

THE FAIREST ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A GREAT Queen once reigned, in whose garden bloomed the loveliest flowers from all parts of the world, at every season of the year. But above all other flowers she loved roses; and therefore she possessed the greatest variety of these, from the wild hedge-rose, with green, apple scented leaves, to the most beautiful rose of Provence. They grew on the castle walls, twined round the pillars and over the casements of the corridors and saloons, and the roses varied in scent, form, and colour.

But care and sadness dwelt in that palace; the Queen lay on her sick-bed, and the physicians said she must die. "There is, however, a remedy for her," said the wisest among them. "Bring to her the fairest rose in the world—the one which is the expression of the highest and purest love—if that comes before her eyes ere they close, she will not die."

And young and old came from all lands with roses, the loveliest that bloomed in every garden, but none was the right one. The flower must be brought from the garden of love; but what rose could be the expression of the highest, purest love?

And the poets sang of the fairest rose in the world—each one named his own. And messengers were sent through all the countries round, to every heart that beat with love—to every rank and every age.

"No one has yet named the flower," said the wise man. "No one has shown the place from whence it springs in its beauty. It is not one of the roses that bloomed forth from Winkelried's blood-stained lance—from the holy blood which flowed in death from the breast of the hero for the fatherland, though no death is sweeter, no rose is redder, than the blood which then flows. It is, also, not that wonder-flower, for the cultivation of which man gives his fresh life away in years and days—the magic rose of knowledge."

"I know where it blooms!" said a happy

mother, who came to the Queen's couch with her tender babe; "I know where the fairest rose in the world is to be found—the rose which is the expression of the highest, purest love. It blooms on the blushing cheeks of my sweet child, when it opens its eyes refreshed by slumber, and smiles at me with its whole love."

"Lovely is that rose, but there is yet a fairer one," said the wise man,

"Yes, a much fairer one," said one of the women. "I have seen it—a holier rose blooms not. But it was pale, like the petals of the tea-rose. I saw it on the cheeks of the Queen; she had laid aside her royal crown, and was nursing her sick child in the long, sad night. She wept and kissed it, and prayed to God for it, as a mother prays in the hour of anguish."

"Holy and wonderful is the white rose of sadness in its power; but it is not the one sought for."

"No, I saw the fairest rose in the world before the altar of the Lord," said the good old bishop. "I saw it shine as though an angel's face had shown itself. The young maiden went to the altar of the Lord, having renewed the vow of her baptism, and roses came and went on her fresh cheeks. The young maiden knelt there; she looked up to God with her whole soul full of purity and love. That was the expression of the purest, highest love."

"Blessed is it," said the wise man, "but no one has yet named the fairest rose in the world."

Then stepped a child into the chamber, the little son of the Queen. Tears stood in his eyes, and on his delicate cheeks. He carried a large closed book, bound in velvet, with large silver clasps, "Mother!" said the little one, "oh, hear what I have read."

And the child seated itself on the bed, and read out of the book of Him who gave Himself to die on the Cross, in order to save men, and even unborn generations. Greater love is there not!

And a rose blush spread over the Queen's cheeks; her eyes became so bright, for she saw the fairest rose springing forth from the leaves of the book—the likeness of the one which bloomed from the blood of Christ on the Cross. "I see it!" said she. "They never die who look on this rose—the fairest in the world."

LINES FOR THE "BAPTIST MESSENGER."

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—I have received *personally* much benefit from the perusal of your valuable magazine, which I have taken from its commencement. I have also the opportunity of knowing that it is well appreciated, and has been very useful to many others. If you think the following lines worthy of insertion, I shall be obliged by their appearance in the January number.—Wishing you much success in your labour of love, I am, sir, yours, &c.,
E. H. R.

Whitechapel, Dec. 10, 1867.

Go forth, thou little *Messenger*, thy mission to fulfil,
Exalting and extolling the dear name of Jesus still;
With pearls and gems thou hast been set of rare and matchless worth
Not like the glittering baubles which attract the sons of earth.

The seeking heavy-laden one, borne down with guilt and fear,
Thou hast directed to the Lamb, in accents sweet and clear;
The pardon sought has been obtained, and fear has given place
To songs of thankfulness and joy, in praise of sovereign grace.

The sorrowful and desolate, who tread the narrow way,
Have in thy pages heard the voice of Jesus sweetly say—
"Fear not, but boldly venture on, ye Sacramental band,
I will in safety lead you to possess the promised land!"

The aged and the young have found, conning thy pages o'er,
Guidance and consolation, too, of both an ample store;
The erring and the straying sheep have had direction given,
To lead them back into the fold, to happiness and Heaven.

Words suited to all states of mind within thy leaves abound;
Doctrines and holy *precepts*, too, and *promises* are found:
May Jesus his rich blessings shower on those engaged to write,
And still afford them needful help "good matter" to indite.

And as on us the new year dawns, may God thy progress speed,
And graciously incline the hearts of many more to read
The good news and glad tidings which thou monthly dost supply,
So well adapted to console and raise the thoughts on high.

THE SAINT'S VICTORY.

BY THE REV. W. P. DALFERN, OF BOW.

"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony and they loved not their lives unto death."—REV. xii. 11.

'Tis by the blood which Jesus shed,
The saints, though feeble, victory gain,
'Tis by his word their faith is fed,
His firm decrees their hopes sustain.
'Tis by his strength they shall prevail,
Firm grasped by his almighty hand,
When earth's old pillars shake and fail,
Still, built on him, his church shall stand.
Nor satan's schemes, nor fiercest ire,
Nor persecution's floods, though deep,
Can o'er put out the living fire,
Which lives and reigns in his loved sheep.

The love by which he overcame,
And sealed his conquest with his blood,
Burns in their hearts an heavenly flame,
And upwards soars and tends to God.
Vain is the rage and spite of men,
To sever Jesus and his Bride;
Nor earth or hell can ever rend
One blood-bought trophy from his side,
The weakest saint that ever cried
One feeble, stammering prayer,
Beneath thy cross, O let me hide!
For ever sheltered there.

REVIEWS.

The Saint and His Saviour. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: J. S. Virtue; and Hall, Virtue and Co., Paternoster-row. Our readers will not require us to say much about this book; with the spirituality, power, and originality of Mr. Spurgeon's mind they have long been familiar through the pages of this magazine.

Indeed, in no spirit of vain boasting we rejoice to have the privilege of stating that when all other religious Journals looked on with suspicion, and spoke in dispraise, or at best with bated breath, the "Baptist Messenger" was the first to hail the appearance, and to introduce to the notice of the Christian public the youthful and gifted pastor of New Park-street. In the latter end of 1854 there appeared in our pages two of the papers which Mr. S. has worked up with consummate skill in the present volume; and from that time to the present, on the return of each successive month, we have been favoured with contributions from the same distinguished source.

Many have been the prophecies that the gifted young preacher, the author of this book, would soon run himself dry—that the spontaneous richness of his mind would soon exhaust itself; but we are thankful to say that, as yet, we can perceive no signs of those living waters which, through his labours, have gladdened and refreshed so many, ceasing to flow; while his elastic mind, beneath the blessing of heaven, seems to be as prolific as ever, and appears literally to exult in the exuberance of those delectable fruits which refresh both God and man. We pray God that these fruits may long abide!

When we think of the *age* of the author of this book we are fairly astonished; but what is there that God cannot accomplish? The Spirit of God can write as easily by the hand of youth as by the finger of age. The words pregnant with wisdom which have fallen from the lips of this young preacher have surprised multitudes; nor will his book fail to evoke the same feeling in the minds of many thousands more. It is, indeed, a casket well-filled with the jewels of truth, each of which derives its splendour from and sparkles with the beauty of Jesus; and which being set in the golden frame-work of well-selected words, and lustrated over with love, cannot fail to attract the eye of the spiritual Israelite. It is a box of rare ointment, the aroma of which distils from the name of Jesus. A garden

full of the flowers of spiritual wisdom, the great variety and profusion of which, at times, wearies the mind by their very gorgeousness. It is a temple, reared by the hand of love, to commemorate Jesus, the massive columns of which have been so embellished by the rich tracery of imagination and genius that their solidity is all but buried beneath the elaborate beauty with which a loving heart has sought to adorn them. Some may blame the writer for this, while yet it is apparent that his design is to attract the gaze of the thoughtless, and to furnish the saint with fresh occasion for admiration, gratitude, and praise. We believe these ends will be accomplished, and that this book will live in the spiritual literature of the Church for years to come. The cold, rationalistic critic will, no doubt, sneer at the spiritual opulence of this book; and the fervour of the writer with him will be but a rhetorical spirit run mad. With such every flower of truth is *wild*, and should be pulled up, although filled with the flowing sap of spiritual life, and richly laden with the honey of heavenly wisdom. We pray, however, that the writer of this book may write many more, and that he may live long to exalt his Lord with his pen, as well as with his tongue. We could easily have made a coronal of beautiful thoughts from the book to have justified what we have written. We must, however, content ourselves with the one we have selected from page 205, and refer the reader to the book itself.

JOY AT CONVERSION.

Novelty no doubt has some hand in the singular feelings of the young convert. As an eminent saint says, "They were new things, wherewithal I was utterly unacquainted before, and this made them the more affecting." We have all felt the great exciting power of novelty in every-day life, and the same influence exerts itself upon the inner life of the soul. At first, pardon, adoption, acceptance, and the kindred blessings, are new things, and, besides their own value, have the brightness of newly-minded mercies to recommend them to our notice. Prayer, praise, meditation, and hearing are fresh exercises; and, like a horse just brought to his labour, we are in haste to be engaged in them. "In the morning of life, before its wearisome journey, the youthful soul doth expand in the simple luxury of being—it hath not contracted its wishes nor set a limit to its hopes." The morning sun is shining on the yet glistening hedgerows, and the dewdrops are all pearls; the smoke of earth hath not yet darkened the skies, and they are one pure firmament of azure. There is

more than a little of the Athenian in every man; there is not one of us who is not charmed by something which has but lately come to the light of observation. True, we shall find the glories of the cross as marvellous in after years as they are now; but now they are so startling to us, that we cannot but feel astonishment and wonder. As he who, after a life of blindness, at the first sight of the stars would naturally lift up his hands in amazement, so doth the man from whose spiritual eye the film hath been removed, exult in his first vision of the heavenly gifts of God. Never is the rose more lovely than in its bud; so grace is never more graceful than in its beginnings. The young lambs frisk in the fields—they will assume a steadier gait when they become "the sheep of his pasture;" but till then let them show their joy, for it is the necessary consequence of their new created being.

We are inclined to believe that the most common cause is the fact that, at first conversion, the soul relies more simply upon Christ, and looks more attentively at Him than it does in after days, when evidences, good works, and graces become more an object of regard than the person of Jesus. When the glorious Redeemer finds us lost and ruined in the fall—when He makes us deeply conscious of that ruin—then we take Him, and Him alone, for our treasure; but in future years He gives to us sundry rings, jewels, and ornaments, as love tokens, and we most foolishly set our eyes more upon these than upon the Giver, and consequently lose much of the cheering effect of a constant view of the Saviour. At the first time of love we are too weak to venture on our feet, but cling with both our arms around the neck of Jesus; there we find an easy carriage, which we lose when our overweening pride constrains Him to set us on the ground to run alone. He who hath a speck in the eye of his faith, obscuring his vision of the Saviour, will find much pain resulting therefrom. That which removes us from the simplicity of our faith in Christ, although it be in itself most excellent, yet to us becomes a curse. Many of us might be willing to renounce all our experience, our graces, and our evidences, if we might but return to the former child-like faith of our spiritual infancy. To lie quietly afloat on the stream of free grace is the very glory of existence, the perfection of earthly happiness.

No seat is so pleasant as that which is beneath the shadow of Jesus. We may fetch our spices from afar, but they shall yield no such fragrance as that which is shed from the robes of the all-glorious Emmanuel, of whom it is written, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and Cassia." Whatsoever spiritual joy we have which springs not from Christ as the Fountain, we shall find it sooner or later bitter to our taste. The young convert is happy because he drinks only from Jesus, and is yet too full of infirmity to attempt the hewing of a cistern for himself.

If we be unfaithful to Christ, we must not expect many of His smiles. It matters little

what is the object of our delight, be it never so lovely: if it become a rival of Jesus, He is grieved thereby, and makes us mourn His absence. "When we make creatures, or creature-comforts, or anything whatever but what we receive by the Spirit of Christ, to be our joy and our delight, we are false to Christ." He gave Himself wholly for us, and He thinks it ill that we will not give Him sole possession of our hearts. Jesus, like His Father, is a jealous God—He will not brook a rival. He will have us rejoice only in his love, hearken only to his voice, and keep our eyes constantly on him, and him only. Beyond a doubt, were we in constant fellowship with our loving Redeemer, we might always retain a measure, if not the entire fullness, of our early joy; and did we labour to improve in our acquaintance with him, and our devotion to him, our joy might possibly increase to an indefinite degree, until our tabernacle on earth would be like an house built upon the wall of heaven, or at least in the suburbs of the city of God. It is no wonder that so many lose their first joy when we remember how many lose their first love. "It may be," saith a holy Puritan to the doubting soul—"It may be, if thou hadst minded and endeavoured more after community with God, and conformity to God, thou mightest at this time have looked upward, and seen God in Christ smiling upon thee, and have looked inward into the soul, and seen the Spirit of grace witnessing to thy spirit that thou wert a son, an heir, an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ. But thou hast minded more thine own comfort than Christ's honour; thou hast minded the blossoms and the fruit more than Christ, the root; thou has minded the springs of comfort more than Christ, the fountain of life; thou hast minded the beams of the sun more than the Sun of Righteousness; and, therefore, it is but a righteous thing with God to leave thee to walk in a valley of darkness, to hide his face from thee, and to seem to be as an enemy to thee." Let us labour, then, to keep our eyes single; so shall our whole body be full of light—light cheering and delightful beyond what we can even dream. It is quite impossible to define the limit of the happiness mortals may experience in the descending company of a gracious Saviour; let us each seek to soar into the loftiest air, that we may prove what is the joy unspeakable and full of glory. Certain it is that faith is the golden pipe which conducts the living waters of the mount of God to the pilgrim sons of Jehovah. Let us keep the course unobstructed, and we may hope to drink deep draughts of true delight.

India: its Crimes and Claims. By the Rev. C. STOVELL. Second Edition. Revised. London: Jackson and Walford. A concise and comprehensive view of the moral aspects of Indian affairs. We do not at all wonder that the publication of this twice delivered lecture should have been specially and urgently demanded. It is every-way worthy its author, and his all-absorbing and exciting theme.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.—Mr. W. Burton, from the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted a harmonious invitation from the Baptist church meeting in Walkergate-lane.

LEICESTER, DOVER-STREET.—The Rev. James Malcolm, formerly of Scotland, having resigned his ministry at Maze-pond chapel, London, has accepted a very cordial invitation to become the pastor of the General Baptist church in this place, and commenced his labours on Lord's day, the 20th ult.

PONTRHYDREN, NEAR NEWPORT, MONMOUTH.—The Rev. E. Hands, of Appledore, Devon, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist church, to become their pastor.

OSWESTRY, SALOP.—Mr. Wilks, of the Bristol College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place.

HEATH, GLAMORGANSHIRE.—Mr. J. Davis of Bristol College, has accepted the call of the Baptist church to become their pastor.

OPENING OF NEW CHAPELS.

MONMOUTH.—The Baptist chapel, Monmouth, having been closed for repairs and extensive alterations to make better accommodation, was re-opened on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, when the Rev. J. Penny, of Coleford, preached in the afternoon, and a public meeting was held in the evening. The Rev. S. Packer, pastor, presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Campbell, M.A., J. Lock, John Penny, and W. Pullen. The contributions and collections were liberal and good congregations.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

HARLINGTON.—An interesting service was held at the above place on the evening of the 1st of December. The young people of the Baptist church and congregation availed themselves of the completion of the tenth year of the pastorate of their beloved minister, the Rev. W. Perratt, to give expression to their affection for, and appreciation of, his labours on their behalf. They felt also that they owed much to their minister's wife, of whom one of the committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the others said:—"She was ever to be found where trouble and sickness were." They wisely determined, therefore, to include both their pastor and his wife in their acknowledgments. On the above evening a social tea was held, to which the minister and his wife were invited; after which a public service took place, Samuel Hunt, Esq., in the chair, when Mr. Hewett, in the name of himself and others, presented to Mr. Perratt, "Kit-to's Pictorial Bible," in four volumes, splendidly bound; and to Mrs. Perratt a beautiful tea-service. Mr. Perratt feelingly and suitably acknowledged the kindness of his young friends. The meeting was afterwards addressed by E. Hunt, Esq., in a most interesting and humorous speech, and the service concluded by an address from the Rev. J. W. Shepherd, of Haynes, and prayer by the pastor.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

PITTHAY, BRISTOL.—A tea meeting was held in the Pitthay Baptist chapel, Bristol, on Monday evening, November 30th, in connexion with the twenty-third anniversary of the Rev. E. Probert, the pastor. It is estimated that 430 partook of the repast provided. After tea, a hymn having been sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, the chair was taken by Mr. Probert, who gave an interesting account of the increase and growth of the church during the time of his pastorship in the place, and also of the intention they had of building a new school-room, and a new and more commodious chapel. He said that they intended to fix on a good site, and erect a more suitable place of worship; and, doubtless, from what has been done already, this object will soon be attained. Very suitable addresses were then delivered by the Revs. W. Rose, H. Craik, R. Morris, J. Pratt, T. Jenkins, T. May, and Messrs. Ashmead and Lee. The meeting was very interesting, and certainly very gratifying to the mind and heart of the esteemed pastor.

CHESHAM.—The South Bucks Fraternal Association of ministers met at the Rev. W. J. Bain's, Chesham, on Tuesday, December 8th. An excellent paper on "Eclecticism" was read by Mr. Bain, after which the brethren engaged in friendly discussion on the subject. In the evening the members of the various churches, Baptist and Independent united in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The Rev. J. B. Blackmore, of Princes Risborough, delivered a thoroughly practical address to the members on the origin, medium, and evidences of regenerate feeling; and the Rev. W. S. Chapman, B.A., of Amersham, spoke eloquently, earnestly, and touchingly to the spectators. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Paine, Preston, Hood, and Skemp. The service was one of unusual solemnity; one in which the special presence of the Great Master was powerfully felt. The chapel (Mr. Bain's) was comfortably filled.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

WICKHAM-LANE, KENT.—On Monday, January 25th, 1858, two sermons will be preached in the above place of worship, by the Rev. S. Cozens, L.F.R.S., of Somers Town; afternoon at three, and evening half-past six o'clock. Collections will be made at the close of each service. Tea will be provided.

KENNINGTON.—The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, will preach (D.V.) in the above place, every Wednesday evening, at seven o'clock.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

BLISWORTH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—A tea meeting was held on October 29th, for the purpose of welcoming their newly-chosen pastor, Mr. Bailey. The chapel was richly ornamented with flowers, and presented a very animated appearance, and was filled to overflowing in the evening. Mr. Hands commenced the service by prayer. The Rev. J. T. Brown, of College-street, Northampton, presided, and after adverting

to some reminiscences of the churches he welcomed the new pastor as a co-worker, and introduced Mr. Bailey, who gave some account of his former labours and of his reasons for preferring the pastorate of Blissworth. Addresses were then given by the Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain, of Paltishal, Jones of Towcester, Ashmead of Northampton, and Sutton of Roade.

GRIMSBY.—A very interesting service was held on Wednesday evening, the 25th November, to introduce the Rev. R. Smart to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire. About 200 friends partook of tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was occupied by J. L. Ekins, Esq., of Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire, a personal friend of the pastor elect, who opened the business of the evening in a very animated and appropriate speech, bearing a high testimony to the ministerial character and moral worth of the pastor. Mr. W. Hewson, one of the deacons, and Mr. W. Coals, expressed the cordial welcome of the church to the pastor. The Rev. J. Harcourt, of London, and the Rev. J. Hart, of Houghton, who had specially come to be present on the occasion, warmly expressed their high esteem of the recognised pastor in telling speeches of great excellence and power. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. J. E. Coulson, J. Mellor, and R. Allan, Wesleyan ministers of Grimsby, fraternising in the most friendly and Christian manner with the newly-appointed minister. The Rev. D. M. N. Thomson, and Rev. J. Macpherson, of Hull, took part in the proceedings.

DEATH.

At Everton, near Liverpool, November 30th, 1857, aged 57, Mr. William Salisbury, deacon of the Baptist church at Soho Liverpool.

On December 9, at Oakham, aged 77, Mrs. Ann Allen, for nearly fifty years a member of the Baptist church in that town. Humble, holy, consistent, and distinguished by her liberal contributions to the cause of Christ and the necessities of the poor, she lived and died looking for his mercy unto eternal life.

BILDERSTONE, SUFFOLK.—The Baptist church meeting in this village has sustained a sad bereavement in the death of Mrs. Thompson, the wife of its beloved pastor. This excellent lady was much endeared by her earnest and affectionate solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the people. She was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, which deprived her of reason; and after lingering for a few days, departed this life on Monday, December 7th, aged sixty-seven years. On the following Friday, her remains were interred in the burial-ground attached to the chapel. There has never before been witnessed here so large a company of sincere mourners. The chapel was filled, and a feeling of great solemnity pervaded the whole of the service. On the following Wednesday evening, the bereaved husband and pastor preached from the 7th verse in the 1st chapter of Nahum: "The

Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." "The church has lost a "mother in Israel;" one of the excellent of the earth has departed to enter that rest which remaineth for the people of God. By her strenuous efforts a sufficient sum has lately been raised to enable the church to erect a new school-room, which was opened in the month of October last. Of her may be truly said, "being dead, she yet speaketh."

BAPTISMS.

- ABERCARN, Monmouthshire, Nov. 15**—Three young men by the Rev. Timothy Thomas, of Bassaleg, in the river Ebbw.
- ABERDARE, Mill-street, Oct. 13**—Fourteen by Mr. B. Evans.
- English, Oct. 25—Eight by Mr. G. P. Evans.
- Welsh—Nine by Mr. Price.
- BOW, Oct. 18**—Three by Mr. Balforn. Two were husband and wife.
- BEDALE, Yorkshire, Aug. 30, one; Oct. 11, two; Oct. 25, three; by Mr. Dawson.**
- BEDFORD, Mill-street, Nov. 15**—Three, two were a mother and daughter, by Mr. Killen.
- BREACHWOOD-GREEN, Herts, Nov. 1**—Two by Mr. Parkins.
- BRADFORD, Yorkshire, Westgate-street, Dec. 6**—Nine by Mr. Dowson. One 70 years of age.
- BURY, Lancashire, Nov. 22**—Two by Mr. Ashurst.
- CARDIFF, Bethany, Oct. 25**—Eight by Mr. Tilly.
- CARMARTHEN, Tabernacle, Nov. 8**—Two by Mr. Jones.
- CHELtenham, Cambray, Nov. 8**—Seven by Mr. Smith.
- CWMBACH, Oct. 25**—Two by Mr. Jones.
- DARTFORD, Zion Chapel, Nov. 29**—Seven, three married couple and one aged sister, by Mr. Hall.
- DERBY, Mary's-gate, Nov. 1**—Six by Mr. Stevenson.
- DONCASTER, Nov. 29**—Two by Mr. Britcliffe.
- FENNY STRATFORD, Bucks, Dec. 19**—Six by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, the first baptism in six years.
- GREAT SAMPFORD, Essex, Dec. 5**—Seven by Mr. Ellis.
- HADDENHAM, Bucks, Sept. 6**—Three teachers of the Sunday-school; Oct. 4, four; by the Pastor.
- HUSBAND'S BOSWORTH, Oct. 4**—Two, husband and wife, by Mr. Ibberson.
- KERRY, Nov. 1**—One by Mr. M. Morgan, of Newtown.
- LEDBURY, Nov. 11**—Seven by Mr. Wall.
- LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, Oct. 11**—Three by Mr. B. Thomas.
- Soho, Nov. 29—Two by Mr. Dawson.
- LLANDUDNO, Nov. 15**—Eight by Mr. Griffiths.

LONDON, Church-street, Blackfriars, Nov. 29—Seven by Mr. Barker.
 — New Park-street, Dec. 3—Thirteen by Mr. Spurgeon.
 — Shouldham-street, Nov. 29—Two by Mr. Blake.
 MALTRAY, Lincolnshire, Nov. 15—Two by Mr. Smith.
 MANCHESTER, York-street—Two by Mr. Cheney.
 NEATSHHEAD, Norfolk, Dec. 6—Four by Mr. Hasler.
 NEW WELLS, Oct. 11—One by Mr. Morgan, of Newtown.
 RADHAM, Lancashire, Nov. 29—Four by R. Brown, making two in six months.
 READING, King's-road, Oct. 23—Two by Mr. Aldis.

RISCA (English), Monmouthshire—Five by Mr. Reeves.
 SNAILBEACH, Nov. 22—Two by Mr. Evans.
 STROUD, Gloucestershire, Dec. 3—Ten by Mr. Yates.—P.S. If each one that now takes the *Messenger* would *try* and obtain one or more *subscribers*, the numbers may be thus easily *doubled*.—W. W.
 SWANSEA, York-place, Nov. 1—Eight by Mr. Short.
 — Bethesda—Two by Mr. Jones.
 TWERTON, near Bath, Oct. 25—Three by Mr. Clarke.
 USK, Monmouthshire, Dec. 6—Three by Mr. Thomas R. Evans, of Pontypool College.
 WOOLWICH, Queen-street, Oct. 27—Four by Mr. Hawson.

NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

The Church and Congregation of the above place having, under the Divine blessing, increased to an almost unprecedented extent during the Ministry of the

REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

It has become imperatively necessary to erect a House of God suitable to the requirements of the same. This step will be seen necessary when it is mentioned that there is no accommodation in the evening for two-thirds of the immense multitudes who attend to hear the glorious Gospel proclaimed by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON in the Music Hall. The Lord is graciously adding to the Church every month. Conversions are very numerous, but there is no room for the accommodation of the present Members; and it is a subject of earnest prayer that there may be room for the continued increase. A Committee has therefore been formed for the purpose of erecting a

LARGE TABERNACLE,

The Committee earnestly appeal to all who recognise the necessity of labouring for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ to assist in the above object—the estimated sum required being not less than £12,000. They rejoice to state they have £5,000 at the bankers, and upwards of £2,000 in promises; but the remaining amount they hope the Church of God, in its various branches, will aid them speedily to furnish.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, or by the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS COOK, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark (S.E.), to whom post-office orders may be made payable.

MONTHLY RECEIPTS FROM NOVEMBER 18 to DECEMBER 16, 1857:—

| | | | |
|---|---------|--|-----------|
| Nov. 22. Subscriptions | £2 17 5 | Dec. 13. Mr. Purser, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 4 0 0 |
| " " G. W. Brown, Esq. | 10 0 0 | " " Mr. Singer do. do. | 0 10 0 |
| " 23. Subscriptions | | " " Collection at Chipping Norton, after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 20 0 0 |
| " " Mrs. Pickup | 0 10 0 | " " Collection at Queen's-road Chapel, Dalston, after two sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 30 0 0 |
| " " Messrs. Pitt and Co. | 5 0 0 | " " Collections | 121 0 0 |
| " " Collection at Tunbridge Wells, after sermons by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 45 0 2 | | £258 10 0 |
| Dec. 6. Subscriptions | 2 3 11 | | |
| " 13. do. | 3 16 9 | | |
| " " Collectors | 1 2 0 | | |
| " " G. Moore, Esq. | 7 10 0 | | |
| " " Trinity Chapel, Brixton (donation) | 5 0 0 | | |

THOMAS COOK, Hon. Sec.

SUFFERING WITHOUT THE CAMP.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."—Hebrews xiii. 12.

IN one sense sanctification is wholly the work of Jesus Christ, but there is another meaning which is more usually affixed to the term, in which sanctification is the work of God the Holy Spirit. Many disputes have arisen concerning this doctrine, because all men do not distinguish between the two meanings of the same word. There is one kind of sanctification which signifies setting apart, and in that sense God's people were sanctified from all eternity. They were sanctified in election, before they had a being, for they were even then set apart from the impure mass, to be vessels of honour fit for the Master's use. Again, as redemption hath in it much of particularity and speciality, God's people were sanctified or set apart by the blood of Christ, when on Mount Calvary he offered up himself, an offering without spot or blemish, for the sins of his people. So that it is true that Jesus is not only made unto us wisdom and righteousness, but also sanctification. You will remember, in one of the sermons printed in the *Baptist Messenger*, the text of which was "Jesus only," I made that remark—that it was "Jesus only" for sanctification. And I have not had any reason to retract the expression; for there is a sense in which sanctification, as far as it means setting apart, is an eternal work, and is a work wholly completed for us by the blood of Jesus Christ and the election of the Father; but still sanctification sometimes, and most generally too amongst certain people, signifies another thing. It means the work of the Spirit in us. There is a work which God the Holy Spirit carries on from the first moment of our Spiritual birth to the last moment, when we are complete and taken to Heaven—a work by which corruptions are overcome, lusts restrained, faith increased, love inflamed, hope brightened, and the spirit made fit to dwell with the glorified above. That work is the work of God's Holy Spirit. And we must remember, that even though it be the work of the Holy Spirit, still Jesus Christ even in this sanctifies his people. For what does the Holy Spirit sanctify them with? Beloved, he sanctifies them with blood. We know that when our Saviour died, his sacrifice had a double object: one object was pardon, the other object was cleansing; and the blood and the water flowed from the same source, to show us that justification and sanctification both spring from the same Divine fountain; and, though sanctification is the work of the Spirit in us, yet the instrument that the Holy Spirit uses is the Holy blood of Jesus, and the sacred water of his atonement applied to our heart, sprinkling us from dead works, and purging us from an evil conscience, that we may serve God without let or hindrance. So, then, Christian, in thy sanctification look to Jesus. Remember that the Spirit sanctifies thee; but he sanctifies thee through Jesus. He doth not sanctify thee through the works of the law, but through the atonement of Christ. And wilt thou remember, that the nearer thou livest to the cross of Jesus, thou wilt under His heavenly Spirit have more of sanctification, and growth, and increase therein? So, then, we see that the text, whatever sanctification may mean, is still true—"Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

Let us pause here a minute, and let each of us, as we begin a new year, ask this question—How far has Christ's purpose of sanctifying me been answered in me? I know that in one sense I am sanctified completely; in another sense I feel my imperfections and infirmities. How far have I progressed

n sanctification during this year? How much has my faith increased during this year? How many of my corruptions have I overcome? How much nearer am I living to Christ now, than on the first Sabbath of the last year? How much more do I know of the Saviour? How much closer do I approach to him? Have I more power in prayer? Am I more careful in my life? Is my spirit more loving than it used to be? Am I more decisive for right? At the same time, am I more meek in standing up for it? Am I more like my Master? Or, am I going backward? Stand still I cannot; I must either go forward in grace or go back. Which have I been doing this year? And I charge thee, O, my heart, whatever answer thou hast to give to that, still to remember, that if thou art never so much sanctified thou hast not yet attained. I beseech thee, forget that which is behind, and press forward toward that which is before, looking still unto this Jesus, who is the Author and the Finisher of faith. The Lord give you grace that you may be sanctified wholly, the body, soul, and spirit; I pray God to preserve you all unto his coming and Glory.

But now the principal subject upon which I wish to discourse is the fact, that Jesus Christ suffered without the gate. You know that when the High Priest offered the sin-offering, because it typified sin, it was so obnoxious to God that it might not be burned upon the great altar, but it was always burned without the camp, to show God's detestation of sin, and his determination not only to put it away from himself, but also to put it away from His church. Now, when Jesus Christ came into this world to be our sin-offering, it behoved that he should be put outside the camp too; and it is remarkable that Providence provided for the fulfilment of the type. Had our Lord been killed in a tumult he would most likely have been slain in the city: unless he had been put to death judicially, he would not have been taken to the usual Mount of Doom. And it is remarkable yet again; that the Romans should have chosen a hill on the outside of the city to be the common Mount for Crucifixion and for death punishments. We might imagine that they would have selected some Mount in the centre of the city, and that they would have placed their gibbet in as conspicuous a place as our Newgate, that so it might strike the multitude with the greater awe. But through the Providence of God it was otherwise; and Christ must not die in a tumult, so that he might not die in the city; and when he gets into the Romans' hands they are not to have a place of execution within the city, but one outside the camp, that he might be proven to be the sin-offering by dying without the gate.

I have just got one or two thoughts to offer to you very briefly. Do you know who the people were that lived outside the gate? If you could have gone to the great Camp of Israel, you would have seen the tents all placed in order—the standard of Daniel there, of Judah there, of Ephraim there—surrounding the ark of the Covenant; but you would have seen a few wretched huts far away in the rear, outside the camp; and if you had asked, "Who lives there? Who are the wretched people that are put away from kith and kin, who cannot go up to the Sanctuary of the Lord, who cannot join in the songs of Holy praise?" The answer would have been, "The people out there are lepers and unclean people;" and if you had walked alone through some of the shady glens around the City of Jerusalem, you might have heard in the distance the cry, "Unclean! unclean!"—a bitter wail that sounded like the sighing of despair, as if it came from some poor ghost that had been commanded to walk this earth with restless step for ever. Had you come nearer to the unhappy being, who had uttered so mournful a sound, you would

have seen him cover his upper lip, and again cry, "Unclean! unclean! unclean!" To warn you not to come too near him, lest even the wind should blow contagion from his leprous skin. If for a minute he had moved his hand from his mouth, you would have seen, instead of those rows of scarlet that God had put there, those ruddy lips of health, a hot white mark not to be distinguished from his teeth. His lips were unclean, for there the leprosy had discovered itself; and in a minute he would have covered up that lip again that had the white mark of disease upon it, and again he would have cried "Unclean! unclean! unclean!" Who was that leper a type of? He was a picture of you and of me, my brethren, in our natural state; and if the Holy Spirit has quickened us to know our ruined condition, we shall feel that the leper's cry doth well become our unholy lips. Mayhap I have a hearer within the walls of this house of prayer, who is to-day separate from all mankind. With worldlings he dares not go; the harlots and others with whom he spent his living riotously are not now his companions; he cannot bear their pleasures, for they are dashed with bitterness. With the children of God he dares not go; he feels that they would put him outside the camp, for he hath no hope, no Christ, no faith; he cannot say that Christ hath died for him; he hath no trust in Jesus himself; not so much as one pale ray of hope hath stolen into his poor bedarkened heart; and to-night the inward wail of his now-aroused spirit is, "Unclean, unclean, unclean, unclean, and full of sin, from first to last, O Lord, I've been; deceitful is my heart."

Leper, leper! be of good cheer; Christ died without the camp, that thou mightest be sanctified through His blood. I see the leper now stealing through the desert places, not daring to sip of the pool that lies in his track, lest he should communicate contagion to the next that drinks, but seeking out some filthy puddle, that there he might satisfy his throat, where none others should drink, lest they should die. I see him covering up his lip. If his father saw him he must run away; if the wife of his own bosom saw him she must shun his presence, for a loathsome disease is in his skin, and in his garments, and in the very air that comes from him there is death. Well, suddenly, as he steals along, he sees a Cross, and on it lifted up one that dies. He standeth there astonished; he thinketh, surely he may come near to a dying man, leper though he be; to the living he must not come, but to the dying he cannot bring a new death. So he draweth nigh to him, and the lips of the dying man are opened, and he says, "Verily, I say unto thee, This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Oh! what joy and rapture rush through his poor lepered spirit! How his heart, that had long been heavy, and baked like a black coal within him, begins again to burn with lambent light! He smiles: he feels that that man, that marvellous man, has forgiven him, and ere he has begun to feel it the blood falls on him; and the leprosy is cleansed, and he goes his way, for his flesh has come unto him even like unto the flesh of a little child, and he is clean. O leprous sinner! hear it to-night! Look to him that died without the camp, that poor unclean sinners might find a Saviour there. That is my first lesson: if the Lord the Spirit apply it, it will be a precious one to many a sin-distracted heart.

But, believer, didst thou never feel as if thou, too, wast unclean and without the camp? Brethren, let me tell you a little of my own heart's feelings, and let me see whether you have ever felt the like. You have often known yourselves to be children of God; I have felt myself with much joy to be certainly assured of my interest in Christ; suddenly sin has surprised me, some unhappy propensity has developed itself, and I have felt as if I could not meet my God. When I was on my knees in prayer I seemed as if I could not pray;

I felt like the unclean one that must be put outside the camp—like Miriam, who, though the leprosy was but for a little time, would still be unclean for seven days. And when I have come to the Church of God, I have felt as if the meanest Christians there were so much superior to myself that I would have been glad to have been a footstool at their feet. I would have crept into any part of the Church, if I might but have known myself to be the meanest lamb in Jesus' fold. I have seen the deacon, and I have seen the Church member, and oh! I have thought, "Brethren, ye are happy; but my heart is sad, for I am not worthy to be called God's Son. Father, I have sinned; I have done grievously, and have transgressed;" and for a little while faith hath seemed sluggish, and hope hath been dull, and the sense of sin hath rested on us, and we have seemed to be quite put away. We read the Bible; we could get no comfort there. The Heavens seemed like brass above our heads; no shower of Grace fell upon our thirsty souls: both God and man seemed to put us outside the camp. I believe that many times in a Christians experience he will have to feel the same. I do not mean mere Christians—little Christians—but I mean the greatest Christians, those that live nearest to their God—God's Aarons and Miriams, who sometimes have to be put without the camp. Who, then, is there amongst us that will not sometimes be unclean? Surely not any of the great ones of Israel could always live without contracting some ceremonial defilement; for you know that under the Jewish law the sitting upon the bed of a leper made a man unclean, you know also there were many things that naturally happened unto men that rendered them unclean for seven days. And who shall wonder if, through the infirmities of our bodies, through the companionships into which we are called, through the evil thoughts of our flesh, we are as often unclean as the Jews were? And who wonders that sometimes the Lord should put us, as it were, out of the camp for a little season, till we have been purged with hyssop and have been made clean—till we have again been washed with water, and have been thoroughly purified by the washing of water through the Word!

Ah! but, brethren, what a mercy it is that when we are out of the gate, Christ is outside the gate too! Oh! poor backslider! doth thy conscience shut thee out of the Church to-day? Remember, Christ shut himself out too. He was "despised and rejected of men." Dost thou feel to-night as if thou couldst not come to the table—as if thy Master would spurn thee from it? Remember, if thou be His thou art welcome; for His table is where his Cross is, and his Cross is outside the gate. Come, sinner! Come, backsliding saint! Come, and welcome! God may seem to have put thee away; but it is only seeming; for we know he has written that he hates to put away. Come, thou, and though thou be without the gate, behold thy Lord, who, that he might cleanse the people by his own blood, suffered without the gate.

I have only one more thought. The Apostle says, in the next verse to our text, "Let us go forth, therefore, without the camp, bearing his reproach." Now, then, if Christ suffered without the camp, let us not be ashamed to suffer there too. I do not think much of the religion of that man who is not put without the camp. If thou canst dwell with the wicked, if thou canst live as they live, and be "hail-fellow well met" with the ungodly, if their practices are thy practices, if their pleasures are thy pleasures, then their God is thy God, and thou art one of them. There is no being a Christian without being shut out of the camp of the world. I can scarce conceive it possible for any man to be sound, at least without being reproached whilst on earth for being too strict, too puritanical, sometimes, mayhap, too melancholy. There must be a grave distinction between a Christian and a man of the

world; and where there is no such distinction, or but a slight one, there is most solemn cause for suspicion. When I see a man dress like worldlings, when I hear him talk like worldlings, when I know that all his outward carriage is just like a worldly man's, when I can detect no difference, when I see no mark, no shibboleth in his speech, whereby he is to be detected from a shibboleth speaking world, when I discover no distinction between him and others, then this I know, "God is not mocked;" that man is in the flesh, and he shall "of the flesh reap corruption." Nay, I will go further still. I can in this age scarcely imagine it possible for a man to serve his Master well, unless he is sometimes shut out of the camp, even of the Church itself. I do not mean excommunicated—I mean something far different from that: I mean, that the man who serves his God aright will sometimes feel himself left in the minority, even in the Church. It is never his business so to act, and so to think that others are obliged to differ from him; it is folly to be singular, except where to be singular is to be right; but so lax hath the Church become, so low in its doctrine, so light in its experience, and sometimes so unholy in its life, that to be a Christian now we must be elect out of the elect—elect out of a Church as well as elect out of the world. What pride, on the one hand; what sloth, on the other; what anger, what distrust, what covetousness, what worldly-mindedness. The mass of us are too much mingled with the world, too much joined unto Egypt; and the man that is firm and loves his Master well is a rare man. The man of a loving spirit, the man of a large heart, and yet the man of a determined zeal, and of a steadfast mind—such a man will have to go without the camp, and he will have to suffer now, even as all have had to suffer who have dared to go into the front of the Sacramental host of God's elect, and precede the more tardy followers of the Lamb. If any Minister dares to be too bold, too plain, too honest, he must expect to be traduced. Let him reckon on that, and let him go forth without the camp, for that is where his Master was.

If I turn to the page of history, to find out the best men that ever lived, do you know where I find them? I never find them among those who were called respectable in their time. There, in the page of history, I see great names, Erasmus and others, mighty and learned men. On one dirty-thumbed page I see the name of Luther associated with such epithets as these: dog, adulterer, beast, and everything that Rome's malice could suggest; and I say, "Ah! this is the right name, this black name here. This is the man; this is the man that God chose, for he went without the camp." That list of great divines, and of schoolmen, and of theologians there, wipe them all out! This man without the camp, he is somebody, depend upon it; he is the man that God has blest. Turn to another. There is a respectable list of Bishops, and Archbishops, and Deans, and Rural Deans, and Rectors, and Curates, and no end of odd things; and there they are, all as respectable as possible. Great volumes of sermons published, fourteen to the dozen—found on all the bookshelves now-a-days, with the dust of years upon them. I read their names there is one, the other, the other; at last I find a picture by Hogarth—a caricature of a man preaching, with devils coming out of his mouth, and underneath it written, "Fire and brimstone!" I look at the portrait, and I say, "See, that is Mr. Whitfield." Ah! there is the man of the age, depend on it; that man, all black, charged with crimes that Sodom never knew: that is the man! Not the Curate in the other picture, who is preaching to a congregation all asleep, to the text, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Not that one; but this man here that is abused, that is laughed at, that is mocked; this is the man that is somebody. So ye

shall go on. Ye shall always find that those intruders, those that the Parliament of parsons don't like, those that the great mass reject, laugh and scoff at—those are the very men that God blesses. So you will be in very good company, if you will go outside the camp. The great and Holy men of years gone by have all been put away. If an ungodly throng have thrust out our fathers, and have said, "Get ye gone, we want you not," it is true, their children build their sepulchres, and then they thrust us out. What if it be so? We are content to sleep with so goodly a parentage. We think it a high honour to be thrust out of those gates whose only glory is that good men once passed through them, and whose great disgrace is, that good men pass through them the wrong way—not into them, but out of them. Be ye content to be cast without the camp.

But mark, going without the camp is nothing; it is suffering without the camp that is the thing. Making myself different from anybody else is nothing; it is suffering for truth's sake that is something. It is being crucified with Christ that is honourable. It is not my being a Sectarian or a Separatist. No Plymouth brethren; it is not your going outside the camp that is any good; it is your suffering without the camp, that proves you to be a believer. O Christians, if ye have to do the same, rejoice! And now when you come to the table I shall bid you only recollect that word *suffered*—"suffered without the camp;" and I shall ask you as you sit there to meditate upon that word. Turn it over again and again, and think how body and soul all suffered for you. Then when ye have meditated, will ye be in a fit frame of mind to commune with him who has sanctified you by his own blood, by suffering without the camp. May the God of Mercies give to sinners grace, that like lepers without the camp they may look to Jesus crucified for them.

THE STIMULUS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTEMHAM.

"I will bless thee."—Gen. xiii. 2.

GOD had called Abram to perform a difficult duty. He was required to leave his country and his kindred, and to go to an unknown land, simply because God bade him do so. This required a simple faith, and a strong stimulus, both of which the Lord gave him. The one was wrought in his heart by the Holy Spirit, and the other was contained in this promise, "*I will bless thee.*" Abram believed God, and found him as good as his word; and so shall we, if we exercise confidence in him. The promise belongs to us, if we are believers in Jesus, for "they which be of faith," (who believe for life, in opposition to working for life,) "are blessed with faithful Abraham." Gal. iii.—9. Blessed with him in the same Covenant, and with the same blessings. Again, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; *that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ.*" Gal. iii.—14. So that through the obedience and bloodshedding of the Lord Jesus, we come into possession of Abraham's blessing. Once more, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Gal. iii.—29. Thus being Christians, we are the seed of Abraham, and by heirship, come into possession of his blessing. On other grounds we may claim it also, for by virtue of union to Christ, we are entitled to all that is in Christ, and "all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him, Amen, unto the glory of God by us," 2 Cor. i.—20. All the

promises are in Christ, and are confirmed by his death, both to the Gentile and Jew. But to be a little more particular, and to enter into the Stimulus, let us ask three questions:—

First.—WHOM WILL HE BLESS? Those whom he has blessed before, for he has blessed all His people, with all Spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, before the foundation of the world, and because of this, He blesses them in, and all through time. Every one may claim this promise made to Abraham, who has already been blessed with four things. First, *a broken heart for sin*. This is one of God's choice blessings, and by it, He distinguishes His own people from all around. By the application of His law, and by the revelation of Christ, sin is discovered, hated, and mourned over. The law for a time seems to harden the heart, but the Gospel, when attended by the power of the Spirit, breaks it. Then there is true repentance, godly sorrow for sin, and deep heartfelt grief, because God has been dishonoured, and the Lord Jesus tortured, and put to death. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Repentance lies at the root of all experimental religion, and characterizes the true believer all the days of his life. Religion without repentance, abiding repentance, is false. Repentance begins at the Cross, and accompanies the Christian to the gates of the Celestial city. Repentance, or brokenness of heart for sin, is a blessing of the new Covenant, and a gift bestowed by our exalted Redeemer. Second, *Faith in His Son*. Faith and repentance always go together. They spring from the same root, about the same time, and grow up together. Nothing will break the heart, but a sight of Christ as bearing our sins, and carrying our sorrows; and it is only by faith, that such a sight of Christ can be enjoyed. Faith brings the soul to Christ, strips the soul before Christ, clothes the soul with Christ, and commits the soul to Christ. Faith takes Christ to be a perfect Saviour, to do all, and give all, that is necessary to salvation. Faith interests us in Christ, entitles us to all the wealth of Christ, and warrants us to expect all blessings through Christ. Third, *A Spirit of Prayer*. This also is the gift of God. No one really desires to pray, or knows how to pray, until taught by God. The Holy Spirit is the author of all true prayer. He discovers to us our wants, reveals the fulness of Jesus, awakens desires in the heart, and leads out the soul in confessions, petitions, supplications, and thanksgivings. He teaches us to feel the need of the blessings provided for us, excites ardent desires after them, and stirs us up diligently to seek them. Which leads me to the Fourth thing, *A sense of the value of the blessing; and a fervent desire to possess it*. God never shows us the value of any blessing, and produces ardent desires in our hearts to possess it, in order to disappoint us. His work within us, answers to his word without us; and our sense of the need of any blessing, and a desire to obtain it, is a proof that it is intended for us. If then God has already blessed us with a broken heart for sin, faith in His beloved Son, a spirit of prayer, and a sense of the value of His blessing; accompanied with a desire to obtain it, the promise is ours, and our God speaks to us when he says, "I will bless thee."

Secondly.—WITH WHAT WILL HE BLESS? He will bless us, in general, with salvation; or a deliverance from sin, the law, death, and hell. Our sins He will pardon, and our natures He will sanctify; our state He will change, so that we shall not be under the law, but under grace; from death He will deliver us, so that we shall only sleep in Jesus; and from hell He will preserve us, and raise us to Heaven. But to be a little more particular. He will bless us with *special comforts*. The comforts of love. Comfort that comes from

Heaven, and raises the soul to Heaven. Comfort that flows from Jesus, and leads the soul to Jesus. The comforts of the Holy Spirit, which He produces, by applying the word, exciting our graces, brightening our evidences, cheering our prospects, endearing the Saviour, and raising our affections from earth to Heaven. Comforts in trouble. Comforts in sickness. Comforts in the prospect of death. Special comforts, for seasons of special weakness, special conflict, and special trials. He will bless us with *necessary trials*. God's blessing does not exempt from trouble, but often brings it, and always sanctifies it. It is not more needful to plow the field, to prepare it for the seed, in order to the harvest, than it is necessary for us to be tried, in order that we may value the word, exercise our graces, prize the Saviour, and glorify God. The frost of winter is not more needful for the soil than trials and troubles are necessary for us. Because the Lord loves us, therefore he sows afflictions upon us; and among our choicest blessings, we shall have to place some of our severest trials. O believer, forget not, that when you pray that your Father in Heaven would bless you, you pray that he would send troubles and trials to you, for it is often so! He will bless us with *needful strength*. We know not what a day may bring forth, but we know that as our day, so shall our strength be. We know not what privations we may be called upon to endure, or what crosses we may have to carry, but we know that the grace of Jesus is sufficient for us. He who appoints the trial, ordains the grace to enable us to bear it; He who lays on the Cross, gives the strength to enable us to carry it. In all the past God has been faithful, and has not laid upon us more than he has enabled us to bear; and in all the future, God will be faithful, and will with every trial make a way for our escape, that we may be able to bear it. He will bless us with *sufficient supplies*. Enough is provided in the covenant, and enough shall be handed out to us day by day. We never have been neglected, or left destitute, and we never shall be. Bread shall be given us, and our water shall be sure. Food for the body, and food for the soul, are guaranteed us in the precious promises. The Lord knows what we shall want, and he has already provided for all our wants. He will give us grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from us. With such an assurance, we ought not to be anxious. With such an assurance, we should let the peace of God rule in our hearts, and be thankful. Our halting places are appointed, and our supplies are deposited there, so that we shall go from strength to strength until every one of us appears in Zion before God. "My God," says Paul, "shall supply all you need, according to His glorious riches, which are in Christ Jesus." He will bless us with *increase of knowledge*. Of spiritual knowledge. The knowledge of himself, of His word, of His ways, of His purposes, and glorious designs. We shall grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Long has He been teaching us, and yet such dull scholars are we, that we know but little, very little yet. Still He will keep us in His school, still He will instruct us by His Spirit, still He will make Himself known unto us more clearly and more fully. "We shall know, if we follow on to know the Lord, His goings forth are prepared as the morning, and He will come unto us as the rain, as the former and latter rain upon the earth." By His Word and ordinances, by His Spirit and Providence, by our trials and troubles, by our joys and sorrows, will He teach us knowledge, even the knowledge of Himself. He will bless us with *usefulness to others*. This is our life. We live unto the Lord. We live for others. For us to live is Christ, to make known Christ, to bring souls to Christ, to exalt and honour Christ. It would not be life, if we could not do some good, if we could not labour for Jesus, and be useful in the cause of Jesus. He has used

us in a degree already, and He will use us yet, He will use us to the end. We are only what He makes us. We can only act efficiently, as He enables us. We are of no use, but as He blesses us. O Jesus, precious Lord Jesus, make us useful, more useful than ever we have been! Thy blessing were not complete, if usefulness were not included in it, if usefulness did not form one prominent part of it! Now, gracious, gracious Lord, in all my future days, bless me. Bless me with special comforts—necessary trials—needful strength,—sufficient supplies—an increase of spiritual knowledge—and with usefulness, great and lasting usefulness to others. Bless, O bless me, with complete deliverance from sin, the law, death, and hell!

Thirdly—WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT OF HIS BLESSING? If God bless us, *Satan will try us*. The old serpent will glide over the dew, and try to injure us. He will watch us narrowly, that he may adapt his temptations to our constitutions, to our circumstances, and to our easily besetting sins. He hates us, because we love Jesus, and seek to honour him; and the descent of God's blessing upon us, stirs up his infernal enmity and spite, and enrages him to the uttermost. So that we must expect that he will, if permitted, cast out a flood of waters to drown us; or bring down fire on us to consume us. Just in proportion, as the effect of God's blessing, we resemble Jesus, breathe the spirit of Jesus, and strive to honour Jesus, must we expect that Satan will try by all means to injure us. If God bless us, *the world will oppose us*. The enmity of the world against God is as great as ever. It may be concealed, but it is not destroyed. If we were more godlike, it would hate us more, oppose us more, and persecute us more: for "if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus he shall suffer persecution." We have not much persecution, because there is so little in us to awaken persecution. Our light is so dim. Our salt has lost so much of its savour. Our approximation to the world is so great. If instead of being conformed to the world, we were transformed by the renewing of our minds—if instead of getting as near to it as we can, we were to stand afar off from its pleasures, amusements, fashions, and spirit—if our lives were a daily testimony against it, and against its works as evil—it would soon oppose us, and hate us with a deadly hatred. If God bless us, *the conflict will rage within us*. The flesh will lust against the spirit more desperately. The old man will fight against the new with fresh vigour and determination. The law in the members, will war against the law of the mind, with deadly courage. But, receiving more grace, we shall be enabled to crucify the old man, to mortify the flesh with its passions and lusts, and to bring the body into subjection to the spirit. The conflict will only cease with life, and it generally increases as we grow in grace, and become more devoted to God. If God bless us, *our principles will be tried*—tried more than ordinarily. Tried as with fire. Tried as gold is tried, that they may be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. If God bless us, *weaning will take place*. We shall be weaned from the world, and cease to draw our nourishment from things earthly, fleshly, or natural. Our affections will be in Heaven. We shall live by faith, walk by faith, fight the good fight of faith, and prove that this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith. May God bless us, though as the result of His blessing, Satan try us—the world oppose us—the conflict rage within us—our principles are sorely tried—and our souls become as a weaned child, weaned from self, the present world, and every thing out of Christ.

Observe, *where God blesses in time, He blesses for ever*. His blessing draws us into union with His Son, and through the Son into union with Him,

self; and once united to Himself, we are united to Him for ever. Nothing can sever from His love. Nothing can separate us from His Son. Once in Christ, in Christ for ever. The blessing in time is the effect, and proof that we were blessed before time began; and the blessing in time, is the proof that we shall be blessed, when time shall be no more. *God's blessing exceeds in value everything else*: for the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it. Man's blessing is limited, God's blessing is illimitable. Man's blessing is weak, God's blessing is powerful. To be blessed of God is to be rich, honourable, and eternally safe. *If God bless us we shall persevere, conquer, and end our race well.* The blessing that sets us going, keeps us going. The blessing that brings us into the field, will lead us out of it more than conquerors. The blessing that leads us out of the world, will land us safe in Heaven. *Without God's blessing we shall be wretched in time, and more wretched in eternity.* Man, women, are you blessed of God? Did you ever feel your need of it—desire it, and seek it. You are either blessed or cursed. If the former, O how happy! If the latter, O how miserable! Cursed of God! What is that? It is to have all the threatenings of His word pointed at us, as so many pieces of heavy artillery. It is to have His justice, holiness, and faithfulness, pledged to punish us. It is—O what is it? What tongue can tell? What heart can conceive? O reader, reader, seek God's blessing! Flee from God's curse! Flee to Jesus, no curse can reach thee there. Flee to Jesus, every blessing of God is to be found there. Flee, O flee to Jesus, and then God, even our God, will bless thee!

THE TRUE MINISTER.

BY THE REV. J. PARKER, OF BANBURY.

"A good minister of Jesus Christ."—1 Tim. iv. 6.

THE true minister ever exalts Christ as the one only living and divine Saviour. All his sermons are charged with tidings of the Saviour's power and willingness to save. He feels no more monotony in the repeated story of the cross, than he feels in the daily sunshine, or the steady march of the seasons. He *lives* to preach Christ;—were there no Christ to preach, life would lose its charm, and happiness become an impossibility. What joy is there in arguing a number of bloodless propositions into logical existence? When they are all vindicated, and marshalled in scholastic array, what has been gained? Nothing, in sooth, but a "valley of dry bones." The most monstrous sham is a *Christless* sermon. I care not if it be delivered with Demosthenic fervour, or Tully-like gracefulness,—if it be adorned with poetic jewels, or blaze with the fire of transcendent genius;—if Christ be not its chief ornament it is an intolerable mockery of my best nature and of my deepest necessities. What an empty well is to the wilderness-pilgrim, a Christless sermon is to the soul which thirsts for God.

What, then, is the ideal of a true sermon? May such a question be asked after an experiment of eighteen centuries? Bold enough to propound the enquiry, we hope for valour sufficient to answer it. If the New Testament sermons are not beneath the notice of our modern students, we may refer to them for reply. Behold their brevity! Short as an April shower they distil richest blessings on the heart. The tedious, the elaborate, the speculative, where are these? Behold their positivity! There is no *wavering* on the part of the inspired preachers; you look in vain for terms of doubt

and uncertainty; their's is the noble dogmatism which ever characterises the teacher who communicates truths in which he thoroughly believes. There is no ambiguity in the Divine sermon, "Ye must be born again," or in the declaration, "He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." Woe to the man who tampers with these solemn dicta:—he insults God, and with his own hand enkindles the fire of self-torment! Behold the personality of the New Testament sermons! Though addressed to crowds, each hearer feels the *individuality* of the appeal;—the arrow quivers in every heart! Vapid generalisations would have passed as an unheeded wind; but those words of lightning arrested universal attention. Behold the practicalness of the inspired sermon! Its burden was one of life or of death,—it bore no marks of learned trifling, or pedantic exhibition; *heaven or hell* was the direct and momentous choice!

What then? These models must be reproduced if the modern ministry would be clothed with apostolic power. Brevity, positivity, personality, practicalness, must form the characteristics of the sermon. Brevity must be distinguished from obscurity; positivity from arrogance; personality from reproach; and practicalness from self-merit and legality. Brevity should not be the result of indolence; positivity of self-will; personality of petty revenge;—nor should practicalness be indulged at the expense of the purely doctrinal and experimental. Happy the man in whom these characteristics combine, as the diversified hues blend in the covenant bow!

APOSTOLIC PREACHING.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN, OF BOW.

"By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.—2 COR. iv. 2.

There are three things to be noticed here—conscience, work, and manner.

Conscience. Much has been written respecting this by many, and to but little purpose. Some have made use of their reason to destroy conscience, thinking that by so doing they should get rid of their responsibility. These men may be viewed as moral suicides; both in reference to themselves and society. They have argued thus:—Many are to be found among the heathen who have not and never had a conscience, and therefore it is evident that God makes some men without a conscience, and if without a conscience, without responsibility. But does the absence of a thing prove the normal condition of the thing from which it is absent? Men may be found without natural health, but does this prove that God made or meant them to be so? And ought we not to distinguish between the existence of a thing and the evidences of its existence. The eye is a beautiful optical instrument, perfect in itself, and though it should present no object to the mind in the midst of darkness, still the person favoured with its possession would not be justified in coming to the conclusion that because he could not see under such circumstances such an organ did not exist. So man may have the faculty by which to distinguish right from wrong, though the darkness of ignorance may for a time prevent its exercise. But let light from heaven stream inward upon it through the truth, and we soon shall find that the monitor is there, though for a long time lulled to sleep by his own sin or the sins of his parents. Here is a train of gunpowder, but we cannot see it, and have no evidence of its existence, but let a spark though ever so small reach it, and what a sudden explosion! And here is a conscience altogether dead, and affording no evidences of its existence, but

the omnipotent Spirit lets fall a spark of truth upon it, and what a terrible storm in the soul, the man is killed in his apprehensions, while all his false hopes are blown to pieces around him. It was so with the Apostle Paul. He was once alive, he tells us, without the law. It appeared as though he had no conscience in relation to it—but when the law *came*, brought by the agency of the Holy Spirit, when its true character was opened up to his mind, his spiritual perception of the extent of its requirements pierced his slumbering conscience like a knife, and it arose and pronounced the verdict of condemnation upon him, and he stood a dead man in the eye of law with his false hope slain by his side. We cannot therefore argue from what a man is in a diseased condition, to what he is when in health, either naturally or spiritually. Nor does it follow, because conscience does not trouble a man, that, therefore, he has none; for in a moment by the agency of truth, His Almighty Spirit can demonstrate the contrary in the experience of any man, however ignorant or depraved he may be. We think that if it be granted to us that man has a soul as well as a body, we could, arguing from analogy, prove that man must have a conscience. Take a needle and pierce any part of the body, what is the result?—pain; and what is that but God's sentinel upon the walls of our frail habitation placed there by him in love to warn us when we are violating any of the laws of our physical being, that we may not destroy ourselves. And can we for a moment suppose that God would thus care for the material and perishable without a corresponding care for the safety of the immaterial and imperishable. We believe that what we term conscience in the soul of man, is this expression of God's superlative love of that immortal inmate, and intended by him to preserve us from the violation of the laws of our moral being, even as pain is by him intended to be subservient to the same result in reference to the body. Though nations therefore may be found whose conscience has been partially or wholly destroyed by their ancestors, and individuals who have, by their own sins, consigned to death the friend whose faithful warnings and reproofs it was their duty, and would most assuredly have been their happiness to have preserved, still of men in general, even the most ignorant and depraved, we may safely affirm that there is in them a moral sense, a mind capable of discrimination between right and wrong, termed conscience, and which gives them a relation of responsibility to the law and moral government of God. This conscience, however, may and does exist in men in various states; it may be found in a state of death. Eph. ii. 1; anxiety, Acts ii. 37; peace, Rom. v. 1.

Now the Apostles, while with all plainness of speech they endeavoured to make known the truth of the Gospel to the mind, and by their appeals to the facts of human consciousness or experience as agreeing with the declarations of the Word of God, sought to gain for their message a believing reception as coming from God, never lost sight of the various *states* of conscience to which we have referred, but sought, through the medium of certain adapted truths found in the Word of God to reach them, and to produce certain specific results in relation to each. It may be instructive for us to notice these results, and how they sought to produce them. Their object in reference to the dead conscience would be to wound, alarm, and arouse it; in other words, in dependance upon the Holy Spirit to vitalise it. This they endeavoured to compass by,—

1. Opening up the nature and spirituality of God's law, and the truth in general, to the understanding, and by reasoning and persuasion, as may be seen most fully exemplified in the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians, and the course he pursued with his unbelieving brethren at Antioch, Acts xiii. 14.

2. By charging home certain sins upon the consciences of those who were known to have committed them. Acts ii. 23.

3. By warnings; we shall cite but one, uttered by Paul and Barnabas to the unbelieving Jews, Acts xiii. 46. "Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said it was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." These words are very striking, and plainly declare that the Apostles did not permit men to go from beneath the sound of their voice under the impression that their unbelief and destitution of salvation were to be traced to the sovereignty of God, but to their own ignorance and enmity; they traced it to their *own act and deed*, and threw the blame of their own condemnation upon themselves—"seeing ye judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life." The heavy chain of personal responsibility men are perpetually endeavouring, by all kinds of sophistries, and the teaching of satan, to loosen from themselves and to fasten upon God, vainly striving to throw the blame of their eternal ruin upon him; the Apostles constantly sought, by their teaching, and the manifestation of the truth, to fasten it again upon them, with the design and prayer that they, feeling its pressure, might be brought to seek for mercy, or, if they did not, that the righteousness of God might the more abundantly appear in their condemnation. "We are unto God, said he, a sweet savour of Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish."

4. By exhortation. Thus the Apostle upon Mars' hill—"and the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." And the motive he brings before them to incite them to repentance in dependence upon God's Spirit was not derived from any national good to be procured by it, or temporal favour, but from the day of judgment and their eternal destiny in relation to it.

The same course also was pursued by the Apostle Peter, who did not hesitate to call upon Simon, the sorcerer, to repent of his sin, and to pray to God that it might be forgiven him. "Repent, therefore, said he, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee. For *I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.*" Here we have a man exhorted to repentance and prayer, that his sin may be forgiven him; and, of course, faith in the merits of Christ must have been involved, for there can be no pardon without faith in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus. And the reason why the Apostle so exhorted him was, that he perceived him to be unconverted—"I perceive," said he, "thou art in the gall of bitterness," &c.—the very reason why some would not have so exhorted him, but have thought it extremely wrong and a great folly to do so.

Our Saviour also exhorted sinners to seek their salvation—"While ye have light believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light."—These words were addressed to the people indiscriminately. It has been admitted that the appellation "children of light," is never applied to any but real Christians; it follows, therefore, that Christ exhorted men in general to seek their salvation, and to follow after real religion. Some have affirmed that by these words our Saviour simply exhorts to natural faith, and that those who so believed and received him as the Messiah, might be compared to children of light when contrasted with those who rejected him, although not saved by their faith or really converted in heart to God. But it has been admitted that the phraseology is never used but in reference to those who are really converted to God; and to admit that Christ exhorted to the exercise of such natural

faith, as the extent of man's obligation, would be equal to an affirmation that he was broken in the aim of his ministry—that on some occasions he exhorted to that which on other occasions he condemned. This is apparent from the parable of the “wise and foolish virgins,” in which he condemns those who were satisfied with a mere form of religion, and terms them *foolish* for taking a lamp without oil. But if he exhorted them not to seek grace, but merely to a faith which left them with their hearts alienated and really in the world, notwithstanding their profession, a faith which left them natural men still, and as such at enmity with God, how could he justly term them foolish virgins? Could not such at the day of judgment reply to Christ and say, why term us foolish for being what you simply exhorted us to be, you did not really call upon us to seek grace or the salvation of our souls, and have we not heard your own servants upon the ground of your own revealed will, ridicule duty, faith, and affirm that it was folly to exhort us to seek the one thing needful. But can the reader believe that the exhortations of Christ for the most part were intended to direct self-righteous men to a *dead morality*, which he condemned, to believe with the faith of devils—to repent, while at the same time they hate, and at last die in their sins and perish for ever. Yet all these things follow if Christ exhorted men to a faith which left them *natural* men; for a natural man is a carnal man, and the carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. If it be asserted that Christ did call upon men to exercise such a faith, and has made it incumbent upon his ministers to do so now, we should be inclined to ask upon what ground and to what law such a faith stands related. We certainly think it passing strange that standing in the midst of a self-righteous people he should exhort them to a faith which was *dead*, not having a spiritual root, and that he of whom it was said most emphatically that he came to save the *lost*, should direct almost all his efforts to the production of a grace which left men still in their sins, and exposed to eternal wrath. If this is not German neology it is certainly something worse than negative theology, as we have no doubt the day of eternity will declare.

We could cite almost any number of passages to prove our position—that the Apostles sought to arouse the dead consciences of men by exhorting them to seek the salvation of their souls—but shall content ourselves with but two. Our Saviour, addressing the Pharisees, said—“Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life; which the Son of Man shall give unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed.” Then said they unto him, “*What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?*” Jesus answered and said unto them, “This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.” The people here, as elsewhere, were all for *working*. “What shall we do?” said they. “This is your duty,” said Christ, “not to work at all, but simply to *believe*.” This is what God demands of you; that you “believe on him whom he hath sent.” And the motive to this was not that their nation might be spared the judgments of God, or that they might have a less degree of torment in hell; but that they might have **EVERLASTING LIFE**. To a curious speculative character, and there are many such, who put a question to our Lord as to whether few would be saved, he said, “Strive to enter in at the strait gate.” Upon this space does not permit us to enlarge, but we would simply add, that we think our Saviour dealt wisely with this man; who was but a type of too many in our day; our supreme concern should be to know that we are interested in Christ; with the number to be saved, whether few or many, we have nothing to do.

To what we have here stated many objections, we have no doubt, will be brought. Some will say, Why exhort the sinner to seek when he is dead? To which we reply, that the rule of a man's obligation is not his ability or inability, but the commands of God, which commands are built upon his eternal law, which law makes it incumbent upon man that, in whatever form the will of God is made known to him, he should receive it, and conform himself to it. And if it be absurd to exhort man to believe because they cannot, then it must be equally absurd to open up the law to them, seeing that they have no more power to perceive its spirituality, so as to be savingly convinced of *sin*, than they have to believe the Gospel.

Others may object that to exhort men in general to seek the salvation of their souls is equal to a declaration of insincerity on the part of God, he having determined the salvation of the elect only; to which we reply that these exhortations are not declarative of God's secret intentions, but of the sinner's duty, and intended to show the connection God has established between the means and the end to be accomplished—viz., faith and the salvation of the soul. God commanded Pharaoh by the mouth of his servant, to let his people go, but secretly he had determined he should not; was God insincere, or was it less Pharaoh's duty to have obeyed his command?

But say some God has not provided salvation for all. How, then, can all be exhorted to seek? Because obligation to believe does not arise out of provision at all, but out of the eternal law of God. If these explanations are not satisfactory, and do not harmonise the doctrine of particular redemption with a free appeal to the sinner's conscience, what then—shall we give up either? God forbid! Both being contained in the word of God, it is of more importance that we should hold and declare both, than that we should supply connecting links to make them harmonise with each other, as we imagine. Does God seek this at our hands. Let the reader consider what he must believe if he parts with either, and whether other systems do not present greater difficulties.

Suppose we were to say that the exhortations we have referred to, form but the moral instrumentality by which God seeks out his elect, the Spirit of God making them efficient thereto, can this be shown to be inconsistent with the will, wisdom, or Word of God? we should have no objection to let them rest on this ground, especially as God himself has been pleased so to employ them; and this fact one would think might well induce us so to use them.

But we have to notice two other states of conscience; these, however, must be left, as we have already exceeded the limits assigned to this paper, and must conclude with a few words on the MANNER or SPIRIT under the influence of which the Apostle sought to accomplish his work—"commending ourselves, he says, to every man's conscience *in the sight of God*." It is very evident from this declaration of the Apostle, that, however great the number of persons to whom he addressed himself, he did not lose his Master among them, but kept the eye of his faith steadfastly fixed upon the God whom he served; and among the many important purposes which this would accomplish in his soul, it would certainly lift him above the smile or frown of the creature, and enable him to look at man, simply as man. Kings or princes might be among his auditors, but what could they be in his estimation compared with the great God, in whose presence he stood. The realisation also of the Divine presence would also impart fervour and becoming solemnity to his speech. How important is the former; while in reference to the latter what is preaching without it, but a sacred pantomime, a religious make-believe. There is, however, a professional solemnity

put on by some, and which is as offensive to God as the levity of the fool; like all unreal things it is formal, dead, cold, uninteresting, and uninfluential; and there is a solemnity which is sacred, sweet, cheerful, enlivening, elevating, instructive, subduing, and joyous,—under the influence of which both the speaker and hearer may smile, sing, and even laugh. We suppose it is so in the temple of heaven, and no less in the spiritual church here which is but the porch of that temple. This solemnity, however, does not arise out of a man's natural formation, but out of the state of his soul before God, which leads him to be natural because earnest, and the influence of his Holy Spirit, so that it is just one of those things which cannot be counterfeited. The people of God can generally distinguish the spurious from the real, though they seldom can define how they do it, as it is more a matter of feeling than bare perception. The very reality and earnestness of some preachers, together with the sacred joyousness they feel in their Master's work, will sometimes so influence their manner and words as to provoke a smile, which is frequently but expressive of spiritual perception and enjoyment of the truth so advanced; and this shows the folly of those who condemn without discrimination what they imagine to be inconsistent, not with the work of God, but with certain preconceived notions engendered by monotonous ignorance or the canons of respectable formality. Such persons very frequently most require the very things they condemn in a preacher. So completely are they asleep in the grave of formality that the very voice of God himself, as it awakens the dead by their side, is offensive to them, because it arouses them from their slumber, disturbs their sacerdotal vestments, and removes that darling order of things upon which they have stretched themselves for so many years with all the settled complacency and serenity of death. But the holy cheerfulness of the saint, and the smile that lights up his face beneath the beaming forth of God's love through the truth and his Spirit, must not be confounded with the senseless titter of levity. The Apostle never attempted to provoke a smile apart from a moral purpose. He was neither a sanctimonious formalist, nor a religious buffoon. He, at least, could not perceive anything in the great verities he proclaimed—the state of man—the cross of Christ, heaven or hell—to excite laughter in the presence of the great God whom he served; and he forgot not one who had said, "Behold, I am against them that prophesy false dreams, saith the Lord, and do tell them, and cause my people to err by their lies, and by their *lightness*; Yet I sent them not, nor commanded them; therefore they shall *not profit* this people at all, saith the Lord."—Jer. xxiii. 32. Want of space precludes our making any further remarks on those solemn words. May the important truths we have so slightly touched have our most prayerful attention!

EVENING PRAYER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Our Father." The mother's voice was low and tender, and solemn.

"Our Father." On two sweet voices the tones were borne upward. It was the voice of reverent children that gave them utterance.

"Who art in Heaven."

"Who art in Heaven," repeated the children, one with her eyes bent meekly down, and the other looking upward, as if

she would penetrate the heavens into which her heart aspired.

"Hallowed be thy name."

Lower fell the voices of the little ones. In a gentle murmur they said, "Hallowed be thy name."

"Thy kingdom come."

And the burden of the prayer was still taken up by the children—"Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," filled the chamber.

"And the mother continued—"Give us this day our daily bread."

"Our daily bread," lingered on the air as the mother's voice was hushed in silence.

"And forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors."

"And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

All those holy words were said piously and fervently by the little ones, as they knelt with clasping hands beside their mother. Then as their thoughts, uplifted, on the wings of prayer to their heavenly Father, came back again and rested on their earthly parents, a warmer love came gushing from their hearts.

Pure kisses—tender embraces—the fond "good night." What a sweet agitation pervaded all their feelings! Then two dear heads were placed side by side on the snowy pillow, the mother's last kiss given, and the shadowy curtains drawn.

What pulseless stillness reigns throughout the chamber! Inwardly the parents ears are bent. They have given these innocent ones into the keeping of God's angels, and they can almost hear the rustle of their garments as they gather around their sleeping babes. A sigh, deep and tremulous, breaks on the ear. Quickly the mother turns to the father of her children, with a look of earnest inquiry on her countenance. And he answers thus her silent question.

"Far back through many years have my thoughts been wandering. At my mother's knee thus said I nightly my childhood's evening prayer. It was that best and holiest of all prayers, 'Our Father,' that she taught me. Childhood and my mother passed away. I went forth as a man into the world strong, confident, and self-seeking. Once I came into a great temptation. Had I fallen in that temptation, I would have fallen

never to rise again. The struggle in my mind went on for hours. I was about yielding. All the barriers I could oppose to the in-rushing flood, seemed just ready to give way, when, as I sat in my room, one evening, there came from an adjoining chamber now first occupied for many weeks, the murmur of low voices. I listened. At first no articulate sound was heard, and yet something in the tones stirred my heart with new and strange emotions. At length there came to my ears, in the earnest loving voice of a woman, the words 'deliver us from evil.' For an instant it seemed to me as if that was my mother's voice. Back with a sudden bound, through all the intervening years, went my thoughts; and a child in heart again I was kneeling at my mother's knee. Humbly and reverently I said over the words of the holy prayer she had taught me, heart and eyes uplifted to heaven. The hour and the power of the darkness had passed. I was no longer standing in slippery places, with a flood of waters ready to sweep me to destruction; but my feet were on a rock. My pious mother's care had saved her son. In the holy words she taught me in childhood was a living power to resist evil through all my after life. Ah! that unknown mother, as she taught her child to repeat this evening prayer how little she dreamed that the holy words were to reach a stranger's ears, and save him through the memory of his own childhood, and his own mother! And yet it was so. What a power there is in God's word, as it flows into and rests in the minds of innocent childhood."

Tears were in the eyes of the wife and mother, as she lifted her face and gazed with a subdued tenderness, upon the countenance of her husband. Her heart was too full for utterance. A little while she thus gazed, and then with a trembling joy, laid her head on his bosom. Angels were in the chamber where the dear ones slept, and they felt their holy presence.

REVIEWS.

The New Park Street Pulpit; containing Sermons Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Minister of the Chapel during the Year 1857. Vol. III. With a Frontispiece of the Music Hall, Surrey Gardens. London: Alabaster and Passmore.

We have already, in many different ways, testified to the extraordinary pulpit talents

of the esteemed author of this volume, which is equal in vigour of thought, richness of illustration, and effectiveness of appeal, to its predecessors. We select one extract, as a specimen of Mr. Spurgeon's originality, in illustrating the doctrines of the Gospel proclaimed by him, and set forth in these sermons. It is from the sermon en-

titled, "The Spiritual Resurrection." The text is the well-known passage, Ephesians ii. 1.

The general doctrine is, that every man that is born into the world is dead spiritually, and that spiritual life must be given by the Holy Spirit, and can be obtained from no other source. That general doctrine I shall illustrate in rather a singular way. You remember that our Saviour raised three dead persons; I do not find that during his lifetime he caused more than three resurrections. The first was the young maiden, *the daughter of Jairus*, who, when she lay on her bed dead, rose up to life at the single utterance of Christ, "*Talitha cumi!*" The second was the case of *the widow's son*, who was on his bier, about to be carried to his tomb; and Jesus raised him up to life by saying, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." The third, and most memorable case was that of *Lazarus*, who was not on his bed, nor on his bier, but in his tomb, ay, and corrupt too; but, notwithstanding that, the Lord Jesus Christ, by the voice of his omnipotence, crying, "Lazarus, come forth," brought him out of the tomb.

I shall use these three facts as illustrations of the *different states of men*, though they be all thoroughly dead; secondly, as illustrations of the *different means of grace used for raising them*, though, after all, the same great agency is employed; and, in the third place, as illustrations of the *after experience of quickened men*; for though that, to a great degree, is the same, yet there are some points of difference.

I shall begin by noticing, then, first of all, THE CONDITION OF MEN BY NATURE. Men, by nature, are all dead. There is *Jairus's daughter*; she lies on her bed; she seems as if she were alive; her mother has scarce ceased to kiss her brow; her hand is still in her father's loving grasp, and he can scarcely think that she is dead; but dead she is, as thoroughly dead as she ever can be. Next comes the case of the young man brought out of his grave; he is more than dead, he has begun to be corrupt, the signs of decay are upon his face, and they are carrying him to his tomb; yet, though there are more manifestations of death about him, he is no more dead than the other. He is just as dead; they are both dead, and death really knows of no degrees. The third case goes further still in the manifestation of death; for it is the case of which Martha, using strong words, said, "Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days." And yet, mark you, the daughter of *Jairus* was as dead as *Lazarus*; though the manifestation of death was not so complete in her case. All were dead alike. I have in my congregation some blessed beings, fair to look upon; fair, I mean, in their character, as well as their outward appearance; they have about them everything that is good and lovely; but, mark this, if they are unregenerate they are dead still. That girl, dead in the room, upon her bed, had little about her that could show her death. Not yet had the loving finger closed the eyelid; there seemed to be a light still lingering in her eye; like a lily just nipped off, she was as

fair as life itself. The worm had not yet begun to gnaw her cheek; the flush had not yet faded from her face; she seemed well-nigh alive. And so is it with some I have here. Ye have all that heart could wish for, except the one thing needful; ye have all things save love to the Saviour. Ye are not yet united to him by a living faith. Ah! then, I grieve to say it, ye are dead! ye are dead! as much dead as the worst of men, although your death is not so apparent. Again, I have in my presence, young men who have grown to riper years than that fair damsel, who died in her childhood. You have much about you that is lovely, but you have just begun to indulge in evil habits; you have not yet become the desperate sinner; you have not yet become altogether noxious in the eyes of other men; you are but beginning to sin; you are like the young man carried out on his bier. You have not yet become the confirmed drunkard; you have not yet begun to curse and blaspheme God; you are still accepted in good society; you are not yet cast out; but you are dead, thoroughly dead, just as dead as the third and worst case. But I dare say I have some characters that are illustrations of that case too. There is *Lazarus* in his tomb, rotten and putrid; and so there are some men, not more dead than others, but their death has become more apparent. Their character has become abominable; their deeds cry out against them; they are put out of decent society; the stone is rolled to the mouth of their tomb; men feel that they cannot hold acquaintance with them, for they have so utterly abandoned every sense of right, that we say, "Put them out of sight, we cannot endure them!" And yet these putrid ones may live; these last are not more dead than the maiden upon her bed, though the death has more fully revealed itself in their corruption. Jesus Christ must quicken the one as well as the other, and bring them all to know and love his name.

I. Now, then, I am about to enter into the minutiae of the difference of these three cases. I will take the case of the young maiden. I have her here to-day; I have many illustrations of her present before me; at least, I trust so. Now, will you allow me to point out all the differences? Here is the young maiden; look upon her; you can bear the sight; she is dead, but oh! *beauty lingereth there*; she is fair and lovely, though the life hath departed from her. In the young man's case, there is no beauty; the worm hath begun to eat him; his honor hath departed. In the third case, there is absolute rottenness. But here there is beauty still upon her cheek. Is she not amiable? Is she not lovely? Would not all love her? Is she not to be admired, even to be imitated? Is she not fairest of the fair? Ay, that she is; but God the Spirit has not yet looked upon her; she has not yet bent her knee to Jesus, and cried for mercy; she has everything, except true religion. Alas! for her; alas! that so fair a character should be a dead one. Alas! my sister; alas! that thou, the benevolent, the kind one, should yet be, after all, dead in trespasses and sins. As Jesus wept over that young man who had kept all the com-

mandarins, and yet one thing he lacked, so weep I over thee this morning. Alas! thou fair one, lovely in thy character, and amiable in thy carriage, why shouldst thou lie dead? For dead thou art, unless thou hast faith in Christ. Thine excellence, thy virtue, and thy goodness, shall avail thee nothing; thou art dead, and dead thou must be, unless he make thee live.

Note, too, that in the case of this maiden, whom we have introduced to you, the daughter of Jairus, *she is yet caressed*; she has only been dead a moment or two, and the mother still presses her cheek with kisses. Oh! can she be dead? Do not the tears rain on her, as if they would sow the seeds of life in that dead earth again?—earth that looks fertile enough to bring forth life with but one living tear? Ay, but those salt tears are tears of barrenness. She liveth not; but she is still caressed. Not so the young man: he is put on the bier; no man will touch him any more, or else he will be utterly defiled. And as for Lazarus, he is shut up with a stone. But this young maiden is still caressed; so it is with many of you; you are loved even by the living in Zion; God's own people love you; the minister has often prayed for you; you are admitted into the assemblies of the saints, you sit with them as God's people, you hear as they hear, and you sing as they sing. Alas! for you; alas! for you, that you should still be dead! Oh! it grieves me to the heart, to think that some of you are all that heart could wish, except that one thing; yet lacking that which is the only thing that can deliver you. You are caressed by us received by the living in Zion into their company and acquaintance, approved of and accepted; alas! that you should yet be without life! Oh! in your case, if you are saved, you will have to join with even the worst in saying, "I have been quickened by divine grace, or else I had never lived."

And now, will you, look at this maiden again? Note, *she has no grave clothes on her yet*; she is dressed in her own raiment; just as she retired to her bed a little sick, so hath she there; not yet have the napkin and the shroud been wrapped about her; she still wears the habiliments of sleep; she is hot yet given up to death. Not so the young man, yonder—he is, in his grave clothes, not so Lazarus—he is bound hand and foot. But this young maiden hath no grave clothes upon her. So with the young person, we wish to speak of this morning; she has, as yet, no evil habits, she hath not yet reached that point, the young man yonder has begun to have evil habits, and you, grey-headed sinner, is bound hand and foot by them; but as yet she appears just like the living, she acteth just like the Christian; her habits are fair, goodly, and comely; there seemeth to be little ill about her, Alas! alas! that thou shouldst be dead, even in thy fairest raiment. Alas! thou who hast got the chariot of Babel upon thy brow, thou who dost gird thyself with the white robes of outward purity, if thou art not born again, thou art dead still. Thy beauty shall fade away like a moth; and in the day of judgment thou wilt be covered from the right-

ous, unless God shall make thee live. Oh! I could weep over those young ones who seem at present to have been delivered from forming any habits which could lead them astray, but who are yet unquickened and unsaved. Oh! would to God, young man and young woman, you might in early years be quickened by the Spirit.

And will you notice, yet once more, that this young maiden's death was a *death confined to her chamber*. Not so with the young man; he was carried to the gate of the city, and much people saw him. Not so Lazarus, the Jews came to weep at his tomb. But this young woman's death is in her chamber. Ay, so it is with the young woman or the young man I mean to describe now. His sin is as yet a secret thing, kept to himself; as yet there has been no breaking forth of iniquity, but only the conception of it in the heart; just the embryo of lust, not as yet broken out into act. The young man has not yet drained the intoxicating cup, although he has had some whisperings of the sweetness of it; he has not yet run into the ways of wickedness, though he has had temptation thrust upon him; as yet he has kept his sin in his chamber, and most of it has been unseen. Alas! my brother, alas! my sister, that thou who in thine outward carriage art so good, should yet have sins in the chamber of thine heart, and death in the secrecy of thy being, which is as true a death as that of the grossest sinner, though not so thoroughly manifested. Would to God that thou couldst say "And he hath quickened me, for with all my loveliness, and all my excellence, I was by nature dead in trespasses and sins." Come, let me just press this matter home. I have some in my congregation that I look upon with fear. Oh! my dear friends, my much loved friends, how many there are among you, I repeat, that are all that the heart could wish, except that one thing—that you love not my Master. Oh! ye young men who come up to the house of God, and who are outwardly so good; alas! for you, that you should lack the root of the matter. Oh! ye daughters of Zion, who are ever at the house of prayer, oh! that you should yet be without grace in your heart. Take heed, I beseech you, ye fairest, youngest, most upright, and most honest; when the dead are separated from the living, unless ye be regenerated, ye must go with the dead; though ye be never so fair and goodly, ye must be cast away, unless you live.

2. Thus, I have done with the first case; now we will go to the young man who stands second. He is not more dead than the other but *he is further gone*. Come, now, and stop the bier; you cannot look upon him! Why, the cheek is sunk—there is a hollow-ness there; not as in the case of the maiden, whose cheek was still round and ruddy. And the eye—oh! what a blackness is there! Look on him; you can see that the gnawings of the worm will soon burst forth; corruption hath begun its work. So it is with some young men I have here. They are not what they were in their childhood, when their habits were proper and correct; but mayhap they have just been enticed into the

house of the strange woman; they have just been tempted to go astray from the path of rectitude; their corruption is just breaking forth; they disdain now to sit at their mother's apron-strings; they think it foul scorn to keep to the rules that bind the moral! they are free, they say, and they will be free; they will live a jolly and a happy life; and so they run on in boisterous yet wicked merriment, and betray the marks of death about them. They have gone further than the maiden; she was still fair and comely; but here there is something that is the afterwork of death. The maiden was caressed, but the young man is untouched; he lieth on the bier, and though men bear him on their shoulders, yet there is a shrinking from him; he is dead, and it is known that he is dead. Young man, you have got as far as that; you know that good men shrink from you. It was but yesterday that your mother's tears fell fast and thick as she warned your younger brother to avoid your sin; your very sister, when she kissed you but this morning, prayed to God that you might get good in this house of prayer; but you know that of late she has been ashamed of you; your conversation has become so profane and wicked, that even she could scarce endure it. There are houses in which you were once welcome; where you once bowed your knee with them at the family prayer, and your name was mentioned too; but now you do not choose to go there, for when you go, you are treated with reserve. The good man of the house feels that he could not let his son go with you, for you would contaminate him; he does not sit down now side by side with you, as he used to do, and talk about the best things; he lets you sit in the room as a matter of mere courtesy; he stands far away from you, as it were; he feels that you have not a spirit congenial with his own. You are a little shunned; you are not quite avoided; you are still received amongst the people of God, yet there is a coldness that manifests that they understand that you are not a living one.

And note, too, that this young man, though carried out to his grave, was not like the maiden; she was in the garments of life, but he was wrapped in the *cerements of death*. So many of you have begun to form habits that are evil; you know that already the screw of the devil is tightening on your finger. Once it was a screw that you could slip off or on; you said you were master of your pleasures—now your pleasures are master of you. Your habits are not now commendable, you know they are not; you stand convicted while I speak to you this morning; you know your ways are evil. Ah! young man, though thou hast not yet gone so far as the open profligate and desperately profane, take heed, thou art dead! thou art dead! and unless the Spirit quicken thee, thou shalt be cast into the valley of Gehenna, to be the food of that worm which never dieth, but eateth souls throughout eternity. And ah! young man, I weep, I weep over thee; thou art not yet so far gone, that they have rolled the stone against thee; thou art not yet become so obnoxious; thou art not yet the staggering

drunkard, nor yet the blasphemous infidel; thou hast much that is ill about thee, but thou hast not gone all the lengths yet. Take heed; thou wilt go further still; there is no stopping in sin. When the worm is there, you cannot put your finger on it, and say, "Stop; eat no more." No, it will go on to your utter ruin. May God save you now, ere you shall come to that consummation for which hell so sighs, and which heaven can alone avert.

One more remark concerning this young man. The maiden's death was in her chamber; *the young man's death was in the city gates*. In the first case I described, the sin was secret. But, young man, your sin is not. You have gone so far that your habits are openly wicked; you have dared to sin in the face of God's sun. You are not as some others—seemingly good; but you go out and openly say, "I am no hypocrite; I dare to do wrong. I do not profess to be righteous; I know I am a scapegrace rascal. I have gone astray, and I am not ashamed to sin in the street." Ah! young man, young man! Thy father, perhaps, is saying now, "Would God that I had died for him—would God that I had seen him buried in his grave, or he should have gone to such a length in wickedness. Would God that when I first saw him, and mine eye was gladdened with my son, I had seen him the next minute smitten with disease and death! Oh, would to God that his infant spirit had been called to heaven, that he might not have lived to bring in this way my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave!" Your sport in the city gates is misery in your father's house; your open merriment before the world brings agony into a mother's heart. Oh, I beseech you, stay. Oh, Lord Jesus! touch the bier this morning! Stop some young man in his evil habits, and say unto him, "Arise!" Then will he join with us in confessing that those who are alive have been quickened by Jesus, through the Spirit, though they were dead in trespasses and sins.

3. NOW we come to the third and last case—*LAZARUS DEAD AND BURIED*. Ah! dear friends, I cannot take you to see Lazarus in his grave. Stand, oh, stand away from him. Whither shall we flee to avoid the noxious odour of that reeking corpse? Ah, whither shall we flee? There is no beauty there; we dare not look upon it. There is not even the gloss of life left. Oh, hideous spectacle! I must not attempt to describe it; words would fail me, and you would be too much shocked. Nor dare I tell the character of some men present here. I should be ashamed to tell the things which some of you have done. This cheek might mantle with a blush to tell the deeds of darkness which some of the ungodly of this world habitually practise. Ah, the last stage of death, the last stage of corruption, oh, how hideous; but the last stage of sin, hideous far more! Some writers seem to have an aptitude for puddling in this mud, and digging up this miry clay; I confess that I have none. I cannot describe to you the lusts and vices of a fullgrown sinner. I cannot tell you what are the debaucheries, the degrading

justs the devilish, the bestial sins into which wicked men will run, when spiritual death has had its perfect work in them, and sin has manifested itself in all its fearful wickedness. I may have some here. They are not Christians. They are not, like the young maiden, still fondled, nor even, like the young man, still kept in the funeral procession: no, they have gone so far that decent people avoid them. Their very wife, when they go into the house, rushes up stairs to be out of the way. They are scorned. Such an one is the harlot, from whom one's head is turned in the very street. Such an one is the openly profligate, to whom we give wide quarters, lest we touch him. He is a man that is far gone. The stone is rolled before him. No one calls him respectable. He dwelleth, perhaps, in some back slum of a dirty lane; he knoweth not where to go. Even as he stands in this place, he feels that if his next-door neighbour knew his guilt he would give him a wide berth, and stand far away from him; for he has come to the last stage; he has no marks of life; he is utterly rotten. And mark; as in the case of the maiden the sin was in the chamber, secret; in the next case it was in the open street, public; but in this case it is secret again. It is in the tomb. For you will mark that men, whom they are only half gone in wickedness, do it openly; but when they are fully gone their lust becomes so degrading that they are obliged to do it in secret. They are put into the grave, in order that all may be hidden. Their lust is one which can only be perpetrated at midnight; a deed which can only be done when shrouded by the astonished curtains of darkness. Have I any such here? I cannot tell that I have many; but still I have some. Ah! in being constantly visited by penitents I have sometimes blushed for this city of London. There are merchants whose names stand high and fair. Shall I tell it here? I know it on the best authority, and the truest, too. There are some who have houses large and tall, who on the exchange are reputable and honourable, and; everyone admits them and receives them into their society; but ah! there are some of the merchants of London who practise lusts that are abominable. I have in my church and congregation—and I dare to say what men dare to do—I have in my congregation women whose ruin and destruction have been wrought by some of the most respected men in respectable society. Few would venture on so bold a statement as that; but if you boldly do the thing, I must speak of it. It is not for God's ambassador to wash his mouth beforehand; let him boldly reprove, as men do boldly sin. Ah! there are some that are a stench in the nostrils of the Almighty; some whose character is hideous beyond all hideousness. They have to be covered up in the tomb of secrecy; for men would scout them from society, and hiss them from existence, if they know all. And yet—and now comes a blessed interposition—yet this last case may be saved as well as the first, and as easily too. The rotten Lazarus may come out of his tomb, as well as the slumbering maiden from her bed. The last—the most corrupt, the most desper-

ately abominable may yet be quickened; and he may join in exclaiming, "And I have been quickened, though I was dead in trespasses and sins." I trust you will understand what I wish to convey—that the death is the same in all cases; but the manifestation of it is different; and that the life must come from God, and from God alone.

II. And now I will go on to another point—THE QUICKENING. These three persons were all quickened, and they were all quickened by the same being—that is by Jesus. But they were all quickened in a different manner. Note, first, the young maiden on her bed. When she was brought to life, it is said, "Jesus took her by the hand and said, maiden, arise." It was a small still voice. Her heart received its pulse again, and she lived. It was the gentle touching of the hand—no open demonstration—and the soft voice was heard—"arise." Now, usually when God converts young people in the first stage of sin, before they have formed evil habits, he does it in a gentle manner; not by the terrors of the law, the tempest, fire and smoke, but he makes them like Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened" that she received the word. On such, "it droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath." With hardened sinners grace cometh down in showers that rattle on them; but in young converts it often cometh gently. There is just the sweet breathing of the spirit. They perhaps scarcely think it is a true conversion; but true it is, if they are brought to life.

Now note the next case. Christ did not do the same thing with the young man that he did with the daughter of Jairus. No; the first thing he did was, he put his hand, not on him, mark you, but on *the bier*; "and they that bare it stood still." And after that, without touching the young man, he said in a louder voice, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" Note the difference: the young maiden's new life was given to her secretly. The young man's was given more publicly. It was done in the very street of the city. The maiden's life was given gently by a touch; but in the young man's case it must be done, not by the touching of him, but by the touching of the bier. Christ takes away from the young man his means of pleasure. He commands his companions, who by bad example are bearing him on his bier to his grave, to stop, and then there is a partial reformation for awhile, and after that there comes the strong out-spoken voice—"Young man, I say unto thee arise!"

But now comes the worst case; and will you please at your leisure at home to notice what preparations Christ made for the last case of Lazarus? When he raised the maiden, he walked up into the chamber, smiling, and said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." When he raised the young man, he said to the mother, "Weep not." Not so when he came to the last case; there was something more terrible about that: it was a *man in his grave corrupting*. It was on that occasion you read, "Jesus wept;" and after he had wept it is said that "he groaned in his spirit; and then he said, 'Take away the

stone;" and then there came the prayer, "I know that thou hearest me always." And then, will you notice, there came what is not expressed so fully in either of the other cases. It is written, "Jesus cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth!" It is not written that he cried with the loud voice to either of the others. He spoke to them; it was his word that saved all of them; but in the case of Lazarus, he cried to him in a loud voice. Now, I have, perhaps, some of the best characters here—the worst of the worst. Ah! sinner; may the Lord quicken thee! But it is a work that makes the Saviour weep. I think when he comes to call some of you from your death in sin who have gone to the utmost extremity of guilt, he comes weeping and sighing for you. There is a stone there to be rolled away—your bad and evil habits; and when that stone is taken away, a still small voice will not do for you; it must be the loud crashing voice, like the voice of the Lord, which breaketh the cedars of Lebanon—"Lazarus, come forth!" John Bunyan was one of those rotten ones. What strong means were used in his case! Terrible dreams, fearful convulsions, awful shakings to and fro—all had to be employed to make him live. And yet some of you think, when God is terrifying you by the thunders of Sinai, that really he does not love you. It is not so; you were so dead that it needed a loud voice to arrest your ears.

The Homilist, and Bi-Monthly Pulpit Review. No. XXXIX. January, 1863.

THE present number of this talented pulpit serial is richly overlaid with the fine gold of the sanctuary, as will be seen by the extract we have given in page 40. There are, however, some unhappy exceptions. We are also exceedingly sorry that the editor, who himself is most expert in the use of the javelin, should be so exquisitely sensitive when he receives similar treatment at the hands of others. Why should Dr. Campbell's exceptions to Mr. Thomas's doctrinal collectivities and peculiarities be visited with such gratuitous insinuations and quotations as this number contains? Dr. Campbell may be considered, by some as being far too dogmatical. We hardly think that in this respect he is exceeded by the trenchant editor of the "Homilist." It is no indication of mental or moral excellence that these indecent personalities should be thus recklessly intruded upon students and pastors in their moments of retired meditation.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

ADDLESTONE, OBERTSEY, SURREY.—**BENEZER CHAPEL.**—The Rev. R. Tubbs, late of Rickmansworth, who, after supplying a few Sabbaths, has received a unanimous invitation to become the pastor, entered upon his labours on the 27th ult. On New Year's day there was a social tea-meeting to welcome the new pastor, after which the evening was spent in prayer and exhortation, and it was felt by all to have been a hallowed season.

The Rev. John Webb having resigned the pastorate at Worstead, Norfolk, has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation assembling at Stradbroke, Suffolk, and enters upon his labours Lord's day, February 21st.

SIBLE HEDINGTON, ESSEX.—Mr. C. Shipway, after preaching for more than three months to the friends meeting for worship in the above place, has received a unanimous invitation to continue with them the whole of the present year, which he has consented (D.V.) to do.

The Rev. J. Davis, late of Ceylon, has decided, under medical advice, not to return to that country. He is therefore open to invitation from any destitute church at home. Letters will reach him addressed 3, Clifton-place, Albert-road, Peckham, near London.

OPENING OF NEW CHAPELS.

PLYLE, SOUTH WALES.—A new beautiful chapel for the Baptist denomination was opened here on Christmas-day. The Rev. John Roberts, late of Merthyr Tydvil, has become the pastor, under whose ministry

the cause in this place is reviving. The opening services were well attended, and the brotherly love, melodious singing, and powerful sermons, gave universal satisfaction. The collections amounted to £130.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

LONDON.—BLANDFORD-STREET CHAPEL.—The Bible classes of this chapel, conducted by Rev. W. B. Bowes, held a social meeting on Tuesday, 5th January. An interesting report of the past year's engagements was read, and addresses delivered by several of the members. The chief business of the evening, was the presentation to Mr. Bowes of the following volumes: Livingstone's Travels, Layard's Nineveh and Babylon, Hugh Miller's Testimony of the Rocks, and Bishop Heber's Poems, accompanied by an address, expressive of the regard entertained for him by the classes.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

BATTERSEA CHAPEL, LONDON.—An interesting and numerously-attended meeting of the church and congregation, assembling in this place of worship, was held on Wednesday, the 6th inst., the object of which was to congratulate their minister at the close of twenty years' service among them. Several addresses were presented, in which pleasing and grateful allusions were made to the past. Devout thanksgiving was offered to the God of all grace for the tokens of his favour vouchsafed to his servant and the people of his charge. The Lord had done great things for them; whereof they were glad—the majority present

having cause to say that it was the birth-place of their souls. The Rev. J. M. Soule, feelingly responded to the several addresses.

BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL.—On Tuesday and Thursday Jan. 5 and 7, the church and congregation assembling at Bloomsbury Chapel, held their annual social meetings. The numbers were unusually large, and the intercourse of the most pleasant kind. Addresses were delivered relating to the various operations of the church by the pastor, several of the deacons, the domestic missionary, and other friends. More encouraging than on any former year were the statements both of the secular and spiritual condition of the good cause, and the meetings broke up amidst manifold tokens for good. Sir Morton Peto, in a most affectionate and respectful way, referred to the various services of the pastor, and to an expression of the church's feeling towards him, which was so given as to gladden and encourage him for the manifold duties of the New Year.

SPENCER-PLACE CHAPEL, CLERKENWELL.—The friends connected with this place have recently held several interesting meetings. On the morning of Dec. 25, a public breakfast was held in connection with the Young Men's Tract Distribution Society, which was well attended, and several interesting speeches delivered on the subject of Tract Distribution. Rev. J. H. Cooke presided. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, the anniversary of the Dobrea Society was held. Rev. J. Peacock, the former pastor, presided, and addresses were given by several neighbouring ministers. The usual midnight service was held at the close of the year, which was numerously attended. Rev. J. H. Cooke preached from the text, "There shall be no night there." On January 1, 1853, a very interesting gathering of young people was held, on which occasion a handsome watch and a purse of money was presented to the pastor. On the watch was inscribed, "Presented to the Rev. J. H. Cooke, January 1, 1853, by the young friends connected with Spencer-place Chapel, as a token of their high esteem."

ZION CHAPEL, CHATHAM.—This chapel was erected about thirty-six years ago, when a debt of £1,700 was incurred. This, after successive exertions, was reduced in 1855 to £300. A meeting was held in October last, when it was resolved that this balance should be liquidated. A social tea-meeting was held in the chapel on the 10th January, when above 200 persons were present, after which a public meeting was held. The chair was taken by the pastor, the Rev. James Counts, who, after a few congratulatory remarks, called on the Treasurer to read his report, when it was ascertained that the sum collected by cards and donations amounted to £368, leaving a deficiency of £37. An appeal was then made to the friends present, when the whole was liberally subscribed. The removal of this debt, which had been felt as a burden for so many years, calls for gratitude to God. There are also cheering indications of spiritual prosperity. Since January 1857, thirty-four have been added to the church twenty-three by baptism, and the remainder by dismission from other churches.

THE REV. H. SPURGEON'S MONSTER BAZAAR.—Owing to the extraordinary suc-

cess which has attended the ministrations of this youthful and popular preacher—a success which has not only rendered the very spacious chapel in Park-street, but even Exeter-hall and the Surrey Gardens Music-hall inadequate to accommodate those who wish to profit by his teachings—the members of his church and congregation have for some time past been endeavoring to raise a fund for the purpose of erecting a place of worship of such dimensions that the largest possible number can be brought within hearing distance of their pastor. Five thousand two hundred pounds have been already realised for this laudable purpose, and, in aid of this fund, a bazaar, to last for four days, was inaugurated on Tuesday, December 29, at the Music-hall, Surrey Gardens, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland. This magnificent and beautiful hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flowers and evergreens, and also with the flags and banners of England, France, Sardinia, America, Turkey, Prussia, and Russia. Around the hall we observed the following appropriate mottoes: "Jehovah Jireh" (the Lord will provide), "Let us Build," "O Lord our God, of Thine own have we given thee," "Glory to God in the highest," &c., "Excelsior," "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," "Love," "Carpe diem," "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," &c. The stalls (57 in number) were arranged with great taste, and so conveniently disposed as to allow an easy passage to the visitors, and an adequate room for inspecting the multifarious attractions of the place. The spacious platform at one end of the hall was entirely occupied by the various collections of Mrs. Spurgeon, which were most numerous. Here were presents from Christian friends in Constantinople, the Crimea, America, Australia, and Russia. Gen. Sir John Burgoyne, who evinced deep interest in the success of the undertaking, procured several of those specimens of foreign taste and industry. A peacock and peahen were contributed by Mr. Hunt, Hay's Gate, near Uxbridge, with the following verses, supposed to be addressed to the visitors by the birds themselves from out of their basket:—

"We come to the garden, and have to be sold;
Look well to our plumage and grudge not
your gold.

The price will be given to build a large cage
For Spurgeon to preach in—the man for the
age.

Release us ere long, we ask for more room;
Our ages are young, imperfect our bloom,
Our voices are equal to fill a wide space—
Thou shorten our bondage and speed our
release.

Spar on one another, the young and the
old; [uphold,
Success is still crowning, his hands you
Long life to the Spurgeons, the great and
the small! [to all!"
God bless them, and make them a blessing

The Duchess of Sutherland has taken great interest in the success of this object. Through the exertions of her Grace more articles of taste and art, the work of fashionable flugers, found their way into the recesses of the stalls, than was ever known to

be collected for such a purpose before. Nearly £1000 was realised towards the erection of the proposed Tabernacle.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

SHACKLEWELL.—The Rev. J. S. Stanion, late of Luton, having accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Shacklewell, public recognition services were held on the occasion of his settlement, on Thursday, December 17th. In the afternoon, after devotional exercises conducted by the Rev. J. Jefferson, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, A.M., preached. About 160 of the friends took tea together, and a public meeting was held in the evening at half-past six. The Rev. J. Cox, late pastor of the church presided, and after singing, and prayer by the Rev. E. M. Davis, addressed the meeting on the increase of church and chapel accommodation in the neighbourhood during the last twenty-five years. Mr. G. Cox, a member of the church, gave a short account of the past history of the church and of the circumstances which led to the invitation to Mr. Stanion, and in the course of his remarks presented to him a pulpit Bible (a handsomely bound copy of Bagster's comprehensive Bible), which had been purchased for that purpose by some of the ladies of the congregation. Mr. Stanion briefly acknowledged the gift, and stated his views of the Pastor's office, and his reason for devoting himself to the work of the ministry. Addresses were delivered on the duties of the pastor, by the Rev. Dr. Angus, on the duty of the church to the world, by the Rev. H. Hinton, M.A., and by the Rev. J. H. Cooke, the Rev. J. H. Hinton, concluding the interesting services by prayer.

BAPTISMS.

ABERSTYCHAN, English, Nov. 8—Four by Mr. Price.
ACCRINGTON, Nov. 29—Nine by Mr. Williams
AUSTREY, near Tamworth, Dec. 13—Five, after a discourse, by Mr. Bolt, of Barton.
BIRMINGHAM, Lombard-street, Dec. 6—Eight by Mr. Cheate.
BRADFORD, Yorkshire (no date)—Zion Chapel. Ten by Mr. Chown.
 —Trinity Chapel (no date)—Nine by Mr. Betts.
BRIDGWATER, Nov. 15—Four by Mr. McMichael.
CARDIFF, Nov. 29—Four by Mr. Tilly.
CHATHAM, Zion Chapel, Dec. 27—Four by Mr. Coutts; three were husband, wife, and daughter.
CHELLENHAM, Cambay Chapel, Dec. 25—Eight by Mr. Smith, one of them his youngest son, making four sons and one daughter baptised by him, out of a family of six children. To God be the glory, and may the last be soon united with the rest! [To this paternal prayer all our readers will, we doubt not, add their hearty Amen.—E. B. M.]
COLCHESTER, Eld-lane, Jan. 3—Five by Mr. N. Jackson, two husbands and their wives.
CRAYFOLD, KENT, Dec. 27—Two by Mr. Hosken, one his beloved and only daughter.
COVENTRY, Cow-lane, Dec. 6—Ten by Mr. McMaster.
DARTFORD, Zion Chapel, Dec. 27—Six by Mr. Hall.
DEWONPORT, Hope Chapel, Dec. 2—Three

by Mr. Overbury; Dec. 3, five by Mr. Horton; and on the 27th, four by Mr. Horton.

GILDERSOME, Yorkshire, Dec. 13—Ten by Mr. Colcroft.

HAYERFORDWEST, Nov. 29—After a sermon by Mr. Davies, six by Mr. Burditt.

HOLYHEAD, Dec. 6—Three by Mr. Moran.

HOLYWELL, Jan. 17—Seven by Mr. Roberts.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Nov. 30, five; and Dec. 30, five, by Mr. Medhurst.

LLANDUDNO, Dec. 20—Nine by Mr. Griffiths.

LIVERPOOL, Soho, Jan. 3—Two from the Sabbath-schools, by Mr. Stokes.

—The report of baptisms in January number should have been, Byrom-street, two; not Soho.

LONDON, New Park-street, Dec. 31.—Sixteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Borough-road, Oct. 25—Seven by Mr. Harcourt.

—Cross-street, Islington, Dec. 30—Four by Mr. Thomas.

—Spencer-place, Goswell-road, Dec. 8—Five by Mr. Cooke.

NEWTON ABBOTT, August 2, 1857—One youthful candidate by Mr. Sarahs, of Shaldon.

NEWARK, Dec. 27—Two by Mr. Bayley. One female was also immersed by Mr. B. in August, not previously reported.

PAISLEY, Stone-street, Dec. 6—One by Mr. Wallace.

POPPLAR, Cotton-street, Dec. 27—Three by Mr. Preece.

PORTSEA, Clarence-street, Dec. 2.—The Rev. Jonas Kiddall, an Independent minister, of more than twenty years standing, and for the last four years pastor of the Congregational Church, Havant. Mr. K. preached from Rom. i. 16, when he stated his reasons for renouncing infant baptism.

RUGBY, Dec. 6—Four by Mr. Angus.

SAREBATT, Herts, on Christmas-day—Five by Mr. J. Warn; on the 3rd January seven were added to the church, and seven more are proposed.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM, Dec. 6—Eighteen by Mr. C. Shipway.

SUTTON COLDFIELD, Dec. 13—Seven by Mr. Clarke.

SWANSEA, Mount Pleasant, Dec. 6—Six by Mr. Short, M.A.

TAMWORTH, Nov. 15—Three by Mr. Massey, after a sermon by Mr. Pitchford, of Birmingham.

TARPORLEY, Cheshire (no date)—Three by Mr. Aston.

UXBRIDGE, Dec. 27—Six by Mr. G. Rouse Lowden.

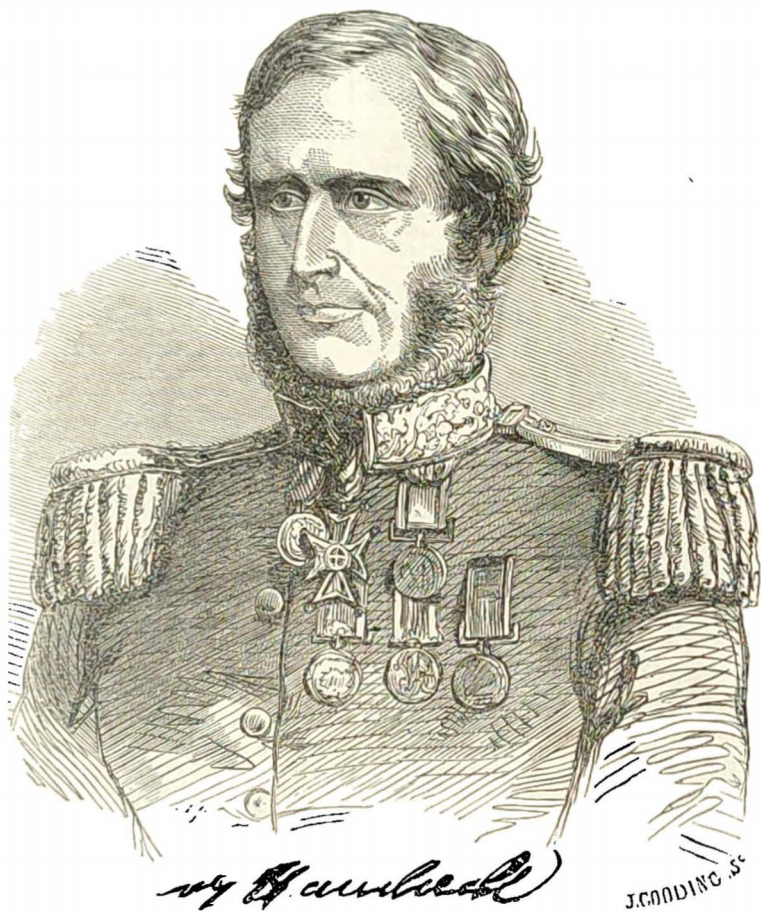
WHITTLESEA, Jan. 3—Four by Mr. D. Ashby.

WINCHESTER, Jan. 10—Two by Mr. W. Chapel. On the Sabbath previous eight were received into full communion, six having been members before, two by dismission.

WOOBURN-GREEN, Bucks, No date—One by Mr. W. Wilson.

DEATH.

Sansom, Elizabeth, departed this life, at Kingston-on-Thames, Dec. 16. Our sister was in her 20th year, and had followed her Saviour through the baptismal pool only two months before. Mr. Medhurst improved her death on Lord's-day, the 27th, from the words, "Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death."



GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, BART., K.C.B.

[ENGRAVED FROM AN AUTHORISED PORTRAIT.]

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

Memorials of

GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK, BART.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, one of the most distinguished soldiers of his time, was born at Bishopwearmouth, county Durham, 5th April, 1795. Very little is known of Havelock's early life. We have heard a story about his boyhood, for which we cannot vouch, but which is so characteristic of the future hero of Lucknow that we give it as it has reached us. It reminds us of the well-known story of Nelson, as given by Southey in his life of that gallant admiral. When about seven or eight years of age he climbed a high tree in search of a bird's nest, and fell to the ground the moment that he had gained his prize. As soon as he recovered consciousness his father asked him whether he was not frightened when the branch snapped. "No," said the little fellow, "I did not think of being frightened: I had too much to do in thinking of the eggs, for I was sure they would be smashed to pieces." Another anecdote is told illustrative of his cool judgement, calculation, and forethought. When about twelve years old he saw a dog worrying his father's sheep, at Ingress Park. Instead of beating the brute off, he ran to a haystack in the field, and pulled out sufficient hay to make a strong band or rope, which he threw round the dog's neck and fairly choked him, and then slung his carcass into a pond, walking off as if nothing had happened. As our readers are aware the Charterhouse is the school to which belongs the credit—and no small credit it is—of having reared the youth of Sir Henry Havelock. It is said that whilst at the Charterhouse he bore among his school-fellows the *soubriquet* of "Old Phlo," meaning "philosopher," in allusion to his quiet, grave, and thoughtful demeanour.

About 1813, in consequence of adverse fortune, Ingress Park, General Havelock's father's property in Kent, was sold to Government, and Havelock was entered of the Middle Temple, and attended the lectures of Chitty, the eminent special pleader, where his most intimate associate was the late Sir Thomas Talfourd, the author of *Ion*. An elder brother had distinguished himself in the Peninsular war and at Waterloo; and Henry, yielding to the military propensities of his family, endeavoured to obtain a commission. A month after Waterloo he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade (the 95th), where his military training was assisted by Captain (afterwards Sir) Harry Smith, the victor of Alivval. Havelock served for eight years in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and having at length exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, embarked for India in 1823. Next year the first Burmese war broke out, and Havelock was appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, and was present at the actions at Napadee, Patangoh, and Pngan. At the close of the war he was associated with Captain Lumsden and Dr. Knox on a mission to the Court of Ava, and had an audience of the "Golden Foot," when the treaty of Yandaboo was signed. In 1827 he published the *History of the Ava Campaigns*, and in that year he was

appointed Adjutant of the Military Depot formed at Chinsurah by Lord Combermere. The Chinsurah establishment having been broken up, Havelock returned to his regiment. He subsequently visited Calcutta, and having passed in the languages at the College, was appointed Adjutant of his corps by Lord William Bentinck. He married 9th Feb., 1829, Hannah Shepherd, daughter of the Rev. J. Marshall, D.D., the well-known Baptist Missionary, and colleague of Dr. Carey. In 1838 he was promoted to a company, after having served twenty-three years as a subaltern. An army was now collected for the invasion of Afghanistan, and Havelock accompanied it on the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton. He went through the first Afghan campaign, was present at the storming of Ghuznee, and the occupation of Cabul, and then returned to India with Sir Willoughby Cotton. Having obtained leave to visit the Presidency, he prepared a "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign," which was soon after printed in London. He returned to the Punjab in charge of a detachment, and was placed on the staff of General Elphinstone, as Persian interpreter. When the Eastern Ghilzies, having risen, blockaded Cabul, Havelock was sent to join Sir Robert Sale, then marching back to India, and was present at the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass, at the action of Tezeen, and all the other engagements of that force till it reached Jellalabad. In the final attack on Mahomed Akbar, in April, 1842, which obliged that chief to raise the siege, Havelock commanded the right column, and defeated him before the other columns could come up. For this he was promoted to a brevet majority, and was made Companion of the Bath. He was then nominated Persian interpreter to General Pollock, and was present at the action of Mamoo Keil, and the second engagement at Tezeen. He then proceeded with Sir John M'Caskill's force into the Kohistan, and had an important share in the brilliant affair at Istaliff. Next year he was promoted to a regimental majority, and nominated Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough. At the close of 1843 he accompanied the army to Gwalior, and was engaged in the battle of Maharajpore. In 1844 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel by brevet. In 1845 he proceeded with the army to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, and was actively engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sohraon. At Moodkee he had two horses shot under him; at Sohraon a third horse was smitten down by a cannon shot, which passed through his saddle-cloth. On the conclusion of the Sutlej campaign he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay. The second Sikh war now broke out, and his elder brother, Colonel William Havelock, was killed at Ramnugger. His own regiment, the 53rd, having been ordered into the field, he quitted his staff employment at Bombay in order to join it, and had proceeded as far as Indore when his further progress was countermanded, and he returned to his post. Twenty-five years of incessant and laborious service now began to tell on his constitution, and his medical adviser, in 1849, sent him to Europe for two years for the restoration of his health. He returned to Bombay in 1851, and was soon after made Brevet-Colonel, and appointed, through the kindness of Lord Hardinge, by whose side he had fought in the three battles of the Sutlej, Quartermaster-General, and then Adjutant-General of Queen's troops in India. On the despatch of the expedition to Persia he was appointed to the second division, and commanded the troops at Mohammerah, the glory of which action was, however, reserved for the naval force. On the conclusion of peace he returned to Bombay, and embarked in the Erin for Calcutta, in which vessel he was wrecked, in 1857, off the coast of Ceylon. Five days after he obtained a passage in the Fire Queen, and, on reaching Calcutta, was immediately sent up to Allahabad as Brigadier-General, to command the moveable column.

His subsequent career has been so recently the subject of public admiration, that we need do no more than recapitulate the leading incidents. With the greater portion of the 64th and 78th Regiments he first attacked the mutineers at Futteypore, on the 12th of July, and on the 15th at Aoung and at Pandoo Nuddeej; on the 16th, at Cawnpore, where he had a horse shot under him, and where the enemy lost 23 guns. Advancing from Cawnpore on the 29th, he captured Onno

and Busseerat Gunge had 19 guns. This position he was obliged to give up, but retook it on the 5th of August, inflicting great slaughter. On the 12th of August he again defeated the mutineers, and on the 16th attacked them at Bithoor. Eventually, receiving reinforcements under Sir James Outram, he entered Lucknow on the 25th of September, and held his ground there until the garrison was finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell on the 17th of November. His brilliant services are the theme of general admiration. For these he was made a major-general, the 29th September, 1857; a K.C.B. the 17th November, 1857; and a baronet the 26th November, 1857. The Government also granted an annuity of £1,000 for the lives of himself and his son; but on the 25th of the same month he died under an attack of dysentery, brought on by excessive fatigue. His end was peace.

Although the brave General has gone from our midst, to reap rewards higher and more enduring than any earth can bestow, the Government has lost no time in acknowledging the extraordinary services which he rendered in the Indian campaign. The baronetcy conferred on him has now been granted to his eldest son, and in default of issue, to the other sons of the lamented General. Lady Havelock is raised to the rank which would have been hers if her husband had lived to receive the dignity intended for him.

Seldom, says the *Times*, has an event been received by the nation with a more bitter feeling of regret than the death of Sir H. Havelock at the close of his wonderful campaign. It is not too much to say that we must go back to the days of the great war for a parallel to the universal sympathy and sorrow. We all felt that Havelock was no common man. His victories were not the natural result of the opposition of European troops to Hindoos, but were achieved by his own skill, courage, coolness, and indomitable energy. He not only defeated the enemy, but he surmounted the difficulties of a situation which would have daunted most other men. He was in the heart of an enemy's country with a mere handful of troops; his communications were interrupted, his supplies were threatened, every day added new strength to the mutinous levies, and decimated his own band by fever and cholera. Yet not for one moment did he quail, nor did he ever submit to abstain from offensive operations. He marched as few leaders have marched before, attacked the enemy wherever they were to be found, and, at whatever odds, never attacked but to conquer.

It has been said that a people is seldom wrong in its opinions, and never in its feelings. If this be the case, and there really be some sympathetic impulse which tells a nation when deeds are great and estimable, certainly General Havelock was a hero. More than any man engaged in India he fixed the attention of his countrymen at home. It is probably in conjectures like this that a man's previous character most stands him in good stead. When a man has passed through life with blameless character, inoffensive manners, and evincing always a strong sense of duty, he has laid up for himself a treasure in the esteem of others of which, when the time comes, the interest is returned to him in full. It is possible that if India had never been in revolt, Colonel Havelock might have gone to the grave with only the reputation of a meritorious officer and a good man; but when once he had an opportunity of exhibiting his greater qualities, all the goodwill of those who know him added to his renown, and their descriptions of what he was, went to form that ideal which his countrymen conceived of his character.

We fondly, says the *Christian World*, shared the hope of the country that the brave soldier whose name is now a household word, and which will last as long as that of Wellington, would be spared to enjoy the gratitude of his Sovereign and fellow-subjects for his extraordinary exploits on the burning plains of India; but, alas! Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., K.C.B. is dead—dead, too, before he knew of the rank he had reached, the title which the Queen had bestowed upon him, or the pension of £1,000 a-year which the British Parliament had placed at his service with such unanimous enthusiasm. We, in our short-sightedness, could have wished it otherwise. Doubtless it is best as it is. With this conclusion our faith in an all-wise Providence readily concurs; but the death of Sir Henry

Havelock, by dysentery, brought on by exposure in the field,* and the anxieties of his trying position, is a severe blow to the nation at large. Already the public press has given utterance to the general feeling respecting this brave soldier and good man, and we should be guilty of the omission of a sacred duty if we failed to express our deep sorrow on the occasion. We pray that the afflicted widow and family of the dauntless General, who knew no fear but the fear of God, may be sustained and comforted in this hour of agonising trial! It is a great comfort to know that the deceased General fell not before the murderous fire or steel of the rebels, whose rebellion he did so much to crush by a series of brilliant exploits, unsurpassed for intrepidity, courage, and skill in the annals of warfare. The death of such a man by the guilty hand of a mutineer would have been an intolerable calamity. Happily we are spared this anguish, and appropriate the words of David as applicable to the case, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it."

But now we may fairly ask what honour will the country bestow upon the memory of its heroic son? Generally speaking posthumous honours are of very little value; sometimes, indeed, they are worse than mockery. The great philosopher, theologian, moralist, or poet, by whose teachings myriads are made better subjects, and wiser men, often asks for bread during his lifetime—struggles on thirty, forty, or fifty years, through continued difficulties—modest, unrepining, retiring—and at his death everybody wonders at the blindness of society to the merits of the deceased, and his friends subscribe for a *stone*! This is the history of not a few of the true nobility of humanity—the intellectual and moral aristocracy of God. Of the able writer, readers say—"What strength, what clearness, what brilliance, what eloquence!" But who asks, "How about his cupboard and wardrobe, his wife and children, and his circumstances in the world?" That would be decidedly vulgar! Let the "great man" alone. Fine writers should breakfast upon sentiment; eloquent men—if they condescend to eat at all—should dine upon logic; and of course poets should sip the nectar of the gods when ordinary mortals are content with tea. Society seems to have made up its mind to some absurdity like this, and every succeeding generation wonders at the blindness of its predecessor in failing to see the splendour of the stars that shone amidst the clouds of its firmanent. If society were generous she might frequently entertain at her table, "angels unawares!"

General Havelock has gone where monumental stones and posthumous eulogy are of no value; but the great and good man leaves behind him a widow and sons and daughters. Let the nation show its regard to the memory of the deceased by its conduct to the living who bear his honoured name. For many a long year he had nothing to sustain him but the consciousness of doing his duty. He owed nothing to military patronage, nothing to the smiles of the great, nothing to "fortune." Sixty winters had gone over the veteran's head, when, lo! it is discovered that a soldier of extraordinary character, who has laid his country for many years under manifold obligations, has scarcely been recognised, far less rewarded; and with the discovery he passes from the scene! How affecting is all this! What a lesson it teaches about the affairs of this world—the slowness of men in power to recognise real merit if it happen to be modest withal; the uncertainty of life, the constant mingling of joy and sorrow in its cup, and the bitter grief sometimes caused by disappointed hopes! We can only hope, in conclusion, that the Indian mutiny, which has cost us so many brave men, so many thrills of horror, so many agonies of heart, and so many fruitless tears, is drawing to a close, and that the time may speedily come—how long looked for and prayed for!—when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn the art of war no more!

A correspondent of the *Daily News* states, that at the annual meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation company, the chairman told an anecdote connected with the loss of one of their ships:—"The Erin was lost in the Chinese seas. On board that ship—a passenger in private clothes—was Colonel (now General) Havelock. When the vessel struck, between twelve and one o'clock in the

morning, half a gale of wind blowing, Colonel Havelock sprang upon the deck, and, seeing some confusion, said, in that sharp military tone that always arrests attention, 'Men, be steady, and all may be saved; but if we have confusion all may be lost. Obey your orders and think of nothing else.' They did so, and behaved in the most excellent manner. Next day all the lives on board were saved, together with the specie and the mails. On the shore immediately afterwards Colonel Havelock mustered the men, and said, 'Now, my men, let us return thanks to Almighty God for the great mercy he has just vouchsafed to us.' They all knelt down, he uttered a short prayer of thanksgiving, and as one of the officers of the ship told him, the colonel then rose up and walked away as coolly as if nothing had happened."

A testimony to Havelock's devotional habits, coming from another source, has appeared, and it may, on this occasion, be suitably repeated:—"This model of a Christian knight has found that rest which he seldom knew on earth. It may interest your readers to be told that even on such arduous service as the Afghan campaign and the siege of Jellalabad—where he was almost the only officer who supported Broadfoot in maintaining, against the opinions of both Sale and Macgregor, that Jellalabad should be defended and not surrendered—even there Havelock invariably secured two hours in the morning for reading the Scriptures and private prayer. If the march began at six, he rose at four; if at four, he rose at two. Is it any wonder that he was raised up as a deliverer to our people, almost like one of the Judges of Israel?"

I knew him personally, said Dr. Duff, having been privileged to make his acquaintance, many years ago, under the hospitable roof of the late revered Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, whose son-in-law he was. Somewhat stern and reserved he was in manner, yet you could not be long in his presence without finding that he was a man who feared God, and that, fearing God, he feared nought else besides. It was this holy reverential fear of God that was the real source of his undaunted courage in the discharge of duty, at whatever peril of life or fortune. He was the first of our generals who distinctly recognised the hand of God in his surprising victories over the mighty hosts of rebel mutineers. "By the blessing of God, I have captured Cawnpore," were the first words of his memorable telegraphic despatch from that scene of one of the strangest and bloodiest tragedies ever enacted on the stage of time. Faithful as a patriot warrior to his earthly sovereign, he lived to receive from her gracious Majesty a first instalment of honour and reward, and to hear how a grateful country had hailed his great services with unbounded admiration and applause. But faithful, also, as a soldier of the Cross, to his Sovereign in the skies, he has now gone to receive a far greater honour, and inherit a vastly nobler recompense of reward. He has gone, ripe in grace, to fructify in glory! What a transition! From the confused noise of battle to the hallelujahs of angels! From garments rolled in blood, to the pure white robes of the redeemed in Immanuel's Land!"

Earth's gauds were not for him,
—The soldier of the Lord—
The sordid gold, or sounding name,
Could not be his reward!
Finished the warrior's work, his Captain's
voice said, "Come!"
The eagle eye beamed joy, the hero soul sped
home.
Ever, 'mid clash and rattle
Of cannon and of sword,
Above the din of battle
A still small voice he heard,—
"Be faithful unto death through the dark
toil and strife,
And soon upon thy brow shall shine the
victor's crown of life."

In danger's deadliest crisis,
Whose prowess need we then?
"Bring forth the saints" to aid us,
The praying iron men!
Their fathers' ancient banner gleams o'er
them in the fray,
"The Lord of Hosts!—the Lord of Hosts!"
—He gives the victory!
And England's rescued daughters
Weep their deliverer gone,
And o'er the far-off waters,
Echoes his country's moan!
Oh, soldier-saint, thy name enshrined
shall be
In Britain's heart of hearts, to latest
memory!

The Funeral Sermon for General Havelock,

PREACHED AT BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL, ON SUNDAY MORNING,
JANUARY 17th, 1858.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BROCK,

Minister of the place.

“And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.”—GEN. V. 24.

THE reconcilableness of war with Christianity has been a moot point from the first day until now. By some of the most thoughtful of the Church of God it has been held, that if the example of Christ were to be faithfully imitated, and the teaching of Christ to be loyally obeyed, then war, both in theory and in practice, must be universally condemned. The military education, the military responsibility, the military code, they say, are incompatible with all that he did, and all that he taught; and for this judgment of theirs they are prepared to show their reason;—believing, whilst acknowledging difficulties, that they have a sound and a conclusive case. By a very much larger number of the thoughtful ones in the Church of God it has been held that there is no incompatibleness whatever between the military education, responsibilities, and code, and the teaching and conduct of our Saviour; and for that judgment they are prepared to show their reason;—believing, on their part, whilst acknowledging difficulties, that they have a sound and a substantial case. Now, my brethren, there are times when this great question may very properly be discussed; when I might argue, for example, as I should, against the justifiableness of war;—when you might argue, as you would, in its defence. each of us doing it as seeing God who is invisible. Not, however, that you would not with a true heart deplore and deprecate war as a terrible thing; but then; regarding it as under certain circumstances, absolutely necessary, and therefore, under those circumstances, certainly legitimate, you would argue in its defence. This, however, is not the time for arguing either on the one side or the other of that question,—it is a time, I think, rather for the reasoners on both sides to forego their differences of judgment, and to unite in a tribute of respect and love to a man who certainly did believe, that in the discharge of the duties of his military profession, he was subserving the good cause of “Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and good will towards men.” And to me it seems a fitting and proper occasion for us all to unite in doing honour to those God-fearing men who happen to be military men; doing honour to those of them who rest in Christ by holding their memories in veneration, and doing honour to those of them who still remain, by commending them daily to the favour and blessing of Almighty God. Doubt, as some of us may doubt—denying as some of us may deny, the justifiableness of war,—I take it we ought neither to doubt nor deny the claim to our profound respect of such men as Blakemore and Gardiner of other days, and Hedley Vicars and Havelock of our own days. We are all agreed,—we neither doubt nor deny that, whatever our opinion may be of the abstract question to which reference has been made. Well then, my brethren, agreed (as I may assume we are) in the opinion that men who, under such manifold temptations, will be valiant for the truth upon the earth, deserve the sympathy of their brethren in Christ, and agreed to glorify God in them,—let us this morning try to glorify God in one whose death certainly, in a remarkable measure, has sent, I was going to say through every family in the land, more or less of distress; for so far as one’s observation and so far as intelligence goes, there has hardly ever been an instance equal to it, I mean in the way in which it has been regarded as a matter of national

grief and calamity. Well then, let us come to a text which in the prospect of this morning seemed to me very likely, under God, to subserve the purpose I have in view. "He walked with God;" take that as a fact, for which we are devoutly thankful. "He was not;" take that as an incident, on account of which we are unfeignedly distressed. "God took him;" take that as a transition wherein we may triumphantly rejoice.

I. The Patriarch walked with God; Havoclock walked with God: take that as indicating a habit for which we are devoutly thankful. The favour of God had been re-obtained by him through the intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ. He did not come to him on the strength of his own virtues, neither did he ask other men to come because he deemed he was better or more worthy than themselves. Most sincere and unaffected was the acknowledgment that he was a sinner, whose original permission to walk with God had been forfeited and lost; but then that permission had been recovered by the fact that he had been reconciled to God in Christ; and thus, distinguished by the exercise and instrumentality of his own faith in Christ, he gave himself earnestly to conform himself to God, to promote the glory of God, to rejoice in the providence of God, and, like a little child, hero though he was, to seek and enjoy communion with God. It was not now and then that he acknowledged him; he acknowledged him in all his ways. It was not on set occasions that he tried to glorify him; he found in every act and in every position of his life the opportunity for glorifying God; and of that opportunity he took advantage, turning it invariably to good account.

There was sanctimoniousness—he avoided that; there was profanity—he avoided that; and in opposition to both alike he avoided "ungodliness and worldly lusts, and lived soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Where he might have been religious, he was devout; where he might have been time-serving, he was fearless; where he might have been fickle, he was persevering; and where he might have consulted the maxims of the ambitious and the gay, he consulted the monitions of a regenerated conscience, that from day to day interpreted from his youth the teaching of this sacred book. That was his habit: he lived godly in Christ Jesus; he willed to live godly in Christ Jesus; and thus has it been written of him since his death in India, as I am informed by a kind friend now present, who has given me this paper,—an intimate and beloved relative of our deceased friend: "His godliness underlaid his entire character. There could be, he felt, but one path of duty, and therefore he was never indecisive; there could be but one object of fear, that was sin, consequently personal danger was as the idle wind. There could be but one rule, even the most High God; exultation and dependency were therefore alike impossible." Enough for him that He who cannot lie had made a promise; of course that promise would be fulfilled. Enough for him that He who is over all had issued a command; that command must at once be obeyed; there was no standing ground for disputation. And this, observe, was the result of intelligence and well-founded conviction arising out of experimental and prayerful acquaintance from early life with the oracles of God. As long ago as 1806-7, when he was at the Charter-house, at school, he was accustomed to seek the seclusion of a sleeping-room, and, in company with some like-minded youths whose names I have here—men who have risen to eminence in their several professions since—there to read books on religious subjects, volumes of sermons amongst the rest. Earlier indications even than that had been given of the striving of the good Spirit of God for the mastery within his soul; and ultimately those strivings prevailed. Before he went to India, with his regiment in 1823, he had presented himself a living sacrifice to God, and he had firmly and devoutly resolved that whatever others might do, he, for himself, would serve the Lord. No sooner did he join the 13th Light Infantry, than he began to devote himself assiduously to the spiritual welfare of his men, assembling them together on every suitable occasion for mutual Scripture-reading, and for common psalmody and prayer, and throughout the long period of his connection with that regiment this practice was religiously maintained. There came a time when they built a place for their own religious accommodation, when they had their own pastor; but still he was amongst them as one that served

them in the Gospel, and in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the assemblies of this regiment when in Burmah was a most note-worthy one, and should be mentioned. They had gone to Rangoon, with the expedition under Sir Archibald Campbell. The town, having been captured, our friend exerted all his power to prevent the impending excesses of the soldiery, beseeching them under such strong temptations to quit themselves like men. There was a great pagoda in Rangoon, the glory of the city. Of a large chamber in this edifice Havelock obtained the permanent use, and whilst all around its walls there were the idolatrous images of Buddha, he converted the chamber into a meeting-house for the worship of the true God. Hearing the sound of Christian psalmody one day coming from that pagoda, a military friend, who communicates the fact, relates that he followed the sound to its source, and found above a hundred soldiers seated about their officer, who, with the Bible and hymn-book in his hand, was himself effectually enacting the good minister of Jesus Christ. Rarely, my brethren, has the good ministry of Jesus Christ been more manifested than in that idolatrous chamber, conducted as it was amidst the light emitted from lamps that were placed there for the purpose of worshipping those heathen gods. What a spectacle that must have been, and how he who is Head over all things to his Church must have looked down to listen to and answer the prayers that were offered there. No godliness of mere psalm singing was Havelock's. Just at this time, a military emergency having arisen, the general in command thus got rid of his embarrassment. He had ordered out a particular corps, and the reply was that they were intoxicated, and could not take the post of danger. Mark what the General said, "Call out Havelock's saints; he is always ready, and his men are never drunk!" Immediately they were in arms, and the General's object was forthwith attained. Not without much opposition was it that he thus endeavoured to walk humbly with his God. He was reviled and misrepresented, and I think it quite safe to say that he was persecuted for righteousness' sake. There were times in his history when he had to say with the apostle, "From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Nothing else than apostolic ardour, and than apostolic intelligence as to his position towards God, would have enabled him to bear the brunt.

On the Adjutancy of his corps becoming vacant, application was made to the Governor-General of that day that it might be given to him. His lordship demurred, avowedly on account of what had been said to his disparagement as an enthusiast and fanatic. Bitter was the hostility, as my friend informs me, which beset him on this occasion; and only thus was it overcome. A return was ordered of the offences committed by the men of the several companies throughout the regiment. Having examined the return, the Governor-General thus expressed himself:—"I find that the men of Havelock's company, and those who join with them in their religious exercises, are the most sober and the best behaved in the regiment. The complaint against them," said his lordship, "is, that they are Baptists. I only wish that the whole regiment was Baptist too." The result was, that the Adjutancy was given to him; and thus, in his own humble, unostentatious way, he makes an entry in regard to it; "Adjutant of regiment at Poonah. Continued religious instruction to the soldiers, and did something to promote temperance habits amongst them." Under the same date he writes of the decease of his venerated and venerable father-in-law,—"Dr. Marshman's happy death at Serampore."

After twenty-three weary years as a subaltern officer, during which time, let me tell you, that he did most sacredly devote a tenth part of his most slender income to purposes of religious benevolence, he at length obtained promotion, in 1838. Then he took an active part in important movements at Cabul and Jellalabad, forming, at the latter place, one of a body whom the Governor-General officially designated "the illustrious garrison." Hear what happened there. For six weeks had the men of this garrison been hard at work, amidst terrific jeopardy, on the fortifications of the place. When completed, Havelock suggested to Gen. Sale, that a religious service should be held for thanking God, and taking courage: the suggestion was acted upon; the garrison all assembled; and on him, by common

consent, they devolved the duty of offering prayer and praise for his comrades and for himself. Thus, practically, did he walk with God; so practically, that religious service became natural to him,—so practical, moreover, that he could conduct such service anywhere, without any dread of that dumfounding taunt, “Physician, heal thyself.” That taunt was never thrown at him, though he passed through so fiery an ordeal as a man who walked humbly with his God. In 1847, he again obtained promotion; and we find him at Bombay. There, as usual, he identified himself at once with the friends of Christian truth; assisted at all their meetings for missionary and educational purposes; and took the lead in promoting the Bombay branch of the Evangelical Alliance; for, Baptist though he was, he was no sectarian, and no reason was there why he should be. He believed what his brethren did not believe; they believed what he did not believe; he practised what they did not practise; they practised what he did not practise; but they were his brethren not a whit the less for all that;—brethren, moreover, who were to be openly and joyously consorted with in fellowship, even in the most sacred fellowship of the Church of the living God. In 1849, he came to England, and remained here and on the Continent two years. Well do I remember the personal intercourse which I enjoyed with him, as he was for some time a worshipper with us here; and well indeed, to-day, do I remember when he stood by my baptism there, as I was baptising his second son, looking, and speaking, and demeaning himself as a man whose very heart was gladdened that his boy was thus consecrating himself to the service of the Lord. That comes to my recollection now, gratefully and gladly in my relations to him, and in our common relations towards God.

On his return to India, he was called to occupy a yet higher military position, and he occupied it without any detriment to his personal religiousness, or any diminution of his Christian zeal. How eloquently one fact serves my purpose to-day which happened only last year! As he was coming back to India from Persia, where he had had the command of a division, the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked. Very much in consequence of his firmness and presence of mind, every soul on board was saved. When all were gone ashore, what should be heard but an earnest call upon them as they stood there, but barely escaped to land—an earnest call upon them to render all together their hearty thanks to God for their escape. Whose earnest call was that? Havelock’s. Who would lead their exercises of thanksgiving? He would; and so he did. Kneeling down there and then, surrounded by passengers and crew, just as naturally as he had knelt down in the pagoda at Rangoon, ready at all times for himself and others, to “come boldly to the throne of grace, and obtain mercy, and to find grace to help in the time of need.”

And, my brethren, it is in this kind of readiness, this devout spontaneous readiness to offer service of that kind, that I find my illustration of the habit for which, as I say, we are devoutly thankful to-day; especially as by those with whom he was associated this devout readiness was held so generally in respect. They knew that he had not put on his religion from any sanctimonious or from any sinister purpose; they knew that he was not pious at the prayer-meeting, and profligate at the mess; they knew that he walked, imperfections allowed for, worthy of his vocation, at all hazards, and at all costs. Why, he once, as the same authority tells me, threw away the highest prospects in his profession, because he would not lend himself to the defence of a policy which in his conscience he thoroughly disapproved; and more than once did he put his military commission in the highest jeopardy, because he would not obey a command that had been issued that was in contravention and in opposition to his religious creed. Yes, though he would have maintained, and did maintain his allegiance to an earthly sovereign at the sacrifice of life, he would not by the sacrifice of principle disown his allegiance to his heavenly Sovereign. That always came first with him. He was the soldier of Jesus Christ; he had been predestinated, and redeemed, and regenerated, that he might fight a good fight. There had come upon him personally that obligation to subordinate all human authority to the authority that was Divine. No option had the man but to confess Christ before his fellow-men. Necessity was laid upon him to obey God rather than

man; and there is no habit of his life for which he was more remarkable than for this. To the flatterers who would have allured him by their fascinations, or to the persecutors who would have frightened him with their frowns, he had one and the same simple answer—"I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back;" and he would not. It was the result of a purpose in his heart, which was incessantly renewed, and of which he was always able to give an intelligent account—of a purpose in his heart which began in that little chamber at the Charter-house, and culminated in the dying-room at Lucknow. He walked with God, a habit, as we mourn his loss, for which we are devoutly thankful.

II. Secondly, "He was not." Take that, as an incident by which we are unfeignedly distressed—"he was not." There was a family in which he would have delighted to repose, ministering, as he could so well do, to their intellectual enjoyment, and receiving what he so much appreciated, the expressions of their respect and love. Duty called him elsewhere, however, and he was found elsewhere; and not for seven years has he known the blessed charities of a domestic home. Only of the recent occupations by which he has been absorbed need I speak, or can I speak to-day. Not long ago would you have found him at the council-table, or in the battle-field, advising for the best, whatever the self-sacrifice which was inevitably involved. Was there a difficulty to be solved? he would give himself to solve it. Was there a hardship to be endured? he would cheerfully endure it. Was there danger to be incurred? he was foremost in incurring it. Was there deliverance to be achieved? he would die in order that it might be achieved. "Every inch a soldier," as Lord Hardinge once said about him, and all honour to the witness!—"every inch a soldier, but every inch a Christian;" testimony that ought to be borne in mind by us gratefully to-day. For four months and a half had he to maintain a warfare, second, perhaps, to none of which we have ever heard, in the responsibility which it devolved upon him, and the sacrifices which it required. Neither day nor night had he anything beyond the merest snatches of repose. He could not, he would not, rest. Now, he was engaged in the conduct of an attack; then in the conduct of a defence. That a battle was fought yesterday was nothing; the emergency requiring it, another must be fought to-day. The Residency, with its precious treasures of women and children, must be relieved; and, therefore, seven weeks was he with his comrades magnanimously enshieling that Residency, until, by-and-by, other agencies co-operating with his own, it was actually saved.

So far his object was attained; and with all his soul, he rendered thanks to God. To his grateful surprise, he was surviving, and, as in all former instances, without a wound, for he had never been wounded all through his life. Notwithstanding the terrific danger by which he was surrounded, in the emphatic language of our text, "He was." You might have seen him; you might have talked with him; you might have prayed with him; you might have enjoyed with him the sacred fellowship of the table of the Lord. One day, he was missed; his comrades of higher and lower grade missed him from the places where they had been accustomed to meet; the inquiry came up from the deep places of their heart, "Is he an invalid?" "Is he seriously an invalid?" He was. What means that movement from the garrison to the Commander-in-Chief's camp? They are bearing their enfeebled general to that camp, that he may be there attended to with yet greater care. Then, "is he dangerously an invalid?" "He is;" and the younger and the older ones, the stern and stalwart men, the veterans and the younger men, who were but as recruits,—all wept alike. He is dangerously an invalid. Fatigue, privation, anxiety, have been too much for him. Acute dysentery has laid hold upon him; and he is now succumbing and sinking beneath its power. Is he aware of his condition? Perfectly. Does the knowledge of that condition at all alarm him? Not in the least degree. Is his mind sound enough, and active enough, to appreciate the event that is now at hand? Active enough, and sound enough, beyond all doubt. Who tells us that? His son, who nursed and cared for him with assiduous and faithful love. Did he say anything of which it is worth while to make any mention in an assembly like this? He did. To Sir James Outram, who had gone to see him, before he died, he said,

“For more than forty years, I have so ruled my life, that, when death came, I might face it without fear.” Then he said, he could face it without fear. Yes! he kept on saying so to his son. He said it repeatedly; and as the last was approaching, he called his son to him, and looking him fully yet kindly in the face, he bade him mark well how a man who had walked with God would give up the ghost. “Come,” said he, “my son, and see how a Christian man can die.” These were his own words; and so he died. “He was not.” “He was not” amongst the men whom he could have helped so effectually by his counsel; he “was not” amongst the men who had been accustomed to rely upon his prowess in the field; he “was not” where, as we judge he was so necessary, whether we think of the suppression of the revolt by which India has been convulsed, or of the maintenance of the power by which in future India must be ruled. How invaluable his knowledge of the country! How invaluable his familiarity with its different languages! How invaluable his acquaintance with the people’s habits and tastes! How invaluable his hard-earned experience in Persia, in Burmah, in Gwalior at the banks of the Sutlej, and in Afghanistan! How invaluable, most of all, the good name that was better than precious ointment, his reputation as a virtuous and godly man! Oh, I can judge what our prayer would have been if you and I had been kneeling at his couch—“Spare him, good Lord we beseech thee.” Nay, that was our earnest entreaty, some of us at least, as we thought at home about the necessity of such a man in the crisis through which we passed: “Spare him, good Lord we beseech thee.” God heard the entreaty, but it did not seem good to him to grant it as we desired, and we are left to deplore and lament his loss. Deplore it we must, as a nation’s calamity; lament it we must, as a nation’s disappointment; weep for it we must, as a nation’s loss; for somehow or other the man’s name, the man’s character, and the man’s doings had become ingratiated with the people’s sympathies, and the people’s hopes, and the people’s common talk. You might get on the top of a London omnibus, or you might accost some plough-boy in the provinces, and Havelock’s name would be mentioned; indeed, there was hardly a possibility of your meeting with anybody whose lips did not at once and half instinctively utter his name. Yes, it is a nation’s calamity, a nation’s disappointment, a nation’s loss. How he would have been welcomed had he returned home! How from the metropolis to the remotest village would he have been hailed! How in royal palaces and wayside cottages would he have been looked up to as a friend and benefactor! How if had he returned would he have loved to join with us in fellowship and worship of the church of God, taking the cup of salvation and calling upon the name of the Lord! but, he is not—an incident by which we are unfeignedly distressed.

III. Thirdly, God took the Patriarch; and God took Havelock; and there we have a transition in which to-day we may triumphantly rejoice. “He was not, for God took him.” If we could bring back the men of that 13th Regiment of Infantry, and ask them what was the great topic of his discourse, under canvas, in barracks, or on shipboard, in the Rangoon pagoda, or anywhere else, they would tell us that his discourse was about salvation from sin in this life, and salvation from the condemnation of it in the life to come; and they would tell us how he spoke to them about admission to the kingdom of heaven for all who repented and who believed in Christ. Many a time has he borne up men of feeble faith by telling them of life and immortality; many a time, when death was round about them, has he spoken of Providence, when others would have spoken of chance—spoken of everlasting life, of the keys of Hades and of death, of the destruction of the last enemy, of departure to be with Christ. Many a time has he said, “We may never meet like this again, but I will tell you where, if we believe in Christ, we shall meet; and I will tell you how we shall be employed.” And then, New Testament in hand, he would read and explain this Scripture, “To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;” and this Scripture, “He died, and was taken by angels into Abraham’s bosom;” and this Scripture, “Absent from the body, present with the Lord;” and this Scripture, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them;” and this Scripture (and methinks he would read and expound that indeed), “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,

have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me at that day;" "and brethren, comrades, not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." Right was he in thus endeavouring to reassure and to comfort others; and right shall we be in taking the same assurance and the same comfort in regard to himself.

Say that in that seclusion at Lucknow disease is doing its deadly and irresistible work. Granted; but, mind me, it is doing that work under Divine supervision. Say, as you look upon him, wasted and emaciated, "There is no hope for him; he must die." Granted: but, mind me, he must die because his hour is come. Say, as that unearthly stillness about his couch leads you to look down so carefully, "He is gone." Granted; he is not; but, mind me, he is not, for God has taken him. He is as much as ever he was; there is no extinction of his nature; there is no cessation of his being; there is no intermission of his existence; there is not even a momentary interruption of his life: conscience has continued, that dissolution notwithstanding: character has continued, ay, and fellowship with Christ has continued. Before that boy of his could ascertain that the earthly house of his father's tabernacle was dissolved, or that his father had been unclothed—before that could he ascertain he has been "clothed upon," with his "house which is from heaven," in which, amidst all the rapturous impulses of his incipient immortality, he had been singing, before they could be aware of it, "Thanks be unto God who hath given me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Victory?" some scornful bystander may say. Well, I grant you, so far as appearances go, the victory was not his. Here were honours at home awaiting him from the sovereign—honours in succession; death came, and ruthlessly deprived him of them all. Here were rewards which the public voice would most surely have accorded to him; death has come in and ruthlessly despoiled him of them all. Here were compensations larger and smaller, which a grateful country would have even showered upon him for his long and weary years of arduous and faithful service: death has come in, and ruthlessly disappointed him of them all. "And yet," the bystander says, "you speak of victory." Yes, the despising, the disappointing, the despoiling, the depriving—notwithstanding all of them, we speak of victory still. And let that bystander go with me, and mark that group in the Alumbagh. There is an open grave; there is that faithful, like-minded son of his; there stands your own veteran Commander-in-Chief; and there stand the men who have been bereaved of a comrade and a friend. They are putting into that open grave all that is left of Henry Havelock. "And you call that victory?" I do not call that victory;—but that is only part of the case; I take that part in, and still I speak of victory for him. Earthly honours, earthly distinctions have been withholden from him; heavenly distinctions have been bestowed, have been received, and have been enjoyed. The baronetcy gave no dignity to his name, nor will a coronet now ever grace that weather-beaten brow; but the crown of righteousness has actually been given to him, and it has been granted to him to sit down with Christ upon his throne. These are honours guaranteed by the everlasting covenant; these are rewards provided by the exceeding riches of the grace of God; these are compensations which have been obtained by the redemption of our great Intercessor, our great High Priest, and with them the last enemy dare not, cannot, does not venture to interfere; nor dare he, can he, nor did he venture to interfere with the man himself, except as relating to the earthly house of his tabernacle. And I hear the dying veteran as he said, "O Death, where is thy sting? Where is thy capacity for destroying me? Nay, where is thy strength for keeping even the little that thou hast long within thy grasp? Thou art a licitor without an axe; thou art the King of Terrors, as some men would say; but thou art without any authority or jurisdiction over me. Rejoice not against me, O mine adversary! Thou hadst my Lord in thy keeping once; what account dost thou give of him? Is he with thee now? Canst thou point to him in proof of thy jurisdiction and thy power? Imperious but conquered tyrant! thou wert forced to give thy Master up; thou wilt be forced to give me up. Thou hast no more dominion over him; therefore thou wilt have no ultimate

dominion over me. Though he was dead, he is alive again; and behold, he is alive for evermore! and because he lives, I must live also. O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave!—Hell, Sheol, Hades—whatever thou art called, where is thy victory? Be it so, that thou wilt get my disembodied spirit within thy dark and unknown domain; be it so, that somewhere in those awful vastitudes there is a place of everlasting punishment; be it so, that if I had my desert thou wouldst consign me to the blackness of darkness for ever; be it so, that as soon as ever I entered within thy borders, thou wouldst rise up in judgment to condemn me;—I say to thee, imperious but conquered tyrant! lay thine account with this; my sin is expiated, my guilt is cancelled, my transgression is forgiven; I have received of the Lord's hand double for all my sins. Though they have abounded, my Father's grace doth much more abound, and I can never come into condemnation. The victory is mine. I come into thy dominion—it is only on my way to the fulness of joy. I must die, and seem to be thy victim;—it is only as I pass on, that I may be for ever with the Lord." And so he died—confidently, happily, triumphantly—receiving the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul. God took him—a transition in which we triumphantly rejoice. He "walked with God," and he "was not, for God took him."

Men and Brethren, Havelock though dead yet speaketh; and he speaketh, I think, just two lessons, with which I will conclude. First, he bids you to understand that the busiest life you can be leading here may be, and ought to be, a religious life. I know I speak to men to-day, who tell me about absorbing cares as an excuse why they cannot be religious, and who tell me of secular occupations which engross their time;—of secular occupations which exercise all their energies. And how many of you would be ready to rise up and say, "Yes, the circumstances of my position are such a weight upon me intellectually and physically, that I have no time to read the Bible, or go to public worship—I have no time to give to private prayer." My dear friends, hear our deceased friend: He asks without any affectation—for I am assured he was one of the humblest men that ever lived—"Are your obligations heavier than mine were? Are they more important in relation to others than mine? Are your anxieties more urgent than mine were?" I do not think you would reply otherwise than by saying, "Not heavier—it may be not so heavy; not more important, perhaps not so important; not more urgent, perhaps not so urgent." He takes your admission, and he then, from his throne in glory, or from his place on that throne in glory, says, "If I found time to read my Bible, cannot you? If I made opportunities for glorifying God, cannot you? If I spared time for prayer, public and private, cannot you? Every claim upon me is a claim upon yourselves; and every promise to me is a promise to yourselves; every assurance, and every ministry of help that I obtained, is a ministry of assurance and help to you." "How?" say you. I could get a subscription from every one of you to-morrow for the sculptured marble, or the monumental brass in his memory. Brethren, give me a religious life for the future, and let it be that there shall be written in living characters upon your whole future history, "Sacred to the memory of Havelock!" Not the perishable, but the imperishable; not that of which you will hear nothing a few years hence, but that of which you will hear amidst the full fruition of your common immortality, when side by side with him in that kingdom you go to the living fountains of water, and have every tear wiped away from your eyes. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, if you would do honour to him whom we mourn.

The other lesson is briefly this:—Take care, he says, that your religion from the first to the last be the religion of a sinner. He admits, as he speaks to you, your temperance, your kindness, your uprightness, your integrity; but he says to you, in deep and earnest tones, "My brother, you are a sinner in the sight of God nevertheless, and unless you believe in the Saviour, you will be lost." Did Havelock believe that? Some of you say: "Scholar as he was, hero as he was, did he believe that?" He did; and like a man he acted upon his belief. How? He gave himself to think about Christ as the Saviour, as he is revealed in that Book, until it became to him a positive thing that there was such a

Saviour. Well, then he thought about himself as needing exactly such a Saviour; then he besought Christ that he would become his Saviour; then he took him to be his Saviour; then he *was* his Saviour; and the result you have heard to-day, when he said to his son, "Come my son, and see how a Christian man can die." Live as he lived, a life of faith upon the Son of God, and by and by you shall die as he died, not afraid to face the last enemy, but able to sing for yourselves, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK.

Duty had made him great, LOVE made him greater still, and so we leave the hero to his rest,

Thy country mourns thee, Havelock; her bravo sons
Weep o'er thy honoured bier; chief mourner, too,
Religion, weeps; with heaving breast, and eyes
Suffused with tears, she droops her head, while Hope,
With smiling face, now seeks awhile in vain
To point her to the skies. "I can but weep,"
She says, "so sudden is the stroke—so deep
The wound." And where's the heart that does not grieve?
Is there a man within the British Isles
To whom the name of Havelock is not dear?
Who has not traced the Christian hero's march
With honest pride, and scalding tears of joy
And sympathy, as leading on his troops,
But few in number, but how brave! he forced
His way beneath a burning sun, oft faint
And weary through surrounding hosts, transformed
By rage and burning hatred into fiends;
Nor stayed his course till his victorious sword
Relief and succour brought to those he loved
And saved, a band of heroes, with their wives
And children? Oh, Cawnpore! through what scenes
Of toil, and streams of blood, the noble veteran
Sought to reach thy walls! fight after fight, amid
Distress and tears, and blood, disease, and death,
Oh, on, he passed. Oh, Lucknow! wilt thou forget
The man who, through a wall of fire, marched on
To bring thee help? And thou, too, England, wilt thou
Forget thy crimes, which bade these trials seize
Thy distant sons, and raised the bloody path
Thy soldiers had to tread? Lucknow relieved,
We thought the tide of battle so well turned
That all was well, and 'neath the wings of peace
We soon again should rest; when, lo, a wail
Of sorrow! What is it?—Havelock is dead!
Alas, we pictured him at home once more,
And saw a grateful nation stretching forth
Its hands to welcome his approach; we saw
The honours destined to adorn his brow,
So dearly earned—but he is dead; alas!
We could but weep; his venerable head
Lies 'neath the sod; he did his destined work,
And gently fell asleep; Victory received him
Into her arms, kissed his cold lips, and took
Him home. What more could we desire? This is
Our joy; Havelock a soldier *was*—and, MORE,
A Christian; fought beneath the banner of
The cross, and hence he lives, and on the eye;
Of glory stands, 'neath the Great Captain's
And from His hand receives a brighter crown
Than earth could give. O, who would wish him back!
Fame has no chaplet like the one he wears—
Immortal as the hand of LOVE which raised
Him to a throne. O, for the noble courage
That fired his soul to battle with the foes
Which daily press around, to take them by
The throat, nor cease to fight, until at last
Before the throne of God we stand, and, with
The ransomed armies of the skies, ride forth
Triumphantly, to celebrate His praise,
Whose mighty arm, wisdom, and present love,
Brought victory to Himself, and ever leads
His soldiers on to life and endless bliss,
To glory and renown.

THINGS UNKNOWN.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

“Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jeremiah xxxiii. 3.

God's people will never live on anything less substantial than bread from heaven. Israel in Egypt might live on garlic and onions, but Israel in the wilderness must be fed with the manna that came down from heaven, and with the water that gushed out of the rock, when it was smitten by the rod of God. The child of God, when he is yet in his sins, may, like other men, delight in them, and the pleasures and follies of this world may be his delight; but when he is once brought out of Egypt by the high hand of God's purpose, and by the strong hand of God's strength, he will never live on anything less than God's promise and God's truth. It is in vain for men to endeavour to remove his doubts and strengthen his confidence; it is in vain for men to endeavour to feed him with man-made doctrine and with rational ideas, he must have something that is divine, that has the stamp of revelation upon it; in fact, unless we can come forth every Sabbath with a “Thus saith the Lord,” we are not capable, and it is not in our power, to comfort the Lord's children. Now, in this chapter, we find the Prophet Jeremiah in prison; he says he was shut out in the court of the prison, and in order to comfort him, the Word of the Lord came to him saying, “Thus saith the Lord.” Something less than that may do for us in the time of our prosperity to make our hopes buoyant, for alas! there is enough of the carnal man in the Christian to make him rejoice even in carnal things when he is yet far from thoroughly sanctified; but when we are in trouble, when affliction, sickness, suffering, and adversity are trying us, there is no raft upon which a soul can swim through floods of tribulation and waves of deep distress, but the life-buoy of a “Thus saith the Lord.” That is what the Christian wants in every time and in every place, but this is what he more especially wants when he does business in deep waters, and is sorely exercised by affliction—“Thus saith the Lord.” Now my text is one of the “Thus saith the Lord.” “Thus saith the Lord, call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.”

Here is first a *large promise*, here is secondly an *implied imperfection*, and here is thirdly a *particular application of the promise, making up for that imperfection*.

I. Here is a **LARGE PROMISE**. “Call unto me, and I will answer thee.” Now, if any friend should write us a letter containing such words as these, “Call unto me, and I will answer you,” we should naturally understand by them, that whatever we might ask of our friend he would most assuredly give; and if he were a person in whose ability and kindness we had confidence, we should not be very slow in availing ourselves of his kind invitation. If we were in debt, we should apply to him for a little help, that we might meet our bills; if we were in sickness, we should apply to him that he might give us medicines to relieve our pains; if our friends had been ungrateful to us, we should most likely call upon him for sympathy; and if our spirits were distressed from some unknown cause, if we believed him to have immense wisdom, we should ask him for some cordial to raise us from our distress. But how different is the case when we read these words as coming from the lips of God! Then, my brethren, instead of making use of them, we just

read them as a matter of course; but we seldom think of making use of them. "Yes," we say, "it is a very comforting doctrine, that God answers prayer; it is truly consolatory to hear our minister inform us, that whatever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive." But there the matter ends; and, except with a few choice spirits, it remains a matter of doctrine, and not a matter of use to us. "Oh, fools, and slow of heart to believe," our Master might say to us; and if he should come into our hearts, he would administer a thousand hearty rebukes to each of us for our slackness in proving his promise. For God means what he says; and inasmuch as he has said, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee," he intends that his words should stand good and true; and he wishes us to believe them to be such, and therefore to prove our faith by acting upon them. Alas! the truth is too plain to be disputed, that the most of us, whilst we receive the thing as it is in the Bible, do not so receive it as to put it into practice. In introducing, then, the great general truth, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee," I am met with a host of objections and questions. "Well," says one person, "would you wish us to believe, sir, that whatever we ask in prayer we shall receive?" I must reply to you with a little discretion. In the first place, who are you who now ask that question? Are you a child of God, or are you a worldling? Have you been born again, or are you still what you were by nature, without any renewal from the Spirit? For, upon your answer to that question mine must depend. If you are still without the Spirit of God, and are unrenewed, why, I would remind you of that passage which says concerning the wicked, "Even his prayer shall be an abomination:" and if your prayer be an abomination, of course you cannot expect God would accept an abomination and answer it. You must, therefore, know that you yourself are a partaker of the grace of God, or else this promise does not belong to you. Well, you grant me that; and you then ask me again this question, "Sir, I hope I am a child of God; am I, therefore, to understand that whatever I shall ask for on my knees I shall receive of God?" To you also I must answer with a little discretion; lest, in endeavouring to state a truth, I should utter a falsehood. I must first ask you in what state of heart you are as a child of God. Have you been lately communing with Christ? Have you been constant in the study of his Word? What are your wishes? What are your wants? What are your desires? For, upon your answer to that question, my answer to you, also, must depend. It may be that you are a true Christian, but, nevertheless, though an Israelite, you, like Israel in Egypt, like Israel in the wilderness, are asking for meat that you may satisfy your own lust, even as they did; but when they asked for quails and the Lord sent them quails, when the meat was yet in their mouths, the curse of the Lord came upon them. We are sure to have our prayers answered, if they are fit to be answered. Sometimes even the Lord's people ask for things which it would not be for God's glory to give, nor for their profit to receive. If you should tell your child you would give him anything he liked to ask for, you would not for a moment suppose that you included in the promise any absurd request. Suppose he should ask you for a drink of arsenic; suppose he should request you to kill him, would you fulfil your promise? Certainly not. You would say, "My child, I love you too well to listen to the ravings of your madness; I desire your good too much to hear the cravings of your absurd request, and I cannot hearken to you. God says the same: "Call upon Me, and I will answer you, but I will not answer you as you wish to be answered. If you ask for a thing which is not fit for you to receive, I will give you something better. I will not give that very thing;

I will hear your prayers, but I will not give you exactly what you ask for, but I will grant you something infinitely superior to the thing itself." Oh, it would be a sad thing if God always heard our prayers in kind. If he always gave us the exact thing we asked for we should ruin ourselves. You may have heard that story of the woman who had a child that was sick, and when her pastor called she asked him to pray for the child's life, and in the prayer he very properly said, "Oh Lord, save this child's life, *if it be thy will.*" The mother interrupted him, and said, "No, I cannot have it so; this child must live. I want you to pray to God that the child may live whether God will or no." The minister said, "woman, you will have cause to tremble on account of this. If you ask this of God there will be a curse upon it." Nevertheless, the prayer was prayed; and twenty years afterwards that woman, with an aching heart, saw her son riding in a cart to Tyburn, and saw him hanged. Better for her that he had perished at the breast, and been carried to an untimely grave, than that he should send her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. God, therefore, makes this very kind reservation, that if we ask for absurd things, things which would not be for our profit, he will not grant them. But the question is asked again, "Sir, if I ask for a thing which is obviously a good thing, which is most assuredly for my profit, may I be certain after I have asked in prayer for the thing, that I shall have it?" Once more, I must again ask another question. Have you yet learned the heavenly art of believing God. Because you may be a Christian, you may believe in Christ enough for your soul's salvation, but you may be so small a Christian that you have never yet attained the mountain height of belief in all your Lord has uttered. And mark you, the promise of an answer to our prayers is only given to our faith. Jesus Christ puts it thus:—"Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing that ye shall have it, ye shall have it." Now, if you go on your knees in prayer, and ask God for anything, and do not believe that he will give it to you, it may come—it may come in God's ordinary bounty, but it will not come in answer to your prayer. Your prayers shall be answered in proportion to your faith. And if you believe, and ask for a thing that is for your good and God's glory, you will have it as sure as the promise is a promise, and as sure as God is God. I have talked with many Christians, and some of my more aged friends have talked with far more than I have, but both myself and they can bear witness that we have never yet met with any Christian who could charge God with breaking his promise. We have met with many who have been far from having the faith they ought to have, but we have never discovered one so faithless to God as to charge God with not answering the prayer that is stamped with believing. Whenever there is faith, there will be the answer to faith. You will never hear a Christian deny that truth. It was my privilege some two years ago at Bristol, to visit the orphan house of Mr. Müller, and I never saw a more striking or startling exhibition of the power of faith than I did there. Mr. Müller supports three hundred orphan children on no resources but his own faith and prayer. When he needs anything he calls them together, offers supplication to God, and asks that necessaries may be supplied, and although there are three hundred to be fed, to be clothed, and to be housed; and though they have often been brought so low that there has not been a farthing in their coffers, nor a handful of meal in their barrel, when meal time has come, in answer to prayer, there has always been abundance of bread in the house. I shall never forget my interview with that holy man of God. Some gentleman said to me, "I wish you would ask Mr. Müller a question or two if you see him, as to the foundation which he proposes of a new asylum to

hold seven hundred more children. Now, I think three hundred is quite enough for one man. I think it is very absurd to have seven hundred more; he will never be able to support a thousand. As to the present institution, I think persons hear about it and send him subscriptions; but as to his supporting seven hundred more, that is impossible." I said, "I think there is something in what you say. I will ask him when I see him." But when I saw him, I could not, and dare not, ask him any such questions. And when I saw what a great work he had done by his faith, and began to remark upon it, he said, "Oh! it is a little thing that I have done; faith could do far more than that. If it were God's will that I should feed the universe on prayer and faith, I could do it. If I had more faith it could be accomplished." And I was just going to say, that, possibly a thousand would be more than he could support, when he said, "When I got three hundred children, I began to pray God to send me money to build an orphan-house to hold seven hundred more, and I have got £17,000 sent in for it, although I have never solicited a contribution. I believe God has made me to be here, to be to the world a proof that God answers prayer." I thought so too when I saw that huge building, and the multitudes of children rising up to praise their God, and singing so sweetly the praises of the Good Shepherd, who had gathered them like little lambs into his bosom, and had gently folded them. Brethren, we do not speak without solid facts, when we affirm the doctrine that whatever a saint asks in prayer, if he asks in faith, it be for his own profit, and for God's glory he will be sure to have it. I dare say you have read "Huntington's Bank of Faith." Well, Huntington certainly gives us too many of those rich things for most people to believe. But I fancy there are plenty of persons alive who have had as many answers to their prayers as ever William Huntington had, and who, if they were to write the minutiae of their lives, could bear most solemn testimony to the truth of this, that never could they remember God unfaithful to his promises or their prayers unanswered. This, however, must always depend upon the person himself, for if we ask wavering, without faith, we must not expect to be answered. We must not forget that what God implies is, "Inasmuch as you have no faith I have nothing to give you." We must do as the people did at Christmas in olden days. It used to be the custom for the people in a village to go round with basins to the rich people in the parish and beg bread and victuals of them, and the rule was that every gentleman was to fill every bowl that was brought to the door. Of course the wisest amongst the poor brought a very large bowl for the Christmas gathering, but those who had little faith in the generosity of their wealthy neighbours took a small bowl, and that was filled; but those who took a big bowl had their's filled too. You must always try in your prayers to bring a big bowl to God. Bring great faith, and rest assured according to your faith, so shall it be done unto thee. If thou hast little faith thou shalt have a little answer, if thou hast tolerable faith, thou shalt have a tolerable answer, and if thou hast a mighty faith, thou shalt have such a mighty answer that thou shalt wonder at it—"Call unto Me, and I will answer."

II. And now we come to the second part of our subject, and we notice AN IMPERFECTION WHICH IS IMPLIED:—"Call unto me and I will answer, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." It is implied that God's people do not know everything. Did you ever meet with a man who knew everything? I have happened to meet with half-a-dozen such. Generally, these persons are editors of magazines, especially if they call them by very extraordinary names.

I met with a minister once who knew all things—according to his own account, I mean, not according to mine. He told me, when I saw him, that in the parish where he lived there were not more than a dozen people who knew the Lord Jesus Christ in truth. I was interested in this man; I felt amused to know how many children the Lord had in that parish; so I just said to him, "Well, who are they?" So he began with very great humility, only that I could not see the humility. "Well, there is myself, and my wife, and my two deacons," and so on. "Oh," I said, "the only person I should dispute out of that number would be yourself, because I think you know too much by a great deal; you seem to have climbed up, and to have looked into the secret roll of God's decrees. No child of God would do that. Children do not look into their father's secrets; it is only thieves who do that. I should doubt your claims to be a child of God."

Each of us at times meets with an interesting individual who knows far too much, in whose company one always feels uncomfortable. We never broach anything, we leave him to do that, because he is the Pope of our circle. He hates Popery, of course; two Popes cannot agree; so, of course, to the Pope of Rome he has a very strong objection. He himself knows all things. You utter a sentiment; he tells you directly that it is not sound; he knows, of course. You talk about a matter of experience; he says, "Oh, that is not the experience of the living child of God." He is umpire, of course; he knows all about it; this is the judge that ends all strife; he settles everything; bring him in, his vote is the casting vote, which it were almost profane to controvert. He is King, Lords, and Commons, all rolled into one; he makes the laws, and he fulfils them. He is, in his own sphere, the Autocrat of all Christians. Now, God's children belong to a very different race of people from this very respectable and very venerable individual. God's people do not know everything; they do not pretend to be full of all knowledge; for one of the best of them, whose name was Paul, said, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."

An old man once met a young one who had been to college, and when he had been to college about six months; he said to him, "Do you know much?" "Yes," he said, "yes, I am getting on very fast." The old man said, "You will not say that in a year's time, or else I shall have no hope for you." In a year's time, he asked him whether he knew much more than he did six months ago. He said, "Sometimes I think I know a great deal more, and at other times I think I know a great deal less. I have discovered my own ignorance more than ever this last year." He said, "By the time you have been in college four years, you will confess yourself to be a very great fool;" and when he met him during the fourth year, he said, "What do you know now?" He said, "I think I know more than when I entered; but, in my own opinion, I know much less. When I first matriculated, I thought myself competent to give a decisive opinion upon every subject; now, I am obliged to weigh everything before I am able to state anything positively. My own ignorance has been discovered."

Now depend upon it, it will be the same with each of you. We may think, when we first join the Church, "I know almost everything." Some people suppose that all the truth is wrapped up in the Baptist denomination. Others suppose it to be wrapped up in the Episcopalian, Independent, or the

Wesleyan denomination, or in whatever sect they belong to. But when we have been members of the Baptist denomination for some considerable time, we discover that there are several faults amongst us; that perhaps if we were according to the Presbyterian model, we might be improved, and we think well of the Presbyterians. Bye-and-bye we find a friend who attends an Episcopal church, and there he hears the Gospel very plainly preached by a very earnest clergyman, and we say we think there is something good in the Episcopalians, and the longer we live, the more we find that there is something good in all; and that, after all, we do not know so much as we thought we did, and that our church, though it seemed to be the very model of perfection, is found to be full of infirmities, as well as any other church, and not to be exactly *the Church* after all. I repeat, then, the assertion that is implied in the text, that we have, all of us, a certain amount of ignorance and imperfection; for if we knew all things we should have no necessity for this promise, that God would shew us great and mighty things which we do not know. But, as we are still imperfect and growing in our knowledge, this is exceedingly precious to us. I can scarcely think that I have any person here of that particular clique, who fancy they know everything. If I have, I would say a word to him. There is a certain body of excellent men, they call themselves "God's dear people!" They are. They are dear to anybody, nobody would think of buying them. If they were to be given away, they would be scarcely worth having. They are God's *dear* people. They hear their minister preach a sermon. It is made up of the extract of gall and bitterness. If, in the course of his sermon, he damages the reputation of a brother minister, that is very little indeed. If he sends some millions of people to perdition, that is all very comfortable; his people rejoice in that; he is a faithful minister. If he were to leave off being bitter, that would not do, because he would not be faithful—faithfulness according to their meaning is insulting other people and finding fault with all the world besides. They tell you to go to "Little Bethel," "Rehoboth," "Bethesda," and all those other curious shops where they sell *the truth*. There is no truth anywhere else. It is only there that the truth is to be had, and all other congregations are schismatics, whom verily it is their duty to denounce and persecute with the utmost rigour of the Gospel. And you are aware that the utmost rigour of the Gospel is worse than the utmost rigour of the law. The rigour of the Gospel is more intolerable than even the rule of Draco himself; for those persons exclude, denounce, and condemn every man who is not to the very turn of a hair's breadth in conformity with their views. To such we say, "dear brother, you are very wise! All hail unto you! We will put you in the chair as the marvellous Dr. of Divinity; you are the man; wisdom will die with you, and whilst we humbly bow at thy thrice reverend feet, we are obliged to say that you do not know everything yet; there are a few things that need to be revealed even unto you; and while we keep ourselves at a respectful distance from anything like your superior knowledge, yet we are compelled to think that you have not yet attained unto perfection. You must allow us to keep at a little distance from you, just a very little indeed, we will try to come as near you as possible, still that little we must have, for we cannot give it out that you are the only man in all the world who understands and knows the Gospel." Well, though our brother will not join with us in saying, "we do not know all things," I think that all who are here present will bow their heads and say, "Lord, teach me what I do not know; for the little that I know is nothing to be compared with the volumes of Thy wisdom which I have not read and do not understand."

III. Now we come to the third head of our subject, which is the best of all. We have here THE PARTICULAR APPLICATION OF THE PROMISE. "Call unto Me and I will answer, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

First we understand this to relate to *Gospel doctrines*. I confess that when I first preached in a country village as its pastor, I read all Dr. Gill's "Body of Divinity," and "Calvin's Institutes," and when I had done that I thought, "Now I know I have got hold of *the truth*, I am certain I have, and with that I know I can meet everybody, and if they are not conformed to the views of that most reverend man Dr. Gill, and that excellent confessor, Calvin, I will cut them up root and branch in no time. Well, I began to preach these things and I have never been ashamed of having done so. For, as a successor of Dr. Gill I am not ashamed to endorse his views even now, and to subscribe to the doctrinal statements that John Calvin uttered. However, I soon began to find out that there was a good deal to say after all, concerning some other matters that Dr. Gill and John Calvin did not mention, and I found that I was obliged somewhat to stretch my charity, and take to my heart some brethren who did not quite see all things which those enlightened men saw. And, moreover, I found out this fact that I did not know everything, and that I had a good deal to learn and I find the same thing every day. I hope at all times to hold the truth I have received. I intend to hold tight with one hand the truths I have learned, and to keep the other wide open to take in the things I do not know. Perhaps I have some young man here who has a notion that some minister has got all the truth, or that he himself has embraced all the truth. Now, young man, there are a great many things that you do not know; there are some doctrines you do not understand. If you will wait a little bit, you will find that when you have waited a little while, it will be very convenient to wait a great deal longer; you will pause a moment and go down on your knees and say, Lord I never knew my own ignorance so much as I do now. Do we say "I desire to understand." Let us not be discouraged. In answer to our prayers God will show us great and mighty things which we do not know now. You are a Christian. You do not know the doctrine of election; the doctrine of effectual calling puzzles you. You are a churchman, perhaps, and you do not know anything about these things. You are like a man I met in a railway carriage once. He said, he was a High Churchman; I said, I was a High Churchman, too. "How can that be?" he said. "You are a Dissenter." "But," I said, "I believe ail the doctrines of your church." He said, "I think not." "Well," I said, "I believe in the doctrine of election, predestination, and all that." "Well," he said, "I do not believe that." "But," I said, "It is in your articles, and I believe your articles." He said, "I believe the catechism. I have not read the articles." "Then," said I, "I am the best churchman of the two;" you are the Dissenter, and I am the High Churchman. You ought to be turned out if you do not believe the articles. They ought to take me, and give me a first rate living, and make me one of their bishops; for I have read the articles and studied them." A great many people do not know what they believe. No person has a right to say he is a churchman, till he has read the Prayer-book. You have no right to say you are a Wesleyan till you have read Wesley's sermons; and you have no right to say you are a Calvinist till you have read what Calvin believed; and you have no right to say you are a Christian till you have read your Bible, for the Bible is the standard of Christian faith and practice; and when you come to read your Bibles, you will find this one thing out, that your own little views were not

quite so good as the Bible after all; and you will have to say, "Lord, show me great and mighty things, which I know not now." I am persuaded that neither the Church of England, nor the Wesleys, nor the Independents, nor the Baptists have got all the truth. I would not belong to any one of these denominations, for all the land that is beneath the sky, if I had to endorse all that is held by them. I believe that the Church ought to be governed by an Episcopalian Presbyterian Independency. I believe we are all right in a great many of our doctrines; but after all, the doctrine of "man's responsibility" is not to be moved, nor the doctrine of God's sovereignty to be disputed. I hope that some day we shall all bring our views to the test of the Sacred Scriptures. Then shall we have one church, one faith, one Lord, one baptism. Then shall we know great and mighty things which we know not now. I would persuade you, my Baptist friends, that your system is not perfect; and you members of the Episcopalian church, that your polity is not altogether without imperfection; and I would entreat you, though you are a member of an excellent body, however excellent that church may be, not to think it is infallible. Go down on your knees, and ask God to teach you what you do not know, and to make you better than your creed; or you will not be worth much in nine cases out of ten.

But mighty things which thou knowest not, God will show you *in Providence*. A poor man is in trouble. He has not wherewithal to buy daily bread. Let him call upon God, and ask for it; and though he has never seen God thrust out his hand from heaven, or feed him by the ravens, or with water out of the rock, let him go down on his knees, and he will find that there are more wonders in Providence than you and I have seen yet. In answer to prayer we shall see how God's Providence, though it is far beyond our ideas, is according to our prayers. There are many Christians who have been in great trouble, and have experienced a most marvellous deliverance in Providence. If we have great troubles, let us bring our great troubles together; let us cry unto him, and in Providence we shall see great and mighty things which we know not of as yet.

In the next place, very briefly to pass over these points, mighty things which thou knowest not God will show you—*in matters of Gospel experience*. Let us bring these things to God's Word, and bring our souls to prayer, and in matters of experience we shall see great and mighty things which we know not yet. A Christian is infinitely beyond the worldling, and there is a possibility of a Christian becoming as much beyond himself as he is now beyond a sinner dead in sins. There is no telling how great he may become even on earth. I do not think we can ever on earth become perfect, but we know not how near to it we may come. We may not, whilst on earth, dwell in heaven, but who can tell how much of heaven may dwell in us whilst we are here. Did you ever sit down and read the life of Herbert, Whitfield, or Haliburton. After we have read such things, we say within ourselves, "what a poor worm I am!" We feel like Robert Hall, who, when a certain minister came to see him, said, "I am so glad to see you! Mr. so-and-so has been here; he is so far above me, that I felt myself to be nothing in his presence, but now I begin to feel myself a man again." Have you never felt, when in the company of some great and mighty man, as if you were nothing at all? When I first read Henry Martyn's life, I could not refrain from weeping for some hours afterwards, to think how much below such a spirit as this I was living. But you know not but that you may get where these men got. The steps of the mountain of piety may be steep to look upon, but they are accessible to the feet of diligence. Go on, and you shall yet stand where

Moses stood, and behold Canaan from the top of Nebo. Remember that you are as yet upon the lowlands. Be not ashamed to acknowledge that you are desirous to climb upwards. Bend your knees, and climb, and God will show you in experience great things that you know not yet. If any man is content with his own experience, it is entirely through ignorance. I will defy any one to take down Rutherford's letters, and sit down, and after he has read them, help saying, "Rutherford must have been an angel. If I am a man, I never can stand where Rutherford stood." Frequently, when I return home from chapel on the Sabbath evening, I get down old George Herbert's book of songs; and when I see how much he loved the Lord, it seems as if he had struck upon his harp the very notes that he had heard in Paradise, and sung them all again. Well, let us not be dissatisfied. We may become Herbert's, and Rutherford's, and Whitfield's; nay, there is no reason why we should not become as great as the Old Testament saints. There is no reason why we should not be as great as Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; for why should not every child of God in these days become as mighty a man of faith, as was Abraham of old? "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

And, to conclude, the same truth *holds good with regard to the universal Church of God*. I do not know whether you may have noticed that the Devil, in his wisdom, has just tried to pervert all our services. My heart has been made glad by the opening of Exeter-hall and Westminster Abbey, Never did my heart so leap for joy as when I heard that our brethren of the Church of England had begun to preach in Exeter-hall, though I felt sad when those doors were shut against them. Now our joys are blasted, and our happiness is clouded. It appears that, because some have lately endeavoured to turn to good account the earnestness of the people to hear the Word in their own churches and chapels, next Sunday we shall see the lamentable spectacle in this great metropolis of a place, not open for the preaching of the Word, but actually for a Sabbath concert. We shall see multitudes assembled together in a building, the property of one connected with a theatre; we shall hear of them gathered together; there will be a person found who will profess to preach the Gospel to them; and the "Messiah" will be performed as the great inducement for their gathering together. Perhaps there is no person who feels more sorrow at this than I do. However, this fearful cloud has fallen on us; but rest assured, the Devil may one day open the Crystal Palace, the Museum, and every other place on Sunday; but the Lord reigneth, and if this nation shall be given up to Sabbath-breaking, let us not be discomfited. God sits as the ruler in heaven; and, as sure as he is God, he will get the victory. The Devil will outwit himself, as he has always done; Satan will fall into his own pit. I hope, however, that the Christians of Great Britain will be very earnest in calling upon God. Pray continually to the Most High, that he will prosper the preaching of the Gospel to the multitude, but that he will never allow our entering into unconsecrated places, to be twisted and turned to unhallowed uses, and that God will bring forth greater good out of the great evil, and so glorify himself, and thus show us great and mighty things that we know not.*

* The preacher at the Alhambra to whom Mr. S. refers, is the Rev. J. H. Rutherford, who has returned to Newcastle. On Sunday he preached twice in the Lecture Room, and, as usual, to very large audiences. At the close of his sermon he made the following remarks on the subject of his recent visit to London, and his engagement with Mr. Smith at the Alhambra Palace.—"Perhaps it is due to you, my friends, to explain in a sentence or two how I am here to-night and not in London. I went there to

I can only now beseech the Lord to add his blessing upon each of you. May you be earnest in prayer, and constant in supplication; and if you have never known Christ yet, may he be known to you, and may your prayers be lifted up to heaven, that he may show you his salvation, which is one of the great and mighty things which you know not now.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LOWLY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"He giveth grace to the humble."—JAMES iv. 6.

WE have no humility by nature. There may be a softness of disposition, and a readiness to yield to others, but there is no humility. That is a fruit of the Spirit, a new covenant blessing; one of the marks of God's children, and a proof of God's special love. God makes us humble, and then, approving of our humility, makes many great and precious promises to us in that character. The humble Christian is an honoured character. He is a blessing to all about him, and an honour to Christ. He has much to do with God, receives much from God, and so becomes growingly like God. He avoids many snares, and escapes many dangers into which others fall. He obtains many blessings, and enjoys many comforts, to which others are strangers. Oh, precious grace! Oh, distinguishing mark of the Lord's people! May I be humble, and while I grow upward before men, may I grow downward in humility before God. Oh, to be like Jesus, rooted in humility.

But how is true humility to be known? By what is a really humble man distinguished? By many things. We will notice a few:—First, *he has a deep sense of the evil of sin.* He looks upon it as the bitter root from which springs all the woes and wars, all the sadness and sorrow, all the pain and pollution, all the misery and madness, and all the torment and terror, to be found in God's universe. He regards it as that abominable thing which God hates. It is to him, a loathsome object; and a subject fraught with all that is base, degrading, and horrible. He looks upon hell as bad enough, but sin is worse. Indeed, he considers sin to be the evil of evils, and considers that nothing is evil in comparison with sin. He often thinks of sin as it has grieved God's heart, murdered God's Only Begotten Son, and vexed and resisted his Holy Spirit. Oh, if he could but be free from sin! But as he is not, he lays low before God, and walks humbly with God. Second, the humble man *has a high esteem of the righteousness of Christ.* The glorious work of Jesus lays the foundation of his hope, is the daily food of his faith, and the subject

preach the Gospel—to seek to do good to my fellow-men, hoping to have the opportunity of addressing large numbers of people who might not go to any place of worship, and hoping to do it in circumstances that would not, in the slightest degree, interfere with worship and service; and I expected the object I had in view would be attained. And I had taken care in the stipulations which I made to do everything in my power that that object should be attained. I hoped, perhaps, last Sabbath when I saw the state of matters—I hoped, perhaps, somewhat against hope; but still I was not satisfied that it was altogether impossible to attain the object for which I went to London, till the close of my sermon last Sabbath night; and when I found that it would be amusement and not worship—when I found that the closing service of song would be such as to distract the attention of the people, and interfere with the object for which I went I of course gave it up, and gave it up at once. This is the simple explanation of the reason why I am here to-night and not there. I went to do good; I found at the close of my sermon that it was impossible to do the good I had expected—at least to do it without a compromise of my principles; and when I found I could not do it except at such a sacrifice, I of course gave it up."—*Newcastle Express.*

of his sweetest meditations. Seeing as he does, the deep pollution of his nature, the powerful principles of evil which work in his heart, the imperfection of all his graces, and the sinfulness of all his actions, he feels obliged to look to the obedience of Jesus Christ alone for his justification before God. And the longer he lives, the more glorious does the righteousness of Christ appear to him, and the more precious it is in his personal experience. For this, he counts all things but dung and dross. For this he is prepared to part with all. This is his joy, this is his boast, this is his song in the house of his pilgrimage. Righteousness of Jesus! thou shalt be my wedding garment when the marriage of the Lamb is come! Thou shalt be my plea before my Father's throne! Thou shalt be my solace and comfort on my dying pillow, and when I cross the flood! Third, the humble man is known by his submission under afflictive dispensations. Instead of fretting, murmuring, or repining, he is silent like Aaron, or only says like him, if others speak harshly to him, "Such things have befallen me." Instead of kicking like a bullock, unaccustomed to the yoke, he meekly says with humbled Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." Instead of reflecting on the Most High, or indulging vindictive feelings against men, he says with David, "Here am I, let him do with me, as seemeth him good." And, "let Shimei curse, it may be that the Lord will reward me good for his cursing this day." Like the osier he bows to the breeze, and like the reed he bends before the storm. He realises, that he has forfeited all by sin, is supplied alone by mercy, and is laid under the deepest obligation to free and sovereign grace. Oh, for that holy submission which bows the head, silences the tongue, and presents the heart as a whole-burnt offering to God! Fourth, humility fills a man with gratitude for Divine mercies. Like Jacob, he feels that he is unworthy of the least of all God's mercies; and like David, he sits in astonishment before God, and asks, "What am I, or what is my father's house, that thou shouldst thus favour me?" When he reads his pardon in the blood of Jesus, feels the peace of God in his heart, sees the gifts of a generous Providence scattered all around him, and looks forward anticipating glory, his heart swells, his soul overflows, and he praises the Lord with joyful lips. And even when dulness surrounds him, and Providence seems to frown upon him, he reflects upon his deserts, and what is still left to him, and gives thanks unto God. Humble souls are always grateful, and grateful souls enjoy much inward peace, and hidden joy. Oh, my God, fill me with humility, that I may daily manifest gratitude to thee, and praise thy holy name! Fifth, humility is seen in our meekness under reproaches. We are apt to be reproached for the sake of Christ, and reproach, unmerited reproach, is hard to bear. It went to the heart of Jesus, who is represented as exclaiming, "Reproach hath broken my heart." It fills human nature with indignation, or it crouches in cowardice and fawns contemptibly. But the humble Christian, while he deeply feels, meekly endures, and sometimes rejoices that he is counted worthy to suffer shame, for the precious name of Jesus. He pities and prays for them who treat him reproachfully, and desires for them the peace and comfort that himself enjoys. Oh, Saviour, thou pattern of meekness under reproaches, thou patient, uncomplaining, Lamb of God, work in me, by thy Spirit, conformity to thy humbler nature, that I may meekly bear, and patiently suffer, whatever shall come upon me for thy sake, or while in the world! Sixth, the humble man is known by his contentment with the station God has allotted him. Some are always complaining, and can never be satisfied. Scarcely anything is right. They have never enough, or that which

is right. They look with an envious eye on some, and with a jealous eye on others. This indicates pride and arises from the unsubdued state of the heart. They are not, cannot be satisfied. The humble are the opposite of all this; having food and raiment, they feel that they ought to be content. And, though they may be poor and kept short, they look around, and see how many have less; they look down into the pit, and see what they deserve; and then, as the Apostle exhorts, they endeavour to be satisfied with such things as they have, seeing God has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Lord, give me grace, that, with thine Apostle, I may learn in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content! Finally, the humble are known by *their love to prayer and all divine appointments*. They often plead with God, give themselves to God, and wait before God. Prayer is at once their relief and delight. They carry everything to God, and in all things aim to please God. They search God's Word, and follow it. They watch God's Providence, and admire it. They consult God's will, and do it. They live not unto themselves, but unto him that died for them, and rose again. They observe all Christ's ordinances, and yet do not place the least dependance in any. They do all they can, and they say, "We are unprofitable servants." Prayer is a privilege, praise a delight; the house of prayer a home, and the service of God freedom. Oh, holy Spirit, give me this characteristic of a truly humble man. May I love prayer, and prize all the ordinances and appointments of my gracious God!

The humble are God's special favourites. He will do anything for them, or give anything to them. But who does not love the humble? There is something so lovely in humility, that we cannot but admire it whenever we see it. O that we were all humble, for then we should be all ornamental, and useful, and happy! God gives the grace that makes us humble, and when, in obedience to his word, we cultivate humility, he giveth more grace. He continues to give grace, as they need grace. First, he gives grace *to fit them for duty*. We can only perform duty right in the strength of grace. Besides which, many New Testament duties are so mortifying to the flesh, so contrary to our natural inclinations, that we could never bring ourselves to attempt them, if grace were not given us. But by the grace of God, we esteem what God approves, we acquiesce in what God requires, and attempt what even God commands. We can do all things through Christ, and the grace that he gives. O, for grace to conform my will to God's will, and to prompt me to attempt, and enable me to perform, whatever is good and acceptable in the sight of God! Second, *he gives grace to sanctify their trials*. Unsanctified trials are real evils, but sanctified trials are great blessings. The humble are tried, often deeply tried, but then they receive grace with their trials, which makes them salutary and profitable. Sanctified trials deepen our humility, strengthen our faith, excite our hope, furnish us with matter for prayer under the mercy-seat, render the promises precious, lead us to lean more on Jesus, and sow the seeds of praise. They wean us from earth, direct us to heaven wither our corruptions, brighten our evidences, and prove that our hearts are right with God. May all my trials be sanctified, and so sanctified, that I may be constrained daily to bless the Lord for them. Third, *he gives grace to comfort in poverty*. Humility is more frequently found in the cottage than in the mansion, among the poor than the rich. As some of our sweetest flowers grow and blossom in obscurity, so this lovely grace grows and blossoms often in the seclusion of humble life. But poverty is not always what it appears to be; under the faded gown, often glows the

trappy heart; and the joyous breast is covered with a thread-bare coat. Everything is what God makes it to us; and he often, very often, makes poverty a ladder by which we climb to heaven, or a cloud which comes laden with the richest blessings. Many experience the beautiful language of the Prophet to be true: "The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." I will not fear poverty, if my God will give me grace to comfort me; make it the means of bringing me nearer to himself, and of conforming me to my Saviour, who drank deeply of the poor man's cup. Fourth, *he gives grace to deliver in danger.* We are often in danger, for "dangers stand thick through all our road;" and even the humble man would fall into some of them, but for grace. The grace that God gives, strengthens the sight to discern them, imparts prudence to walk wisely among them, and caution to escape injury by them. Others stumble over them, are ensnared by them, or fall into them; but the humble man passes uninjured through the midst of them. O Jesus, I am often in danger, in imminent danger—send, O send me, day by day, delivering grace! Fifth, *he gives grace to sweeten personal afflictions.* Many are the afflictions of the righteous, and affliction is naturally bitter. We cannot like it. We should never choose it. But the Lord sends it, because it is necessary for us, and in order to make it a blessing to us. With affliction to the humble man comes grace; so that on the bed of sickness, in the chamber of bereavement, and in the house of mourning, he is ready to sing. He sees so much mercy in the affliction, he enjoys so much of the love of God under it, or is made so familiar with heaven by it, that he calls it sweet affliction, and blesses God, that he ever experienced privation and pain. O for grace in bodily pain and weakness, in bereavement and the alienation of friends, to sweeten this bitter cup to me! Sixth, *he gives grace to train up for heaven.* Heaven is the humble man's destination. To this he is appointed, and for this he must be prepared. He who said to us, "Train up a child in the way that he should go," will train up all his beloved children. By the work of his Spirit within us, by the dispensations of his Providence towards us, and by the communication of his grace to us, he trains us up for heaven. The present is to fit us for the future, earth is to fit us for heaven. O Lord, give me grace to make me meet, to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. Finally, *he gives them grace to enable them to leave all events with God.* This is the secret of true happiness. This is one of the humble man's greatest privileges. He is not anxious about to-morrow. He leaves God to govern the world, and while he does this, to manage all his affairs both temporal and spiritual, personal and relative. He casts all his cares on the Lord. He rolls all his burdens on his God. He trusts every thing in the hands of the Lord. By prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, he makes known all his requests unto God, and enjoys the peace of God, while others are tossed with tempests and not comforted. He knows whom he has believed, and to whom he has committed, not only his soul, but his body, and all his affairs, to be kept and to be managed, until Jesus comes the second time, without sin unto salvation. Gracious God, give grace to me thy poor, feeble, fickle child, to enable me to commit all my concerns to the Lord, and to leave them with the Lord!

See, then, *whom God will visit.* Thus saith the Lord, "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 loves the humble, he will visit the humble, he will make the humble man's house his home. See *what God will give.* Not gold, but

grace. Not the perishable, but the imperishable. Not what man can procure, but what himself only can confer. He will grace the seed of glory; the sanctifier of the heart; the antidote for all the evils of life; and the only sufficient solace and support in death. See *why some are happy*. They are humble. We fancy that we should be happy if we had temporal good things, great gifts, an elevated position, and the admiration of our fellow-men. But neither, nor all these could make us happy. We may be happy without them, or we may be happy with them, if we are humble, not else. Humility is the source of true happiness in this world, nor do we see how even God himself could make us happy, but by making us humble. See, then, *the path of peace and prosperity*, humility. The more humility, the more peace. The more humility, the more true prosperity. The lower we are, the more beautiful the sun appears; and the lower we lie in humility, the more we see the beauty of Jesus and the glory of God; and the more we see of the Saviour's beauty and God's glory, the more of true peace and prosperity do we enjoy. Reader, what say you to these things? Do you know experimentally what true humility is? Have you been stripped of everything of your own, and as a poor, empty, worthless sinner, have you sought to be saved freely by grace? Do you feel that you are nothing in yourself, and that you can do nothing of yourself? And do you lie at the cross, as a sinner; at the throne, as a supplicant; and at your Heavenly Father's feet as a little child? If so, happy are you, for God will give you more grace. Expect grace from God, ask grace of God, and use all the grace you receive for God. Proud, unhumiliated sinner, you must be brought down. Like Manasseh, you must be humbled, and as a poor, perishing creature, crave a pardon at God's hands, and seek salvation through a Saviour's blood. You may be made humble, you may enjoy all the good things we have been speaking of. If you would, you must seek them of God, and be willing to receive them as favours from God. The Lord make us all humble, holy, and happy!

CHRIST THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON, OF OAKHAM.

REV. L 8, 1L

ONE evidence of the inspiration of the Scriptures is, that they award the highest place to Him who is the greatest and the best of beings. While men often laud each other, and, to a sad extent, pay religious worship to figments of their own fancy, not a few of which are hideous monsters of iniquity, the Sacred Spirit led those whom He inspired to extol the only perfect Holy One, the uncreated source of all might and majesty, beauty, holiness, and love. And they claim this pre-eminence for the divine Son and Spirit as truly and as fully as for the divine Father. Moreover, as though to preclude the possibility of error on a subject so momentous, they not only present to us their own heaven-originated views of the dignity of Christ, but some of them give us the very words in which He himself has asserted and claimed that dignity. Amongst these stands the sublime and solemn record, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet, saying, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.'"

These initial and final letters of the Greek alphabet are thus called into requisition by Christ himself, for the purpose of illustrating the all-compre-

hensiveness of His nature and prerogatives. All worlds, and all systems of worlds are bounded by Him. All events, whether past, present, or future to us, are circumscribed by Him. All duration is included in His eternal now. "From everlasting unto everlasting He is God." "His goings forth have been from of old; even from everlasting." "Thus saith the Lord, the King of Israel, and his Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts; I am the first and I am the last; and beside me there is no God."—Isaiah xlv. 6.

He is also the Alpha and Omega of Creation and Providence. "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made."—John i. 3. "For by Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him and for Him."—Col. i. 16. "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was: while as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When He prepared the heavens I was there. When He gave to the sea his decree, then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him."—Prov. viii. And though his works may perish, He will endure; for He is and must be eternally the same. Providence too is but the development of His purpose. The first line of that mysterious roll was inscribed by Him; and its great end is the manifestation of His glory; for all things were created not only by Him, but also for Him.

Moreover, He is the Alpha and the Omega of the inspired volume. As in the beautiful parallelism which so extensively pervades the sacred pages, the tree of life is presented to our notice in the earliest part of the Book of Genesis, and again, in the very last chapter of the Apocalypse, so from the first word of the lively oracles even to the last, everything relates, either directly or indirectly, to Christ and His mission of mercy to our fallen world. Histories, laws, types, ceremonies, poems, proverbs, prophecies, promises, threatenings, sermons, miracles, visions, epistles, exhortations, cautions, all recognise Him as their Author, and to a great extent Him and his work as their subject, and all of them His glory as their end.

It is, however, in the work of redemption that Christ is pre-eminently the Alpha and the Omega. Without His wondrous love, His self-devotement, and His voluntary engagement to become our Surety and our Substitute, that work could not have been originated. By Him the glorious plan was gradually unfolded to the gaze of angels and of men. By Him all needful arrangements were made for His advent into our world. By Him in the fulness of time the fearful penalty was paid; the atonement offered; the righteousness completed. He who drew and ratified the covenant in the counsels of eternity, persevered in the accomplishment of his purpose until he could truly exclaim "It is finished." And, as certainly as the painful part of His work was then ended, shall the whole ransomed host be ingathered, and the work of grace in every believer be perfected by Him.

"He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great."

Further; Christ is the Alpha and Omega in the experience and affections of His people. His light was the first which dispelled their darkness. His grace was the first influence which effectually melted their stony hearts. His power was the first which bowed their will, and brought them to sit humbly at His feet. His work was the first firm foundation of hope which they dis-

covered. He was the first physician who cured their sin-sick souls. Most of them had previously, at great cost, applied to others; but utterly in vain; for instead of being healed, they continually grew worse. His sweet voice was the first which spoke real peace to their hearts. He was the first safe and happy resting-place they found; and to spend eternity in His presence, and in the enjoyment of His love, will be the full and final consummation of their bliss. No wonder, then, that, in their sweetest and holiest moments, He should be the first and last object of their affections; and that they should, with the Psalmist, say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

Finally, Christ is the Alpha and Omega of the feelings, the blessedness and the employments of all the saints in heaven. From what part soever of the world's wide wilderness they have been gathered, by what path soever they have been led, what discordant views soever on some perhaps not unimportant subjects, they took, while here below, Christ is now, and by them all is felt to be, the centre of all their souls, the source of all their joys, and the theme of all their songs; for thus they unitedly and rapturously sing, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

"O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all."

REVIEWS.

The New Park-street Pulpit. Containing Sermons Preached and Revised by the REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Vols. I., II., III. London: Alabaster and Passmore. Glasgow; George Gallie.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

SINCE our notice of Vol. III. of these Sermons in the *Baptist Messenger* for February, the following characteristic review of the entire Series has appeared in the *British Standard*, which we gladly adopt and endorse:—

It is now too late in the day to enter into any criticism on the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon. His popularity is a great fact, which can no longer be reasonably questioned. It is the most remarkable thing of the sort now existing on the face of the earth. No living man, either in the Old World or the New, in point of acceptance, even approaches him. It has in every age been the counsel of experience to great public speakers, especially in the pulpit, to "beware of the press." Such counsel was needful to vanity, but single-minded men can afford to make light of it. They who preach not them-

selves, but Christ Jesus, give themselves no concern as to theories of popularity, or measures of precaution for securing or conserving it. Mr. Spurgeon in this, as in most other things, has set at naught the caution of antiquity, as well as the carnal policy of his own age. He neither seeks nor shuns the press, but manfully encounters it when it comes in his way as he walks in the path of duty. Beyond that it never enters into his calculation. A late great and noble writer, who for a season dazzled mankind, poured forth his brilliant effusions with such rapidity that even the *Quarterly Reviews* said they could not keep pace with him. His wise friends seriously cautioned him against such waste, intimating that he was making himself too cheap, and that it would militate against his fame. The noble poet, deaf to this grovelling remonstrance, went on his own way, leaving his fame to take care of itself; and he had no reason to repent it. So does Mr. Spurgeon. That gentleman, instead of getting up with infinite care and ceaseless toil a number of sermons, and preaching them all over the

land till no longer available, and then publishing them in a volume, as has been the wont of many great men, does nothing of the sort. In preaching, he aims at nought beyond the duties of the hour; and as he preaches so he prints, or allows others to print for him. Preaching for usefulness, he prints for usefulness. From the mode of his procedure, it is impossible that the love of praise or the love of self can animate him. He allows at least one sermon to be published every week—a thing without parallel—not writing with a view to the public eye with his own hand; but, suffering it to be taken by a competent writer, and then looking over the notes—which the incessant pressure of his engagements often renders in the highest degree perfunctory—he hands them over to his publishers, by whom they are sold at a penny a sermon! In this way the three volumes before us have been sent forth. Nothing like this has been heard of since the world began. The man who preaches on the average ten times weekly has no leisure for the manufacture of glittering paragraphs and polished periods. The renowned advocate, Erskine, during the State Trials, spoke the three volumes of Speeches which now bear his name, in the space of three weeks—a fact to which there is no parallel in the history of forensic eloquence. Mr. Spurgeon, in his own way, is more than a match for the Honourable Thomas Erskine. Allowing for difference of subject, the matter of the Sermons, whether as to logic or as to diction, is not a whit inferior to the Speeches. These three well-crammed volumes, comprising one hundred and sixty-four sermons, all on subjects of the highest importance, printed after the old, stereotyped fashion, would have filled ten volumes, and have sold at five guineas, whereas now they may be had for a small fraction of that sum. All honour to Mr. Spurgeon and his publishers! This is surely divinity for the million. Their united aim is clearly usefulness; and they have adopted the surest way to secure it. We do not know that Mr. Spurgeon ever presents an aspect of more real greatness than in relation to this popularising of religious instruction. It is clear to demonstration that he is animated by other than earthly considerations. The following language is worthy of extract:—

The form in which these Sermons are published, while it insures a wide circulation, has the disadvantage of preventing such a revision as the author could desire; frequently

they are issued with little more than a momentary glance from his eye; consequently errors in grammar and expression are not infrequent; nevertheless, we trust to the reader's judgment, and hope that the mistakes are not such as to obscure the sense, or to mislead him in cardinal points. We had rather send them forth with all errors than withhold them, seeing that the Lord has owned them for good.

"Good!" Yes; in the great day of account this will be everything. How wise, then, to make it everything now! None can tell the degree in which that good may have been realised by the issue of these unpretending discourses. That good, to a large extent, has already been ascertained, and it is not confined to Great Britain. These volumes have been circulated to an enormous extent in the United States. From the preface of the second volume we learn that the first, in a brief space, was multiplied to the incredible number of 20,000. We gather from Vol. III., that the year now closed has been a very prosperous one. The sale of the Sermons has been more than doubled, and the most gratifying testimonials of their usefulness have been received from every quarter of the globe. Addressing the saints generally, he says:—

Your prayer-meetings are not what they should be, and private prayer is too much neglected. Hundreds of our churches are as sound asleep as the graveyards which surround their meeting-houses, and some of them are nearly as rotten as the corpses in the tombs. Routine ministers, domineering deacons, hypocritical professors, crab-tree critics, and covetous members, are not all dead yet. May divine mercy soon grant us grace to see the last of them.

As these people are in a very unfit state for death, might we not desire for them time and space to repent? Nor is this all; the religious press of America has noticed the Sermons in a manner both candid and cordial, uniting in representing them as eminently calculated to further the spiritual interests of mankind, from the soundness of their doctrine, the vigour of their style, and their every-day-life illustration.

As the preface of the first volume throws some light on the matter, and is withal highly characteristic, we reproduce the following portion:—

One thing alone places this book above contempt—and that accomplishes the deed so triumphantly, that the preacher defies the opinion of man—it is the fact, that, to his certain knowledge, there is scarce a sermon here which has not been stamped by the hand of the Almighty, by the conversion of a soul. Some single sermons,

here brought into the society of their brethren, have been, under God, the means of the salvation of not less than twenty souls: at least, that number have come under the preacher's notice from one sermon only; and doubtless more shall be discovered at the last day.

This, together with the fact, that hundreds of the children of God have been made to leap for joy by their message, makes their author invulnerable either to criticism or abuse.

We have most certainly departed from the usual mode of preaching, but we do not feel bound to offer even half a word of apology for so doing, since we believe ourselves free to use any manner of speech which is calculated to impress the truth upon our hearers.

The matter also will afford no small amount of food for controversialists, but concerning it we simply say, that, as we have learned theology in another school than that of men, so shall we hope ever to declare the whole of what the Lord shall teach us, without tarrying for human opinions.

The word Calvinism is frequently used here as the short word which embraces that part of divine truth which teaches that salvation is by grace alone, but it is not hence to be imagined that we attach any authority to the opinion of John Calvin, other than that which is due to every holy man who is ordained of God to proclaim His truth. We use the word simply for shortness of expression, and because the enemies of free grace will then be quite sure of what we mean. It is our firm belief, that what is commonly called Calvinism is neither more nor less than the good old Gospel of the Puritans, the Martyrs, the Apostles, and of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Here, the proud legalist, the conceited believer in the unaided strength of man, and the self-exalting moralist, will discover very little suitable to their corrupt palate, and much to excite their enmity; but the humbled sinner may possibly find words of comfort, and the self-loathing believer will perhaps obtain a glimpse of his Lord.

Our hope is, that inferior matters in dispute will not so much be regarded, as "the things which we have spoken touching the King." Jesus is the Truth. We believe in him—not merely in his words. He himself is Doctor and Doctrine, Revealer and Revelation, the Illuminator and the Light of men. He is exalted in every word of truth, because he is its sum and substance. He sits above the Gospel, like a prince on his own throne. Doctrine is most precious when we see it distilling from his lips and embodied in his person. Sermons are valuable in proportion as they speak of him and point to him. A Christless Gospel is no Gospel, and a "less discourse is the cause of merriment to devils. The Holy Ghost, who has ever been our sole Instructor will, we trust, teach us more of Jesus, until we comprehend with all saints, what are the heights, and depths, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, only have we laboured to extol:

may the Lord himself succeed our endeavours.

The reader will perhaps remark considerable progress in some of the sentiments here made public, particularly in the case of the doctrine of the Second Coming of our Lord, but he will remember that he who is learning truth will learn it by degrees, and, if he teaches as he learns, it is to be expected that his lessons will become fuller every day.

There are also many expressions which may provoke a smile; but let it be remembered that every man has his moments when his lighter feelings indulge themselves, and the preacher must be allowed to have the same passions as his fellow-men, and, since he lives in the pulpit more than anywhere else, it is but natural that his whole man should be there developed; besides, he is not quite sure about a smile being a sin, and, at any rate, he thinks it less a crime to cause a momentary laughter than a half-hour's profound slumber.

With all faults, the purchaser has bought this book; and, as it was not warranted to be perfect, if he thinks ill of it, he must make the best of his bargain—which can be done, either by asking a blessing on its reading to himself, or entreating greater light for his friend the preacher.

As there is much in these racy paragraphs which deserves the attention both of preachers and of people, we have much pleasure in letting Mr. Spurgeon speak for himself.

But what of the volumes? Much every way. There are no other volumes in the English tongue from which the preacher may obtain so much insight into the most efficient method of addressing mixed multitudes. He will here have the means of closely examining the theological and the rhetorical character of discourses which have commanded the attention alike of the highest classes and the lowest. Justice to Mr. Spurgeon, indeed, would require, as the lawyers would say, that the case as between him and the British public should be traversed, that is, carried to another, and a thoroughly unprejudiced tribunal. Now, in effect it has been so; it has been traversed from the Old World to the New. Mr. Spurgeon has already appeared there in the volumes before us. It may, however, be said, that these volumes can give only a most imperfect idea of their author's actual preaching, so that the American critics are not placed in the same favourable circumstances for forming an accurate judgment as those of England. Granted; but the whole of the disadvantage is on the side of Mr. Spurgeon, whose captivating and all-commanding manner would immeasurably contribute to conciliate his critics, awakening admiration and drawing forth eulogy. But, to some ex-

tout, this difficulty has been got over. In such a matter, it is of no moment whether the preacher be taken to the critic, or the critic brought to the preacher. Now, the latter has been done in this case. Gentlemen, scholars, preachers themselves, men every way qualified to deal both with the theological and the oratorical claims of Mr. Spurgeon, visiting this country, have repeatedly, some of them frequently, made part of his audiences, and transmitted to the press of their own country their deliberate and conscientious opinions. Receiving, as we do, all the chief American journals, we have had opportunities of noting the letters of such correspondents, and of observing their unanimity touching the transcendent capabilities of Mr. Spurgeon, whom they view as one of the wonders of the age, as a sound divine and natural orator. They are not blind to the many points in which he is vulnerable on the score of taste, and so forth; but this they wisely consider as but the dust in the balance which is used to weigh the merits of incomparably the most effective public speaker of the nineteenth century.

To these circumstances, in our judgment, great importance attaches. The Americans of the present hour may be received as standing somewhere between the living generation of Englishmen and the generation to be born; and it is not improbable, that the judgment they form will be substantially the judgment of posterity. They are far removed from the scene of strife, where there has been, in relation to this subject, such a display of ignorance and folly, misapprehension and misrepresentation, slander and falsehood. Mr. Spurgeon has, beyond question, been the best abused and the most exalted man of the present generation; but there is reason to believe he has been very little influenced by either the one or the other. In the pulpit, he frequently deals a side-blow to his adversaries; but in these volumes he rarely does so. In Volume II., however, he has entered a species of protest:

The tongue of the wicked has assailed Mr. Spurgeon with the most virulent abuse and lying detraction. His sentiments have been misrepresented, and his words perverted. His doctrines have been impugned as "blasphemous," "profane," and "diabolical." Nevertheless, the good hand of the Lord has been upon him, and he has not heeded the falsehoods of the ungodly.

This is the simple truth. No man ever wasted less time in reply to his traducers;

and the wisdom of such a course is justified by the issue. His detractors have at length got weary of their unhallowed pursuit, and slunk into their hiding-places, while he holds on his way, constantly ascending in the respect and confidence of good and upright men. Mr. Spurgeon, in another note, says:—

It is frequently objected that the preacher is censorious: he is not desirous of defending himself from the charge. He is confident that many are conscious that his charges are true, and, if true, Christian love requires us to warn those who err; nor will candid men condemn the minister who is bold enough to point out the faults of the church and the age, even when all classes are moved to anger by his faithful rebukes, and pour on his head the full vials of their wrath. If this be vile, we purpose to be viler still.

In this charge, we believe, there is some truth—at least, as it regards the ministry, with whom our preacher often takes liberties, to the delight of a class among his hearers who are not among the ornaments of the Gospel. But even then, there is, we believe, oftentimes too much truth in his animadversions. We submit, however, that such things conduce neither to instruction nor to edification. They only tend to gratify hypocritical malice, and to strengthen hands ever ready for mischief, but always hanging down in palsied imbecility whenever work is to be done. In the volumes before us, however, there is very little of this; we have scarcely met with a sentence to which exception can be justly taken. Nor is this the only commendable feature of the volumes. The sermons, as a whole, are stamped with a noble catholicity. Thorough Baptist though Mr. Spurgeon is, and ever ready to avow it where circumstances, in his view, require it, he is not one of those who preach the Gospel knee-deep in water! "The New Park-street Pulpit" is perfectly dry. Only in one instance the Baptist appears, and even then but for a moment, and neither his aspect nor his utterance is at all offensive. Many and terrible, however, are the thrusts dealt out to bitter bigotry of every description. Heresy, too, of every kind, has in him a vigilant, a vigorous, and a most uncompromising adversary.

Our examination of these volumes has forced on our attention some other points not undeserving of notice. The English of the sermons is perfect—so pure and so idiomatic that it would scarcely lose by comparison with the writings of John Bunyan himself. We have not met with one stereotype expression. The stamp of the whole is that of genuine nature. It is

the language of a very able man, just talking to a company of friends, generally at his case, always vigorously, not seldom passionately, which we consider the highest perfection of sacred oratory. In the senate, indeed, and at the bar, it is the same.

A corresponding remark may be made as to the structure of the sermons. There is in the outline an utter absence of all formality, fixed plan, or settled system. The most skilful preacher, on hearing Mr. Spurgeon enunciate his text, could not by possibility anticipate the course the subject would take. The preacher seems to have no rule, and to set aside all system; and the result is, a constant air of novelty; everything comes forth as a matter of course, without the slightest strain to realize it.

We cannot close without noting—we will not say a great defect—but a singular peculiarity in these volumes. They are an extraordinary mixture of prose and verse. They comprise a larger amount of poetic fragments than any other in any language published. We doubt if the memory of any other living man be the depository of so much sacred poetry. Were all the Collections extant to be burnt to-morrow, Mr. Spurgeon, we think, would have no difficulty in producing from memory one or more every way sufficient for all the purposes of worship. This is not a little remarkable in a man so young. In preparing a collection of one thousand hymns, we ourselves had occasion to read nearly the entire hymnology of our country, amounting to between six and seven thousand; but our labour has in this matter been lost; we could not for a moment venture on a competition with Mr. Spurgeon. That our readers may comprehend the full import of our expression, we shall state the facts. They are, then, to understand that Volume I. contains no fewer than 225 poetical extracts of various magnitudes; Volume II., 166; Volume III., 193: comprising a total of 584!

These extracts impart a very chequered aspect to the printed page, largely deforming it to the cultivated eye, and the effect in hearing is the same to the cultivated ear; such eyes and ears, however, in any great assembly, are not numerous. To the million, the intermixture detracts nothing from the power of the discourse; nay, we believe, it adds not a little to the pleasure with which it is heard. It conduces, we doubt not, very much to Mr. Spurgeon's popularity. We have often watched the effect of the recitation of poetical fragments

in preachers who dealt largely in it; and it always struck us—although decidedly offensive to ourselves—as being grateful to the people. How much soever at variance with literary taste, it throws a singular sort of variety into the style of a discourse, when used so copiously and so skilfully as it is by Mr. Spurgeon. These fine couplets and verses—although many of them are doggerel—issue from his golden mouth with all the force of a bullet; and, thus shot, they pierce the soul of an assembly more readily than prose, imparting a peculiar pleasure. But it will be perilous for any man in this respect to imitate Mr. Spurgeon, without the possession of his peculiar powers. We would just observe, that, however telling these poetic pellets may be, well-selected Scriptures, in the lips of Mr. Spurgeon, would be infinitely better; and Mr. Spurgeon even, without diminishing his exaction from the poets, would greatly improve his preaching by drawing more extensively on the Prophets and Apostles.

God is Love; or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for His People. By the Author of "The Brother Born for Adversity."

HERE is a very handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages of matter, intended to establish and illustrate the grandest and most sublime truth in the universe—that GOD IS LOVE—from the pen of one who has, in his day, done the State and the Church good service. In this work the Fatherhood of God is presented under a scriptural and evangelical aspect, bringing home to the minds and hearts of all believers the consoling and satisfying conviction that God's heart is ever full to overflowing of affection for His people. Those who read the "Christian Witness" will not fail to recognise a very instructive and comforting companion, who, during each succeeding month throughout the past year, addressed to them words of counsel and consolation. To all others we say, do not delay in availing yourselves of the important advantages which this excellent volume is adapted to supply.

Half-hours with our Metropolitan Ministers. No. 1, *The Rev. A. Fletcher, D.D.*; No. 2, *The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.* With Portraits engraved on wood. London: U. J. Stevenson.

THESE are brief but interesting biographical sketches of the eminent and excellent preachers whose names have obtained a world-wide reputation.

The Sudden Summons: its Voice to the Disciple and the Undecided. By WILLIAM H. DYER, Minister of Argyll Chapel Bath. London: Judd and Glass.

DISCOURSES of great power and pathos, intended to improve the very solemn and sudden death of Mr. Lemon, a deacon, and member of the Town Council, who had just taken part in a service held for prayer and the admission of candidates for church fellowship, offering a most appropriate and devout prayer on behalf of the pastor and the members of the church, and those about to be added to their number. A distinct "Amen" was heard, and then, between a sigh and a groan, Mr. Lemon fell forward on the table on which he leaned during the prayer. Thus died this excellent man without a struggle, and apparently without pain.

The Pen, the Palm, and the Pulpit. By JOHN STOUGHTON. Pp. 110. Ward & Co.

THE substance of the Rev. J. Stoughton's address at the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union, held in Cheltenham last year, containing eloquent biographical notices of illustrious personages connected with the county of Gloucester, in which the meeting was held. The three names of Tyndale, Hooper, and Whitfield, represented respectively under the symbols of the pen, the palm, and the pulpit—Tyndale

being an author, Hooper a sufferer, and Whitfield a preacher. We wish we had space for excerpts from this charming volume. We must, however, content ourselves with advising all our readers to peruse it for themselves.

Chapel Town; or, The Fellow Students. London: Ward & Co. 8vo., pp. 192.

THE design of this tale is similar to an American work published a few years since, under the title of "Shady Side;" and abounds in sketches of character, which, but for the writer's assertion, that he has written pure fiction, we should have thought had been real portraits. He has hit off to the life many features of church affairs among Dissenters. We commend it to the special notice of the deacons and archdeacons of our Voluntary churches.

Humility and Hopefulness. A Book for the New Year. By JOHN COX. Author of "Our Great High Priest;" pp. 180. London: J. Heaton and Son.

THIS attractive little volume we have much pleasure and confidence in recommending as an excellent gift-book.

From want of space we are still greatly in arrears in our Review Department. Our literary friends must have patience.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, M.L.B., MINISTER OF SURREY CHAPEL.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—*Isaiah* li. 11.

Ye Pilgrims of glory,
Why weep on the way
To regions where sorrow
Ne'er darkens the day?
Your trials are light,
And a moment endure,
They work out a heritage
Priceless and sure.
Cheer up, fellow travellers,
Banish your sighs,
To the hills of Salvation
With hope lift your eyes;
And as ye press onward,
Exultingly sing
The love never changing
Of Jesus our King.
He not merely waits
To receive us on high,
But now, as we journey,
Is constantly nigh;
Companion, Consoler,
And Guide in the road
To mansions prepared
For his people's abode.

What comfort He gives
As we journey along!
The timid grow brave
And the weary are strong;
The music of promise
He breathes in the ear,
And Faith beholds home
And Jerusalem near.
The road is indeed
Often gloomy and steep,
And even the strongest
Will tremble and weep;
But happy's the labour,
As well as the rest,
Zion's pilgrims, e'en now,
Are unspeakably blest.
Distant rocks may look rugged,
But when we draw near,
All lovely with flowers
Their fissures appear;
On tracts the most barren,
Bright mosses abound;
Midst sorrows the darkest,
Some comforts are found.

At times all advance
 To our vision is closed,
 By valleys contracting
 And cliffs interposed ;
 But as we go forward,
 The path opens out
 To gardens of gladness
 Through gorges of doubt.

In the eyes of the worldly,
 Our journey may seem
 The dreary delusion
 Of children who dream ;
 But they see not the beauties
 We pilgrims behold,
 And they feel not our joys
 Which can never be told.

How pure and refreshing
 The life-giving rills,
 As with silvery songs
 They leap down from the hills ;
 What vigour and gladness
 Their waters impart
 To the traveller, wearied
 And fainting in heart !

Choice fruits overhang,
 Inviting the taste
 Of all who to God
 And Jerusalem haste ;
 The Rose and the Lily
 Their sweetness exhale,
 And the music of Heaven
 Is borne on the gale.

Though fiercely they roar,
 Those lions are chained ;
 Though Apollyon may threaten,
 His wrath is restrained ;
 Up the dark vale of conflict
 We'll sing as we fight,
 Till the Mountains Delectable
 Burst on our sight.

What prospects unfold
 As upward we climb !
 How varied, extensive,
 Enchanting, sublime !
 From the high grounds of Faith
 We, delighted, survey
 The beauties which mark
 The whole course of the way.

Looking backward, we see
 That when we most feared,
 Because through bleak deserts
 Our journey appeared ;
 Even then, though by clouds
 Of despondency veiled,
 All around, " surely goodness
 And mercy " prevailed.

But when we look forward,
 What regions of light,
 Bathed in tints of the rainbow
 Enravisht the sight !
 A Paradise teeming
 With beauties untold,
 A city resplendent
 With jasper and gold !

Clear as crystal, the waters
 Of life ever flow
 From the throne of the Blessed One,
 Banishing woe ;

And the banks of the stream
 Are adorned by the tree
 'Neath whose shadow the nations
 Are holy and free.

No pestilence poisons
 The health-breathing air ;
 No storms ever darken
 The scenery there ;
 The heat never scorches,
 The frost never chills,
 But perpetual spring
 Clothes the valleys and hills.

In this beautiful land
 Ever fragrant and green,
 The Celestial city
 All glorious is seen ;
 Its mansions and terraces
 Mount up on high,
 And its glittering turrets
 Illumine the sky.

Each gate is a pearl
 Surpassingly rare,
 Its walls are of agates
 And amethysts rare ;
 Its pathways are gold,
 And its palaces blaze
 With a lustre eclipsing
 The diamond's rays.

'Tis holiness renders
 The city so bright ;
 True secret of splendour,
 Pure source of delight !
 Its gold and its jewels—
 Its dignity, this !—
 The perfection of Love
 Is the fulness of Bliss !

But where is the tongue
 Can the rapture unfold,
 Of the numberless hosts
 Who their Monarch behold !
 Reflecting his likeness,
 Illumed by his smile,
 Where sin, death, and sorrow
 No longer defile !

Bright squadrons of Angels
 In countless array
 Meet with Prophets and Martyrs
 Long since passed away ;
 The saints of all ages,
 Made perfect, are there ;
 And the friends gone before us
 Our welcome prepare.

Already by Faith
 This Jerusalem's near-
 Its glories we see,
 Its Hosannahs we hear
 And soon we shall enter
 Its portals of light,
 And drink at the fountain
 Of endless delight.

Then rejoice, fellow travellers,
 Banish your sighs !
 To the hills of Salvation
 With hope lift your eyes !
 And, as ye press onward,
 Exultingly sing
 The love never changing
 Of Jesus our King.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGE.

Mr. William Charles Jones, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in Earl-street, London-road, Southwark, to become their pastor, and will enter upon his work immediately.

PROPOSED NEW HAVELOCK CHAPEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BAPTIST MESSENGER."—Sir, the *Freeman* of the 3rd inst., gives a letter containing a most Christian proposition, and strongly urges the "Baptists" to come forward and select a destitute locality in London, on which to build a "Chapel," to perpetuate the memory of the late heroic and Christian soldier, Sir H. Havelock. Such a proposal is worthy of the warmest sympathies of every pious heart. The views of the writer has my full concurrence, the more so that, though the Baptist denomination is certainly the one with which the honoured deceased was identified, yet, it is proposed that the building may bear the name of "The Havelock Chapel." The church should be open to every Christian who choose to partake of its ordinances.

Measures should at once be instituted to open a subscription, and though my means are limited, I shall feel a pleasure in a remittance, and I doubt not but thousands more would promptly come forward to aid this good design.—I am, sir, yours truly,
A CONSTANT READER.

PRESENTATION SERVICE.

NITON, ISLE OF WIGHT.—On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27th, 1856, a *soirée* was held at the Baptist chapel, Niton, on the occasion of the leaving of the Rev. J. C. Green, who held the pastorate of the church during the last ten years. The chapel was tastefully decorated with evergreens, flowers, and appropriate mottoes. After tea a public meeting was held, when a presentation of plate, in the form of an elegant tea and coffee service, took place. Mr. L. Palmer, one of the deacons, on behalf of the church, tendered to Mr. Green the acceptance of the gift as an expression of their esteem for himself, and of their appreciation of the good which had resulted to themselves, and to the parish from his labours. Mr. Green acknowledged the tribute of respect with much feeling, and assured them that their welfare would continue to be a subject of interest and prayer with him, and earnestly requested that he may still be remembered in their prayers, and have a place in their affections. Several local brethren who had assisted in conducting the public services, at times when Mr. Green had been laid aside, addressed the meeting. The testimonial was supplied by Mr. Pegler of High-street, Southampton, and bore the following inscription.—"Presented to the Rev. J. C. Green, by the Baptist congregation at Niton, by J. W. and other friends, as a small token of their esteem. Jan. 27, 1856.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.—On Tuesday, December 1, 1857, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

visited this town for the purpose of preaching two sermons in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt on the Baptist chapel. This neat and attractive place of worship, with school-rooms and minister's house, &c., was erected in 1852, at a cost of £2,000, and opened on the 29th of September in the same year, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and the Rev. William Brock. Upwards of three thousand persons assembled to hear Mr. Spurgeon, who preached two very impressive sermons; in the morning, from 1 Thes. v. 6, and in the evening, from Heb. vi. 9. The collections amounted to about £100. This sum, with other amounts in hand, proving sufficient to free the chapel from all pecuniary liabilities, a thanksgiving tea-meeting was held on Tuesday, January 19th, which was largely attended. The pastor, the Rev. J. E. Dovey, presided; and, in congratulating the friends present upon the happy circumstances in which they were placed, took the opportunity of referring to the special kindness of Sir Morton and Lady Peto, to whom they were indebted for the site of the edifice, and also for a donation of £500 towards the building fund, and who had striven, in every practicable way, to help forward the undertaking. Other addresses, appropriate and interesting, were given by numerous friends connected with the church and congregation and the various religious denominations in the town.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

WELLINGTON-SQUARE, HASTINGS.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 3, a meeting was held in the lecture-room of the above place, to welcome the Rev. J. Culbert Fishbourne, the newly-elected pastor. Upwards of 300 sat down to tea. Immediately afterwards, a public meeting was held, the large lecture-room being literally crammed. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. C. Fishbourne; Mr. Bickle, one of the deacons of the church; the Rev. Isaac Haycroft, of Lewes; the Rev. J. Griffin (Independent); and the Rev. R. Rymer (Wesleyan). After a cordial address from the Rev. Mr. Porter, and a most energetic address from Mr. Pinson, the well-known fishermen's preacher, the meeting closed.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has engaged to preach at Sandy, Beds., in the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, the 13th of April.

BAPTISMS.

ABERYSTWTH, December 13—Five by Mr. E. Williams; Feb. 7, after an address by Mr. W. Uvens, Talybout—Three by Mr. E. Williams.
ATTLEBOROUGH, near Nuneaton, Jan. 10, after an address by Mr. Langridge—Three by Mr. King.
BEDFORD, Jan. 31—Three by Mr. Killen.
BIRMINGHAM, Hope-street, Dec. 27—Nine by Mr. Griffiths.
BRETTEL LANE, Staffordshire, Feb. 7—Six by Mr. Bailey.
BRISTOL, Jan. 3—Thirteen by Mr. Winter.
CARDIGAN, Jan. 3—Three, in the r. v. r.

after an address in English and Welsh, by Mr. Davies.

CARDIFF, Bethany, Dec. 27—Four by Mr. Tilly.

CHELTENHAM, Cambray Chapel, Jan. 24—Six by Mr. Smith.

EYNSFORD, Kent, Feb. 7—Three by Mr. Whittemore. The following hymns, composed by two of the candidates, were sung at the water side. The service was unusually solemn and impressive:—

YE toys of earth beguile my heart no more
From Him, who by his grace has set me free;
And I am bound for Canaan's happy shore,
Jesus, my life I consecrate to Thee.

Now, with Thy help, a solemn vow I make,
As at Thine awful throne I humbly bend,
That I give up the empty world, and take
The path to glorious pleasures without end.
Yet do these joys lay through a thorny road,
And every child of God must bear the Cross;
Remembering Thou didst bear sin's heavy
load, [dross.

Lord, I would count all worldly joys but
Afflictions give me grace to suffer well,
Rather than choose the short-lived joys of sin,
With Thine own people favour me to dwell,
Till death shall end this life and heaven begin.

Susan B.—(Aged 14.)

LORD, I devote myself to Thee,
And in Thy courts appear,
Thy kind injunction to obey,
Nor longer yield to fear.

Thy precepts and Thy promises
Assure, in accents mild,
That following Thee thou wilt receive,
And own me as Thy child.

For Thou hast promised to bless
All those who come to Thee,
Nor hast Thou any yet refused,
Nor wilt Thou turn from me.

Help me to love Thee more and more,
And grow in grace divine,
While thus I own Thee let me feel
That I am wholly Thine.

Let all who love the Saviour's name,
His wise commands obey,
And taste the joys obedience yields,
As they go on their way.

Elizabeth O.

HAVERFORDWEST, Jan. 3, after an address by Mr. Burditt—Five by Mr. Davies.

HOLYHEAD, Jan. 3—Six by Mr. Morgan.

IPSWICH, Turret Green, Dec. 30—Eleven by Mr. Lord.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Jan. 27—Five by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

KINGSTANLEY, Gloucestershire, Dec. 6—Eight by Mr. Scorey.

LEBANON, Cambrose, Jan. 31—One by Mr. Evans.

LLANDUDNO, North Wales, Jan. 17—Five by Mr. Jones.

LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, Dec. 20—One, after a sermon by Mr. B. Williams, of London.

— Athol-street, Dec. 27, after a sermon by Mr. T. Williams, of Garu—Six by Mr. Davies.

LOUTH, Walkergate, Dec. 21—Two by Mr. Kiddal.

LONDON, New Park-street, Feb. 4—Eight by Mr. Spurgeon.

— Church-street, Blackfriars, Jan. 31—Four by Mr. Barker.

— Hoxton, Tabernacle, Feb. 14—Five.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Dec. 30—Two by Mr. Pottenger.

NUNEATON, Jan. 3—Eight by Mr. Stenson.

PENBROKE, Second Church, Dec. 27—Two by Mr. Walker.

PENURL ROCK, Pembrokeshire, Dec. 27—Three by Mr. Evans.

PINCHBECK, near Spalding, Dec. 30—Five by Mr. Choleston.

PRESTIGEON, Radnorshire, Dec. 20—Four; and Jan. 17, Six young believers by Mr. T. L. Davies.

RUSHDEN, Old Meeting, Jan. 3—Three by Mr. Bradfield.

SAXLINGHAM, Norfolk, Jan. 26—After an address by Mr. Gowan, who officiated for our pastor—One.

SANDY HAVEN, Monmouthshire, Feb. 14—One by Mr. Evans.

SEVENOAKS, Kent, Jan. 24—Three by Mr. Mountford.

STAUGHTON, LITTLE Beds, Dec. 6—Three by Mr. Robinson.

SNAILBEACH, Jan. 21—Two by Mr. Evans.

STROUD, Feb. 4—After an impressive sermon by Mr. Scorey, Five by Mr. Yates; two of these being the youngest daughters of Mr. Y., making five out of six of his children baptised believers. May he soon have the happiness of knowing that his eldest son (now in India) has given his heart to the Saviour.

STUDLEY, Warwickshire, Feb. 17—Two by Mr. James, of Pontypool College.

SUNNYSIDE, Lancashire, Jan. 2—One by Mr. Nichols.

SWANSEA, Bethesda, Dec. 20—Six by Mr. Jones.

— Mount Pleasant, Jan. 3—Three by Mr. Short, M.A.

TAUNTON, Silver-street, Jan. 3—Nine by Mr. B. Green.

TORQUAY, Union-street, Feb. 4—Six by Mr. Kings.

DEATHS.

Dec. 18, 1857, at Bedford, in his 36th year, with typhus fever, the Rev. Jabez Hawkins, pastor of the Baptist Church, at Wilden, Beds. He has entered into the joy of his Lord.

Jan. 18, at Aberystwith, David Jones, draper, aged 20. He was a member of the Baptist Church, in this town for many years. He was loved by all, especially his Christian friends.

Feb. —, at Keysoo, Beds., the Rev. Solomon Hawkins (father of the above), aged 81. "A good man, full of the Holy Ghost, and of Faith."

Feb. 3, at Rushden, after a short and severe illness, Nathaniel, second son of Mr. Samuel Knight, sen., aged 17. A youth whose amiable disposition gained the esteem of all who knew him.

Feb. 7, at Kettering, after a short illness, Mr. Edward Jenkinson, brother of the Rev. J. Jenkinson, Baptist minister of Oakham, formerly of Kettering, aged 57 years.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST—A BAPTISING SERMON.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPFL.

"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?"—Amos iii. 3.

"WALKING together" is often used in Scripture as a figure for communion. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." Communion if it be thorough and entire, implies *activity*. It is not merely contemplation, it is action. And hence, inasmuch as walking is an active thing, and walking with a man is communion with him, *active* communion with him, we see how walking comes to be the picture of true communion with Christ. Said an old Puritan once, "It doth not say that Enoch returned to God, and then left him, but he walked with him. All his journey through he had God for his companion, and lived in perpetual fellowship with his Maker."

Here is another idea. It is not only activity, but *continuance*. So true communion is not just a spasm, not just an excitement of ecstasy; but if it be the work of the Holy Spirit, and if it be enjoyed by the healthful soul, it will be a continual thing.

It implies also *progress*; for in walking together we do not lift up our feet and put them down in the same place, but we proceed nearer to our journey's end; and he that hath true communion with Christ is making progress. It is true that Christ can go no farther towards excellency, for he hath already attained that to perfection; but the nearer we get to that perfection, the more fellowship we have with Jesus; and unless we progress, unless we seek to be more children in faith, more instructed, and more diligent in knowledge, unless we seek to have more zeal and fervency, we shall find that in so standing still we lose the presence of the Master; for it is only by following on with the Lord that we continue to walk with him. It will, therefore, very readily strike you how walking with a person is an excellent figure for communion with him; and how walking with God is the best expression for fellowship with God. Hence, our text says, two cannot walk together except they be agreed; and it teaches us, therefore, that unless we be agreed with Christ, we cannot attain to the sweet state of communion with him.

We shall, first, notice the *agreement* here mentioned; we shall, secondly, try to notice the *necessity* for this agreement; and then, thirdly, we shall ask all Christians to *seek after this agreement with Christ* that they may have full communion with him.

I am not addressing myself so much to the world without as to the church within. When we are preaching of salvation, we preach that to the world; but communion is like the holy of holies. Salvation itself seems to be but as the court of the priests, but communion is the innermost place, that which is within the veil, and unto that none but the Christian shall be allowed to enter.

I. First, then, Christian, we shall endeavour to show thee **WHAT IS THE AGREEMENT** which must subsist between thy Lord and thyself before thou canst walk with him. We will do this in a very simple way. We shall keep to the figure, and we shall see that there are certain things necessary to enable one person to walk with another. First, then, it is quite certain that if we would walk with Christ, *we must walk in the same path*. Two men cannot walk together if one turns his head in one direction, and another turns his head in an opposite way. If one should turn to the right and the other to the left, they cannot walk together, albeit, they may arrive at the same end by devious roads; but they cannot walk together unless they walk by the

same road. It is true they can have a little conversation, if they walk some yards apart: but if one walks on one side of the road and the other on the other, we should think that their communion was rather distant, and their love rather chill. But the nearer they walk in precisely the same road the more are they enabled to hold fellowship with one another. Now, child of God, albeit, thou canst not be saved by thy good works, and thy salvation does not depend upon thy works, remember that thy communion doth. It is impossible for thee to hold communion with Christ except as thou art obedient unto his commands. Let a Christian err and he will be pierced with many sorrows. Let the child of God forsake the way of God, let him, as alas! we oftentimes do, go down by the stile to bye-path meadow, and he will not have his Master go down bye-path meadow with him.

If we will be self-willed, and choose our own path, we must go our own path alone. If, for some seeming pleasure, or for some fancied gain, instead of following the fiery and cloudy pillar, we follow the will-o-the-wisp of our desires, we shall have to go alone, and in the dark too. Christ will go with us anywhere where duty shall call us. If duty should call us into the burning, fiery furnace, the Son of Man will be there; if it should lead us into the lions' den, he would be there to shut the lions' mouths. But he would not have gone with Daniel there if he had sought, by neglect of duty, to avoid the destruction threatened. Although the Lord would go with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego even into the heat of the burning fiery furnace, if they had bowed down to the image, he would not have gone with them. "If ye walk contrary to me, saith the Lord, I will walk contrary to you." That is to say—and here I must guard what I have said, lest I should be misunderstood. We do not mean that Christ forsakes his people so as to destroy them; but he forsakes them so as to take away all communion. For again we repeat, that although salvation does not depend upon good works, communion hath this dependence, and cannot be carried on between Christ and the soul that is full of sin. A man may have much sin about him, and yet be a saved man; and much of frailty and imperfection cleaveth to us all. But if we are living in sin, if we are in any way whatever breaking the command of God, to the extent of our sin there will be an extent of separation between our souls and Christ. Sin may not kill us, but it will make us sick; it will take Christ's right hand from under our heads. Take care, therefore, Christian, that thou walkest in the steps of thy Master; strive to be obedient to his law; righteously, soberly, and godly do thou live in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Be thou like Caleb, who followed the Lord fully. Endeavour in every way to learn his will, and then to do it; in all thy Lord's appointed ways pursue thy journey. Remember all his ordinances, and perform his every precept; resign thyself to his every dispensation; be thou not as the horse or mule, which have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle lest they come nigh unto thee; but be thou guided by Him, run thou in the way of his commandments, and thou shalt find them a delightful road. This is the first point; they must go the same way.

In the second place—in going the same way, *they must go with the same motive*. Two persons may be going the same way, but suppose them going for very opposite ends. There is a lawyer going side by side with the man whom he is going to fleece. Let the poor man know that he is to be robbed at the end of his journey, and there will not be any great communion between them at any rate. Suppose two men are going together, and one is about to bring an action against the other, there will not be any great

communion between them. Suppose they be going to fight with each other, there will not be much communion between them. Suppose the two are going to the same election, and each of them for opposite candidates, they will not be likely to hold very sweet conversation, albeit they may go in the same way. So it is needful that we should go in the same road, and with the same motive. Yet you say, is it possible that we can go with Christ in the same road, and yet not with the same motive? Quite so. You see a man who is quite as holy as a Christian; he seems to be as obedient to the Lord as the man who really follows the Master. As for ceremonies, he is the very first to enter into them; as for the duties of morality, he enters into them most scrupulously; but ask him why he does it, and he says it is because he desires to save his soul by it. Immediately he and Christ are at arms length, for Christ calls such an one an Anti-Christ, and they are sworn enemies. You are trying to save yourselves, are you? Then you are to be a Saviour, while Christ is a Saviour; then you are at enmity; but if you are travelling on this road to be saved by grace, desiring to show forth your thanks with your lips, and in your life, then you do not desire to rob Christ's kingly or his priestly office of any of its dignity; you do not desire to set yourselves up as another King in Zion. But if you are walking in this road with a motive contrary to Christ, you cannot hold any communion with him. There is communion with Christ in the Lord's Supper, but if any one comes to the Lord's Supper with the thought that it may do him good, and save his soul, there is no communion. It is all gone, because that is not Christ's object; and so with baptism, that is a blessed communion with Christ in his death and burial, but if any one comes to baptism, supposing that it has to do with the salvation of his soul, then the communion is at an end. If any one attaches more to the act than that Christ has commanded it, and, therefore, it is our duty to fulfil it—the moment a man supposes any efficacy in the water, and in the body being buried therein, then the communion ceases; for unless we come to the thing with Christ's motive, or with a motive which is congenial to Christ's heart, we are not capable of walking with him. "Two cannot walk together except they be agreed," not only in the way they walk, but also in the end with which they walk in that way.

Once again, two persons may walk the same road, and they may walk with the same end, *and yet they may not speak to each other, and not be able to speak to each other unless they travel the same pace.* If one person shall travel very swiftly home to-night, and another who lives in the same house goes creeping home very slowly, perhaps they will go down the same streets and yet they will say nothing to one another, because one will be at home and forget that he ever went out before the other comes home. So we must agree in the pace with which we travel. Why is it that many Christians hold no fellowship with Jesus? It is because they travel to heaven so slowly, that the Lord Jesus leaves them behind. They are so lukewarm, so cold, so indifferent, they have so little zeal, so little love, they have so little true desire to glorify God, that the swift heart of Jesus cannot be restrained to tarry with them. "Oh!" saith one, "I travel as fast as I can, but I am but a poor creature; I often creep when I see others run, and when I run I often see others flying." Beloved, Christ does not measure your way by the speed you go. If your desire be slack, then the Lord Jesus will leave you and travel before you, until you shall find the whip of affliction behind you, spurring your soul to travel faster. John Bunyan has a good picture. He says; "Now if you send a serving man for a doctor, and he goes as fast as he can, perhaps he goes on a very ill jade of a horse.

and he cannot make it go ; but the master does not measure the pace by the rate at which the horse goes, but by the rate at which the servant wishes the horse to go, and he says, 'Oh ! that man would go fast if he could ; if you put him on a horse that had some mettle in him, he would soon go over the stones and bring the medicines.' " So it is with our poor flesh and blood. It is an ill-pace that we can ever go with such a sorry thing to ride on, but the Lord Jesus measures our pace not by the actual distance run, but by our desires. When he sees no kicking and spurring as it were in prayer, pulling at the rein and toiling to make our poor flesh and blood rise to something like devotion and zeal, then he accepts the will for the deed, and Christ stops to keep company with those poor disciples. But let the desires be cold, let us become lazy, let us do little or nothing for Christ, what wonder if the Lord Jesus says, " This man observeth not my words, and keepeth not my sayings, I will not sup with him and he shall not sup with me. I will give him enough comfort to keep him alive ; I will give him enough spiritual food to keep his soul alive ; I will put him on poor diet until he turns to me with full purpose of heart, and then I will take him to my bosom and show him my love."

There is yet one thing more. You can suppose two persons travelling on the same road, with the same intentions, and at the same pace ; and yet they do not walk together so as to hold any fellowship with each other, *because they do not like each other*. Where there is no love (and that, perhaps, is the fullest meaning of the text), there can be no communion. Unless two be agreed in heart, they cannot walk together. You know some of our very nice, excellent, bitter, hyper-Calvinistic friends. Now, suppose one of them meets with an Arminian, you cannot suppose for one instant that there could be any conversation between them, except it were some fine jangling and abuse of each other. Suppose some excellent, strict Baptist brother speaks to us, who have more enlarged principles. He comes down upon us with his heavy weapons, and cuts us down for the great sin of loving all them that love the Lord Jesus, and receiving to the Lord's table all whom we believe the Lord has received ; but our brother would be obliged to go on the other side of the road, because he could not eat with the Egyptians ; there must be, he thinks, a little distinction and a little difference kept up, for the honour of his own views. And we know that there are some good brethren who have a peculiar obnoxiousness of temper. They seem to be covered with bristles and with sharp quills, to prick and annoy any and every person who should come in their way. You cannot commune with them ; it is impossible for you to walk the same road with them, for you would feel it better to hold your peace all the way, because they would be sure to misunderstand what you said. There must be an agreement in heart, an agreement in opinion, or otherwise two cannot walk together.

Oh, believer, hast thou got an agreement of heart with Jesus ? Say, dost thou love Christ, and dost thou think a great deal of him ? Wouldst thou magnify him, and speak well of his name ? Dost thou think him the chief amongst ten thousand, and altogether lovely ? and dost thou hope that he has a good hope of thee, that he hath said to thee, " Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee ? " Has he spoken soft words to thine heart, which have caused thee to think that his bowels have yearned over thee ? Ah, then communion is easy with thee ; for your two souls are bound up in the same bundle of life ; therefore, it is easy for thee to walk together. Art thou of the same opinions ? Are Christ's words thy doctrine ? Hast thou been taught to give up all divinity, except that which came from Jesus ? Canst thou say

of him, "He is my only Rabbi, my only Teacher in the law and the Gospel; at his feet, with Mary, I could sit, and receive his words, and believe all the truth that he has expressed as the truth of God?" If so, believer, communion with thee is easy; for, when two agree in thought, and intention, and way, and affection, then they can walk together, for they are in all these things agreed. This, then, is the first point; and the next two shall be very briefly hinted at.

II. The second point was THE NECESSITY FOR THIS AGREEMENT. This necessity has many points of agreement. Christ will not walk with us, unless we are agreed with him, *because if he did so it would be a slur upon his own honour*, it would be a denial of his own nature. Should Christ come into concord with Belial?—should he make himself free and happy and communicative with those who indulge the lusts of the flesh, and who disobey his commands? It would look ill, if the prince's son should walk arm in arm with traitors. We should not think it any good token of a noble carriage, if we saw the greatest in the land herding with the lowest. Christ keeps good company; and if we do not have our hearts purified by the Holy Spirit, Christ will not come to us at all. He will not abide even with his own children, so long as they harbour sin. Invite the devil into the front parlour of your heart, and Christ will not come too. No, it would be a derogation of his own dignity, an insult on his own character to do so. Give your heart up to the indulgence of some ambitious desire, and you cannot give the Saviour the insult of inviting him to come to you. In our own houses we do not invite two persons who are at enmity; and is it likely that Christ will come where sin is reigning, or pampered, or indulged?—No brethren; he knows there is sin in the best heart; but as long as it is kept down, and as long as he sees that our desires are to overturn it, he will come; but when he sees sin pampered and fed in his own palace, when he sees self-righteousness and self-security harboured in his own palace, he says, "I will not return, but I will go unto my own house, and not return until they have repented of their sin."

There is another reason why you cannot commune, because *you yourselves are incapable of it*. Unless your soul be in agreement with Christ, unless in motive and aim, and will, you are like your Master, you cannot rise to the dignity of fellowship with him. Fellowship with Christ is a high thing; no man can attain to it, as long as he indulges groveling purposes, or low desires. The heart must be assimilated to the likeness of Christ; it must be cleansed and renewed by the Holy Spirit, or else it loses its wings, and is unable to mount to the high places of the earth, where Christ doth show to his people his love.

There is another reason why Christ will not commune with us, namely, *for our own good and profit's sake*. Christ cannot and will not hold sweet fellowship with his people unless they are continually agreed with him. Let Christians swerve from Christ's path and backslide from his laws. If Christ were still to indulge them with love feasts, they would not know their sin, they would still continue in it. Let a father indulge the erring child with all the display of his affection. Let him put away the rod, let him never use a harsh word at all, but treat the sinning one with the same love as another who is dutiful and obedient, how is it to be expected that the child would ever discover its faults? The child will not know it is wrong until you tell him, of it. If Christ should give the same love, the same enjoyments, in sin and after sin, as he does in duty and after duty, his people would scarcely know their sins; they would continue in them. Just as the Lord is pleased to make

pain the tell-tale of disease, to make the headache an indication of something wrong within, so does he make the absence of his own fellowship the tell-tale by which we may tell that there is something amiss that is hostile to him, that must be purged away, before the sacred Dove will come with wings of comfort, to dwell in our hearts. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

III. Now, beloved brethren and sisters, in order that you may agree, we have first to remind you that *the perpetual indwellings of the Holy Spirit must be with you*. Unless the same Spirit that dwells in Christ shall dwell in you, your agreement can never rise to such a height as to admit of any depth or nearness of union. Take care continually to seek the unction from on high, the indwellings of the Holy One of Israel. In the measure in which your heart has been endued by the divine influence, and baptised by the holy fire of the Spirit, in that proportion will your soul be in agreement with Christ, and your union be true, and close and lasting. Take care of that. And then next, under that divine influence, *look well to all your motives*. Seek not to have any aim to get honour to thyself, or honour to thy fellow-men. Take care that in all thou doest thou doest it with a single eye to thy Master's honour; for unless thine eye is single thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If thou wilt win the sunlight of thy Master's face take care of that.

Then, if thou wouldst have union, take care in the next place, in order that thou mayest be agreed with Christ, *that thou doest all in dependance upon him*; for if thou settest up in business for thyself Christ will be at enmity with thee. Seek not only to turn thine eye to him for direction, but for support too, and look to him in thy prayers, and in thy preachings, in thy hearings, and in everything, and so shall Christ and thy whole soul be agreed, and so shalt thou hold fellowship with him. And, lastly, *be continually panting after more holiness*. Never be content with what thou art; seek to grow, seek to be more and more like Christ, and then when that desire for holiness is become strong, thou wilt have the same desire that Christ has; for his desire is that thou shouldst be holy, even as he is holy; for his command was, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." And when your desires are Christ's desires, then shall it be possible for you to walk with Christ, but not till then. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"

Now there are some to-night about to walk with Christ into this pool of baptism. Can two walk here except they be agreed? You may walk into this pool, but you cannot bring Christ with you except you are agreed with him. If you come without agreement with Christ you will make a slip of it in your life, or else go back and walk no more with him, and be offended with him. Remember, brethren and sisters, unless your two hearts are agreed, Christ and your heart made one, unless it be so, you will fall out with one another before long; Christ will not long be at peace with you, nor will you be at peace with Christ. Your profession will be short lived after all, unless it be a true and real one, the expression of the inner heart. I pray that your profession to-night may be a sincere one, that you may testify to the world a true, saving and entire agreement with your Lord and Master, and if any of you be not agreed with Christ to-night, I beseech you if you have come so far come no farther. Go not into this pool till you have thoroughly agreed with Christ. I charge you by the living God, as you shall have to stand before his bar at last, play not the hypocrite. Be sincere, for if you give yourselves not wholly to Christ, you are doing like those who come unworthily to the Lord's-table, and who eat and drink condemnation. For he that is plunged

into the baptismal pool is immersed unto his own damnation, when as a hypocrite he comes here. But, oh, ye humble followers of Jesus, you have to us in your fellowship testified your faith. Be not afraid now to confess it, and may God enrol your names at last amongst the followers of the Lamb.

SPIRITUALITY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

I THINK no one loves or prizes spirituality more than I do, but I think that sometimes great mistakes are made as to its nature and effects. Some seem to fancy that, in order to be spiritual, we must meddle very little with secular things, and spend most of our time in meditation, and other religious exercises alone. Now, while meditation and reading, and separation from secular employments, may be very good, yet it is very possible for a person to enjoy all these, and not be very spiritual. Some are more spiritual in the shop, behind the counter, than others are in the closet; and there is often more religion in the exchange, or market-place, than there is in the chapel, or the church. Some think that money is such a bad thing, that you cannot be spiritual if you have much to do with it, or say much about it; but a spiritual mind will so use money, as to increase spirituality. It is the opinion of some that money ought not to be spoken of in the pulpit, or but very rarely, and very cautiously, and yet it is much spoken of in the Word of God, especially in Paul's Epistles, in one of which two whole chapters are occupied with the subject. Then some object to its being referred to at the end of a discourse or some sublime or deeply spiritual subject; and yet, after Paul had dictated that most sublime and spiritual discourse on the resurrection (1 Cor. xv.), he at once turns to the subject of money, and says, "Now concerning the collection for the saints; as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him!" "Venerable Apostle! Can it be that we are to meddle with money on the Lord's-day, and every Lord's-day, too! What will become of our spirituality?" Become of your spirituality! why if you perform this duty out of love to Christ, and in order to perform it right, place yourself immediately in the presence of God, your spirituality will be increased, for you will see the real value and proper use of money, and so be kept from the love of it, which is the great, if not the only evil connected with money. May it not be the love of money that makes us dislike collections, expensive duties, and the introduction of the subject into the pulpit? Paul speaks of "*the deceitfulness of sin.*" And may it not be that sin has so deceived us, that what we take for spirituality, which makes us feel uncomfortable when the subject of giving money is publicly and pointedly introduced, may be only the love of money? This is worth a thought; for if sin is deceiving, and if the heart is deceitful above all things, together they may have deceived us. Let me try and illustrate this subject.

There are a company of Christians met at John Smith's; they talk of hymns, sermons, and chapters; they speak of churches, ministers, and absent members; they pass a very pleasant evening; sing a hymn, have a parting prayer, and fancy they are very spiritual. We need not condemn this, or insinuate one word against it. True, the men smoked tobacco, and the rest of the company ate biscuits, and drank a little wine. But no one was slandered, nothing was said about money, nor were worldly matters

allowed to become prominent, and at parting one or two said, they wished there were more such gatherings, for they were very pleasant, being so social.

Along that dark lane, you see a man alone; he is walking with a quick step, and appears intent upon something on which his heart is set. That is Henry Edwards; he has denied himself two half pints of beer, and two half ounces of tobacco, and is going to take the sixpence he has saved to poor old Richard Wilson, who is laid by unable to work, and has little more than parish allowance to live on. True, he cannot help thinking of money, for every time his hand comes in contact with the sixpence in his trowsers pocket, he wishes it was a shilling, or what would be better, half-a-crown. Well, he has reached the cottage; he enters, and poor old Richard is glad to see him come, for he has been alone all day, and the sight of a Christian always seems to do him good. And then Henry has always some good word, which cheers him; and to night he has sixpence for the body, and one of God's precious promises for the soul. They talk for a time of Jesus, go over a part of their experience, and have a word of prayer; and Henry goes home with a light heart, while old Richard goes to bed praising and blessing God.

In that pew, there, sits Sarah Simpson; her looks are serious, her attention appears rivited to the subject, and she seems to join in all the devotions. Her thoughts may wander, perhaps; she may be annoyed with the colour of the ribbons in that young woman's bonnet in the pew beside her, and she cannot but think the fashion of a ladies mantle, just before her, very carnal and worldly. But when the minister announces the collection, and points out the Christian's duty to be liberal, and urges all the Lord's people present to support the Lord's cause with cheerfulness, she is indescribably annoyed. To talk about money at all after *such* a sermon, is altogether out of place; and then to say so much, and to speak as if the subject was so important, was unbearable. Poor Sally's temper was ruffled; she was not herself the whole of the day after, and she really thought that ministers ought to know better than upset all the good they had done in such a way. Indeed she was afraid her minister's mind was very carnal, or he would not introduce the subject of money to divert the attention from such a glorious subject, as that on which he had been preaching.

Now look at that little old woman trudging along there with a small gallipot in her hand. That is old Susan Harris; she gets her living by going out washing and cleaning. She worked the whole of yesterday for one shilling, and the work seemed to go off easier than usual, for she had something in her thoughts which engaged a good deal of her attention. Poor Jonathan Andrews was lying ill with consumption, and when she went to see him the other day, his poor lips appeared to be so dry and parched, that she could not help wishing he had a little nice currant jelly to moisten them. At first she thought she would go and try to beg a little for him; then again she recollected that she was going out to work, and should have a shilling for her day's labour, and determined to devote threepence of it, which was all she could possibly spare, to buy a little jelly for poor Jonathan. Well, the old lady has got it, and never did a boy go home to his holidays with more pleasure than old Susan went to carry the jelly to Jonathan. Now the obtaining of the money, and the money obtained, and the jelly bought, were all carnal; but then Susan was a Christian, and she loved Jonathan for Christ's sake, for he was a believer too, and what was done in this case, the Saviour took as done to himself. Susan did a good work, and enjoyed doing it; poor Jonathan's parched lips were moistened, and his heart was made glad, and he gave God thanks. Here was true spirituality.

Let us look in at this prayer-meeting. That short, thick man there is Henry Tompkins; he is a great professor, but rather stingy. He has no patience with weekly subscriptions and monthly collections, and as to pew-rents, they are abominable. True he lives well, and saves money, but then, as he often says, "every one should lay by for a rainy day." This may be all very well, but then, judging from Henry's conduct, we should think that he expects nothing but rainy days all the latter end of his journey, and that he expects a great many of them too. But, hark! Henry is called upon to pray. Has he not an excellent gift? Does he not appear to pray well? Is not his language Scriptural, and does he not appear very spiritual? That is just the way he always prays. Now, would you believe it, he only pays for *one sitting* for himself and wife, though both attend; he never gives silver at the collection, and it is no uncommon thing for him to pass the plate as if he forgot there was a collection at all. He loves the voluntary system, and thinks that no one should be urged to give, and is quite sure that our ministers and deacons think a great deal too much of money. He is for spirituality, especially on the Lord's-day, as he is troubled quite enough about money on week days.

Yonder goes Samuel Goodchild. I wonder what he is about. That man is a journeyman carpenter, but he has a large loving heart. You seldom see him in his own time, but he has some good object in view. He has many trials of his own, but they only seem to fit him to sympathise with the troubles of others. He thinks about money too, but not how to hoard it, or to spend it on self-gratification, but how he may honestly get it, and then how he may spend it as a servant of Christ. I dare say, from the direction he has taken, that he is going to see poor widow Savory. Poor thing, she is left with six children dependant upon her; and a short time ago, Samuel Goodchild went round to collect a little money for her, to keep her and her children from the Union. Not but what she could bring her mind to go to the Union, if she could only have her children with her; but as her children would be separated from her, she cannot endure the thought of it. Well, Samuel, headed his collecting book with half-a-crown from himself, and then went round to the friends, and thus rendered her considerable assistance; and now he often visits her, to comfort her by speaking to her of Jesus, and reminding her of the precious promises. Besides this, he generally collects the children round him, and prays with them, and for them; nor does he often go without taking them some little help, saved from his own wages, or obtained from others. Now Samuel Goodchild regularly subscribes weekly, and generally gives at the collection in proportion to his means, and sometimes says, that nothing tries his patience more than to hear professors of religion grumbling about the number of collections, and objecting to hear money spoken of from the pulpit, when he is sure that many of his mates spend more in one night sometimes at the Six Bells, than he gives to God's cause in a whole month, and he believes that, but for the grace of God, he should do just as they do. And as to persons in higher stations, why the balls, parties, &c., indulged in by worldlings, he is sure costs five times as much as any of the members of the congregation or Church give to the Lord's cause. Samuel's thoughts are a good deal occupied about money, but he has never fallen in love with it yet; and as he looks upon it as sent him by the Lord, to be spent for the Lord, and considering himself as only a steward, and believing that he must give an account, he feels sure that his thoughts about money never injures his spirituality.

Now, reader, which do you think is the most likely to promote spirituality,

the meeting at John Smith's, or the journey of Henry Edwards? We know which would cost most. Who was the most spiritual woman, Sarah Simpson, or Susan Harris? We can easily guess which was the most pleasant Church member, and which would be the greatest comfort to the pastor. Who would give you the best idea of spirituality, the gifted Henry Tompkins, or the plain, hard working Samuel Goodchild? No one could hesitate a moment to say which did most good, or which had most of the Spirit of Christ. Let us not be led away by appearances. It is not all gold that glitters. There is no spirituality in always speaking in an under tone, wearing a long face, using Scripture phrases in common conversation, or talking against other Christians as carnal, as fond of money, and as being in Babylon. Satan has many snares, and we fear this is one. His devices are various, and difficult of detection; but he is never so dangerous as when he appears in the garb of sanctity, and speaks as a minister of righteousness. Religion is not meat, drink, dress, or any peculiar form of speech; but it is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Spirituality is not standing aloof from other Christians, or using a peculiar phraseology, or protesting against this mode of supporting God's cause, or that. But spirituality consists in being like Christ, who went about doing good; who was as much like other men as possible, only not sinful; who loved others, lived for others, wrought for others, gave to others, and died for others. Spirit of Jesus, fill, O fill the souls of believers; make them truly, deeply, habitually spiritual; and then we shall not be selfish, conceited, or sanctimonious, nor say to others, "*Stand by, I am holier than thou!*"

A VISIT TO CALVARY.

LET us turn aside from the world's blandishments and scenes of every-day life, and, wrapped in holy meditation, by the Spirit's influence, to Calvary, "lovely, mournful, Calvary," and picture to our minds, in vivid colours, the thrilling scenes there enacted.

Methodists it is early morning. Bathed in rosy light, reposing in serenest peace beneath a cloudless sky, is that eminence so soon to be the arena of a matchless tragedy; and although it is in reality a Gethsemane, a Golgotha, the sweet serenity that prevails proclaims,

"That only man is vile."

In the distance beautiful Mount Zion, the joy of the whole earth, rises in proud pre-eminence, and afar off, like a palace of light, is seen the glittering magnificent Temple. The day advances, a confused murmur of sounds is heard. Hark! it is the buzz of human voices, it approaches nearer, and a mingled multitude of Jerusalem's devoted sons and daughters appear slowly ascending the hill; they come still nearer, and

rend the air with their curses and execrations; rage and madness shoot forth gleams of fiendish fire from their blood-shot eyes, while they yell with demon wrath, "crucify him," "crucify him." And where is the object of their hatred and malice; who is he, and what evil hath he done? See that sorrow-stricken Man, as with faltering footsteps, but gentle mien, he toils up the steep ascent. Let us draw near and gaze on this devoted one. Ah, my soul, dost thou not recognise the love tokens on his sacred temples? This is thy Jesus, they are leading him as a lamb to the slaughter, and mark, not all the taunts and execrations of the blind and infuriated populace can disturb the calm peace of his overburdened soul. Faint and weary indeed he is, and yet, among that motley crowd, in vain we look for one sympathising friend, one kindred spirit, one brother in adversity. Every face expresses deep, dire, malignant hate. And were there none among all the thousands whom his liberal hand had fed, and healed, and blessed, not

one of that multitude, who cried Hosanna, or of those who exclaimed with rapturous delight, "never man spake like this man;" and, above all, not one, of that chosen few, to whom he had unveiled his loving tender heart, and admitted to his intimate friendship, and to whom, in prospect of separation, he addressed the most loving, pathetic words that ever fell from human lips? Alas! "they all forsook him and fled."

Truly did the holy Prophet exclaim, "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none with him."

No helm or mortal armour
He wore into the fight,
But took with him Omnipotence,
His own eternal right.

But press a little closer ye friends of the suffering Jesus; see thy adorable Lord amidst those heaving billows of the scum and filth of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. He possesses his soul in patience, although anguish and suffering have drawn deep lines on his pallid brow, and furrowed his wasted cheek. Divine benevolence beams from those pitying eyes, as he turns them ever and anon upon the doomed multitude around him, who are thirsting like wolves for his blood.

But all we presume who have joined this mass of human beings, who are accompanying the Man of Sorrows to Calvary, are not equally rancorous in their hatred, or vociferous in their execrations; many are attracted by curiosity; they have seen, and perhaps been the subjects of his miracles; they have witnessed his blameless life, and probably have a vague notion that he will, as on former occasions, escape out of the hands of his persecutors. But who are these of modest and gentle mien, who, regardless of Roman soldiers and an infuriated mob, press towards the condemned one, and testify by their tears their sympathy; they are female forms, and have braved the dangers, the taunts, and the jeers of the crowd to follow their beloved Master to the place of execution. Oh! woman, all-enduring, loving, self-sacrificing woman, how glorious and heroic have been thy achievements, in the cause of religion and humanity, and in this the crowning

instance; how beautiful is the sight, and how touching also is the benevolence of the Divine Sufferer, as he condescends to notice and comfort them. But the toilsome journey is over; the cross-bearer deposits the weighty and detestable burden on the ground, and the meek and passive Jesus quietly surrenders himself to the profane hands which are but too willing to perform their fearful part. First, they offer him a stupefying potion, which he rejects; next, with indecent haste, they strip him of his upper garments, stretch his limbs on the accursed tree; and, oh! agony of agonies, they lacerate and tear those blessed hands, whose potent touch had so often caused the stagnant life blood to flow with renewed vigour through the frozen veins; those blessed hands, whose fingers dropped balm into the grateful hearts of the adoring mothers, whose favoured infants he clasped in loving and tender embrace; and those feet, which were ever ready for the performance of errands of mercy, are in like manner pierced and torn; and the physical agony, which results from the barbarous deed, is aggravated by insults and reproaches.

Now suddenly they lift the ponderous cross, and with a jerk, that makes every nerve and muscle of his sacred body quiver with the most intense agony, deposit it in the excavation prepared to receive it. Yes, there he hangs; the holy, harmless, undefiled Jesus, with no eye to pity, no hand to save, among that cruel throng. But legions of angels are there, waiting to do his bidding; with wondering awe,

Around the bloody tree,
They press with stroug desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire.
And could their eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropped it there
In sad surprise.

And do thou, my soul, draw near also; thou hast more interest in this painful, but to thee, glorious sight, than angels. Turn not away thine eyes, then, from this suffering Saviour. The contemplation of his dying agonies will make sin more bitter to thy palate, and the world more distasteful. Sit at the

foot of the cross and mingle thy tears with the still faithful John, and the sympathising weeping Mary's. And, oh! forget not the part thou hast had in this matter; yes, weep fresh tears of bitter reproach, and penitence, because—

Thy sins thy cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were,
Each of thy crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

But, "Oh these nails have rent the rock of salvation for us, that it may pour forth the water of life, have reft the heavenly bush of baln, that it may send forth its perfume."*

But listen, the Saviour speaks. Audible words are trembling on those parched lips, and those dying eyes are irradiated with a fresh impulse of heavenly love. Are his words words of comfort to those heart-stricken mourners, who, with painful interest, are watching the ebbing tide of his life blood, as it recedes to the chambers of death? Is it a message of love to those faithless ones, who, though by their desertion have rendered themselves unworthy of his love, are still tenderly remembered by him? Ah, no; it is for his enemies, his bitter persecutors, that he prays, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Take courage, then, poor sin-stricken convicted soul—you, who have a thousand times defied the Lord of life and glory, and said by your words and actions, "I will not have this man to reign over me." Let these words of pity and divine compassion be to your troubled heart as the sweetest music from angel harps. Look from Calvary to Mount Zion above, and see Jesus, standing at the right hand of God, where he ever liveth to make intercession for us, rest assured. Father forgive them, is still the burden of his intercessory prayer, and will he

"Till all the ransomed church of God,
Be saved to sin no more."

Let Christians also bear a life-long testimony, in practical remembrance of these blessed words of Jesus, carrying out to the fullest extent, in their intercourse with the church and the world, the divine, the God-like principle of

forgiveness, which will make the wilderness around them rejoice and blossom as the rose.

But from the peaceful chamber of contemplation we turn again to the noisy crowd who surround the foot of the cross. Torrents of abuse still descend on the head of the divine Sufferer. Jewish rulers and Roman soldiers unite in deriding him; and as if his cup of bitterness was not yet full, the malefactor by his side also railed on him saying, "If thou be the Christ save thyself and us." We listen in vain for an answer to the speech of this impenitent scoffer; the dying Jesus makes no reply. But as we turn our eyes to the right, another voice is heard, a voice whose accents are very sweet to our adorable Emmanuel, as proceeding from a heart broken and contrite for sin; it is that of the other malefactor, who, with all the energy his failing strength allows him, rebukes his sinful companion, and acknowledges, at the same time, the justice of his own punishment and his belief in the innocence of the dying Christ, while with combined faith and love he offers up the memorable petition, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;" to which the Saviour immediately responds, "Verily I say unto thee to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Oh blissful words, which, opening a heaven of consolation, have sounded like a peaceful chord of Paradise to millions on their dying beds, and may they also sound in our ears when our feet tread the gloomy vale.

But exhausted nature is now nearly at rest. For six weary hours has the sinless Victim hung bleeding on the cross. The burning rage of the frantic multitude seems a little abated, when suddenly a portentous darkness over-spreads the whole visible horizon; every breast is filled with amazement, every heart beats with apprehension. What is it? is the anxious inquiry, but none reply. A silence deep as the grave succeeds the preceding din and uproar; all Nature seems united to pronounce a general anathema on the murderers of its Creator and Upholder; for the earth rolls and heaves with tumultuous motion; the rocks rend, disclosing awful fissures and

* Krummacher.

frightful chasms, which seem waiting the fiat of the Almighty to engulf at once the guilty actors in this mournful tragedy. But mercy, with winning gentleness, pleads on their behalf. Jesus' prayer is heard, and they are spared, for their eyes again to behold the sun, and their ears to hear the most blessed words, that were ever uttered in this sin-stricken world, "It is finished"—words to them, indeed, unintelligible, but words which are hailed with rapture by the heavenly hosts, who strike anew with lofty tones their golden harps, and echo "It is finished;" words too, well understood by the powers of darkness, who now writhe and groan in the grasp

of eternal despair; words which are music to the sinners ear, as ensuring a full and complete salvation, through the death and merits of a crucified Saviour. For "There is, therefore, now no condemnation, to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Such then are our meditations on the sufferings of Jesus; and humble and simple though they are, may they, by the Spirit's influence, lead us to more adoring gratitude, and a renewed dedication of ourselves to his service, "who humbled himself unto death even the death of the cross."

M. B.

THE TALEBEARER'S MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people."—Lev. xix. 16.

The writer, having no reference to any particular locality, uses the term *talebearer* in the sense thus given by the divine lawgiver of Israel. In such sense it is not every report that is talebearing. When Paul's sister's son heard of a conspiracy made by more than forty Jews to take away the life of Paul himself, he "told Paul" this fact, as stated in Acts xxiii. 16; and for making this report, the name of Paul's sister's son deserves to be honoured and written in letters of gold to the end of time.

There are, however, some things to which we ought not to give either ear or tongue, and others, to which, though we give them an ear, it is wrong to give a tongue. In either of these cases, to give a tongue is the sorry work of the talebearer, to say nothing of many a talebearer's propensity to give a tongue to what he or she never heard.

The talebearer is generally an industrious gleaner in the field of gossip; and, oh that the malignant portions of gossip could be exchanged for the godly conversation of those good women at Bedford, whose talk was to the immortal Bunyan like an angel flying "in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel."

Satan cannot be very successful in

creating strife if he is not aided by a talebearer. For in Prov. xxvi. 20, we read, "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth."

Strife is a conflagration that begins with a spark; and oh how affecting when that spark comes from the bottomless pit and sets the tongue on fire after the manner described in James iii. 6!

Even such strife, however, would soon be at an end if every one knew how to deal with the talebearer when he or she begins to work. But if unhappily, in a Christian church or elsewhere, the talebearer meets with no check at the outset, and readily finds willing agency at his command, the fire burns down first a house, then a street, and then, by extending from street to street, at last consumes the whole city, and leaves nothing to bespeak its former greatness but ashes, smoke, and ruins.

Thus the talebearer's *multiplication* is a multiplication of strife. But, blessed be God, the unseen agency of ministering angels, and his employment of the sons of peace, sometimes quench the flames at an early period, and remind us of Matt. v. 9, where we read, "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

The talebearer, however, not only

performs multiplication, but practises *division*, even the division of friends. Thus in Prov. xvi. 28, it is said, "A whisperer separateth chief friends." Alas! how many an excellent minister's character has been whispered away in confidence; and from that hour the days of his usefulness have been numbered.

In Prov. xvii. 9, too, it is written, "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends." In such division, however, as well as in the talebearer's multiplication, there is a remedy unhedged and open to the wayfaring man. It is only to have added to Christian courage sufficient wisdom from above to be proof against plausible eloquence without credentials, and to know how to deal with the talebearer. Perhaps another person of the same name has done what he ascribes to the brother he is wounding in the dark. But, having prejudice and ill-will to begin with, he relates what X told him, and what Y told X, and what Z told Y. Or it may be that the transaction reported is true, but that the motive was such as ought to have brought the talebearer with a host of praises instead of censure upon censure.

If, therefore, an adept at making mischief visits David to-day as the calumniator of Jonathan, and goes to Jonathan to-morrow as David's calumniator, David and Jonathan both dealing rightly with the talebearer, most effectually escape such hatred as is murder

in the bud* and have their friendship not only unimpaired but mademore firm by the foul attempt to alienate them.

Nor must we forget that sometimes, while "he that soweth discord among brethren" is at work for evil, God is at work for good. An individual for instance, has so many kind things said of him and to him as to need ballast to keep him in safety; and this ballast the talebearer furnishes. And though the talebearer does not know naked truth enough to make ballast of, his so dealing with truth as to make false impressions, and thus *lie*, or his employment of *direct* falsehood answers the purpose better than any other affliction under the sun. Thus what the thorn in the flesh did for Paul, the talebearer's vocation often does for him who is thereby called to suffer unmerited reproaches.

We cannot do better, therefore, than place our characters in the hands of God; and keep clear of ill-will towards the talebearer by sincerely praying for him, which recourse to the throne of grace is a good preparation for other kind offices. Thus we shall soon find that the talebearer is a chained enemy, to whom Jehovah says, as he does to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

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* See 1 John iii. 15.

DISSATISFIED HEARERS.

It is the lot of some to hear habitually, in the place where they are accustomed to worship, preaching which fails to satisfy them. Where the regular ministrations are agreeable, it usually happens to every one to hear occasionally those which are otherwise. It becomes then a question of some importance what kind of deportment is proper in such circumstances. No question need arise where the preaching gratifies the taste of the listener. A manner which encourages the speaker, and invites others to listen, is then assumed involuntarily. Now, when the

word is, or seems to the hearer to be, inadequately or distastefully presented, is he or she at liberty to indicate this feeling by expressive looks of disgust or disapprobation, or by an air of undisguised weariness or inattention? It appears to me that a style of deportment quite different from that appropriate to the theatre or the lecture-room is demanded in the house of God. Reverence for the place and the objects of the service demands that the critical and esthetic powers be kept in abeyance, and a suppression of signs of feeling, which are only less improper than clap-

ping or hissing. All such demonstrations are in total disregard of those whose tastes happen to be different. They may be wounded, vexed, or disgusted—if they are irreligious, they will probably be gratified, for it helps to keep any truth from reaching them. Is such a manner just toward the preacher? If, as may generally be presumed, he has tried to set forth the truth in an effective manner, is it just to torture him by showing that he has tried ineffectually? If he knows that he does not and cannot satisfy you, is it right for you to try every Sabbath to make him feel the power of an unfriendly and unappreciative hearer? If he is a stranger in the pulpit, may all

the rules of Christian courtesy be set aside by the dissatisfied hearer? It is shameful, the unkind and inconsiderate manner with which young preachers are often greeted in their first attempts. The cold, hard, critical looks indicate anything but the kindly sympathy which the young preacher has a right to expect from his Christian brethren in this most trying period of a most trying profession.

Do not then the proprieties of Christian worship, the reverence due to the house of God, the rights of the preacher and of fellow-hearers, demand a different manner from that so often seen in the pew, the aisle, and the vestibule of our chapels? AUDITOR.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE SPINNER BOY.

Several years ago there was a bright little boy in one of the mills of Glasgow, Scotland. He spun all through the summer vacations to earn money to go to school in winter; and very diligent was he, both at school and in the mill. A great deal of knowledge he picked up, and the best of all was the knowledge of God. Then he wanted to become a missionary, and God opened the way when he was of age.

The Missionary Society sent him to South Africa. There he married a good missionary's daughter, and for awhile stayed with his father-in-law. But he longed to explore the heart of Africa. God opened this way also, and he started off alone: no, not alone, for God was with him. On our maps of Southern Africa there are large blank spots, denoting that we do not know what is there: sandy deserts, we suppose. Dr. Livingston, for that was his name, found them fine countries, watered by large rivers, and peopled by Negroes much better off than those living on the sea-coast. They had never seen a white man; of Englishmen they had heard, and called them a "tribe that loved the black man."

Was it not dangerous travelling? O, yes! He was attacked by fever thirty-one times; and once a lion sprang upon him, and broke his arm. There were many wild animals. Zebra and giraffe were excellent food. The people were very kind.

Sometimes for months and months no news was heard of him, and his friends

were afraid he was dead. His father-in-law once undertook to forward him a package of letters. The package reached a river, on whose opposite banks lived two tribes at war with each other. "Here is a package for the good white man, for Mr. Livingston," cried the tribe on the south side to those on the north side: "cross over and take it." "Yon are cheating us," answered the north-siders; "the bundle is witch-craft medicine; we won't come." "We shall leave it here," cried the south-siders: "if it's lost, you shall take the risk." The north-siders thought better of it, crossed over, took the package, and carried it to a little island in the river, where they built a hut over it, and where a year afterwards the doctor found it safe and sound.

In four years he travelled eleven thousand miles where no white man ever went before; and, as you may suppose, he has brought home a great deal of interesting and important knowledge about the interior of Africa. He was gone from England sixteen years, and scarcely spoke English in all that time. And though not quite forty years old, his face is wrinkled, and almost as black as a black man's, from hardship and exposure. The English were very glad to welcome him back. But he would not stop long. O, no; the Makololos are waiting for him. He wants to lead them to Jesus Christ. God has promised to "give the Heathen" to His Son; and Dr. Livingston wishes the churches would lay claim to God's promises, and come out to Africa, and labour to bring this beautiful land under the rule of King Jesus.

A BOY THAT OBEYED GOD RATHER THAN MAN.

In a town in one of the midland counties of England lived a poor boy; his clothes were almost threadbare, and his daily allowance of food was often very scanty. He was an orphan, and having no one to provide for him, he supported himself by working at a factory, where he earned five shillings a week. He was a very good boy, and loved to read his Bible, and to go to the house of God on the Sabbath day. But he had an ungodly master, who, knowing of his wish to go to church on Sunday, ordered him to come to work on that day. However, Jem thought it his duty not to obey, and accordingly spent that sacred day in his usual peaceful manner.

The next morning, when he presented himself at the factory, the master inquired, "Where were you yesterday?" The boy answered, "I went to church, sir." "Then you may go to church again to-day!" replied the master, angrily; and paying him what was due to him, he instantly dismissed him. Jem was now without any means of earning a livelihood; but he knew it is useless to despair, so he began to look out for another situation.

On one of his applications, a gentleman asked him the reason of his dismissal from his former place. The boy replied, "Because I did not wish to go to work on Sunday, sir." The merchant was much pleased with this answer, and immediately engaged him at the increased wages of ten shillings a week. "Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

THE SCARLET VERBENA.

"MAY I have one of these flowers?" I looked up, but the voice called twice before I saw it was my neighbour Hannah that spoke. Poor child! there she stood, on one of the bright mornings of the last sweet summer, looking now at a small bed of treasured flowers, and then up at the window where I sat—too fit a representative of her home of drunkenness and sorrow.

"May I have one of these flowers?"

"Yes," I answered; "you may have some of those catchflies and pansies."

"It is that one I meant," she replied, as she bent over a brilliant verbena, the first blossom of the season.

"There is but one, you see, of that sort," said I, "and I cannot pick it without hurt-

ing the slender plant; take the others now, and when I have a good many by-and-by, I will give you a bouquet."

The little garden was carefully watched as she passed every day to and from the district school, and large demands were made from time to time upon my bounty. Perhaps I became too weary of her frequent asking, and but for the thought of something like the *cup of cold water* to one whose childhood had not too many pleasures, I should sometimes have closed the curtain and remained silent. She has a soul, thought I, as once she dismissed herself from my presence; not too much of one, but still enough to blossom out in genial goodness, would but some wise and tender hand guide and prune its straggling growth. I'll call her back a minute.

"Hannah, what makes you love flowers?"

"I don't know, ma'am," she replied, "only they're pretty."

"Did you ever think who makes flowers and all there is in this beautiful world?"

"I suppose God did. He made everything."

"What sort of a being should you think God must be to do all this?"

"I don't know. I guess He must know ever so much."

"And be very good, too, as well as great?"

"Yes, ma'am. He made me, but I don't know much about Him."

"Did you ever go to meeting, Hannah?"

"I went twice, in L—."

"What was done at the meeting that you can remember?"

"The minister talked and prayed, and then some people sang. I liked to hear them sing."

"Can you remember anything the minister said?"

"Not much; it was something about Jesus Christ, the same I suppose the Testament tells about at school, and something about a lamb." I tried to tell her of the Lamb of God—how He had died for such as she. She listened—her large eyes staring with wonder in my face.

"Would you like to be like Christ," I asked, "so gentle, lovely, and good?"

"I guess so; but I haven't seen Him," was Hannah's answer.

"No; but you can love Him and be like Him if you do not. Do you love me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why do you love me?"

"I don't know—because you give me flowers."

"That is very little to do for you—very little to be loved for."

"Well, I do; and I can see you."

"When you go away from here you will not see me, and all the way home how can you love me if you do not see me?"

"I shall think of you and see the flowers."

"Yes, and cannot you think of Jesus Christ, too, and look at all I have been telling you He made for you, and so love Him?"

"I don't know; is that the way to love Christ?"

"That is one way; but if you love Him you will try to become good and show your love by doing something for Him. You have little brothers and sisters, you can be very kind to them. Help them when they are hurt, and teach them how to love the Saviour. You can do much for your mother, too; when she is sad or ill you can make her happy by pleasant words and trying to show her every kindness you can think of. Will you try to be good, Hannah, and do all the good you can?"

There was no reply; a tear was on her sunburnt cheek, and she went away. How could I have wished she would not come so often?

The favourite plant did not blossom as abundantly as I expected; two or three flowers were all that opened at a time, and those my selfish admiration or the choice bouquet appropriated.

Hannah's calls were frequent, and I was not sorry when the school term closed. The last day came, and with it the recollection of my promise of the long-coveted flower. It was but a trifle, yet to her it might be much; and who may know the result of one slight promise broken? I was getting impatient of her multiplied requests at a season when the garden is less lavish with its beauty, and more perhaps from duty than from love I stripped the pet leaf-branch of its scarlet crows.

"You know I said you should sometime have these flowers," said I.

"Yes, ma'am—thank you," she replied, and then hesitating a moment, her brown eyes staring wonderfully into mine, she added, "Now I know you love Christ, for you love to be kind to me."

Ah! thought I, as she turned away, does He who sees my heart pass the same judgment on my motives for so slight a gift to this intrusive child? I felt that she had awarded me a higher praise than He who saw the impatient feeling with one of His little ones. I could only go to my closet to

weep and pray that henceforth its love might be unwearied with any opportunities to pluck the flowers of heavenly truth for the untaught and forsaken. E. L. E.

TWO STANDARDS OF MEASUREMENT.

"They, measuring themselves by themselves, are not wise." 2 Cor., x., 12.

"Mamma, how tall was that great giant of whom papa was telling us?" said Harry, who, after standing with his back to the door, a pencil in one hand, and a ruler in the other, was busily engaged in examining some marks which he had made on the panel.

"He was nearly seven feet high, I believe," replied Mrs. Prince, without raising her eyes from her work.

"And how tall do you think that I am?" said the little boy, with a look of conscious pride.

"You? I should say about four feet, my dear."

"I am eight feet high!" cried Harry, with exultation.

"Impossible!"

"I have just measured myself, mamma."

"You must have measured wrong."

"O! I have been very careful; see, here is the mark for each foot up the door—one, two, four, six, eight."

"But what is your standard measure, Harry?" said his mother, with a smile.

"This pretty little ruler, *that I made for myself*," cried the child, exhibiting his pasteboard measure, neatly marked with divisions for the inches, *but only half the proper length!* "You see, dear mamma, that I am taller than the giant!"

"Foolish child!" you say; and I should say so too, did I not fear that half the world act exactly as he did. We are all too apt to make our standard measures for ourselves, laying aside *the only true one*, which we find in the Bible; and thus we often deem ourselves sensible and good, when our wisdom is folly, our actions full of sin. The Bible tells us that *holiness* is absolutely necessary. "There is no need to be so very particular," cries the world. The Bible declares that we shall be judged for *every idle word*. "My words are my own," says the trifler.

It is clear that there are *two standard measures* before us; one short and easy, the other long and trying; one that makes us seem like giants, the other like dwarfs. Thus we are too ready to choose the standard of *our own making*, and wilfully to deceive our own hearts. But, O! let us ask ourselves one solemn question; by which standard shall we be measured at the last day?

THE BRUISED REED.

"A bruised reed shall He not break.—MATT. xii. 20.

IT was only a *reed* at first; not the stout bamboo or calamus—for these were unknown in Palestine; but a mere reed-grass, some congener of the *arrendo* or *calamagrostis*, so abundant in the Jersey marshes; the emblem, throughout the Scriptures, of fragility and unreliableness; a mere grass, whose stout haulm might indeed resist the ordinary winds which blew over the marsh, but whose whole strength lay in its outside, which contained some silicious matter, while internally it was hollow, or at best filled with a slight, weak pith.

Then again it was a *bruised* reed; the wheel had passed over it, or the foot of the wild beast had trodden it down, and in accordance with its nature, the fibres, composing its stalk had splintered, and its strength was all gone. Had it been an oak or beechen sapling, the bruise might have left an ugly scar, but the sap circulating in the heart of the wood, it would have grown again and become a tree after all; but the poor reed had no heart in which the sap could circulate; its juices all passed up the fibres of the haulm, and these broken it was entirely destroyed. If haply, a few fibres remain unsevered, it might retain vitality enough to ripen its seed panicles, but it could never hold up its head by the side of other reeds again.

Yet "He," the compassionate Saviour, assures us that even this bruised reed, worthless as it seems, He would not break; its few unbroken fibres He would not sever; and if, humbled and bruised as it was, it could yet ripen its fruit, his tender care should aid it in so doing.

What a picture is this of the tender-

ness and compassion of the Divine Redeemer! How gracious and pitiful is He even to the worthless and undeserving.

So have we seen, among the children of men, some who, like the reed, had reared their heads aloft, and rustling in the breeze, had felt that they stood firm; their stout stalk they deemed as capable of resisting violence as the stem of the young oak. But by-and-by affliction came; the wheel passed over the reed which but now bore itself so loftily, and it was crushed in the dust. No longer did it boast its strength; hope was gone, and in its despair it sought only for death. Then came the ever-compassionate Jesus; tenderly He raised the broken stalk, and though its beauty was gone, its strength broken, and its life well nigh extinguished, He did not sever the bruised reed from its stalk, but carefully propping it, He placed it so that the rays of the sun should shine upon it, and its fruit mature for a stronger growth hereafter.

Sad mourner by the grave of all thou lovedst on earth, who seekest for death as the only relief from thy sorrow, art thou this bruised reed? Look to Him whose love is such that He will not crush thee, and He shall sustain and support thine aching heart, and though thy lot may be overshadowed with clouds, and thou remain bruised and weak through the rest of thy earthly pilgrimage, yet by the blessed influence of His tenderness and love, thou shalt yet bear fruit for the garner of thy God.

PIERRE.

POETRY.

"WHOM NOT HAVING SEEN YE
LOVE."

"Whom not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Peter, i. 8.

I will love thee, all my treasure!
I will love thee, all my strength!
I will love thee without measure,
And will love thee right at length.
Oh, I will love thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find thee mine!

Alas! that I so lately knew thee,
Thee, so worthy of the best;
Nor had sooner turned to view thee,
Truest Good, and only Best!
The more I love, I mourn the more
That I did not love before!

For I ran, and wander'd blindly,
Seeking some created light;
Then I sought, but could not find thee—
I had wander'd from thee quite;
Until at last thou art made known,
Through thy seeking, not my own!

I will praise thee, Sun of Glory!
For thy beams have gladness brought;
I will praise thee, will adore thee
For the light I vainly sought;
Will praise thee that thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest!

In thy footsteps now uphold me,
That I stumble not, nor stray;
When the narrow way is told me,
Never let me link'ring stay.
But come my weary soul to cheer,
Shine, Eternal Sunbeam, here.

Be my heart more warmly glowing
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
And its love, its ardour showing,
Let my spirit onward tread.
Still near to thee, and nearer still,
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love, in joy and sorrow!
Crowning Joy! will love thee well.
I will love, to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell!
Oh! I will love thee, Light Divine,
Till I die and find thee mine.

JOHANN ANGELUS.

JESUS, THE DEAREST FRIEND.

LET who will in thee rejoice,
Oh, thou fair and wondrous earth!
Ever anguished sorrow's voice
Pierces through thy seeming mirth!
Let thy vain delights be given
Unto them who love not heaven;
My desire is fixed on thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

Weary souls with toil out-worn!
Drooping 'neath the long hot light,
Wish that soon the coming morn
Might be quenched again in night;
That their toils might find a close
In a soft and deep repose;
I but wish to rest in thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

Others dare the treacherous wave,
Hidden rock and shifting wind—
Storm and danger let them brave,
Earthly good or wealth to find
Faith shall wing my upward flight
Far above yon starry height,
'Till I find myself with thee,
Jesus, dearest friend to me!

Many a time ere now I said,
Many a time again shall say,
Would to God that I were dead,
Would that in my grave I lay!
Rest were mine, and sweet my lot,
Where the body hindereth not;
And the soul can ever be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with thee!

Come, oh Death! thou twin of sleep,
Let me hence, I pray thee come;
Loose my rudder, through the deep
Guide my vessel safely home.

Thy approach who will may fly,
'Twere a joy to me to die;
For death opens the gate to thee,
Jesus, dearest friend to me!

Would that I to-day might leave
This my earthly prison here;
And my crown of joy receive,
Waiting me in yon bright sphere!
In that home of joy, where dwell
Hosts of angels, would I tell
How the Godhead shines in thee,
Jesus, dearest Lord to me!

But not yet the gates of gold
I may see, nor enter in;
Nor the heavenly fields behold;
But must sit, and mourning spin
Life's dark thread on earth below;
Let my thoughts then hourly go
Whither I myself would be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with thee.

J. FRANCK.

THE DYING CHILD AND THE SNOW-DROP.

UPON a cottage window-sill
A simple snowdrop grew,
The sun its bright and golden beams
Each morning o'er it threw:
They sparkled on the flower, and then
On something quite as fair,
The pale face of a dying child
Who meekly suffered there.

She nursed and watched the little flower
With love and care untold,
Since first its leaves, so fresh and green,
Shot upwards from the mould,
She marked its growth' from day to day,
And saw the bud unclose,
To her 'twas dearer, lovelier far
Than any flower that grows.

One day the snowdrop's petals fair
Began to fade and die;
The sick child gazed, and peaceful smiles
Lit up her languid eye.
"Mother," she said, "the blossom dies,
Like me 'twill pass away,
But when, next spring, God calls it forth,
It will his voice obey.

"And mother, when it shall again
In snow white beauty bloom,
Then think upon your little child
Within the darksome tomb:
For He, the kind and gracious God,
Who bids the flow'et rise,
Will surely raise my body up,
To dwell beyond the skies."

That very day, at sunset hour,
Her spirit passed away,
Soared from its earthly tenement
To realms of endless day.
The snowdrop grows upon her grave,
Nor blossoms there in vain,
It whispers to the mother's heart—
"Thy child shall rise again."
Wellingborough. THEODORA.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

Not here! not here! not where the sparkling
 Fade into mocking sands as we draw near:
 Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
 I shall be satisfied—but O! not here!

Not here—where every dream of bliss deceives us,
 Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
 Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
 Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
 With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
 Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
 And peacefully life's time—tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
 Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
 And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
 Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! the spirit's yearning
 For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
 The silent love that here meets no returning—
 The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing—
 The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
 O! what desires upon my soul are thronging
 As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
 Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
 Guide me towards home, where all my wanderings ending,
 I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."

DORA.

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

HEBREWS XI. 1; OR, ISAIAH XL. 31.

Can I weary of *hoping*, whilst that Word is mine.
 Which the Spirit hath sealed with his signet Divine:
 Where *Faith* calmly gazing at glories above,
 Plants the anchor of *Hope* in "unspeakable" love?
 Can I weary of *looking*, so glorious and bright
 Is the Being whose loveliness bursts on my sight?
 O'er mountains He cometh, Himself is the way,
 To that region of bliss, where is permanent day!
 Can I weary of *loving*, when changeless and true,
 Is the Friend whom in Jesus I constantly view?
 Our love is an "earnest" of spiritual birth,
 His, the "fulness of joy" and its foretaste on earth.
 Can I weary of *watching*, with Him who has kept
 Watch on Olivet's Mount whilst Jerusalem slept?
 He knows the temptations which over me lurk,
 And will strengthen my soul with an Almighty power.
 Can I weary of *waiting*, when rest is at hand,
 Or faint within sight of Immanuel's land?
 That land where from all that can weary set free:
 There is evermore rest blessed Jesus with thee.
 Can I weary of *trusting*? "Thy will Lord be done,"
 Thou the battle hast fought and the victory won;
 I know thou hast triumphed o'er death and the grave,
 And the arm that hath conquered is mighty to save.

L. N.

REVIEWS.

A Commentary on Liverpool Life. A Lecture. By the Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN; pp. 44. Liverpool: Thomon.

THE title explains the character of this interesting lecture, which is a revelation of degradation and crime.

Hymns for Open Air Services. By J. METCALF WHITE, B.A. London: Judd and Glass.

A PENNY HYMN BOOK, principally compiled from Dr. Watts.

The Congregational Pulpit. Sermons from the MSS. of Nonconformist Ministers. Edited by the Rev. T. G. HORTON. Vol. IV. With Portraits engraved on wood.

CONTAINS twenty-three sermons, and upwards of thirty outlines of sermons, by the Rev. Messrs. Harrison, Paxton Hood; Dr. Wills, Jukes, Stoughton, and other ministers. Many of them are excellent specimens of pulpit literature, and will be of no small service to ministers in their preparatory exercises.

The Child in the Way. A Sermon, by J. A. M'Donald, Wesleyan Minister. London: Judd and Glass.

CONTAINS many practical suggestions.

Contra and Pro. The Anti-Puritan Teachings of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on the subject of Sanctification Exhibited. By PRO PURITAN. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have a decided objection to notice anonymous criticism. This brochure, however, being courteously addressed to ourselves, and professedly in opposition to an article which appeared in our pages, we feel to some extent bound to depart from our purpose and practice by as courteously acknowledging its reception. We think, however, the author might have spared himself the pains and cost of publishing this tractate. Mr. Spurgeon, as will be seen from all his voluminous publications, holds substantially the same views of the doctrine of Sanctification as Pro Puritan does, and which are in accordance with those of the eminent authorities which he has quoted. It is, however, but simple justice to say, that had not the sentence more particularly animadverted upon by our anonymous correspondent stood singly, and presented in an hypothetical form, there would have been, *primâ facia*, grounds for these strictures. As it is, we are fully satisfied that Mr.

Spurgeon meant nothing more than what is included in St. Paul's statement of Christian experience (2 Cor. iv. 16): "The inward man is renewed day by day." We suggest to the writer, respectfully, that it would be a graceful act, on his part, as well as just towards Mr. S., if he were to discontinue the offensive advertisement of his tract, which, at best, can be regarded only as mis-stating the facts of the case, and giving an extended publicity to the same. Better to sell a few copies less, than to do aught to damage the usefulness of a minister of Christ, whom God has honoured above thousands of his brethren.

Gods Heroes and the World's Heroes: being the Third Series of Biographical Sketches. By JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Mark's, Middlesex. (Pp. 40.) London: Longman and Co., Paternoster-row.

THIS admirable volume is not merely a gallery of historical portraits, it is made to subservise a high moral purpose. Here are contrasted scenes of peace and war; stories of patience in well-doing to relieve other stories of guilty ambition. In the selection of his missionary heroes, Mr. Gurney has evinced a commendable impartiality, as they have been taken from different sections of the Christian Church. Swartz and the Judsons—Johnson of Sierra Leone and John Williams of the South Sea Islands—Carey and Martyn—have given to them an equal prominence in these pages. The important moral lessons to be learned from the entire Series give to the book an interest and importance of no ordinary kind.

Salvation: an Allegorical Poem. London: S. Row, 124, Cheap-side.

THIS Poem was suggested by, and is in imitation of, a Sermon Preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, from the words, "Things that accompany Salvation." Upon the principle that "a verse may catch him whom a sermon flies,"—although, by-the-by, the sermons good old George Herbert had in view when he wrote that line, were vastly different to the one here paraphrased—we say to those who did not hear, as well as those who heard Mr. S.'s very remarkable sermon, which has been published in the New Park-street Pulpit, read also Mr. Knight's version of it in rhyme.

Havelock, the Broad-stone of Honour: a Tribute of the Tongue and Pen. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD, Author of the "Lamps of the Temple," &c. (Pp. 68.) London: John Snow, Paternoster-row.

A TALENTED tribute to the memory of the brave and pious General Havelock. Very suitable as a present to the young.

The Death of General Havelock.

AN excellent little book. Price 3d., post free, from W., Post-office, Ely, Cambridgeshire.

The Secret Sin and its Consequences. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS little book, by one of our esteemed correspondents, should be put into the hands of every young man in the kingdom.

Expository Discourses on the Book of Exodus. By T. THOMAS, Wellingborough. London: Judd and Glass, 21, Paternoster-row.

WE most heartily commend Mr. Thomas's exposition of this interesting portion of the Sacred Scriptures, to the attention of thoughtful and enquiring readers, to whom, under God's blessing, it can hardly fail of being very serviceable.

Theology in Verse: or, Poems on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity, Doctrinal and Practical, with Notes. To which are added Rustic Lays, Sacred and Social. By J. P. SHORHOUSE. London: Aylott and Co., Paternoster-row.

MR. SHORHOUSE has here put into metrical form, Essays on various and important doctrines of the Gospel. We wish he had

compressed his thoughts into fewer words, and had paid more attention to the rules of rhyme. The piece on the Fall is spun out to no less than forty-five common metre verses, and that entitled Modern Evangelists, Churches and the Church, extend to fifty-seven verses; a vein of bitter irony running through the whole, of which the following is a sample:—

To spinsters, dowagers, old maids,
And ignorant, sen-sless souls,
With whom the train of fortune's laid,
Wisdom her way unfolds;
And tells of charity and love,
And all such kind of thing—
The fruits of grace, sent from above
Choice sacrifice to bring.

There are, however, some pleasing exceptions, in which the grand and sublime truths of the Gospel appear in a more appropriate garb. The poem entitled "Life's Journey" pleases us much. The stanzas in Part iii, contain the following touching reference to his bereaved and widowed condition:—

"My crown lies buried in the dust;
My eyes' delight, my pride, my joy—
A jewel God would not entrust
To sparkle longer in my eye.

My wealth—my home companion dear,
At one fell stroke all, all was gone.
O, God! be my support: be near;
My soul, with eagle wings, bear on.

The volume is well printed, and will, doubtless, be acceptable to a large class of friendly readers.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

ROMNEY-STREET, WESTMINSTER.—Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Hounslow, has accepted the call of the church assembling in this place, commencing his labours on Lord's-day, March 28.

ANDOVER, HANTS.—The Rev. G. H. Davies, of Stepney College, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.—Mr. G. Hester, of Regent's-park College, has accepted of the cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Church in this place.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has engaged to preach at Sandy, Beds, on behalf of the Baptist chapel, in the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, the 13th of April.

ASH, near Meopham, Kent.—The Anniversary Sermons will be preached on Good Friday, April 2; the Rev. J. Whittemore, of Eynsford, in the afternoon, and the Rev. J. Linsley, of Meopham, in the evening.

SOBO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.—The annual sermons, in aid of the funds of the

Sabbath-schools, will be preached (D.V.) on Lord's-day, April 11th; morning and evening by Rev. J. Wilkins, of Brighton, in the afternoon by Rev. J. E. Bloomfield, of Salem, Meard's-court. Services to commence, morning at a quarter before eleven, afternoon at three, evening at half-past six. On the following Tuesday, April 13th, the sixth annual meeting of old scholars and teachers will be held in the school-room. Tea will be provided (free) at half-past five. Mr. Wyard, the late esteemed pastor will preside.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—On Good-Friday, April 2nd, 1858, the annual public tea meeting, on behalf of the Sabbath-schools, in connection with the Baptist chapel, will be holden. Tea at five o'clock. Public meeting at seven, when the chair will be taken by Caleb Higgs, Esq. The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, Pastor, and other ministers, will address the meeting.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

SWINDON NEW-TOWN.—On Feb. 23, the new vestries and school-room, in connection

with the Baptist chapel, were opened. The Rev. Evan Probert, of Bristol, preached two very impressive sermons in the afternoon and evening. There was a public tea-meeting between the services, on which occasion the spacious school-room was well filled. The trays, &c., were gratuitously provided by the friends, so that the whole of the profits went to aid the building fund. The Rev. R. Breeze, the pastor of the church, and the Rev. G. Pilgrim (Independent), Swindon, took part in these interesting services.

"These are the joys he lets us know,
In fields and villages below."

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

HATFIELD.—The Rev. S. Bird having undertaken to open the chapel at Kensington, in which the Rev. J. Stoughton formerly preached, the friends at Hatfield held a valedictory meeting. After tea the pastor was most feelingly addressed by Mr. Avis, who presented him with a purse of money raised by a general subscription. Mr. Bird received a token of esteem from the children of the Sabbath-school, and a gold chain from the brother whom he first baptised.

BAPTISMS.

ABBEDARE, Jan. 17—Two young sisters; Feb. 14. in the river Cynnon—Fifteen by Mr. Price, thirteen of whom were from the Sabbath-school.

— Mill-street, Feb. 7—Nine by Mr. B. Evans.

BIRMINGHAM, Heneage-street, Dec. 6—Nine; Jan. 3—Ten; and Feb. 7—Six by Mr. Burton.

— Hope-street, Jan. 31—Four.

BRADFORD, Yorkshire, Westgate Chapel, March 7—Nine by Rev. H. Dowson.

— Sign Chapel, March 7—Fourteen by Rev. J. P. Chown.

— Trinity Chapel, March 7—Nine by Rev. H. J. Betts.

CAPCOCH, Aberdare, Jan. 17—Seven by Mr. Evans.

COMBELAN, Jan. 17—Two by Mr. Davies.

COVENTRY, Cow-lane, Feb. 7—Six by Mr. McMaster.

LLANIDLOES, Jan. 10—One in the river Severn by Mr. Evans.

LANCARYN, Jan. 3—Three by Mr. Lewis.

LONDON, New Park-street Mar. 4.—Thirteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

— Commercial-road, Feb. 8—Two by Mr. Stovel.

— Regent's-park, Dec. 25—Twenty; March 5—Fourteen by Mr. Landels.

— Spencer-Place, Goswell-street Road, March 2—Five by Mr. J. H. Cooke.

LYNN, Norfolk, Jan. 3—Five; Feb. 14—Ten by Mr. Wigner. The spacious chapel was crowded. These make 550 baptised by Mr. Wigner during his pastorate at Lynn.

NECTON, Norfolk, Jan. 3—Two; March 7—Three by Mr. Baker.

NEWARK, Feb. 21—Three by Mr. Bayly.

NORTHAMPTON, Greyfriars-street, Jan. 26—Two by Mr. Dennett.

NUNEATON, March 7—Six females by Mr. Lanrick, who baptised the eight reported in your last, making in all sixty-four during the two years he has been amongst

us, and there is a prospect of several more being added to our Zion.—R. S.

OGBORNE, near Marlborough, March 9. after a sermon by Mr. Larkins, of Bourton—Two by Mr. Breeze, of Swindon. This was the first anniversary of the opening of the new chapel, erected here last year, at the expense of a respectable farmer, and opened by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The infant cause is progressing favourably.

FELINWOOD, Carmarthenshire, Jan. 3—Twenty in the river by Mr. Thomas.

GREENWICH, Lewisham-road, Jan. 20—Two by Mr. Russell, one a member of an Independent Church, whose pastor was present and engaged in prayer on the occasion.

HALIFAX, Pelton-lane, Feb. 4—Three Sunday-scholars by Mr. Whitewood.

HASLINGDEN, Pleasant-street, March 7—Four by Mr. B. Froot.

HAVEFORDWEST, Jan. 27—Six by Mr. Burditt.

HOLYWELL, (no date sent)—after a sermon by Mr. Hughes, Six by Mr. Roberts.

IDLE, near Leeds, Jan. 31—Eleven by Mr. T. Hanson.

KETTEEING, Feb. 3—Three by Mr. J. Mursell.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, March 5—Two by Mr. Medhurst.

PAISLEY, Stone-street, Feb. 14—Two by Mr. Wallace. Mr. W. baptised four the previous month.

ROUD, Isle of Wight, March 7—Four by Mr. T. Taylor, two of whom—husband and wife—have recently lost all their children, four in number, by death. God has blessed their distressing bereavement to the salvation of their souls. We take fifty of the BAPTIST MESSENGER monthly.

RUSHDEN, Northamptonshire, Succoth Baptist Chapel, Feb. 23—Eight by Mr. C. Drawbridge. One brother was restored to communion, another received by dismission; making ten persons who were publicly added to this church on that day.

SALFORD, Manchester, March 14:—The Rev. C. H. Hosken, of Crayford, Kent, baptised two believers, the parents of two of his former pupils, who have thus resolved to consecrate their energies to the service of their Divine Master in this important suburb of Manchester. The theme of discourse was the great commission, Matt. xxviii. 18, 19.

SANDHURST, Kent, March 21—Six by Mr. J. H. Blake.

TORQUAY, Union-street, March 7—Five by Mr. Kings.

WALTON, Old Radnor, Jan. 23—A youth by Mr. Godson.

WEST BROMWICH, Bethel, Jan. 24—Six by Mr. Sneath.

WOLVERHAMPTON, Jan. 31—Five by Mr. Carey.

DEATH

At Sandy, Beds, March 16th, Mary Ann, the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Usher, builder, a member of the Baptist Church at Hitchin. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Thursday, April 22nd.—Special Prayer-meeting at the Mission House, in the morning, at eleven o'clock. The Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., of Bristol, will preside.

Lord's-day, April 25th.—Annual Sermons in the Metropolitan and Suburban Chapels.

Tuesday, April 27th.—Annual Members' Meeting—Mission House, at ten o'clock.

Wednesday, April 28th.—Annual Morning Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the Surrey Music Hall, Surrey Gardens, at eleven o'clock. On the same day, the Annual Evening Sermon, by the Rev. J. Aldis, at Bloomsbury Chapel, half past six.

Thursday, April 29th, Public meeting at Exeter-hall. Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart, to preside. Speakers—the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A.; the Rev. Dr. Cumming, the Rev. James Smith, of Chitoura, East Indies; the Rev. Dr. Spence, of Poultry Chapel; and the Rev. Dr. Evans, of Scarborough. Chair to be taken at eleven o'clock.

Sermon to Young Men.—In the evening of the above day, the Annual Sermon to young men will be preached at Weigh-house Chapel, by the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich. Service at eight o'clock.

A Social meeting will be held in connexion with the Young Men's Association, in the the Library of the Mission-house, on Thursday evening, April 29th, at five o'clock; S. Morley, Esq., to preside.

BAPTIST UNION.

The forty-sixth annual session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, will be held at the Mission House, 33, Moorgate-street, London, on Friday, April 23, 1858. Proceedings to commence at ten o'clock.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

Friday, April 23—Devonshire-square—Sermon—Rev. D. Katerns—evening, seven o'clock.

Monday, April 26—Moorgate street—Members' meeting—morning, eleven o'clock.

Tuesday, April 27—Kingsgate-street Chapel—Annual meeting, half past six o'clock—G. W. Wire, Esq., Alderman, in the chair—Speakers, Revs. J. P. Chown, C. Barlhacke, and M. A. Henderson.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Monday evening, April 28.—The Annual Meeting at Kingsgate Chapel, Kingsgate-street, Holborn. Potto Brown, Esq., of Houghton, will preside. The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel; the Rev. Paxton Hood; the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham; and other brethren are expected to address the meeting, which will commence at half-past six. A public tea at half-past five.

BAPTIST EVANGELICAL SOCIETY, FOR MISSIONARY AND EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES.—The thirteenth general meeting of the Messengers and Subscribers will be held at Little Wild-street Chapel, Lincoln's-Inn-fields, on Thursday afternoon and evening, April 22, 1858, to commence at three o'clock. Tea will be provided, charge sixpence. And on the following evening Friday, April 23rd, a public meeting will be held at Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Wardour-street, Soho, to commence at half-past six.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.—The seventeenth annual meeting will be held at Kingsgate Chapel, Kingsgate-street, Holborn, on Thursday evening, April 29th, 1858. The chair to be taken at half-past six by Robert Lush, Esq., Q.C.

NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL FUND

FOR THE ERECTION OF A LARGE TABERNACLE FOR THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.
RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 18, 1858, to MARCH 18, 1858.

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|----------|--------------------------------|---------|----------|----------------------------------|---------|
| Jan. 24. | Mrs. Dawson . . . | £1 0 0 | Feb. 21. | Moiety of Collection at Ham- | |
| " " | Subscriptions . . . | 1 11 3 | " " | mersmith after Sermons | |
| " " | Charles Curling, Esq. . . | 10 10 0 | " " | by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon . . . | 16 10 0 |
| " " | J. Field, Esq. | 10 0 0 | " " | An Unknown, but True | |
| " " | Mr. Stroud | 3 0 0 | " " | Friend | 1 0 0 |
| Feb. 1. | Subscriptions | 1 19 4 | " " | Miss Todd, Winslow | 0 10 0 |
| " " | Mrs. Marlborough (per Rev. | | " " | A Clergyman | 1 0 0 |
| " " | C. H. Spurgeon). | 200 0 0 | " 28. | Subscriptions | 1 6 0 |
| " 8. | Subscriptions | 3 4 2 | " " | Moiety of Collection at Leigh- | |
| " " | W. G. Scott, Esq. | 5 0 0 | " " | ton Buzzard after Sermon | |
| " " | Miss Evans | 5 0 0 | " " | by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 8 2 10 |
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| " 15. | Subscriptions | 3 5 11 | March 7. | Subscriptions | 2 0 4 |
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| " " | Mrs. Emley | 0 10 0 | " " | Sermon by the Rev. C. H. | |
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| " " | Messrs. Pitt and Co. | 4 7 6 | | | |
| " 21. | Subscriptions | 2 1 7 | | | |

£658 18 7

Making a total of nearly £7,000.

THOMAS COOK, Hon. Sec.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."
1 Cor. ii. 2.

CORINTH was situated in the midst of a people who admired eloquence and wisdom. This Epistle was written in the age of orators and philosophers. The Apostle Paul was a man of profound learning. He had been educated at the feet of Gamaliel in all the learning of the East. We are quite sure he was a man of a very capacious mind; for although his writings were dictated by the Holy Spirit, yet the Holy Spirit chose as its instrument a man evidently with strong and vigorous thinking powers; and, as for his oratorical powers, I should believe that if he had chosen to cultivate them, they would have been of the very first order; for we have in some of his epistles eloquence more sublime than ever fell from the lips of Cicero or Demosthenes. Now the temptation would exist in the mind of any common man entering into such a city as Corinth, to say within himself, "I will endeavour to excel in all the graces of oratory; I have a blessed Gospel to preach that is worthy of the highest talents that ever can be consecrated to it." "I am," Paul might have said to himself, "largely gifted in that direction. I must now endeavour carefully to polish my periods, and so to fashion my address as to excel all the orators who now attract the Corinthians to listen to them. This I may do very laudably, for I may still keep in view my intention of preaching Jesus Christ; and I will preach Jesus Christ with such a flow of noble language, that I shall be able to win my audience to consider the subject." Now, the Apostle resolved to do no such thing. "No," said he, "before I enter the gates of Corinth, this is my firm determination; if any good is to be done in Corinth, if any are led to believe in Christ the Messiah, their belief shall be the result of the Gospel, and not of my eloquence. It shall never be said, 'Oh! no wonder that Christianity spreads, see what an able advocate it has;' but it shall be said, 'How mighty must be the grace of God which could have convinced these persons by so poor an instrument, and could have brought them to know the Lord Jesus Christ by such humble instrumentality as that of the Apostle Paul!'" He resolved to put a curb upon his fiery tongue; he determined that he would be slow in his speech in the midst of them, and instead of magnifying himself he would magnify his office, and magnify the grace of God by denying himself the full use of those powers, which, had they been dedicated to God, as indeed they were, but had they been fully used, and fully employed, as some would have used them, might have achieved for him the reputation of being the most eloquent preacher upon the face of the earth.

Again, he might have said, "Now, these philosophers are very wise indeed; if I would be a match for them, I must be very wise too. These Corinthians are a very noble generation. They have been for a long time under the tuition of these talented men. I must speak as they speak, in enigmas and sophisms; I must always be propounding some dark problem; I need not take the tub of Diogenes, but if I take his lantern I may do something with it; I must try and borrow some of his wisdom; I have a profound philosophy to preach to them; and, if I liked to preach that philosophy, I should dash in pieces all their theories concerning mental and moral science: I have a secret, and I might stand in the midst of the Market-place and say 'Eureka, Eureka,' I have found it: but I do not care to make my Gospel stand in the foundation of great wisdom. No, if any are brought to believe, it shall be from the simple unadorned Gospel, simply preached in unadorned language. The faith

of my hearers, if they are converted to God, shall not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Now, can you not see that the Apostle had very good reason to determine this? When a man says he is determined to do a thing, it looks as if he knew that it was a difficult thing to do. So methinks it must have been a hard thing for the Apostle to have determined to keep to this one subject, "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Why, nine-tenths of the ministers of this age could not have done it. In the first place, fancy Paul going through the streets and hearing a philosopher explaining the theory of creation. He is telling the people something about the world springing out of certain things that previously existed, and the Apostle Paul thinks "I could tell him all about that; I could tell him that the Lord created the earth in six days and rested on the seventh, by showing him the most able account of the creation from the Book of Genesis." "But no," he says, "it does not signify to me how he thinks the world was made." Still, he must have felt as if he should have liked to be at them; for you know when you hear a man uttering a gross mistake, you feel as if you would like to go in and do battle with him. But instead of that the Apostle just thinks "It is not my business to set the people right about the theory of the creation of the world. All that I have to do is to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified." Besides, in Corinth there was now and then to be a political struggle, and, I have no doubt, the Apostle Paul felt for his people, the Jews, and he would have liked to see all his Jewish kindred have the privilege of citizenship. Sometimes the Corinthians would hold a public meeting, in which they would support the opinion that the Jews ought not to have citizenship from Rome, and might not the Apostle have made a speech? But I dare say he said, "I know nothing about it; all I know is Jesus Christ and him crucified." They had political lectures; and one man delivered a lecture upon this, and another upon that subject; in fact all kinds of wonderful subjects taken from the ancient poets were descanted upon by different men. Did not the Apostle Paul take one of the lectures? Did he not say, "I may throw a little Gospel in and so do a little good? No," he said, "I come here as Christ's minister, and I will never be anything else but Christ's minister; I will never address them in any other character than that of Christ's ambassador. For this thing only I have determined to know, and that is Jesus Christ and him crucified." Would to God that all the ministers of this age had determined to do the same!

Do you not sometimes find a minister who takes a prominent part in an election, who thinks it his business to stand forth on the political platform of the nation; and did it never strike you that he was out of his place, that it was his business to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified? Do we not see on every corner of our streets a lecture advertised to be delivered on this and that and the other subject, by this minister and that minister, and this and that pulpit empty in order that they may be enabled to deliver lectures upon all kinds of subjects? "No," Paul would have said, "if I cannot spread the Gospel of Christ legitimately, by preaching it openly, I will not do it by taking an absurd title for my sermon; for the Gospel shall stand or fall on its own merits, and with no enticing words of man's wisdom will I preach it." Ask me to give a lecture upon geology; I know nothing about geology. Ask me to deliver a lecture on botany; I used to know something about it, but I know nothing about it now. Ask me to give a lecture on Buonaparte; I used to read something about Buonaparte, but I do not know anything about him now. Come and ask me to take the chair, or to speak at this or that meeting; or let any one say to me, "Come and give your able advocacy for this or that reform," my answer would be, "I do not know any-

thing about the subject. I have determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." As Albert Barnes very well says, "A minister has no right to spend his time in any concerns but those which are connected with the solemn work of the ministry; and when he looks at works of art, he is still to recollect that the one object of his life is to be served even by these things, and that he is not to meddle with them, unless he feels that they will help him in preaching Christ and him crucified." Oh! would that all would keep in mind this, that they should do nothing out of the office of the ministry, that to be once a priest is to be a priest for ever, and never to be a politician, never to be a lecturer; that to be once a preacher is to be a preacher of Christ's holy Gospel until Christ takes us to himself to begin to sing the new song before the throne. Now, brethren and sisters, I have discharged my duty in saying these things. If they apply to any ministers you like I cannot help it. There is the text, and what do we learn from it but this, that the Apostle Paul determined to do everything as a minister of Christ; and, my dear brethren and sisters, it is your duty to do this as hearers. As Christians, it is your duty and privilege to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified.

I. And first, with regard to the DOCTRINES which we believe; I beseech you, do not know anything except Jesus Christ and him crucified. You are told by one that such and such a system of theology is based upon the soundest principles of reason. You are told by another that the old doctrines that you have believed are not consistent with these advanced times. You will now and then be met by smart young gentlemen who will tell you that to be what is called a Calvinist is to be a long way behind this progressive age; for you know, they say, that intellectual preachers are rising up, and that it would be well if you would become a little more intellectual in the matter of preaching and hearing. Now, I would beseech all of you to give this answer, "I know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. If you can tell me more about Christ than I know, I will thank you; if you can instruct me as to how I may live more like Christ, how I may live nearer in fellowship with him, how my faith in him may become stronger, and my belief in his Holy Gospel may become more firm, then I will thank you; but if you have nothing to tell me, except some intellectual lore which you have with great pains accumulated, I will tell you it may be a very good thing for you to preach, and for you to hear as intellectual people; but I do not belong to your class, nor do I wish to belong to it; I belong to that sect everywhere spoken against, who after the way that men call heresy worship the Lord God of their fathers. I belong to a race of people who believe that it is not the pride of intellect, nor the pomp of knowledge that can ever teach men spiritual things. I belong to those who think that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained strength, and I do not believe that out of your mouth God has ordained any strength at all. I belong to the men who like to sit, with Mary, at the feet of Jesus, and to receive just what Christ said as Christ said it, and because Christ said it. I want no truth but what he says is truth, and no other ground for believing it but that he says it, and no better proof that it is true than that I feel and know it to be true as applied to my own heart." Now, if you can do that, I will trust you anywhere. I will trust you even amongst the wisest heretics of the age. You may go where false doctrines are rife, you will never catch the plague of heresy, while you have this golden truth, if you can say, "I know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified." He is the Sun of all knowledge to me; he is the highest intellectualism; he is the grandest philosophy to which my mind can attain; he is the pinnacle that rises

loftier than my highest aspirations; and deeper than this I wish never to fathom. Jesus Christ and him crucified is the sum total of all I want to know, and of all the doctrines which I profess and preach.

II. Now once again, it must be just the same in your EXPERIENCE. Brethren, I beseech you in your experience know nothing except Jesus Christ and him crucified. You may go out to-morrow, not into the outside world, but into the church, into the outward church, and you will meet with a class of persons who take you by the ear, and who take you into their houses, and sit down, and the moment you are there they begin to talk to you about the doctrines of the Gospel. They say nothing about Christ Jesus, but they begin at once to talk of decrees, of election, and of the high mysteries of the covenant of grace. While they are talking to you, you say in your hearts, "What they are saying is true, but there is one lamentable defect in it all. Their truth is truth apart from Christ. Conscience whispers, the election that I believe is election in Christ. These men do not talk anything about that, but only of election. The redemption that I believe always has a more than special reference to the cross of Christ. These men do not mention Christ; they talk of redemption as a commercial transaction, and say nothing about Jesus. With regard to final perseverance, I believe all these men say; but I have been taught that the saints only persevere in consequence of their relation to Christ, and these men say nothing about that." This man, they say, is not sound, and that man is not sound; and let me tell you that, if you get amongst this class of persons, you will learn to rue the day that ever you looked them in the face. I beseech you to say to them, "I love all the truths that you hold, but my love of them can never overpower and supersede my love to Jesus Christ and him crucified; and I tell you plainly, while I could not sit to hear erroneous doctrine, I could just as soon do that as sit to hear the truthful doctrine apart from the Lord Jesus Christ. I could not go to a place where I saw a man dressed in robes who pretended to be Christ and was not; and on the other hand I could not go to a place where I saw Christ's real robes, but the Master himself away; for what I want is, not his robe, not his dress; I want the Master himself; and, if you preach to me dry doctrine without Jesus Christ, I tell you it will not suit my experience; for my experience is just this, that while I know my election, I never can know it except I know my union with the Lamb. I tell you plainly that I know I am redeemed, but I cannot bear to think of redemption without thinking of the Saviour who redeemed me. It is my boast that I shall to the end endure, but I know—each hour makes me know—that my endurance depends upon my standing in Christ, and I must have that truth preached in connection with the cross of Christ." Oh! have naught to do with these people, unless it is to set them right; for you will find that they are full of the gall of bitterness; the poison of asps is under their lips; instead of giving you things whereon your soul can feed, they make you full of all manner of bitterness, and malice, and evil speaking against those who love the Lord Jesus, but who differ from them in some slight matter.

You may meet with another class of persons who take you by the other ear, and who say, "We, too, love Christ's doctrines, but we believe that our friends on the other side of the road are wrong. They do not preach enough experience;" and you say, "Well, I think I have got amongst the people who will suit me now;" and you hear the minister insisting that the most precious experience in the world is to know your own corruption, to feel the evil of the human heart, to have that filthy dunghill turned over and over in all its reeking noisomeness, and exposed before the sun; and after hearing the

sermon, which is full of pretended humility, you rise from your seats more proud than you ever were in your lives, determined now that you will begin to glory in that very thing which you once counted as dross. The things which you were ashamed once to speak of, you now think should be your boast. That deep experience which was your disgrace shall now become the crown of your rejoicing. You speak to the dear brothers and sisters who imbibe this view, and they tell you to seek first, not the kingdom of God and his righteousness, but the hidden things of the prison, the discovery of the unrighteousness and unholiness of the soul. Oh! my dear friends, if you wish to have your lives made miserable, if you want to be led back to Egypt, if you want to have Pharaoh's rope put round your necks once again, take their motto for your motto; but I would entreat you to say, "No, it does me good sometimes to hear of the evil heart, but I have made a determination to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. You do not tell me anything about him." These men preach one Sunday upon the leper; they preach next Sunday upon the leper healed. These men tell all about the filthy state of the human heart, but they know nothing about that river that is to cleanse and purge it. They know the disease, but they do not know the Physician; and you will be obliged to say, "I shall get into such a doleful way, that I shall go and hang myself. No, good morning to you, for I have determined to know nothing in my experience but Jesus Christ and him crucified.

I would be very earnest in trying to warn you in this matter, for there is a growing tendency amongst Christians to set up something in experience except Jesus Christ and him crucified. Tell me that your experience is Christ, and I rejoice in it, and the more there is of Christ in it, the more precious it is. Tell me that your experience is full of the knowledge of corruption. I answer, "Well and good; but if there is not a mixture also of the knowledge of Christ in it, and unless the knowledge of Christ predominates in a large degree, your experience is wood, hay, and stubble, and must be consumed, and you must suffer loss."

But let me conclude by saying, brethren and sisters, determine from this hour that in your faith you will henceforth know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. To this hour I find myself to be as foolish as I was born. Sometimes I think I shall grow wise, but the old folly breaks out again, and I expect till the Lord has whipped me, till he has let my body be whipped to atoms, he will never put that old folly out of me. I am perfectly certain that I have not got a grain of merit to trust in, and not so much as a spark of creative strength to rely upon; but I find myself often during the seven days of the week relying upon merit of my own that does not exist, and depending upon strength of my own which I at the same time confess has no existence at all. Ah! you and I often call the Pope anti-Christ; but are not you and I often playing the anti-Christ too? The Pope puts himself up for the head of the Church; but do not we go further by putting ourselves up sometimes to be our own Saviours? We do not say so; it is a sort of still small voice, like the mutterings of the old wizards; it is not a loud out-spoken lie, because we should know then how to answer it; "but now," says the devil, "how well you did that!" and then we begin to rely upon our works, and the devil says, "You prayed so well yesterday, you will never be cold in your prayers again; and you will be so strong in faith that you will never doubt your God again." It is the old golden calf that is put up again; for, if it ever has been broken, it seems to have the art of coming together again. After we have been told ten times over that we cannot have any merit of our own, we begin to act as if

we had; and the man who tells you in doctrine that all his springs are in Christ, thinks just as if he had springs of his own. He mourns as if his dependence were in himself, and groans as if his salvation depended upon his own merits. We often get talking in our own souls as if we did not believe the Gospel at all, but were hoping to be saved by our own works, and our own creature performances. Oh! for a stronger determination to know nothing henceforth but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Now, I would to God I could make that resolution myself. I heard once of a countryman who was preaching one day, and he preached very nicely the first half of his sermon, but towards the end he entirely broke down, and his brother said to him, "Tom, I can tell you why you did not preach well at the end of your sermon. It was because you got on so nicely at first that the devil whispered, 'Well done, Tom, you are getting on very well;' and as soon as the devil said that, you thought, 'Tom is a very fine fellow,' and then the Lord left you." Happy would it have been for Tom, if he could have determined to know nothing but Christ, and not have known Tom at all. That is what I would desire to know myself; for if I should desire to know nothing but the power which comes from on high, I never can be less powerful at one time than at another. I can glory in my infirmity because it makes room for Christ's power to rest upon me.

It would be a good resolution for you, brethren, and for myself, to determine to know nothing about ourselves, and nothing about our own doings. Now, friend John, you begin to think nothing about yourself, and to know nothing but Jesus Christ. Let John go where he likes, relying not upon John's strength, but upon Christ's. And you, Peter, know nothing about Peter at all, and do not boast, "though all men should deny thee, yet I will never deny thee;" but know that Peter's Lord Jesus is living inside Peter, and then you may go on comfortably enough.

Determine, Christian, that under the grace of God it shall be your endeavour to keep your eye single, to keep your faith fixed alone on the Lord Jesus, without any addition of your own works, or your own strength, and determining that, you may go on your way rejoicing, singing of the cross of Christ as your boast, your glory, and your all. We are now coming to the table of our Master, and I hope that this may be our determination there; and may the Lord give us his blessing.

THE THREE GREAT R'S.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH OF CHELTENHAM.

THE excellent, but eccentric John Ryland, whenever he was called upon by any young minister of the Gospel, always urged upon him one thing, to make the three great R's prominent in his preaching. On one occasion when a young minister called, he said, "And so you are going to preach at—. Now, if I was in your place, when I got into the pulpit, I should look at them very earnestly, and tell them that they were all RUINED to a man; then I should inform them that there was no REDEMPTION, but by our Lord Jesus Christ; then I should insist upon it, that they must be REGENERATED by the Holy Spirit, or be lost for ever; and then, if I saw they did not like it, I should preach hell and damnation to them, and solemnly tell them there was no other way to escape it." Here are his three great R's, ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. Let us glance at them for a minute or two, for they are very important. Man is—

RUINED BY SIN, by his own sin. He has broken God's pure and perfect law; he

has deprived himself of all power to obey it in future; and he has brought himself under its tremendous curse. He is, as a wilful transgressor of God's loving law, doomed to be banished from the presence of the Lord, to be associated with all the impious rebels against God's authority, both human and angelic, and to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. He has no power to break his chains, escape from the grasp of justice, or satisfy the demands of the violated law. Unless some one interfere for him, and some one who is able and willing to meet all the demands of the great Lawgiver, and as his substitute meet and satisfy all those demands, he can never escape from the desert of his sins. All is in a hopeless state. His condition is most perilous; his prospects are dreadfully alarming. Hell is the place where he must endure punishments. Eternity represents the duration of those punishments. Devils and the most degraded of mankind will be his companions in agony and woe. Oh, fearful state! Oh, dismal condition! Oh, dreadful doom! Yet this is the state, doom, and condition of every sinful child of Adam by nature. He is ruined—totally ruined—and, left to himself, eternally ruined. But there is—

REDEMPTION BY CHRIST. O, wondrous love! Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, undertook our cause, and in order to qualify himself to become our Redeemer he took our nature, and thus became one with us! As one with us, he stood forth for us, and engaged to fulfill the law that we had broken, pay the penalty we had incurred, and give full satisfaction to the justice and government of God for all our sins. What he undertook he accomplished, and by his holy life and bitter death he redeemed our souls from hell. His precious blood he laid down as the price of our ransom, and now "we have redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins." For every one that believes in his name, he has done all that the law can demand, and suffered all that the law can inflict. To every one that trusts in his blood, he has become a perfect Saviour, and will save them for evermore. Oh, astonishing manifestation of grace on the part of the Father, to give his only Begotten Son for such a purpose, and for such unworthy rebels! Oh, amazing manifestation of grace on the part of the Son, to be made flesh, to come under the law, to undertake our cause, and engage to save, freely and for ever, all, and every one, who will come to God by him! What a price to pay! What condescension to display! What a theme to put into our mouths, for we "know that we were not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold, from our vain conversation received by tradition from our fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Nor is redemption enough, for though that removes all legal impediments out of the way, so that justice has nothing to object, nor can the law present any hindrance to our liberation and salvation, yet a change of nature is necessary before we can be qualified to serve God acceptably on earth, or enjoy God perfectly in heaven. Therefore, being ruined by our own sin, and redeemed by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, we must yet receive something more, and that something is,—

REGENERATION BY THE HOLY SPIRIT. Yes, we must be born again. As dead in trespasses and sins, he must quicken us. As corrupt, depraved, and polluted, he must new create us. As blind, dark, and afar off from God, he must give sight, enlighten, and bring us nigh. We did not more need the mercy of the Father in providing a Saviour, nor the grace of the Saviour in coming into the world to save us, than we need the power of the Holy Spirit to make us new creatures in Christ. For though the work of the Holy Spirit totally differs from the work of the Son, it is none the less necessary for us. In vain had Jesus died for us, in vain had he paid down the price of our redemption, if the Holy Spirit did not come to emancipate us by his power.

It is his to open the prison doors, to knock off the iron fetters, to pour light on the blind eyes, to impart vigour to the paralysed faculties, and infuse life into the dead soul. He teaches us our need of Christ, awakens in us the desire for Christ, leads us to Christ, unveils before us the beauty, glory, and adaptation of Christ, applies to us his precious blood, and introduces us into liberty, peace, and joy. Blessed Spirit, author of our regeneration, giver of spiritual life and light, but for thee we had never sighed for salvation, sought the Saviour, or enjoyed the blessing of redemption !

These, then, are the three great R's. Reader, are you acquainted with them ? Do you know what it is to be totally ruined by sin, and unable to do anything toward your own deliverance ? Have you found redemption in the blood of Jesus, even a deliverance from the law and its condemnation, from sin in its guilt and power, and from the present evil world in its terrors and fascinations ? Have you experienced the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit ? Are you a new creature ? Are you born of the Spirit, taught of the Spirit, and led by the Spirit ? If so, all hail ! blessed art thou. To know the three great R's experimentally is to be truly wise, really holy, and eternally safe. But they must all be known. To know our ruin and not our redemption, will only make us wretched and miserable ; and to know that there is redemption in Christ Jesus, and not enjoy it, will leave us exposed to all the terrors of the law of God ; and this redemption can only be enjoyed as the result of the regenerating power and work of the Holy Spirit. The Father's love in providing a Redeemer for us when ruined ; the Son's love in becoming the Redeemer of lost and ruined sinners ; and the Spirit's love in revealing the Redeemer and applying the blessings of his redemption constitute our salvation.

"WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."

THE mind of man, although varying in its degree of energy, according to the temperament of individuals—whether fervid or lethargic—and in its pursuits, according to the bias produced by education and external circumstances, is ever employed in the consideration of some object. It is that intellectual property, which places the human species in a condition superior to every other order of the animal creation ; and, in proportion as it becomes cleansed from carnal adherences, rises into an atmosphere of spirituality, and is thus fitted for fellowship with the Eternal. Of no small importance, therefore, is it, so soon as the mental power begins to develop itself, that we aim to give it that right direction, which, as years increase, shall advance in strength, and at length render the subject of such judicious tuition, not of capable merely, but disposed also, to exercises really beneficial to mankind at large.

A habit of reflection furnishes employment in every place, whether the possessor of that habit be governed by principles of a heavenly or those of an earthly kind only. The Christian, swayed by those of the former class, as though enriched with the fabled philosopher's stone, turns all he touches into gold, inasmuch as that he is enabled to derive, from every passing occurrence, a measure of instruction, calculated to confer a present and future advantage ; and, whilst to the depraved all things minister defilement, "to the pure all things are pure."

These remarks are introduced with the view of guarding from obloquy the adoption of the somewhat singular title, by which this little essay is designated ; for it is not improbable but it will fall into the hands of persons who will be aware, that the interrogative has been taken from a common play-bill,

which, during many days, stood prominently before the public gaze in almost every leading street of the metropolis. On one such occasion it caught the eye of the writer, to whom it suggested a series of reflections, which, with the sincere desire of conveying real and lasting benefit, shall be submitted to the notice of the reader.

Before replying to the inquiry, it is needful, perhaps, to offer a brief elucidation of the term *world*, which, as is generally known, is variously defined. For example, it is used to denote—1. The entire universe, comprehending the heavens, the earth, and the sea, with all their multifarious inhabitants. 2. The race of mankind more particularly—sometimes in an extensive sense, including all the posterity of Adam; sometimes in a restricted sense, meaning only the wicked, or unregenerate persons, who relish and savour of nothing but worldly things, and pursue only worldly designs. The last description are those intended in the question propounded, namely, “*What will the world say?*”

The *world*, we proceed to remark, being influenced by no desire to see religion spread and prosper, will, as opportunity occurs, be as ready to ridicule and oppose, as unnecessarily rigid, what is right, in those who espouse the cause of God, as to magnify and reprove, in the severest terms, the failings which may appear in the believer, and the more flagrant acts of the mere professor. This inconsistency is the natural fruit of “the carnal mind,” which, while it seems to evince a hatred of moral evil, makes that semblance a covert, within which is hidden a fixed determination to retain the thing so sanctimoniously denounced. Addressing such, Jesus said, “John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, he hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.”

It is a matter which may well excite surprise, if we mark with what extreme virulence the *world* will condemn in others, precisely the same things which they as determinately justify, when practised by themselves. For instance, how much has been written, and how much more spoken, in vindication of dramatical performances, and what is termed innocent recreation, though real profanation of the Sabbath! The one source of pleasure has been affirmed to be an excellent school in which to acquire an accurate knowledge of men and manners; and, as respects morals, where we can behold the deformities of vice, and learn to avoid it, and view the charms of virtue, and be induced sedulously to follow it. The other is pleaded for as indispensable to the maintenance of health, and as a spring of enjoyment all should partake of, to counterbalance, in some measure, the various miseries which perpetually surround us. But, let a known professor of religion be overcome by these specious reasonings, and mingle with the giddy throng at the theatre, or desert the sanctuary for an excursion of vain pleasure on the Sabbath, and “*What will the world say?*” Doubtless, the finger of scorn will be immediately pointed at such individuals, and a cry raised that religious persons, *universally*, are as fond of fleshly gratifications as others.

While, however, the believer will not resort to the *world* to learn what is the proper standard of morals, with the view of regulating his conduct according to its dictates; neither will he reject altogether even the judgment of those who, in matters connected with religion, would derive more satisfaction from discovering a blemish than an excellence; for the worldling has an eye and an ear, which, generally speaking, can accurately discriminate between right and wrong—and a tongue, too, ever prompt to proclaim whatever may seem to cast discredit upon the cause of vital godliness. Hence we deduce the

indispensable necessity of a constant obedience, on the part of the followers of the Redeemer, to his plain and positive command : "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," Matt. v. 14-16.

In a nation like England, where Christianity is the prevailing system of religion—averse as the larger number of those who dwell there may be to seek after, that they may possess, the invaluable blessings which an experimental acquaintance with the holy truths embodied in that system uniformly imparts—yet are there but few, comparatively, who are ignorant of its claims and advantages, and who, though contemners of the *life*, are, nevertheless, more than willing to "die the *death* of the righteous." To ascertain what is fairly expected by this class, from those who, take upon themselves the Christian name, we here give some Scripture statements, in which the characteristic marks of true believers are plainly described:—1. "They are *not* of the *world*," said the Saviour, "even as *I* am *not* of the *world*," John xvii. 16. "If ye were of the *world*, the *world* would love his own : but because ye are *not* of the *world*, but I have chosen you out of the *world*, therefore the *world* hateth you," John xv. 19. 2. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me," Luke ix. 23. 3. They are represented as "strangers and pilgrims upon the earth," looking for, and hastening unto, "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," Heb. xi. 13 16. Many other pertinent passages might be selected from the inspired Volume, but the above will be deemed sufficient for our purpose.

Seeing, then, that believers in the early ages of the world did, both by inward conviction and outward act, confess themselves "strangers and pilgrims upon the earth," seeking a city out of sight, a dwelling beyond the skies, and that they are commended for their choice and pursuit, and held up to us as examples for imitation, it cannot for a moment be questioned but that we, who hope to arrive at their blissful end, must be careful, not merely to approve of their path, but to walk therein, and this with equal resolution and steady perseverance. As *strangers*, they declared in effect that they were at a distance from their home, that they mingled but little with the vain and busy crowd around them, and that they naturally, as it were, avoided conformity to them in respect of their desires and general habits. As *pilgrims*, they confessed also that, while far from home, they kept that home ever in mind, and cheered themselves from day to day with the thought that every revolving hour brought them nearer and nearer to the "better country," whither their hearts' warmest and best affections had gone before.

How dissimilar, alas! to these worthies of a far less bright dispensation than that, in which it is our privilege to live, are the majority of those, who, professing to be of the number of the "called, and chosen, and faithful," are, notwithstanding, destitute of that principle of vital godliness which is needful to regulate the inner and the outer man. Of these the *world* has much to say, and much in merited condemnation. It is true they are united externally to a section of the Christian Church, duly attend the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and, it is probable, maintain the form of domestic worship ; but what are the *fruits* exhibited to the *world*? Disposed as we may be to pass a favourable judgment, and to exercise a charity, which, amidst the most unpromising circumstances still "hopeth all things," yet does not truth compel us to say, that the prevailing aspect of the visible church of Christ, in this our day, is *carnality*? "I will," exhorts St. Paul, "that women adorn themselves in

modest apparel, not with gold, or pearls, or *costly* array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works," 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10. Instead of adhering to the apostolic rule, we witness in almost every Christian assembly a conduct directly opposed thereto. The idol, Fashion, is rigidly followed by multitudes of young and old, and of both sexes, in all her ridiculous vagaries. She prescribes from time to time the form, the colour, and the ornament, and, strange to tell, those who profess to have their faces turned from Babylon to Zion, in very numerous cases obey her mandates with the most humiliating precision. Rather let such, in the fulness and fervency of genuine devotional feeling, pour forth, as the petition of their consecrated hearts,—

"O never in these veils of shame,
 Sad fruits of sin my glorying be !
 Clothe with salvation, through Thy name,
 My soul, and let me put on Thee !
 Be living faith my costly dress,
 And my best robe Thy righteousness !

"Send down Thy likeness from above,
 And let this my adorning be ;
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love, ;
 With lowliness and purity,—
 Than gold and pearls more precious far, ;
 And brighter than the morning star."

When Solon was invited into the presence of the ostentatious and wealthy monarch, Croesus, he betrayed not the slightest emotion at the dazzling splendour by which he was surrounded. "My guest," said Croesus, "Fame has spoken of thy wisdom ; I know that thou hast travelled far and near ; but hast thou ever yet beheld one arrayed in robes so rich as mine ?" "Yes," replied Solon, "peacocks, pheasants, and dung-hill cocks are arrayed in richer still. The brilliancy of theirs is the free gift of Nature, and they have no trouble in putting them on." Will not *heathen* philosophers, as some are denominated, rise in the judgment against many styled Christians of this generation ?

Another sore evil "seen under the sun" is the premeditated contempt with which the more favoured of Providence look down upon the poorer members of our churches, studiously shunning all connection with them, though obliged by custom to meet around the table of Him who became poor that we might be made rich, and whose depth of indigence was such as could warrant him to say, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," Luke ix. 28. One might almost suppose that poverty was considered to be the plague-spot, and that, wherever found, it was our duty to shun all approach to escape the danger of contamination : see James ii. 1-9.

Again, pass we from the hallowed services of the Sabbath into the engagements of the week, and how slight is the difference between the bulk of professors and avowed infidels in the general strain of their conversation, the description of persons constituting the social circle, the nature of their recreations, and, in brief, the predominating bias of both to earthly things ! Contemplating such a picture, "*What will the world say ?*" What ought the world to say ? The right reply to these questions, well understood, all are prepared to offer.

Boast as we may about the *sacrifice* of Christ—and it deserves our highest unceasing praise—it will render us no advantage whatever unless we so make him our *example* as to "follow his steps." None have any well-grounded hope of arriving where He is, excepting those who are found walking *where* and *as* He walked. Let the reader hearken to, and obey, the inspired exhorta-

tion addressed to the church at Colosse: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life (if *really* Christians) is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory," Col. iii. 1-4. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit," Gal. v. 24, 25.

Finally, reader, let thy daily aim be that which was Paul's, who, when standing before a tribunal of the ungodly, could say, "Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men," Acts xxiv. 16. Then, though the *world* condemn, the *Maker* of the *world* will justify thee, and thou, like Enoch, wilt *know* that thou art "pleasing in his sight:" for, "if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God," 1 John iii. 21, 22.

London, April 16, 1858.

B. C.

THE IMPORTANT HOUR.

BY THE REV T. ALEXANDER, M.A.

"These words spake Jesus, and said, Father, the hour is come."—John xvii. 1.

It was after he had spoken the words, recorded for us in the four preceding chapters, that Jesus "lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, Father, &c."

Observe the *attitude*.—He "lifted up his eyes to heaven." The lifting up of the eyes is the outward sign of the inward lifting up of the heart, to that heaven where the Father dwells in unclouded light; that heaven whence he himself had come forth, to which he was so soon to return, by a road so dark, and terrible, and bloody, to the joy that was set before him.

Observe the *relation*.—He addresses God as "Father." He was his Father from all eternity: not merely his Father in time, as some—Sociinians, and others—falsely assert, but his Father in eternity, eternally his Father; for the Son ever was in the bosom of the Father, not only God, but the Son of God; he was Son from before the earliest forthgoings of time, from of old, even from everlasting, and for ever.

Observe the *period*.—"Father, the hour is come." *The hour*; the hour of all hours the most important. What hour like that in interest; what hour so big with momentous issues on all the past, and on all the future! That was the central hour of all time's hours. The confluence of the two eternities was at that time-point. That hour was the key-stone of time's huge arch, and that arch which rests on the one side, and the other on eternity. Many hours in the world's^o history are marked and memorable. The hour of the birth, or death, the crisis-hour of one of the world's great ones—a thinker, worker, statesman, or warrior: the hour which gave birth to, and introduced some mighty revolution, which proved to be the birth, or death-hour of a nation, altering the destiny of millions of our race, for weal, or for woe: but what hour like this! an hour which had its bearing on the whole universe; whose transactions were to affect eternally God and man, angels and devils! It was for this hour that the great clock of Time was set in motion at first. It was for this hour that the world was created and upheld; for this hour heaven's justice waited; in it sin was made an end of, and transgression was finished; in it the law of God was magnified, and made honourable; holiness was vindicated; the devil and his work destroyed, death slain, and God's chosen people saved with an everlasting salvation.

The *hour is come*. The time was numbered to an hour. The betrayer had gone forth on his fell errand: the machinery of death was prepared, and the victim was ready to bleed and die on the altar. And he it is who reminds the Father that the hour is come. It is Isaac that tells Abraham that it is time he should be laid on the wood, and the knife be upraised. The Lamb of God says, it is time he should die to take away the sin of the world. The hour is come: how solemn and how applicable are the words! This hour was long in coming, but it has come at last. The eye of many a priest and prophet, king and peasant of the olden time, had been strained in looking earnestly across the intervening ages towards that hour; but, one by one, the eye of these men grew dim with age, and closed in death, and still it came not. Old Simeon, who had waited so long for it, saw it very near, yet he departed in peace before it came: he saw it not. The hour, slowly and surely, was ever coming nearer, and it came at last.

Now, that hour so long expected had come round, the warning was given, it was just about to strike. Many hours had been born and died between that hour and the hour in which the promise was first given, but they had all passed away: the hour, so long coming, has now come. And sure as that hour came and went, so sure will every other hour come, go, and be past. There is an hour before every one of us—it may be the present hour—an hour appointed to each individual of all the living, when he must die and, so far as earth is concerned, be as if he had never been. There is such an hour marked out for each one of us as our death-hour. It is an hour fixed and settled as heaven itself; and then we must go where all our fathers have gone; dust to dust, like them: then we must breathe for the last time; and the busy, beating heart must stop; and the eye must close for ever on all things living and dead here below. Every hour that passes brings it an hour nearer. To us the end of all things is at hand. The number of the hours that must pass, before the man reaches it who is most distant from it, is not very great. A few thousand hours will blot the names of us all from the number of living men, and write them down among the dead. And the particular fixed hour for each of us—for thee, O reader—is known, is coming, will soon be at the door to carry us forth. As sure as the hour of our birth has come, so sure will the hour of our death come and go. Are we ready? Art thou ready, O reader? Are we ready to part with all we have and hope for here? Have we provision made for the eternal home—have we treasure in heaven? Is the hour of life, now present, connected lovingly with the hour spoken of here by the Son of God? When our last hour comes, shall we be able to look back on this hour with gladness? Whether we are ready or not, the hour is coming, and will not stay. Soon our weeping friends will stand around our bed, and with sorrowful lips will say, “The hour is come.” That hour ought to be brought to bear on every passing hour. It ought to make every hour precious—too precious to be wasted in idleness, or in fulfilling the lust of the flesh, or the desire of the eyes. And how much nearer that hour may be to each of us than we expect! How many persons we have known who thought that their hour was still afar off to whom it has come, and over whom it has passed! How many we have known who were counting up their future by decades of years, saying, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years,” but who have already passed the judgment-seat, and begun their eternity, and how? Oh, that grace were given us to bear in mind our latter end—to spend every hour as if it were our last; or, in a manner fitted to make it be remembered with gladness when our last hour comes, and is past: so that, like our Master, without fear, we may be able to

look up, with heart and eye, to heaven and say, "Father, the hour is come!" and like Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."

A MONUMENT TO CHRIST.

Monuments have been erected to commemorate some remarkable work or event in the life of distinguished men. Should an artist undertake to make a statue or a painting to represent the most interesting and important event in the life of our Saviour, what would it be? Would it be the child, Jesus, standing in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions? Such a group would be exceedingly beautiful and interesting. Or, would the sculptor or the painter place our divine Lord at the tomb of Lazarus, surrounded by Martha and Mary, and their sympathising friends? Or, would he represent Christ standing on the deck of a vessel, and stilling the winds and the waves? Would he take Gethsemane as the scene of his group, and represent Jesus in agony, with the angel breathing new strength into him, and the sleeping disciples lying at a little distance? Perhaps the artist would fix upon the scene at the gate of Nain—the funeral procession, the mother weeping beside the bier, Christ approaching, and the young man rising up in his coffin. Or, perhaps he would select the Mount of Beatitudes, and represent Christ sitting on an elevated mound, the twelve Apostles on his right hand and left, and a group of eager hearers before him. Or the fancy of the artist might fix upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Here stands the Son of God, with Moses and Elijah, all clad in resplendent robes, while, in the background, lie sleeping, Peter, and James, and John. The group is enveloped in a fleecy cloud.

None of these scenes, interesting and beautiful as they are, are represented by the monument which is erected to our Divine Saviour. Interesting and important as they were, they are not so important as another scene he has chosen especially to commemorate. As monuments have often been set up, commemorative of the death of distin-

guished personages, so the monument to Christ represents his death. On this monument we see carved the print of the nails and of the spear, and we behold the blood falling down to the ground. Here we see his body broken, and his blood spilt. This monument shows the Lord's death till he comes.

And why should our Lord set up a monument to commemorate his death, rather than some of his life scenes? Evidently because his death was of infinitely more consequence to this world than any scene of his life. Though his instructions were divine, yet they might have been communicated by an inspired man. And though his miracles were grand exhibitions of his power over nature, yet God had given exhibitions of his divine majesty and power equally magnificent at Mount Sinai, and the Red Sea, and in the pillar of cloud and fire. These things, therefore, were not as worthy of a monument as was the death of Christ. In the death of the Lord Jesus, God has shown the universe how he can be just, and the justifier of the sinner who believes in Christ. Nothing else could show this. Christ's instructions and miracles and holy example could not show it. Without the shedding of blood—the blood of Christ—there could be no forgiveness. Whatever else was done, if this was not, no sinner could be pardoned and saved. The death of Christ—the atonement—brings more glory to God, and more happiness to the universe, than any other event which ever occurred. Hence it is more worthy of a monument than anything which the universe has ever witnessed. That monument was erected by our Saviour on the same night in which he was betrayed. **THAT MONUMENT IS THE LORD'S SUPPER.** It is to stand while the world stands. If we would contribute to it, then let us examine ourselves, and so eat of this bread and drink of this cup.

E. D. K.

OUR PRAYER MEETING.

I have just come from our prayer-meeting. As usual, the prayers were long and pointless. Few, probably, followed the leaders through; while all wished they had prayed for *something*, and not for *everything*.

With us the world is ascendant. God and the soul are forgotten. Personal piety, shining and aggressive, is obsolete. Eternity, past and future, is out of sight, and just enough of life is manifest to recognise the alarming fact of our being spiritually dead.

Such were the circumstances under which we were assembled for prayer.

Our wants, then, were patent as sunlight, and pressing as the issues of life and death. Faith to overcome the world; a grateful remembrance of God's unspeakable goodness; broken-heartedness for neglecting our own souls and the souls of others; a living, energetic piety; just views of Christ

and redemption through His blood; the quickening agency of the Holy Spirit, and a realisation of eternity near. These were our wants. For these we professedly met to pray.

But instead of *special intercession* for these, we had such an unmeaning, prolonged *generalisation*, that we asked for nothing, and received nothing because we asked amiss. Hungry persons who come to my door for bread, do not descant on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist-mills and bakeries; nor do they preach homilies on the general goodness of God, and the excellence of Christian beneficence. "Bread! if you please; *do give us bread.*" Oh! when shall we have less of *formalism*, and more of the *spirit* of prayer; less of *preaching*, and more of *pleading* in prayer; more *Scriptural Prayer*, and as the result—showers of Spiritual blessings! J. S.

POETRY.

CONTRA ET PRO.

BY THE REV. C. H. HOSKEN.

"All these things are *against* me."—*Jacob*.

"All things work together *for good.*"—*Paul*.

Against me, against me! is all that I hear,
Against me, against me! I tremble with fear;
Of my children bereaved,—my lov'd ones no more,
Wild! wild beats the tempest, and loud is its roar.

I once had a Joseph, the joy of my heart,
So fondly to love, and so quickly to part!
But the wild beasts of prey his fair form have torn,
In the world he left me—but left me forlorn.

My Simeon, in fetters, is left far away,
In anguish to weep—in a dungeon to lay—
Or his proud neck to bend to the yoke of a slave,
Or, smote by the tyrant, has sunk in his grave.

And now, must my Benjamin cease from my sight?
The child of my age, and my only delight.
Alas, the dark billows of grief o'er me roll,
And the anguish of iron hath entered my soul.

Ah, Jacob! thy Maker hath not thee forgot,
Though hard be thy portion, and dark be thy lot:
For the bright light of heaven shall break through the skies,
And thy soul in the triumphs of faith shall arise.

The night of thy sorrows shall soon pass away,
And the dark clouds disperse at the opening day;
For thy lov'd one, thy Joseph, before thee shall stand,
He's the ruler of Egypt, and lord of the land.

Crayford, Kent.

A FEW WORDS WITH A YOUNG CONVERT.

Friend: It has given me much joy to learn that you have lately trusted in Christ for salvation.

Convert: Yes. For two or three months I have had a hope in His mercy. I am conscious of a great change in my feelings and views upon the subject of religion. I seem to myself to have come into a new world.

Friend: You have great cause for gratitude to God for having mercy upon you. I trust you feel a strong desire to please and honour your Redeemer.

Convert: That is my desire. I think that He deserves my supreme love.

Friend: You remember the saying of the Saviour, "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments." Have you not considered the duty of making a public profession of religion, and of uniting yourself with a church of Christ? Is not this commanded of all who have been renewed and pardoned, through sovereign grace?

Convert: I have had thoughts upon the subject of professing Christ; but some things have hindered me from taking that step.

Friend: What can they be? Is not the duty plainly laid down in the Word of God? Do we not invariably find *believing* and *baptism* closely connected? Was not this the practice of primitive converts, in apostolic times? Was it not said in one case, "Why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptised."

Convert: I have thought of all that, and sometimes I have been on the point of seeking admission to a church, but my mind is somewhat in the dark on certain points. I want to see my way perfectly clear, before I take so decided a step.

For instance, one difficulty is to determine what church to join. I find excellent Christians among different denominations, and I have sometimes thought it was of little consequence to which I belonged. I am acquainted with Baptists whom I highly esteem; and there are *Pedo-baptists* (among them Methodists and Congregationalists), who have appeared to me most devoted Christians. Indeed, I was brought up under *Pedo-baptist* influence, and was, I suppose, baptised in my infancy—though for that I cannot vouch—I confess I am somewhat at a stand. And then I have been taught that if I was baptised in infancy, I should be casting contempt upon an ordinance of God, as well as impugning the wisdom and piety of my parents, by being baptised again, which I must submit to, in case I join a Baptist

church. I am, to be sure, hardly satisfied with what was performed upon me when I was an unconscious child. But I am at a loss what to do, good men differ so widely upon these matters. Perhaps the difference is of no great consequence.

Friend: Your difficulties arise, I think, from leaving first principles. You, of course, acknowledge the Bible to be your infallible and only guide to religious truth and practice?

Convert: Certainly I do. I wish to follow that implicitly.

Friend: Let this be a settled matter—a starting point. You take Jesus Christ to be your Teacher in all things—you call no man Master. Now as men disagree upon certain points of Christian doctrine and duty, may you not reasonably hope for clear light in the path of duty by simply asking wisdom of *Him*? Can it be supposed, for a moment, that baptism, for instance, would be insisted on in the New Testament, as a Christian duty, and yet practical obedience, as in your case, be so beset with difficulties as to become almost impossible, the inquirer being left in a perfect quandary, not knowing which way to turn, and so almost forced to stand still and disobey a command of Christ?

Convert: This does not look reasonable.

Friend: Would it not be your best, is it not the only proper course for a true disciple of Christ, for one who has accepted him as his Master in all things, to take the New Testament (which especially defines the nature of the Christian church, and its ordinances), as your only guide, resolving to study it with care, with candour, and with prayer for divine illumination, and to follow out to the letter just what you find it to enjoin? Can you believe that such a course will lead you astray or leave you still in the dark? I cannot believe it. Christ is the great Teacher—the Light of the World—and whosoever follows him will not walk in darkness. The differences of opinion in the Christian world, in regard to baptism, for instance, mainly arise from a neglect of this simple, yet essential principle, that of making Christ in his word our Teacher.

Convert: I must confess that while I do regard Christ as my great Teacher and my Master, yet I have thought too much of the opinions of men, and of the outward circumstances of my situation. But I do sincerely desire to know and practice the truth, and I will adopt the course you have so plainly pointed out. I cannot believe that Christ will leave

in the dark in regard to a point of duty, in regard to an ordinance of his own appointment for all his disciples, any one who comes to him for instruction. I remember it is said, the meek will He guide in judgment, the meek will He teach his way. But, O, pray for me that I may go to Christ in his Word with the spirit of a learner, of a little child.

Friend: You shall have my prayers. It is my earnest desire, both for your own sake and for Christ's sake, that you may obey his commands. And do not delay this matter. It need not be a long and laborious search. Baptism is for the simple and uneducated as well as for the wise and learned; and it cannot be that the wants of the former, who are the great mass, should have been overlooked by Christ. "To the poor the Gospel is preached." It will not require long research to collect all the passages which relate to baptism. Read them over carefully, compare them together, take their plain and obvious meaning,

beware of making far-fetched inferences, consider how these passages would naturally strike a simple-hearted, disinterested person who had never read or heard discussions upon the subject, and resolve to follow the *Thus saith the Lord*. Inquire, in the Word of God, which comes invariably first, *faith or baptism*; whether there are any cases of baptism where *personal faith* was impossible; whether the words enjoining the ordinance, and the circumstances connected with actual baptisms, decide anything definite and clear with reference to the mode, sprinkling, pouring, or immersion; especially ask yourself to which of these modes the term "*buried*" most naturally belongs? Resolve to consult not with "flesh and blood," but to follow Christ through evil report as well as good report; and He will guide you into all truth, He will give you strength to obey him, and joy in obedience.

FRIEND OF TRUTH.

"AD MAJOREM GLORIAM DEI."

It has been computed by astronomers, that light travels from the sun to the earth, a distance of 95,000,000 of miles in a few minutes of time. None of the heavenly orbs can become apparent to us, until its light reaches the earth; and it is but recently that some of them have made their appearance, although the first light emitted by them has been travelling towards us from the creation of the world with this prodigious velocity. It would seem that those bodies are placed at an incalculable distance from us; but we are still more astounded at the immensity of space, when told by our ablest astronomers, that eighteen millions of years must have rolled away, breaking their noiseless waves on the dim shores of futurity before "The Great Bell of Eternity strikes One—that is, before the whole of the heavenly orbs shall have gone through all their relative positions on the immense scale of creation. To the superficial observer, the celestial luminaries seem to be but lucid specks on the concave shell of the heavens; but the astronomer discovers that the planets are rolling worlds in perpetual motion; that one of them, the planet Neptune, contains an amount of matter sufficient to form 125 worlds such as ours; that the sun is a million and a half times the size of the earth; and that the star, Sirius, contains an amount of splendour equal to

14 suns, and from their comparative splendours, that it must be 14 times as large as the sun, and would therefore make 21 millions of globes like ours. If we turn our attention from this sublime study to the animal kingdom, we shall there find subjects for consideration equally amazing. The whale requires a sea to swim in, whilst there are animalculæ so minute that millions of them would find ample scope to perform their evolutions in a glass of water. When we consider the organization of these, the smallness of their constituent parts, and the probability that they feed upon an inferior class of animalculæ, that these again feed upon another tribe still inferior to themselves, and so on to infinity, we are utterly amazed, and are forced to cry out with the Roman philosopher, "*Stultus est quò non potest Deum videre operebus ejus*"—the man who cannot see God in his works, must himself be a fool. Let us now sweep backwards in imagination to the "*Crib of Bethlehem*," bearing in mind the following texts from the Gospel of St. John:—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "All things were made by Him." The Word here means our Divine Redeemer; and we ask, "Is the little infant Jesus in the manger the Great Jehovah who has created all we have been

describing, and the whole universe besides? Is it He who wheels the rolling planets, gives a lustre to the stars, and its colours to the rainbow? Is it He that exhibits the torrid zone to the full blaze of a meridian sun, whilst the glowing influence of that stupendous luminary is partially withheld from those regions of darkness, icebergs, and snow, where the Polar night slumbers for months o'er the main? Was it He that laid out the star-paved heavens, and called into existence myriads of unseen worlds? Was it He that caused the towering walls of Jericho to totter at the approach of His chosen people? Was it He that caused the sun to stand still, to light to victory the captains of the Hosts of Israel? Is this helpless, weeping infant the great God of heaven and earth, the immense and incomprehensible ocean of all perfection? Is eternity but a day old? Is infinity reduced to the dimensions of a new-born babe? Is the All-powerful Majesty of heaven wrapt

up in the form of a shivering infant clothed in rags, and laid on some litter in a cold manger between an ox and an ass?" Here the proud philosopher is utterly confounded—here stubborn infidelity stares with incredulous eyes, and strives in vain with its impious logic to throw ridicule over the grand mysteries of our redemption. Alas, for the state of that crawling reptile of earth who dares dispute the revelations of God to man, and oppose his feeble understanding to the all-powerful wisdom of his Creator. None but the humble Christian, guided by the light of faith, can successfully approach the manger of Bethlehem, and there behold the incarnate God.

Oh, Christian, cling fast to the Saviour in life and death, that you may hereafter, in company with the saints and angels, praise Him to all eternity.

ZH. H. THOMAS, Baptist Minister,
and now a Student of the
Languages at Runcorn.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

It was the season of midsummer, and the noonday sun shone scorching hot, as William, a lively boy of seven years, came running from the flower-garden, which lay adjacent to the farm-yard. Sorrow and dismay were depicted in his usually-cheerful features. He looked steadfastly upon the ground before him, without observing his father, who stood in the middle of the farm-yard, watching the boy attentively.

"William, my son, what troubles you?" said the kind father.

At the sound of this well-known voice, the boy looked up, ran into his father's arms, as if in search of aid and consolation.

"Wherefore thus sad, William?"

But the latter could not at once answer, for a flood of tears stifled his voice. After yielding to his grief, the boy sighed forth:

"Alas, the sun has scorched my flowers; they are all drooping to the ground, and their leaves are withered."

Then the father said to his son, in an impressive tone:

"Do not grieve prematurely, but wait with patience, for in time all may be well again. On the morrow we will both come to the garden, and view it in the cool of the morning."

Soothed by these kind words, the boy, trusting in his father, regained his cheerful-

ness. As the day declined, and the evening approached, the heat of the sun gradually abated. The beams were mild and gentle with which he closed the glorious spectacle of the day, and smiled an adieu to the mother Earth in parting. All nature, which seemed exhausted by the sultriness of the day, gained life and vigour once again. The sheep and goats skipped merrily homeward, and those who had endured the heat and laboured throughout the day, returned to their abodes, praising in cheerful songs the mildness of the evening. A cool and balmy night followed this sultry day; refreshing dews bathed the plants and flowers. The dawning morn was welcomed by the choir of feathered songsters, whose shrill, wide-echoing notes awakened the boy from a sweet slumber.

William leaped up from his bed, in order to accompany his father on a morning visit to the flower-garden. The father was scarcely able to keep pace with the impatient boy. They entered the garden, and behold how changed was all since the noon of the preceding day. The flowers stood fresh and blooming in their variegated beauty; their perfumed heads, which yesterday drooped to earth, were now turned aloft to heaven, and in their many coloured cups the dewy drops shone like pearls.

The father cast a significant glance upon his delighted son, who stood before him in

astonishment, and across whose features an expression of joy and shame passed alternately. "Well, my son," he said, "what think you now? has not kind heaven made all good again?"

William pressed his father's hand in silence, and big tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Learn," continued his father, "to trust in Providence. He may inflict wounds, but with the gentle hand of time he heals them also again."

The boy treasured up these words in his heart, and as often as misfortune befell him, he thought of his flowers, and of the consoling words of his kind father.

BREAK EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY.

Revenge is one of the strongest passions of the unrenewed human heart, and among heathen nations has often been enjoined as a sacred duty. But it is forbidden by the Christian religion, and those who are injured are enjoined to return love for hatred, and blessing for cursing. The Gospel method is a difficult one to practise oftentimes, but it secures the result of heaping coals of fire on the offender's head. The following incident is a capital illustration of the power of Christian revenge to break every bone in the body of one's enemy:—

"What would you advise me to do, grandpa? Jim Blake does everything he can to vex me. He hides my books to make me miss my lessons, trips me when we run races, and brags how big he is beside me, and how easily he can take me down; and to-day he broke the snapper off the new whip you gave me, and when I ran to tell the teacher he called out 'tell-tale.' I wish I could leave the school, or get him turned out."

All this was said by little Sammy Halsey, on his way from the large front gate, where his grandfather had taken him in his carriage on his way to the barn. Imagine his surprise when the white-haired old man, whose quiet temper had always been held up as a model for imitation, turned about and said:

"I don't know, Sammy, unless you contrive in some way to *break every bone in his body*; that is the way my father once conquered an enemy."

"Why, grandpa, I thought your father was a minister."

"So he was, and at the time I refer to was a Christian boy, just beginning to turn his attention to the subject of studying for the ministry."

Seeing Sammy's wondering, dissatisfied look, grandpa said:

"Take hold and help me unharness Bill, and while we are at work I will tell you about it."

"When my father, whose name was Robert, was a boy, he and his brother Richard used to have some differences. They loved each other, but still their high temper sometimes led them astray. After awhile my father became a Christian, and by his godly example reproved many of the wicked and thoughtless practices of his companions. He refused to accompany them when going to rob an orchard, break the Sabbath, or disobey their parents, and persisted in reproving their conduct on all proper occasions, so that even his brother was for a time turned against him."

"By-and-bye," I heard my uncle say, "we couldn't stand Robert's pious ways any longer, particularly as he had told father of some of our wrong doings, and got us punished. So one day I caught him alone in the orchard, got a horsewhip, and gave him a regular thrashing; and knowing that he would tell my father and get me whipped in return, I gave him several extra cuts on that account. I came in rather slowly when the horn was blown for supper, for I dreaded father's angry looks, and besides, I began to be ashamed of my disgraceful conduct. As Robert had not tried to resist me, but had walked away without speaking, I felt sure that he would make up for it by telling of me as soon as he reached the house. To my surprise, no one seemed to know about it, and Robert greeted me as kindly as if nothing had happened, though I knew his back was so sore that he could hardly sit up. Just before bed-time, I said in a kind of sneaking way: 'Didn't you tell father of me, Bob?'"

"No, Richard, no one but my Father in heaven, and he has helped me to forgive you."

"That remark, and the kind look of his face, broke every bone in my body. I begged his forgiveness alone, and before the whole family, and from that day was a changed boy. I never again did anything to grieve him, and before long, began, I trust, to walk the straight and narrow path with him. Poor, dear Robert, after many sufferings and toils, he has gone to glory."

Sammy's grandfather added, "I have heard uncle Richard say in a trembling voice, 'That time he broke every bone in my body.'"

By this time the horse was turned into

the field, the wagon-house closed, and Sammy walked by his grandfather's side in a different mood from that in which he had entered the carriage.

As grandpa went into the house, he said: "Sammy, don't you think you had better try uncle Robert's way of subduing an enemy? Take my advice, try it; 'heap coals of fire upon his head,' and he will be apt to surrender." JAMES.

THE CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

A little girl, both lame and blind, sat beneath the pleasant shade of a tree, one bright summer morning, listening to the song of the birds which were warbling among the branches over her head. The zephyrs whispered among the leaves and played around her, fanning her brow, and bringing a delicious coolness to her languid frame. And the clover blossoms and violets lifted up their heads and breathed an offering of sweet incense. She sat upon the velvet sod in a thoughtful attitude, and upon her pale cheeks the tear-drops glistened. She wept; but her tears were not those of sorrow and discontent; they sprang from the fount of love and gratitude which was swelling up in her heart. And clasping her

hands and rising her sightless eyes to heaven, she murmured, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast made me the dear little birds to sing for me, and the sweet flowers to perfume the air, and the cool breezes to fan my cheek. Oh, dear, good Father, how thou hast blessed me!"

The words were few and simple, but they were wafted to the courts of heaven. They were heard, too, on earth, for they caught the ear of a gay young maiden who chanced to pass that way. She heard low, fervent tones, and she paused and looked, and beheld a pale child, blind and deformed, returning thanks unto the Lord for his mercies. Her heart was touched and her conscience reproached her. Blessings rich and innumerable had ever been showered upon her; but she had never experienced one grateful emotion, or returned one thank to the glorious Giver. She stood rebuked before that afflicted child; repentant tears flowed down her cheeks, and kneeling down upon the sod, beneath the shade of the tree, she lifted her heart unto God, and sought and found forgiveness. And in her youth and beauty, she devoted her life and health and wealth, and all she possessed, to the cause of Christ. How much good resulted from the gratitude of that little afflicted child!

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

LONDON, SHADWELL, BROTHERHOOD CHAPEL.—The Sabbath-school Anniversary will be held on Whit-Sunday, May 23rd, when three sermons will be preached in aid of its funds; in the morning, at a quarter before eleven, by the Rev. T. Field, minister of the place; afternoon, at three, by Rev. G. Bayfield, of Commercial-road East; evening, half past six, by Rev. W. B. Bowes, of Blandford-street.* On the Tuesday following, May 25th, a Bazaar, in connection with the Juvenile Missionary Working Class, will be held in the School-room, when fancy needle-work, &c. will be exhibited for sale, the proceeds of which will be devoted to educational purposes in India. To commence at twelve o'clock, noon; and close at five in the afternoon. Admission free; after which (in the chapel) the Annual Tenth Public Meeting will take place, when the following ministers and gentlemen are expected to address the meeting: Revs. G. Bayfield, W. Palmer, and Messrs. Templeton and Caldwell; Rev. T. Field will preside. Tea at five o'clock; ninepence each. Public meeting, half-past six.

DARTFORD, ZION CHAPEL.—The Anniversary will be held on Whit-Tuesday, May 25th. The Rev. George Wyard will preach in the morning, at eleven, and evening at half-past six; and the Rev. Phillip Dickson, in the afternoon, at three o'clock. Dinner and tea will be provided.

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—Mr. Pells having resigned his pastorate, purposes delivering his farewell discourse in the afternoon of the last Lord's Day in June.

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—On Lord's day,

May, 16th, 1858, Mr. Wilson, of Safrou-Walden, will (D.V.) preach three sermons in behalf of the Sabbath-school. On the following Tuesday, a public tea and meeting will be held for the same object; Mr. Pells will preside. Several ministers are expected to address the meeting.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.—Mr. Pells, of Clare, Suffolk, will preach here, D.V. in May, as follows: Sunday the 9th; Wednesday 12th; Sunday the 16th.

CRANFIELD, BEDS.—The second Anniversary Service of the Baptist Chapel, Cranfield, will be held (D.V.) on Lord's Day, May 30th. Mr. Bonner, of Oxford, late of Unicorn Yard, has kindly engaged to preach. On the following Monday, a public tea-meeting will be held at six o'clock; tickets, sixpence each. The following ministers, with others, are expected to attend the meeting: Messrs. Bonner, Dennis, and Smith.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

LLANFAIRCAERBINION.—The Rev. Joseph Jones, formerly of Moughtrey, has received the invitation of the Baptist church and congregation of the above place to become their pastor, and has commenced his ministry amid unmistakable evidences of Divine approbation and blessing.

WINCHESTER.—Mr. William Chappell, formerly of Colchester, and late of Barley, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church of Christ at Silver Hill, Winchester, and entered on his pastoral labours on Lord's-day, April 11.

ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.—The Rev. Frederick Leonard, LL.B., has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church meeting in

* We have just heard of the death of our brother Bowes.—ED. B. M.

Broad-street chapel in the above place. A handsome time-piece was presented to him by the church and congregation upon his resignation, as "a memento of their affection, gratitude, and esteem."

OLNEY.—The Rev. James Simmons, M.A., has been compelled, on account of his long continued ill-health, to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, over which he has presided with great acceptance during a period of between thirty and forty years.

BUCKINGHAM.—The Rev. Issachar Flecker, from the Baptist College, Regent's-park, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in this town.

PUDSEY.—The Rev. W. J. Stuart has just removed from Swanwick to Pudsey, Yorkshire.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

FENNY STRATFORD, BUCKS.—On Friday, April 9th, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, preached two sermons at the above place, which were well attended. After the evening service, Mr. A. Harris, senior deacon, ascended the pulpit stairs, and in a neat and appropriate speech presented a very handsomely-bound pocket-Bible to Mr. Medhurst, which Mr. M. acknowledged in an appropriate speech.

FARSLEY, YORKSHIRE.—The presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. J. Foster, who for thirty-four years sustained the pastorate of the Baptist church, Farsley, near Leeds, where his labours have been crowned with blessed fruits, took place on the 6th of April. In 1823, when Mr. Foster was unanimously called to the pastorate, the church numbered 16 members, and the place where they worshipped was of very humble proportions. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Foster struggled on, increasing his flock year by year, until now, at a ripe age, he sees himself surrounded by a large congregation, who have a commodious place of worship, and three schools, in which to train the youthful mind in the path of religion and virtue. A tea-party was held in the school-room, which was numerous attended, and most bountifully supplied with "good cheer" by a committee of ladies. At seven o'clock, the chapel was well filled by friends from Bradford, Leeds, and adjacent towns and villages. After prayer, offered by the Rev. B. Colcroft, the Mayor of Bradford was requested to preside. The Revs. Dr. Ackworth, H. Dowson, J. P. Chown, H. J. Betts, of Bradford, C. Bailhache, of Leeds, J. Rawson, of Bramley, and J. Barker, of Lockwood, addressed and deeply interested the meeting. Mr. John Marshall, one of the deacons, presented the testimonial with a suitable address, at the conclusion of which he handed to the retiring pastor, in the name of the church and congregation, a purse containing seventy-seven sovereigns. Mr. F. nobly responded to the kindness of his friends. The meeting was one of deep interest, and will not soon be forgotten.

NEW CHAPELS, &c.

MADELEY, SALOP.—NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.—This place of worship, by the efforts of a very small church in this town, has been

erected at the cost of £499. On Good Friday, April 2, it was opened for Divine service. The Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, preached on the occasion three most excellent sermons, and the sum of £17 9s. was then collected towards liquidating the debt. On the following Sunday Dr. Thomas, president of the Baptist College, Pontypool, occupied the pulpit, and delivered three eloquent and powerful discourses. The whole of the services were numerously attended, and on Sabbath evening a great number failed to get admission. The collections, including those on Good Friday, and a few contributions subsequently received, amounted to £33. On Monday, April 5, a large tea-party was held, to which three hundred persons sat down. The proceeds of the tea-party were devoted to the chapel debt, and by this means upwards of £20 was realised. After tea a most deeply interesting service was held, when the Rev. E. Jenkins, who has laboured in the ministry, in connection with this cause, for sixteen months, was recognised as first pastor of the church. The Rev. H. Lawrence, of Wellington, presided, and introduced the service by a few remarks on the nature of a Christian church. The usual questions to the young minister were proposed and replied to. Dr. Thomas then offered up a fervent prayer, and delivered, in his own affectionate and paternal manner, the charge to Mr. Jenkins. After this the Rev. C. T. Keen, of Bridgnorth, and the Rev. T. Kemp, of Dawley Bank, addressed the meeting.

BACUP.—A new Baptist Chapel, in the Norman style, to hold 750 persons, with school-room underneath for 500 children, and four vestries, has been erected at a cost of only £2,630, of which £1,400 has been raised. At the opening, on Good Friday, the morning collection, after a sermon by the Rev. A. Mursell, of Manchester, was £131. The Rev. R. Holmes, of Rawden, preached in the evening. The Sunday services raised the total collections to the munificent sum of £568, though this is a new church, formed by separation.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

OLDHAM, MANCHESTER-STREET.—On the morning of Good Friday, the Rev. J. W. Ashworth (late of Horton College) was ordained as the co-pastor of the church in this place. The chapel was completely filled. After reading the Scriptures and prayer, by the Rev. W. K. Armstrong, B.A., the Rev. J. E. Giles delivered the introductory address. The Rev. C. Bailhache asked the usual questions of Mr. Ashworth. The Rev. W. F. Burchell offered up the ordination prayer. The Rev. Dr. Acworth delivered the charge to Mr. Ashworth as a minister. The doxology was then sung, and the ceremony terminated. After the morning service, about seventy of the friends met for dinner in the Masonic-hall, and in the afternoon 300 to 400 sat down to tea in the school-room. In the evening, the Rev. A. M. Stalker, of Frome, delivered a charge to the church. Mr. Ashworth commences his labours at Oldham with the most encouraging prospects of success.

BAPTISMS.

- ABERCARN, Feb. 7—Two young women by Rev. T. Thomas Basselg; and April 4—One by Rev. Morgan James, Newbridge, all three in the river Ebbw
- ABERDARE, March 14, in the river Cynmon—Seven by Mr. Price.
- Mill-street, March 7—Six by Mr. Evans.
- ABERAMAN, March 14—One by Mr. Evans, in the river Arman.
- ABERDULAS, Feb. 7.—Four by Mr. Davies, of Bethany.
- ALLERTON, Yorkshire, Feb. 28—Nine by Mr. Taylor.
- BIRMINGHAM, Hope-street, Feb. 26—Four; a father and daughter, who, together with the mother and two other daughters baptised the previous month, constituted a household, by Mr. Griffiths.
- Lombard-street, March 7—Three by Mr. Cheatle.
- BLAEN-Y-WAIN, March 14—Seven by Mr. Williams.
- BRIDGEND, Feb. 28—Two by Mr. Cole.
- CARDIFF, Bethany, Feb. 6—Two; and Feb. 28—Three by Mr. Tilly.
- CARDIGAN, March 6—Five by Mr. Davies.
- CEFNCOEDYEMAR, Merthyr, March 7—Seven by Mr. T. E. James, in the river Taff.
- CHELTENHAM, Cambay Chapel, March 24—Four by Mr. Smith.
- CILVOWIE, Jan. 24—Four; Feb. 21—One by Mr. Price.
- CLARE, Suffolk, Jan 3—One; April 4—Seven by Mr. Pells.
- CRATFORD, Kent, April 18—Two by Mr. C. H. Hosken, after a sermon from 1 John 2. iii. Theme—Obedience a test of sincerity and means of assurance. Mr. Hosken, in the course of his discourse, showed that the probable number immersed since the Christian era was 4,650,000,000, while those sprinkled only amounted to 750,000,000; making the number of the immersed six or seven times greater than the number of the sprinkled. A similar calculation was made by Dr. Campbell, in his discussion with Dr. Rice.
- GERAZYM, Feb. 7—Four by Mr. Williams.
- GLYN ELLAN, Jan. 3—One by Mr. Roberts.
- GOODSHAW, Lancashire, March 7, in the baptistry of Sunnyside Chapel, lent for the occasion—Seven; a grandmother, her grandson, and granddaughter, by Mr. Jefferson.
- GRANTHAM, March 3—Two, in the Baptist Chapel, Bottesford, by Mr. Watts.
- GREAT SAMPFORD, Essex, March 30—Eight by Mr. W. C. Ellis.
- HANLEY, Staffordshire. A time of refreshing has been given to the Baptist Church in this place. On Good Friday, April 2nd, Eighteen persons were baptised into the church by the Rev E. Johnson; seven were Sunday scholars. Household meetings for prayer have preceded this blessing. Several others are seeking to follow this example of faith and obedience.
- HALIFAX, North Parade, Feb. 28—Two by Mr. Ingham.
- IPSWICH, Turret-green, March 4—Three by Mr. Lord.
- KIDWELY, Jan. 31—Four by Mr. Reynolds.
- KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, March 29—Four by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Seven were received into the church the following Sabbath.
- LEWES, Sussex, March 3. after a sermon by Mr. Holt—Nine by Mr. Haycroft.
- LIVERPOOL, Great Cross Hall-street, Mar. 7—Seven by Mr. Thomas.
- Athol-street, Feb. 21—Three by Mr. Davies.
- LLANFAIRCAREBINION, Feb. 7—After a sermon by Mr. Jones, Three were baptised; Mar. 7—Four, and Five restored.
- LLANELLY, Mar. 7—One.
- Bethel, Mar. 7—Two by Mr. Hughes.
- LLANCARVAN, Jan. 31—Two by Mr. Lewis.
- LLANTHISAINT, Jan. 31—One by Mr. Phillips.
- LONDON, Islington, Cross-street, Mar. 31—Seven by Mr. Thomas.
- Spencer-place, Clerkenwell, April 8—Five by Rev. J. H. Cooke; four of these had been members of Independent Churches.
- Hephzibah, Darling-place, Mile End-gate, March 30—Ten in the baptistry belonging to Commercial-road Chapel, (kindly lent for the occasion) by Mr. J. Vaughan, after a sermon from Acts viii. 37.
- NITON, Isle of Wight, March 31—Five by the Rev. J. Hocken, after an address from the Rev. J. C. Green, late pastor.
- NARBERTH, Feb. 7—Three by Mr. Davies.
- NEWPORT, Pembroke, Feb. 7—Eleven by Mr. Jenkins.
- PAISLEY, Feb. 28—Three, after a sermon; March 7—One by Mr. Wallace.
- PENUEL ROCK, Castle, Pembrokeshire, April 18—Four by the Rev. Mr. Evans.
- REYL, Feb. 1—Two by Mr. T. L. Morris.
- RHYMNEY, Zoar, Jan. 31—Four by Mr. Jones.
- SAFFRON WALDEN, Feb. 23—Four by Mr. Gillson.
- SANDY HAVEN, Enon, Pembrokeshire, April 11—Twenty in an inlet of Milford Haven, after an impressive address to a numerous audience by Mr. H. Evans.
- SHARNBROOK, Beds, Bethlehem Chapel, April 4—Five by Mr. T. Corby.
- SWANSEA, York-place, March 7—Five by Mr. Hill.
- SUNNYSIDE, Lancashire, Feb. 28—Three by Mr. Nicholls.
- TREDEGAR, Jan. 31—Six by Mr. Thomas.
- TROED-YR-RHIW, Feb. 7—Four by Mr. Jenkins.
- TWERTON, Bath, Feb. 28—Three by Mr. E. Clarke.
- UXBRIDGE, April 4—Four by Mr G. Rouse Lowden.
- WALSALL, Feb. 7—Five; and March 23—Six by Mr. Marshall.
- WINCHESTER, Silver Hall, April 11—Two by Mr. Chappell.

DEATH.

March 22nd, at Laurel Cottage, Kingston-on-Thames, Sarah Buff, aged 73. She had been a member of the Baptist Church in that town forty-six years, and was the widow of a late deacon. A firm friend of missions, a devotedly liberal Christian, and a staunch supporter of faithful ministers has our sister ever been. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," was the text selected by Mr. Medhurst, from which he preached her funeral sermon.

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THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

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| | | | | | |
|----------|--|--------|-------|---|----------|
| Mar. 21. | Subscriptions | £2 0 2 | " 11. | Subscriptions | 1 14 8 |
| | Mrs. Aldridge, per Mr. Low | 1 1 0 | | " " A Hearer | 0 10 0 |
| " 28. | Subscriptions | 1 16 5 | | " " Mrs. Ohlson | 1 0 0 |
| " " | Mrs. Nicholls | 0 10 0 | | " " Mr. Richardson | 1 0 0 |
| " " | Mr. Dods, per Mr. Low | 5 0 0 | | " " Collection at Sheffield after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 100 0 0 |
| " " | Mrs. Osborne | 1 0 0 | | " 18. Subscriptions | 1 2 10 |
| April 4. | W. P. and Friends | 2 12 0 | | " " Mr. Chandler | 0 10 0 |
| " " | Subscriptions | 1 9 10 | | " " Collections | 59 0 0 |
| " " | Collection at Stoney Stratford after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 8 10 0 | | | |
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THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD" NEWSPAPER.

How welcome the moment that places beside me
The CHRISTIAN WORLD Newspaper fresh
from the press! [denied me.]

Though blessed with all others, were this boon
'Twere surely a grievance that nought could
redress.

It soothes into quietude every emotion
Of care or of grief, that annoyed me before,
And gives me a respite like that of the ocean
When, wearied, its waves are asleep on the
shore.

I tear off the wrapper, and, seated at leisure,
With nothing on earth to disturb or molest,
With careful inspection examine my treasure,
And cull out its jewels with infinite zest.

My thoughts, my best feelings, my fond aspira-
tions,
I learn to extend till at length they embrace,
Not merely my own, but the weal of all nations,
However divergent in language or race.

Whatever relates to their shame or their glory,
Their wrongs or their rights, their revenge or
their love.

With interest I read, and derive from the story
Some lesson benign which I fain would im-
prove.

When Charity's record awakes my compassion
For those in distress with pale want at the
door,

I help them if possible—not from mere fashion—
And wish I could help them a thousand times
more.

And when too I read of some brutalised being,
The blood of whose wife cries aloud to the
skies; [dying,
From whom his own children in terror are
I look at my loved ones, and tears dim my
eyes.

Why should not the joys and the sorrows of
others [soul?]

Enrage the best thoughts and desires of my
Both Reason and Charity call them my brothers,
Wherever they dwell from the line to the pole.

The same azure canopy daily bends o'er them,
They enter the same rugged path from their
birth,

The same mortal struggle is ever before them,
The same solemn sleep in the same silent
earth.

What though, when I'm reading, my heart oft
is leaping,

As if at some joyful or tender refrain!

To joy with the joyous, and weep with the
weeping, [pain.]

Gives generous bosoms more pleasure than

Though much meets my view that looks dark
and appalling, [than mine,

Too much that would melt rougher natures
I see, o'er this darkness, a soft twilight falling,
Which heralds a day that shall never decline.

And when, o'er the printed page rapidly glancing,
I notice events that have just had their birth,
Which show that the day, so desired, is ad-
vancing,

I call them my gems, and rejoice in their worth.

There are tales to enliven the hours of the even,
To bring me right views of the battle of life;
And sympathies pure and extended are given,
In "The Wife's Trials," read by my own gentle
wife.

And yet there are deeper and holier teachings,
To con in the Sabbath's sweet season of rest;
Sweet crumbs from the basket of life, and the
preachings [have pressed.

From temples where thousands of worn feet
And I feel my heart drawn to the feet of the
Saviour

By these little eloquent notes of His love,
And I long to be like Him in deed and behaviour,
And quicken the steps that are creeping above.
The "Sunday-school Treasury," too, is endearing
To all who engage in this hallowed employ;
It brings me advice and encouragements cheer-
ing,

And changes my sorrow and fear into joy.

It tells how the Gospel of Jesus is spreading,
Abroad and at home, in the cities and lanes;
And I pray that wherever a brother is treading
The trumpet of Zion may sound o'er the plains.

And then the soft magic of poetry stealing
Through all the deep cells of my softening soul,
Raise heavenward each fine, and each sensitive
feeling, [whole.]

And I gratefully praise the Great God for thy
Then come, welcome messenger, come with thy
treasure [press!

Fresh from a thousand hearts, fresh from the
I wait to receive from thee, profit and pleasure
And warmer compassion for woe and distress.

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SPIRITUAL RELIGION.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"It is the spirit that quickeneth : the flesh profiteth nothing." John vi. 63.

To a casual reader it looks as if the meaning of this passage lay upon the very surface ; but he that has studied the chapter will find that it is a sentence replete with many difficulties as to the exact interpretation of it. I shall not, however, waste your time by entering into any critical discussion of it ; but shall only and simply try to give you what I believe to be the mind of the Spirit, as uttered by the lips of Jesus in this passage, and after I have done that I shall then revert to what I shall call the meaning which any person would give to it who is not a usual student of Scripture. That being true, although not the truth taught in the passage, I shall briefly enlarge upon it. "It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing." I suppose there is not a man in the world who could form any intelligent idea of what a spirit is. It is very easy for persons to define a spirit by saying what it is not ; but I query whether there is, or ever could be, any man who could form any idea of what it is. We sometimes talk about seeing a spirit ; ignorant persons in ages gone by, and some now in benighted villages, talk about seeing spirits by night. They must know that they talk contradictions. Matter can be seen ; but a spirit, if it clothed itself in any light substance, could not even then be seen ; it would only be the substance that would be seen. The spirit itself is a thing which can neither be tasted, handled, seen, nor discerned in any way whatever by our senses, for if it could be it would then be proof positive that it was not a spirit at all, but belonged to the realm of matter. We divide all things into matter and spirit, and whatsoever can be recognised by the senses in any way is matter, depend on it. Spirit is itself a thing too subtle to be either seen or in any other way recognised by the senses. I say, then, I suppose there is no man living and never will be any man in this mortal state, who will be able to define a spirit as to what it is, though he may say what it is not.

Now, there is a region where there are spirits dwelling without body. It is certain that in the world to come, in that state which now intervenes between the death of the saints and the day of the resurrection, they are dwelling before the throne of God in a disembodied state—pure spirits, without any embodiment whatever. It may be that angels have some form of bodies ; we could not imagine what angels were, if they had not some kind of semblance of appearance ; but it is quite certain that the saints before the throne have no semblance of shapes whatever. They are pure spirits ; beings whose substance we cannot imagine ; purely immaterial, as they are also immaculate. But on earth you will find no such a thing as a pure spirit. We are all spirits in bodies, and, somehow, from the fact that wherever we find souls and spirits they are always found in bodies, we are very apt to confound bodies and spirits together. But let us always understand that bodies and spirits are distinct things ; and though it hath pleased God in this world never to make a spirit without making a house for it to dwell in, called the body, yet the body is not the spirit. "It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Now, you will easily learn this, for in man's body no one can tell where the life is. In vain the surgeon lays the body on the table and dissects it ; he will find life neither in the brain nor in the heart ; he may cut the body in pieces as he pleases—he will not find anything that he can lay hold upon tangibly and really, and say, "That is life." He can see all the effects—he can see the parts moving, he can see all the appearances of life caused by a supernatural something ; but life he cannot see. It is altogether beyond his ken ;

and after all his searching he would lay down his scalpel and say at once, "There now, the task is all over; there is a spirit that quickeneth this body, but in my search after life this flesh profiteth me nothing. I might as well search for a soul within a stone or within one of the pillars that support this house as search for a soul within mere flesh and blood if I look for something which I can see, which I can lay hold of, or which, by either taste, sight, smelling or anything else I can distinguish and designate as being a spirit."

Now, then, brethren, this illustration just brings me to a truth. We are here assembled at this moment spirits, souls. Here we are, bodies; but these bodies are not ourselves; they are the houses in which we live. I question whether there is any man who can define himself: the most any man can say is, "I am; I know I have an existence; but what kind of thing my spirit is I do not know; I cannot tell; I have no knowledge of what it is. I feel it; I know it moves my body; I feel its outward manifestations; I am certain of my existence; but what I am I know not: God alone can say." "I AM that I am" is comprehensible to himself; but man is a being himself incomprehensible; and though God may allow him to say, "By God's grace I am what I am," he cannot tell what he is; he understandeth not his own existence. Understand, then, that as in our being there is a mystery in our flesh, so religion, the true religion of the blessed God, in order to be made like unto us and to be a something which would suit us, must be a religion of spirit; but because we have a body it must have a body in which to clothe itself. Allow me, if I can, to try to make this plain; for if you do not understand it now you will before I have done, I am certain. We are spirits in bodies. Well, then, in order to meet our cases, the great work of God in us must be a spiritual thing; but in order that I may be able to talk about it to you, and that you may be able to hear it with your ears, that spiritual thing must be encased in a body; or else, if it were a pure spiritual thing, I could not talk to you about it, any more than I could talk to you about a spirit, if there were no body in which a spirit could be found, and no body in which I should be able to live to talk about it in. I want to show you this, because there are some persons that are so busy about the body of religion that they forget that religion has got a spirit at all.

Now, what Jesus meant in this passage was, "The mere embodiment of religion profiteth nothing; it is the spirit that quickeneth." Just as, to use my figure over again, in order to perform an act, the mere flesh and blood and arms and legs profit nothing, it is the spirit that quickens all the bones and makes the nerves ply as they ought to do and the sinews work as they should, so religion has its outward form, it has its ceremonies, it has its its outward developments, its body, but the mere outward body of religion is of no use whatever, except the spirit quickeneth it.

I. To begin, then, I will first show you this order as our Saviour, I think, meant it when he first of all stated it. There were some people in our Saviour's day who admired Christ. They admired him as a man, and they thought there was some marvellous efficacy in his flesh and blood. Now, Jesus Christ said to them in the words of our text, "Even my flesh will profit you nothing: it is the spirit that quickens." We would state this truth very cautiously, but very plainly. When our Saviour was upon earth there were some, we say, who admired his person. You remember those who said, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee and the paps that gave thee suck;" and you remember our Saviour rebuked them. He would not have people admire his flesh and think so much of his mere humanity. "No," said he, "blessed are they that hear the Word of God and do it." There were some again who wanted to

take the Lord Jesus and make him a king. Said he to them, "My flesh, if you exalt it to a throne, will profit you nothing. I did not come here that you might bow down and venerate my mere flesh, that you might think the mere admiration of myself is religion. It is the spirit, the Gospel that I came to preach, that will benefit you. It is not these outward acts; it is the thoughts and words, of which they are the exponents." Hear what the Saviour says in the next sentence. "It is not your admiration of my flesh that is of any use to you, for my flesh profits nothing; it is the spirit that quickens, and if you want to know what is the spirit of my incarnation, I tell you that the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. It is not your venerating my flesh and blood; it is your venerating my doctrines that will be the soul and heart of the religion that I desire you to feel."

Our Saviour, however, was led to make these remarks from the fact that the poor Jews, when he talked about eating His flesh and blood, thought that He meant they were to turn cannibals, and eat Jesus Christ up. Now, any man may smile at so ridiculous an idea; but we know that the idea is still rife in the Church of Rome. The Romanist priest solemnly assures us that the people who eat the bread and wine, or stuff he calls bread and wine, which he hands round, do actually act the part of cannibals, and eat the body of Christ, and drink His blood. You ask him seriously; you say to him, "you mean they do it in a figure, my dear sir, spiritually." "No," says he, "I don't; I mean to say that after I have pronounced certain words over that bread, it becomes Christ's flesh, and after I have said a certain *hoc* *pocus* over that wine, it becomes actual blood." "Well," we reply to him, "it is very singular certainly, and I should say that you do not expect us to believe you, whilst God allows our heads to be occupied by brains; but even if we do believe you, my dear sir, we refer you to this passage here that says, "The flesh profiteth nothing, it is the spirit that quickeneth," and you tell the people that they do actually and really receive body and blood. Suppose they do, it is no earthly use to them, the mere body and blood of Christ; and even if they could carnally press it with their teeth, and drink it with their throats, would be of no more use to them than the eating of the flesh and blood of any other man, could be of no service whatever to them, for He himself denounces the error of transubstantiation, and He declares that even His flesh profiteth nothing. It is only the spirit, the spiritual receiving of that flesh and blood that can be of any avail whatever.

While I am here just allow me to say one word; for Popery prevails in this day, and that happens to be the bulwark of Popery, the doctrine that the bread and wine are turned into the body and blood of Christ. Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, son of Dr. Carson, the eminent baptist, has settled off Dr. Cahill in a remarkable way. He has challenged Dr. Cahill to prove that he can turn the bread and wine used in the sacrament into Christ's body and blood. He offers to give Dr. Cahill a hundred pounds if he will let him make a wafer for him, and if Dr. Cahill will then put it on his own tongue and swallow it in Mr. Carson's own presence. "If the Doctor is not dead in an hour," says Dr. Carson, "I'll give him a hundred pounds." "No," says one, "that is not fair." "Oh! but if he can turn it into the body and blood of Christ, it cannot hurt him, whatever I make it of." "What! would you make it of poison, then?" "Yes, the deadliest I could find." "Would you give him poison?" "I should not give it to him; he would swallow it himself; he would do it of his own voluntary choice." And Dr. Cahill backs out of that; he cannot turn it into the body and blood of Christ; if he could, Dr. Carson says it could not hurt him, for the body and blood of Christ would poison no one. But some

wise Romanist says, "That is not fair; the Doctor does not pretend to turn poison into the body and blood of Christ; it is only clean bread." "Very well," says Dr. Carson, "I'll try him another way. I will let him choose a youth from seven or eight Catholic boys; he shall take a quart of wine, and turn this wine in his own peculiar way into the blood of Christ. The boy shall drink the quart, and if he is not drunk in six hours, I'll pay the hundred pounds." "Now," says Dr. Carson, "If that is the blood of Christ, it will not make him drunk; he might drink a hogshead of it, and it would not make him intoxicated." But Dr. Cahill dare not come to such a trial as that; for I think it would very soon be found that the wine would make the boy intoxicated as much as any other wine; therefore, it could not have been turned, even by the great Doctor himself, into anything like the blood of Christ. The fact is, the lie is so palpable, the delusion is so absurd, that any child of any age would as soon think of believing the cock and bull story we used to read in our childish days, about what the bull said, and what the cock said, to be actual truth, as to imagine it to be a literal fact that any priest, or any man in the world, could ever turn bread and wine into flesh and blood. But even if they could, hear the words of the text: "The flesh profiteth nothing; it is the spirit that quickeneth." So, then, after all, the Roman Catholic Sacrament, if it be actually a cannibal's feast upon the body and blood of Christ, is of no earthly use; but that Sacrament wherein we do spiritually receive the flesh and blood of Jesus, and in a spiritual way hold communion with Him, is that which quickeneth, and that only.

Now, this brings me to the truth that I want specially to be arrived at. As Christ Jesus in his flesh was the embodiment of his own doctrine, and yet not His flesh, but the spirit of His doctrine quickeneth souls, so the outward forms and ceremonies which Christ has made to be the body to contain the spirit, are of no earthly use at all, unless the Spirit of God be in them. We come to baptism; there are the pool and the water; that pool and that water are, so to speak, the flesh and blood of dedication; that holy ordinance signifies that we do devote ourselves to the Lord Jesus. Suppose, however, our hearts are in a wrong condition, or that we are not converted persons—suppose there is no influence of the Spirit resting upon us during the act of baptism, then the act of baptism is like the flesh to the body, it is a dead thing, it profiteth nothing, because it is without the soul. We come the next Sabbath to the Lord's table: there is the bread broken by God's servant, there is the wine decently handed round by the deacons of the church, and it is sipped; but, mark you, however reverently it is performed, except the Spirit of the living God breathes through the whole divine ordinance, "the flesh," that is, the mere embodiment of communion will profit you nothing. You might sit at a thousand Sacraments, and you might be baptised in a myriad of pools, but all this would not avail one jot or tittle for your salvation, unless you had the spirit that quickened you. Nay, to go farther, it is not just these two outward ordinances only that need in them the spirit; it is so in everything else. You have sometimes read, dear friends, of some great Christians that grew to have much fellowship with Christ by prayer. Perhaps you imbibed the idea that if you were to go home and spend as many hours in your closet as they did, you would get as much profit by it; and not thinking about the Holy Spirit, you simply devote yourself to your closet as you would to any manual exercise, with a hope of profiting by the closet alone. I tell you, you might be on your knees till your knees were bare, and you might be in your closet till the steam of your devotion ran down the walls; but unless the Spirit of the Lord was in that closet with you, the mere

fleshly exercise of praying would no more avail you and profit you than if you had been chaunting songs to the moon, or standing in the street to sell your goods. Another hears that a certain person has been very much blessed by reading a text of Scripture. "Oh!" says he, "has that text been blessed to such a one? I'll go and read the same passage too." You think that if you do the same act as he does you will be equally blessed; and you are marvellously surprised that when you read the passage, it does no good to you. It made his spirit leap for joy, it filled his soul with the wine of the kingdom, but to you it is like a dry well, or like an empty bottle. Why is this? The mere letter in which the promise is put profiteth you nothing; it is the spirit of the promise; it is the life of the Spirit running through the veins of the promise that alone can profit you. You hear that another man meditates on God's law day and night, and becomes like a tree planted by the rivers of water. You say, "I will take care that every morning I will read a chapter, and that every night I will read two chapters." There are certain people who think if they read a good long bit of Bible they've done a great deal. In that spirit they might just as well read a bit of Hudibras; for they just read it straight through, without thinking of understanding it. Many of our ministers think they must read a certain quantity of the Scriptures, and they take perhaps three long chapters out of Ezekiel, and not a soul knows what they are at. If they were to read a Dutch sermon in an English church it would do about as much good. There is a lot about ephabs, and wheels within wheels, but no one understands much about them. Instead of reading as Ezra did, and expounding to the people, they must go on reading, —hedge, hedge, ditch, ditch—o'ne continual steeple-chase! Instead of stopping to break the shells and give the kernels of truth to the people, they must read right on. To such persons we would simply say, "Your Bible reading is but the flesh; it is no use to you; it is the spirit that quickeneth; the mere flesh, the mere outward fashion and form of Bible reading will not profit anybody. One bit of Bible prayed over, and bedewed with the Spirit, and made alive, though it be only a short sentence of six words, will profit you more than a hundred chapters without the Spirit, because the hundred chapters without the Spirit are 'flesh'—dead; but the one verse with the Spirit is the thing that quickeneth."

I do not know whether I have as yet brought my full meaning out; but I want to let every one understand that it is not the mere outward embodiment of our religion that saves the soul and that profits us; it is the inner spirit of the thing that does it. Mark, I would not find fault with any of these forms, any more than I would find fault with our bodies, because they are not spirits; our bodies are good things for the spirits to live in; and the forms are good things for the spirit to live in; but the form without the spirit, though it be the most decorous, and apparently the most devout that can be performed can be of no use for our soul's eternal profit and ultimate salvation. "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Now, my dear friend, Mr. So and So, if you will just take your pencil out and cast up your accounts for all the years of your life, they will come to very little, if what I say be true. "I think," say you, "I am a tolerably good sort of man; I have a few faults, but look now what I have done. I have been to chapel twice every Sunday almost since I was a boy—I don't know that I missed once, except when I was ill; that has been very good of me, and no mistake. I always read the Bible every morning; I always have family prayer; that is very good of me; another down to my account. I say my prayers when I go to bed at night, and when I get up in the morning; I very frequently go to

prayer-meetings; I don't think any one can find fault with me; really I think I do everything to make me a truly religious man." Ah! and did you put at the end of it, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, unjust, extortioners," and so on, or even like that poor fellow, a Sabbath breaker, that you saw going the opposite way, and not going to your place of worship. Pity you didn't finish it up; but, however, if you did not in words, you finished it up in your heart. But I pray God to show you that all these beautiful things of yours are good for nothing. There you are—there are your chapel-goings—all flesh; there are your Bible readings—flesh; there are your family prayers—all flesh; there are your good works and excellencies—all flesh. You have never received the Spirit of the living God: you dare not say you have. Well, then, all these things will profit you nothing whatever. It is the spirit alone can quicken; for you know, my dear sir, and let me speak very pointedly—you know you never enter into the spirit of the thing; though you go to your church or chapel regularly, yet you know you might very often as well be at home; for when they sing, you do not sing with all your heart; and when the minister preaches, it is seldom there is much that touches you, unless it is a good intellectual discourse, and happens to fit you, and you believe it, and it meets your views, and so on. You know that into the inward soul, and marrow and bowels of devotion you have never yet learned to plunge. You know your devotion is like that ox which was slain once in the time of siege in Rome, and was said to portend ill, because when the angur slew it he declared he could not find a heart anywhere. He looked through all the entrails, and no heart could he discover; and hence, the Romans said their city must be destroyed. It was a solemn augury, they said, when the sacrifice had no heart in it. It is just the same with you. You have done all these things; oh! yes, and there has been as much reality in what you have done as there was devotion in the poor Kalmuck's windmill, when he tied the prayer to it, and put it up in the garden, and every time it blew round, that was just one more prayer. There was as much heart in your prayer as there was in his windmill; that is to say, none at all. There it is! How far have you got? Go on no longer with this useless round of performances. I would not have you give the performances up. Stop awhile, and ask God to give you that inward spirit that quickeneth, for that is what is needed; "The flesh profiteth nothing."

But I must speak to you that are the children of God, and I must say to you, How often do you forget this? I know it is not often of a morning that I would leave my chamber without prayer: but oh, brethren, I have often left my chamber without having the spirit of prayer; I should not like to pass a day without reading the Scriptures, but I am afraid it is very often the mere "flesh" of Scripture reading, and not the spirit breathing in the Word that I get. And how often is our conscience satisfied with the mere form without the spirit! Now, if we were what we ought to be, we should never be content with the form, unless we could see the spirit in it. Mother, would you be content to have a child at home that was dead? Suppose some one should say to you, "Why, this child is just as good a child as ever it was! Look at it! It has not lost a leg, or arm, or anything!" "Ah, but," you say, "it is dead." "Oh!" says one, "there is no difference. It looks as beautiful now as ever it did." "Ah!" she says, "but there is a vast deal of difference between what it was when it was alive, and what it is now it is dead." And now just transfer that to your poor dead prayers, and your poor dead Bible readings, and your poor dead Sacraments, and your poor dead goings to chapel, and all that! Ah! how many of our sacrifices

are just poor dead things, when we bring them, they have died in the night, and then we come and offer them before God! How frequently do we satisfy ourselves with having the "flesh," the embodiment of the sacrifice, and forget the spirit! But let us remember, God only looks for the life: He does not look for the body; so we ought, in all we do for Him, to take care, first of all, for the spirit, and then we may rest quite sure the flesh and blood of the devotion will take care of themselves.

II. This, I believe, is the meaning of the passage. But the common rendering of it, if any one read it without noticing the context, would be, "Why, that means, it is the Spirit that quickeneth; that is to say, it is the Holy Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." Our friends will excuse me when I say, it cannot mean that; you notice the "s" in the text has got no capital to it. If it meant the Holy Spirit, it would always be noted so, to separate it from the spirit to which I have just referred—the inward spirit, the life of a thing. This word "spirit" here does not mean the Holy Spirit; still, almost every ordinary reader would make that mistake, and say "It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing." Well, it is a mistake that will not do him any hurt, because if it does not say so there, it does say so somewhere else; and if it is not true in this one particular text, it is true all over the Bible, and it is true in a Christian's experience, so that a man may make a great many worse mistakes than that. Well, then, let us take and make that mistake, and then let us get at the truth of it: "It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing."

How often have I thought "There is a young woman in the gallery, or there is a young man: how interested they look during the sermon!" I have met with them, I have admired their characters; they have had an amiable carriage and deportment; there has been much in them that everybody would tell others to imitate and emulate. I have said, "Ah! I shall soon have them added to the Church; there is so much good about them, it will be such an easy transition for them; they are so moral and so excellent, it will be very easy for them surely to take a step into the kingdom of heaven." I don't say I have said so in words to my heart; but that has been about what I have thought. Well, there has been a fellow who came into chapel one evening, a queer-looking object certainly; he came running in one Thursday evening towards the end of the service, not washed, or anything; he only just came to hear something that would make him laugh, as he thought. I did not expect to see him converted. The next time I sat to hear inquirers, in he came, cleaned and washed a bit; but I recognised him, for all that, and I said to him, "Didn't you come in one Thursday night, after you had been hammering and tinkering away somewhere? I thought you looked a strange one, certainly." "Yes," said he, "and the Lord met with me." Now, I sat many and many a night, and I did not see the young man or the young woman come. Why was this? The Lord meant to teach his servant that "the flesh profiteth nothing." "No," said he, "that man seemed far from God, that young man and that young woman seemed very near to me: I will just let you see that all their morality and all their goodness did not put them near the kingdom of heaven, or help me a bit; I could save one as well as the other, and if I chose to show my sovereignty, I might even let publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of heaven before those who, becoming proud of their morality, would not stoop before me." Have you not sometimes met with a person of such a peculiar character that you have said, "Is it not a pity some one cannot talk with that man?" I often have notes: a father writes, "I wish you could get hold of my son; he is a very interesting young man; if you were to

put the truth before him to suit his turn of mind, he would be sure to lay hold of it, for if you knew how his mind was constituted, you would say at once there was a peculiar adaptation in his mind for the reception of the gospel." Well, I have been told that a dozen times; but I never found it true once—never. "The flesh profiteth nothing." No peculiar adaptation of mind is any more susceptible of gospel influences than another. Dead sinners are all dead, and all dead alike. Some may be black, and some may be white; some may be well-washed and dressed, and some may have all the mire and filth of sensuality about them. They are all dead alike, and when converting grace comes to deal with them, it finds as much for its exercise in the one case as in the other: it finds as much to help it in the one heart as in the other—that is to say, it finds nothing to help it at all. It brings it all within itself: it kindles its own fire with its own torch, it blows the fire with its own breath, and asks for nothing in the sinner, be he who he may.

Then, again, we have sometimes said, "If such a one were converted, dear me, what a shining Christian he would make! He is a man of brilliant talent, of great intellectual power, and of extensive fortune. Oh if he were converted, what a jubilee it would be to the Church of God! How much would he do!" Well, do you know, I have always found that these fine people, who, when they were converted, were to be somebody, if they have been converted, and we have got them, have not turned out to be quite so great after all! I knew a minister once, who, with great joy and gladness, baptised a man. It was on a New-year's Day, and I remember, with what self-congratulation, he said, "The Lord has sent me one of the best New-year's gifts I ever had;" and he looked upon that man, and said, "Ah! this is a brother; he is a great gain to the church; he is a man of such active spirit, of such excellent turn of mind—he is everything that could be desired." Well, I have just happened to live long enough to see that man rend the church in sunder, and drive the minister out of his pulpit, and he is alive still, a thorn in the side of that church, and a huge prickly bramble that they would be glad enough to eradicate, but that they scarcely have power enough to do. No; the Lord will show us that "the flesh profiteth nothing." "You may have him," says the Lord, "if he is such a fine fellow; take him, take him; you will find he will not be so much, after all. I will let you know that 'the flesh profiteth nothing': it is the spirit alone 'that quickeneth.'"

"On the other hand, we have seen some whose flesh could not help them. They were the poor, the mean, the illiterate, the despised; and we have seen the grace of God blaze up in their hearts to an eminence of fervour, and we have seen them stand confident and strong, notwithstanding the nothingness of the flesh; and then we have said, "Verily, O God, it is marvellous how, when the flesh is weak, thy grace is strong;" and we have heard an answer from "the excellent Glory," which said, "Ah! the flesh profiteth nothing: it is the spirit that quickeneth."

Now, I do not believe that there is any form of our flesh, nor any act of our flesh, nor anything that our flesh can do, or attempt to do, or think of, or suggest, that can in any way assist in the great spiritual work of our salvation. It is the spirit alone that quickeneth; and you will find till you die that "the flesh profiteth nothing," except the devil, and it often profits him; but in God's ways and in God's holy Gospel you will always find the flesh lusting against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh. You will have to feel this truth, that the flesh at its best estate profiteth nothing. "It is the spirit that quickeneth."

Now, my brethren, in conclusion, I will ask thee the question—Hast

thou received the influence of the Holy Spirit? and have those influences led thee to worship God, who is a spirit, "in spirit and in truth?" For if not, though some may put thee in the cradle of ceremonies, and rock thee to sleep, I will not be one of them. Although men may tell thee thou art right enough because thou art so outwardly religious, because thou art no sabbath breaker, no swearer, no drunkard, I warn thee that unless thou art born again from above thou canst not see the kingdom of God; and when drunkards and harlots and all manner of ungodly persons shall be driven from the presence of God you also shall share their fate, for you are dead in sin, and must be quickened by the spirit. No more shall I say, but solemnly entreat the Spirit of the blessed God to touch your hearts with this solemn thought, and lead you to renounce the works of the flesh, and put your trust in Him who is "the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe." The Lord's mercy rest on you, for Jesus's sake! Amen.

FIERY DARTS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH OF CHELTENHAM.

MANY are the afflictions and trials of the Christian, but of all trials, soul trials are the worst. Some of the Lord's people sink deep into the horrible pit, and long stick fast in the miry clay at their first conversion. Others, more gently drawn to Jesus, and soon freed from their bonds, are indulged with sweet liberty, holy peace, and joy in God. They can read their evidences, realise their adoption, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; but afterwards, and in some cases, soon afterwards, they have to pass through fiery trials, walk in great darkness, and are tortured with Satanic injections; for while Satan hates true Christianity always, and everywhere, he has an especial hatred to a happy Christian. The happiness of the believer in Jesus seems to stir up all his infernal envy, hatred, and malice, and he will leave no stone unturned to make him wretched and miserable.

Here is a young Christian I have just been conversing with. She was a short time ago led as a poor sinner to Jesus, and was received with a hearty welcome. Doubts and fears were banished from her soul, and she was truly happy; but she had not been long rejoicing in God before Satan appeared to be let loose upon her, and he filled her mind with the most horrid and blasphemous thoughts. Day by day, and hour by hour he pursued her, but especially did he attack her when she was upon her knees in private, or endeavouring to worship God in public. Her whole soul was filled with horror and distress, especially as the most fearful imprecations were suggested against the Lord Jesus and his most precious blood. Ignorant of Satan's power, and a stranger to such terrible exercises, her confidence gave way, and she sunk into despondency and gloom. The more she tried to pray, the more terrible were the suggestions, until, after weeks of such alarming exercises, the mind felt wearied and exhausted, and now the enemy suggests, "If you were really a Christian you would be filled with sorrow, and be overwhelmed with grief; and you would cry unto God night and day, repenting in dust and ashes. But you are becoming hardened, you begin to feel indifferent, and this proves your case to be desperate, and that you are given up of God." These fiery darts stick fast in the soul, and the poison of them drink up the spirits. This is doing business in deep waters, and walking through the valley of the shadow of death.

I knew a young man who, after enjoying great happiness, and being filled with peace and love, walking for some time in the light of the Lord's coun-

tenance, was afterwards for a long time left to experience the horrid gloom, heart-rending sadness, and inexpressible distress occasioned by these fiery darts. He had enjoyed much of the presence, power, and operation of the Holy Spirit, and against that blessed Comforter were those fiery darts directed. No one would ever think that anything so blasphemous, absurd, and fearfully wicked, could ever be found in a Christian's mind. Often has he shuddered and trembled; and so loud did the suggestions sound, and so near did he seem to be to uttering them, that he has shaken his head, wrung his hands, and wandered about like one bewildered. Reason trembled and tottered on its throne, and at times he even wished he was really insane, that these things may not be laid to his charge. No one but the man who has passed through them can tell the force and power with which these things come into the mind, or understand the fearful havoc they make. Though in no place, at no time for months entirely free, yet it was at the Lord's table that the conflict was the fiercest. Oh the unutterable blasphemies which at times occupied the mind then! Nor did prayers or effort seem to have any effect in conquering or even checking them.

I know a minister of Christ who for several years was so pursued with these blasphemous and horrid thoughts, that whenever he opened the Word of God, to read and study it, his heart resembled a real hell. If a number of devils had been within uttering their bitterest blasphemies against the Son of God, it could scarcely have been worse. The name of Jesus could not pass through his mind but some fearful imprecation followed, and often has he left his study to wander in the lanes and fields, deploring his sad state before God. In my early days I was acquainted with two venerable Christian women who both suffered in this way, until they could not attend to their daily duties; one of them almost entirely neglected her family for months, and the other was for a time in an asylum, for her reason gave way. As I believe there are still many who secretly suffer more or less from this cause, and as Satan always tempts them to believe that their case is singular, and persuades them never to drop a hint of what is passing within, lest they should be thought unnatural, and sunk below the brutes, I write this article, hoping to be of use to them.

What can persons in such a state do? First, always keep themselves employed, and not sit down and pore over their state, for if they do they will sink lower and lower. Then let them remember and act upon that precious passage of God's Word, which points out how primitive saints obtained the victory. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." It is suggested that for thoughts so horrid, so dreadful, and so uncommon, there can be no pardon opposed to that suggestion. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Yes, for sins before conversion, and for sins after: for open sins, and for the secret thoughts and cogitations of the heart. Any person, at any time, after any sins, *may* be cleansed by the blood of Jesus, and be made white as snow, and every person *will* who applies to that precious blood. Tell the enemy that for such sinners as you are, Jesus died; that for sins such as yours His blood made an atonement. Cling to the Cross: let nothing take your eye from it, or your hand off it, and then use the word of the testimony, the precious promises, the positive assurances, the encouraging instances of the grace of God found therein. Never give way, but resist the devil, and he will flee from you. One who was thus exercised used to leave his work, close his Bible, and leave off prayer, because he thought he was only mocking God; but whenever he did so, he always found his temptations worse, and his exercises more painful. By the advice of a well-taught Christian, he determined that, let what would come,

he would maintain his ground, cry to the strong One for strength, plead the precious blood of Jesus, and oppose it to all the injections thrown into his mind. He did so, and though the enemy raged fearfully at first, he fled at length. Satan cares nothing for our reasoning, for our resolves, nor for our sufferings: but he does care for "*It is written,*" and flees before "*The blood of the Lamb.*"

Reader, do you know anything of these exercises? Many of the Lord's people do not, and be sure you do not desire to do so. They are *the trial* of some Christians; but they are no part of Christianity. Are you suffering from them, or anything similar to them? If so, think it not strange, do not conclude that your case is singular, for many have passed through just what you now experience, and many are passing through the same things now. It is a part of that dark path which almost every Christian travels alone. He finds no fellow-traveller here to whom he can unbosom himself, with whom he can take sweet counsel, or from whom he can derive encouragement. Thousands now in glory suffered just as you do now, they overcame, they are safe landed and happily housed, and so will you be soon. Grace will complete its work. Jesus will have his purchase. God will deliver and rescue every one of his children. And though you now doubt your Christianity, or perhaps conclude *it is impossible for you to be a Christian*; though you put from you every promise, and even conclude that you are given up to a reprobate mind; yet the word shall stand good, "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." By the roughest roads, through the greatest temptations, and notwithstanding all Satan's fiery darts, God will bring everyone safe to glory who sighs for salvation, mourns over sin, and casts himself on the blood of the Lamb.

LOOKING UP.

"And will look up." Psalm v. 3.

THE spiritual mind is like the magnetic needle—it always points in one direction. The triune God is the great centre of attraction to all spiritual minds. Here they find rest, and can find it nowhere else. Man—fallen man—has wandered from this great centre of attraction—"Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart." This melancholy aversion to God is seen in a dislike of the doctrines of revealed truth, in disobedience to his laws, in the neglect of the means of salvation, in the rejection of the Saviour, in opposition to his cause in the world, and in preference to things temporal to things eternal. This alienation of the soul from God steepens the soul in guilt, robs it of vast spiritual blessings, exerts an injurious influence upon others, exposes the soul to eternal wrath, and unfits it for life, death, and eternity. This is the awful state in which the Gospel finds man, and it seeks to bring him back to his allegiance to God. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Sin has made a great breach between us and God. This rendered a Mediator, or middle person, between us necessary. The salvation of man could only be effected by means of atonement. This has been made by the Son of God, hence now God and man may be united in eternal friendship. This is the sublime object which the Gospel seeks to promote. All believers in the Saviour are in friendship with God. They are reconciled to him by the death of his Son; they are accepted in the Beloved; they are the friends of the Eternal. Thus it was with David. He looked up to God as his Father

in heaven; he realised his presence; he walked with God; he lived as under his eye; he poured out his heart unto God.

I. God is the SOURCE OF HELP, COMFORT, AND ETERNAL LIFE, TO WHICH ALL SPIRITUAL MINDS LOOK. They find much in God to attract their hearts towards him. Here they find perfect wisdom, holiness, power, love, and majesty. The Scriptures give us some striking instances of the way in which the godly look up to God. There is the case of Hezekiah, 2 Kings xix. 14—19; of Jehosaphat, 2 Chron. ii. 5—12; of Asa, 2 Chron. xiv. 11; and there are examples of confidence in God and looking unto him in the life of Moses, David, Jonah, Daniel, Jeremiah, Paul, and others. These holy men cultivated intercourse with God; He was much in their thoughts; they made use of him in all their trials; they felt they had access to his ear. And oh! what a vast privilege is intercourse with the Eternal; his resources are boundless; he is the King of kings; his favour is life; all our springs are in him; he is Lord of all; daily intercourse with him is essential to the well-being of the soul. This is the medium of many of our enjoyments. This would be a dreary world without communion with God.

II. ITS ADVANTAGES ARE DEPENDENT ON THE CHARACTER OF THE PARTIES. There is much intercourse which is injurious. For example, with the foolish, ignorant, and impure. The Apostle refers to such when he says, "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." But intercourse with the intelligent, wise, and holy is beneficial. "He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Now, if intercourse with holy, wise, pious men be profitable, what must intercourse with God be? The truly wise will hold friendly, intimate, daily, sincere, spiritual intercourse with him. This requires love, confidence, earnestness, delight, watchfulness.

III. The advantages of thus looking up to our Father in heaven WILL DEPEND ON THE SPIRIT IN WHICH IT IS DONE. The godly must look up to him as a servant looks up to his master; as a patient looks up to his physician; as a pupil looks up to his teacher; as a beggar looks up to his benefactor; as a subject looks up to his monarch; as a child looks up to his father. The Psalms of David show the manner in which he was accustomed to look up to God. The following are some of the expressions of his piety:—"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul." "O my God, I trust in thee." "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" It is the privilege of the godly to look up to God's perfections, character, providence, works, throne, and kingdom.

They should look up with *filial confidence*. God is worthy of this. "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee." This is the way in which Christ himself looked up—John xvii. 1. The life of a godly man is a life of faith. "The just shall live by faith." "Faith is the quickener of the graces. Not a grace stirs till faith sets it to work." Prayer is the breath of faith. Obedience is the fruit of faith. The name of the Lord is a strong tower, and the believer by faith runs into it and is safe. He trusts his all to God. He looks to God in the light of the cross, and the look gives life to his faith. God in Christ is a solid foundation for faith to build upon. Here mercy and justice meet, and harmonise in our salvation. The view of God's justice alone terrifies the awakened conscience, and drives the sinner to despair; but a view of mercy and justice in harmony tranquilises him, and gives him hope in God. The fall of man originated in a loss of confidence in God; his restoration commences in a

restoration of confidence. The cross invites this. This unveils the mercy of the eternal. This proclaims "God is love." This assures the anxious sinner, "There is forgiveness with God." Mercy smiles through the wounds of Jesus. The Father runs by way of the cross to embrace the returning prodigal. "Have faith in God" is the cheering voice of the cross. Faith honours God, and God honours faith. There is an instance of this in the case of Abraham, Rom. iv. 18. The look of faith brings health to the soul. The three Hebrew youths looked up to God by faith, and were safe. Daniel looked up to God by faith, and the lions could not touch him. Job lost many things, but he kept his faith when he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

The godly look up to God with *filial affection*. He is their Father—and what a Father! He is an omniscient Father—he is an omnipresent Father—he is an omnipotent Father—he is an affectionate Father—he is an unchangeable Father. The godly are his sons by adoption. Faith in his Son our Saviour makes us his children. "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Faith makes us Christ's brethren. Now, it is the privilege of the children of God to have access to their Father at all times, and in all places. He sits on a throne of grace, and invites us into his gracious presence. The blood of his Son has consecrated for us a way, a new and living way, into the holy of holies. He has given to his children his Spirit, and this is a spirit of prayer. "They cry, "Abba, Father." None of God's children are born dumb. Prayer is the voice of the new creature. The new birth gives us a new heart, and love reigns on the throne. The father loves his child. The child loves his father. The children of God look at the love of their Father in the sun-light of the cross, and the sight wins their heart to him. They see that he spared not his own Son for their eternal salvation. Love begets love. They say, "We love him because he first loved us." Love leads to intercourse. The child delights to go into the presence of his father, and to make known to him his wants. David envied the birds because they built their nests so near God's altar. He was sad when far from his Father's house. Love moves us to get as near to God as possible. The love of God in Christ is a powerful loadstone to a spiritual mind. Such was the love of David to God his Father, that when he had sinned against him, and his father hid his face, he roared by reason of the disquietness of his heart. He could find no rest but in the smiles of his heavenly Father.

The godly look up to God with *cheerful hope of answers to prayer*. They are encouraged to wait patiently for him. The word of their Father says to them, "But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them. Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee. For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield." The wisdom of God may see it well to try our faith, but in due time he will honour it. The godly have often a wet seed-time, but a joyful harvest. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The precious seed of morning and evening prayer is often sown in tears. There are manifold temptations. Vain thoughts trouble us. The heart is cold. Satan is active. The suppliant groans under his burdens. He would do good, but evil is present with him. He seems to have no access to God. He would rise towards heaven, but the world, sin, and the devil, hinder his ascent. He would enter into the holy of holies, but Satan stands at his right hand to resist him. He finds the Christian life a conflict. He feels his weakness. He sees that he has not already attained. His soul is cast down within him. He thinks of the happy worshippers in the temple

above, and wishes he were one of them. His prayers are the groans which cannot be uttered. Will God hear such prayers as his? He is tempted to give up in despair. He needs help and looks up, and hope revives in his soul. He sees God waiting to be gracious. He looks up, and finds instruction, pardon, strength, holiness, preservation, deliverance, and comfort.

IV. THE SEASONS OF THIS EXERCISE. "And will look up." This I will do in the *morning*. Who can tell the events of a single day? Who can tell the tidings the post may bring? Who can tell the wants of the future? Every day has its peculiar trials, cares, and dangers. The Son of man often comes as a thief in the night. Then let me look up to my Father in the morning for his blessing. This will exercise a good influence over me during the day. This will speed me in my journey towards the better land. This will check the love of the world. This will help me to grow in grace. When I dress my body, let me ask myself, "Soul, art thou dressed for eternity?" Every morning let me put on my armour, and look up for help to use it. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching, thereunto with all perseverance." When I awake in the morning my first thoughts shall be with God.

"And will look up." This I will do in the *evening*. This will compose my mind after the cares of the day. This will obtain help to cleanse my soul from my daily sins. This will meeten me for the night of death. Let my last thoughts be with God. And if unable to sleep, his word shall supply me with sweet subjects for meditation. "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches that I might meditate on thy word." How refreshing on my journey to Paradise to be much with my Father by heavenly contemplation! There is much in fellowship with him to enlighten, strengthen, and comfort me. My thoughts shall dwell on him in the everlasting covenant, in the precious promises, in the scenes of Calvary, in the person of Christ, and in the glory of his kingdom.

"And will look up." This I will do on the *Sabbath Day*. This will prepare me for the house of God, fit me for its services, and make this day the dawn of heaven. On this day I will shake the tree of mercy by the hand of prayer, and I shall feast on its precious fruits. Let me look up and the manna will fall about my tent; the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in his beams, and I shall feast on a royal banquet. *In all times of temptation*. Am I tempted? Let me look up, and the Lord will deliver me from the snare of the fowler. *In affliction*. Am I sick? Let me look up, and the Lord will make all my bed in my sickness. *In adversity*. Am I poor? Let me look up, and the Lord will enrich me from his treasury. *In the hour of death*. Am I in fear of death? Let me look up, and I shall conquer THE LAST ENEMY.

V. LOOKING UP SECURES MANIFOLD BLESSINGS. *This promotes spiritual elevation*. The ungodly are always looking down to the earth, hence they are of the earth earthy. But the godly look up, and become more dead to the world and alive to God. They ascend to heaven in holy thoughts, affections, and desires. This gives them a foretaste of heaven; they look within the veil; they live within sight of the goal. Looking up *helps us to make advances in the divine life*, gives us true joy, and assimilates us to the Saviour. Looking up *gives us songs in the night*. This gives courage to the soul; this helps us to sing in the ways of the Lord. The eye of faith can see a bright light in the darkest cloud, and to see all things working together for our good. Faith can see a glorious paradise at the end of the wilderness. When there is darkness in the providence of God, faith can see light in the promise. Looking

up *promotes cheerful resignation to the will of God.* This sustains the soul under the heaviest calamity. Eli looked up, and said, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." Aaron looked up, and "held his peace." Job looked up, and said, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away." Paul looked up, and said, "The will of the Lord be done." The Man of Sorrows looked up, and said, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The trials of life will sink us into despondency unless we look up to the wisdom, love, and faithfulness of our Father in heaven. Look up, and you will see love on the throne of the Universe. Look up, and you will see the rod in the hand of a Father. Look up, and you will see your Advocate in court, pleading on your behalf. Faith looks up, and the soul is still. The vessel is on a stormy sea, but faith sees Christ at the helm, and the port near, and the sun shining over head. Faith sees the everlasting arms of the great Father underneath the pious soul. Here is good support. When faith looks up, difficulties vanish.

VI. The Scriptures place before us THE GROUNDS OF OUR ENCOURAGEMENT IN LOOKING UP TO GOD FOR ALL NEEDFUL BLESSINGS. They make known *the mediation of his Son*, founded on his death as a sacrifice for sin. This has removed all grounds of condemnation, and rendered the Holy One accessible to all who believe. Then we are encouraged to look to God by the *precious promises of his Word*, the *happy experience of his people*, the *tender care of his providence*, his *loving character*, and the *work of the Holy Spirit*. His Spirit will help our infirmities; he will give us strength to resist evil, and to comply with his demands.

Having such solid grounds of encouragement, let us use our privilege of access to God. He loves to hear our voice; the prayer of the upright is his delight. His resources can supply all our wants. When we shoot the arrow of prayer let us look up, and see if it has reached the mark. Many arrows miss the mark because not directed by a sincere heart, true faith, and earnest mind. "Ye have not because ye ask not, or because ye ask amiss." David not only prayed, but he looked for answers to prayer. He looked up in expectation of a blessing; he could say, "My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my expectation is from him." He looked to a source which never fails. God requires us to look to him daily, and promises that if we seek we shall find. The Gospel calls upon us all to look up to God in Christ for salvation. Hearken to the voice of mercy—"Look unto me and be ye saved." God is able and willing to save the chief of sinners who are disposed to trust him. He will not save us without faith. Faith receives the great remedy for sin. The subject shows the value of revelation; it encourages the creature to look to the Creator; the subject to look to the Sovereign; the child to look to the Father, who pities us amidst all our weaknesses. And we see the importance of cultivating a spirit of faith; for in proportion to our faith we shall look to God for his promised blessings. And we see our obligations to the Saviour; for he visited our world to teach us to look up to God, to make a way for our approach to him, and to set us an example of holy confidence. And we see the vast, increasing, permanent bliss of the saints in paradise; for they are constantly looking to God, and receiving blessings from his inexhaustible stores. Happy is he who lives and dies looking up to God for the communication of all needful good.

May 4th, 1858.

SIGMA.

POSITIVE THEOLOGY THE PREACHER'S GLORY AND THE WANT OF THE CHURCH AND THE AGE.

BY THE REV. W. P. DALFERN, AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSSES OF JESUS."

"Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.—Acts xx. 26, 27.

"It is before the shrine of historical proof, as before an authority distinct from itself and above itself, that the pride of the philosophical intellect of our times must be made to bow, if it is to be brought back to the service of a real Christianity."—*Letter and Spirit,* by R. Vaughan, D.D.

WE should never forget that we live in a world which produced a Judas, and that it is the place where Christ was crucified; that the saddest episodes of its history may find a place in our own experience, and that the worst done by the worst may gather a double emphasis from our lives. This world, as of old, has a fair lip but a foul heart; and while professing to love the truth, it believes us to remember, that, in the person of Christ, it did with truth what it did with virtue—hung it up between two thieves. By pretty words, therefore, we ought not to be deceived; but, if God has opened our hearts, as he did Lydia's of old, to receive the truth, we should buckle on our armour and prepare for the battle. Men, having departed from God, are at a distance from the truth. He speaks to them, but they do not care to listen to his voice; or, when they hear, their enmity is too frequently the only result. Should our voice, therefore, be in any degree the echo of the great Law-giver's, we may witness a similar effect. From the language of the Apostle Paul, it is evident that this was his experience; he affirmed, indeed, in another place, that the preaching of the cross was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; and from his solemn appeal to the consciences of his hearers, above cited, it is plain that there are certain truths contained in the Gospel of Christ to which the minds of men in general are greatly opposed. We may very briefly notice some of those peculiarities of the Gospel system towards which men ever have and continue to manifest great enmity. And there are two doctrines plainly revealed which generally develop this latent tendency—Divine sovereignty as it is manifested and reigns in the salvation of man, and human responsibility. Publish the former to the exclusion of the latter, and men will not find much fault; on the contrary, it is the direct road to popularity with numbers; for, among the many bad things sin has introduced into man's heart, there are all the elements of a Mohammedan fatalism, and he loves to be told that God *so* reigns as to supersede all his duties and anxieties in reference to his eternal destiny and that of others; that as a blind man cannot see, so neither can he understand; that as a lame man cannot walk, so neither can he love God. Poor sinner! Ah, this suits the enmity of such poor; this indirect vindication of their *wilful* ignorance and hatred of the light. And, on the other hand, those who fully declare the latter while they repudiate the former, swim bravely with the tide; for men are self-righteous and proud, and care not how responsible they are made, so long as God is not put above them in the matter of their salvation, and they are allowed, in some small degree to share the glory with Him.

The doctrine, too, of Divine and *special* influence is exceedingly offensive to many, especially to educated and refined formalists. Such will talk about religion; and, although they think little, and never really pray, are very oracular, and their opinion is quite as good as any one's. "Special influence—bah! Why, it would make us dependent upon some mystical influence, sir; but we rely upon the Word of Almighty God: no one but ignorant and superstitious people talk so." "Special influence! Why, that would involve a change of which we are not conscious; therefore, down with it. Special influence! Why, that would involve the doctrine of especial love, and make

God a respecter of persons; mere enthusiasm!" But we have not space to enlarge. It would be very instructive to trace out how it is that the grand peculiarities of the Gospel—the precious, purifying, exalting, and ennobling thoughts of God—are so alien to the natural mind; but such *is* the fact; and, according to the initiative, representative men of the present day, our fathers made a great mistake in giving so much prominence to them. The sanctified intellect of the past is with them a very common, strange, eccentric thing; and, could the glorified Church once more robe herself in the garments of frailty, and come into this world again on a pilgrimage in quest of the truth, she would have to sit at the feet of some young modern divines who have had little time for self-communion, and less inclination to pray; who have derived their inspiration from the pages of Carlyle or the rhapsodies of Emerson; whose especial vocation and mission appears to be to sneer at the orthodox, to sympathise with error, and to transform all its limping, whining, hypocritical, egotistical progeny into something transcendent; to look very sad sometimes, or learned, if possible; and without shame constantly, either directly or indirectly, to libel and misrepresent better men than themselves.

The *manner* too in which God would have his truth brought before men, is frequently very offensive to them. They love to have it introduced with a long apologetic preamble, and many polite excuses; as a trembling culprit it must ever stand at the bar of their reason, or woe to the preacher; and hence, where there are not the strong convictions arising out of life and power, the temptation not only to bring forth but little truth, but even to present that little in such a form as to rob it of all its influence upon the conscience frequently prevails. But can anything be more wrong than thus to treat man who is born, and too frequently lives, as a wild ass's colt, with such great consideration, and God with so little—to throw down His thoughts before those whose minds are full of pride and enmity, who seldom read His Word and never pray, as so many coins which they are to chink upon the counter of depraved reason, lame logic, bald statements, crude notions, worldly systems, and idle speculations, before they admit their value or receive them, assuming that the carnal mind as such is competent to pronounce at once a righteous verdict upon the decisions of the great Eternal! The Apostle would not speak thus, but sought the prayers of his brethren that he might speak *boldly* as he ought to speak, and those who declare what they have tasted and handled of the word of God, will never thus compliment the creature at the expense of the Creator. But let not the people of God be deceived; those who speak thus as they ought to speak, will ever be exposed to the educated scorn of the ignorant and formalists, and the malice of the would be Christian leaders of transcendent doubters, whose sorrows and aspirations do not terminate in Christ or his exaltation, but in an ethical apotheosis of themselves, their marvellous intuitions and theological vagaries, or a Byronic dirge over their own inevitable misfortunes, but which leaves them still the slaves of sin in some form or other, but especially in bondage to the world and intellectual pride.

From the language of the apostle, then, we may infer that there are certain truths in the revealed will of God to which the natural mind is much opposed; and that on this account there is a temptation presented to those who are engaged in its proclamation to keep them back, and that in some cases such is the actual result. Sometimes this arises from the fact that those whose duty it is to make known the truth, have never received it themselves, they have taken to the ministry, as the physician takes to medicine, or the solicitor to the law, simply for a living. These, of course, are concerned only for peace, ease, and respectability. Ministers ought to be raised above hardship

and privation; of course they should, but to engage in the service of Christ, under the influence of such motives and such anticipations, never to have asked soberly and prayerfully, whether for the sake of truth and fidelity to Christ all could be sacrificed, and the path marked out by the apostle (2 Cor. vi. 4-10) accepted, marks the character of the hireling, and not the man of God.

Some think that certain truths should be suppressed for the sake of union, as though God would have even this, built upon the demoralisation of His servants.

Others imagine they shall be more useful by keeping back some of God's thoughts, though the apostles ever sought to lay hold of their hearers by the *whole* of God's counsel, and Christ declared, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Some imagine they think deeply, and have more faith in their own thoughts than God's declarations. Truth is a strain of music, certain doctrines are discordant; they must never be heard. But God has written the notes; you are simply to play them, leaving the harmony or discord with him; perhaps the music is to be heard at a greater *distance* than you imagine; or, perhaps, your ear is not quite in tune; would it not, at least, be safer to mistrust it than the notes? Years ago, through the bad results attending an overstatement of certain doctrines, and the almost total abnegation of others, it was thought that the collective wisdom of the Fathers could be improved; the metaphysical screw was applied to certain doctrines to squeeze them into such a form as that other truths might have a more fraternal juxtaposition with them in the mind of certain persons, and that certain dangerous symptoms affecting the body of Christ, might be removed; the motive was good, doubtless; there *were* things to be deplored, but the process was dangerous. The minds who applied the screw were spiritual, matured and vigorous; others have since found it more convenient to leave those same obstreperous truths altogether. What, indeed, was wanted then, is the want now, the *old* theology, more faith in God's thoughts than man's interpretation. The church robbed of her food, or partially fed, must lose her strength. The whole truth must be preached not as an experiment, but in faith as from a heartfelt knowledge of its power; not dealt out in infinitesimal doses as a dangerous thing from God, requiring to be corrected by our wisdom, but as the bread of the soul. Semi-converted men, by vapid declamations, intellectual platitudes, the convolutions of the imagination and flowers of rhetoric, and even by railing at and misrepresenting certain doctrines, may gather crowds to follow them who will not follow Christ or receive his words. But to gather a different people, and produce a different result, the whole Gospel must live in the affections, as the blood dwells in the heart, and wells forth from the lip as a living stream. The truth thus preached will be carried by the Holy Spirit into the heart, and like as the sap of a living tree flows into the branches to cover its leaves and fruit, so will it appear in the life, and a spiritual, vigorous character will be formed, which, rock-like, will oppose itself to the torrents of error, pride, and worldliness, which ever spread themselves around the feet of the heaven-bound pilgrim. If there is not enough truth, however, in the ministry to form and sustain such a character, it is useless for us to complain, or to endeavour, by mere practical talk, to produce a revival. The fault is with ourselves. Let us seek to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge;" and having drank of this stream, let us carry the living waters to others, and beneath the blessing of God's Spirit, the waste places will soon be made glad, and the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Love of popularity may in some cases lead to the keeping back of certain

doctrines, or to the mind's dancing over the surface of truth, like the heathen goddess, whose feet were so light that she could pass over a field of standing corn without shaking out a single grain—and this love of popularity impeaches different truths in different places. Where the people have been well familiarised with the doctrines of Divine sovereignty, electing love and particular redemption there can be but little temptation to keep *them* back—but there are others equally as plainly revealed—are these proclaimed? He who said “no man can come unto Me except the Father who sent Me draw him,” said also, “Ye *will* not come unto Me that ye might have life,” and cried, “repent and believe the Gospel”—are these and other kindred declarations heard? In other places they are constantly iterated, but what has become of the doctrines? On both sides, therefore, the temptation to keep back part of the truth exists, and love of popularity on both sides may prevail to the accomplishment of this sad result. Let not, therefore, the hearer judge of the extent to which it prevails by his own opinions merely, but by the unerring Word of God. The language of the Apostle simply points us to a fact that under certain circumstances, some may shun to declare to all the whole counsel of God; so that it becomes the spiritually matured, at least, to be watchful that they are not cheated out of the Bread of heaven, either by ignorance or want of fidelity in ministers.

We must pass on, however, to notice the RESULT of this keeping back of the truth which is fearful indeed, and such as no words can adequately describe. The Apostle could say that he was pure from the blood of all men for that he had not shunned to declare all the counsel of God, the inference is that had he not have done so he would have been guilty of their blood; and, observe, not by the proclamation of positive error but by keeping back part of the truth, by *not* declaring it; An awful negative is this; this I suppose will be admitted is “Negative Theology” Well it has done many things—wonders, no doubt—and it will do more. It has set up Christian men as a target for doubting, intellectual sharp-shooters, who have just sense enough to know how to wound but not to understand them. It has prepared many to sympathise with and receive anything, rather than the Christian humbling doctrines of the cross. It has imparted to shallow, superficial thinkers an opinion that they are mental giants; and that they have a mission, and which appears to be to affect great magnanimity, humility, wonderful conflicts, and transcendent spirituality; to retail out the subtle poison of misrepresentation; to point the finger of scorn at the venerable temple of truth, and lead, helter-skelter, all who have achieved a doubt—their darling children—to a religious mirage of fantastic forms and gorgeous tints, and sparkling waters flowing above the dry and barren sands of speculation, spiritual unitarianism, and incipient infidelity; and it is to please such men that we are to shape our words. Truly, Negative Theology has done something, but there are some things it cannot do. It cannot make a Christian, nor feed him when made; but it can do something—yes; it can damn the soul! So thought, believed, and wrote the Apostle, and solemnly appealed to heaven that he was not thus guilty.

“*Pure from the blood of souls.*” It is an awful thing to have the blood of the body upon us, but a much heavier burden to have the destruction of souls upon us. Could we have witnessed the murderous Sepoys as they came forth fresh from the slaughter of our fellow-countrywomen, stained with the purple tide of their life, with what abhorrence we should have gazed upon them. With how much greater abhorrence must God look upon the man through whose want of fidelity to the truth, souls are cast into hell—a soul *lost!* What can we say, when we think of the value which God himself has put upon it—of its vast powers and capabilities to think that it *may* and has been lost through want of ministerial fidelity. We may well cry mightily to

God to make and keep us faithful. Well might the Apostle exclaim, "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" But, reader, there is another inference having reference to you. If you hear the Gospel fully preached, and perish, the result is not through the preacher, and as it cannot be from God, it must be there. fore owing to YOURSELF! Your blood must be upon your own head. Oh, think of this, pray over it, what shall it profit you though you gain the whole world and lose your own soul.

The subject admonishes us:—

1. *To take heed HOW we hear*—"take heed how ye hear," said Christ, and that again and again our hearing has to do not only with our present but our eternal destiny. Oh, with what humility, prayer, reverence, and dependance upon God's Spirit should we listen to the Gospel of Christ.

2. *To take heed WHO we hear*.—All men have not faith, and it is as certain that all men have not the truth; and even good men may for a time yield to temptation; the fear of man may so smite them with spiritual paralysis, that the arrow of truth shall be kept at their side or fall powerless from their hands. If, therefore, we would not waste our time or lose our souls, we must take heed *who* we hear. This world's gentleman sometimes overcomes the man of God; the conventionalities of respectable life robs his sword of its edge—love of praise makes it a beautiful sheath, while a fussy politeness takes the place of manly, faithful, disinterested love.

3. *To seek to know the whole truth*.—This will not ensure our spirituality *of itself*, but there can be no great spirituality without it. The blood requires all the elements of which the air is composed to effect its purification, and so the soul requires all the doctrines of the Gospel—the whole truth in order to its spiritual health and sanctification. In the hands of the Spirit it is the vital sap of its strength and purity. "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth," said the dying Redeemer. We cannot enlarge, but ponder and pray over—Eph. iii. 17, 18, 19; Heb. vi. 1; and v. 12, Phil. i. 9, 10, 11.

4. *To receive the whole truth*.—To know it simply will not save or sanctify. The poison of sin is in us, the truth must be in us too. This must be our constant and abiding concern. When, therefore, we hear that which is new to us, or, as we imagine, opposed to other doctrines, let us be cautious lest pride, prejudice, or interest should lead us to reject any part of the counsel of God against ourselves—lest we ignorantly quarrel with a friend who is anxious simply to bless us, or reject the waters of life because they flow through channels which we approve not.

5. *To communicate the whole truth*.—There is not so much of truth in the world that we can be excused in keeping back a part. Responsibility is not confined to the pulpit in this matter: "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." We are not to trust to ministers to do this work exclusively, nor yet to deacons, for these sometimes become so hardened and corrupted by public life and carnal policy, that they care but little for the whole counsel of God, and think *more* of what will bring worldly prestige and prosperity. Such do not look at man as man simply, nor truth as truth. The people must do part of the work themselves, and God will hold them responsible for it. It is not to seats of learning, to learned men or preachers that we must look for the preservation of the truth, but to *all* who have felt and proved its power, the people of God in general—and hence all believers are exhorted "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." To "buy the truth and sell it not"—to be willing to part with anything to get the truth, and when it is once possessed we are never to part with it. "Take fast hold of instruction, keep her, for she is thy life." Let us mark well the Apostle's teaching, that the church's danger does not so much arise from positive error as from

the Popish doctrine of RESERVE. Let us remember that truth is as much a stranger in the earth as ever she was, and that there are as many temptations to be faithless to her claims as ever. That like her Lord she often wanders here in poverty and nakedness, frequently misunderstood, misrepresented, and despised. O, happy he who loves her at all times, and is not ashamed to stand identified with her; her path may be rough, but her end shall be peace. Are you ashamed, reader, of truth in her robes of sorrow and humiliation? Thou shalt never see her in her exaltation in the fair palace of her Lord; for thus saith the Saviour—"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of *my word*, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

WHY SOME CHRISTIANS FAIL OF SUCCESS.

THERE are Christians who are not content to pray, "Thy kingdom come;" but they feel constrained to enter the vineyard and toil, and bear the burden and heat of the day. When there is a will to work, the way will soon be opened. The Rev. H. Alton gives some good reasons why a vast multitude of Christians fail to accomplish much good:

Some men fail because they are not willing to do the peculiar work that they are fitted for; they are self-willed and obstinate in choosing their department of work; they do not understand their own qualifications; through vanity or blind preconception, they will either do this particular thing or they will do nothing. Being pigmies, they try to do the work of giants; or, being giants, they are contented to do the work of pigmies. And thus they "labour in vain, and spend for nought the strength" that otherwise would be a blessing to the world and the church.

Some men, again, are *dreamers*, rather than workers; they spend their lives in building castles in the air—sublimely conceiving, it may be, but very imperfectly realising; they are always purposing histories and epics and sermons, and benevolences that shall astonish the world. Now nothing is so wasteful of work as day-dreaming. It is better to realise the possible, than to sigh for the ideal; better to *do* the work of an ordinary man, than to *dream* the work of a giant. Do all you can in your present sphere. Do not wait until you become a Howard or a Whitefield, a Carey or a Williams. Do all you can now. It is your best preparation for doing more by-and-by. "It is more

healthful and nutritive," says Jeremy Taylor, "to dig the earth and to eat of her fruit, than to stare upon the greatest glories of the heavens, and to live upon the beams of the sun; so unsatisfying a thing is rapture and transportation to the soul; it often distracts the faculties, but seldom does advantage to piety, and is full of danger in the greatest of its lustres."

Other men fail to serve their generation because they work a mere destruction in it; they work hard enough, but it is exclusively at destroying what they deem to be, and what probably are, abuses. Just now, especially, there is a class of men who think this to be their mission; they must destroy all that the world or the church has constructed "Raze it, raze it," is their cry, "even to the ground!" Now no man can serve his generation who is merely a destroyer—a Sceva among the gods. He is not the best worker who only pulls down. All truly great men are builders. Such was Moses and Paul and Luther and Bacon. Great, genial, generous-hearted men, men who said very little about the debility and cant and unreality of their age, but whose great and earnest work it was, to build up the truth that should unconsciously thrust out error, to regenerate humanity, just as nature regenerates the face of the earth, forming the buds of the new foliage, before she casts off the old.

Others, again, fail in serving their generation, because they are half-hearted in their work. They do not go lovingly to it. They need the coercion of duty. And the reason of this is

that we do not look singly enough, and intently enough, upon the end to be realised by our work. We think too much of the process of working, and not enough of its consummation. If we would but get our minds and hearts filled with the idea of a converted world, of souls saved from death, and think of this only, how intently should we watch its progress and calculate its distance, and survey all its existing and possible agencies, solicitous only for the issue. Like soldiers conducting a siege,

we should be all earnestness and activity, willing, either to dig in a trench, or to man a gun, or to scale a wall. We should look upon what we did simply as so much help rendered.

Others work in self-dependence. They forget that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord," that moral results are achieved; that theirs is only "the planting and the watering, and that God must give the increase."

CALVIN AS A PREACHER.

It is interesting to note, in the life of this great man, how large a part of his preaching consisted of exposition. The same is true of Luther's pulpit labours. Voluminous as are Calvin's works, a moderate-sized volume would contain all the sermons which he delivered from single texts, as is our modern custom. Without understanding his habit in this matter, one wonders how he could find time to compose so many commentaries on the Scriptures. But he did not compose them in one sense of the term. These exegeses were his weekly lectures, for the most part, given on Sundays and intermediately; and uniformly spoken extemporaneously (for Calvin wrote no pulpit exercises), when they were taken down by reporters, and after revision were published for general distribution. This was the way in which all his books on the minor Prophets, on Job, and other portions of the Bible, were made; very like the manner in which, by the pens of others, Mr. Spurgeon is becoming so rapidly a fertile author.

It is remarkable that a speaker should be able thus to throw off such neat, concise, and accurate interpretations as those which have placed Calvin so high among the scholarly expounders of Holy Writ; but this was the character of his sharp, clear intellect, marking, as well, all his public performances as a debater and orator.

Doubtless the general lack of Biblical knowledge in that age just awaking from Papal ignorance of Divine truth, determined the Reformers to this almost ex-

clusive method of Christian discourse. They felt that a true reformation could only be grounded in God's Word put in possession of the popular mind. It needed not only to be translated, but to be explained. And we can never be grateful enough that this most important labour fell into such hands as those which produced the Galatians of Martin Luther, and the Prophets and the New Testament of John Calvin. Did this eminent scholar, who seemed to catch the sense of the Divine Spirit almost as if himself inspired, show his wisdom by never allowing himself to be persuaded to attempt a comment on the Apocalyptic visions?

How the contemporary adversaries of the Reformer's work understood the bearing of these Scripture lecturings, a paragraph may show us. The opposite party, "weakened and restrained by the ministers and their powerful discourses, were loud (writes Dr. Henry) in exclaiming that preaching ought to be suppressed, and the number of ministers reduced to two; that these should be confined to the reading of Scripture without interpretation; that the people should be taught the 'Credo,' the 'Lord's Prayer,' and 'Ten Commandments,' that it was not only useless but dangerous to allow so much expounding; and that it was unnecessary to print so many books and commentaries." Certainly, in a close fight it is very desirable to the worsted side that its antagonist should sheath their swords or only strike with the hilt. But Calvin knew the difference between a naked and sharp falchion

like that which he wielded so effectively and a weapon wrapped up in a cloak. His steel had no scabbard. Does, or does not, our age need more of the same sort of Biblical preaching which, under God, established the Reformation of the

sixteenth century? And if it were honestly and laboriously wrought out, would our audiences much longer say, that expository preaching is only the minister's make-shift for indolence?

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

There is, on a rugged and dangerous part on the coast of Cornwall, England, an old light-house. Its site was formerly on a projecting point of rock, which forms an island when the tide is high, but is joined to the main land by a sort of raised causeway when the waters are low. By means of this causeway, the persons who had charge of the light-house held communication with the shore, for the purpose of obtaining provisions, and recruiting their stock of oil.

The family of the light-house keeper consisted of his wife and his little daughter, a child of about ten or eleven years of age. The parents were good Christian people, and brought up their child in the fear of God, and taught her early to read and love His word. A little before the time of which we are speaking, the mother died; and the most precious thing she had to leave her child was a large, well-worn family Bible. There were then left to take charge of the light-house only the man and the little girl.

One, morning, after the light-keeper had trimmed his lamps, and got them all ready for lighting in the evening, he set off with his basket on his arm, along the causeway, for the purpose of getting provisions, intending to hasten home before the tide should have flowed and covered up the path.

But there were some men at a distance on the shore, who saw him coming to land, and who formed a wicked scheme to prevent him from returning to the light-house. These persons were wreckers. These were people who frequented the coast for the purpose of robbing any wreck which might come on shore. Instead of helping the poor sailors they ill-treated them, and took away what they had saved. It was their wish to have as many wrecks as possible, that they might get the more plunder. The object for which the light-house was built was to prevent shipwrecks. It warned sailors that they were near the dangerous rocky coast; it directed them to keep out to sea; and showed them the channel in which they

must sail, if they would reach in safety their desired haven.

A number of these wreckers saw the light-keeper come on shore. They were expecting some merchant vessels, with valuable cargoes, to come up the channel that very day, to say nothing of the great number of ships which are constantly passing that coast: so they agreed to waylay the poor man. They knew there was only a little child in the light-house; and what could she do? If they could prevent the man from returning home, no lamps would be lighted that night, no friendly beacon would shine, no warning ray be thrown out on the dark waters; the vessels they expected would certainly run ashore, or be cast on the rocks, and they would have abundant spoil and riches in return for their wicked and cruel plot. Such was their reasoning. So they came unawares on the keeper, who was now on his road home, surrounded him, took him away to a lonely shed on the beach, tied his hands and feet, and there left him. They supplied him with food, for they did not wish to do him any harm; and, having left two of their party to watch the shed, the rest of them went about preparations for their dreadful night's work.

Now let us leave the poor man, who, in spite of his entreaties and prayers, is bound in the shed; and let us go to the light-house, and see the little girl. For several hours she goes about her usual employment. She makes the rooms tidy, she cuts up a stock of lamp-wicks, she strains the oil for future use, she prepares for her father's return. Now and then she looks out of the narrow little window facing the shore, thinking that it is time she should see him coming. The waters are beginning to flow over the causeway, but no one is yet in sight. She becomes more and more anxious, the waves rise higher and higher, and at last the road is completely covered by the tide; but she sees nothing of her father. Still the afternoon is not far advanced, and, although she is anxious and somewhat fearful, she knows there are boats on the shore,

in any one of which her father may return. Another half hour, and she becomes alarmed. She looks out to sea; the waters are becoming black—not black with darkness of night, but with that darkness which, as she well knows, foretells a storm. The clouds are gathering, and wind rising; the waves are now tipped with white: she knows that a tempest is at hand. She looks down westward, and just at the entrance of the channel she sees the merchant-ships, which the light-house keeper, as well as the wreckers, was expecting: she knows that at midnight, or perhaps before, the vessels will be near that part of the rocky coast where she is; the sailors will look out for the beacon;—but her father! he is not coming yet. Is it possible? There will be no light to-night; the vessels will be wrecked.

The poor child sat down and cried. But presently she thought of the text which she had learned that morning: it was this, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." So she knelt down and prayed. She asked the Lord to be with her, and to show her what to do. When she had finished her prayer, she felt so strengthened that she began to think whether, if her father did not come back, she could possibly light the lamps. She went up into the lantern, but there were the lamps, far, very far, out of her reach: she was but a little girl, she feared she could do nothing.

And now evening was fast coming on. At sunset the lamps should be lighted; and if they are not, the howling tempest tells her that on that dark night there will be fearful wrecks. She takes one more look towards the shore; but her father is not coming, and she resolves to make another attempt. First of all, she kneels down again to pray; then she carries her father's steps up into the lantern, and mounts upon them to see how nearly she can reach the lamps. But she is still a long way off. There is but one more movable thing in the house which can be of any service; it is a small table, which, by dint of great exertion, she carries up, step by step, to the top; she puts the steps upon the table, and joyfully jumps upon them: now she thinks she shall surely be able to reach the lamps. But, alas! she cannot; she is within a few inches, but she cannot reach them; she might just as well be on the ground: all her labour is lost.

The sun has just gone down, and the storm is increasing in violence. The sailors get nearer and nearer to the rocks. They

look out for the lights. Where are they? Have they mistaken their course? They are in great fear. The father in the shed is praying for his little girl, that she may be guided aright, although how it can be he does not know; and she, alone in the lonely tower—no, not alone, for God was with her. All of a sudden she thought of her mother's family Bible. Down she ran to fetch it; brought it up into the lantern, climbed on the table, then up the steps, and laid down her Bible upon them.

She paused a moment. Her mother had taught her to reverence even the outside of that sacred book. "I cannot bear to stand upon dear mother's Bible," thought she; "but if she were here, I think she would bid me do so now. I must try to light the lamps." So up she climbed, stretched out her little arm to the utmost, lifted up her taper, and in a moment or two there shone out a lamp upon the black deep, then another and another, and at length the whole lantern sent forth its accustomed light, far, far out on the stormy sea. The sailors saw the light, and, by its help, steered their course in safety. The father heard of it, too, with delight. The wreckers were disappointed of their unlawful gain; for there were no wrecks that night.

Over the dark and stormy waters of a benighted world, millions of our poor fellow-creatures are hastening onward to destruction. There are dangers all around, but they see them not: as they go on, their way gets darker and darker, more and more hopeless. And are there no wreckers abroad? Yes, there is the great captain of that cruel band, eager to destroy poor benighted souls. There are his servants, active and unwearied, watching to catch souls; some trying to put out the true light; some setting up false and deceitful lights; all seeking to destroy.

And is there no light? Yes, indeed there is: "I," said the Lord Jesus, "I am the Light of the world." And again: "As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world." It was thus, when on earth, that He bade the poor darkened eyes around look upon Him, that they might see the true light.

But now He has left the world. Is there, then, no light now? Yes; before He came, David said, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path;" and now that Jesus Christ is gone back to heaven, His word, His Spirit, Himself—for He is the Sun of righteousness—all give light. Happy are

they who see this light, who walk in it, and let it shine, so that others, seeing it in them, may turn towards its blessed rays.

Dear young reader, do you ever think as the little girl did, "I am young, or a little child; I can do nothing; I cannot light the lamps?" Remember that she did light them, nevertheless; and remember how. She prayed, and you must do the same, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Teach me to obey thy command, to do thy will, by helping to send the Gospel to every creature."

Then she tried, she did her utmost, and she succeeded. May it be said of each of you, "She hath done what she could!" See to it first that you have the light in yourselves, Christ in you, the oil of the Holy Spirit in your hearts; and then let your light shine. Let parents, brothers, sisters, companions, neighbours, see the light in your holy, humble, Christian behaviour; and then do all in your power to make known to others the saving name of Jesus, to direct their eyes to him who says, "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John viii. 12.)

"THE NAILS ARE GONE, BUT THE MARKS ARE THERE."

Once there was a little boy, who had a father that loved him dearly, and wished, as all good parents do, to have his much loved son a good child. So, one day, he told him that he would drive a nail into a post whenever he would do an act that was wrong, and when he would do a good deed, he would pull one out. Now, I think that this little boy tried to be good, for, though there were quite a number of nails driven into the post, after a while all had been drawn out. Not one remained.

Don't you think "Bennie" must have been a happy little fellow the day that the last nail disappeared from the post? His father was very much pleased, and was congratulating his little son upon the fact that the nails were all gone; but he was much surprised to see that "Bennie" was weeping, instead of being elated. "Yes," said the dear child, "the nails are all gone, that is true, but the marks are there still."

Oh! my dear children, did you ever think that all your bad deeds will leave marks? Yes, marks upon your soul, and perhaps upon the souls of others. Think of this whenever you are tempted to do a wrong act. Say to yourself, "I shall make a mark that I shall not love to look at—a mark that cannot be taken out." For even though this

sin may be pardoned, as to its *guilt*, and washed away, as to its *pollution*, by the atoning blood of the precious Redeemer still it will leave a something that will prevent its being forgotten by you. Memory, like a faithful mirror, will often present it before you. How painful the view will be. How you will wish that you could have none but good deeds to look upon. Bright and beautiful would the tablet then appear, instead of being stained and marred by dark spots and scars.

Then, my dear children, strive to make a mark every day of your lives, but let that mark be a *good* one—one that you will love to see in days to come—one that will bring smiles, and not tears, whenever you think upon it—one that will leave a bright spot upon your heart and the hearts of others, and not a wound that will keep festering and aching within your heart, or sear your conscience. Now is your seed-time. Lay not up for yourself that which will cost bitter remorse; but gather a store of sweet memories that shall refresh you in age—that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying bed, and even be remembered with joy in heaven.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

Children think they can do little good; and even their parents generally think the same. They can be obedient and affectionate. This all admit; but few think they are old enough to do anything for the salvation of the world. Now, children, this is a very great error.

Can a child do as much as a *worm*? "Why, yes," exclaims every little reader, "and more too." Let us see. Imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel upon the South Seas. How beautifully we glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted island? Now it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver, and now it assumes different colours. Red, golden, silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the Crystal Palace; when, lo, we discover it is the splendid work of *sea-worms* so small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. Yes, the little coral-worm threw up those many-coloured reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight. And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island covered with tall palm-trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island

now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the same little coral-worm. Myriads of them lived and died there, and left their *bodies* to make the foundation of the coral island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew as they are now seen. Yes, coral is made of the *skeletons* of little sea-worms.

This is what some worms do towards making this world a habitation for mankind. They make islands. God did not create them to be useless in this world, where so much is to be done. Their work *amounts to something*.

Would you not be as useful as the little coral-worm? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in other parts of the earth. A grain of sand is a very small thing, but enough of them will make a mountain. So *the little* which one child does for God, may seem too small to be counted, but, perhaps, twenty of these *littles* are equal to the work of one full-grown man or woman. Do not forget that if you do nothing for God, you are not worth as much as the coral-worm.

POETRY.

THE WARFARE.

Art thou wearied so soon in the warfare of life?
Dost thou faint in the struggle and shrink from the strife?
Wilt thou lay down thy weapons and yield in despair,
When the wreath of the victor is waiting so near?

Oh! arouse thee, my soul, from ignoble repose!
Come! bravely advance and confront thy proud foes;
Sigh not in thy freedom for bondage again,
Nor longer disheartened so long on the plain.

The battle is not to the mighty of earth,
But to those whom the word of the Lord summons forth;
Nor the race to the swift; nor the prize to the strong;
Then be "faint yet pursuing," thy watchword and song.

Hark! the sound of the trumpet—the signal of war!
Up! haste to the standard, which waves from afar!
Follow on, where the Cross is uplifted, nor flee,
Lest the curse upon Meroz descend upon thee.

Be strong in the Lord and the pow'r of His might,
Girding on the whole armour of God for the fight;
For we wrestle not only with evil within,
But with rulers of darkness who tempt us to sin.

Stand, therefore—thy loins encircled with truth;
Thy breast-plate of righteousness, not thine own worth;
Thy feet let the Gospel of peace them adorn,
And the hope of salvation a helmet be worn.

Above all, take the shield of unwavering faith,
To quench all the fiery darts thrown in their path;
Grasp the sword of the Spirit, with nerve-lifted hand,
And the wiles of the devil undaunted withstand.

Go then, and the joy of the Lord be thy strength;
He will give thee both vict'ry and honour at length;
But the good fight of faith must be fought ere 'tis won,
The reward of the work cometh when it is done.

ZIONA.

ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Wearied, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

THE SONG WHICH ANGELS CANNOT SING.*

REV. v. 9.—xiv. 3,

What shall it be? give me a theme,
And I will sing to thee;
Thy spirit's bright and golden dream
Oh! whisper now to me.
Or teach me more entrancing notes,
Some holy music bring
Which through the land of glory floats,
Which angels cannot sing:
And tell, oh! tell
The joys that swell
Where saints in fadeless glory dwell.

Or I will whisper words of love,
And thou shalt bend to hear
The happy strains of bliss above,
In life's discordant sphere.
Hark! hark! from yonder world of bliss
What notes of rapture ring!
Oh! tell me what new song is this
Which angels cannot sing?
From golden strings
The rapture springs,
While seraphs fold their shining wings.

The melody of earth is sweet,
But this is all divine;
The voices which my spirit greet,
Make unison with mine.
I know it!—canst thou learn this song?
Oh! list and touch the string,
And thou with me shalt sing, ere long.
What angels cannot sing.
Hark! hark! again
The joyous strain,
They praise THE LAMB THAT ONCE WAS
SLAIN!
What dost thou say? It rolls along,
So sacred and so clear,
Again, again, that blessed song
Delights my ravished ear.
Oh! I will lure thy soul to love,
And thou shalt music bring
To emulate that song above
Which angels cannot sing.
E'en now it springs
From golden strings,
While seraphs fold their shining wings.

A. E. L.

THE GREAT AMERICAN REVIVALS.

THE great work of God in the United States is extending, and from all quarters the intelligence is of the most exhilarating kind. Amidst the many interesting features of the work, this is not an insignificant one, that all mental power, more or less, is rendered subservient to it. Here is the secular press of this country, an element of immense influence, linked with the highest circle in the land, and, in many cases, by no means favourable to religious truth, yet now making itself the very medium through which the triumphs of Christ can reach that circle, and bearing its very full and willing testimony to the extraordinary religious influence which exists. In New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Albany, &c., the interest is as deep as ever. In the former place the old theatre has been given up as a place of religious service. Having been occupied for nearly three weeks, it was required for other purposes, and has just been finally closed. An extraordinary interest gathered around this last meeting. Within its walls, so long consecrated to this world's pleasures, hundreds had found higher and purer joys. Henry Ward Beecher was to preside. Long before the hour the multitude was immense. It was a mixed company. Persons from the lowest to the highest grades of society were there. At half-past eleven the doors were thrown open, and in a few minutes every available spot was occupied. Words would fail me to convey to you a full and just impression of the meeting. The address, the feeling, the spirit of the meeting, will not soon be forgotten. One prayer met a hearty response, that the cause of liberty, righteous-

ness, and truth, might prevail over all the earth. The closing sentences of Mr. Beecher, in his appeal to the unconverted, were marked by an earnestness terrible for its power, yet all in the spirit of invitation. The vast mass retired evidently awed and subdued as by a power from on high. But this is only a sample, more or less, of what is occurring in many places. One delightful feature of the work is now manifesting itself more fully—that our colleges are being pervaded with it.

The following extracts from different sources, illustrative of the work in various parts of the country will be most interesting to our readers:—

"ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCHES.—The present year promises to be one not only of 'the right hand of the Most High,' but one of an ingathering harvest to the churches. There has been a long time of seed sowing, and now has come the time of reaping. We are not partial to over-confident figures, but figure after all, give forth a terse meaning. *The American Baptist* says:—'The aggregate of conversions reported in connection with Baptist churches alone, during the month of March, is over 17,000. In round numbers, there are reported for Maine, 500; New Hampshire, 100; Vermont, 300; Massachusetts, 2,500; Connecticut, 800; Rhode Island, 400; New York, 2,500; Pennsylvania, 2,000; New Jersey, 700; Ohio, 1,200; Indiana, 700; Illinois, 1,200; Michigan, 600; Wisconsin, 500; Iowa, 300; Minnesota, 400; Missouri, 400; Kentucky, 500; Tennessee, 700; Virginia, 300; British Provinces, 400.' At the last pastors' meeting at Philadelphia 243

* From "Fruits of the Valley," a collection of original poems, possessing considerable merit, and which, with great pleasure, we recommend to all lovers of devotional poetry. The volume is beautifully printed, and in all respects is an excellent GIFT BOOK.

additions to the church in the city at the last communion services were reported."

"**BEREAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.**—The revival still continues at this church. On Sunday last," says one of the papers, "thirty-one persons were baptized by Dr. Dowling, the pastor, and in the afternoon seventy new members received the hand of fellowship, sixty-four of whom had been baptized in the last three weeks."

"**PAWTUCKET, R. I.**—Rev. J. Banvard, pastor of the first Baptist church, gave the hand of church fellowship last Sabbath day to fifty-five candidates, forty-seven of whom were cases of recent baptism. There were thirty-five married persons, including eight married couples. There were eight young ladies, all members of the same class in the Sabbath-school. The interest of the occasion was heightened by the fact that among those received were the Rev. Dr. Benedict, the founder of the church, and for twenty-five years its pastor, with his wife; a son and daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bradford, another ex-pastor; and the only daughter of the present pastor. The line of candidates extended entirely across the church in front of the pulpit, and then down one of the broad aisles almost to the door. The usual afternoon service was omitted, and the whole time was devoted to the above service. It was an occasion of unusual interest to a crowded audience."

"**JEWETT CITY, R. I.**—The Lord has visited Jewett City in mercy, and great has been His power. Between sixty and seventy have been converted, and a goodly number have been reclaimed. The work has moved on with a solemnity and stillness never before witnessed in this place. Old and young have felt called upon to seek the Lord. Thirty-four have united with the Baptist church, to be followed by others. There has been but little preaching, but prayer, strong crying to God. In some meetings there have been seventy exhortations and a number of prayers."

"**NEW LONDON, CT.**—Our communion season was most interesting. During the previous month, thirty-six were received into the membership of the First Baptist church, thirty of whom I had just baptised. Six were received by letter and experience. Of those received, were six husbands with their wives. There were two sisters from each of four different families. There were likewise four of one of the most influential families in the city, father, mother, eldest child, and only daughter, whose husband had been a member with us for years, and eldest son, being a whole household, excepting a little lad. There were also five of them from Congregational and Methodist churches. Since last December, ninety-four have been received into the membership of the First Baptist church. Sixty-nine of these I have baptised. The others have been received by experience and restoration. And had it been my province to select amongst us the men and women of strength and influence, from sixteen years of age to fifty-seven, I could not have chosen those more so, or those giving promise of greater usefulness in mind

and means. God has carried forward his own work, quietly and effectually. These are the precious fruits of his sovereign, free, electing love."

Statements of a like kind could be supplied to almost any extent, and these have been taken without regard to locality. Beyond all doubt, the South is enjoying this precious season less than the Northern or Western parts. Perhaps two or three of those singular events which ever aid and give rise to the surface in the progress of this great work will interest our readers.

One of the pastors of Hartford, Connecticut, says, that within the last four or five weeks more than 1,000 persons have called on him to converse on the subject of religion. This reminds one of Whitfield's week in London, when he received a thousand letters from persons anxious about their souls.

It has been stated in one of the prayer-meetings in this city, that a club of profane infidels in Andover, Massachusetts, were recently discussing the subject of baptism, and using the Bible to ascertain what it said about the matter. The result of their study to know what it taught on baptism, led six or seven of them to exercise faith in the Word of God, and in Christ, and now they are rejoicing in the Saviour.

Gov. Thomas Ford, of Ohio, long known as a powerful political speaker, has been converted in the revival. On Wednesday last he appeared at the Union prayer-meeting in Columbus, and made a statement of his conversion.

A lady residing in the vicinity of New York, the wife of one of our most distinguished citizens, and well known in the fashionable world, has testified her interest in this great movement, by throwing open her elegant billiard-room into a place for prayer, and her neighbours are daily invited to attend.

In New Bedford, with a population of 24,000, twelve daily prayer-meetings have been sustained for nearly three months, and large additions have been made to the churches.

Large as the numbers are, which, through the mercy of our Heavenly Father, are united with our churches, they share, by no means exclusively, the privileges of the Baptist element. Thousands are immersed who unite with other churches. This is so particularly with the Methodists. Their ministers, in order to keep them in their communion, are obliged to immerse them. Nothing else will satisfy the people. Few persons have any idea the hold Baptist views have upon the community here. The opposite views are weakening daily. Infant baptism is in a rapid process of extinction. In "The Princeton Review?" statements appear on this matter which would surprise our readers. No doubt the power and efficiency of our body will be greatly augmented by this gracious visitation. Seasons of fasting and prayer are being held in more States than one, and in some of our large cities united meetings of Christians have been held to concoct plans for extending the influence of Christian ordinance into destitute localities.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

WOODBURN GREEN, BUCKS.—The Rev. W. Wilson has resigned his pastorate of the church, after labouring among the people there for a period of nearly nine years.

RAGLAND.—The Rev. Joseph Lewis, has resigned the pastorate, and accepted the charge at Tredegar, Monmouthshire; and the Rev. Benjamin Johnson, of Garway, has succeeded Mr. Lewis, at Ragland.

SHOULDHAM STREET, LONDON.—The Rev. J. O. Wene, of Praed-street, has accepted the invitation of pastor and people to become co-pastor with the Rev. W. A. Blake.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

STUDLEY.—On Tuesday, April 27, the recognition of the Rev. Mr. James, as pastor of the Baptist Church took place. The Rev. Dr. Thomas delivered the charge to the minister. Mr. Green, of Upton-on-Severn, preached to the church in the afternoon at three o'clock. Mr. Michael, of Evesham, delivered an excellent discourse; and in the evening, at seven o'clock, Mr. M. Philip, of Alcester, preached an impressive sermon. On the previous day the anniversary services were held. The expenses incurred in the improvement of the chapel were entirely liquidated from the proceeds of lecture, collections, and subscriptions by the congregation and other friends.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

COOKHAM, HANTS.—The anniversary services of the Baptist Church in this place, will be held June 15th; the Rev. L. H. Byrnes, B.A., will preach in the afternoon at three o'clock; and the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, in the evening, at half-past six. Tea at five o'clock. Tickets 6d. each.

SOGO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.—Mr. Pells, of Clare, Suffolk, will (d.v.) preach here during the month of July.

MONKSTHORPE, NEAR SPILSBY.—The anniversary of this place will be holden (d.v.) on Wednesday, June 16th, when two sermons will be preached by Mr. J. Foreman, of London; in the afternoon at two and in the evening at six o'clock. Tea will be provided as usual.

BURGH, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The anniversary of the above place will be held (d.v.) on Thursday, June 17th, when two sermons will be preached by Mr. J. Foreman, of London; services at two and six o'clock. Tea will be provided as usual.

EYNSFORD, KENT.—The anniversary of the Baptist Chapel is fixed for Tuesday, July 6th. The Rev. Messrs. Wilkins, of Brighton; Balforn, of Bow; J. H. Blake, of Sandhurst; and other ministers are expected to preach and take part in the services.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

OXFORD.—On Monday, May 3rd, a very large meeting was held in the Town-hall, to express sympathy with the Rev. W. H. Bonner, on the occasion of his leaving his charge at Adullam Chapel. The Rev. W. Allen occupied the chair.—The following testimonial together with a purse was publicly presented:—"Dear Sir,—We the undersigned ministers and Christians of various denominations, desire hereby to express our sympathy with you in the

afflictions and trials you have endured in your family and in your ministerial office during the past year; and, also, our hope that the future will prove that 'all things work together for good.' Your consistency, faithfulness, and zeal, as a minister of Christ, justify both our confidence and esteem, and lead us prayerfully to hope that the great Head of the church will direct you into another scene of labour in the gospel where you will be favoured with enlarged success and continually increasing comfort and joy. And we beg the acceptance of the accompanying purse and contents as a further mark of esteem." This testimonial was signed by the mayor of the city, several ministers, and many others of several denominations, and letters of cordial concurrence were read from five ministers who were unable to attend the meeting. The Rev. S. Edger, of Abingdon, and others addressed the meeting.

NEW CHAPELS.

STUDLEY.—On Lord's Day, April 25, the Baptist Chapel in this place was re-opened for public worship, when sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Thomas, President of Ponty-Pool College, morning and evening. Collections were made after each service. On Monday evening, at seven o'clock, a lecture on Nineveh was delivered by Dr. Thomas. Mr. Hughes, of Alcester Park, presided.

BOVEY TRACEY.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The new vestry in connection with the above place of worship was opened on Thursday, April 22nd, when two excellent sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. T. Winter, of Bristol. Between the services about 150 persons partook of tea and refreshments.

BAPTISMS.

ABERGAVENNY, April 13, after a sermon by Mr. Young—Two by Mr. Butterworth, in the river Cynnon.

ARGOE, April 4—Four by Mr. Price.

BRADFORD, Yorkshire, Westgate Chapel, May 3—Six by Mr. H. Dowson.

—**Sion Chapel,** May 3—Ten by Mr. J. P. Chown.

—**Trinity Chapel,** May 3—Nine by Mr. H. J. Betts.

BACTON, April 2—One, a child of many prayers, by Mr. Moncymont, of Mundersley.

BISHOPS' STORTFORD, April 4—Two by Mr. Hodgkins.

BRISTOL, Broadmead, April 1, after a sermon by Mr. Haycroft—Eight by Mr. Nicholson.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, Hants, May 2—Four by Mr. H. W. Martin.

BURNLEY, Enon, March 23—Six.

BOLTON, Lancashire, Nov. 29, 1858—Three by Mr. Ryland. [Why so late in reporting?]

BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street, May 2—Twenty-two by Mr. Chew, seven of whom are scholars in the Sunday-school, and five teachers.

BIDEFORD, Devon, April 4—Six by Mr. Wilshire.

CAERSALEM, Dowlais, April 11—Twelve by Mr. E. Evans, in the river Lais.

CHATEAM, Zion Chapel, April 25—Six by Mr. Coult.

CARDIFF, March 28—Seven by Mr. Tilly.
 CHELTENHAM, Cambray, April 18—Seven by Mr. Smith.
 CORHAM, Wilts, May 2—Ten by Mr. Web-
 ley; one had been a minister many years.
 We trust the spirit of the great American
 revival may be felt in our little town.
 CIOMBELAN, near Llaueily, March 7—Two;
 April 4, Two by Mr. Davies.
 COWBRIDGE, near Boston, April 18—Five by
 Mr. Ruff, in the river.
 DOWNINGTON WOOD, Salop, May 2—Two by
 Mr. Thomas of Halesowen.
 DISS, March 28—Three by Mr. Lewis.
 EBBW VALE, Zion, March 14—Three; one
 has been a Primitive Methodist preacher
 nineteen years; May 2, Two by Mr. Watts.
 GREAT YARMOUTH, March 29—Four by Mr.
 Green.
 GREETON, Northamptonshire, May 6—Two
 by Mr. Hardwick.
 GUILDFORD, Northamptonshire, April 4
 Two by Mr. Gibson.
 HASLINGDEN, Pleasant-street, May 2—Four
 by Mr. Prout.
 HAVERFORDWEST, Bethesda, March 31, after
 an address by Mr. Burditt—Two by Mr.
 Davies.
 HIGHGATE, near London, April 8—Six by
 Mr. Hatch.
 HOBSPORTH, near Leeds, May 2—Four by
 Mr. Catterall.
 HUNSLY, Leeds, March 28—Four by Mr.
 Bowden.
 KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, April 26—Three
 sisters by Mr. Medhurst.
 KIRKBY, near Nottingham, April 4—
 Eight.
 LLANDUDNO, April 4—Three by Mr. Jones.
 LLANTACE, Brecon, Kensington Chapel, May
 16—Three by Mr. J. W. Evans.
 LEDBURY, April 18—Four by Mr. Wall.
 LONDON, New Park street, April 29—Sixteen
 by Mr. Spurgeon.
 —Shouldham-st., Bryanstone-sq, May 23
 —Five by Rev. W. A. Blake.
 —Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, May 23
 Two by Rev. S. Wills, D.D.
 LUTON, Wellington-street, April 25—Nine
 by Mr. Cornford; five from the Sunday-
 school.
 MANORHEAD, March 28—One by Mr. Evans.
 MELBOURNE, Cambridgeshire, May 3—Five
 by Mr. E. Bailey (from the Rev. C. H.
 Spurgeon).
 NEATHEAD, Norfolk, May 2—Five by Mr.
 Hasler.
 NEWARK, April 28—Our pastor, Mr. Bayly,
 after preaching a faithful and earnest dis-
 course, publicly immersed five young dis-
 ciples, three males and two females. I am
 thankful to be able to add that several
 others are enquiring the way to the King-
 dom. I now circulate fifty-six copies of
 the BAPTIST MESSENGER monthly. B. P.
 NEWBURY, March 21—Six by Mr. Drew.
 NOTTINGHAM, Stoney-street, April 4—
 Eighteen.
 PONTARPENGAN, April 4—One by Mr.
 Williams.
 PADHAM, April 29—Five by Mr. Brown;
 three from the Sabbath-school.
 QUANTON, Bucks, April 11—After a ser-
 mon by Mr. Venimore, of Waddesdon,
 three by Mr. Walker.

RHYMNEY, March 28—Six by Mr. H.
 Thomas.
 SANDY HAVEN, Enon, May 9—Four in Mil-
 ford Haven by Mr. H. Evans. [An error
 occurred in our last report; it should have
 been two, not twenty.]
 STONEHOUSE, April 26—Three by Mr. E. H.
 Jackson; the first celebration of the
 ordinance for a long time past, and the first
 administration of it by Mr. Jackson.
 SWANSEA, Bethesda, April 11—Six by Mr.
 Jones.
 STROUD, Gloucestershire [no date]—After
 an address by Mr. Penny, of Coleford, nine
 by Mr. Yates.
 TAMWORTH, April 4—Six by Mr. Massey.
 TETBURY, April 29—Seven by Mr. Kiddie.
 Our heavenly Father is sending us a glori-
 ous rain of spiritual blessings. Slade
 Deacon.
 TAUNTON, Octagon, March 28—After a ser-
 mon by Mr. Newman, of Barnstable,
 seven by M. May. Five of them were
 members of one family.
 TROWBRIDGE, Wilts, Back-street, April 28—
 After a lucid discourse by Mr. Barnes,
 fourteen by Mr. Webster, of Bethesda
 Chapel.
 WAINGATE, Yorks, May 2—Five by Mr.
 Bamber.
 WHITTLESEA, May 2—Five by Mr. Ashby.

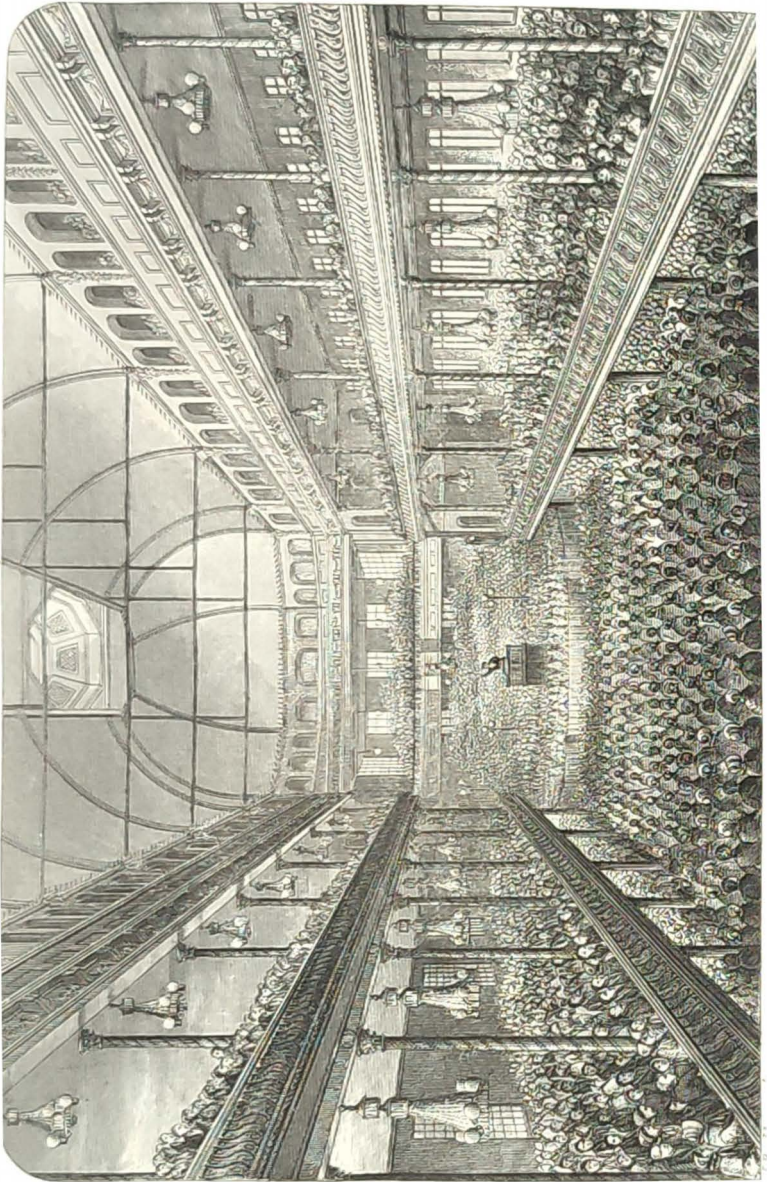
DEATHS.

WHITE COLNE, ESSEX.—On Tuesday,
 20th ult., Mr. E. Fairhead, of White Colne,
 suddenly departed this life. He was en-
 gaged in his usual occupation in the fore-
 noon of that day, and partook of dinner
 without complaining of indisposition; but
 after sitting awhile, he complained of
 violent pain in the head, which increased;
 and his sister, who was his housekeeper,
 wished him to lay down on the bed, which
 he did. She found he soon became almost
 insensible, and sent for a medical man, who
 arrived just before he breathed his last.
 He had sustained the office of deacon for
 upwards of thirty years in the respective
 churches of Earls Colne and White Colne,
 Essex. His age was 67. His death has
 caused a gloom throughout the whole
 neighbourhood.

PAULTON, SOMERSET.—Catherine Eliza-
 beth Gerard, who fell asleep in Jesus, March
 9th, 1858, deeply lamented by her friends.
 She followed her Lord in baptism in her
 13th year. She had been much afflicted for
 several years, and was confined to her bed
 for eight weeks previous to her death. Her
 sufferings were very great, but borne with
 much patience and resignation. Her
 funeral sermon was preached on the Lord's-
 day following by the Rev. T. Davies, pastor
 of the Baptist church, Paulton, the text
 chosen for the occasion being, "For to me
 to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

BACUP.—We have received a letter from
 Mr. T. Howarth, stating that the Baptist
 Church, assembling at Zion Chapel, are not
 Separatists from Irwell-terrace, as reported
 in our last, but that they constitute the original
 church formerly worshipping in that place.

NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL FUND.—
 Particulars of the monthly receipts will ap-
 pear next month.



THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FROM

JULY TO DECEMBER.

1858.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS.

LONDON:

JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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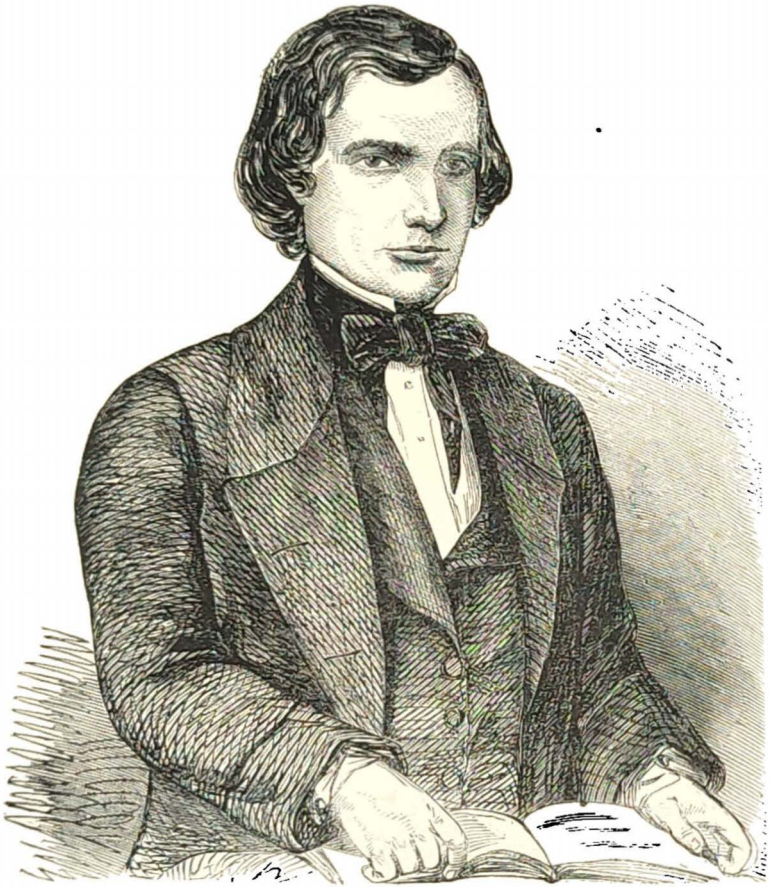
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REV. ARTHUR MURSELL,
OF MANCHESTER.

THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER,
AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

COVENANT BLESSINGS.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant."
Psalm cxi. 5.

THIS verse occurs in one of the Psalms, the Hallelujah, commencing with "Praise ye the Lord." We often find the Psalmist praising and extolling God. Let us imitate his example. Let us do so, because we shall find it very pleasant and profitable, and because, also, it is our bounden duty. One of the highest exercises of the new life is praising God. Our doubts and fears may sometimes be indications of life; and doubtless they are, for the dead man neither doubteth nor feareth. But our songs of praise are far higher demonstrations of the life within, and are more worthy fruits of a soil which has been the subject of God's husbandry, which has been ploughed by the agonies of the Saviour, and made fertile through his precious blood. My brethren, our life should be one continued psalm, with here and there a note which descends deep. Yet, for the most part, we should always seek to sing as we live. The stars sing as they shine, and they sing by shining. Let us sing whilst we live, and live by singing; and let our life be singing one great psalm of life perpetually. There are many ways of praising God. We should do it with the lip; and grateful is the voice of song in the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. We should do it by our daily conversation; let our acts be acts of praise, as well as our words words of praise. We should do it even by the very look of our eyes, and by the appearance of our countenance; let not thy face be sad, let thy countenance be joyous. Sing where thou goest; yea, when thou art laden with trouble let not man see it. Thou, when thou fastest, appear not unto man to fast; anoint thy head and wash thy face that man may not perceive thy sorrows. Be thou ever glad, for it is God's commandment—"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." And yet once more, he saith, "Rejoice evermore." That we may have themes of song, David has in this psalm afforded us many subjects. Let us attend to the subjects of the text—the subject, I might have said, for it is all one. This verse is the voice of experience. It is not the voice of hope, saying, "He will give;" but the voice of experience, "He hath given meat unto them that fear him;" and the voice of faith, "He will ever be mindful of his covenant."

We shall notice, first of all, the gift—"He hath given meat unto them that fear him;" then we shall notice the covenant; then the character here spoken of—"He hath given meat unto them that fear him."

I. Let us consider THE GIFT—"He hath given meat." We are to under-

stand this, of course, in a twofold sense of our necessities; the first, temporal, the other, spiritual.

1. We are to understand this gift in a *temporal* sense. Our bodies need meat; we cannot keep this fabric in repair without continually providing it with food. God's children are not, by their being spiritual men, prevented from feeling natural wants; they hunger and they thirst even as do others. Sometimes, too, they are even called to suffer poverty, and know not where their next morsel of meat shall come from. Blessed be God,

"He who has made our heaven secure
Will here all good provide."

And the covenant is not morely the covenant of the great and marvellous things that we need spiritually, but it is a covenant which promises in the catalogue of its gifts mercies that are food for the body, mercies for our immediate and pressing wants—"He hath given meat unto them that fear him." God has never suffered his people to starve. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that wait upon the Lord shall not want any good thing." The promise is as true under the new covenant as under the old—"Bread shall be given you, and your water shall be sure." The Lord who feeds the ravens will not be less careful of his people; he who supplies every insect with its food, and feeds the prowling lion in his majesty, will not suffer his own home-borne ones, those who are nearest his heart, to perish for lack of nutriment. "The cattle on a thousand hills are his;" he will not suffer his children to lack for their meat. "He it is to whom the earth belongeth, and the fulness thereof;" he will not, then, suffer his children to go without necessary supplies. "He hath given meat unto them that fear him." Some of us are not qualified to speak from experience upon this point. We may say, indeed, that God has ever given us our meat; we have not lacked anything. Hitherto, the road has been to us like that of Israel when they came to the camp of the Syrians, strewn with gold, and silver, and garments. God has provided for our wants even before they have come; he has anticipated our necessities. But there are others of you that have been brought so low by poverty and affliction that you are qualified to speak. You have sometimes been to an empty cupboard with an empty stomach; you have sometimes wondered where your supplies should come from; you have been even houseless and homeless. But a h, children of the living God, has he ever failed you utterly? Has he not, after all, though he has reduced you very low, so that the last morsel was eaten from the wallet, has he not ultimately supplied you, and that, too, by means not miraculous, but almost so? Has he not in providence sent you things which you needed, and which you scarcely expected to receive? In answer to prayer has he not heard you in your deepest tribulations? And when you were well-nigh famished, has he not spread your board with plenty when you have bent your knees before him? Yes, ye tried ones, ye have tried this promise and have proved it true. Ye sons of poverty and toil, ye have had to rest the whole weight of your daily maintenance on the promise, without anything to look to save that; and have you ever found him fail? No; you will unanimously bear witness that this is a great truth—"He hath given meat unto them that fear him."

But it is surprising, sometimes, how God has done it. Many a story have I heard from the poor amongst my own flock of how God has delivered them—strange stories, which you would laugh at. There are some of them that could write "Banks of Faith" that would be as wonderful as that of William Huntington. Some of you laugh at that, and do not believe it; but it is only because there are so many things of the same sort all put together

that they seem to be incredible through their number. But there are many of the Lord's servants who could easily compose a "Bank of Faith" like his, for they have had their necessities most deep and their sorrows most poignant, and they have had their reliefs well-nigh miraculous, so that if God had thrust his hand out of the clouds and handed down bread for them and clothing, their deliverance would not have been more apparently from his hand than it has been in the way whereby his providence has supplied their wants. They can say He hath done it, and hath done it marvellously, and constantly too—"He hath given meat to them that fear him." Why, if the child of God were in such a position that the earth could not yield him bread, God would open the windows of heaven and rain manna from thence again. If he could be placed in such a position that the common course of providence could not serve his end, God would change the nature of everything rather than change the standing of a promise; he would break all the seasons, and unloose the very bonds of nature itself, and let the laws of nature run riot, rather than suffer one of his promises to fail, and his children to lack. "He hath given meat," and he will ever do so, "unto them that fear him."

2. But we are to understand this chiefly in a *spiritual sense*. God's people are a people to need spiritual meat. I was talking to a minister the other day, who certainly was not noted for his great soundness. He was making a joke to me about certain people in his congregation, who said they could not feed under him. "There is Mrs. So-and-so," says he, "who tells me that she cannot get a bit of food out of my ministry. I do not know how it is," continued he, jocularly, "for I do not think you say half as many good things as I do; but yet the old woman cannot feed well enough." He laughed at the idea of feeding under a ministry. But there is a good deal more in the expression than many think; there is a good deal meant by it that cannot be expressed by any other word. It is only the Christian that can understand it. He hears a very eloquent discourse delivered; "but," says he, "I have got no food out of it—I like the eloquence." Or he hears a very learned discourse; "but," he says, "I do not feed under that." There is a peculiar style of preaching, and a peculiar style of hearing, which can only be described as a "feeding preaching" and a "feeding hearing;" for the child of God feels that though he may have learned little that is fresh, yet still his soul has been receiving spiritual food, and he goes on his way rejoicing. And, my brethren, the ministry is one of the places where God feeds his people; and those to whom God has committed the solemn work of the ministry should be very careful that there is something in what they say that the child of God can feed on. What on earth is the use of a man going into a pulpit and firing away for an hour-and-a-half with thundering eloquence, but with nothing to feed upon? I have read sermons lately—can get them by hundreds—that are, from beginning to end, the unmitigated and undiluted essence of nothing; grand descriptions of nonentity, flowery and beautiful delineations of things that cannot exist. You read of comets of which it is said that a thousand square miles of their tails might be compressed into one solid inch. Many of these sermons are of the same sort, consisting of a long display of words; but as for anything tangible to lay hold of and to remember, there is nothing of the sort in them. They are a finely, gloriously polished nothing. You can discover no matter in them; very finely dished up, but containing nothing wherewith my soul could feed. The child of God can never feed under a ministry unless he hears the doctrines of grace, and listens to the things of the kingdom. "Our minister preached a fine metaphysical sermon the other day,"

says one ; " I never heard such a clear distinction as he made between that point and the other point." But the child of God goes out and says, " Well, I don't want any of his metaphysics ; there was no food for my soul. I went there to hear about the Lord Jesus Christ ; I went to hear something about my soul's welfare ; something about the heaven that is to come, or the hell that is to be shunned ; I wanted to hear something about communion with Christ, something about the eternal covenant." Sermons need to be instructive ; there should be a teaching in them of the things of the kingdom. " Why," said a good writer once, " if you were to hear six lectures by a geologist, he would be the poorest geologist in the world who would not give you some opinions of geology. But you may hear sixty sermons from many preachers without getting any notion of their system of divinity." It is the glory of the men of the age that they have not systems of divinity ; they have cast creeds to the wind ; they have no forms of stating their truths systematically. The reason is because they have nothing to state. No man will avoid having a system when he has got principles. It is impossible for a man to believe the things in God's Word without insensibly to himself forming a creed of some sort or other. It is the fashion to talk about giving up creeds. Creeds are only the orderly way of laying out things. If we have the things we shall always have the way of laying them out in some fashion, and communicating our knowledge to others. So that in a given number of discourses our hearers will be pretty tolerably acquainted with our ideas of the truth of God. " He giveth meat to them that fear him" under the ministry. Sometimes God gives your minister a gift of such utterance that if he were to preach for a week you would listen to him. There are periods when your own minister gives no food to you, though he does to others, because he has food for different members of God's family. But there are other periods when God seems to have given him such gifts, when he has let fall handfuls to be gathered, as did the man Boaz, scattering sheaves of corn from both his hands, and you pick them up and feast thereon and are satisfied.

There is another way in which God gives food unto his children—that is, in the Bible. This precious volume is the grand granary of spiritual food for God's people. Would to God ye read it more ! With your magazines, and newspapers, and tracts in this, that, and the other, ye have too much covered up this ancient Bible, this old Book, this emporium of all wisdom, this sum of all knowledge. Aye, Christians, if you want meat, study a chapter of God's Word. If you want to have food for your souls, give up for a little while reading the works of even the best of men, and take a psalm for your study—or if not a whole psalm, take one verse of it ; take it for your daily meditation ; masticate and digest it all day long, and so you will find meat for " them that fear him." Let me just say a word to you on this point. When you read the Bible, do not think you will get meat simply by reading. I know some people who make a point of reading two chapter of the Bible in a day. They do so as a manual exercise ; they simply run their eyes down the page, and, after all, do not know a word they have been reading. I have heard many a time in our churches and chapels, a minister read a very long chapter, that none of his hearers knew anything about, nor himself either ; and if he had read a chapter in double Dutch the people would have been just as much fed. That is not the way to feed upon God's Word. We cannot feed except we understand and know the thing we read about. In reading the Scripture do as Luther advised. He says, " When I get a promise I treat it as a tree in my garden. I know there is rich fruit on it. If I cannot get it, I shake it backwards and forwards by

prayer and meditation, until at last the fruit drops into my hand." Do you the same. Read a short portion of Scripture; turn it over and over again in your meditation all day long. And then, if you cannot get anything out of it, I will tell you a way whereby you will effectually get something. Go down on your knees before the passage and say—"O Lord open this passage to me; give me something out of it; teach me to understand it"—and you will not be long before God refreshes you with dainty bits from the tables of paradise, and make your soul glad with choice morsels of royal dainties, wherewith he feeds his own chosen ones. "He giveth meat to them that fear him."

But there is another way of getting meat, even when we have not got the Bible with us. He sometimes gives meat "unto them that fear him," by bringing Jesus Christ home to the man; without the use of the Word; simply in meditation and communion. You know, beloved, after all, that what a child of God feeds upon is Jesus Christ. When the Jews went to the temple they did not eat the tongs and fire-shovels; they did not eat the garments of the priests, and the bells and the pomegranates; they valued all these things, for they were made of gold, and they thought them precious. But what they ate was the pascal lamb. So the Christian does not eat the doctrine; he feeds on Christ. He loves the truth, he loves the ordinance, he loves everything in the temple for Christ's sake; but his food is the Lamb himself. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus—that is the real food for all the Lord's chosen. And are these not most sweet and happy moments, when the spirit is carried aloft in blessed communion, when Jesus Christ seems very pleasant and very precious, when we place our head on his bosom, when we seem to feel his heart and know his love for us, when we lose ourselves in him and almost forget that we have a separate existence, being—

"Plunged in his Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in his immensity."

Yes, there are some such precious seasons; and these are like days of heaven upon the earth—the seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. I was much struck the other evening at a prayer-meeting, by the prayer of one of our brethren, which came home to my heart. When he prayed, he said, "O Lord, give me Mary's place,

'Oh! that I might with Mary set
For ever at my Master's feet,
And learn of him.'"

He prayed that he might have her part, and always sit at the feet of Jesus. But, by-and-bye, the good man kindled up in his prayer, and said, "No, my Master, I have not asked enough of thee. Mary's place is too low for me, if I may have a better. Lift me up higher, Lord; give me John's place.

'Oh! that I might with favoured John,
For ever lean my head upon
The bosom of my Lord.'"

Then, again he pleaded for that higher degree of communion between the soul and Christ. "Surely," thought I, "now you have asked enough." But, suddenly rising up to another flight on the wings of communion, like the eagle taking its last soar into the skies, he said, "No, Lord, John's place doth not suffice me. Thou hast lifted me from thy feet to thy bosom—now from thy bosom to thy lips." Then, quoting the words of the spouse—"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine"—he sweetly paraphrased it thus, "Let the lip of my petitioning meet the lip of thy benediction; let the lip of my praise meet the lip of thy acceptance; so shall the kiss be consummated and my joy be complete." Aye, and when we are favoured to go

through these stages of fellowship; to go from the foot to the bosom, from the bosom to the lip; to go from the mere learner, and to be a friend and companion; and then to go higher still—to be lifted up and to feel our fellowship with Christ, by standing as high as he does, and being on his lip; it is then the child of God, insensibly almost, receives strength, and, like Elijah smitten by the angel, he rises up and finds his meat baked upon the coals, and eat thereof, and lives upon it for forty days to come. Precious mode of feeding this!

But, somehow or other, God doth give meat unto his children, and will never leave them to be famished. You have noticed, I dare say, when one means of feeding fails for God's children, the other become better. You are sick, and cannot be fed by a ministry; you cannot go out to hear the Word; then generally, God's word becomes more precious. Or, you have nobody to read to you, and your sight has failed; generally, then, communion becomes more precious. One way or other God will have his children fed.

II. We will now consider THE COVENANT. "He will be ever mindful of his covenant."

God has made many covenants at divers times, and none of these covenants has he ever broken. For one moment let me briefly mention the covenants. There was the covenant with Adam, the covenant of works—"Obey me and thou shalt live; disobey me and thou shalt die." That covenant he did not break. He did not subject Adam to pain or misery until he had first broken the condition of his covenant, and so became the inevitable heir of suffering. He made a covenant with Noah that the waters should no more go over the earth; and the rainbow, the sign of that covenant, has lit up the sky ever since at various intervals, and the earth has not been drowned with a flood a second time. He made a covenant with David, that his seed should sit upon his throne; and that covenant he kept. He made a covenant with Abraham, that he would give the land of Canaan to be the heritage of his seed for ever; and that covenant hath he kept. Neither hath he altered the thing that went out of his lips.

But the covenant here referred to is a better covenant than all these. It is the covenant of grace. It is a sweet subject to preach upon. Suffer me to go back to the time when this covenant was made. It is older than the oldest things that man has ever seen; the covenant of grace is coeval with the everlasting hills. It was made by God with Christ for us from before all worlds. Man was a sinner, God had foreseen that he would sin. Jesus Christ and his Father were determined to save him, a covenant was made between them. God the Son on his part stipulated that he would suffer all the punishment of all the elect, that he would offer perfect righteousness on their behalf, and pay all the demands of God's justice. God the Father on His part covenanted that all the elect, being redeemed by the blood of Christ, should most certainly be accepted and saved. That is the covenant of which God is ever mindful. Some people believe in a rickety kind of covenant, which I never could find in the Bible, a covenant that has conditions in it which you and I are to fulfil. If there was such a covenant as that, it would not be a covenant of grace but of works. If the covenant of grace were made with men, those that should be saved, on condition of believing, it would be as impossible for any man to be saved on that condition, as it would be on the condition of obeying, since faith is no more possible to unaided man than is perfect obedience. Faith in Christ is as difficult a thing, to a man dead in trespasses and sin, as is perfect obedience to every command of God. The covenant of grace is a covenant without any conditions on our part whatever, of any sort, in any shape, in

any form, or any fashion. The covenant, in fact, is not made between us and God; it is made between God and Christ, our representative. All the conditions of that covenant are answered, so that there are none left for us. The conditions were that Christ should suffer—he has suffered; that Christ should obey—he has obeyed. All that is done; and all that is now standing is the unconditional covenant, that God will give to all his elect, though dead in sin, power to live; that he will give to them, though black, a washing in the fountain; that he will give to them, though naked, a clothing of perfect righteousness; that he will ultimately accept them to dwell with him for ever in glory everlasting. This covenant on which our hopes are built, this glorious covenant,

“Signed, and sealed, and ratified,
In all things ordered well.”

Will God ever forget? No, “he will be ever mindful of his covenant.” He will be ever mindful of it, in everything and towards every person. Christ will be mindful of his covenant in everything. God will not suffer one single promise to be unfulfilled, nor one single blessing of the covenant to be kept back. Every iota, and jot, and tittle of the covenanted purpose of God shall be fulfilled, and everything which he has promised to his people in the covenant, and which Christ hath bought for his people through the covenant, shall most infallibly be received by his people. As for the persons interested therein not one of them shall be forgotten. If in the covenant they shall most assuredly be saved, despite every attack of the devil, and of their own wickedness, and any casualty, so called, of providence, or whatsoever may happen, all that are in the covenant must and shall be gathered in. The Arminian says there are some in the covenant who tumble out of it; that God has chosen some men—that he justifies, that he accepts them, then turns them out of his family. The Arminian holds the unnatural, cruel, barbarous idea, that a man may be God’s child, and then God may unchild him because he does not behave himself. The idea is revolting even to human sensibility. If our children sin, they are our children still; though chastened and vexed sore, yet never do they cease to be remembered amongst our family. There are many of God’s children that have gone astray and been chastened for it; but it were an idea too barbarous to suppose that God would unchild his child for any sin he doth commit. He keepeth fast his covenant; he loveth them sinners though they be. He keepeth them from running into the riot of sin; and when, sometimes, they go astray, as the best of them will, still his loving heart towards them is unchangeably the same. I do not serve the God of the Arminians at all; I have nothing to do with him, and I do not bow down before the Baal they have set up; he is not my God nor shall he ever be, I fear him not, nor tremble at his presence. A mutable God may be the God for them; he is not the God for me. My Jehovah changeth not. The God that saith to-day and denieth to-morrow, that justifieth to-day and condemns the next, the God that hath children of his own one day and lets them be the children of the devil the next, is no relation to my God in the least degree. He may be the relation of Ashtaroth or Bael, But Jehovah never was or can be his name. Jehovah changeth not; he knoweth no shadow of turning. If he hath set his heart upon a man he will love him to the end. If he hath chosen him he hath not chosen him for any merit of his own; therefore he will never cast him away for any demerit of his own. If he hath begotten him unto a lively hope he will not suffer him to fall away and perish. That were a breaking of every promise, and abrogation of the covenant. If one dear child might fall away, then might all. If one of them for whom the Saviour died

might be damned, then might the Saviour's blood be utterly void and vain. If one of those whom he hath called according to his purpose might perish, then were his purpose null and void. But child of God lay your head upon the covenant,

"Let the earth's old pillar shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Thy steadfast soul need fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar."

Let the covenant be thy song in the house of thy pilgrimage. Let the covenant be thy refuge in distress. Let the covenant be thy watchword at the gates of death. Keep the covenant in mind. Remember again that it is "signed, and sealed, and ratified;" that oaths and blood have made it all secure. When thou doubtest think not the covenant is shaken. When thou tremblest think not the covenant is removed. It abideth still fast and firm. And though thou hast backslidden, go thou back to Jesus—His heart is still the same,

"Thy soul through many changes goes:
His love no variation knows."

He abideth still fast and firm; nor will he finally leave one of his own people whom he hath foreknown and fore-ordained. And now we close up by noticing

III. THE CHARACTER REFERRED TO.—"Them that fear him." Them that fear him are in the covenant. Saith the young convert oftentimes to his minister, "Sir, how can I know that I am elect?" And the usual answer is, "You have nothing to do with that; you may think of that by-and-bye." Begging the gentleman's pardon, that is not true. A sinner has everything to do with it. Instead of having nothing to do with election, he has everything in the world to do with it. But it is said he need not trouble his mind about it. Perhaps he should not; but he will, and it is no way of comfort to tell him that he ought not. If I have a toothache it is poor comfort for a physician to tell me that I ought not to have it. So, when a sinner is troubled about election, it is poor comfort to tell him he ought not to be troubled. The best way is to go fairly through with it. Do you fear the Lord? Then so sure as you are a living man you are elect. You have the fear of the Lord before your eyes; then you need have no doubt but that your names are in the covenant. None have feared the Lord who were not first loved by the Lord. Never one did come and cast himself at the feet of Jesus because he feared the penalty of sin; and none ever came to embrace the loving skirts of the Redeemer because he feared lest he should go astray, without having been first called and chosen and made faithful. No, the fear of God in the heart is the proof of being God's elect one. If we fear him we may believe that he will ever give meat unto us; that he will always keep his covenant towards us which he has made for us in Christ Jesus our Lord. "But," says one, "how am I to know whether I am elect?" Beloved, thou canst not know it by any outward professions. Thou mayst be of any church in the world, or of no church, and yet be one of God's elect. Nor canst thou know it even by the sentiments which thou receivest as being true, for thou mayst know truth and yet not have truth in thy soul; thou mayst be orthodox in thy head and heterodox in thy heart; thou mayst believe everything and yet be cast away at last. The only way whereby thou canst judge thyself is this; Dost thou fear the Lord? Dost thou reverence his name and his Sabbath? Hast thou trembled at his feet? Hast thou cast away thy self-righteousness at his command? And hast thou come to him and taken Christ to be thy all in all? I do not ask thee whether thou fearest hell—many fear hell that fear not God. Dost thou fear to offend a loving Father. Dost thou fear lest thou shouldst go astray from God's commandments? Dost thou cry to him,

"Saviour, keep me lest I wander."

Dost thou ask him to preserve thee? And canst thou honestly say that if thou couldst be perfect thou wouldst be; that thou desirest to be freed from sin; that thou hatest every false way? And is it thy daily groaning to be set free from guilt, and to be surrendered to the Crucified?

Lastly, canst thou say this after me,

"A guilty weak, and helpless worm,
On Christ's kind arms I fall:
He is my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all?"

Then you are elect; then you are justified; then you are accepted; and you have no more reason to doubt your acceptance and your election than you will have when you stand before the throne of God, amid the blazing lustres of eternal glory. You are elect; you always were. God hath chosen you; your fearing him is the evidence of it; and your believing in Christ without any righteousness of your own is a proof positive that you were chosen of God before the foundation of the world.

Now what shall I say in conclusion? There are some of you that fear not God. Alas for you, my brethren, that you should be in a state so utterly miserable and pitiable, without the fear of God before your eyes. Oh that God would help you to fear him! Oh that he would break your hearts! and so would make you feel your ruined state, as to bring you to his feet to receive the perfect righteousness of Christ; then would you fear him, and then might you rejoice that he would give you meat and keep you in his covenant. Methinks I hear one say, "I am a sinner, I am in the front rank of the army of guilt. I have verily transgressed and gone astray from the Most High. Tell me, did Jesus die for me? Did he die—not as some say he died, for all men—but in that special sense which ensures salvation? I will answer thee. Canst thou say, "I am a sinner," not as a kind of idle compliment that most men pass when they say they are sinners, and do not mean what the word implies, for they no more mean that they are sinners than that they are horses. But do you really believe that you are sinners deserving God's wrath and the fire of hell for ever? Then the Lord Jesus died for you; and "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." If the word is to be understood in the sense in which Hart uses it when he says,— "A sinner is a sacred thing; the Holy Ghost hath made him so"—if you feel you are a sinner in that sense, Christ died for you. But you say, "I wish he had set my name down in the book, that I might read it." Why, my friend, if he had done so, you would believe it was intended for somebody else. If the book contained the name of Smith, in such a street, Smith would declare that there were so many Smiths, that it could not be him; and if you could read your name, you would still doubt that it could, by any possibility, be a description of you, since another person might bear the same title. But since it says "sinners," Satan himself cannot beat you out of that. God has taught you what "sinner" means, and Satan cannot unteach you that. Are you, then, a sinner, fully, wholly, in all the black sense of the word? Then Christ died for you. Cast yourself upon that—Christ died for sinners. But, say you, "Sir, if I were a little better, I might believe that he died for me." I should not; he died for sinners. Or you say, "if I were a saint, I might believe that he died for me." I should not; he died for sinners. Only prove thyself a sinner, and thou hast proved that Christ died for thee; only be thou sure that thou art a sinner, that thou hast revolted, and that thou knowest it, only confess with thine heart thy transgres-

sions, and take this title to thyself, and thou mayest believe that Jesus died for thee.

Let me give you a lesson in logic—not from Whately nor Watts, but from the logic of faith. It is extraordinary how different are the conclusions of faith from those of reason. Once Reason came along, and heard a man cry, "I am guilty, guilty!" She stopped, and said, "the man is guilty; God condemns the guilty, therefore this man will be condemned." She went away—left the man condemned and ruined, and quivering with fear. Faith came, and heard the selfsame cry, rendered more bitter by the cruel syllogism of Reason. Faith stopped; she said, "the man is guilty; Christ died for the guilty; the man will be saved;" and her logic was right; the man lifted up his head, and rejoiced. Reason came one day, and saw a man naked, and she said, "He hath not on a wedding garment; can naked souls appear before the bar of God? Should they have a place at the supper of the Lamb? The man is naked; he must be cast out, for naked ones cannot enter heaven!" Then Faith came by, and said, "The man is naked; Christ wrought a robe of righteousness; he must have made it for the naked; he would not have made it for those who have a robe of their own. That robe is for the naked man, and he shall stand in it before God." And her logic was right and just. The other might seem strictly according to rule, but this was better still. Reason one day heard a man say that he was very good and righteous. She saw him go up to the temple, and heard him pray, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men."—said Reason, "that man is better than others, and he will be accepted." But she argued wrongly; for, lo, he went out, and a poor sinner by his side, who could only say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," went down to his house justified, while the proud Pharisee went on his way disregarded. The logic of faith is to argue white from black, whereas the logic of reason argues white from white. Luther says, "Once upon a time the devil came to me, and said, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned.' 'Stop, stop,' said I, 'one thing at a time; I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it; what next?' 'Therefore you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners;' therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner." I have a right to believe Jesus Christ died for me, and I cast myself wholly upon him. Do thou the same poor disconsolate one, for thou hast nothing of thine own to depend upon: but thou, O great, and good, and rich man, I have naught to say to thee.

"Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to save."

Though thou hast a rag of thine own, thou shalt never have Christ's robe. Go thy way, thy righteousness shall prove like the shirt of Hercules, when it burnt him, and did eat his flesh away; though thou gloriest in it, it shall be the winding sheet of thy soul for ever. But if thou hast nothing, and art poor and penniless, and miserable, reduced to utter spiritual destitution and poverty, in God's name I preach to thee the Gospel; Christ died for thee, and thou shalt not perish. God will not punish Christ for us, and then punish us afterwards. He will not demand the payment at his hands and then at ours. He is not unjust to punish first the scapegoat, the surety, the substitute, and then to punish you. Christ was your substitute, he bore your guilt, he carried your iniquities upon his head; your sins were numbered upon him, and your punishment laid upon him. Go your way; you can never be punished. Your sins that are many, are all forgiven. Rejoice in pardon bought with blood; be glad, be

satisfied, be happy, even till thou diest, and then thou shalt be happy for ever.

Just one sentence more to Christians desirous of following the way of God's word, and ever growing in grace. I met the other day with a piece of one of Christmas Evans's sermons—it struck me forcibly, and I determined to repeat it—"The enemy is ever after our souls; let us keep our hearts with all diligence; let us store our hearts with texts of Scripture, in the things given, that we may be kept out of the way." Then he gives this parable—"Once upon a time the devil determined to do a mighty business. Seeking whom he may devour, he went through the land, determined to devour some souls. He came upon a ploughboy standing there, and he said within himself, 'I will tempt the boy to rob his master; then he will get into prison; t'will bring him into bad company, so that he will get worse, and be transported, and ultimately get to the gallows, and I shall have his soul for ever.' The devil strode across the moor, and, as he approached the ploughboy, he heard him singing—

'My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.'

'Ah!' said the devil, 'he won't answer my purpose,' and off he went. There was no room for him there; it was a dry place. So, flying over hill and dale, he came to a quiet nook in a valley between two high mountains, where there was a sweet little cottage overgrown with ivy, with its porch covered with cglantine. There sat beneath the porch a maiden knitting. 'I will entice her,' said he, 'away to the big town, and lead her into ways of folly, and sin, and shame. She shall perish in an infirmary, and her soul will be mine for ever.' He stooped to whisper in her ear some temptation, but he heard her singing—

'Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.'

'That won't answer,' said he; and he went his way, saying, 'I should have done better to have been with old Williams all day; I could have tormented the old fellow: I will be off to him now.' So he flew away, and at nightfall alighted in a village. All the lamps were out save one, in a cottage, where he saw the light glimmering in an upper room. It seemed to be a rushlight dying in the socket. 'Here,' said he, 'old Williams lives. He has served God these fifty years, and if I could get him now, what a trophy he would be! it would pay me for all my disappointments if I could get old Williams after all his payments.' He stepped upstairs, and there Williams lay dying. 'Now,' said he, 'I will make him doubt, and die in despair, and perish!' The crisis was just come; his friends were gathering round his bed, expecting his departure. Satan stopped lightly across the room, to get at the dying man's ear; and as he came close to him, Williams stretched out his hand, and said 'Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!' 'Thou hast prepared a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.' Satan sprang back abashed, and went away howling. He did no more that day, and never had he done such a sorry day's work before. He was wholly beaten, entirely overcome, because the minds of the people whom he wished to attack had been preoccupied, and they were feeding on God's word."

And now, my brother, go thy way; plead this promise at the throne, and he will give meat to them that fear him. Get your meat, feed upon it all day long, and you may defy all your enemies to lead you astray.

EVERY MAN IN HIS OWN PLACE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF ONELTENHAM.

OUR glorious Creator loves variety; and, therefore, whether we look on animate or inanimate creation, on matter or mind, we see variety. What a variety there is in the vegetable world, in the animal world, and in the intellectual world. Man differs from his fellow-man in his countenance, powers of mind, talents, and constitutional characteristics; and each man, and each class of men, appear to be fitted and intended for some particular place and work in God's great world. I was struck with this idea this morning, by seeing a countryman, whose countenance and manner betrayed anything but power of intellect. He had the management of some horses, and he appeared to have perfect control over them; he had so trained them that he could almost make them do as he pleased. Well, thought I, *every man for his place, and every man for his work*; I am not fitted for that man's place, nor is he qualified to fill mine. And, as usual, my thoughts would not be confined to the object before me; but having the idea, would pursue it into other regions, and apply it to other subjects.

Every man in his own place, said I; *either in the church, or out of it*. I am afraid that there are some in the church who ought not to be there; they are not in their own place. They are not born again, and, therefore, though they are in the church, they cannot discern its spiritual character, nor are they qualified to attend to and enjoy its ordinances. Without faith it is impossible to please God, and they have no genuine faith. Without the Holy Spirit there is no bond of union, and they have not the Spirit. Without the love of Christ in the heart, the motive and impelling principle to evangelical obedience and good works is wanting, and they are strangers to this blessing. I fear there are some in the church who, like the foolish virgins, have taken the lamp of profession, but they have not taken oil in their vessels with their lamps; and if so, when the Bridegroom comes, their lamps will go out. They are in the church, but they are not of the church; for they are not in vital union with the church's Head, and only such are really members of Christ's true church. I am persuaded too, that there are some out of the church who ought to be in it. They have faith in Christ, they love all the Lord's people, they hope to enjoy the presence of Christ for ever; and this being the case, they ought to be in the church. The world is no place for them; the society of the carnal does not suit them. They ought, therefore, however sensible they may be of their imperfections—they ought to be in the church.

Reader, are you in the church? If so, do you think that you are in your right place? Can you enjoy its meetings for prayer and praise? Are you at home when you meet with the Lord's family to celebrate the undying love of Jesus, commemorate his tremendous sufferings and shameful death? Is there a deep rooted and abiding sympathy between you and the most spiritual of the flock? If so, *you are in your own place*. But are you in the world? If so, are you in your right place? Have you the spirit of the world? Is your heart set on the things of the world? Do you enjoy the society and pleasures of the world? If so, *you are in your own place*. But it is a fearful place to be in, for the world is God's enemy. It crucified the Lord Jesus. It lies under the fearful curse of the Almighty, and is doomed to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. Oh! terrible destiny! Fearful doom! Nor can any one who is in the world escape from it, but by fleeing for refuge to the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! reader, flee, flee to Jesus if you have not! Delay not one moment, lest it be too late.

I am afraid there are some teaching in the Sunday-school who ought not,

for they are not saved themselves, and therefore they cannot lead others in the way of salvation. The grand design of Sunday-school teaching is to save souls from death. To lead the dear children to Jesus, that they may obtain the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of their sins. No one can properly recommend Jesus to another but he who has felt and proved his saving power himself. Are you in the Sunday-school, and are you unconverted? Don't leave it; but "repent and be converted." Go at once to Jesus; cry mightily to God for his Holy Spirit; seek the grace necessary to qualify you for your work and office, nor give up until you obtain it.

Every Sunday-school teacher should deeply sympathise with every child in the class, in its danger as a sinner, and set the heart upon its immediate salvation. But there are some out of the school who ought to be in it. The Lord has called them by his grace, he has given them talents for usefulness, they are educated themselves, and might spare the time necessary, but they are not in the school. It is not for me to say why, but I hope that when they are called to give account of themselves to God, they will be able to give a good reason for standing aloof from so good a work, and wrapping up their talent in a napkin.

I am afraid there are some ascend the pulpit who ought not; for they are not taught of God, they were never sent by God, they have no commission from God; consequently, when they are in the pulpit, they are not in their own place. God never sends a man whom he has not previously qualified. We must know the Gospel, and experience its saving power, before we are qualified to preach it unto others. But many stand up to preach or read to others, who have never been quickened from a death in sin to a life of righteousness; who have never received the Holy Ghost; who are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenant of promise. An unconverted man in the pulpit is certainly not a man in his right place. But are there not some who could preach and do not? They might not be qualified to fill a pulpit in a city or a town, but they could speak acceptably to a company of villagers of the love of Jesus. They could speak of the Spirit's work in the heart, because they have experienced it; and deliver the Gospel message, because they know and enjoy it. Many men with less education, less knowledge, and less talent, go out to endeavour to save the souls of the poor villagers, and yet these remain at home. I cannot think that such brethren are in their right place. The church and the world needs every talent which God has given. All should be consecrated to God, employed for God, and be in constant use for the glory of God.

Every man in his own place. One passage of Scripture strikes my mind it is a deeply solemn one; it refers to one high in office, richly endowed with gifts, highly honoured by the Saviour, but who was not sanctified in heart; and of him I read, "*Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place!*" Fell, from what an eminence! Fell by transgression—how full of warning! Fell that he might go to his own place—what an awful doom! *His own place!* Yes, hell is the sinner's own place. His chosen companions are all there. His present course leads directly there. A lost soul in hell, in hell for ever, and that its own place, what a terrible thought is this! And yet a hardened sinner would find no place in God's universe but what would be a hell to him; for he carries all the terrible elements of hell within him, go where he will. Render, beware, lest iniquity should be your ruin; lest at death you should be sent to hell, and, when you enter it, the thought should sting your soul, *this is my own place, and my only place for ever.* O flee to the cross, and find a place there! Flee to the throne of grace, and find a place there! Flee to the arms of Jesus, and find a place on his bosom, and so you will be safe for ever.

HELP WANTED.

MEN often need assistance. Nothing is more common in all departments of life than the call for help. No man can be so situated as not to need the help of his fellow-men.

There is a spiritual as well as a material and social life. And we often need help with respect to that life.

We often need help in order to get a clearer view of God's promises. We often fail to view them in their simplicity and fulness; we often attach to them conditions which are not attached by God. "I did not know," said a converted sinner, "that the matter of salvation was so simple; I had for years been trying to become a Christian—trying to prepare myself to come to Christ; for I thought I must partly become a Christian before his promises would belong to me. At last I saw that Christ came into the world to save sinners; I felt that I was a sinner, and wanted to be saved, and that, therefore, Christ would save me, for he came to seek and to save that which was lost. Salvation is a very simple matter." It is, indeed, a very simple matter, and in order to apprehend it aright, we must have right views of the promises which lie at the foundation of salvation. Our minds are so darkened by sin, and by a desire to do part of the work of salvation, that we often fail to get right views of the promises. We need the aid of the Holy Spirit to take the promises of Christ and show them to us in all their simplicity and fulness.

We need help in the matter of relying upon the promises. One feels that he is a lost sinner; he reads the promise, "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." He believes that the words of Christ are true, but does not rely upon them for his own salvation. In fact, he wants some other assurance; he wants another promise to enable him to rely upon those already given; he needs the help of the Spirit

of God to overcome the influence of his evil heart of unbelief.

We need help in order that we may possess correct views of duty. When men are converted, the enmity that is in their hearts by nature is taken away, and the spirit of love implanted in its stead. The will of God becomes the rule of life; but the mind is not infallible in its perceptions and judgments. In regard to some things duty may be plain, in regard to other things it may be obscure. Prejudice may influence a man's moral judgment, and thus lead him astray as to duty. Now he who would become holy, as God is holy, cannot remain satisfied with anything less than a complete and perfect knowledge of his duty; hence he needs the illuminating and guiding influence of his Holy Spirit. "That which I see not, teach thou me."

We need help to serve God acceptably. In regard to every requirement of God, we meet it or we do not. Duty is not a compromise between sin and holiness. We do our duty when we obey God's law; we are liable to direct disobedience, to neglect of duty, and to coming short even when our intentions are right. We need the strengthening influence of the Holy Spirit, in order to do that which is right in the sight of the Lord.

We need help to suffer as well as to do the will of our heavenly Father. How prone are we when called to pass through the deep waters of trouble, or to lie down on the bed of affliction, to murmur and repine at our heavenly Father's discipline! Oh, thou afflicted one, tossed with tempest and not comforted, instead of saying "Why is all this evil come upon us," rather say, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." The words of one of old may be adopted by every Christian, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief." The evil heart of unbelief is the source of all our needs.

SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

There are many striking and beautiful analogies between the natural and spiri-

tual worlds. Facts and phenomena in one are often used in the Scriptures to

illustrate the truths of the other. There is a seed-time in the world of mind as well as in the world of matter. The gentle dews distil, and the earlier and latter rains descend, both in the world of nature and the world of grace. In the beautiful language of inspiration, the influences of Gospel grace are represented as coming down like rain upon the mown grass, and like showers that water the earth. When these refreshing and fertilising influences are withdrawn, then comes drought and barrenness, both in the natural and spiritual world.

The necessity of revivals of religion, those great rains of the Spirit, is strikingly expressed and enforced by Jeremy Taylor—"As the skies drop the early dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double falling of the dew, unless some great showers, at certain seasons, did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day is a falling of the early and latter dew. In the absence of frequent rains and showers, amid the heat of a summer sun, how soon does the earth become dry, and the fields parched, and vegetation withered and drooping? When there is little rain, there is little fruit. And this holds true in the spiritual world as well as in the natural. When there are few outpourings of the Spirit in revivals of religion, there is comparatively little

spiritual fruit. And it will continue so in accordance with the laws of the spiritual world, as truly as in the natural. In this respect, the husbandmen who cultivate the soil are wiser far than many spiritual husbandmen who cultivate the vineyards of God. The former expect and receive the early and latter rains, and are anxious and alarmed for the result of the harvest, if the rains do not come with their fertilising influence. But not a few spiritual husbandmen seem content if years come and go, and no rains of the Spirit come down on the fields and vineyards which they are appointed to cultivate. Long protracted droughts in summer, which wither and dry up the luxuriant fields and cut off the harvest, would excite the earnest cries of the suffering to God, that he would unlock the brazen skies and pour down abundance of rain. There would be sorrow and tears, prayers and supplications. If such would be the feeling and action then, how much more ought there to be strong crying and tears when the fields of Zion are dry and languishing, and the souls of men are in danger of perishing! If the praying ones, in any or all the churches, would unite their fervent supplications, and pour out a full shower of prayer, how soon would a delightful change come over the fields of Zion, and render them luxuriant and beautiful as the garden of God!"

ON THE DESIRE OF PARENTS FOR THE SALVATION OF THEIR CHILDREN.

The question has of late occurred to me with much force—Do parents, even Christian parents, in all cases *really desire* the conversion of their children? Of course they desire their final salvation; all agree in that; and in many cases, the agonised cry is for their immediate conversion; not merely their safety, but that they may live for God. But often the petition is that they may be saved, rather than that, first of all, God may be glorified.

Said one parent: "Lord, only let us be assured of the salvation of our children, then will we be ready to die in peace."

The prayers we hear are more often for the salvation of children than for their present conversion; that they may live for the Saviour is less thought of.

We are inclined to believe that there is wanting in many cases a truly earnest desire for the present blessing; else, why is it not more frequently a subject of prayer, and why not more frequently granted?

The promises of God are so sure and plain, the assurances so many that if we ask aright we shall not ask in vain, the willingness of God to hear and to save so frequently insisted on, that the

parent may almost feel assured that he shall have the desire of his heart. And the early and faithful training of the soul for God has a direct promise.

But in many hearts the love of the world is but half extinguished; afraid to go back, yet unwilling to go forward, they linger in the way.

The inquiry is not, "what must I do?" but "what may I do and not lose my hope of Heaven?" Not, "what is right?" but "is it wrong?" and the conclusion is "it is not wrong, therefore I will do it," or "I will do it, therefore it is not wrong?"

Let those who so readily confess to coldness and love of the world, to hardness of heart and blindness of mind, look well to see if these confessions are sincere, and if they are ready to forsake what they so openly confess; or whether they are still inclined to linger on in a state of indecision.

And for our children, there are no promises except to *faithful* parents.

There are no promises that they may go on and enjoy the world and its pleasures, and that then they may turn about and change their whole course of life. It is not easy to break the chain of habit, even if there be a desire to do so; and often the young heart is not satisfied with a taste of the so-called pleasures of the world; but the appetite once awakened, it would take a deep and full draught.

When the church shall be more entirely sanctified, when there shall be less of this lingering, longing after all that may be enjoyed of worldly pleasures, without forfeiting the hope of salvation, then shall our children be trained up in the church, and educated into the principles of Christian life.

Our lives educate our children; and more than one family must, it is to be feared, learn the lesson practically, if not in words, "we really do not want our children made gloomy by religion so early."
G. H. I.

IMPORTANCE OF IMPLICIT DEPENDENCE UPON GOD.

We were not a little pained the other day, in listening to a remark made by a seemingly earnest man, an officer in the Church, somewhat in this wise: A widowed, and now childless, mother, who had not, for reasons unknown to us, met with the people of God for some months, consented that the brethren, of the Church should hold one of a series of cottage meetings at her house. During the day upon the evening of which the meeting was to be held, the member above mentioned said to his pastor and others, "That woman is in a peculiar position, and we must be very careful what we say; we must *manage* the thing well if we would bring her over," or words to that effect, evidently intimating that the salvation of that poor woman, who had consented to allow the voice of prayer in her house, was to be accomplished by the matter and manner of such conversation as men might address to her outward ear.

It seems to us that such dependence upon human means in carrying forward the work of saving souls is one of the most disastrous things that can come

upon a professor of religion, or a Christian Church. If our own hearts are not right, are not under the guidance of the blessed Spirit, a guidance that comes of self-lowliness, self-abasement, comes of an inner, entire consecration of our powers to the glory and the service of our Creator, however worldly wise, *shrewd*, planning we are in our efforts, they will be valueless; ah, worse, they will be swift witnesses to our hypocrisy, and thus bring reproach upon the religion we profess. And yet how mournfully true, that many of our best and, perchance, holiest men are beguiled into the belief that what they say and do—the sermon, the exhortation—will savingly affect men's hearts; when, apart from the Spirit's influence given in answer to prayer, all their efforts, however subtle, learned, or eloquent, will be "like water spilt upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up." We do not allow ourselves wholly to be led by the power of the Spirit, to be moved, to act in accordance with his conscious directing influence. Sinners are brought to repentance because in

secret we have had desire—have known, perchance, an agony for their souls; and when we are in the frame of mind that such heart-experience always brings—when we can present the case of those for whom we labour to the blessed Saviour, in the full assurance that he will say to us, as he did to the ruler of the synagogue, “Do not afraid, only believe,” then will our labours all be blessed, and God be glorified in the salvation of souls.

And it is only when a Church is in the very dust, when God’s glory is altogether uppermost in their desires, when they deem their own labours of so little worth that their whole dependence is on God, that he manifests himself with his own wonder-working power. And for lack of this spirit, because men usurp the place of the Eternal, talk loudly, excitedly, and long, make the poor sinner feel that the way to heaven is in some outward act prescribed by man—for this, we say, thousands mistake sensation for a change of heart—are converted, not to the faith of the blessed Saviour, but to the fact, soon demonstrated, as they conceive by their own experience, that religion is all a sham. And oh, the melancholy condition of a man whose heart has been *turned over,*

whose religious sensibilities have been blighted by the sere of a spurious conversion!

How important, then, that each of us, by a submissive dependence upon God, earnest prayer for the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and by faithful labour as we may be moved by the mind within, do all we can to carry forward God’s work.

And farther, humanity, our country, and the world, demand of each of us such state of mind, such action, as God will own and bless. Questions involving the destiny of millions, the destiny of the world, the present age must settle. To do it right, men need a religion that will influence their action during the week as well as on the Sabbath—a religion that does not need to summon a past experience in evidence of its existence, but lives and is ever manifest in a godly, devoted, righteous life.

God grant us grace to be, and pray, and act, as he would have us. Then will his name be glorified, and multitudes, dead till now in trespasses and sins, wake to a ransomed life—become the champions of truth, labourers for humanity, and devout worshippers of the God of Heaven. H. L. R.

THE LONG FIGHT.

BY THE REV W. C. BURNS.

A SORE fight you will have with the world. How sharp-eyed it is to the sins of God’s people! how quickly are their failings detected, exposed, and cried down! The least slip in their hard race is marked and noted; and when tempted by their enemies into an open sin, it is never lost on the sharp-sighted world; such an outcry is raised about hypocrisy and pretence, that you never hear the last of it. And why does the world expect God’s people to be so holy? How does it raise such a high standard for them, and marvel that men of like passions with itself should ever fall or stumble? Why does the world watch believers so narrowly? If one of themselves sins openly, that is no wonder to them, they feel no surprise; they never

expect to find a holy Atheist, or a holy Deist; when *they* do wrong, it is considered a very light matter, and quite natural; but ah, if a saint walk inconsistently, if but a single blemish be found on his profession, or a stain upon his character, it is soon noticed. True, they have often too much room to speak thro’ of God’s people; but what does their anxiety to do so prove? Does it show that Christ is not worthy of confidence, or that He cannot keep his people holy? No! The world’s anxiety to find fault just proves that Jesus is a holy and an all-sufficient Saviour. Does it not prove that Jesus lives? It does, it does. Does it not prove that the Spirit is a sanctifying Spirit? It does, it does.

Oh! brethren, I have often myself

felt that when, through the prevalence of sin and the depth of unbelief, I have scarce been able to believe *that Christ is still living*—that very opposition of the world to Christ's people—that very outcry that is raised when they sin—that eagerness that is so evident to lay any sin at a believer's door, and to spread it, and triumph in it, as if they had really got a victory through the man's fall—I say that very shout of joy that follows his fall has convinced me, and made me feel what a reality there must be in the being of Immanuel—what an almighty power in his arm to save—what a boundless grace in his Spirit to sanctify! If the very unbelieving and God-denying world expects *that* grace in his people which they would never look for in themselves,

or in the world around them, shall *you* believers think so lightly of the power of the Spirit of God, as not even to expect *that* from Him which the world expects all his people to possess? How it should also warn you *to beware how you act*. Remember that many eyes are upon you, and many snares are about your feet, and many hearts will triumph in your fall, and try to cast the shame and disgrace of it upon your great High Priest. Walk wisely, then, and remember that if a saint in walking through the street do but cast a side-look at any vanity, it is treasured up and remembered, and charged upon the spotless name, and on the holy cause, of Christ, who is your King.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

A TRUE STORY.

I HAD a harsh, severe temper; I saw evil, and suspected more, in everybody; and my religion, such as it was, had never softened me. I pronounced on the spiritual characters of people as if I were a judge; and though I had many lessons of charity from time to time, still I was not essentially improved.

My brother William, who had risen to distinction, came to spend the summer with us. He was to me an object not only of pride, but intense love. I knew that he was a sceptic, and my prayers had been unceasing that God would show him the error of his ways. I had a strong hope that I was to be the chosen instrument for this work, and this summer the chosen time when he should be led to Christ.

He came—a very giant in person—but with a nature so warm and genial that we were at once antagonistic. As he inquired after one and another of our friends, my sarcastic descriptions of them evidently wounded him, and he would playfully extract the sting. "My dear Sarah," said he one day, "you are not yet old enough to be so sour to the rest of the world. God forbid you should be a tart old maid. At present you have not the excuse of disappointment for your severity."

My mother talked in her own loving way to her first-born on his need of a personal interest in Christ, but he evaded the force of all she said, and on one occasion closed

the interview by saying, "Darling mother, you would have been an angel without religion, as you are one with it. It has not improved my sister."

What bitter tears I shed that night. I had resolved to give up all to Christ, and had professed to do so, but the "bitterness and wrath, and anger and clamour, and evil speaking," which I was expressly commanded to put away, these I had not extirpated. Earnestly I prayed, humbling myself before the Lord, and beseeching him that my dear brother might not, because of my neglect, go down to death. "Work by whom thou wilt work, Lord," was my agonised cry, "but save his soul."

In the meantime William grew almost reckless. When my mother was not by, he would go just to the verge of profanity—partly, it seemed to me, to enjoy my startled look; and to make matters worse, my uncle, who lived at some distance from us, summoned my mother to his sick-bed. So in spite of my good resolutions, William and I, left alone, went on worse and worse. I seemed to have roused all the fiend in his nature, and in order for him to defend any measure or person, it was only necessary that I should condemn it.

In a few weeks came a letter from my mother to inform us that my uncle was ordered to some distant baths, and that she should bring back with her my cousin Ellen to stay with us during his absence.

William was greatly delighted, and the

more as I described her as a volatile, frivolous child when I had last seen her, at sixteen, brought up with her old father, utterly regardless of the etiquette of society. "Frivolous butterfly!" was my contemptuous exclamation, as William had been describing his memories of the little girl whom he had loved, on his former visit, to carry in his arms, and rock to sleep upon his bosom. "I suppose," he added, "she will be too young-ladyfied now for anything of the sort. Such little things should always keep young."

Then I prayed earnestly that Ellen's frivolity might not lead Willie farther from the right way, and divert his mind from the realities of eternity.

My brother went to meet the travellers, and late at night the carriage drove up to our sea-side home. My mother entered, and I was clasped in her arms. As I disengaged myself I perceived that William was half-carrying, half-leading a fairy-like creature, who had apparently been indulging in a nap during the drive from the railway station. He placed her in a large arm-chair before the gas-light, and her eyes gradually expanded to their full size. I saluted her affectionately as she threw her arms around my neck, and then stood looking on, feeling my first pang of sisterly jealousy as my tall brother half-knelt by her side, removing her wrappings. A shower of golden-brown curls shaded the *petite* face—the sweetest smile parted the coral lips. It was an infantile face and figure, but amid the childish innocence there was a beaming radiance—a new light, since I saw her last, which I could not comprehend. She received "Cousin Willie's" attentions as if all her life accustomed to them; and they were gladly given.

Day after day passed in boating, walking, riding. Ellen was always ready to go; William always ready to escort her. I was sometimes bitter, sometimes pleasant; vexed that William seemed so easily influenced by one whom I deemed so childish, while my superior intellect and earnest piety seemed to produce so little effect. I could not account for the fact that my brother's recklessness was fast passing away. He was more gentle, more tender, listened with some interest to our Scripture readings, and was reverent at prayers. To be with Ellen anywhere was his great delight. The secret of my little cousin's power I cared not to investigate. William treated her like a spoiled child, and she seemed never to think of him in any other light than as her big

cousin, who could lift her to the top of a rock, or gather for her pond-lilies beyond the reach of any other arm.

One morning, William and I had unfortunately one of our bitter religious discussions. As a consequence, I was proudly disdainful, he almost profane. The new boat had just come home, and we were to try it. "What is its name, William?" I asked.

"O, I will call it after some distinguished personage," he replied. "I have one now in my mind's eye."

"After Kossuth, perhaps," said Ellen.

"No, Ellie. He is one of Sarah's favourites. *This* is an individual for whom she professes the utmost aversion."

"The boat shall be christened this very afternoon," replied he, peremptorily, "by the name of a celebrated individual, who has, I am sorry to say, fallen from his illustrious height, and is thus exposed to the shafts of the righteous over-much." This last speech was accompanied by a sarcastic glance at me, and I retorted in no pleasant mood.

We sallied forth, heedless of the vast pile of snowy clouds which lay low in the horizon. Ellen sprang before, and William and I continued our scornful jests. At length we reached the shore, and were aided to the boat. We pushed off and the little bark flew merrily before the wind, till at length we reached a wild place, where full in view were three high precipitous crags, looking inaccessible to all save the birds that thronged them. Even in our present position the navigation was difficult—the tide was rising—the clouds had rapidly risen and half-concealed the blue sky.

"This is a glorious scene in which to christen the boat. It is ever a lady's task. Ellie, dear, you shall do it."

"And by what name, cousin Will?" she asked.

"Lucifer," he exclaimed, "giving me a most defiant look."

"No, cousin Will, I cannot call it that," said Ellen with the gentlest tone; "it is not right."

"O, you too are a saint," he exclaimed; "I will do it myself," and he reached forward to take the blue-ribboned bottle which we had brought for the purpose.

Never had I seen him in such a mood. The wind was high—we were nearing the crags—there seemed something very impious in his very look. A storm was evidently rising, and for a few moments I feared that our only human protector on that waste of

waters was really insane. Terror conquered me. But a quick grasp was on his arm, and Ellen, looking into his face, said :

"You will not do so, Willie."

"Why will I not?" he almost fiercely demanded.

I expected to hear, "For my sake," and I loathed the affection more potent than mine. But I was disappointed.

"Because it is not right," she said, calmly.

"Who says it is not?" growled he.

"Your own conscience," she replied, "is saying it to you now. It will be safest to follow it."

William turned his head, and we rode on in silence, till at length I suggested that we should hardly reach home before the storm.

"Nay, nay," said William, "Ellen and you have often wished to go to the Crags. I will take you there now."

I looked toward them—the waves were lashing their basis—the spray flying—the wind roaring.

"We shall be dashed to pieces, William," I exclaimed.

"And if so," he said, "you who profess to be prepared to die need not fear. It is a wicked sinner like myself who should be scared by the thunder and lightning, and not pious people."

"But my mother will be anxious," I said, never doubting that this appeal would effect my object.

It was of no use. I might as well have tried to stop the gathering clouds in the heavens, as to [quell] the storm I had all the morning been raising in his breast.

"Do not be frightened, dear Sarah," said Ellen's clear tones, as I sank into the bottom of the boat watching in terror the lightning from the coming tempest, "we shall turn around that next rock."

"Why shall we? said William, turning suddenly to her.

"Because you are too kind to give needless pain," she said, "and you would not like yourself to enter so suddenly into God's presence."

To my surprise the boat's head was turned and rapidly we sped on our homeward path. Our landing-place was almost inaccessible, especially to Ellen, who, with youthful imprudence, had come out in thin slippers. There was not a moment to be lost. My brother took her in his arms and bore her to shelter in the rocks. It was a nook or cove which we well knew, and to which I followed them. As I neared it, I heard him saying

"Be my guide always, as you have been to-day."

"No, Willie, when we get home I will give you another and a safer guide."

We sat and watched the storm. It was very grand. No boat could have lived in it a moment. William was awed and Ellen softly repeated—

"The God who rules on high
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above;

and then at intervals came those magnificent descriptions of the Psalms; and after one tremendous peal, when we were all clinging together, she breathed forth, "God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." Her face was lighted with celestial hope.

The tempest ceased, and we turned to go, but just as we were leaving our protecting cliff, Ellen commenced—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

William and I joined. I never expect to hear again *such* a song till I get home to glory.

That same evening, at twilight, I was sitting along the veranda, when I heard William enter the parlour, and he was soon followed by Ellen.

"Come, birdie," he said, as he playfully swung her by the tips of her fingers to the top of a low ottoman, standing upon which brought her pretty head to the height of his shoulder, "come, birdie, and tell me what was that promise you made me in the rock to-day?"

From my retreat I saw her as she stood in her sweet simplicity before him.

"You promised me a guide, Ellie, better and safer than yourself."

"And I shall keep my promise, cousin Willie, here it is—my dear, precious Bible. When I was a very little girl your mother gave it to me and taught me to love it. You will love it the more because it was hers and mine."

"I shall love it *only* because it was hers

and yours," he said. "I wish I had your simple faith," he added slowly, taking her little hand in both his. Ellie, *why* do you love the Bible so?"

The child looked up surprised, but seeing he waited a reply, said, "Because it tells me of the love of my blessed Saviour, who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification."

"But you have never committed any sin, my little cousin; why do *you* need a Saviour?"

"O Willie, my heart wanders from him every day," said the child in a tone of the deepest sincerity. Even my own dear father could not bear with and forgive me as Jesus does. It is very sweet when my own selfishness oppresses and weighs me down, to open here and read—'I, even I, am He that bloteth out all thy transgressions.' The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' And oh, Willie, that dreadful night when papa seemed dying, and they sent me out of the room, I stole into the library and stood by his chair, and thought he never would be there again, and I threw myself on the rug where I used to sit, and thought I should never feel his hand again upon my head, it seemed as if I should die. But there came into my heart, and I said it, 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' My God shall supply *all* your needs out of his riches of glory in Christ Jesus,' and I was comforted. Jesus was with me all that dark night, and when the next morning they told me that my dear father would live, I found in my dear Bible just the Psalm I wanted to sing. Willie, won't you try my Bible? Please to read it through."

"Yes, Ellie, he said, stooping to kiss her forehead, "for your sake, I will read it once through."

"No, Willie," replied the little earnest voice, "*not for my sake*. If you read God's Holy Word, it must be because you need it, and God commands you to do it."

I had sat there amazed at the firmness and simple directions of the little creature

whom I had pharisaically set down as frivolous. There was she speaking to the strong man as none but his mother had ventured to speak, and I felt that the word was with power. I was humbled. Bitter tears of mortification and of repentance flowed down my cheeks. "I acknowledged my transgressions, and then my voiceless cry went upward to Him who heareth prayers that even this might be the hour of his conversion." I saw why I had not been honoured to lead my brother to Jesus, I who had never received "the kingdom of God as a little child." How did that "not for my sake" of little Ellen rebuke my self-seeking.

But to return. A few moments' pause issued. The stillness was awfully solemn. I could hear both breathe. Then William knelt on the little ottoman by which he had been standing, and still holding her hands, in which was clasped the little Bible, he said slowly and reverently—

"Ellie, you have something of which I know nothing. May God grant me the like precious faith. You have not been disappointed in the world, have not been overwhelmed by afflictions and sorrows, yet you love the Bible and find your chief happiness in God's service. I *will* read this Bible, as you say, for my own sake and because God commands it," and raising his eyes upward, he said solemnly, "Lord, I believe help thou mine unbelief."

But why need I continue my "ower true tale?" Who does not know how such cries are heard and answered? Who cannot guess how the few weeks that succeeded were spent in searching the little Bible? The next day I sat down at my brother's feet, and made confession of my sin. Step by step I retraced my pride and arrogance, and was more than repaid when I heard him say, "Dearest sister, you could have given me no stronger proof of the power of religion on your heart than this conversation. Henceforth we will try together to be like Jesus." EDITH.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHILD OF LIGHT WALKING IN DARKNESS.

Dark is the night, O Lord,
Great are my fears,
Strong are my tempters Lord,
Fast fall my tears.

Dark is the night, O Lord,
Oft far astray,
Heaven has no stars, O Lord,
Lonely is the way.

Dark is the night, O Lord,
Soon dawns the day,
Bear up my head, O Lord,
Lead thou the way.

Dark is the night, O Lord,
Yet I'll not fear,
Bright shines the morn, O Lord,
Now thou art near.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

Christian, look upon the bees,
Working in the early morn,
All day long upon the breeze
Is their cheerful murmur borne.
Labour thus in Jesus' cause,
Earnestly while life is given,
Till His voice shall bid thee pause,
Calling thee away to heaven.

Mark the humble wayside flower,
Bending low beneath the blast;
See it rising in an hour,
Sweeter for the rain that's past.
Meekly bow when trials come,
And when stormy days are o'er,
May thy heaven-born graces bloom
Fairer, brighter than before.

Listen to the warbling lark,
Soaring in the azure sky,
Almost lost to sight—but, hark!
Sweeter grows its melody.

Wellingborough, June 4.

So may Jesus and his love
Raise thine heart from earthly things
May thy spirit mount above,
Like the lark that soars and sings.

Christian, when the sable night
Draws her curtain overhead,
Look above, and mark the light
By the stars so softly shed.
Though thy path seem dark before,
Like a star pursue thy way,
Ever shining more and more,
Whom'd at last in "perfect day."

From all things around, above,
Thou may'st some good lesson learn,
Tokens of God's boundless love
Meet thine eye at every turn.
Nature, like an open book,
Beautifies this earthly ball,
Oft upon its pages look—
'Twas thy God who wrote it all!

THEODORA.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

ROMNEY STREET, WESTMINSTER.—Mr. Joseph Palmer (late of Hounslow) has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at the above place.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.—Mr. John Pells (late of Clare, Suffolk) has received and accepted an invitation from the church at Soho Chapel for four months, with a view to the pastorate, commencing the first Lord's day in July.

SOMERESHAM, HUNTS.—The Rev. Joseph Flory has resigned his pastorate, after labouring among the people more than four years; he is open to an invitation.

APPLEDORE, DEVON.—Mr. Philip Gast, of Bristol Baptist College, having accepted the very cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church in this place, entered upon his labours on Sunday, May 30.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

UXBRIDGE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Tuesday, the 15th June, the pastor (Mr. Lowden) was presented, by the senior deacon, in the name of the church, with a silver tea-pot. Mr. Lowden, in returning thanks, said, it was quite unexpected, for he had not even heard a whisper of their friendly intentions towards him. A goodly company sat down to tea. The Rev. F. Wills, of London, preached an excellent sermon in the evening.

OPENING OF CHAPELS.

RE-OPENING OF HAMPDEN CHAPEL, GROVE-STREET, SOUTH HAKNEY.—This place of worship was re-opened on Thursday evening June 3rd, 1858, when the Rev. Daniel Katterns, of Mare-street Chapel, preached on the occasion. On Lord's-day, June 6th, the Rev. Wm. Woodhouse, of the Adelphi Chapel, preached in the morning;

the Rev. Wm. Miall, of Dalston, in the afternoon; the Rev. John Cox, late of Shacklewell, in the evening. On Wednesday evening, June 9th, the Rev. John Russell, of Providence Chapel, Shoreditch, preached; and on the following Sabbath, June 13th, the Rev. G. L. Herman, of Hoxton Academy Chapel, preached in the morning; the Rev. Isaac Vaughan, of the New Tabernacle, in the afternoon; the Rev. G. S. Rowe, of Hackney, in the evening. The attendance at all the services was very good, the churches and ministers in the neighbourhood deeply sympathizing in the effort; and it is earnestly hoped that, under the ministry of the Rev. Robert H. Finch (late of Deptford), who commenced his stated labours in this place on Lord's-day, June 20th, the cause of God here will soon be revived.—"O Lord, send now prosperity."

HORNTON-STREET CHAPEL, KENSINGTON.—This place of worship, which was formerly occupied by the congregation under the pastorate of the Rev. John Stoughton, has been just re-opened under the ministry of the Rev. S. Bird, late of Hatfield. The opening services took place June 1st, when the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, formerly for many years minister of the chapel, preached in the morning, and the Rev. W. Laudels in the evening. Between the services a dinner was provided, at which Dr. Vaughan presided. Addresses were delivered by various ministers and friends. On the following Lord's-days the opening services were continued, when the Rev. Dr. Angus, the Rev. C. Stovel, and the minister of the chapel, conducted the worship.

BRITH, ST. IVES, HUNTS.—On June 3rd, three sermons were preached at the re-opening of the Baptist chapel, after considerable enlargement, by the Rev. D. Irish, Ramsey, in the morning, from Rev. vii. 9-10; in the

afternoon, by the Rev. John Edgar Bloomfield, London, from John xvii. 4; and in the evening, a powerful sermon on the ministry of the Holy Ghost, from Acts ii. 1-4.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

DONINGTON WOOD, SALOP.—A tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel and school-room of the above place for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the debt incurred in the erection of the school-room and the enlargement of the vestry, on June 14th, 1868, when upwards of 300 sat down to tea. The following gentlemen delivered appropriate addresses on the occasion:—The Revs. Messrs. Jenkins, of Madeley, Thomas, of Halesowen, Mr. McCarthy (Wesleyan), Mr. Jones, of Hadley, Mr. Baugh, of the Nab, and Mr. Baugh, of the Park. Also, on Tuesday, the 15th, a juvenile tea-meeting was held, when a number of the Sabbath-school scholars who held subscription cards, brought them forward, with their subscriptions, which amounted to upwards of £6.

BAPTIST JUBILEE AT BRAMLEY.—The congregation attending the Baptist Chapel at Bramley last week held a series of public services, in celebration of the opening of the first Baptist chapel, and with the special object of liquidating a debt of £600 remaining on the new chapel, which will accommodate from 700 to 800 persons. The cost of the building was about £2,500, £500 of which was required to be raised before the termination of the jubilee. The services commenced Sunday morning, June 13, with a prayer-meeting, conducted by the Rev. Wm. Colcroft. On the same day, three sermons were preached—those in the morning and evening by the Rev. D. Griffiths, of Acton; and that in the afternoon by the Rev. Henry Dowson, of Bradford. A prayer-meeting was held on Monday evening, conducted by the Rev. J. Compston, the pastor of the Baptist congregation at Bramley, in which the Revs. Wm. Colcroft, Wm. Walton, of Shipley, J. Foster, of Farsley, and Messrs. James Batley, W. H. Bilbrough, and John Trickett took part. On Tuesday evening, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford; and on Wednesday afternoon, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, preached the concluding sermon of the jubilee. After the sermon, a tea meeting took place in the school-room. About 500 persons partook of an excellent repast. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel. The Rev. S. G. Green, classical tutor of Horton College, was unanimously voted to the chair. After the singing of a hymn, prayer was offered up by the Rev. W. J. Stewart of Stanningley. After some appropriate remarks the chairman congratulated the meeting on the fact that there was not one sixpence of debt remaining upon the place, (loud cheering.) He called upon the assembly to join in singing a hymn of joyful praise to God in the beautiful words of the Doxology. After which addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Barker, of Lockwood; the Rev. C. Ballhache, of Leeds; the Rev. S. Merrill (Wesleyan); the Rev. J. Smith (missionary from India); and the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—An extension of the burial ground belonging to the first Baptist Chapel in this village, and a new entrance to the chapel having been effected at the cost of £200, opening services were held on June 14th. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Harcourt, of Borough Road Chapel, London, after which about 350 of the congregation sat down to tea under a spacious booth erected in the rectory close. In the evening, J. Fisher, Esq., presided. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, the Rev. R. G. Bradfield, Revs. J. Harcourt, of London, — Clements, of Woodford, — Abbott, of Raunds, and by Messrs. Jno. Gross, of Rushden, and W. Bearn, of Finedon-lodge. The collections, in addition to the sum of £110 previously subscribed, amounted to £90.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

LYNSFORD CHAPEL, KENT.—The anniversary services will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, July 6th, 1868. In the morning, at a quarter past eleven, the Rev. Joseph Wilkins, minister of Queen's-square Chapel, Brighton, will preach. In the afternoon, at three, there will be a special service for prayer and exhortation, conducted by the ministers present; the Rev. W. A. Blake, of London, will preside. In the evening, at six two sermons will be preached by the Rev. W. P. Balfour, of Bow, author of "Glimpses of Jesus," and the Rev. J. H. Blake, of Sandhurst. Dinner and tea will be provided, as usual, in the British school-rooms.

DACRE PARK CHAPEL, BLACKHEATH.—The anniversary services in connection with the above place will be held (D.V.) on Lord's-day, July 11th. The Rev. T. Jones, of Blackheath, will preach morning and evening at the usual times, and the Rev. G. Wyard, at three in the afternoon. On the Tuesday following, at three o'clock, the Rev. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, will preach. There will be a tea at five, and a public meeting at seven o'clock. The Rev. Messrs. Palmer, Wells, Wyard, Fell, and other ministers, are expected to be present.

ALDRETH, ISLE OF ELY.—Rev. J. Bloomfield, of London, will (D.V.) preach the anniversary sermons in the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, July 21st. Collections after each service.

MELBOURN, CAMBS.—Two sermons will be preached (D.V.) by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, on Friday, July 2, 1868. Opportunity for 10,000 persons to hear him; and between the services tea will be provided for 1,000 at one shilling each. Services to commence at half-past two and at half-past six o'clock. Collections made at the close of the services in behalf of the Baptist Chapel Building Fund.

REDBILL, SURREY.—The Baptist Chapel, at Redhill, Surrey, will be opened on Wednesday, July 21st. Three sermons will be preached on this interesting occasion. Mr. Thos. Chandler, minister of the Independent Chapel, Edenbridge, Kent, will preach in the morning at eleven o'clock; Mr. Fras. Covell, minister of Providence Chapel, Croydon, in the afternoon at three; and Mr. Thos. Field, minister of Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell, London, in the evening at

half-past six. Dinner will be provided at one shilling, and tea at sixpence each. And on Lord's-day, 25th July, Mr. Septimus Sears, minister of Clifton Chapel, Sheffield, Beds, author of "Sacred Musings," editor of the "Gleaner," &c. &c., in the morning at eleven, and in the evening at six o'clock. Collections will be made after each service in aid of the building fund. Nearly every up and down train, whether on the South Eastern or Brighton railway, stops at the Redhill station, and return tickets between London and Redhill are available by either company's train back.

BAPTISMS.

ARMLEY, near Leeds, Mar. 25—Ten, in the South-parade Chapel, Leeds, by Mr. Bailhache.

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, Mar. 21—Thirteen; April 18—Three.

BEVERLEY, Yorkshire, May 9—Three by Mr. W. C. Upton.

ABEEDARE, Welsh, April 27—Three; and May 10—Six by Mr. Price.

———— English, May 2—Five by Mr. Evans.

ABERDULAI, April 4—One by Mr. Davies.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, Hampshire, June 6—Two by Mr. Martin.

BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street, June 6—Nineteen were baptised by the pastor, Mr. T. J. Chew, three of whom are scholars, and six teachers.

———— Lombard-street, May 2—Five.

BOTESDALE, Suffolk, April 25—Four by Mr. Berry.

BOVEY TRACEY, Devon., June 6—Four by Mr. Keller.

BRECON, April 18—Seven by Mr. Edwards.

BRETTELL-LANE, Staffordshire, June 6—Five by Mr. Bailey.

BURGH, Lincolnshire, June 6—Three by Mr. Thomsett.

BURNLEY, Enon, May 2—Seven by Mr. Ross.

CARDIFF, April 25—Two by Mr. Tilly.

CARLEON, Monmouthshire, April 26—Three; May 25—Three others by the Rev. C. I. B. Jackson.

CEATHAM, Zion Chapel, May 30—Five by Mr. Coultis.

COATE, Oxon., May 30—Twelve by Mr. Arthur.

COSELEY, Staffordshire, April 25—Two by Mr. Maurice.

COVENTRY, Cow-lane, May 2—Nine by Mr. Mc'Master.

———— St. Michael's, April 10—Seven by Mr. Rosevear.

CREECH, St. Michael's, Somerset, May 30—Four by Mr. Young; of these, two were teachers in the Sabbath-school, and one was a pilgrim aged upwards of 70 years.

EARITH, Isle of Ely, June 6—Six by Mr. Rowles, after a sermon by Mr. Flory, of Somersham.

FAKENHAM, Norfolk, May 10—Four by Mr. Gooch.

FARINGDON, May 23—Seven by the Rev. A. Major.

FOLKSTONE, April 25—Four by Mr. Jones.
GREAT SAMFORD, Essex, June 1—Seven by Mr. W. C. Ellis.

HANLEY, Staffordshire, April 25—Three by Mr. Roberts.

HATHERLEIGH, Devonshire, June 6—Three by Mr. W. Norman.

HOLYWELL, June 6—Four by Mr. Roberts.

HORSFORTH, Yorkshire, May 2—Four by Mr. Catterall.

IPSWICH, Friar-street, April 33—Three by Mr. Cox.

———— Turret-green, April 29—Eleven by Mr. Lord.

KETTERING, April 30—Two by Mr. Mursell; one of whom is a nephew of the late Wm. Knibb.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, May 31—Two by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst.

KINGTON, Hereford, May 2—Three by Mr. Cosens.

LANDBEACH, Cambs., May 2—Six by Mr. Wooster.

LLANGYNIDEE, April 11—Four in the river Usk.

LONDON, John-street, April 16—Seven by the Hon. Baptist Noel.

———— New Park-street—Thirty-one during the month of June by Mr. Spurgeon.

———— Spencer-place, Goswell-road, June 11—Six by Mr. J. H. Cooke.

MANCHESTER, York-street, May 9—One, a Sunday-scholar, by Mr. Chinery.

MARKET DRAYTON, March 28—One by Mr. How, for the pastor, Mr. Sissons.

MELBOURN, Cambridgeshire, June 7—Seven by Mr. E. Bailey.

MILFORD, Hants, May 2—Two by Mr. Gill.

MILLWOOD, Yorkshire, May 16—Three, one young man and two young women, after a powerful and touching sermon by J. Williamson, of Rochdale, from the words, "Why baptisest thou?"

NARBERTH, May 2—Five by Mr. Thomas.

NUNEATON, Warwickshire, May 2—Ten.

PETERBOROUGH, May 2—Two by Mr. Bar-rass

READING, April 27—Five by Mr. Aldis.

SHEFFIELD, Portmahon, May 2—Eleven; two husbands and wives, and one husband whose wife was baptised the previous month, by Mr. Giles.

SOUTHAMPTON, Portland Chapel, June 3—Five by the Rev. A. McLaron, B.A.

———— East Street Chapel, June 6—Eight by the Rev. S. S. Pugh.

STOCKPORT, April 16—Two by the pastor.

STUDLEY, Warwickshire, June 6—Four by Mr. James.

SUNNYSIDE, April 25—Four by Mr. Nichols.

TIPTON, Staffordshire, April 25—Two by Mr. Nightingale.

TOYCESTER, May 2—Six by Mr. J. J. Jones.
WOOLWICH, Queen-street, April 27—Three by Mr. Hawson.

DEATHS.

At 33, South Bank, Regent's-park, to the great grief of her family, aged 39, Louisa, wife of the Rev. Wm. Alex. Blake, pastor of the church, Shouldham-street. During her illness, which continued many months, and which was marked by severe suffering, she was enabled to repose on the strength of a covenant-keeping God. She died trusting in the alone merits of a crucified Redeemer. Her remains were interred in the Kensal-green Cemetery, June 2nd. The Rev. J. H. Blake, of Sandhurst, Kent, delivered an address at the grave to a large number of friends. On the following Sunday evening, June 6th, the Rev. George Hall, of Edinburgh, improved her death at Shouldham-street Chapel, to a crowded congregation, from 1st Thessalonians, chap iv. 13-14.

On May 18th, after a short illness, the Rev. William Dore, Baptist Minister (and nephew of the late Rev. James Dore, M.A., Mazepond, London), aged 65 years.

On the 21st April, 1853, Mary, wife of the Rev. T. Smith, Baptist Minister, Wootton, Beds, departed this life, aged 28 years. The last few years of her short life she was a remarkable instance of suffering, affliction, and of patience. In addition to her other severe bodily afflictions, she was the subject of paralysis of the nerves to such an extent that she was as helpless as a child, and could neither articulate words nor masticate her

food when put into her mouth. She was thus weaned from the world a long time before she left it, and deeply did she experience the truth of the lines—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to that land where sorrow is unknown."

She looked forward with perfect calmness to the period of her dissolution, with a simple faith, resting upon the Saviour. She knew but little, and never could converse much upon spiritual topics; but she knew and felt the two vital points of Christianity. She felt, and frequently mourned, over her sinful heart and depraved ruined nature, and at the same time she was enabled to believe in the forgiveness of all her sins, through the atoning blood of the Lamb, and frequently would she admire the goodness and mercy of Jesus, in laying down his invaluable life for such sinful creatures. It was painful to friends not to be able to converse with her in her last hours, especially as she retained her consciousness to the last; but she evidently passed out of time into eternity, like a child going to sleep in its mother's arms. And who can describe what the happy spirit must have realised whilst winging its rapid flight to the realms of bliss, leaving behind its poor frail diseased earthly tenement. Her remains were interred in the graveyard adjoining the chapel.

NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL FUND

FOR THE ERECTION OF A LARGE TABERNACLE FOR THE CONGREGATION OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 18, 1853, TO JUNE 18, 1853.

| | | | | | |
|-----------|--|---------|---------|---|-----------|
| April 25. | Subscription | £0 18 6 | May 23. | Dr. Kidd | £1 1 0 |
| " " | Mrs. Green | 0 5 0 | " " | Mr. Greenwood | 0 2 6 |
| May 2. | Subscriptions | 1 15 6 | " 30. | Subscriptions | 0 11 10 |
| " " | Mr. Canning, Finchdean | 1 0 0 | " " | M. Moses, Esq. | 5 0 0 |
| " " | Mr. Williams | 0 10 0 | " " | J. W. Brown, Esq. | 1 10 0 |
| " 10. | Moiety of collection at Cranfield, after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 9 11 4 | " " | C. M. P. | 0 10 0 |
| " " | Villiers Dent, Esq. | 5 0 0 | June 7. | Subscriptions | 1 9 11 |
| " " | Mrs. Luckey, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 1 0 0 | " " | Miss Smith, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 6 12 0 |
| " " | Miss Taylor | 1 1 0 | " " | Collectors | 11 18 4 |
| " " | Collectors | 14 4 10 | " " | Returned Money Boxes | 2 14 6 |
| " " | Returned Money Boxes | 0 19 0 | " " | Mr. Ball, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 1 0 0 |
| " " | Subscriptions | 2 3 9 | " 13. | Subscriptions | 0 16 9 |
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THE DECEIVED HEART.

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"He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, is there not a lie in my right hand?"—Isaiah xliiv. 20.

THE prophet, no doubt, primarily referred to the heathen; he accounts for the fact of their gross stupidity in bowing before blocks of wood and stone, by asserting that their deceived hearts had turned them aside so that they never investigated the matter, never asked the question whether their idol was not a lie; they never, in fact, said, "is there not a lie in my right hand?" With the immediate connection I shall have, at this time, very little to do. I shall only attempt to draw one or two things from the text which I trust may be useful to some persons, if God, the blessed Spirit, shall be pleased to apply the truth.

There is but one true religion, and there is only one way of having that religion. There are many false religions, and there are many false ways of professing the true religion; there are a thousand paths that lead to hell, but only one to heaven. In the many broad paths that lead to destruction there is room for many winding alleys, but the road that leads to heaven is a strait and narrow one, there is no room for any real difference there. We must have the same religion, and have it in the same way, or else we shall not arrive at that hoped for end, towards which, by our profession, we pretend to be pressing.

Now, beloved, there are many persons who in religion are deceived; they are professing a wrong religion, or else they are holding the right religion in a wrong way. This shall be our first point, that there are many persons who are deceived; we shall, secondly, notice that their religion is unsatisfactory to them. We rest quite certain that any religion that is unsound and untrue, is not satisfactory to the conscience. "He feedeth on ashes." But then we shall have to notice, in the next place, that although that is so, yet there are some who seem perfectly content with their false religion, and, although to us it is clear that they are not satisfied, but are feeding upon ashes, yet they make a profession that they are satisfied with their own condition, the reason being that "a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, is there not a lie in my right hand?" and having briefly run over those particulars, I shall then turn and address myself to the representatives of the classes of deceived persons, and shall endeavour, with all the might that God, the Holy Spirit, shall give me, to arouse and awaken them, lest they perish in their strong delusion.

I. In the first place, then, THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE WHO ARE ENTIRELY DECEIVED IN THEIR RELIGION; I need scarcely refer to the *Idolater*, who bows himself down before the idol that his own hands have fashioned. However sincere he may be, however devout in his worship, however punctual in the observance of his ceremonies, we are perfectly sure that he is a deceived man, and when we ourselves discover the stupidity of such a worship, we marvel that any man should be found so deficient in sense and wisdom as to continue in so ill a religion. And I need only, in passing, refer to the *Romanist*: he, too, has a religion, and to us it is very clear that he is deceived while he strives by his good works and by his sacraments to reach a heaven to which he cannot attain, if he seeks it by the works of the law, and not by the righteousness of faith. We know there is no path to heaven save by the merits of

Jesus Christ, laid hold of by a divinely imparted faith. Let the Roman Catholic be as earnest and as devout as he may, let him strive with all his might, and let him carry out his own convictions to the full, yet of this we are sure, beyond a doubt, that he is a deceived man, and that his religion is a thing utterly worthless. On the other hand, we have another class of persons, who live in the midst of our country, who pretend to have no religion at all, but in fact have a superstition of their own—I mean the men who generally class themselves amongst *Freethinkers*: the people who will not believe the Bible; who cannot walk in the track in which their grandmother walked, because it would imply a slavery if they were to walk in the strait way of truth. They think they are bold and brave men, who like to dash away the fetters of right, and to do wrong, because of the freedom of it. They think it is a high prize, and a great attainment, when they are able to defy everything which their fellows regard as being venerable and true; and, in fact, one of their greatest ambitions is to strive to reach such a height of impudence that they can laugh at everything that has the stamp of antiquity and truth upon it, and may just let their own wild thoughts fly as they will, without bit or bridle, guide or rein. Now these men, however true they may be to their convictions, we know are deceived in their religion—for, after all, it is a religion—it is a religion of credulity, for no man is so credulous as the man who professes not to believe anything. No man is so ready to suck in any delusion as he who professes to abhor superstition. You will never find a man so ready to be led astray as he who says he cannot be led astray—for he who despises the miracles, and all that, is the most gullible creature alive, and we know that however high his opinions may be, he is a deceived man, and feeds upon ashes. But alas! we have another class of men who come nearer home: men who are alike deceived in their religion; they have got the true religion, but they have not got it in the right way. We have some men whose doctrines are orthodox, whose theological views are sound; if they were tried before the Westminster assembly, they would come off with flying colours. We have men who can digest a catechism or a creed, nor do they swerve a hair's-breadth from the technicalities of our doctrine, but, alas! they hold it in a wrong way; they hold the truth of God in licentiousness, or they hold it in hypocrisy. We have some who hold a high and fair profession, but, after all, have no heart in the matter, and neither part nor share in the truth of God. We have some who have been baptised in the pool, who have never been baptised with the Holy Spirit; some who sit at the Lord's table, and eat the bread and drink the wine, but never have had any fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ's body and blood. We dare not deny the fact that many there are in the purest churches—men who have by great craft and subtlety deceived the fallible judgment of minister, deacons, and brethren; it is not possible for us to keep the church thoroughly pure. Let us stand at its gate both night and day, enemies will smuggle in; let us watch without sleep; let us be ever so careful, yet the enemy will creep in, and sow the tares among the wheat. We doubt not that there is a far larger portion, in many churches, of deceived persons than we should like to think; we are afraid to think that there are many more who will share the doom of Judas than it would be charitable for us to declare. Alas! hypocrisy must be rife in a church that is so cold and lukewarm. It is not possible but that there must be some in the midst of us who are not true to God, when the world can point to the church, and say, "If these be the children of God, if these be Christians, then better far not to make a profession at all, than to act like these!" There have been men who have been looked up to as great and mighty men in the church, and who have turned

out as black as hell itself; we are obliged to think that there are hypocrites here and there, whom the great day shall reveal, but who are at present unknown to us; hundreds and thousands are to be found in the length and breadth of our land who have no solid ground of hope. Although they may be trusting that they are righteous, they are deceiving themselves and others, and fearful shall be their discovery when the Lord shall strip them of their masks and their disguises, and set them naked to their eternal shame.

II. And now my second thought was, THAT ALTHOUGH THERE ARE MANY THUS DECEIVED IN RELIGION, WE ARE NOT TO SUPPOSE THAT ANY OF THESE PERSONS ARE REALLY IN HEART CONTENTED WITH THEIR RELIGION, for our text says of the idolater that he feedeth on ashes. Now you see a man on his knees before his God, he has brought an offering to the priest, he kneels down, and repeats his form of prayer; he rises, and you say, what a clear conscience that man has; it is enough for him, he can go to his bed and rest to night for he has said his prayers to his God, he has chanted a solemn litany that may be accepted, and certainly with all the forms and ceremonies of his religion, he will have a very quiet conscience. But we are very apt to look upon the mere surface; I believe there is not an idolater beneath the heavens who does not find his religion unsatisfactory. I know that human nature is fallen, I know that reason has become dark and blind, but I do not believe that that reason is so dark that a ray of light cannot get into it, and that sometimes the poor man must have a thought that there must be something better than the block of wood and stone which he worships. I cannot conceive if my own heart could not rest without a Saviour, that another man's could. I think the heart of the heathen has enough light left in it to prevent any man from being thoroughly satisfied and contented with his religion; no, "he feedeth upon ashes." He must know that his religion is but as the dregs of an ash heap—something that degrades but can never fill him.

It is just the same with the Romanist. The Romanist will tell you, when he converses with you, that he is quite contented with his religion; but I cannot believe it. There may be times when he is so imposed upon as to believe that in his church there is abundance of infallible salvation, and that by attention to ceremonies as absurd and wicked as the ceremonies of idolaters, he shall obtain the favour of the Lord his God; but there are hours when, especially Romanists in this country, must tremble for their religion; there must be times when they must be a little shaken. Surely there is enough in men of moral dignity and conscience to know that a rotten rag cannot have much dignity about it. Surely the man who has kissed the foot of the Pope must recoil from the act. There must be enough in man to rise above that grovelling system which has sought to bring human nature lower than the dregs of the brute creation. I cannot suppose that a man who has got a soul—a soul whose high aspirations are one of the best proofs of its immortality, can be contented with that poor piece of outside show which we call Popery. No, in that case man still feedeth upon ashes. He is not satisfied although he may pretend to be.

Now, in the next case I speak with greater confidence still. It is just so with the infidel; he feeds upon ashes. Yes, he says he is very well content to be a free thinker. He looks you boldly in the face and he laughs at your fears. As to death and a hereafter, what cares he about those things? Not he. He is no child to be frightened with a nursery tale, he would as soon think of believing the story of Jack the giant killer, as of Christ on the cross. He is not going to believe what priests tell him. He is quite content to be where he is and what he is. He is a liar, though. Put him in a ship in a storm—how is

it that he cries to God there? How is it that Volney, the atheist, who took on board a large number of his books to distribute, when a storm came fell on his knees and asked God to give him mercy through Jesus Christ, and when he got on shore then cursed God whose mercy he had implored? The storm drives the infidelity out of a man. There is too much manhood left in him to let him continue so base a thing as an infidel. A man may be base enough to say that he has arrived at such a pitch of unbelief as to doubt the existence of God; but I do not think any man has ever thought so in his heart, except he were entirely demented and bereft of his senses. Infidelity will do very well for you when you can have a heated dance and a little merry revelry, but sickness and death are the best tests thereof. Men have found then that the ashes upon which they were feeding were but the proofs and the antepast of the feeding upon the burning coals of the eternal wrath of God.

And now I must say it is the same with the fourth case. There are people who make a profession of religion, but who have no religion in their hearts. We know that you are not at ease, we know that you feed upon ashes. You come to the sacramental table. You accost the deacon and the pastor with all confidence. You talk of experience even as they talk, and you look as if religion made you happy; but we know better. Nothing can ever make the conscience really quiet, nor give the soul a solid rest, except the true religion truly received in the heart. If there were any other cure for the heartache except the blood of Christ applied to the conscience, surely so costly a remedy need not to have been provided. This I know; many of us have tried everything else except true religion to give us peace, but we never could find it. We have tried obedience to the law, we have tried what we could do by a bare profession without religion in the heart; but we never could find rest for the sole of our foot till we got to Christ; and we believe that you have no rest, any more than we had. We believe that your deceived heart has turned you aside, for you are feeding upon ashes even now.

III. But, in the third place, IT IS A STRANGE THING THAT ALL THESE PEOPLE SEEM VERY WELL CONTENTED WHEN YOU MEET THEM. The idolater, the Romanist, the infidel, the mere professor—all these people seem very well satisfied, and sometimes we marvel how this can be. How upon earth can it be that an idolater can think that a piece of wood, part of which has just boiled his kettle, and the other part of which has just been fashioned for a seat for him to sit upon—how can he think that the remnant of that wood can be a god? Strange it seems to us that the very heathen should not laugh at one another. We know how it was that an old poet said concerning an idol that was set up in a vineyard—"Formerly I was the stump of a tree, a useless log, and the carpenter hesitated whether to make me into a table or a stool, and therefore he made me a god." We ask how is it, how can it be that the heathen can rest in so strange and wild a superstition? How upon earth is it that the Romanist can be content with such a mere sham as his religion is? How can the infidel live with such an uncomfortable, credulous unbelief as that cold, frigid thing that now surrounds him? How can it be that the mere professor can anyhow get peace of mind where he now is, or even that pretended peace of mind which he is able to keep up when he speaks to us? We answer, the true test is this. It is not that these men are thoroughly satisfied with their religion; it is not that they themselves do firmly believe; it is a deceived heart that hath turned them aside, "that he cannot deliver his soul, and say, is there not a lie in my right hand?" because if they were once to ask the question, it would be fatal to their religion. Let the infidel just sit down and ask this question—"Is there not

a lie in my right hand?" Let him solemnly as in the tribunal of his conscience, if he cannot say it before God—let him sit down and examine what he pretends to believe, and ask himself honestly, "Is not this a lie?" Let the Romanist do the same; let the idolater do the same; let the false professor do the same; and as soon as it were done, conscience would be at once enlightened, and give its answer, and say, "Yes, the religion upon which I am building my hope is a lie, and I renounce it to seek a better." But the heart does not let that question ever come up; it puts it away. If you suggest the question up rises one devil in the heart and says, "Did not thy grandmother worship that idol? Have not other people done the same?" And then if the question is asked again, another devil rises up and says, "Every person does the same; look at the thousands who go to the shrine of Juggernaut. Are there not millions who bow before the shrine of Bhudd? Common custom shall decide it." And the Romanist says, "Look at Christendom at large. Is it not almost everywhere covered with my religion?" And, says the infidel, "I do not stand alone. Some of the master-spirits of the age have dared to think as I think." "And look," says the man who is making a false profession, "am I not as good as Mrs. So-and-so, and as pious as Mr. This and Mr. That? I am sure that there is no need of any examination." And so between them the poor heart is so deceived and baffled that the question never really comes before the conscience. Is there not a lie in my right hand? For I repeat it, that if that question were to come to the conscience, there could not be any mistake about the answer that even poor fallen reason must give, "The thing is a lie and therefore away with it."

IV. Now, leaving those things, I WANT TO SPEAK TO SOME OF THOSE WHO ARE PROFESSORS OF RELIGION, BUT WHO DO NOT POSSESS IT. Well, sir, I will introduce myself to you at once. Well, sir, you have not asked yourself for a long time any questions about your religion. "Well," you say, "I was baptised so many years ago, and I joined the church so many years ago, and I concluded that I was converted, and at any rate the church was satisfied with me. I am not troubled with any doubts or fears or anxieties—at any rate, if I am not right it will go very hard with a great many people." Well, sir, I have no doubt it will go very hard with a great many people; but your conclusion does not prevent us from returning to the question. I want to put this question to you—is there not a lie in your right hand? I do not say that you have got a lie on your forehead; you do not like to put it there. But is there not a lie in your right hand? Now, come; open your palm. No, I mean your right hand, not your left one; your right hand—that hand with which you act. I do not mean that left hand, which you have been saving to put upon your hypocritical heart; no, it is your right hand I mean. It is your acts, your life, your conversation that I want to know about. Have not these been such that they proved that there is a lie in your right hand? We do not know all your conversation, do we? God knows all, but the world does not. You have been able to keep many vices to yourself. There are many things that you do in business that you know are wrong. You are very contented, still I will put the question to you; is there not a lie in your right hand? Are you quite sure that you are truly converted to God? Do you think, if you were, that you could live as you are living? Do you think that the indulgence of such and such a vice and sin can be consistent with grace in your heart? Do you think that if you were really the possessor of the grace of God you could be what you are now? Does not conscience say, "No; you have a lie in your right hand?"

If you knew any one who was a member of a Christian church, who lived as you live, would you not be amongst the very first to say, "Such a man ought not to be in the church?" Now, measure your own corn by the same measure which you use when you are measuring your neighbours. Do you not even now know several people whom you regard as being mere formalists and hypocrites? Have you not almost, sometimes, said so? Now, what is the difference between you and them? Do you not think that if you could get into their bodies and look out of their eyes you could see enough in yourself to condemn you, quite as justifiably as you now condemn them? Aye, I think if conscience speaks now, it will be obliged to say, "Ah, it is so, sir; it is so." And then, when conscience hears this question put again, "Does it not look as if you had a lie in your right hand?" how is it to escape from the solemn answer, "I fear I have. If my life is inconsistent with my profession; if my feelings and inward experience are not in consistency with the things that I speak with my lip, then most certainly I must have a lie in my right hand."

Now, I will address you yet again; and may God bless the words I speak to the warning of some who have a name to live and are dead. Ah! professor, you have not had a doubt for some time. The child of God has said, "Oh! that I could get into the place where that man has got, that I could be as easy as that man is." Little does the child of God know what a rotten creature thou art, and how thy deceived heart has beguiled thee. Ah! if he knew it, he would wish to be anything but what thou art. Thy peace is not assurance, but presumption. Thy confidence does not arise from faith, but from delusion. There was a time when thou didst tremble for thyself. When first thou wast united to the church thou didst often ask thyself, "Am I Christ's, or am I not?" Now all those doubts and fears have vanished. It is very seldom you ask any question about yourself. You fold your hands, and take it for granted that all is right with you. Are you not, you think, a member of the church. Why should you be asking yourself any questions? When the preacher is preaching against you, you look across the gallery, and you see a drunkard, and you say you hope it will touch his heart. When the minister is speaking something strong about inconsistencies, you look across the chapel, and you notice somebody there, and you think surely that ought to reach his conscience. Ah, man, is it not so with thee? Ought it not to reach thy conscience, and from the fact that it does not reach it, may we not draw the fearful inference that thou art given up to a strong delusion to believe a lie; that thy deceived heart hath turned thee aside, so that thou hast a thousand artifices and schemes to evade an honest answer to that important question—"Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

As God's ambassador, let me free my conscience of thy blood when I solemnly address even thy hardened conscience. Professor, I beseech thee, as in the sight of God, let this question for once come home to thine heart. Oh! ye that have only a profession, whether it be true or not, let this question strike you now—"Is there a lie in *my* right hand?" Am I a true man or a false professor? Am I making a profession to be what I am not, or am I in the sight of God what I am in the sight of man? I shall not exempt myself; and I would ask of you, my brethren in the ministry, and those who are deacons, and all of you who are members of the church, exempt not yourselves? Let the question come home to each—"Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

Oh! remember that to have a profession of religion, and to be deceived, is one of the most frightful things to be imagined, and whilst it is frightful it is frequent; oh, to have our face Zionward by profession, and yet to be going

towards hell by our actions. Oh, to go with bold brassen-faced impudence to the very gates of heaven, and cry "Lord, Lord, open to me," and to have those gates fast barred in your teeth, and to hear it said, "Depart from me, I never knew you, depart ye cursed!" I say again, it is frightful beyond all conception, but it is as frequent as it is frightful. My brother, wouldst thou have that to be thy lot? Oh! my God, let it never be mine! If I am to be damned let it be as the worldling; let me be as the sinner that dieth in his sin, but never suffer me to endure that double hell, that consists in the torment of my sin, and the torment of my disappointed hope. Oh! my God, whatever thou sufferest me to be, permit me not to have a hope of heaven, and to have that hope turn out to be a delusion. Do you put away the question, and say you know you are right? You are the very person to let the question come home to you, Are you so sure? Then mayhap you have no right to be sure? Are you quite confident? Do you never doubt? He that never doubteth of his state, perhaps he may have cause to doubt.

Does your confidence stand so firm that nothing can shake it? Perhaps, then, it is not built upon a rock. There are things that stand very firm for a time that after all are not the things of God. Remember the mountains stand strong, but they shall be removed, and your hope may stand fast, and yet it may be carried into the midst of the sea, and you may find yourself swallowed up in a fearful gulph of horrible destruction. Above all, I appeal to some men who think that they shall escape my earnest lash, men who are not members of Christian churches, but who are reputed to be Christians. There are some among us who are reputed to be children of God. Their conversation is full of weighty matters, no one better understands the truth than they. They have one master vice, one propensity that leads them astray every day. In the name of God I have warned them of it. As they must stand before Jehovah's bar, and as I who have warned them, must stand there with them, I do entreat them to let the voice of warning reach them.

Oh, man, it is little to have had a pious mother; it is little to have been enlightened in the things of the kingdom; it is little to know the truth, and to love sweet and savoury doctrine; it is little to be a friend of all good men, and to be beloved of them; it is little to have had all this, if thou should'st not have grace in thy heart. Little! did I say? It is nothing at all to thine advantage; but it is not little, it is a great and fearful thing to have had all these advantages and all this knowledge, and still to have suffered some base thing that was beneath thy manhood to turn thee aside and destroy and blast thy hopes of heaven.

But there are some that we know of that live in the compass of this world of ours, and live near our hearts too; some men who might go to heaven, we sometimes think, if it were not that they are too covetous to get there; some we could not find any fault with, but they are too much given to strong drink, and they cannot get there, for that is their curse and ruin, and will shut them out from the gates of paradise. And some we know, whose love we court and whose company we seek, who have some one secret fault which now and then is discovered by them who watch them warily, which is like a great cancer, eating up the man's vitals, yet his clothes are neat and trim, but he is carrying damnation in his bowels by that secret lust and darling vice. Oh, ye who are making a boast of your religion, or who keep it secretly, and have some kind of a hope, I beseech you take warning! It is not my pleasure thus to address you, but if I did not speak thus how should I render in my account at the last great day? If I sat in those pews in

which you sit I would scorn the minister who did not speak boldly to me. I would soon cease to be a hearer of such a man. I would not go to a chapel if there were not a man in the pulpit who spoke the truth in ungarbished language; and, as I judge you, you wish to hear the truth plainly. As I would wish it to be told to me, so have I told it you; and if there be any individual whose deceived heart has turned him aside, and who should say, "The minister was personal, and meant *me*." Such a saying was like a sword, and it cut *me*." Let the preacher say he meant you, he does not deny his personality; he meant you, and he beseeches you to take it to your heart. If you are angry with the preacher, he can well afford to bear it. Though he does not wish for it, if your soul can be saved by it, he will rejoice in it. Oh! if there could be a possibility of making some man so angry that his conscience pricked him, I would fall on my knees and say, "My God, if that man should kill me, if it will save his own soul, let him do it. If an honest warning should stir his wrath, then even so let it be, only grant, my Father, that the end may be served in letting him know the folly and the evil which was leading him astray."

Brethren and sisters, let us, every one of us, retire to our closets to examine ourselves. Put your hopes in the crucible; see whether they will stand the test. Judge yourself as you would judge another. If you know another man who you know is living in the commission of a sin which would make his profession a falsehood, and you are living in that sin, do not be a coward. If you knew a man whose limb was rotting with mortification, would you not have it cut off? Have your own cut off. If you saw a man who was rushing swiftly to perdition, would you not start off boldly, and tell him of it? Be as bold with yourself as you would with others. Talk to your own soul as you would talk to other people's. If you would take this rule, I should not be afraid of you; and some of you will thank God that you were ever led to examine yourselves; for now, as guilty sinners, you can flee to the cross of Christ afresh, and lay hold of him who is able to save to the uttermost them that come to God by him.

WHAT DO OTHERS THINK OF ME ?

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"*That never concerns me,*" says one. But I think it should; for others may think more justly of us, than we do of ourselves. We often think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. "Well, I don't care what people think of me!" Don't you. That is not wise, for Scripture recommends us to seek, and in some cases absolutely requires, that we should have a good report, of them that are without. Some may be prejudiced, but all are not. Some may be envious, or jealous, but all are not. Many may think wrongly of us, and especially at certain times, and under certain circumstances; yet still, the inquiry is important, "*What do others think of me?*" Perhaps you are very concerned that all should think *well* of you, and this may prove a snare. It is far better to wish that all should think *justly* of us. We should wish to appear, just what we are; and to be, what we wish to appear. We may perhaps get a little good from the question, if we pursue it a little farther.

What do others think of my sincerity? Have I reason to believe that those who know me, are convinced that I am sincere in what I say, and in what I profess? It is no uncommon case, for persons so to speak, and so to

act, that their sincerity becomes questioned. There is my friend Titus Jerome, he appears to wish to please everybody, and agree with everybody. He never says no, if he can help it. He promises very readily, but as readily forgets his promise. He will agree with you when he talks with you, and in an hour or two agree with some one else, who thinks quite differently. His desire to please all, and his dislike to offend any one, make him appear very amiable; but even his friends cannot think him sincere. Then there is Solomon Winter, he is in the habit of speaking very freely, and very strongly about the faults of certain parties in private, but whenever he meets them in public, he is so cordial, so cozy, and so genial with them, that some are stumbled at him, and they do not give him credit for sincerity. What then, do others think of *my* sincerity? *What do others think of our veracity?* Do they think us truthful? Do those who know us best, take our word the readiest. Some persons are so regardless of their word, that though they may have many excellent qualities, yet you cannot depend upon them. I had a friend once, who was kind, warm-hearted, and free: I might have almost any thing she could get or give me, if it could be given there and then, but if not, it seldom seemed to be thought of afterwards. At first, I expected to receive what my friend promised me; but after a time, I never expected to hear any more of a promise three hours after it was made. Nor was this a solitary case, for I have met with several such, and could mention the names of very respectable individuals, and professors of religion too, who act thus, but of course one cannot think well of their veracity. It is a sad habit, but some persons easily contract it. But it is a sinful and injurious habit, and therefore ought to be conquered. Whenever we make a promise, or say anything to excite hope in the breast of another, we should weigh our words, register our engagements, and consider neglect, forgetfulness, or failure a sin. *What do others think of my disposition?* Do they think me kind, generous, noble, obliging, and honest? A kindly, friendly disposition in a friend, or a neighbour, or a relative, what a comfort it is! Generosity and true nobleness of mind, always commend themselves. To be obliging and honest, is to be right honourable. Such a disposition we should covet, and therefore pray for it—desire to possess it, and therefore cultivate it. It is sad, very sad, to see professors of religion, crabbed, stingy, cringing, forbidding, and deceitful. Yet such discreditable professors are to be found. They had far better not make any profession of religion, than dishonour it in such a way. The Lord Jesus was the very opposite of all this, and we are required to be like him. The Spirit of Christ, makes us sigh, cry, and strive to be like Christ, and deeply deplore our want of conformity to him. Consistency in its professors, is the great recommendation of religion; and inconsistency in those who wish to be considered its friends, is its greatest hindrance.

Let us, therefore, often ask, as I am a professor of the religion of Christ, *what do the friends of Christ think of me?* Do they think me a genuine Christian? Do they say, "Well, though our brother has infirmities, yet there can be no reasonable doubt of his Christianity. He is, undoubtedly, sincere. You may take his word. He is honest, and he evidently wishes to be kind, obliging, and generous toward all. *What do the enemies of Christ think of me?* Do they think that, right or wrong, I am what I profess to be? Do I leave the impression on their minds that I really believe my creed, and wish to act up to my profession? Are they ever heard to say, "Well, though we don't like his religion, yet we must say he is a good neighbour, an honest tradesman, a kind-hearted fellow-workman, and what he pretends to be. He is no sham. Any one can see he is not a hypocrite

let him be what he may beside?" If persons think thus of us, and speak thus respecting us, it is a credit to us, and we are a credit to our religion. Once more, *what would persons think of us if they thought rightly?* What thoughts is our conduct calculated to awaken? What thoughts do we wish to awaken? Unless we aim to be, and to act aright, we cannot expect to do so. Is it not to be feared that many of us are too careless as to the impression our tempers, conduct, and conversation, is likely to make upon those around us, especially the young? I cannot but think so, and it is a painful thought, that persons should be led to think lightly or dishonourably of religion through us. Nor is it much less painful that people should be led to think meanly of us, because of our inconsistency.

But now comes the most important question of all, *what does God think of me?* He always thinks justly. He cannot be deceived, or prejudiced, or biased by any one. He searches the heart and tries the reins. He knows the best of us and he knows the worst. He has known us from the beginning. *What, oh, what, does God think of me?* Does he think kindly of me? Does he approve of me? Are his thoughts toward me thoughts of peace? If God thinks well of me I can rejoice, though men may misunderstand me, be prejudiced against me, or judge me harshly. If sincere, though imperfect—if truthful, though weak—if honest, though I have much to deplore—if looking to the blood of Jesus for pardon, and taking the example of Jesus for my rule, the Lord thinks kindly of me, and will bless me. I cannot but wish to stand well with my fellow-men, but above all things I desire to stand well with God. O Lord, give me grace that I may so believe, so love, and so conduct myself at all times, and in all places, that I may rejoice in the persuasion, that both God and man think well of me.

MODERN THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. J. A. JAMES, OF BIRMINGHAM.

I AM not without apprehension, that there is danger among Nonconformists just now, of merging the importance of primary matters, in what, after all, is but of secondary and tertiary consequence.

Our great solicitude should be to promote a healthful, spiritual, robust, and saintly piety in our churches; for which no external improvements in our architecture, our psalmody, or our services, can be a substitute. What we should seek to maintain in our denomination, is the more powerful dominion of FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE, compared with which many of those matters which are now rife amongst us are but of very small importance. Provided, however, our supreme, constant, and vigilant anxiety be directed to the preservation of vital Christianity, and to that sound doctrine from which alone it can proceed, there is no harm, and will be no danger,

in any attention we may pay to matters of religious tastefulness.

My anxiety, notwithstanding all that has been said to dissipate the fears of minds zealous and jealous "for sound doctrine," is still alive on this momentous subject. Others of far stronger intellectual nerve than myself, partake with me in these apprehensions, as will be evident by the following extract from a letter I received from one of the master spirits of the age, whose name, had I permission to give it, would impart oracular weight to his words.

"You are one with me in the deep and powerful conviction that the grandeur, and reality, and simplicity of the Gospel have faded from the view of many around us, who still would give their 'yea' to an orthodox and evangelic confession. It is not *dishonestly* that such a 'yea' would be uttered, but *heartlessly*, and with a reserved feeling

of this sort:—'I believe all this, if I believe anything: or, I mean to believe it until I have made good my position on another ground.' 'I am orthodox and evangelical *ad interim*.' There are many, I fear, who go on to serve the Gospel as discontented menials do, who take care to give no umbrage until the day when they shall have hired themselves to a master more to their taste. I have painfully felt this in listening to and conversing with young ministers. On the Dissenting side it is one sort of thing, on the Episcopal another—but as to the result, it is a departure from, and a disrelish of, the GOSPEL. I am sure you are right in foreseeing the issue—an alienation of heart from the FIRST TRUTHS will end (as to many) in a declared heterodoxy: *this*, or else a hiding the face behind the mask of ritualism. A most impervious and opaque thing, when properly prepared, painted, and varnished, is a papier maché churchism. Wearing this disguise, a heart-at-ease atheist may do, say, and seem whatever is convenient.

"Amongst the Nonconformists the house of refuge is an *intellectualism*, which the people may interpret as they please: a spiritualism in the dialect, of which the old women of the congregation will think they hear what they used to hear, and approve; but which the young men in the crimson-cushioned pews will well know how to render into a philosophy after Hegel, or Miss Martineau, or anybody else.

"And yet while I so write—seeing and hearing what is going on around us—I do look for a brighter time: I do not despond, but am hopeful and expectant of good. Whether it may be permitted to me to render service (such as I gladly would render) is with Him to determine with whom is the residue of the Spirit, and the ordering of our lot."

I, too, am hopeful of good in the end. It is only for a season that I expect, and for a season I do expect in our received theology a partial obscuration of the truth as it is in Jesus. A school has risen up at Oxford and elsewhere, in which some of the fundamental doctrines

of the Gospel, especially the atonement and the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament, are, if not absolutely denied, yet undermined. The atonement means, as they teach it, nothing more than a manifestation of Divine love, and the putting away of sin by its moral power over the soul, but which has no reference to the authority and majesty of the law and the rectitude of the Divine government; as held by them, it is merely a wonderful instance of fortitude and patience under suffering of the Man of sorrows, and its whole efficacy lies in the influence of those virtues on the human conscience, but not in his death being an expiation of guilt, a vicarious sacrifice of the Son of God. Mercy, according to their view, is the only attribute of the Divine nature displayed in the stupendous transactions of Calvary, while the manifestation of public justice has no provision made for it in their view of the scheme of human redemption. Thus while the name of atonement is retained, and even that reluctantly, the true Scriptural idea as shadowed forth in the sacrifices of the Old Testament, and asserted in the pages of the New, is denied and lost. This I fear is the error which is insidiously corrupting the theology of some Episcopalians and Nonconformists. From the writers of this class we hear a good deal about "enlightened and liberal opinions," "a rational interpretation of Scriptures," "freedom from the prejudices of the schools," "extreme views of inspiration," "the narrow prejudices which trammel the noble spirit of theology by creeds and catechisms." And we have been lately told, "Science is the basis of a rational theology, which is to give the death-blow to superstition." All this high-sounding praise of modern illumination, pronounced as it is by men whose genius or whose style gives enchantment to their words, is seductive to those young and ardent minds which are exulting in their freedom from the fetters of old systems and is, I fear, leading some astray from the way of truth. But where are the victories and trophies of the men of this school in the conversion of souls and the sanctification

of believers? What aggressions are they making on the realms of ignorance, wickedness, and misery? Systems, like men, are to be tried by their fruits. At the same time I am most willing to allow, that by the filtering process of a correct and cautious criticism, to which the old systems of divinity are being subjected, the stream of evangelical truth, as it is held in common by all orthodox churches, is flowing forth more clear from slight admixtures with which it was in some degree impregnated.

It is, however, not only from the influence of latitudinarian views on such momentous subjects as atonement and inspiration; nor only from an adventurous spirit of religious speculation—that danger to religion is to be feared, but from that *intellectualism* in the pulpit to which the writer of the above extract alludes. Perhaps this is less to be dreaded in the evangelical clergy of the Church of England than among the dissenting ministers; not, of course, for want of ability on their part, or of power on the part of their flocks rightly to appreciate it, but from the deep conviction of their duty to “use great plainness of speech.” Among dissenters a highly improved state of education has led to a more elaborate, philosophical, essay-like, and less popular, attractive, and impressive style of preaching. This I know is not a necessary result of a more finished education, but an abuse of it. Ministers may have, should have, ought to have, great stores of knowledge, and yet be “apt to teach.” Simplicity of communication is not incompatible with profundity of possession, nor is earnestness opposed to elegance. Where there is no heresy of doctrine, nor even any want of evangelical truth, there may be so much of excessive elaboration, and of “the enticing words of man’s wisdom, as to make the cross of Christ of none effect.” The Gospel may be preached, but with so much of studied intellectualism of style, so much of mere evangelical

theory and Christian science, and in so heartless a manner, as to be likely to produce little effect. It is too much forgotten, both by preachers and hearers, that it is truth, and not talent merely, that feeds the soul of the Christian; and the truth addressed not only to the intellect, in the way of logical argument, but to the heart and the conscience, with earnest warmth and urgent importunity. FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE, which are, or ought to be, the great themes of the Christian ministry, are something more than matters of theory—theses for the theologian to discuss before an audience. They are matters of eternal life or death, and should be preached as if the preachers believed them to be so. The more talent that is brought to such themes the better, provided it be the object of the talent to make the truth understood, felt, and believed. The Gospel is worthy of the noblest intellects, and it is a kind of profanity to touch and teach it ignorantly, carelessly, and feebly. High philosophical and metaphysical intellectualism is indeed a luxury for many; but after all is not so adapted to the mental constitution and spiritual health of the great mass of our congregations, as plainer and simpler food. And is it not by the necessaries and comforts of life—good, substantial, nutritive diet—that our corporeal frame is nourished and strengthened, rather than by the highly-wrought inventions of the culinary art? A very instructive lesson, but one which preachers are backward to learn, may be gained from those instances which occur now and then, in the history of the church, of a Whitfield and Wesley, for instance, in former times, and a Spurgeon in modern ones; as if to show what kind of preachers are wanted to answer the end of preaching—so far, at least, as the conversion of sinners is concerned, and is not this the great end of preaching?

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

It is said that while the French engineers were boring for water a few months ago in the African desert, the Arabs looked on in silent wonder, till

they saw the precious stream actually gushing forth, and then their joy knew no bounds. They sang and danced around the wells as they successively

appeared, gave them names as of old, and even worshipped the engineers, whose miraculous skill (as it appeared to them) had thus "cleaved the fountain" which lay hid far beneath the arid and burning sands of the desert, and given them promise of an abundant supply of the precious element, which is the very source of refreshment, fertility, and everything that blesses life.

The like joy was expressed by the Hebrew pilgrims "in the wilderness that cometh out of the coasts of the Ammonites," at the appearing of "the well whereof the Lord said unto Moses, Gather the people together, and I will give them water." "Then Israel sang this song, Spring up O well, sing ye unto it!"

A great event, not for Jews or Arabs only, but for the whole world, is foretold by Zechariah (xiii. 1) in those words, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened."

A fountain, among all its various applications in Scripture, always symbolises fulness, self-origination, perpetuity, tendency to diffusion. In these special and inseparable qualities it stands opposed to a "cistern." A cistern is the work of man, a fountain is the work of God. The waters of a fountain are original, living, flowing. The waters of a cistern are derived from without; they are stagnant, motionless, self-retained, having no tendency to outflow or communication, useless to that which holds them and to everything else till they are drawn forth by some outward force. The fountain, whether used in a good or bad sense, has one invariable property—perennial fulness and perpetual flow. Sorrow, which prompts incessant weeping, is "a fountain of tears." Sin is "a troubled fountain and a corrupt spring;" because it perpetually tends to *pour itself out, to diffuse itself*; it must for ever send forth streams partaking of its own nature and resembling the sources whence it gushes up, bitter, filthy, and desolating. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life," an unfailing source of virtue and happiness. God himself is "a fountain of living waters," because to the soul in com-

munion with him, and to the holy universe, he will be for ever imparting life, holiness, and joy.

Here is "a fountain for sin and uncleanness." Sin is a blot, and the waters of this fountain wash it out; it is a fire, and they extinguish it; it is a tormenting thirst, and they relieve and quench it. There is no evil or misery attendant upon sin (and all possible evils and miseries are attendant upon it) which the waters of this fountain, by one application or another, do not remove. It is in reference to this fountain that God says, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." It is of this fountain that Christ says, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst;" i. e., the consuming fire of unholy lusts shall never torment him. Of the water of this fountain he says, that "it shall be in him who drinketh it a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

"A fountain opened." Heretofore it had been "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." One stream had indeed flowed out from it which had watered the Jewish Church, (an oasis in the midst of the universal desert of idolatry and ignorance,) and diffused some degree of life and fertility into a portion of the surrounding wilderness. But even that one stream which watered the chosen heritage had been comparatively scanty, and had seldom overflowed its limits. But now the prophet discerns a period when all restriction shall cease, the "fountain" itself shall be "opened" not "to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem" only, though to them first (Luke xxiv. 47); for the prophet adds (xiv. 8 *et seq.*), "It shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; and the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one." "He shall speak peace to the heathen" (ix. 10), and the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts; I will go also" (viii. 21). That "fountain," then, with its infinite fulness of grace and life, was to be

"opened" to sinners throughout the whole world, and all people invited to drink of it.

"In that day." This expression occurs fifteen times among the prophecies of Zechariah, and always denotes the day of Christ, "the Brauch" who was to "build the temple of the Lord and bear the glory" (vi. 12, 13); the "Shepherd" who was to be smitten by the sword of God (viii. 7); the "King of Zion" who was to come. "just and lowly, and having salvation," (ix. 9 *et seq.*), and whose "dominion" was to be "from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

"That day," therefore, has come. That "fountain" is "opened." Heaven and earth resound with the voices of invitation. "The Spirit and the Bride say Come, and let him that heareth say Come, and let him that is athirst say Come, and whosoever will let him come." Jesus himself says, "I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Draw near, then, thirsty soul, and quench thy thirst—satisfy thy utmost longings. Draw

near, polluted soul, and wash away all thy stains; those foul blots which no sorrowing tears, no stripes nor penances nor abstinences—no, nor the fire of hell, can ever take out, but which the contents of this fountain will so perfectly remove, that "though they be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Draw near, quiet and self-tormented soul, and quench the fire of impure longings by draughts of holy joy from this "opened fountain of living waters." And ye who are athirst and panting with the generous wish to do good to others, here only can you imbibe the power to become true benefactors of humanity. Such is the life-virtue, the diffusive efficacy of the waters of this Fountain (John vii. 38; iv. 14), that every drop imbibed thence becomes itself a spring, a perennial source of blessing, a "well-spring of wisdom," a "flowing brook" of all beneficent and saving influences. Drink, then, and live. Drink, and impart life to others—refreshment to the faint, and salvation to the perishing. J. W.

THE BITTER CRY.

The bitterest cry ever heard on earth, was that of our Saviour on the cross: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" While the world shall stand, this expression of anguish will tower above all others. Yet in Christ's soul there was neither remorse nor despair. He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and so could have no accusations of conscience. He knew his reward was certain, and so was upheld by the joy that was set before him. But the purpose of this article is not to consider the awful pre-eminence of this dolorous complaint.

Next to this, none ever uttered a more bitter cry than that of Paul, in Romans vii. 24: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" *The body of this death* is a form of expression borrowed from the Hebrews, signifying *this dead body*. The imagery of this expression is supposed by some to have been derived from the mode of punish-

ing murderers adopted by some of the ancients, who fastened the several parts of the body of the deceased to the corresponding parts of the body of the homicide, at the same time confining his hands so that he could not effect his own release. In his distress, the poor criminal would cry, "Who shall deliver me from this dead body? Oh that I had some relief! Will no one help me?"

So Paul cries for deliverance. He loathed sin. He hated nothing so much. Whenever he contemplated it, it filled him with horror and detestation. He consented to the law that it was good. He delighted in the law of God after the inward man. With his mind he served the law of God. He loved holiness. Yet so annoyed was he by indwelling sin, and so violent were its assaults upon him, that he pronounces himself carnal, sold under sin. The contest was dreadful, the war within him fearful. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this

death," this mass of corruption, that is so offensive to me, and that will so surely work my ruin, unless I receive help and succour ?

A real child of God is chiefly concerned about the state of his heart. He keeps it with all diligence, because out of it are the issues of life. If his life and speech were right, this would not satisfy him, if his heart were wrong. His cry is, "Create in me a clean heart O God ; and renew a right spirit within me."

The great reason why a child of God is so disturbed by indwelling corruption, is that sin is exceeding sinful. This is the worst thing that can be said of sin. This makes it soul-destroying, God-dishonouring Christ-crucifying. Nothing is so hateful, so dreadful, so horrible as sin. It causes all the woes of earth and all the wailings of the damned. Hell could not be hell without sin.

This bitter cry of Paul was but the utterance of an experience common to good men of all ages. Job said, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." David cried, "Iniquities prevail against me." Isaiah said, "Wo is me ! for I am undone ; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Peter "fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

Good men of modern times have the same experience. They daily cry, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Philip Henry says : "If my prayers were written down, and my vain thoughts interlined, what incoherent nonsense would there be ! I am ashamed, Lord, I am ashamed ! O, pity and pardon ! . . . These following sins were sent home with power upon my conscience :—

"1. Omissions innumerable. I fall short of duty in every relation.

"2. Much frowardness upon every occasion, which fills my way with thorns and snares.

"3. Pride ; a vein of it runs through all my conversation.

"4. Self seeking ; corrupt ends in all I do. Applause of men often regarded more than the glory of God.

"5. My own iniquity. Many babbings up of heart-corruption, and breakings forth too. O Lord, shame hath covered my face "

Indeed, what cause have the best of men to weep day and night over their unbelief, hardness of heart, pride, vanity, ingratitude, discontent, self-will, self-righteousness, self-seeking, irritability, jealousy, envy, suspiciousness, carnal security, spiritual deadness, want of fervour, &c.

It is noticeable that Paul complained of nothing as of indwelling sin. In the jail at Philippi, with his flesh all torn with the scourges, with his feet fast in the stocks, surrounded by the gloom of midnight darkness, he prayed and sang praises to God, and the prisoners heard him. He was "in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times he received forty stripes save one. Thrice was he beaten with rods, once was he stoned, thrice he suffered shipwreck, a night and a day had he been in the deep ; in journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren ; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Yea, the Holy Ghost witnessed that in every city bonds and afflictions awaited him. Yet of all these he said, "None of these things move me." But when sin pierces him, he cries, "O wretched man that I am !" O, It is a good sign to mourn for sin.

In the end such shall say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The victory is sure at last. It is made certain by the death and by the life of Christ, by his offering, and by his intercession. As he overcame, so shall all his chosen overcome. As Prophet, Priest and King, he finishes salvation and glorifies his saints.

O how sweet heaven will be to all weary pilgrims. There we shall be perfectly holy, and for ever done with temptation. There we shall never, never sin.

PASTOR.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

"Guide me, O my Father! for the way is dark," asked a youthful disciple of him who hereafter is before me. "The great truths of life lie in mists and clouds around me. I am too ignorant to comprehend them. Life is before me. Its duties must be performed; its temptations resisted; its responsibilities borne, but I know not how. 'Strengthen me, enlighten me.'"

The same day, in a chance visit (we call such things chance!) to a friend's library, her eye fell upon an old neglected volume, whose title attracted, though its contents were wholly unknown to her. In it the very subjects which she had tried in vain to grasp were clearly presented, and aid given by which the mind could proceed with directness and certainty in its search for truth. Light was thrown upon many dark places in the sacred Word, and the hidden connection of its truths became clear. By the impulse of one strong and honest master-mind, the feebler one was floated off from the shoals of doubt and difficulty. Was there a Providence?

"What will you do, dear mother?" said a sick child, who lay on its low bed of straw, in a dark upper room of the crowded city. "It was hard enough to live before, and now I can't do anything to help you."

"Do not be anxious, my child," said the mother, in a calm and trustful tone; "our heavenly Father has always supplied our wants, and he will not forsake us now."

"But, mother, if God does really love us, and take care of us, why don't we have a better home, and why do you have to work till you are tired and sick? Why does not God send us food as he did by the ravens to Elijah?"

"All these things are necessary, my dear, to make us active and patient. Perhaps I should be very indolent if all our wants were so easily supplied; and you might grow up a selfish, wilful boy, if you had your own way in everything. It is best just as it is, my boy."

"But, mother, you haven't any more sewing to do, so how will you earn any money?"

"I shall make all the effort I can to obtain more work. But if I do not succeed, we shall not be left to perish. Our heavenly Father knows what things we have need of."

A thought was borne in, that instant, upon her mind on the wings of a well-remembered melody:—

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
*I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.*"

"Will you hand me the gruel, mother?" said the little faint voice from the bed.

"Wait a few minutes, my dear." The request had struck like an arrow to the mother's heart, for she knew that every atom of food had been consumed, and only hoped that sleep might bring a moment's unconsciousness. She looked around the room for the hundredth time in search of some article which could be sold for the sake of a temporary relief. Surely there was no superfluity there. The muslin window curtains that now offered little obstruction to the light, after so many years of service, the small deal table, with the well-worn Bible, her only treasure, and her few materials for sewing, one or two chairs, altogether had a money value exceedingly small, but they were her all. No, there was no resource, except in the Father of the fatherless, Him who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee."

A knock was heard.

"Load of things for you down at the door ma'am."

"I have ordered nothing; are you not mistaken?"

Ordered nothing? No; but she had requested something, and it had come, through human hearts and hands undoubtedly, but by an impulse which they hardly understood.

There was flour, and rice, and sago, all that the sick one needed; and then came a little envelope with a card in it. Here was the clue, then, at last. No, there was no name, only this inscription:—

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart."

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

Is there a Providence? The child-like heart is the best logician. Let us listen to its teachings.

M. E. T.

THE BOY WHO WAS AFRAID OF THE WAGES.

It is greatly to be feared that many people in our age worship Mammon. They long for

wealth; they toil for it; they sacrifice conscience and reputation to gain it. With them money is the principal thing, and get it they must at all hazards and sacrifices. The following anecdote of a little boy who feared to do wrong, even if he lost a situation, is worth reading and remembering:—

"I want your boy in my shop," said a shop-keeper to a poor widow; "I have had a great deal of trouble with clerks, and I want your Seth, because I know he's honest."

The widow was glad, for it was time for him to be earning something, and she thought it would be quite a lift in the world to have him go in with Mr. Thain; and she knew that he would suit Mr. Thain, for Seth did well everywhere.

When Seth came home from school, he was almost as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother was. Neither mother nor son knew much about Mr. Thain's business; it was in the lower part of the town, but his family lived near the widow's in fine style. Seth was to go the next Monday morning; and at the time he was punctual at his new post.

The week passed away. When he came home to dinner or supper, his mother asked him how he liked it. At first he said pretty well; and then, he didn't exactly know; then not very well; and Saturday he told his mother plumply that he didn't like it at all, and wasn't going to stay. "Well, Seth," exclaimed his mother, grieved and mortified at the change, "are you so difficult to suit as all this comes to? Do you know how important it is to stick to your business? What will Mr. Thain say?"

"Mother," answered the boy, "the shop is a grog shop, and I cannot stay there!"

The mother's mouth was stopped; indeed, after that she had no wish to have him remain—but she was very sorry the case was so.

When Mr. Thain paid the boy on Saturday night, Seth told him he could not stay.

The grog-seller was surprised. "How is this," said he, "haven't I done well by you this week?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy: "I never expect to find a kinder master."

"Do you find fault with the pay?"

"No sir," answered Seth, "it is good pay."

"Well, what's the difficulty, then?"

The poor boy hesitated to give his reason. Perhaps the man guessed what it was, for he said:

"Come, come, Seth, you won't leave me, I know. I'll raise your wages."

"O, sir," answered the brave boy, respectfully, "you are very good to me, very good, sir; but I cannot be a dramseller. I am afraid of the wages—for I cannot forget that the Bible says, *the wages of sin is death.*"

Seth left; the man afterwards said it was the greatest sermon he ever had preached to him; and it set him seriously thinking about giving up the business. But he did not, and his own family bore awful testimony to the Bible declaration. A few years afterwards, he died the miserable death of a drunkard, and within six months his son, in a fit of intoxication, fell into the river, and was drowned. Is it not dangerous to tamper with the wages of sin on any terms?

POETRY.

FOLLOW ME.

A voice is ringing sweet and clear,
Gentle and low, upon my ear;
The form or face I cannot see,
The words I hear are "Follow me,"

Borne from afar; the glassy sea
Catches the sound, and bears to me
The quick response of those who dare
To follow, without asking, where.

I look about me, and I trace
An anxious look upon each face;
Jesus, the Master, *all* would see,
But fear that thrilling "Follow me."

Yes, quail, stout hearts, you cannot hide
From His clear gaze; he'll not divide
Thy timid shrinking—no, not I,
He only whispers "Follow me."

Do you not know, weak, trembling soul,
His is the balm to make you whole;

His is the hand to set you free
From toils the world has cast round thee.

He'll lead thee from thy pride of heart,
And grant thee with the meek a part;
He'll break thy strong rebellious will,
And calm the waves, with "Peace, be still!"

O, follow Him, and cease to stray
In sin's delusive, dangerous way.
No burdens need you bear, for He
Says "Cast your burdens upon me."

But, hold! the Cross is mine to bear!
Yes, if thou would'st the glory share.
Hear Him—"If thou would'st worthy be
Take up thy cross and follow me."

Then take thy cross, wherever it lie,
The strength you need He will supply
The paths along His feet have trod
Will lead you to the throne of God.

EVANGELIST.

MY LAMBS.

I loved them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and
cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to
hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet :
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest :
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down,
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter
tears;
For some voice told me, that in after years
He should know nought of passion, grief or
fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came; my heart grew
faint;
He claimed *another* lamb, with sadder plaint.
Another! She, who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away;
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray:

"Is it thy will?
My Father, say, *must* this pet lamb be given?
O! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in
heaven."
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou
striven;
But—peace, be still."

O how I wept!
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant
child;
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,
And *slept*.

"Go! go!" I cried;
For once, again, that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band:
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
Close to my side.

And yet, how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate
cry—
"Touch not my lamb—for him, O let me
die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, *I could not see my darling go*,
He had not bidden me farewell; but O
I *felt* farewell,

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight
frame;
Though could I but have heard him call my
name,

"Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the
same:

There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done;
My heart would break.

O with what thrill
I heard him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
O heart, be still!

Came morning; can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant
kept?
For waking tears were mine; I sleeping wept.
And days, months, years, that weary vigil
kept.

Alas! "farewell,"

How often is it said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when in that happier
clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! *no tears!*
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief *that* clime
shall keep—
No weary years.

Ay!—it is well;
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly
guide;
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they *do* come to me:
Heaven is not far away.

A MOTHER.

ALL IS WELL.

Brother! when the storm descends
And beats upon thy head,
When thy wounded spirit bends
Like willows o'er the dead;
When thy heart is faint and sore,
And thy tears can flow no more,
Lift, lift thine eyes
Up to the skies—
Thy troubles all will soon be o'er.

Have the flames swept down thy cot?
Or floods thy vessel wrecked?
Have garlands, which thy heart has sought,
Thy rival's forehead decked?
Has wealth, like sea-foam on the sand,
Vanished from thy strong right hand?
Look up and hear
Those words of cheer
Dropping from the heavenly laud,

Have thy bright illumin'd halls
 Echoed to the tread of death?
 Has he on thy nursery walls
 Turned the poison of his breath?
 Changed to ice upon thy knee
 The babe whose eyes were lights to thee?
 O still look up!
 That bitter cup
 Was mingled by divine decree.

Is thy path a dreary one,
 Through clouds, and waves, and night?
 Is thy life a weary one,
 A storm and an affright?
 Doth an ever raging sea
 Roll its tide of care round thee?
 If through the dark
 Christ steer thy bark,
 It soon must find a peaceful lee.

As the warrior smitten down
 Amid the piles of dead,
 Ere his life's last drops are gone,
 Lifts his bruised head,
 Where his banner blazes bright,
 As the foe breaks into flight,
 Sends to the sky
 His battle cry,
 Then gladly bids the world "good night."

So, brother! when the storms descend,
 And beat upon thy head,
 Like to that warrior's, thy end
 With joy shall be o'erspread;
 Let Faith still hold her 'vantage ground,
 And soon the silver trump shall sound,
 Thy battle done,
 Thy victory won,
 And heaven's sweet consolation found.

CONFRATER.

TO A FEARFUL SAINT.

Why are ye fearful?—Matt. viii. 26.
 What changes wait thy footsteps here,
 Brother, thou canst not tell;
 Yet upward look, and onward go—
 Take courage! all is well!
 The heart may beat, the bosom heave,
 Be drawn the heavy sigh;
 The quickened pulse be hurrying on,
 And moist the glistening eye.
 Yet courage! Look above, nor fear,
 The race before thee set
 Is His appointment whom thou lov'st,
 He has not failed thee yet.
 "According to thy day," He says,
 E'en so "thy strength shall be,"
 O precious words! there rest thy soul
 In faith, implicitly.

All shall be well! His purpose deep,
 Is working out each day,
 That purpose is—thy endless bliss,
 Drive then thy fears away!
 Above the clouds the sun doth shine,
 Though hidden from our gaze;
 Pierce thou the clouds, by faith, and sing
 Triumphant songs of praise!

Newport, Isle of Wight. A. MIDLANE.

THE INVITATION.

Come as thou art—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meekness for the heavenly place,
 O guilty sinner, come!

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
 The stripes thy due are laid on me,
 That peace and pardon might be free—
 O wretched sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
 Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
 I bring relief to hearts oppress—
 O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
 Count all thy gains but empty dress;
 My grace repays all earthly loss—
 O needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
 O trembling sinner, come!

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
 Thy Saviour bids thee, Come.

—From an American paper.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

"Burdened beneath a load of sin,
 Deserving for that sin to die,
 O how can I find peace within?
 Whither for succour can I fly?
 Father! I raise my prayer to Thee!
 O God, be merciful to me!

"No righteousness have I to boast;
 Without excuse condemned I stand;
 If dealt with justly I am lost,
 Banished to hell from Thy left hand!
 A ruined soul I come to Thee,
 O God, be merciful to me!

"Gainst reason's voice I've oft rebelled,
 'Gainst conscience and Thy holy Word,
 The strivings of the Spirit quelled,
 The world to Thine own Son preferred:
 For sins like mine can pardon be?
 O God, be merciful to me!

"Thy mercy's vast, Thy love is free;
 I have no confidence beside;
 This, this alone is all my plea,
 'For sinners Jesus lived and died!'
 For His sake, then, I cry to Thee,
 O God, be merciful to me!"

DELTA.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE BAPTIST MISSION IN TURK'S ISLAND.

The following letter (from our esteemed brother, Rycroft), has just been received at the Mission House. We insert it in the BAPTIST MESSENGER, hoping that our readers generally may thereby be induced to lend this excellent missionary a helping hand:—

"Christian Friends,—Intending to open a bazaar for the sale of useful and fancy articles, may I be allowed, through this channel, to appeal to your benevolence and kind consideration, and to solicit the donation, as early as possible, of such articles as are known to be of use on such occasions.

"The object of the bazaar is to raise funds to finish two chapels, repair several, and to erect one or two others in places where they are very much needed. We need one in St. Domingo, and another at Cockburn Harbour, Caicos.

"I should not send my appeal so far could I help myself, but here it is not possible to do so to any extent required. Already a response has gladdened our hearts from Myrtle-street, Liverpool, and from Ringstead, Northamptonshire. May I hope that our dear friends at Bloomsbury, London, and other places where we are known by face, will cheerfully aid the missionary toil and circumstances where the enlargement of the mission-field necessitates solicitation such as this?

"The favours of our dear Christian friends may either be sent to the Mission House, or direct to the care of Pearson and Brothers, St. Thomas, West Indies. A notice to that effect would give me the pleasure of corresponding with those friends in Christ thus interested in our Saviour's cause. "Yours truly and affectionately.

"W. K. RYCROFT,
"Baptist Missionary, Turk's Island,
"West Indies."

THE BAPTIST MISSION AT FER-
NANDO PO.

A new Spanish "Armada" has made its descent on the peaceable Christian colony of Clarence, and the native population is thereby exposed to persecution or exile. Our Mission here will for the present, we fear, be broken up.

A new governor and several priests have just arrived here. One of the priests, who speaks a little English, on his coming ashore, told the people that he would soon come and baptise all their children. The first thing the new governor did was to issue a proclamation, the first two clauses of which afford another illustration of the genius of Spanish rule, and of Romish intolerance. They run thus:—

"1. The religion of this colony is that of the Roman Catholic Church, as the only one in the kingdom of Spain, with the exclusion of any other; and no other religious professions are tolerated or allowed, but that

made by the missionaries of the aforesaid Catholic religion.

"2. Those who profess any other religion which be not the Catholic, should confine their worship within their own private houses or families, and limit it to the members thereof."

In reply to an appeal made to him by the missionaries, the Governor General would grant no relaxation of the decree, and desired that he might no more be troubled with such requests. On Lord's-day May 30, the missionaries with their native helpers spread themselves through the town, holding from house to house family meetings for prayer and exhortation. It was also the intention of the people in the afternoon to go forth into the wilderness, and amid the ravines of the mountain, under the shadow of the gigantic palm trees of the forest there to worship God.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. W. Martin has received and accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in this place to the pastorate, and entered on his stated labours July 4.

CHIPPING NORTON, OXFORDSHIRE.—The Rev. J. C. Park, formerly of Bilston, having received an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, entered upon his labours there July 4th.

HUNTINGDON.—The Rev. Charles Clarke, B.A., of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Union chapel, and entered upon his stated labours on the first Sunday in July.

RICKMANSWORTH AND DOWLAIS.—On June 8 a tea party was held at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Dowlais, to bid farewell to the Rev. T. D. Jones, on his leaving the town. After tea, a public meeting was held, when a handsome mahogany dressing-case was presented to Mr. Jones by the church at Beulah, as "a testimonial of their attachment to him, and as an acknowledgment of his valuable and faithful services at Dowlais." On the 16th, a public meeting was held by the friends at Rickmansworth, to welcome Mr. Jones as the pastor of the Baptist church in that town. The Rev. Messrs. Herschell and McPherson, of London; Fisk, of Chipperfield; Warn, of Sarratt; and Messrs. Dawson, Leibstein, Tracy, and Stracy, addressed the meeting.

PRESENTATION SERVICE.

LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.—A numerous congregation met in the above place of worship on Tuesday evening, June 23th. J. Evans, Esq., one of the deacons of the church, was voted to the chair, and, after making a few pertinent remarks, he called upon Mr. R. Morgan, another of the deacons, to address the meeting. At the close of a forcible speech, Mr. Morgan, on the part of the church and congregation, presented their much and deservedly

esteemed pastor, the Rev. W. Hughes, with sixty volumes of very excellent books, including such works as "Neander's Church History," "Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament," &c., as a token of their esteem of his personal character and appreciation of his public ministry. Mr. Hughes, in acknowledging this unlooked-for kindness of his people, referred with great feeling to the trials, pleasures, and success of his connection with them, and labour among them, during the last fifteen years. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. T. Thomas, another of the deacons, and also by the Revs. J. Williams, of Pontypool College, and John Rhys Morgan, of Zion Chapel, Llanelly.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

CINDERFORD WOODSIDE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—On Wednesday, July 7th, Mr. Philip Prees, of Pontypool College, was recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at this place. In the morning the Rev. John Hall, of Gorsley, read the Scriptures and prayed; the Rev. N. Thomas, of Cardiff, delivered the introductory discourse; Mr. Nicholson, of Lydney, proposed the usual questions to Mr. Prees; the Rev. E. E. Elliott, of Lydney, offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, gave the charge; and the Rev. J. Hirst, of Cinderford, concluded in prayer. In the afternoon the Rev. Wm. Collings, of Gloucester, read and prayed; the Rev. John Penny, of Coleford, preached to the church and congregation; and the Rev. F. Leonard, L.L.B., of Ross, concluded. In the evening a public meeting was held to forward the building of a new chapel at this interesting station. Mr. Nicholson, of Lydney, presided, Prayer was offered by Mr. Clark, student of Pontypool. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Rev. N. Thomas, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. William Collings, Mr. Wm. Rhodes, Rev. P. Prees, and Rev. John Penny. Dr. Thomas closed the services of the day in prayer.

SALISBURY.—On Wednesday, 7th ult., the Rev. Philip Bailhache was publicly recognised as the pastor of the church and congregation in Brown-street Chapel, Salisbury. Special services were held in the afternoon and evening, in which several ministers took part, and considerable interest was manifested. After reading and prayer by Rev. J. Collier, of Downton; Mr. Davies, classical tutor of Regent's-park College, gave an address on the "Nature of a Christian Church." Dr. Angus, gave the address to the minister. In the evening the Rev. Clement Bailhache, of Leeds, brother of the newly-appointed minister, preached a sermon to the church and congregation, which was listened to with breathless interest. The Rev. H. J. Chancellor; and the Rev. Mr. West (Indepen est), commenced and concluded these interesting services.

VALEDICTORY SERVICES.

ARLINGTON.—The Rev. Mr. Humphries took leave of his charge on Sunday evening, the 27th ult. (previous to his departure for his new pastorate, Merthyr Tydvyl, Wales), by an earnest and affectionate discourse from 1 Thess. i. 9. After a discourse of

somewhat more than half an hour, the rev. gentleman, with much emotion, resumed his seat.

SOUTHAMPTON, PORTLAND CHAPEL.—On Sunday, the 20th inst., the Rev. A. McLaren concluded a ministry at this chapel of twelve years' duration, by preaching two sermons to very crowded congregations. The sermon in the morning, from the Epistle of Jude, verses 20, 21, was addressed more especially to the members of his own flock, and its delivery was accompanied with the deepest emotion, both on the part of the preacher and his audience. The evening discourse was founded on 1 Cor. xv. verses 1, 2, and was listened to with breathless interest and much emotion by a congregation which crowded the edifice almost to suffocation. On the Thursday evening following, the church and congregation met at the chapel to take a final farewell of Mr. McLaren. Mr. Ellison presided; and a memorial from the congregation to their minister, expressive of their regret at his departure, was read to the meeting by Mr. Thomas Marshall, one of the deacons. Some other friends followed with a few remarks, and the memorial, which is beautifully illuminated on vellum by Mr. W. C. Clarke, of this town, and surrounded with a frame of great elegance, was then formally presented by the chairman, together with a purse containing fifty guineas. Mr. McLaren acknowledged the presentation in a most eloquent and touching address, at the close of which the whole congregation passed before him one by one to bid him farewell, and thus closed a connection between pastor and flock than which none was ever firmer while it lasted, and none ever more painfully or more reluctantly severed.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

CHATHAM, ZION CHAPEL.—The Sabbath-schools in connection with this place was celebrated on Lord's day, June 20, 1858, under very auspicious circumstances. The morning and evening services were conducted by the Rev. W. G. Lewis (of Cheltenham), who for seventeen years was the highly-esteemed and successful minister of the above place of worship. The Rev. J. Coutts, pastor of the church, addressed the children in the afternoon. On the Monday evening, a social tea and public meeting was held. About 300 persons were present; the Rev. J. Coutts presided. A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. J. Tremelling, addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Duthie (Congregational Missionary), the Rev. J. Davies and R. v. J. S. Hall (Independents), and the Rev. W. G. Lewis, whose appearance in his former sphere of labour, after fifteen years' absence, was regarded with great delight and satisfaction by Christians of different denominations, who gave him a hearty welcome. The Sabbath-school having so increased during the present year, the friends have at length resolved to erect, adjacent to the chapel, a commodious school-room.

MELBOURNE, CAMBS.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon delivered two powerful sermons in this place, on Friday July 2nd. More

than 400 persons partook of tea. In the afternoon about 3,000 listened to the Gospel as proclaimed by this modern Whitfield. In the evening between 6,000 and 7,000 persons of all classes congregated. The rev. gentleman in his appeal to his hearers for money to remove the debt off the Baptist chapel, made the following statement: that last year he preached at Melbourne for funds towards the erection of his New Tabernacle, when the amount raised by tea and collections exceeded that of any place in England, Sheffield excepted. The Lord's work in this village is greatly prospering under the ministry of the Rev. E. Bailey, not yet twenty years old, a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church who, during the four months he has laboured here, has baptised 25 converts, and has now upwards of 50 who are earnestly seeking the way of salvation. Owing to the unsettled state of the weather it was found that accommodation had been made for more friends than attended. On the following day the bountiful supply of provisions which had been left were taken off the hands of the committee by J. Mortlock, Esq., with which the children of the infant-school, numbering about 140, were plentifully regaled. To this gentleman's well-known liberality the poor and the cause of God in this place owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—The anniversary of the Baptist Chapel will be held on Tuesday, August 3rd, 1858. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the Independent Chapel; and in the evening at 6 o'clock, an open-air service in a large field. Tea will be provided in the Baptist Chapel at 5 o'clock. Tickets 9d. each. Trains leave Waterloo Station at two and four o'clock; returning from Kingston at nine o'clock. Return tickets, two shillings each.

OPENING OF CHAPELS.

WILLINGTON, DERBYSHIRE.—On Lord's-day, the 11th inst., a new Baptist chapel was opened for divine worship in the above village. The chapel being too small, two excellent sermons were preached morning and evening in a tent, by the Rev. J. B. Pike, of Bourne; and one in the afternoon by the Rev. John Stevenson, M.A., of Derby. The collections and proceeds of the tea amounted to about £33.

LLANDUDNO.—The new Baptist chapel at this place was opened July 7th and 8th, when the following ministers preached—viz., Revs. J. Williams, of Garn; W. Thomas, of Liverpool; J. Jones, of Llangollen; W. Morgan, of Holyhead; O. Owens, of Manchester; and Dr. Owen, of Missouri, United States. The above edifice is a splendid building; it is furnished with a gallery, and will seat about 800 persons. Its dimensions are fifty-five feet long, by forty feet broad. The cost of it is nearly £900, towards which the brethren and friends at Llandudno have subscribed about £200.

ILKERTON, DERBYSHIRE.—A handsome and commodious new Baptist chapel was

opened in this thriving little town on June 22nd and 27th. On the former day, two sermons were preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool; and, on the latter, the Rev. J. B. Pike, of Bourne, preached in the morning and evening, and the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, in the afternoon. The congregations were excellent; a truly catholic and devotional spirit characterised all the services, and the collections amounted to the handsome sum of £76.

DEPTFORD.—On Sunday, the 4th inst., a new Baptist chapel was opened in a populous and destitute part of Deptford. The Rev. Dr. Carlile, of Salem Chapel, Woolwich, preached in the forenoon from Rom. i. 14, 15. In the evening Mr. Benson preached. The history of this cause is interesting. Mr. Benson had commenced religious services in the district, when Francis Bryant, Esq., a Churchman, offered him, for a small rent, the use of a large building on his property. This has been converted into a neat and commodious chapel, and the prospects are encouraging.

HEBDEN BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.—The new Baptist Chapel in this place was opened on the 17th of June, when Dr. Acworth, Mr. Dowson, and Mr. H. S. Brown preached. The services were continued on Lord's-day, the 20th, Mr. Chown preaching in the morning and evening, and Mr. Walters in the afternoon. The services were of a highly interesting character, and well attended. The collections amounted to £225. The total cost of the buildings, which include the chapel itself—72 feet by 51 feet—two vestries, and a commodious lecture-room, has been about £3,600, and upwards of £2,500 have already been contributed. Hebden Bridge was for more than forty years the scene of the labours of that excellent and devoted man, Dr. Fawcett, for whom the old chapel was built in the year 1777. John Foster, the well known essayist and reviewer, was born within a mile of the village, and first joined the church at Hebden Bridge, of which his father was an active and zealous deacon.

APPLEDORE.—The new Baptist chapel, an elegant and commodious place of worship, was opened on Wednesday, July 7th. Sermons were preached; in the morning, by Rev. T. Winter, of Bristol, from Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2; afternoon, Rev. E. Probert, of Bristol, Hebrews vii. 25. A public dinner and tea was provided; about 350 sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting; Rev. T. Winter presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. E. Probert, S. Newman, J. B. Little, J. Wilsaire, P. Gast (Baptist), E. Hipwood, J. Young (Independent), and H. Lee, J. Darracott, J. Sergeant Esqs. The new building was crowded to excess, many went away unable to gain admittance. The next day upwards of eighty sat down to tea in the new school-room. The services were continued on Sunday, July 11th. Sermons were preached morning and evening by Rev. T. Winter, in the afternoon by Rev. Philip Gast, the newly chosen pastor. The chapel and school-room cost about £900. James Darracott, Esq., one of the deacons who feels warmly attached to the cause and

takes a very deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the people most generously gave £285. From other sources £260 has been raised, the opening services realised £40 leaving a debt of about £800.

BAPTISMS.

ADERDALE, Mill-street, May 30—Six by Mr. Evans.

—Welsh, June 6—Three in the river Cynnon, attended by nearly 4,000 persons (after a sermon by Mr. Jones), by Mr. Price.

ABERCARN, June 27—Eight young women in the river Ebbw, by the Rev. John Evans, of Abercarnaid.

BARNSELY, July 4—Six by Mr. L. B. Brown. We hope to have ten or twelve others on the first Sabbath in September, most of them the fruit of a course of "Lectures" delivered by Mr. Brown.

BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street, July 4—Twenty-two by Mr. Chew.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, Hauts, July 4—One by W. W. Martin.

BLISWORTH, Northamptonshire, May 9—Five; July 4—Four by Mr. G. G. Bailey.

BOVEY TRACEY, Devon, July 4—Five by Mr. Keller.

BRADFORD, Yorkshire, Westgate and Heaton Chapels, July 4—Twelve by Rev. H. Dowson (assisted by a neighbouring minister).

—**Sion Chapel**—Five by Rev. J. P. Chown.

—**Trinity Chapel**—Fourteen by Rev. H. J. Betts.

BRIDGNORTH, July 18—Four by Mr. C. Keen. One of these make four, all of one family, who have thus given themselves to the Lord within the last month.

BRISTOL, Thrissell-street, April 29—Ten by Mr. Clark.

—**Pithay**, May 23—Eleven by Mr. Roberts.

BRITTON FERRY, May 2—Four by Mr. J. Rowlands.

BRYNMAWE, Calvary, July 4—Nine by Mr. T. Roberts; eight of them from the Sunday-school. The Lord has done great things for us.

CERMAUR, July 18—Twenty by the Rev. A. Parry in the river Dee. Many more are waiting an opportunity to follow their Lord and Master.

CHATHAM, Zion Chapel, June 27—Ten by Mr. Coultts.

CHELTENHAM, Cambray Chapel, May 23—Seven by Mr. Smith. [Omitted by mistake last month.]

CLYDACH, May 9—Four by Mr. Davies.

EYE, Suffolk, July 4—Seven by Mr. Lloyd.

FAKENHAM, Norfolk, May 10—Four by Mr. Gooch.

FORD FORGE, NEAR COLDSTREAM.—Mr. Thomas Lovekin, for some time engaged as minister of the Independent church Kelso, Roxburghshire, upon a Sabbath evening, about three months ago, having no service in his own chapel, went to Dr. Bonar's Free Church, and heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Peter Purves, minister of the Free Church at Morebattle, from these words, Luke xii. 50, "But I have a baptism to be baptized with: and how an I

strained till it be accomplished!" The preacher in illustrating the passage, showed very forcibly, both from the practice of the primitive churches, and the natural construction of the passage itself, that the baptism must mean *immersion*. This was the means of leading Mr. Lovekin to reflect seriously upon the subject. The next day a book was put into his hands, written by the Rev. Francis Johnstone (now of Glasgow), which was the means of effecting a complete change in his former sentiments. On Lord's day, June 27, Mr. Lovekin was constrained to make a public profession of the change that had taken place in his mind to the church under his care, upon which they declined any further continuance of his services. Having met with Mr. Henry Watson, pastor of the Baptist church at Ford Forge, and being entirely a stranger to the Baptist brethren, he was baptised there by Mr. Watson, in presence of some of the brethren, on Saturday, July 3. He is now, of course, without a pastorate. Any church requiring ministerial supply may obtain his services by applying to Mr. Henry Watson, pastor of the Baptist church, Ford Forge, Coldstream.

FOULSHAM, Norfolk, July 4—Four by Mr. Keen, Sen.

GRANTHAM, May 5—Four at Bottesford by Mr. H. Watts.

GREENWICH, Lewisham-road, June 9—Four by Mr. Joshua Russell, after a sermon by Mr. Marten.

HAVERFORDWEST, Bethesda, May 16—Ten; and June 13, nine; by Mr. Burditt.

HIGHGATE, near London, June 10—Six by Mr. Hatch.

ISLE ABBOTTS, June 6—Three, in the river, by Mr. Chappell.

ISLEHAM, Pound-lane Chapel, June 2—Five; June 30—Seven in the river Lark by Mr. Cantlow. This is the river in which Mr. Cantlow baptized the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on the 3rd of May, 1850.

KEIGHLEY, Yorks, June 6—Four by Mr. Nicholls, of Sunnyside.

KETERING, June 4—Two by Mr. J. Mursell. **KINGSTHORPE**, Northamptonshire, May 9—Three by Mr. I. Lichfield.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, June 30—Five by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Three of them the fruits of the open-air service; which circumstance is interesting, as, on the previous Saturday, Mr. Medhurst had been summoned before the magistrates for preaching in the open air, and saddled with the costs; notwithstanding which, the open-air services are still continued in the teeth of opposition.

LLANELLY, Carmarthenshire, May 30—Three in the river by Mr. Morgan.

—**Bethel**, Sea side, May 30—Four by Mr. Hughes.

LLANDUDNO, May 30—Four in the sea by Mr. Jones.

LEDBURY, May 23—Four by Mr. Wall.

LOCKWOOD, Yorkshire, May 2—Ten; July 4—Four, after a sermon by Mr. Barker, two of them Wesleyans; and one of these a preacher of that denomination, who publicly gave his reasons for thus following his Lord and Master.

LIVERPOOL, Great Cross Hall Street, May 30—Eight, five of them from the Sabbath School, by Mr. Thomas.

LONDON, John-street, June 4—Nine by Hon. Mr. Baptist W. Noel.

— Church-street, Blackfriars, May 30—Five; & July 25. Three by Mr. Barker.

— New Park-street, July 1—Eighteen by Mr. Spurgeon. Immediately on Mr. Spurgeon coming out of the water, an Independent minister immersed a young person who was to join his church in Kennington-lane. It is not a little remarkable that while the rev. gentleman was practising adult baptism by immersion, he stoutly defended infant sprinkling, and told us he was prepared to do so on the authority of the Word of God!

— Shouldham-street, June 27—After a sermon by Mr. W. A. Blake, Four by Mr. Owen.

LETON, Wellington-street Chapel, May 30—Three; June 27—Ten by Mr. Cornford. Two aged persons, and eight from the Sabbath school, making fifteen from the school in three months.

MELBOURNE, Cambridgeshire, July 5th—Twelve by Rev. E. Bailey.

NUNEATON, June 6—Seven by Mr. Langridge.

OLDEN, Lancashire, June 25—Nine by Mr. L. Nuttall. An encouraging revival has commenced at this old established cause, may it extend and continue.

PANT-Y-CELTYN, May 16—Four by Mr. Harris.

PISGAH, May 2—Three by Mr. Phillips.

PONTESBURY, Salop, June 6—Five by Mr. Dove.

PLAISTOW, Essex, at Rehobeth chapel, Shadwell (kindly lent), July 14—Three by Mr. Cracknell. This is the first baptising in connection with this newly formed church in Plaistow. Each candidate was a teacher in the Sunday-school. One has been a member with the Independents for many years; the pastor of this church has also recently come out from that denomination.

RUSHDEN, Succoth, Northamptonshire, June 27—Five by Mr. C. Drawbridge.

RYE, Sussex, July 1—One by Mr. Pavey.

SALENDINE NOOK, near Huddersfield—From Dec. 6th to June 16th the pastor, the Rev. D. Crumpton, has received into the church by baptism thirty-five; by letter three; by experience one—in all thirty-nine persons. "God gave the increase."

SANDEHURST, Kent, July 11—Two by Mr. J. H. Blake.

SHARNEBROOK, Beds., Bethlehem Chapel, July 4—Two by Mr. Corby.

SHEEPSHEAD, Leicestershire, July 4—Three by Mr. J. Bromwich.

SHEFFIELD, Portmahon, May 23—Seven, including three husbands and their wives, by Mr. Giles.

— Cemetery-road, May 30—Six by Mr. Ashberry.

SOUTHAMPTON, Portland Chapel, June 13—Four by Mr. A. McLaren, B.A.

STOWMARKET, July 4—Five by Mr. J. Thornley.

SCNYSIDE, May 30—Four by Mr. Nicholls;

TETBURY, May 27—Five by Mr. Kiddle.

TWED-YR-RHIW, May 2—Nine by Mr. Jenkins.

WOLVERHAMPTON, St. James's-street, May 23—Eight by Mr. Morrell, after a sermon by the pastor.

WOLVEY, Warwickshire, June 13—Two by Mr. Knight.

WORCESTER, June 23—Four by the Rev. H. E. Sturmer. The first-fruits of his ministry here; may the harvest be great.

DEATHS.

SOMERSHAM, HUNTS.—Mr. Thos. Webb departed this life July 2nd, 1858, after a few days illness, having attended the house of the Lord the previous Sunday. He had been for many years a disciple of Christ, resting alone on him his hope of eternal life, and died in the faith of a finished salvation. He had been upwards of 36 years deacon, and died at the age of 72. His funeral sermon was preached on the Monday evening following his death by Mr. J. Flory, from Psalm lxxii. v. 2. Mr. F. said, our friend was instrumentally converted by the prayers of his godly master, Mr. Jolin Ingle (whose servant he was in early life), who was in the habit of having family prayer, and who prayed for the salvation of his servants as well as of his own immediate family. Our friend was affected so much on one occasion that he went out and prayed for himself, for he felt if his master had fears in reference to salvation, who he felt was a good man and a praying man, what would become of him, who was such a sinner, and who had never prayed for himself? This, in the hands of the Divine Spirit, was the beginning of a long and consistent life and service in the cause of Christ. Christian masters, remember this, and may it encourage you to persevere in the holy practice of household prayer.

PIDLEY, NEAR SOMERSHAM.—Mr. Joseph Gifford fell asleep in Jesus on July 10th. He was 33 years a member of the Baptist chapel, Somersham. His funeral discourse, according to his particular request, was preached by Mr. J. Flory, on the following Tuesday, from Job xxiii. v. 10., to a large congregation in the school-room, Pidley, kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs. Daintree.

June 30, Mr. Robert Barnes, the faithful pastor of the Baptist church, Glemsford, for twenty-seven years and six months, where his labours were greatly blessed in the calling of sinners and the edification of saints.

June 14, at the house of the Rev. J. C. Park, Bilston, Mary, relict of William Wilson, ironmonger, formerly of Wetherby, Yorkshire, and grand-daughter of the Rev. W. Crabtree, first pastor of the first Baptist church, Bradford, York, aged 79.

MEDITATION ON GOD.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psalm civ. 34.

DAVID, certainly, was not a melancholy man. Eminent as he was for his piety and for his religion, he was equally eminent for his joyfulness and gladness of heart. Read the verses that precede my text, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord." It has often been insinuated, if it has not been openly said, that the contemplation of divine things has a tendency to depress the spirits. Religion, many thoughtful persons have supposed, doth not become the young; it checks the ardour of their youthful blood. It may be very well for men with gray heads, who need something to comfort and solace them, as they descend the hill of life into the grave; it may be well enough for those who are in poverty and deep trial; but that it is at all congruous with the condition of a healthy, able-bodied, successful, and happy man, this is generally said to be out of the question. Now, there is no greater falsehood. No man is so happy, but he would be happier still if he had religion. The man with a fulness of earthly pleasure, whose barns are full of store, and whose press bursts with new wine, would not lose any part of his happiness, had he the grace of God in his heart; rather, that joy would add sweetness to all his prosperity, it would strain off many of the bitter dregs from his cup, it would purify his heart, and fresher his tastes for delights, and show him how to extract more honey from the honeycomb. Religion is a thing that can make the most melancholy joyful, at the same time that it can make the joyous ones more joyful still. It can make the gloomy bright, as it gives the oil of joy in the place of mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Moreover, it can light up the face that is joyous with a heavenly gladness; it can make the eye sparkle with ten-fold more brilliance; and happy as the man may be, he shall find that there is sweeter nectar than he has ever drunk before, if he comes to the fountain of atoning mercy; if he knows that his name is registered in the book of everlasting life. Temporal mercies will then have the charm of redemption to enhance them. They will be no longer to him as shadowy phantoms which dance for a transient hour in the sunbeam. He will account them more precious because they are given to him, as it were, in some codicils of the divine testament, which hath promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. While goodness and mercy follow him all the days of his life, he will stretch forth his grateful anticipations to the future, when he shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. He will be able to say, as our Psalmist does, "I will sing unto the Lord. I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord."

Taking these few words as the motto of our discourse, we shall speak first, concerning a profitable exercise—*meditation*. Secondly, concerning the excellence of the subject—my meditation of *Him*. Thirdly, concerning the desirable result—my meditation of *Him* shall be *sweet*.

I. First, here is a VERY PROFITABLE EXERCISE—"My Meditation."

Meditation is a word that more than half of you, I fear, do not know how to spell. You know how to repeat the letters of the word; but I mean to say, you cannot spell it in the reality of life. You do not occupy yourselves with any meditation. He is not the best student who reads the most books, but he who meditates the most upon them; he shall not learn most of divinity who hears the greatest number of sermons, but he who meditates the most devoutly upon what he does hear; nor shall he be so profound a scholar who takes down ponderous volumes one after the other, as he who, reading little by little, precept upon precept, and line upon line, digests what he learns, and assimilates each sentiment to his heart by meditation—receiving the word first into his understanding, and afterwards receiving the spirit of the thing into his own soul. Meditation is thus a very excellent employment. Let us for a moment or two tell you some of its uses.

First, I think meditation furnishes the mind somewhat with rest. *It is the couch of the soul.* Just as a change of posture relieves the weariness of the body, a change of thoughts will prevent your spirits becoming languid. Sit down in a silent chamber, at eventide, throw the window up, and look at God's bright stars, and count those eyes of heaven; or if you like it better, pause in the noontide heat, and look down upon the busy crowd in the streets, and count the men like so many ants, upon the ant-hill of this world; or if you care not to look about you, sit down and look within yourself, count the pulses of your own heart, and examine the motions of your own breast. At times, 'tis well to muse upon heaven; or if thou art a man who lovest to revel in the prophetic future, turn over the mystic page, and study the sacred visions recorded in the Book of Daniel, or the Book of Revelation. As thou dost enter these hallowed intricacies, and dost meditate upon these impressivo symbols, thou wilt rise up from thy study mightily refreshed. You will find it like a couch to your mind.

Again, meditation is the *machine in which the raw material* of knowledge is converted to the best uses. Let me compare it to a wine-press. By reading, and research, and study we gather the grapes; but it is by meditation we press out the juice of those grapes, and obtain the wine. How is it that many men who read very much know very little? The reason is, they read tome upon tome, and stow away knowledge with lumbering confusion inside their heads, till they have laid so much weight on their brain that it cannot work. Instead of putting facts into the press of meditation, and fermenting them till they can draw out inferences, they leave them to rot and perish. They extract none of the sweet juice of wisdom from the precious fruits of the vine-tree. I like, when I have read a book for about half an hour, to walk awhile, and think it over. I shut up the volume, and say, "Now, Mr. Author, you have made your speech, let me think over what you have said. A little meditation will enable me to distinguish between what I knew before and the fresh subject you communicate to me—between your facts and your opinions—between your arguments and those I should make from the same premises." Animals, after they have eaten, lie down and ruminate; they first crop the grass, and afterwards digest it. So meditation is the rumination of the soul; thereby we get that nutriment which feeds and supports the mind. As it is the rest of the soul, so it is, at the same time, the means of making the best use of what the soul has acquired.

Again, meditation is to the soul what oil was to the body of the wrestlers. When those old athletes went out to wrestle, they always took care before

they went to oil themselves well—to make their joints supple and fit for labour. Now, meditation makes the soul supple—makes it so that it can use things when they come into the mind. Who are the men that can go into a controversy and get the mastery? Why, the men who meditate when they are alone. Who are the men that can preach? Not those who gad about, and never commune with their own hearts alone; but those who think earnestly as well when no one is near them as when there is a crowd around them. Who are the authors to write your books, and keep up the constant supply of literature? They are meditative men. They keep their bones supple and their limbs fit for exercise by continually bathing themselves in the oil of meditation. How important, therefore, is meditation as a mental exercise, to have our minds in constant readiness for any service.

As meditation is good for the mind, even upon worldly topics and natural science, *much more is it useful when we come to spiritual learning.* The best and most saintly of men have been men of meditation. Isaac went out into the fields at eventide to meditate. David says, "As for me, I will meditate on thy statutes." Paul, who meditated continually, says to Timothy, "Give thyself to meditation." To the Christian, meditation is most essential. I should almost question the being of a Christian, and I should positively deny his well-being, who lived without habitual meditation. Meditation and prayer are twin sisters, and both of them appear to me equally necessary to Christian life. I think meditation must exist where there is prayer, and prayer would be sure to exist where there is meditation. My brethren, there is nothing more wanting to make Christians grow in grace now-a-days than meditation. Most of you are painfully negligent in this matter. You remind me of a sermon that one of my quaint old friends in the country once preached from that text—"The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." He told us that many people who would hunt for a sermon, were too lazy to roast it by meditation. They knew not how to put the jack of memory through it, and then to twist it round by meditation before the fire of piety, and so to cook it and make it fit for your soul's food. So it is with many of you after you have caught the sermon: you allow it to run away. How often do you, through lack of meditation, miss the entire purpose for which the sermon was designed. Unless ye meditate upon the truths we declare unto you, ye will gather little sweetness, ye will acquire little little profit, and, certainly, ye will be in no wise established therein to your edification. Can you get the honey from the comb until you squeeze it? You may be refreshed by a few words while you listen to the sermon, but it is the meditation afterwards which extracts the honey and gets the best and most luscious savor therefrom.

Let me tell you that there ought to be *times* of meditation. I think every man should set apart a portion of time every day for this gracious exercise. The Christian will ever be in a lean state if he has no time for sacred musings before his God. Those men who know most of God are such as meditate most upon him. Those who realise most experimentally the doctrines of grace, are those who meditate and soar beyond the reach of all sublunary things. I think we shall never have much advancement in our churches until the members thereof begin to accept habitually the counsel, "Come, my people, enter into my chambers;" or that other, "Commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still." Till the din and noise of business somewhat abate, and we give ourselves to calmer thought, and in the solemn silence of the mind find at once our heaven and our God, we must still expect to have regiments of dwarfs, and only here and there a giant. Giant minds

cannot be nourished by casual hearing; gigantic souls must have meditation to support them. Would ye be strong? Would ye be mighty? Would ye be valiant for the Lord, and useful in his cause? Take care that ye follow the occupation of the Psalmist David, and meditate. This is a happy occupation.

II. Now, secondly, let us consider a VERY PRECIOUS SUBJECT: "My meditation of *Him* shall be sweet."

Christian! thou needest no greater inducement to excite thee than the subject here proposed: "My meditation of him shall be sweet." Whom does that word "him" mean? I suppose it may refer to all the three persons of the glorious Trinity? My meditation upon Jehovah shall be sweet, and verily if you sit down to meditate upon God the Father, and reflect on his sovereign, immutable, unchangeable love towards his elect people—if you think of God the Father as the great Author and Originator of the plan of salvation—if you think of him as the mighty being who has said that by two immutable things, wherein it is impossible for him to lie, he hath given us strong consolation who have fled for refuge to Christ Jesus—if you look to him as the giver of his only-begotten Son, and who, for the sake of that Son, his best gift, will, with him also; freely give us all things—if you consider him as having ratified the Covenant, and pledged himself ultimately to complete all its stipulations, in the ingathering of every chosen ransomed soul, you will perceive that there is enough to engross your meditation for ever, even were your attention limited to the manner of the Father's love. Or, if you choose it, you shall think of God the Holy Spirit; you shall consider his marvellous operations on your own heart—how he quickened it when you were dead in trespasses and sins—how he brought you nigh to Jesus when you were a lost sheep, wandering far from the fold—how he called you, with such a mighty efficacy that you could not resist his voice—how he drew you with the cords of love. If you think how often he has helped you in the hour of peril—how frequently he has comforted you with the promise in times of distress and trouble; and, if you think that, like holy oil, he will always supply your lamp, and until life's last hour he will always replenish you with his influences, proving himself still your teacher and your guide till you get up yonder, where you shall see your Saviour face to face, in the blessed presence of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,—in such revelation you might find a vast and infinite subject for your meditation. But rather, to-night, I prefer to confine this word "him" to the person of our adorable Saviour. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

Thou precious Jesus! what can be a sweeter theme for me than to think of thine exalted being—to conceive of thee as the Son of God, who with the golden compasses struck out a circle from space, and fashioned this round world? To think of thee as the God who holds this mighty orb upon thy shoulders, and art the King of Glory, before whom angels bow with modest homage; and yet to consider thee as likewise "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh"—"In ties of blood with sinners one"—to conceive of thee as the Son of Mary, born of a Virgin, wearing flesh like men, clothed in garments of humanity like mortals of our feeble race; to picture thee in all thy suffering life, in all the anguish of thy death; to trace thee in all thy passion; to view thee in the agony of Gethsemane, enduring the bloody sweat, the sore amazement; and then to follow thee to the pavement, and thence up the steep side of Calvary, bearing the cross, braving the shame, when thy soul was made an offering for my sins, when thou didst die the reconciling death 'midst horrors still to all but God unknown. Verily, here is a meditation for

my soul, which must be "sweet" for ever. I might begin, like the Psalmist David, and say, "My heart is inditing of a good matter; it bubbleth up, while I speak of things which I have made touching the king; my tongue is as the pen of a ready writer." "My meditation of him shall be sweet."

Christ! Consider Christ in any way you please, and your meditation of him will be sweet. Jesus may be compared to some of those lenses you have seen, which you may take up and hold one way, and you see one light, and another way, and you see another light, and whichever way you turn them you will always see some precious sparkling of light, and some new colours starting up to your view. Ah! take Jesus for your theme; sit down and consider him; think of his relation to your own soul, and you will never get through that one subject.

Think of his eternal relationship with you; recollect that the saints of Jesus were from condemnation free, in union with the Lamb, before the world was made. Think of your everlasting union with the person of Jehovah Jesus before this planet was sent rolling through space, and how your guilty soul was accounted spotless and clean, even before you fell; and after that dire lapse, before you were restored, justification was imputed to you in the person of Jesus Christ. Think of your known and manifest relationship to him since you have been called by his grace. Think how he has become your brother; how his heart has beaten in sympathy with yours; how he has kissed you with the kisses of his love, and his love has been to you sweeter than wine. Look back upon some happy, sunny spots in your history, where Jesus has whispered, "I am yours," and you have said, "My beloved is mine." Think of some choice moments, when an angel has stooped from heaven, and taken you up on his wings, and carried you aloft, to sit in heavenly places where Jesus sits, that you might commune with him. Or think, if it please you, of some pensive moments, when you have had what Paul sets so much store by—fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. Think of seasons when the sweat has rolled from your brow, almost as it did from that of Jesus—yet not the sweat of blood—when you have knelt down, and felt that you could die with Christ, even as you had risen with him. And then, when you have exhausted that portion of the subject, think of your relationship in Christ, which is to be developed in heaven. Imagine the hour to have come when you shall "greet the blood-besprinkled baid on the eternal shore," and range the—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Array'd in living green."

Picture to your mind that moment when Jesus Christ shall salute you as "more than a conqueror," and put a pearly crown upon your head, more glittering than stars. And think of that transporting hour, when you will take that crown from off your own brow, and climbing the steps of Jesus' throne, you shall put it on his head, and crown him once more Lord of your soul, as well as "Lord of all." Ah! if you come and tell me you have no subject for meditation, I will answer, Surely, you have not tried to meditate; for "My meditation of him shall be sweet."

Suppose you have done thinking of him as he is related to you; consider him next *as he is related to the wide world*. Recollect that Jesus Christ says he came into the world to save the world, and undoubtedly he will one day save the world, for he who redeemed it by price and by power will restore it and renew it from the effects of the fall. Oh! think of Jesus in this

relationship as the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in. He will come again to our earth one day; and when he comes he will find this world defaced still with the old curse upon it—the primeval curse of Eden. He will find plague, and pestilence, and war here still; but when he comes, he shall bid men “beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;” war shall be obliterated from among the sciences; he shall speak the word, and there shall be a company that will publish it. “The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.” Jesus Christ shall come! Christians! be ye waiting for the second coming of your Lord Jesus Christ! and whilst ye wait, meditate upon that coming. Think, O my soul, of that august day, when thou shalt see him with all his pompous train, coming to call the world to judgment, and to avenge himself upon his enemies. Think of all his triumphs when Satan shall be bound, and death shall be crushed, and hell shall be conquered, and when he shall be saluted as the universal Monarch, “Lord over all, blessed for ever. Amen.” “My meditation of him shall be sweet.”

I believe when we get to heaven we shall want no subject for meditation there, except Jesus Christ. There will be little else we shall want of heaven besides Jesus Christ. He will be our bread, our food, our beauty, and our glorious dress. The atmosphere of heaven will be Christ; everything in heaven will be Christ-like; yea, Christ is the heaven of his people. To be in Christ and to be with Christ is the essence of heaven:—

“Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
Should Christ His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.”

III. Let me proceed to point out a BLESSED RESULT—“Our meditation of him shall be SWEET.” This depends upon the character very much. Meditation on Christ is very much like Chian wine flavoured unto him who drinketh it. Ah! I know some persons come into chapel, who are very glad when they hear the minister pronounce the benediction, and dismiss the assembly; they are very glad when all is over, and they would rather hear the parting doxology than the text. As for a meditation on Christ, instead of saying it is sweet, they would say, it is very dry. If they happen to hear an anecdote or a tale, they do not mind remembering that; but a meditation which should be entirely on Christ, would be dry enough to them, and they would be glad to hear it brought to a close. Ah! that is because of the taste you have got in your mouth. There is something wrong about your palate. You have got your mouth out of taste with some of the world’s poor dainties; you have got some of the powder of the apples of Sodom hanging on your lips, that spoils the glorious flavour of your meditation on Jesus. In fact, it prevents your meditating on Christ at all. It is only a hearing of the meditation with your ears, not a receiving it with your hearts. But here the Psalmist says, “My meditation of him shall be sweet.” What a mercy, dear friends, that there is something sweet in this world for us! We need it. For I am sure, as for most other things in the world, they are very, very bitter. Go through the great laboratory of this world, and how many will be the cases that you will see marked bitter! There are perhaps more of aloes put in our cup than of any other ingredient. We have to take a great quantity of bitters in the course of our lives. What a mercy then, it is, that there is one thing that is sweet! “My meditation of *him* shall be sweet;” so sweet, beloved, that all the other bitters are quite swallowed up in its sweetness.

Have I not seen the widow, when her husband has departed, and he who was her strength, the stay of her life and her sustenance, has been laid in the grave—have I not seen her hold up her hands, and say, “Ah! though he is gone, still my Maker is my husband; ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;’ blessed be his name!” What was the reason of her patient submission? Because she had a sweet meditation to neutralise the bitterness of her reflections. And do I not remember, even now, seeing a man, whose property had been washed away by the tide, and his lands swallowed up, and become quicksands, instead of being any longer profitable to him? Beggarred and bankrupt, with streaming eyes, he held up his hands, and repeated Habbakuk’s words, “Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, &c., &c., yet will I rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation.” Was it not because his meditation on Christ was so sweet, that it absorbed the bitterness of his trouble? And oh! how many, when they have come to the dark waters of death, have found that surely their bitterness was past, for they perceived that death was swallowed up in victory, through their meditation upon Jesus Christ! Now, if any of you have come here with your mouths out of taste, through affliction and trouble, if you have been saying with Jeremiah, “Thou hast filled my mouth with gravel stones, and made me drunken with wormwood”—if so, take a little of this choice cordial; I assure you it is sweet: *Lacrymæ Christi*, as it is called. If thou wilt take these tears of Jesus and put them in thy mouth, they will take away all the unpleasant flavour. Or again, I bid you take this meditation upon Christ, as a piece of scented stuff that was perfumed in heaven. It matters not what thou hast in thy house; this shall make it redolent of Paradise—shall make it smell like those breezes that once blew through Eden’s garden, wafting the odour of flowers. Ah! there is nothing that can so console your spirits, and relieve all your distresses and troubles, as the feeling that now you can meditate on the person of Jesus Christ. “My meditation of him shall be sweet.”

But, my dear hearers, shall I dismiss you without asking you whether you have ever had such a meditation upon our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? How many of you meditate on Christ? Christian men and women, do you not live below your privileges, many of you? Are you not living without having choice moments of communion with your Jesus? Methinks, if you had a free pass to heaven’s palace, you would use it very often; if you might go there and hold communion with some person whom you dearly loved, you would often be found there. But here is your Jesus, the King of heaven, and he gives you that which can open the gates of heaven and let you in to hold company with him, and yet you live without meditating upon his work, meditating upon his person, meditating upon his offices, and meditating upon his glory. Christian men and women! I say to you, is it not time we should begin to live nearer to God? What is to become of our churches? I do not know what to think of Christendom at large. As I travel through the country, and go here and there, I see the churches in a most awfully dwindled state. True, the Gospel is preached in most; but it is preached as it might be by humble-bees in pitchers—always with the same monotonous sound, and no good is done. I fear that the fault lies in the pews as well as in the pulpit. If hearers are meditative, preachers must be meditative. It is very true that water does not run up-hill; but when you begin to meditate and pray over the word, your ministers will see that you have gone beyond them, and they will set to and meditate themselves, and give

you the Gospel just as it comes fresh from their hearts, food for people's souls.

And for the rest of you—you who have never meditated on Jesus Christ—what do you think will become of you when your bitterness shall be in your mouth? When you taste death, how do you hope to destroy its ill flavour? Yet “that last, that bitter cup which mortal man can taste” is but a dire presentment. The first drops are bad enough, when you sip here the drops of remorse on account of sin; but that future cup in hell—that terrific mixture which God deals out to the lost in the pit—what will you do when you have to drink that? when your meditation will be, that you rejected Jesus, that you despised his Gospel, that you scoffed at his word? What will you do in that dread extremity? Many of you business men! will your ledger serve you with a sweet meditation in hell? Lawyer! will it be sweet for you to meditate on your deeds when you go there? Labouring man! will it be a sweet meditation to thee, to think that thy wages were spent in drunkenness, or thy Sabbaths profaned and thy duties neglected? And thou, professor! will it be a sweet meditation to sit down and think of thine hypocrisy? And ah! ye carnally minded men, who are indulging the flesh, and pampering the appetite, and not serving the Lord, “whose God is your belly, and whose glory is in your shame,” will your career furnish a sweet meditation to you at last? Be assured of this: your sins must be your meditation then, if Christ is not your meditation now. O wicked men! wicked men! one word to you, all of you who know not God. I will give you a subject for your meditation to-night. It shall be a parable. A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him, “What is your employment?” He said, “I am a blacksmith.” “Go home,” said he, “and make me a chain of such a length.” He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pains of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said, “Go and make it twice as long.” He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said, “Go and make it longer still.” Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said, “Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire.” There were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master the devil is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, “Go and make it longer still.” Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sunday night you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, “More links on still!” And then, at last, it will be, “Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire.” “For the wages of sin is death.” There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts!—*From the “Pulpit Library,” Vol. II. Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

A NEAR VIEW OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

BY THE REV. HENRY M. FIELD,

One of the Editors of the "New York Evangelist."

No preacher in England, since Edward Irving, has had such a popularity as Mr. Spurgeon. He is one of the lions of London—a rather young lion, to be sure; but one who, since his appearance in the field, has roared so loudly as to make all the nation hear—and every stranger who wishes to “do” the sights of Babylon, must for once, at least, see and hear him. Accordingly we set apart our first Sabbath to this purpose. We took a carriage early, as Surrey-hall is on the other side of the Thames, full three miles from the West End, where we had our quarters. We arrived before the gates were opened, but found the crowd already beginning to collect. I had a letter to Mr. Spurgeon, which I gave to one of the officers of the church, who immediately admitted us and invited us to sit on the platform, but we preferred a seat in the front side of the gallery, from which we could overlook the audience, which was almost as much a matter of curiosity as the preacher. Soon we knew that the gates were opened by the hurrying of those who had tickets to secure good places. It was interesting to observe the audience assembling—to mark the hurried step and eager look of the multitude. The Music-hall, as it is named, is situated in the centre of Surrey Gardens, a place of resort and amusement during the week. The hall was designed, as its name indicates, for monster concerts, such as those given by Jullien. It is built with three or four galleries; like the Academy of Music in New York, though, from its greater length, it can hold a much larger audience—it is said that it will contain eight or ten thousand people. But, vast as was this amphitheatre, it was soon filled. Tier above tier rose the dense array of heads. The admission is by tickets, though the price is so small that it is but a trifle to those who wish to attend. Thus, a shilling buys a ticket which is good for a month; and five shillings for the same time secures reserved seats. At half-past ten the doors were opened to those without tickets. Then came a second rush, which choked up every aisle and passage with persons standing. But at length the trampling ceased, for the building could hold no more; the audience hushed to quietness, and the preacher ascended the pulpit.

Never had a public speaker a more unpromising exterior than Mr. Spurgeon. He is very short and very fat, and altogether what we should call *chubby*; and as he ascends the stairs, he looks more like an overgrown boy than a fully developed man. Nor does his countenance betoken superior intellect. His forehead is low, and his upper lip is so short that it shows his teeth, which gives his mouth the appearance of a snapper or grin. Surely, I thought, eloquence cannot come out of such a mouth as that.

But the impression which a physiognomist might form from these dull and heavy features is dispelled as soon as he begins to speak. Then his countenance lights up with animation. His voice is full and clear, and rings through the hall like a clarion, filling every ear with the melodious sound.

The introductory services were not of any special interest beyond the ordinary services in every church. As is common in England, the reading of the Scriptures occupied a longer time than with us, being accompanied with an exposition. The prayer which followed was appropriate and fervent, but not remarkable for thought or expression, as were the prayers of Edward

Irving. The singing, though of the plainest kind, was grand from the multitude of voices which swelled the mighty chorus. Mr. Spurgeon read the words, verse by verse, and a precentor, standing up in front of the pulpit, gave out the tune, and led the singing. It was a noble sight to see this whole audience rising, and joining in that old majestic hymn of which each verse ends with the line,

“Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.”

Before commencing his discourse, Mr. Spurgeon announced that a telegraphic despatch had just been received, calling for a person who was supposed to be present, and who was summoned away by a severe domestic calainity. The man, whose name had been called, came forward much agitated to the pulpit to receive the message, and, as he retired, the sermon began.

The text was Ecclesiastes viii. 10—“And so I saw the wicked buried, which had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this is also vanity.” The subject was **THE WICKED MAN'S LIFE, FUNERAL, AND EPITAPH**. The introduction struck me as beautifully simple and apposite, as neither far-fetched nor common-place. See how naturally he introduces his solemn reflections upon death:—

It is quite certain that there are immense benefits attending our present mode of burial in extramural cemeteries. It was high time that the dead should be removed from the midst of the living—that we should not worship in the midst of corpses, and sit in the Lord's house on the Sabbath, breathing the noxious effluvia of decaying bodies. But when we have said this, we must remember that there are some advantages which we have lost by the removal of the dead, and more especially by the wholesale mode of burial which now seems very likely to become general. We are not so often met by the array of death. In the midst of our crowded cities we sometimes see the sable hearse bearing the relics of men to their last homes, but the funeral ceremonies are now mostly confined to those sweet sleeping-places beyond our walks, where rest the bodies of those who are very dear to us. Now, I believe the sight of a funeral is a very healthful thing for the soul. Whatever harm may come to the body by walking through the vault and the catacomb, the soul can there find much food for contemplation, and much excitement for thought. In the quiet villages, where some of us were wont to dwell, we remember how, when the funeral came now and then, the tolling of the bell preached to all the villagers a better sermon than they had heard in the church for many a day; and we recollect how, as children, we used to cluster around the grave, and look at that which was not so frequent an occurrence in the midst of a rare and spare population; and we remember the solemn thoughts which used to arise even in our young hearts when we heard the words uttered, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” The solemn falling of the few grains of ashes upon the coffin-lid was the sowing of good seed in our hearts. And afterwards, when in our childish play we have climbed over those nettle-bound graves, and seated ourselves upon those moss-grown tombstones, we have had many a lesson preached to us by the dull, cold tongue of death, more eloquent than aught we have heard from the lip of living man, and more likely to abide with us in after years. But now we see little of death. We have fulfilled Abraham's wish beyond what he desired—we “bury the dead out of our sight;” it is rarely that we see them, and a stranger passing through our streets might say, “Do these men live always? for I see no funerals amongst the millions of this city; I see no signs of death.”

Having thus conducted us to the borders of the grave, the preacher made a simple division of his subject into three parts, and asked us first, to mark

the living man, "as he came and went from the place of the holy; next, to attend his funeral; and finally, to write his epitaph.

"The place of the holy," he said, in the original probably referred to the seat of judgment held by the civil magistrate, but the term might also be applied to the house of God, and with a still stronger emphasis to the sacred pulpit; and he therefore proceeded to consider all of these positions as sometimes occupied and profaned by the presence of wicked men. Most sternly did he rebuke those magistrates who sit to judge the poor drunkard, or the wretched woman of the streets, and who yet in their hearts know themselves to be guilty of the very vices which they condemn.

The same rigid inquisition did he apply to the worshippers in the sanctuary. After drawing a picture of the multitudes coming up to the house of God, he proceeded to separate the congregation, and to mark those who attend from form, or fashion, or curiosity, and who go away as vile as they come. After speaking of the goodly sight presented by the vast audience, he said:—

Your pleasure must have a great deal of alloy if you stop for a moment and dissect the congregation. Pull the goodly mass in sunder—in a heap it sparkles like gold; pull aside the threads, and, alas! you will see that there are some not made of the precious metal, for "we have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy." Little do we know when we look here from the pulpit—it looks like one great field of flowers, fair to look upon—how many a root of deadly henbane and noxious nightshade groweth here; and though you all look fair and goodly, yet "I have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy."

But the sternest rebuke of the preacher was reserved for those who profane the sacred desk—

If there be a place under high heaven more holy than another, it is the pulpit whence the Gospel is preached. This is the Thermopylæ of Christendom; here must the great battle be fought between Christ's Church and the invading hosts of a wicked world. This is the last vestige of anything sacred that is left to us. . . . Yet I have seen the wicked come and go from it. Alas! if there be a sinner that is hardened, it is the man that sins and occupies his pulpit. . . . We have known cases where men, when convicted to their own forehead, have unblushingly persevered in proclaiming a Gospel which their lives denied. And perhaps these are the hardest of all sinners to deal with. But if the garment be once defiled, away with all thoughts of the pulpit then! He must be clean who ministers at the altar. Every saint must be holy, but he, holiest of all, who seeks to serve his God. Yet, we must mourn to say it, the Church of God every now and then has had a sun that was black instead of white, and a moon that was as a clot of blood, instead of being full of fairness and beauty. Happy the Church when God gives her holy ministers; but unhappy the Church where wicked men preside.

After these descriptions of a guilty life, we were brought to see its fearful end. We had seen the wicked in his power, we were yet to see him laid low in the grave. "Now," said the preacher, "WE ARE GOING TO HIS FUNERAL. I shall want you to attend it." He added with a sarcasm that often flashes out in his discourse:—

You need not be particular about having on a hat-band, or being arrayed in garments of mourning. It does not signify for the wretch we are going to bury. There is no need for any very great outward signs of mourning, for he will be forgotten even in the city where he hath done this: therefore we need not particularly mourn for him.

He then drew the picture of a pompous funeral ceremony made over the body of a wicked man:—

There is a man who has been a county magistrate. Do you see what a stir is made about his poor bones? There is the hearse covered with plumes, and there follows a long string of carriages. The country people stare to see such a long train of carriages coming to follow one poor worm to its resting-place. What pomp! what grandeur! See how the place of worship is hung with black. There seems to be intense mourning made over this man. Will you just think of it for a minute, and who are they mourning for? A hypocrite! Whom is all this pomp for? For one who was a wicked man; a man who made a pretension of religion; a man who judged others, and who ought to have been condemned himself. All this pomp for patrid clay; and what is it more or better than that? When such a man dies, ought he not to be buried with the burial of an ass? Let him be drawn and dragged from the gates of the city. What has he to do with pomp? At the head of the mournful cavalcade is Beelzebub, leading the procession, and, looking back with twinkling eye and leer of malicious joy, says, "Here is fine pomp to conduct a soul to hell with!" Ah! plumes and hearse for the man who is being conducted to his last abode in Tophet! A string of carriages to do honour to the man whom God hath cursed in life, and cursed in death; for the hope of the hypocrite is evermore an accursed one. And a bell is ringing, and the clergyman is reading the funeral service, and is burying the man "in sure and certain hope." Oh! what a laugh rings up from somewhere a little lower than the grave! "In sure and certain hope," says Satan; "ha! ha! your sure and certain hope is folly, indeed. Trust to a bubble, and hope to fly to the stars; trust to the wild winds, that they shall conduct you safely to heaven; but trust to such a hope as that, and thou art a madman indeed." Oh! if we judged rightly, when a hypocrite died, we should do him no honour. If men could but see a little deeper than the skin, and read the thoughts of the heart, they would not patronise this great, black lie, and lead a long string of carriages through the streets; they would say, "No, the man was good for nothing; he was the outward skin without the life; he professed to be what he was not; he lived the scornful life of a deceiver; let him have the burial of Jeconiah; let him not have a funeral at all; let him be cast away as loathsome carrion, for that is all he is." When a godly man dies ye may make lamentation over him; ye may well carry him with solemn pomp to the grave, for there is an odour in his bones; there is a sweet savor about him that even God delighteth in, for "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." But the gilded hypocrite, the varnished deceiver, the well-accounted wolf in sheep's clothing—away with pomp for him! Why should men bewail him? They do not do it; why should they pretend to do so, and give the outward semblance of a grief where they feel none?

Or the wicked might be buried in a more quiet way; silently laid in the grave with none to mourn for him—men standing around whom delicacy to the living constrained to silence, but whom truth would not permit to utter hypocritic praise. Thus contemplating the end to which all must come, the preacher said with solemn truth, "*Brethren, after all, we ought to judge ourselves very much in the light of our funerals.*" And I could see that he was thinking of what might be said of him when he was gone, as he added:—

Oh! I would desire to live that when I leave this mortal state, men may say, "There is one gone who sought to make the world better. However rough his efforts might have been, he was an honest man; he sought to serve God, and there lieth he that feared not the face of man."

And then as if to heighten by contrast the effect of the dark picture he had drawn, he thus portrayed the burial of the righteous:—

I remember the funeral of one pastor—I attended it. Many ministers of the Gospel walked behind the coffin to attend their brother, and pay honour to him;

and then came a long string of members of the Church, every one of whom wept as if they had lost a father. And I remember the solemn sermon that was preached in the chapel, all hung with black, when all of us wept because a great man had fallen that day in Israel. We felt that a prince had been taken from us, and we all said, like Elijah's servant, "My father, my father, the horses of Israel and the chariots thereof."

But I have seen the wicked buried, and I saw nothing of this sort. I saw a flickering kind of sorrow, like the dying of a wick that is almost consumed. I saw that those who paid a decent respect to the corpse did it for the widow's sake, and for the sake of them that were left behind; but if they could have dealt with the corpse as their nature seemed to dictate they ought to have dealt with the man when living, they would have said, "Let him be buried at the dead of night; let him have some unballowed corner in the churchyard where the nettle long has grown; let the frog croak over his tomb; let the owl make her resting-place o'er his sepulchre, and let her hoot all night long, for hooted he well deserves to be; let no laurel and no cypress grow upon his grave, and let no rose twine itself as a sweet bower around the place where he sleeps; let no cowslip and no lily of the valley deck the grass that covereth him; there let him lie; let not the green sward grow, but let the place be accursed where sleeps the hypocrite."

But he went still farther :—

There is a sad thing yet to come. We must look a little deeper than the mere ceremonial of the burial, and we shall see that there is a great deal more in some people's coffins besides their corpses. When old Robert Flockart was buried a few weeks ago in Edinburgh, he was buried as I think a Christian minister should be, for his old Bible and hymn book were placed upon the top of the coffin. Had he been a soldier, I suppose he would have had his sword put there; but he had been a Christian soldier, so they buried him with his Bible and hymn book as his trophies. It was well that such a trophy should be *on* that coffin; but there is a great deal, as I have said, *inside* some people's coffins. If we had eyes to see invisible things, and we could break the lid of the hypocrite's coffin, we should see a great deal there. There lies all his hopes, and they are to be buried with him. Of all the frightful things that a man can look upon, the face of a dead wife is the most horrible. A dead child is a pang indeed to a mother's heart; a dead wife or a dead husband, to the heart of the bereaved, must be sorrowful indeed; but a coffin full of dead hopes—did you ever see such a load of misery carried to the grave as that?

Wrapt in the same shroud, there lies all his dead *pretensions*. When he was here he made a pretension of being respectable; there lies his respect, he shall be a lissing and a reproach for ever. He made a pretension of being sanctified, but the mask is off now, and he stands in all his native blackness. And so he sleeps. The tongue that prattled once so pleasantly concerning godliness is now silent. That hypocritical eye that once flashed with the pretended fire of joy—it is all now dark, dark. That brain that thought of inventions to deceive—the worm shall feed on it. And that heart of his, that once throbbed beneath ribs that were scarcely thick enough to hide the transparency of his hypocrisy shall now be devoured by demons. There are dead pretensions inside that rotten skeleton, and dead hopes too.

But there is one thing that sleeps with him in his coffin that he had set his heart upon. He had set his heart upon being known after he was gone. He thought surely after he had departed this life he would be handed down to posterity and be remembered. Now read the text—"And they were forgotten in the city where they had so done." There is his hope of fame. Every man likes to live a little longer than his life—Englishmen especially—for there is scarcely to be found a rock in all England upon which even a goat might scarcely climb, where there may not be discovered the initials of the names of men, who never had any

other mode of attaining to fame, and therefore thought they would inscribe their names there. Go where you will, you find men attempting to be known; and this is the reason why many people write in newspapers, else they never would be known. A hundred little inventions we all of us have for keeping our names going after we are dead.

But with the wicked man it is all in vain; he shall be forgotten. He has done nothing to make anybody remember him. Ask the poor, "do you remember so-and-so?" "Hard master, sir, very. He always cut us down to the last sixpence; and we do not wish to recollect him." Their children won't hear his name; they will forget him entirely. Ask the Church, "do you remember so-and-so? he was a member." "Well," says one, "I remember him certainly, his name was on the books, but we never had his heart. He used to come and go, but I never could talk with him. There was nothing spiritual in him. There was a great deal of sounding bell-metal and brass, but no gold. I never could discover that he had the 'root of the matter in him.'" No one thinks of him, and he will soon be forgotten. The chapel grows old, there comes up another congregation, and somehow or other they talk about the old deacons that used to be there, who were good and holy men, and about the old lady that used to be so eminently useful in visiting the sick; about the young man who rose out of that church, who was so useful in the cause of God; but you never hear mention made of his name; he is quite forgotten. When he died his name was struck out of the books; he was reported as being dead, and all remembrance of him died with him. I have often noticed how soon wicked things die when the man dies who originated them. Look at Voltaire's philosophy, with all the noise it made in his time—where is it now? There is just a little of it lingering, but it seems to have gone. And there was Tom Paine, who did his best to write his name in letters of damnation, and one would think he might have been remembered. But who cares for him now? What is a wicked man's body but a rotten piece of noisomeness? Put it away, and thank God there are worms to eat such a thing up, and thank him still more, that there is a worm called Time, to eat up the evil influence and the accursed memory, which such a man leaves behind him.

And then in a few solemn words the preacher wrote the epitaph of the wicked, **THIS ALSO IS VANITY**, showing the folly and madness of the course which led to this miserable end.

As soon as the sermon was closed, there were signs of a movement near the door, when Mr. Spurgeon cried out, "All who do not want a blessing, can go," and immediately pronounced the benediction, and the vast audience slowly dispersed.

I have given you this full description of the sermon as the best means of conveying an idea of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. Every one is surprised by his readiness and fluency, a gift so rare especially among Englishmen. During the whole of this long discourse, he had not a note or a line before him. It was purely extemporaneous. It was taken down in short hand, as are all his Sunday morning sermons, and printed in a tract form, from which I have quoted those passages which most impressed me in the delivery.*

But what I admired yet more than the fluency of speech, was the simplicity of the language. There was not a word which could not be understood by everybody. He used plain, homely phrases, and thus the truth was brought directly into contact with the minds of his audience. In many points Mr. Spurgeon reminded us strongly of Henry Ward Beecher—in his hearty

* The sermon forms No. 200 of "The New Park Street Pulpit," published by Alabaster and Passmore, 34, Wilson-street, Finsbury; G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster-row; and James Paul, Chapter House Court, London.

earnestness, in his blunt, pithy way of saying a thing, in his touches of tenderness and occasional gleams of humour, and in his varied imagination, which though sometimes stooping to coarse figures, often rises to the use of imagery the most delicate and beautiful.

From all this you will readily infer that we came away from Surrey-hall with a very pleasant impression. I confess we had gone with some misgiving, for I had so often seen a great reputation dwindle as it was approached, that I dreaded to have another illusion dispelled. But this sermon relieved my fears. I had seen Mr. Spurgeon criticised and ridiculed in the English journals as a clerical mountebank, and I did not know but he might appear as a theatrical performer in the pulpit. But the critic who can deride Mr. Spurgeon as a charlatan, must be insensible to any demonstrations of oratorical power. No candid listener can deny to him the possession of great talent, and when the amount of his labours is considered, it appears still more remarkable.

The same evening we heard him again in his own chapel in New Park-street, and after the service, we saw him in his vestry and had a very pleasant interview. I had a natural apprehension that he must be breaking down from excessive labour. But he assured me that he was in robust health. He said that his constant speaking was the best exercise for him, and that he should die if he did not preach *ten or twelve times a week*. I asked him when he found time to study, to which he replied that he could give but little preparation to his sermons, often entering the pulpit with not more than fifteen minutes previous thought of his subject.

But he has lately contrived to have some degree of leisure. He has taken a house out by Clapham Common, at several miles distance from his church, to avoid interruptions. His deacons do all his visiting, and hence, in the interval of his public duties, he is able to snatch a few hours for study and books. I suspect, too, that he has read largely in former years. He appears to be very familiar with the old divines, especially with Bunyan, whom he calls "the greatest of Englishmen." In this very sermon, when speaking of the holy dead, he made an eloquent tribute to the memory of the marvellous dreamer. Traces of his familiarity with the writings of Bunyan are seen everywhere in his style.

Such are my impressions of Mr. Spurgeon. I rank him very highly among the living men of this country. Sometimes I hear a fling at him that he is a coarse, vulgar man, and that he is puffed up with conceit. Perhaps he is vain of his popularity. I can only say that I did not discover it in his public preaching, or in his private conversation. As to his low breeding, certainly he has not an aristocratic air. As he has sprung out of the ground, he shows plain marks of his origin. He is of the earth, earthy. But that very fact may give him half his power. His thoughts and language are racy of the soil, and thus he is fitted to be what he is—not a fashionable preacher, but a real tribune of the people, swaying the hearts of thousands of men. I think he would have been injured rather than benefited if he had been educated at one of the universities, and spent the years in studying Latin and Greek, which he has turned to much better account in studying Bunyan and the people of England. Let critics carp at him if they will. I shall still love, and honour, and admire Mr. Spurgeon—as a man of rare eloquence, and what is better still, of a great and noble Christian heart—a heart that loves his fellow men, and seeks their good, and I believe that God has raised him up to be a great blessing to England.

SOME GREAT THING.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?"—
2 Kings, v. 13.

NAAMAN needed a cure; he took the right way to obtain one by going to the prophet, yet he had like to have missed of it, by indulging his proud temper. He made up his mind as to how the prophet would act, the respect he would pay him, and the way in which he would cure him; but he was disappointed. He who begs should not dictate. But sinful man is always vain. Pride deprives him of many blessings. Naaman would have done any great thing, but simply to go and dip in Jordan—why this was nothing, it was degrading; yet it was the only way in which he could obtain a cure. The same spirit is in every one of us by nature; nor do we quite get rid of it, even when we are called by grace. We think that God expects some great thing of us, and because we have no great thing to present to him we are discouraged and cast down. But it is a mistake. A very great mistake. We cannot labour under a greater one. God wishes us just to do as he bids us, to be children, and let his will, word, and providence rule us; and in this way we should be happy. But we want to do some great thing, therefore the language of Naaman's servants reproves us, reproves many.

A sinner who is convinced of sin perceives that he deserves hell, and fears he shall reap his deserts. But he desires salvation, and begins to seek for it by earnest, fervent prayer. But seeing God is infinitely great, and his sins are numerous and aggravating, he is depressed with the thought, that without something extraordinary is done he cannot be saved. He has got the idea into his mind that God wants some great thing of him, whereas God does not want him to bring anything to him; or he must do some great thing, whereas God does not want him to do anything. God says to him, "*Believe, and be saved.*" "But I must do something more than believe?" "*No, only believe.*" This is like dipping in Jordan, it is so simple; besides which, it is making just nothing of us. The sinner, therefore, stumbles, and says, "But I must have deep convictions—horrid temptations—fearful impressions—alarming discoveries—and overwhelming grief." None of these are absolutely necessary, *only believe.* "But, must I not experience deep repentance, a change of heart, and live an entirely new life?" These will naturally come afterwards, but now you are *only to believe.* "But what am I to believe?" That God, out of pure love, gave his only begotten Son to be the Saviour of sinners. That the Son of God came into the world and did all, and suffered all, that is necessary to save you. That if you are willing to be saved on account of what Jesus Christ did and suffered, God is willing to save you; and if you trust in him alone, and rely solely on his obedience and death for your pardon and acceptance with God, you shall be saved. "But does God require nothing of me—no sorrow, no good works, no inward experience?" God requires nothing at all of you, in order to your salvation, but simple faith in his beloved Son. Now don't, like Naaman, turn and go away in a rage. Neither raise no objections to God's plan, but try it. God has received from the Lord Jesus, all, and everything necessary to expiate your sin, and justify your person; and therefore he asks nothing of you, but only that you come and receive salvation freely. Oh, how many stumble here! If God had set a price on pardon and salvation, however high, men would have tried to raise

it, for he loves to do some great thing in which he may glory, but to be saved by grace, on the same terms as the harlot and the thief, he considers quite enough to justify him in turning away in a rage.

Then, the believer is required to be baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus, and in this way profess his faith in Christ, and consecrate himself to the service of Christ. But this is such a little thing; surely it may be omitted without danger. Hence we hear the inquiry, "Is it essential? Cannot I go to heaven without it?" Oh, inquirer, if the Lord had bid thee do some great thing wouldest thou not have done it, how much rather now he saith to thee, "Repent and be baptised every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus; for he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Though you can be saved without baptism, why should you wish to be? If it is not essential to salvation, yet why should you wish to evade it? Will you do nothing but what is absolutely essential to salvation? Have you no gratitude? "Oh, yes, but there is something repulsive in baptism; I cannot like it, I am willing to do many other things!" Yes, yes, I see, you will do what human nature considers to be great things, but not God's little things. Is not this the very temper and sin of Naaman?

So also as respects the Lord's Supper. Jesus has instituted it. Almost with his dying breath he said, "Do this in remembrance of me." And his Apostle tells us that it was to be continued until the second advent, when he said, "For as oft as ye eat this bread, and drink of this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death *until he come*." And yet many who profess faith in Christ, and hope to be saved by Christ, neglect this institution. Some one sits down at the table when they do not like, or they are not just in the frame of mind which they wish, or they have some other engagement at the time, almost any excuse is enough to keep them from the ~~SUPPER~~ of the Lord. Is this right? Can this be justified? Oh, if it was some great thing would you not do it, but now Jesus wishes you to gratify him, and show your love to him, by sitting down together to remember his love, and commemorate his sufferings for you, and you allow almost any trifle to keep you away, can this be right? Alas! it cannot be.

But, not to particularise farther, we find the proud spirit of Naaman still in the world and in the church. The sinner is too proud to accept of a free salvation; he would rather do some great thing in order to obtain it. The believer is too proud to be buried with Christ in baptism, he would rather do some great thing than stoop to this humiliating ordinance. Baptised believers are too proud to sit down at the Lord's-table, because everything in the church is not just to their mind, or because they have not the power to exclude or admit whom they please, or they have somewhere to go, or something to do which they consider to be of greater importance than attending to the Saviour's dying command. Many Christians are too proud to make the lowly Jesus their model, and the self-denying precepts of the New Testament their guide, and, therefore, there is little separation from the world, consecration to God, or hearty devotedness to the Lord's service. Oh, friends, friends, if the Lord had bid you do some great thing that would cost much money, or put you to much pain, would you not have done it? how much rather now he says, "Believe and be saved, as believers be baptised in my name, as baptised believers meet at my table to commemorate my love, and as my disciples take me for your example, and my precepts for the rule of your life."

BIBLE APOLOGUES AND ALLEGORIES.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

No. IX.—The trials of saints are for the instruction of others.

HE who walks in communion with God must expect sometimes to hear things from him which are trying to the flesh. He who honestly works for God will find part of his work quite contrary to nature; and his conduct, it may be when most in agreement with God's mind, will appear most strange to the world. Thus it was in an extraordinary degree with the ancient prophets. To many their actions must have appeared strange and unreasonable, though they were acting under Divine direction, and teaching all the time most important lessons. The Hebrew prophets (observes a talented writer), like Diogenes with his lantern, though in quite another temper, would often times weave their own persons into parabolic acts, would use themselves as part of their own symbol; and this they would do because nothing short of this would satisfy the earnestness with which the truth of God, whereof they desired to make others partakers, possessed their own souls.* Thus we find Isaiah "walking naked and bare-foot for three years," in order to exhibit strongly the doom of the Ethiopians and Egyptians, Isaiah 20. We find Jeremiah wearing bands and yokes to show how certain nations should become subject to the King of Babylon, Jer. 32. We might refer also to the symbolical actions of Hosea in taking a wife of whoredoms, Hosea 1; but Ezekiel furnishes the most striking and numerous instances. One time acting in miniature the coming siege of Jerusalem, by portraying objects on a tile, and laying on his side; then setting forth the same event by removing his goods in the day time, and saying in answer to their inquiries, "I am your sign, like as I have done so shall it be done unto them, they shall remove and go into captivity," Ezekiel xii. 2.

But the most affecting instance of this kind relates to a circumstance in connection with the domestic history of

that wondrous man of God. The incident itself, and what it was intended to teach, are both set forth in the following passage:—"Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke, neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down; forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.

"So I spake unto the people in the morning, and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded.

"And the people said unto me, wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us, that thou doest so?

"Then I answered them, The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, speak unto the house of Israel, thus saith the LORD GOD, behold, I will profane my sanctuary, the excellency of your strength, the desire of your eyes, and that which your soul pitieth, and your sons and your daughters whom ye have left shall fall by the sword. And ye shall do as I have done; ye shall not cover your lips, nor eat the bread of men; and your tires shall be upon your heads, and your shoes upon your feet: ye shall not mourn nor weep, but ye shall pine away for your iniquities, and mourn one toward another. Thus Ezekiel is unto you a sign, according to all that he hath done shall ye do, and when this cometh, ye shall know that I am the LORD GOD. Also, thou son of man, shall it not be in the day when I take from them their strength, the joy of their glory, the desire of their eyes, and that wherupon they set their minds, their sons and their daughters, that he that escapeth in that day shall come unto thee, to cause thee to hear it with thine ears?"

Hence we learn an important lesson that God sometimes sorely afflicts His most honoured servants for the good of

* Trench.

others. True it is that such is the unworthiness and guiltiness of the most righteous of God's people, that if He were to deal even with them in righteousness, they would deserve all the chastisements He could inflict, and sometimes, doubtless, the trials of the saints and of useful servants are corrections for personal sins and backslidings. But it is not always so. The Apostle clearly brings out the principle just announced in 2 Cor. i. 3—6. "Whether we be afflicted it is for *your* consolation and salvation," and no doubt this has been, and still is the case with many of God's people. Job was very sorely tried, though he was a perfect and upright man. This was not merely for his own good, though that was the result, but principally that the story of his trials and triumphs might encourage God's people in all ages. David in his youth was put under severe discipline, that he might be able to write Psalms of prayer, confession, and praise, suited for all tried saints in all ages. How many thousands who have read Jeremiah's words in Lam. iii., so full of chastened sorrow, simple trust, and holy resignation, have seen the wisdom and goodness of God in the discipline of the weeping prophet?

But let us turn to the history of Ezekiel as described in the passage cited. Ezekiel, with all his apparent sternness and fiery character as a prophet, was a domesticated man full of social affection, one who loved, and was beloved again. He had a wife round whom his tenderest affections twined, he called her "the desire of his eyes." The word of God has no sympathy with those proud, austere, iron-nerved men, who cannot stoop, and who do not seem to feel. It not only recognizes, but also bids us cultivate the various relations of life, and assists us to do this. These dear relationships help to sweeten life's bitter cup, and to solace the heart in its various sorrows. This is true, especially of the conjugal one which is here referred to. It is God's wise ordination that it should be so. He it is who bestows these mercies and keeps up a relish for them. God loves to see our affections directed towards the various

proper objects, only they must not be inordinate, nor interfere with that supreme love to himself which is his due. The touching name which the Lord gives to Ezekiel's wife, teaches us that he knows exactly what every thing we possess is to us. Therefore he knows what it is which he takes away, and what degree of support and sympathy we require under the bereavements, and he will not fail to bestow the same.

Such a bereavement Ezekiel was called to experience, and it must have been a bitter trial. Mark what was taken, "the desire of thine eyes," the dearest thing thou hast; the loss which will leave thine eyes without an object, so that for a time at least, all around will be a cheerless blank. Taken "from thee," from thy bosom and converse, to the cold grave. As one observes, "in comparison with the loss of an affectionate wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! She who fills so large a space in the domestic little heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay." And in the prophet's case, as in many others, it was done with "a stroke," suddenly, and without warning. And, oh, the change in the house after this sudden stroke! Only one thing can calm the mind; the consideration of *who* has done it. The Lord saith, "behold I take away." As if the Lord had said:—behold my *hand*, and consider also my *end* and design. I do it, who am God only wise; who am good and holy; who am "a stronghold in time of trouble;" I do it to show my sovereignty; I have a right to do as I please, and without assigning a reason, but he assured I never act without a reason. Thou mayest not know this fully now, but thou shalt know hereafter. In the mean time, let this suffice, that my design is to try and exercise thy faith, and other graces, to wean from earth, draw nearer to myself, and constrain thee to say "there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." And last, not least, to make thee a means of teaching others; and so, if they will learn, of doing them good.

This afflicting case of Ezekiel teaches

us some other unimportant lessons. 1. *Death is a stroke for which all should stand prepared.* It must fall, ere long it may fall soon and suddenly, unless, indeed, a still more solemn event, the Lords return, should come first. The only real preparation for death is union with the Living One. It is union with dead and dying things which makes death dreadful. When Garrick had shown Dr. Johnson his elegant villa, with all its furniture and curiosities, the latter exclaimed, "Oh! David, David, these are the things which make death so terrible." Certainly the love of them does, and not without reason. We should remember that it is a difficult thing to have these things without loving them. But still, it is not by pushing earthly comforts away, or isolating ourselves from social enjoyments; it is not by meditation on death, the grave, and judgement, that we can be prepared to die—that alone which overcometh the world, and conquers death, is faith in Christ. If Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, we shall "be ready to depart, and be with Christ." If His cross is our refuge, His love our element, the stroke of death will fall harmless. It will only call us to realise what we have long hoped for and desired, even

"To see the Saviour's face,
And never never sin."

2. *We should learn to hold our earthly comforts with a loose hand.* The Apostle teaches us this, 1 Cor. vii. 29-31. "But this I say, brethren, the time is short, it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away." Here is no inculcation of apathy as regards life's relationships, or a monkish renouncement of human society and employments. The last verse of this passage explains the rest, and assigns a sufficient reason for the duty exhorted, to "use the world as not abusing it." What a happy medium

between worldliness and asceticism. How may we attain to it? Only by having a real communion with invisible and eternal things. If "we set our affection on things above," our affection to things below will be restrained and regulated. If we seek earnestly treasure in heaven, we shall be preserved from idolising anything here. If our sympathies are with Christ, we shall be practically separated from earthly things while acting our part rightly amidst them. "If we walk in the spirit, we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh."

3. *We should rejoice that our real treasure can never be taken from us.* If Christ is the desire of our hearts, and the delight of our minds, no stroke can fall upon us which shall deprive us of Him. We are one with Him in bonds that death can never sever. And this relationship shall reunite many severed links which the stroke of death has broken. If He is our beloved, his desire is towards us, and all his desires shall be fulfilled. One of them is, and it includes anything blessed, "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Let us study more than ever His wondrous work, His glorious person, His gracious words, and thus delighting ourselves in the Lord He will give us the desires of our heart.

4. *Let us learn to seek grace to act aright under those afflictions which God sends, and also toward those who are under His afflicting hand.* We are responsible for our afflictions. They are manifestations of Divine favour, care, and love, Job vii., 17; Heb. xii., 6-10. They show God's mindfulness of us, and His concern for our spiritual profit. They afford scope and opportunity for the exercise of those graces which are acceptable in His sight. Patience, long-suffering, waiting on God, submission to Him, are lovely in His sight. These afflictions are also intended to make us more useful to others. We are by them made more capable of sympathising with the afflicted, and cheering the tempted. We are better fitted to bear our testimony to others, especially to those who know not God. Wounded hearts can work

best. Chastened spirits can pray most fervently. Those who are most conversant with eternal things can best warn the worldly and the thoughtless. Let us earnestly seek to profit by trials as well as by truth, and thus to become, through the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, "vessels unto honour, sanctified and made meet for the Master's use, and prepared to every good work." One well observes, "that the greatest affliction is an affliction lost." "But if such things are done in a green tree, what will be done in the

dry?" If God's saints are thus tried for the good of sinners, as was the case with Ezekiel; and if, in spite of all God's rich words of grace and teaching providences, sinners still persevere in their rebellions, oh, what will their end be! Surely trials such as Ezekiel passed through, yea, all the sufferings of God's saints, will be but faint signs of the overwhelming judgment which will fall upon them. Sinner, "because there is wrath beware lest he take thee away with his stroke, and then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."

THE PEOPLE TO WHOM ABRAHAM WAS GATHERED AT DEATH.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

If a good man's people, being made meet for eternal bliss, are all buried before him in one vast sepulchre, he, at death, is gathered to his people both here below and in heaven above. When, therefore, we read in Gen. xxv. 8, that Abraham "was gathered to his people," we have to compare scripture with scripture in order to ascertain the meaning of the sacred writer. Nor is it unimportant to observe that the word (thus translated) people, in our English version, is not the Hebrew word *am*, signifying a *people*, but the plural of that word. Thus, the literal translation of Gen. xxv. 8, is, "Then Abraham breathed his last, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of days; and was gathered to his peoples."

The Hebrew word *am* signifies an *association*. Thus, in Prov. xxx. 25, where *am* is translated a *people*, it is said, "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their food in the summer." As to mankind, however, *am*, sometimes denoting a *nation*, occasionally signifies a *section of people*. Thus, in Lev. xix. 10, we read, according to the Hebrew, "Thou shalt not go about as a tale-bearer among thy peoples"—that is, among thy sections of people, if we give plural for plural, though, as to the sense, the phrase, "among thy people," is perfectly appropriate.

In no case, however, does the Hebrew word *am* denote an individual. So that Abraham's being gathered to Sarah in a land where no one else of his people lay, cannot be regarded as his being gathered to his *people* in the sense of the Hebrew Jacob uses when, in Gen. xlix. 29, he says, "I am to be gathered to my people." Nor can Abraham's burial with his lonely Sarah constitute his being gathered to his *peoples* in the sense in which Aaron and Moses are said to have been thus gathered. For, according to the Hebrew of Num. xx. 24, God says, "Aaron shall be gathered to his peoples;" and, according to the Hebrew of Num. xxvii. 13, God says to Moses, "Thou also shalt be gathered to thy peoples," though Aaron died on Mount Hor where his peoples were not, and though Moses died at Pisgah's top even on Mount Nebo where his peoples were not.

There was, however, in heaven an assembly of saints and angels, together with an infant race from all nations; and to this happy multitude Abraham had been gathered when Jehovah represented him as a worshipper of himself, by saying to Moses, "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Inasmuch, however, as angels were not Abraham's people on earth, we are led to contemplate the peoples to whom

Abraham was said to be gathered, as those who had been worshipping assemblies in their respective localities on earth. Oh! happy Abraham, thus to be conducted by angels to the realms of heavenly bliss, and there to join the first fruits of the redeemed, that will ultimately be more than any man can number, "from every nation, and from hundreds, peoples, and tongues."

In Gen. xv. 15, moreover, Jehovah himself speaks, and says to Abraham, "Thou shalt go to thy father's in peace: thou shalt be buried in a good old age." But with whom was Abraham buried? He was buried with his beloved Sarah, and with her alone, who could neither be his *fathers* spoken of in Gen. xv. 15, nor his *peoples* spoken of in Gen. xxv. 8.

Abraham, then, had prospects *beyond* the grave. By faith he saw the heavenly Jerusalem, whose walls had twelve foundations; and, in Heb. xi. 10, we read, "He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Thus, when, in reference to Abraham's fathers among the perfected just, it was said to him, "Thou shalt go to thy Father's in peace," God promised Abraham what Abraham himself was looking for—"a city fair and high, built by the Eternal hands."

"There all the millions of God's saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight!"

Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

A TALK TO VERY LITTLE CHILDREN WHO CANNOT READ FOR THEMSELVES.

My little friends, do you like to have people to talk to you? I think you do; and you will like to have them talk to you in books and papers too, after you have learned to read. Well, I love to talk to children, for I love them dearly, very dearly. And I love to tell them stories. I used to tell stories to a little boy I had once; oh, so *many* stories. He was very fond of stories, and used to ask me for them very often. He used to come in from his play many times a day and ask me to "*please* tell him a story, just one, mother, a short one?" And a *great* many stories I told him, and a *great* many books I read to him, and a *great* many things I taught him. But I can't talk to him any more, for he has gone to live in heaven. And I am very sorry now that I did not always stop and read or talk with him when he asked me. But I had other little children, and the baby cried sometimes, and tired me, and I was often sick, and my head ached a great deal; so I would say, "I can't tell you a story now, Claudie; you must run and play."

I felt sorry, then, when he would look so disappointed; but oh, I feel *very* badly now, to think I ever denied his request. Just so your mothers have to deny you sometimes. And you must not think they do not love you, or wish to please you, on that account. Mothers have a *great* many things to do,

more than little children can think of, and then they often are ill, so that they cannot do what they wish for you. You must think of this when you are grieved because your mamma does not do something which you wish very much, and which she loves to do for you.

Once I told my little boy about myself when I was a child, about my beautiful home among the hills of Hampshire, and about my kind father and mother, and loving brothers and sisters, for there was a happy band of us then, although one-half of us sleep in the graveyard now, and the other half are scattered far, very far apart. And I told him how we used to wander over hills and fields for flowers, and hunt for shells on the beach when the river ran low; and how we used to cross the river on stepping-stones, to gather wild grapes beyond, and sometimes slipped and got a ducking if we were not very careful.

And then I told him about my youngest brother, the pet lamb of our flock, so bright, so wondrous wise; and I told him how he used to stand with his little warm hands upon my knees, reading his letters, or twine his fat arms around my neck and sing little hymns with me; and then how he sickened and died when he was just two years old; and how sweetly he looked in his little coffin; and how we cried when we laid him away in the cold ground; and how many, many nights I dreamed I felt his warm hands upon my knees, and his fat arms around my neck;

and how I sobbed when I awoke to find it was only a dream, and my brother was not there.

Many times did my little Claudio wish to hear that story—it was but a few weeks before he died that I first told it to him; and how feelingly he would say, "I hope God will not take away my sweet little brother, so we should have only his grave. O how we should cry for him! I'll ask God to spare him."

One morning little Claudio sat at breakfast, holding his knife and fork quite still, not eating at all, only thinking.

"Why don't you eat your breakfast, Claudio?" said I to him. But he didn't move or seem to hear me. By-and-bye he asked me,

"Mother, does your little brother grow in heaven, or is he a baby now?"

I answered that "I did not know. I could not tell if he grew large, but he grew wise all the time."

"Does he play any in heaven, mother?" asked he again.

"I don't know, dear. We can't tell much about heaven now, only that it is a beautiful place, and all are good and happy there, and are never tired of praising God, are never sick or sorrowful." And then again he thought about it, and forgot to eat for a long time; and many times he would "wonder if mother's little brother grew in heaven."

Well, God spared us the "sweet little brother,"—he is playing there now on the green—but it was our darling Claudio who lay in his coffin a little while after, and it was over his grave we went to weep. And it is by his grave that I love to sit this pleasant summer time, and though I long to look down beneath the little mound upon the sweet face of my boy so long asleep, and my sad heart aches when I think his loved form is mouldering, still I try to say, "Father, I thank thee for taking him." For he was ready to die when God called him. He trusted in Jesus, who loves children, and that dear Jesus took him to his arms. And now he will never sin again, never be sick, never have to die. Should I not thank the kind Father, even though I do long to see his dear face, and kiss his lips, and hold his hand?

He knows what children do in heaven now. He knows if they grow older there. And as I sit by his narrow bed, I look up into the clear blue sky above it, and think his spirit is not mouldering; it is up there with the angels, beyond the clouds. And perhaps he

has met my brother, and they together, hand in hand, walk those golden streets, and Claudio wonderingly listens while his angel friend unfolds to him tales of God's goodness and mercy far beyond what his mother ever told or thought of. I can't tell him stories now, but he hears them chanted by the angels, and he joins their heavenly songs.

Are you tired of hearing about Claudio? I love to talk of him, and if I could take you on my knee I would tell you much more of him, and some other things too, which you would like to hear. I like to tell stories to children.

Perhaps I shall tell you another sometime, if the big people think that the little folks would like to listen. S. W.

CATHOLIC QUEEN MARY.

"Shall we all be Catholics bye-and-bye, sister?" asked Fanny.

Mary looked wonderingly into the earnest face of the child, as she replied, "No, never I hope; what made you ask me?"

"Because Bridget says her priest told her everybody would be, one of these days. All the Kings and Presidents too, and that there it would be a great deal better times than it is now. Were there ever any Catholic Kings, sister?"

"Oh yes, and Queens also. There was once a Catholic Queen in England."

"Was the country happier then, sister?"

"No, I don't think it was so happy as it would have been if Mary had not been a Catholic; and if you will listen, I'll tell you a little about her, and when you are older, you will study it in your history."

"Queen Mary's brother, who had been proclaimed king, died (1553) when only sixteen years old, greatly lamented by the English people, for he was not only a Protestant, but a Christian. At that time, the feeling between Catholics and Protestants was a very unhappy one. They not only hated each other's religion, but persecuted and killed each other."

"Did they have the Bible then?" inquired Fanny.

"Yes; twenty-one years before Mary became Queen, the whole Bible was printed in the English language, and the same Bible was revised or made more correct, by the first martyr in her reign, John Rogers."

"I've got a John Rogers in my New England Primer, sister."

"It is the same, whom you see represented there, Fanny, with all his little children around the mother."

"Poor children," said Fanny, thoughtfully.

"This Bible was printed in Germany, and three years afterwards, it was made still more correct, and printed in England; but while Queen Mary was on the throne, she forbade any copies of it to be printed or circulated. But I want now to talk a little more about Mary. By the law of England, Mary was properly Queen, but no Protestant wished her to be, and for this reason, her brother Edward was, unfortunately, persuaded to appoint his cousin to be his successor. But it cost the fair and beautiful Jane Grey her life—and Mary, to prevent further opposition, and, more secretly to gain the throne, promised the people she would have no one killed or troubled on account of their religion. But she probably did not mean to keep her promise, as she entrusted all the important offices in the kingdom to those who favoured her religion, and such persons gladly used their influence to injure the Protestants.

"Queen Mary had been educated in a Convent, and taught that it was an act of the greatest piety to compel every one to be a Catholic; and that no matter how wicked and cruel a thing was, it was all excusable and even praiseworthy to effect so desirable an end. Mary's husband was far more bigoted and severe than she; one ruling purpose of his life was to exterminate Protestantism. He loved power so much he wanted to be king over Spain, England, and Portugal, and yet he loved more to see the Roman Catholic religion the law of every land: if people would not worship the Pope, he had them killed, if it were possible."

"Would he have me killed, if I was his little girl?" inquired Fanny in a timid tone, pressing closer to her sister, as if fearful of such a fate.

"I'm afraid he would," replied Mary, "for he had a son, *Don Carlos*, whom he treated very unkindly, for this reason, perhaps, more than any other; you must read his sad story when you get older.

"Now, Mary's husband was King of Spain, and English people and English customs were uncongenial to him. He married Mary, not from love, but because he hoped to get possession of the English government in this way; but on one subject they agreed perfectly, which was to oblige every one to believe as they did, and if they would not, to procure their death in some way. Both Queen Mary, and Philip, her husband,

were unamiable and gloomy, cruel and stern, bigoted and forbidding.

"Mary's health was not good. Her husband did not love her, or wish to be with her. The majority of the people in England longed to see her Protestant sister, Elizabeth, in her place; the kingdom was truly not prosperous. *Calais*, a famous city in France, which the English had held for two hundred years, was now lost to them; and from all these combined causes, Mary became very unhappy. Had she kept her promise, made on ascending the throne, she might have had a longer and happier reign; but holding the power to do right or wrong for the nation, she used it freely for evil.

"On the altar of a blind zeal, she offered many scores, and even hundreds of victims, among whom were some of the very best of her subjects. Strong men and delicate women were burnt at the stake, thrown into prison; their property taken from them, hunted like fierce beasts, subjected to every abuse, their lives made bitter when not destroyed, glad to flee, if so they could, to other countries for refuge; this, and much more did Mary do, from mistaken views of what God required. Little children like you, Fanny, had their dear fathers and mothers taken from them; their happy homes, even, sold to others, and they left to mourn and suffer."

But Fauny's tears were flowing fast, and Mary cut short her story, by saying, "God did not suffer her to be Queen long, Fanny; after reigning little more than five years, she died."

"I'm glad," said Fanny, drawing a long breath.

"No, Fanny, not glad she died—glad she did not cause any more sorrow. Queen Mary was to be pitied. There were then no Sabbath-schools, no 'Child's Paper.' She was never taught by a kind mother to pray to the Saviour. She never knew a happy childhood, nor the pure Bible was she allowed, by her religion, to study; and you should pity Queen Mary far more than blame her. Good people now send missionaries to teach the poor Catholics better—to instruct them in the Bible, and to make them true Christian, so that such dreadful things may never be done again in England, or any other land. Will Fanny pray for the deluded Catholics, and also give her pennies to have them taught rightly about what God requires?"

Let every child echo, with the same earnestness, Fanny's "Yes, Sister."

M. S. W.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

A gracious God in providence again
Hath opened wide His hand,
Blessing with stores of ripe and golden grain
Our favoured land.
Come forth abroad, and let the morning wind
Fan us with scented wings;
Sweet omens in the harvest-field we'll find
Of higher things.

The little seeds that long ago were cast
Abroad upon the field,
Haverisen up, and now when months are past
Rise fruit thy yield.

Sometimes the Gospel seed on good ground
sown,
Lies long beneath the sod,
Yet it shall grow, and by its fruit be known
To be of God.

The gleaners come ere yet the dews of morn
Are dried from off the world,
To gather up the scattered ears of corn,
Like Ruth of old.

The Bible, Christian, is thine harvest field,
Search it with faith and prayer;
Rich ears of hope and promise it will yield
To soothe each care.

Luxuriant weeds among the ripening wheat
Have flourished long in pride,
Now they are trampled 'neath the reapers'
feet,
And cast aside.

So like rank weeds the wicked in this world
Amidst God's children grow;
But when the harvest comes they must be
hurled
To endless woe.

Then shall the righteous from out every land,
Like full-ripe sheaves of corn,
Be gathered by Jehovah's angel-band,
And homeward borne.

Then to the garner of their Saviour-King
In joy and peace they'll come,
While heaven with this melodious shout
shall ring—

"Blest harvest home!"
Wellingborough. THEODORA.

THE HARVEST HOME.

"Bringing his sheaves with him."

The time for toil is past, and night has
come—

The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten
home,

Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling
weight

Through all my frame a weary aching
leaves,

For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and
late—

Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than
wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and
withered leaves;

Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded
leaves,

Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragraney and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the fall, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

A. M.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—
Matt. xi. 28.

Lamb of God! Thy voice I hear,
To thy throne I would draw near;
Canst thou save a wretch like me?
Wilt thou help my misery?

Lo my sins like mountains rise!
Justice calls for sacrifice;
Righteousness to plead I've none:
Sin has left me all undone!

Could I ever fast and pray,
Could I give my life away,
Still my guilt would all remain,
Deep in dye and foul in stain!

O thou bleeding Lamb of God!
Plunge me in thy precious blood;
Nothing else can cleanse my soul
Nothing less can make me whole.

Lord thou know'st I would be Thine,
And enjoy thy love divine;
Speak, O speak my sins forgiv'n!
Fit my soul for rest in heaven.

Wollaston, Aug. 14. T. S.

NEVERTHELESS.

"Nevertheless" is a noble word,

"Nevertheless" my trust is;

"Nevertheless" is daily heard,

Whether my place in the dust is,

Or on high,

In the sky,

Of blind Fortune's favour,

"Nevertheless," I say ever.

Though I be a beggar man,

The rest in gay attire,—

For I neither will nor can

Do as they require;

Though the world's hip is curled

Of as it beholds me;

"Nevertheless" consoles me!

"Nevertheless" will I be still,

Still in God abiding;

"Nevertheless" I'll wait his will,

Trust my Father's guldug;

"Nevertheless"

He will bless

Every right endeavour;

That's my trust for ever! O. T. B.

REVIEWS.

The Pulpit Library. Vol. II. Sermons by the Rev. O. H. SPURGEON, with a Portrait. London: Alabaster and Passmore, 34, Wilson-street, Finsbury; James Paul, Chapter House Court; and G. J. Stevenson, 51, Paternoster-row.

THIS handsome volume contains twelve sermons, of surpassing excellence, by the most popular preacher in the universe. Our aged readers will be glad to know that it is printed in very bold pica type; they will on this account, as well as the precious truths it contains, not fail to appreciate it very highly. In the few prefatory remarks, Mr. Spurgeon says: "With the confidence of one who felt his heart at ease amidst the home-circle of his own family, I have spoken as if my perfect love to the brotherhood had cast out all fear of missing the mark, or failing in the true work of a pastor. May the Almighty bless the reading as I have reason to believe He has blessed the hearing of these sermons to the confirmation of the salutes in their most holy faith. And I do but fulfil the solemn vow that I offered at His footstool when I invoked, one by one, the grace to deliver each, as I solemnly dedicate to His holy name all honour, all blessing, and all praise, as is most justly due, to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, our Jehovah, be glory for ever. Amen."

We have introduced into the present No. of the BAPTIST MESSENGER a specimen of the sermons, in a slightly condensed form, contained in this beautiful volume, which we most cordially recommend to all our readers who can afford three shillings.

God is Love; or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for His People. By the Author of "The Brother Born for Adversity." Revised Edition. London: Darton and Co., Holborn-hill.

We have already noticed this excellent volume by Mr. Grant. In again commending it to the attention of our readers, we transcribe the following extract from a letter written by an eminent literary lady, which is strikingly illustrative of the character of the book:—

"I was cast into company last month with an aged lady, who, taking up a book that lay on her table, said, 'This is the *third* copy I have bought of this book, and I mean to recommend it to everybody. It is called, 'God is Love.' On being asked why she liked it, she said, 'Because it explained to me why I love God. It opened up to me that God elected me because he loved me, and that is the reason I love Him. I never saw this so plainly till I read that book. Now,' continued the old lady, 'that may seem a great thing to get out of the book; but I have got something better still.' To know what was better than that, excited the question directly, 'What more did you get?' 'I was deeply interested in the book,' she said; 'but for all I am an old woman, eighty-four, and have been what the world calls decidedly pious for many years, and I really do hope honestly seeking Jesus, yet I could never look upon God and say, My Father! I often wondered if God would let me die in this state; and many, many prayers have I put up to God about this very thing. But one day, while I was reading this book, I came to the words 'My Heavenly Father,' and as I read them a light seemed to dart into my mind, and with it such a lovely, such a beautiful feeling; it seemed to say, 'I am your Father—your Heavenly Father.' I put down the book. I fell upon my knees; I felt as if I could weep my life away for joy and gladness, and all I could say over and over again, was, 'My Heavenly Father—my own dear Father.'"

The Drop and the Ocean; or The Value of a Moment and the Importance of Eternity. By the Rev. JOHN COX. Second Edition. Price 3d.

The Name Above Every Name. By the same. Price 4d. London: Simpkin and Co.

These are very excellent and useful publications, and will be found very suitable for presentation.

Early at the Temple; or, Reverence for the Sanctuary. Shown by Attendances at the Commencement of Divine Worship. By the Rev. HENRY GILL, Haverhill. London: Judd and Glass.

THE author of this little volume has done justice to his theme. There are passages in the book of surpassing beauty.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORIGIN OF THE BAPTIST MISSION, ST. HELENA.

The Rev. Mr. Bertram arrived from the Cape of Good Hope on the 1st July, 1845. He commenced preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. God owned his

word. Amidst much opposition the truth prevailed, and on the 2nd April, 1845, forty were baptized. God added to the number, until it was thought necessary to have a chapel built. On the 19th February, 1850, Mr. Bertram proceeded to America in order

to collect funds for this desirable object. Through the blessing of God on his efforts there, and the efforts of the brethren on the Island after his return—together with a mortgage taken on the Mission premises—a chapel has been erected that will hold a congregation of 250 or 300 persons. At the present time there are about 120 in Communion, and numbers have left the Island—in some cases whole families. There are five preaching stations in connection with the Baptist Mission, three day-schools, and five Sabbath-schools, with about 250 scholars. The burden of the day-schools rests principally on one individual, who still holds on her way, contending with many difficulties in pecuniary matters. On the Rock of the Ocean, where there never was a Dissenting place of worship before, there stands a Baptist chapel, through the blessing of God on the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Bertram.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

ZOAR CHAPEL, JOHN-STREET, UPPER HOLLOWAY.—Mr. F. Groen, has accepted an invitation to preach at this place, and commences his labours Sept. 5th.

MELBOURN, CAMPS.—The Rev. E. Bailey, of Peckham, Surrey, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church.

BESSLE'S GREEN, NEAR SEVEN OAKS, KENT.—The Rev. G. Haigh, late of the London City Missions, after six months probation, was unanimously chosen pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, meeting at Bessle's-green, and entered upon his stated labours on Lord's-day, June 27, with cheering prospects of usefulness.

ARLINGTON.—The Rev. J. Davis, of Neath, has accepted the invitation of the Baptist church at Arlington, Gloucestershire, and commenced his labours on the 8th of the present month.

BIRMINGHAM, CANNON-STREET.—The Rev. Isaac Lord, of Turret Chapel, Ipswich has accepted the pastorate of this church.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

HARLINGTON.—The anniversary of the Baptist Chapel, will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, September the 7th, 1858, when three sermons will be preached: in the morning and afternoon, by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon; and in the evening, by the Rev. W. G. Lewis. Service to commence at eleven, three, and half-past six o'clock. Collections in aid of the cause. Dinner, at one shilling, and tea, at sixpence each, will be provided in a tent kindly lent for the occasion. Trains from Waterloo to Hounslow every hour; and from Paddington to West Drayton, convenient for the several services.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

MOCHEDE, NEAR NEWTOWN, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—The Recognition Services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. Phillips, student of the Haverford-west College, as pastor of the Baptist church in this place, were held on Thursday, July 15th. At ten o'clock the service was introduced by the Rev. O. Humphreys, Lanidloes, whom the Rev. D. Evans, of Newtown, delivered an address on the nature of a Christian Church. The necessary questions were

asked by the Rev. D. Evans, which were satisfactorily answered. The Ordination prayer was then offered by the Rev. D. Davies, of Nantgwyn, after which a charge to the newly ordained pastor was delivered by the Rev. J. Nicholas, of Caersws. A sermon was then preached to the congregation by the Rev. T. L. Davies, of Presteign. In the afternoon the service was commenced by the Rev. T. Lloyd (Independent). The Rev. M. Morgan, of Newtown, preached a sermon to the congregation, the Rev. D. Evans, Newtown, preached to the Church. In the evening, at six o'clock, the service was opened by Mr. Wm. Evans, of Newtown. The Rev. O. Humphreys, Lanidloes, and the Rev. D. Davies, Nantgwyn, preached. The services throughout the day were highly interesting, and the sermons very impressive.

ANDOVER, HANTS.—On Wednesday, July 15, recognition services were held at the Baptist chapel, Andover, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. H. Davies. In the afternoon, the Rev. E. S. Pryce, B.A., of Gravesend, delivered the address on the nature of a Christian Church and the Duties of the Ministerial Office; the Rev. C. W. Vernon, of Broughton, concluding the services with prayer. At five o'clock a numerous company met for tea in the Town-hall, which was tastefully decorated with flowers, when speeches were made by J. Parsons, Esq., Rev. W. Jones, Rev. C. W. Vernon, and Rev. E. S. Pryce. In the evening the Rev. W. Barnes, of Trowbridge, preached upon the Duties of Church Members towards their Pastors. The services throughout were highly cheering to ministers and people.

OPENING OF CHAPELS.

PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.—A series of services, connected with the opening of the Baptist Chapel, recently created in Fishergate, Preston, was, on Tuesday, July 6th, brought to a close. The building is a beautiful structure of unique architectural pretensions, several orders competing for the ascendancy, with a tower 100 feet high, in which it is intended to place an illuminated clock for the convenience of the public. The chapel, which has cost about £4,000, is capable of accommodating some 500 people, provision being made for extending this accommodation, when necessary, by the erection of galleries. The opening services commenced with a prayer-meeting, at which the pastor gave an address, on Thursday morning, at half-past six o'clock. The services were continued at eleven o'clock, when the Rev. W. F. Burchell, having read and prayed, the Rev. J. E. Giles, of Sheffield, preached a very eloquent sermon from Rev. i. 7; after which, the Rev. T. Davies (Independent), of Preston, pronounced the Benediction. At two o'clock a dinner was served up in the school-room under the chapel, to which a numerous company sat down; at the conclusion of which, the Revs. Fitzherbert Bugby (minister of the chapel), C. Williams, of Acreington, J. E. Giles, T. Davies, J. Guttridge, and W. F. Burchell gave brief congratulatory addresses. In the evening, at half-past six, a *soirée* was held, in which the Rev. C.

Williams conducted the preliminary devotions. The Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, delivered a highly characteristic discourse on Christian Charity, from 1 Cor. xiii. 4-7; and the Rev. J. Guttridge closed with prayer. On the Sunday following, July 4th, the opening services were continued by the Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester, who preached three powerful sermons, that in the morning in the New Chapel, and those of the afternoon and evening in the Theatre Royal, to crowded congregations, there being about 1,800 people present. The celebration of the opening of the chapel was brought to a close on the Tuesday evening by a tea meeting, to which 300 sat down to; after which, the Rev. F. Bugby briefly congratulated the friends on the success of their enterprise, and then successively called upon the Revs. T. Marriett, T. Newton, R. Slate, C. Williams, T. Davis, Mr. Moses Holden, Astronomer, of Preston, and the Rev. Arthur Mursell to address the people. The collections amounted to £164.

BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.—The new Baptist chapel, Butc Docks, Cardiff, was opened on Wednesday, July 14th. The sermons were preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. On Lord's-day, July 18th, Rev. S. Manning, of Frome, preached morning and evening. The Rev. Norman Glass (Independent) preached in the afternoon. At these services the attendance was very gratifying. On the following evening there was a tea-meeting, when more than 400 persons sat down to tea in the new school-room, after which a spirited public meeting was held in the chapel, which was presided over by Mr. Sully, the senior deacon, and addressed by the Revs. Norman Glass Samuel Manning, Alfred Tilly, and Messrs. Cory, of Cardiff, and Barnden, of Warminster.

DOWNHAM, NEAR ELY.—The new Baptist chapel was opened for divine service on the 21st of July, Mr. Hazzeling, of Leicester, and Mr. Wigmore preached on the occasion. The collections were good.

BAPTISMS.

ALDRETH, Isle of Ely, Aug. 6—Four by Mr. King, after an excellent address by Mr. Ayrton, of Waterbeach.

BARNSELEY, July 7—Six by Mr. Brown.

BARTON, Lincolnshire, June 13—Twenty-three.

BILLESDEN, Leicester, June 27—Four by Mr. Finn.

BIRMINGHAM, Newhall-street, June 27—Two by Mr. O'Neil.

—Bond-street, July 4—Two; and Aug. 1, Twenty by Mr. Chew.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, Hampshire, Aug. 1—Four by W. W. Martin.

DRYNSLAWE, Calvary, July 7—Eight young men under twenty-one years of age.

CEPT MAVE, June 20—Twelve; and July 18, Twenty by Mr. Farry.

CHELTENHAM, Cambry Chapel, July 4—Seven by Mr. Smith.

OWMBELAN, near Llanidloes, June 28—Two; and July 25, Three by Mr. James.

EASTCOMBS, Gloucestershire, Aug. 1—One by the Rev. H. Whittlock.

FOLKSCOTT, Norfolk, June 20—5 by the pastor

LLANFACHRAITH, Aug. 8—Three in the new by J. G. Owens, Pandy'n Chapel.

LEDBURY, June 30, after a sermon by Mr. Morgan, of Stroud—Nine by Mr. Wall.

LIVERPOOL, Stanhope-street, June 13—Four by Mr. Hughes.

—Soho, July 4—Two by the Rev. J. Harvey; one from the Sabbath-schools.

LONDON, Dlorama, Regent's-park, June 30—Twenty-six by Mr. Landels.

—Hill-street, Dorset-square, June 23—Ten by Mr. J. Foreman.

—John-street, Bedford-row, July 10—Seven by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist, W. Noel, A.M.

—New Park-street, July 20—Twenty-four; Aug. 26, Eighteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Islington, Cross-street, July 29—Five by Mr. Thomas.

MANCHESTER, May 23—Three by Mr. Evans.

MELBOURN, Cambs., Aug. 2—Seven by Mr. E. Bailey.

NANTGWYN, Aug. 8—One aged man by Mr. Davies.

NEWBURY, June 20—Four by Mr. Drew.

NEWCHAPEL, Montgomeryshire, Aug. 1—One by Mr. Evans.

PRESTON, Lancashire, Fishergate-street, Aug. 4—Two young persons, one only fifteen years of age, by the Rev. Fitzherbert Bugby.

SHEPPAL, Salop, July 4—One; and July 13, One by Mr. Bangh.

SUDBURY, Suffolk, July 21, in a new baptistry, erected so as to form a platform—Two by Mr. Bentley.

TREDEGAR, English, July 29—Three; and Aug. 1, Three by Mr. J. Lewis.

TWEETON, Bath, May 16—Two by Mr. E. Clarko.

UXBRIDGE, July 18—Two by Mr. G. R. Lowdow.

WINDSOR, June 20—Three, a father and two daughters, by Mr. Lillycrop.

WINSTON, Gloucester, Aug. 1—Two by Mr. John Kirby. In this small country place the cause of God seems to be reviving.

WATCHET, Somerset, Aug. 23—Three by Mr. Priske.

WINCANTON, Somerset, July 25—Six, three of whom are Sunday-school teachers, by Mr. Hannam.

DEATHS.

June 12, after about two years illness most meekly borne, the Rev. James Evans, Baptist minister, Moeldre, Montgomeryshire, aged 68 years. His funeral was attended by seven Baptist ministers and one clergyman, and many hundreds of respectable friends. Before starting from the house Rev. A. Humphreys offered a few remarks in Welsh, and Rev. D. Davies, of Dolan, prayed in English. In the chapel, Mr. Phillips, of Moeldre, read and prayed, and the Rev. J. Richards, Caersws, preached in English, and the Rev. T. Evans, of Llanidloes, in Welsh. At the grave, the Rev. E. Davies, of Ebbw Vale, delivered a short address, and concluded by prayer. Thus our departed brother was baptised and buried at Nantgwyn; he was a good man, and a labourer in the cause of Christ, well beloved by all who knew him; his end was peace.

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power."—Psalm cxlv. 11.

YOU have only to look to the preceding verse, and you will discover, in a single moment, who are the people here spoken of who "shall speak of the glory of God's kingdom, and talk of his power." They are the saints. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee; *they* shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." A saint will always be discovered by his conversation; he is a saint long before he knows it; he is a saint as being set apart by God the Father for the purpose of salvation in the covenant decree of election from all eternity; and he is a saint as being sanctified in Christ Jesus, and called. But he is more especially a saint, as being sanctified by the quickening influences of the Holy Ghost, which rendere him truly sanctified by making him holy, and bringing him into conformity to the image of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Yet it is not at all times very easy to discern a saint unless by scriptural marks and evidences. There is nothing particular about the countenance of a saint or his dress. The saints have faces like other men, sometimes marred and furrowed by cares and troubles. They wear the same garments as other men; they may be rich and they may be poor; but still there are some marks whereby we can discern them, and one of the special ways of discovering a saint is this: You may know him by his conversation. As I often tell you, you may know the quality of the water in a well by that which is brought up in the bucket; so may we tell a Christian by his conversation.

It is, however, never too much to be regretted that true children of the Lord often talk too little of Him. What is the conversation of one half the professors of the present day? Honesty compels us to say that in many cases it is one mass of froth and falsehood, and it is altogether objectionable in ten thousand times more cases; if it is not light and frivolous it is utterly apart from the Gospel, and does not minister grace unto the hearers. I must consider that one of the great lacks of the church, now-a-days, is not so much Christian preaching as Christian talking—not so much Christian prayer in the prayer-meeting, as Christian conversation in the parlour. How little do we hear concerning Christ! You might go in and out the houses of half the professors of religion, and you would never hear of their Master at all. You might talk with them from the first of January to the last of December, and if they happened to mention their Master's name, it would be, perhaps, but as a compliment to him, or possibly by accident. Beloved, such things ought not to be. You and I, I am sure, are guilty. We have all need to reproach ourselves that we do not sufficiently remember the words of Malachi, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." But many will say, "Well, sir, but how can we talk about religion? Upon what topics shall we converse? How are we to introduce it? It would not be polite, for instance, in the company in which we associate, to begin to introduce anything about doctrines or about religion." Beloved, do not be polite, then, that's all. If it would not be accounted thoroughly up to etiquette to begin talking of the Saviour, erst etiquette from you then, and begin talking about Christ somehow or other. The Christian is the aristocrat of the world; it is his to make rules

for society—not to stoop down and merely obey them when they are contrary to the rule of his Master. He is the great fashioner of laws. Is he not the “salt of the earth?” Does he not preserve his generation? “He is a prince among men.” God calls his people princes. Princes make rules for common men—so must Christians. They are not to succumb to others; they must make others by the worth of their principles, and the dignity of their character succumb to them. It is speaking too little of a Christian’s dignity when we say he dare not do it, because it would not be fashionable. We care little for these things: “The fashion of this world passeth away, but the Word of God endureth for ever.”

Another says, “What could I speak of? There are so few topics, I must not speak upon doctrinal subjects, for it would so offend one of the party. They might be different. One might be a Wesleyan, one might be a Baptist, one might be an Independent, one a Calvinist, one an Arminian—how could I talk? For, if I spoke of election, of course, they would all scout me at once; if I began to speak of redemption, we should soon differ on that subject, and I would not like to engender controversy.” Beloved, engender controversy rather than have wrong conversation: better dispute over truth than agree about lies. Better, I say, to dispute concerning good doctrine, far more profitable to talk of the Word of God, even in a controversial manner, than it is to turn utterly away from it and neglect it. But I tell you, there is one point on which Christians all agree, and that is concerning the person, the work, and the blessed offices of our Saviour. Go where you will, professors, if they are genuine Christians, they will always agree with you if you begin to talk about your Saviour; so that you need not be afraid you shall provoke controversy, but supposing the mention of your Saviour’s name does provoke it, then let it be provoked. And if your Master’s name and truth offends gentlemen, let them be offended. His name we must confess; of his glory we will continually talk, for it is written in our text, “They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.”

Now, then, first, here is a subject for conversation which we will consider briefly; secondly, we will find out some causes why the Christian must and shall speak concerning this blessed subject; and then, thirdly, we will very briefly talk of the advantages which would accrue to the church and the world, if we oftener talked of the majesty of His kingdom and of His power.

I. Here is a SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION. “They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.” Here are two subjects; for God, when he puts grace into the heart, does not lack a subject upon which we shall converse.

First, He says we shall converse concerning THE GLORY OF HIS KINGDOM. The glory of Christ’s kingdom should ever be a subject of discourse to a Christian; he should always be speaking, not merely of Christ’s priesthood or his prophesying, but also of his kingdom, which is over all his works; of his kingdom which has lasted from all eternity; and especially of that glorious kingdom of grace in which we now live, and of that brighter kingdom of millennial glory which soon shall come upon this world to conquer all other kingdoms, and break them in pieces. The Psalmist furnishes us with some divisions, in order to illustrate the glory of His kingdom. In the 12th verse he says, “To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts.” That is to say, the glory of a kingdom depends very much on the achievements of that kingdom.

So, in speaking of the glory of Christ’s kingdom, we are to *make known his mighty acts*. We think the glory of Old England—at least our historians

would say so—rests upon the great battles she has fought, and the victories she has won. We turn over her page, and we see her in one place scattering the thousands at Agincourt, at another place we see the fleets of the Spanish Armada scattered by the breath of God. We turn to her different battles, and we trace victory after victory, dotted along the page of history, and we say this is the glory of our kingdom. Now, Christian, when you speak of the glory of your Master's kingdom, you must tell something of his great victories; how he routed Pharaoh, and cut off Rahab, and wounded the dragon; how, at his command, the Red Sea divided; how the chivalry of Egypt was drowned in the flood; how he utterly cut off the first-born in one night. Talk ye also how God overcame Amalek, and smote Moab; how he utterly cut off those nations that warred against Israel, and caused them to pass away for ever. Tell how they were made to pass over the brick kilns, and were put under saws and hammers. Tell how Babel and Nineveh were made to rue the day when God smote them with his iron hand. Tell ye to the world how God hath crushed nations and overcome monarchs; how Sennacherib's hosts have been made to lay dead and perishing on the plain, and those that have risen against God have found his arm made too mighty for their strength and prowess. Tell of the terrible acts of our Saviour's kingdom; record his victories in this world; nor cease there. Tell how our Saviour routed the dragon in the wilderness when he came to tempt him. Tell how he

“ All his foes to ruin hurled,
Sin, Satan, earth, death, hell, the world.”

Tell how he hath bruised the head of Satan. Tell how Death has lost his prey. Tell how Hell's deep foundations have been visited, and the power of the Prince of Darkness utterly cut off. Tell ye how anti-Christ shall sink like a millstone in the flood. Tell how false systems of superstition shall flee away like birds of night, when the sun rises too bright for their dim eyesight. Tell ye it, tell ye it in Askelon and in Gath; tell ye it to the wide world o'er, the Lord of hosts is the God of battles; he is the conqueror of men and of devils; He is Master in his own dominions. Tell ye “ the glory of his kingdom,” and rehearse his mighty acts.

Now, Christian, exhaust that. But then, in speaking of the glory of his kingdom, the next thing we talk of is *His glorious majesty*. The 12th verse says:—“ They shall speak of the glorious majesty of his kingdom.” Part of the glory of England consists not in her achievements, but in the state and majesty which surround her. In ancient times especially, monarchs were noted for the great state with which they were surrounded. The palace must be piled almost to heaven. Thousands of houses will be razed to the ground to find a site for one dwelling for a king. That palace must be gorgeous with riches; its halls must be floored with marble, and its walls set with jewels; fountains must sparkle there; there must be beds of cedar on which monarchs may recline; music, such as other ears do not hear, and all manner of delights for kings; wines from the uttermost regions; precious stones and gems in the crown of the kings, add everything that is rich and rare to deck the monarch, and increase the majesty of his kingdom. Well, Christian, you are to talk, when speaking of God's kingdom, of its majesty. Tell of your Saviour's majesty; speak of the crown that he wears upon his head. Tell of his many crowns; the crown of grace which he wears continually; the crown of victory. Tell concerning the triumphs he has won over the foe; the crown of love wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals; the crown which he has won by ten thousand hearts which he has broken, and

myriads of spirits which he has bound up. Tell that your Saviour's majesty far exceeds the glories of the ancient kings of Assyria and India. Tell that before his throne there stands in glorious state, not princes but angels; not servants but cherubs, with wings of fire, willing to obey his mighty behests. Tell that his palace is floored with gold; that he has no lamps, for he himself is the light thereof. Tell ye to the world what is the majesty of his kingdom.

I am forced to pass over all these points without giving you hardly an idea, or at least with only hinting at them as subjects for your conversation.

But once more, Christians, in speaking of the glory of Christ's kingdom, you must talk of *its duration*—for much of the honour of the kingdom depends upon the time it has lasted. The Psalmist says, "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." If one should tell you, "our king sits upon a throne which his ancestors have occupied for many generations;" tell him a thousand years to your King are but as one day. If another tells you that his king has crowns which were worn by kings a thousand years ago, smile in his face and tell him, a thousand years are as nothing in his sight. When they speak of the antiquity of churches, tell them that you belong to a very ancient church. If they speak to you of the venerable character of the religion they profess, tell them you believe in a very venerable religion, for your's is a religion that was from everlasting. Your's is a kingdom which was set up long before this world was brought forth. When as yet there were neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, God's kingdom still reigned. I wish Christians would oftener talk about the glory of their Master's kingdom with regard to the time it has lasted. If you would begin to talk of the past history of God's Church, would you ever say, "I have said all, and I have nothing more to say." You would need eternity to keep on going back, back, back, until you came to God alone.

"In his mighty breast I see,
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

Then you may speak concerning the future duration of your Master's kingdom. I suppose if you were to talk much about the second coming of Christ you would be laughed at, you would be thought diseased in your brain; for there are so few people now-a-days who receive the doctrine, that if we speak of it with much enthusiasm, persons turn away and say, "Ah! I do not know much about it, but Mr. So and So has turned his brain talking of it." Men are, therefore, half afraid to speak of such a subject; but, beloved, we are not afraid of it, for "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom," and we may talk of the glory of the future as well as of the past. Some say that Christ's Church is in danger. There are many churches that are in danger, and the sooner they tumble down the better; but the Church of Christ has a future that shall not end; it has a future that shall not be dim; it has a future which shall progress in glory. Her glory now is the glory of the morning twilight; it soon shall be the glory of the blazing noon. Her riches now are but the riches of the newly opened mine; soon she shall have riches much more abundant and far more valuable than any she has at present: She is now young; by-and-bye she will come, not to her dotage, but to her maturity. She is a fruit that is ripening, a star that is culminating, a sun that is shining; and soon she will shine forth in all her glory, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Oh Christian, here is a topic for thy conversation: talk of the glory of thy Master's kingdom. Often speak of it while others amuse themselves with stories of

sieges and battles ; while they are speaking of this and that and the other event in history, tell them the history of the monarchy of the King of kings ; speak to them concerning the fifth great monarchy in which Jesus Christ shall reign for ever and ever.

Secondly. But we must not forget briefly to hint at the other subject of conversation : " *THEY SHALL TALK OF HIS POWER.*" It is not simply of his kingdom of which we are to speak, but " his power " likewise. Here, again, the Psalmist gives us something by way of division. In the 14th verse there are three kinds of power of which we ought to speak : " The Lord upholdeth them that fall ; he raiseth up those that be bowed down. The eyes of all wait on him, and he gives them their meat in due season."

First, the Christian should speak of *upholding power*. What a strange expression this is—" Upholdeth all them that fall !" You remember John Bunyan's quaint old saying—

" He that is down need fear no fall ;
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble over shall
Have God to be his guide."

" So God has said himself : " The Lord upholdeth all that fall." What a singular expression ! How can he hold up those that fall ? How can that be possible ? Yet those that fall are the only persons that stand. It is a singular paradox ; but it is true. The man who stands on his feet and says, " I am mighty—I can stand !" down he will go. But he who lies flat on Christ, who can say—

" Oh ! for this no power have I,
My strength is at Thy feet to lie."

That man shall not fall. We should talk, then, of upholding grace. Tell it to Christians, how he kept you when your feet were going swift to hell ; how, when fierce temptations did beset you, your Master drove them all away ; how, when the enemy was watching, he compassed you with his mighty strength ; how, when the arrows fell thick upon you, his mighty arm did hold the shield and catch them all. Tell how he saved you from death, and delivered your feet from falling by making you first of all fall down prostrate before him.

Next talk of *his exalting power* : " He raiseth up all those that he bowed down." Oh ! how sweet it is, beloved, sometimes to talk of God's exalting power after we have been bowed down ! I love to come into this pulpit and talk to you as I would in my own room. I make no pretensions to preaching at all, but simply tell you what I happen to feel just now. Oh ! how sweet it is to feel the raisings of God's grace when you have been bowed down. Cannot some of us tell that, when we have been bowed down with a load of affliction, so that we could not move or stir, the everlasting arms have been around us, and have lifted us up ; when Satan has put his foot on our back, and we have said, " We shall never be raised up any more," the Lord has come to our rescue ? If we were only to talk on that subject in conversation, no Christian need have spiritless conversation in his parlour. But now-a-days you are so afraid to speak of your own experience, and the glory of God, that you will talk any stuff and nonsense rather than that. But, I beseech you, if you would do good in the world, rehearse God's deeds of raising up those that be bowed down.

Moreover, talk of God's *providing power*." " The eyes of all wait on thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season." We ought often to speak of how God provides for his creatures in Providence. Why should we not tell how God has taken us out of poverty and made us rich ; how he

has supplied our wants day by day in a most miraculous manner? Some persons object to such a book as Huntington's "Bank of Faith;" and I have heard some respectable people call it "The Bank of Nonsense." Ah! if they had ever been brought into Huntington's condition, they would see that it was a bank indeed, not a bank of nonsense; the nonsense was in those that read it, in their unbelieving hearts, not in the book itself. And he who has ever been brought into straits and trials, would find that he *could* write a "Bank of Faith" as good as Huntington's if he liked; for he has had as many deliverances, and he could rehearse the mighty acts of God, who has opened his hands and supplied his wants. Many of you have been out of a situation, and you have cried to God to furnish you with one, and you have had it. Have you not sometimes been brought low, so that you could not rest? And could you not afterwards say, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him;" "I was brought low, and he helped me out of my distress?" Yes; I see some of you nodding your heads, as much as to say, "We are the men; we have been brought out." Then do not be ashamed to tell it. Let the world hear that God provides for his people. Go, speak of your Father. Do as the child does, who, when he has a little cake given to him, will take it out and say, "Father gave me this!" So with all your mercies. Do you go and tell the world that you have a good Father, a gracious Father, a heavenly Provider; and though he gives you a hand-basket portion, and you only live from hand to mouth, yet tell how graciously he does give it, and that you would not change your blessed estate—for all the world call us good and great. Here is a subject for conversation.

II. I must be brief when I speak of THE CAUSES WHICH WILL MAKE CHRISTIANS TALK CONCERNING THE GLORY OF GOD'S KINGDOM AND OF HIS POWER.

One cause is that it is *the kingdom of their own King*. Now, we do not expect French people to talk much about the victories of the English; and I suppose there is no Russian who would pay very many compliments to the prowess of our arms, or who would have much to say about the matter at all. But they will all talk about their own monarchs. Well, that is the reason why a Christian should speak of the glory of his Master's kingdom, and tell of his power, because it is the kingdom of his own King. Jesus Christ is not another man's King—he is mine; he is not the monarch of another region. I am no longer an alien and a stranger, but I am one of His subjects, and I will talk concerning him, because he is my King.

Secondly, he must talk of the *King's victories*, because all those victories were won for him, and on his behalf. The Christian recollects that his Master never fought a battle for himself—never slew an enemy for himself. He slew them all for him. And if for me—a poor abject worm—my Saviour does this, shall not I talk of the glory of his kingdom, when he won all that glory for me? Will I not speak of his power, when all that power was exercised for me? It was all done for me. If he died, he died for me; did he suffer, he suffered for me; and when he led captivity captive, he did it for me. Therefore, I must and will speak of his dear name. I cannot help testifying his grace in whatever company I may be.

Again, the Christian must talk of it, *because he himself has had a good share in fighting some of the battles*. You now how old soldiers, now-a-days, will "shoulder their crutch, and tell how fields were won." The old soldier who comes from the Crimea, when he reads the accounts in the newspaper, says, "Ah! I know that trench—I worked in it myself. I know the Redan—I was one of the fellows driven out of it." He is interested because

he has had a part in the battle. "*Quorum pars magna fui*," said the old soldier, in the days of Virgil; so we, if we have had a part in the battle, like to talk concerning it. And, beloved, it is this which makes our battles dear to us; we help to fight them. Though there was one battle which He fought alone, and "of the people there was none with him," yet, in other victories his people helped to crush the dragon's head. Recollect that you have been soldiers in the great battle, and that in the last day, when He gives away the great medals in heaven, we shall have one—when he gives away the crowns, we shall have one. We can talk about the battles, for we were in them—we can speak of the victories, for we helped to win them. It is to our own praise as well as to our Master's when we talk of His wondrous acts.

But the best reason why he should talk of his Master is this: *if he has Christ in his heart it will come out*; he cannot help it. The best reason in all the world is the woman's reason, who said she should do it because she would do it. So it often happens that the Christian cannot give us much reason why he must talk about his Saviour, except that he cannot help it, and he will not help it. It is in him, and it must come out. If God has put a fire inside a man's heart, do you think it can be kept down? If we have grace in our souls, will it never come out in conversation? God does not put his lights in lanterns through which they cannot be seen, but he sets them on candlesticks; he does not build his cities in valleys, but he puts them on hills, so that they cannot be hid. So he will not allow his grace to be hid. A Christian man cannot help being discovered. None of you ever knew a secret believer—a secret Christian. "Oh!" you say, "I am sure I have known such." But, look you, man, he could not have been a secret believer if you knew him; he could not be wholly secret; the fact that you knew him proves that he could not have been a secret Christian. If a man says that nobody knows a thing, and he knows it, he contradicts himself. You cannot, then, know a secret believer, and you never will. There may be, indeed, some who are secret for a time, but they always have to come out, like Joseph of Arimathea, when he went and begged the body of Jesus. Ah! there are some of you sitting in your pews who fancy I shall never know you and discover you; but I shall see you in the vestry by and bye. Some of you keep on coming Sunday after Sunday, and you say, "Well, I must go by and bye and make a profession of faith." Yes; you will not be able to sit there long; if you have the grace of God within you, you will be obliged to come out and put on the name of Jesus. And why not now as well as any other time? If you love his name, come out at once and let it be seen. This, then, is why a Christian will speak of his Master because he cannot help it.

III. Lastly, WHAT WOULD BE THE EFFECT OF OUR TALKING MORE OF CHRIST?

The first effect would be *that the world would believe us more*. The world says, "What a parcel of hypocrites Christian people are!" And they speak about right of a good many of you. The world says, "Why look at them! They profess a deal of religion, but if you hear them talk, they talk no differently from other people. They sing loud enough, it is true, when they go to church or chapel, but when do you hear them sing at home? They go to the prayer-meeting; but have they a prayer-meeting at their own family altar? Believe them to be Christians? No! Their lives give the lie to their doctrines, and we do not believe them." If we oftener talked of Christ, I am sure the world would think us to be better Christians, and they would, no doubt, say so.

Again, if our conversations were more of Christ, *we, as Christian men should grow faster, and be more happy.* What is the reason of the bickerings and jealousies between Christians? It is this: because they do not know one another. Mr. Jay used to tell a story about a man going out one foggy morning, and seeing something coming in the fog; he thought it was a monster. But by and by, as he came nearer, he exclaimed, "Oh, dear me! that's my brother John!" So it often happens when we see people at a distance, and holding no spiritual conversation with them, we think they are monsters. But when we begin to talk together, and get near to one another, we say, "Why it is brother John after all!" There are more true brethren about us than we dream of. Then, I say, let your conversation, in all companies, wherever you may be, be so seasoned with salt that a man may know you to be a Christian. In this way would you remove bickerings better than by all the sermons that could be preached, and be promoting a true evangelical alliance far more excellent and efficient than all the alliances which man can form.

Again, if we oftener talked of Christ like this, *how useful we might be in the salvation of souls!* Oh, beloved, how few souls have some of you won to Christ. It says, "there shall be none barren amongst them;" but are not some of you childless—without spiritual children? It was pronounced as a curse upon one of old that he should die childless: Oh! methinks that though the Christian is always blessed, it is half a curse to die childless. There are some of you childless to-night. You never were the means of the conversion of a soul in all your lives. You hardly remember having tried. You are good religious people so far as your outward conduct is concerned. You go to the House of God, but you never concern yourselves about winning souls for Jesus. Oh, my God, let me die when I can no longer be the means of saving souls! If I can be kept out of heaven a thousand years, if thou wilt give me souls as my wages, let me speak; but if there be none to be converted—none to be brought in—then let me "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Oh! to think of the crowns that are in heaven. "Those that turn many to righteousness shall shine as stars for ever and ever." So many souls, so many gems! Have you ever thought what it would be to wear in heaven a starless crown? All the saints will have crowns, but those who win souls will have a star in their crown for every soul. Oh! some of you, my friends, will wear a crown without a star—would you like that? You will be happy, you will be blessed, you will be satisfied; I know, when you will be there; but can you bear the thought of dying childless—of having none who shall be begotten unto Christ by you in heaven—never to have travailed in birth for souls—never to have brought any to Christ? How can you bear to think of it? Then, if you would win souls, beloved, talk about Jesus. There is nothing like talking of Him. I read of the conversion of a servant the other day. She was asked how she came to know the Lord? "Well," she said, "my master, at dinner, happened to make some simple observation to his sister across the table. I mentioned it to my master, but he never recollected having said such a thing." It certainly was not addressed to the servant; he had no notion that she was listening; It is well to talk behind the door that which you do not mind hearing afterwards in the street; it is good to speak that in the closet which you are not ashamed to listen to from the house-top, for you will have to listen to it from the house-top by-and-bye, when God shall come and call you to account for every idle word you have spoken. I repeat it, souls are converted often by conversation. Simple words do more than long sermons. Disjointed, uncon-

ected sentences are often of more use than the most finely polished periods or rounded sentences. If you would be useful let Christ be on your tongue ; let him live on your lips ; speak of him always ; when thou walkest by the way ; when thou sittest in thy house ; when thou risest up, and even when thou liest down, thou must have some one to whom it is possible that thou mayest yet whisper the grace of God. Many a sister has been brought to know the Saviour by a sister's lips that were only heard in the silence of the night. And God give you, beloved, to fulfil this text : " They shall speak of the glory of his kingdom, and they shall talk of his power." They *shall* do it, mark you ; God will make you do it if you are his people. Go and do it willingly. Begin from this time forth and for ever. Say concerning other conversation, " Far hence !—far hence !—avaunt ! This shall be my constant theme." Be like the harp of old Anacreon, which would never sound without love. He wished to sing of Cadmus and of mighty men of wisdom, but his harp would resound of love alone. He wished to sing of Hercules and a host of mighty men, but it would sing of love alone. Be, then, like Anacreon's harp—sing of Christ alone ! Christ alone ! Christ alone ! Jesus, Jesus only ! Make him the theme of your conversation, for " they shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and they shall talk of thy power." God give you so to do.

THE GLEANERS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

It is a beautiful morning ; God is shining upon us in nature, and blessing us as the God of providence. The sun shines, the lark sings, and every thing seems to say, "*Be happy, be thankful.*" The fields have been covered with golden grain, the reaper has gone forth with his sickle, part of the corn is carried, and now the fields are thrown open to the poor. What a merry group are just going into the field before me gleaning ! It is early, but they are ready for their toil. They spread over the entire field. They stoop to pick up every ear. They carefully collect the stray ears in their hand ; now they bind them together, in order that they may more conveniently carry them home. There they beat out the grain, and separate it from the chaff, send it to the mill to be ground into flour, then they make it into bread, and it becomes food for them and their household. How pleasant it must be to the mother to cut up the loaf made from wheat gathered by her own hand ! And how pleasant to the children, too, to feed on bread made from the grain they helped to collect ! As I stood looking at the gleaners, and these thoughts passed through my mind, I could not help saying, "*Here's a lesson for me.*" Well, let me learn it, and, having done so, reduce it to practice : for, unless our lessons influence and improve our conduct, they do us but little good.

God's Word may be compared to a good field of corn. Here is to be found the finest of the wheat ; wheat that will make food fit for angels. This field is thrown open for me to glean in. It was once shut up, by being found only in a dead language ; but our venerable translators unlocked the gate, yea, took it off its hinges, and placed it on one side, so that now any one may enter the field, and every one who is willing to learn to read may.

The gleaners were at their work early ; so let me every morning, while it is yet early, enter into the Lord's field, and glean a few golden ears of this corn of the kingdom.

The gleaners appeared full of spirits, and each one was intent on his work. Hope brought them to the field, and inspired them with energy. To work

they went in good earnest, each one bent on collecting as many ears as possible. So may I go to God's Word with spirit, read it in hope of finding something suited to my case, and collect from it as much as I can for doctrine, reproof, correction, and comfort; that I may be well informed in spiritual things, be reproved whenever I *do* or *go* wrong, receive necessary correction, and be comforted in all my tribulations.

The gleaners had to stoop for every ear, and so must I, for it is written, "The meek will be guide in judgment, and the meek will be teach his way." If we walk erect through the field, we see little and gather nothing; we must look closely into the Word, if we would see its meaning; we must stoop if we would collect its precious food. In reading God's Word, the eye should be intently fixed on the page, while the heart ascends in prayer to God. We must stoop, for except we receive the kingdom of God as a little child, we shall in no case enter therein. Many say they cannot see *this* in God's Word; others cannot see *that*—the reason is they do not stoop low enough. You may pass over every part of the field, and there may be much corn left scattered over it; but if you walk erect, and do not stoop to look among the stubble, you will not find it. So you may read every part of God's Word, but without child-like humility, you will never discover many glorious doctrines, precious promises, sweet precepts, and delightful views of Jesus.

The gleaners before me carefully collect every ear. Just so should I read every book and every chapter in God's Word. I should take up and examine every verse. All the parts are not alike plain, but as all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, all Scripture is profitable; and the humble soul often finds much food and refreshment where others can find nothing. The eye of a practised gleaner, I find, often discovers some good ears in parts of the field which others have passed over; so those who habitually read God's Word with prayer, in dependence on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, discover precious things where others can see nothing.

The gleaners bind together what they collect, that they may carry it home with ease and without waste. So should we not only collect from God's Word by reading, but endeavour prayerfully to impress it upon our memories, that so we may carry it away and make use of it as our circumstances may demand. Hence, says the Apostle, "Let the word of God *dwell in you* richly in all wisdom! teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Bind up the corn you glean in God's field, that you may easily carry it about with you, and use it as occasion offers, for your own benefit, and the good of others.

At the close of the day, or when the whole field was clean, the gleaners carried home what they had gathered, some more and some less. Just so when we read the Word, or hear the Gospel, we should carry home what we glean. Our households should be the better, the happier for our attention to the Word of God. "Go home to thy friends," said Jesus, "and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Every child, every servant, should receive some of the bread made from the corn we have gleaned. Hence Moses said to Israel of old, "These words shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Let us, then, always carry home what we glean, and let others see it, taste it, and be the better for it.

Having taken the corn home, the gleaners beat it out, and separate it from the straw and husks. So should we meditate upon what we hear and read,

separating what is intended for our use, from what is purely Jewish, or only applicable to particular persons, under special circumstances. There is no chaff in God's Word, but the pure grain is often enclosed in what appears like husks, intended to protect it and preserve it for our use. Jewish ordinances and observances, ancient types and shadows, like the husk, contain hidden in them precious food. Jesus is hidden in the type of a bird or beast; regeneration is hidden in circumcision; and the rest of the Gospel in the land of Canaan. As the clean beast ruminated in the field, as the gleaners beat out their corn at home, so should we devoutly meditate, and endeavour to understand the meaning of God's Holy Word, in order that we may profit thereby.

The clean corn is then sent to the mill, and prepared for food for the household. Just so should what we gather be prepared for our own use, and the use of others by meditation and prayer. The parent does not set grains of wheat before his children, but bread made from those grains; and we should set truth before our offspring and dependents in plain words, striking appeals, and affectionate exhortations; illustrating and enforcing the same by the most simple and impressive illustrations. Let us endeavour to understand God's Word ourselves; let us seek to experience it in its sweetness and power; let us aim to practise it in our every-day life, that so we may place it before *them* in the form of bread, and so each one will see *its* suitability, excellency, and adaptation to themselves, and we may hope be led by God's grace to partake of it.

Our gleaners eat and enjoy the bread made from their own wheat. They always speak highly of it, and frequently send as a present a cake of it to their friends. So must we not merely read, remember, and talk of God's Word, but feed upon it, and enjoy it. "Thy word was found," says the prophet, "and I did eat it, and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." And the patriarch Job could say, "I have esteemed the words of thy mouth more than my necessary food." Let us not merely collect for others, but for ourselves, nor eat our morsel alone, but let others partake with us. God's Word is intended to make us happy, that we may make others happy; and to make us holy, that we may make others holy. No Christian should keep his good things to himself, nor should any professor be satisfied with a religion that does not feed his soul, and make him joyful. Let the kind letter convey a cake of the bread made from wheat of your own gleanings to your friends at a distance.

Reader, are you a gleaner? Do you glean in the fruitful field of God's Word? Do you glean in the field of the Gospel ministry? These are fruitful fields, and the Lord, like Boaz of old, often tells the reapers to let fall some handfulls for poor, honest, hard-working Ruth. If we do not glean much, it is not because there is not much there, but either because our sight is dim, our hands unpractised, or we do not stoop low enough. Let me exhort you to imitate the gleaners who have led me to make these remarks: be in the field early; stoop for every ear; carefully collect all you can; bind together what you collect; carry home what you bind together; beat out what you carry home; prepare what you carry home to be food for your household, and then eat with them and enjoy the fruits of your labour. The literal gleaners are confined to a few days during harvest; but you may glean all the year round. They have only a few fields in which they are allowed to enter, but you are welcome to many. They may not glean until the corn is carried, but you may glean among the sheaves, while all the shocks are in the field. They have often a long way to go in order to glean, and a long way to

carry corn when they have gleaned it; but the Word of God is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart—that is, the word of faith that we preach. Glean, then, in health, that you may have it to feed upon in sickness. Bind up in youth, that you may have it at hand to enjoy in old age, when memory fails thee. Carry home much to thy household, that, as in the house of the father of the prodigal, there may be “bread enough and to spare.” Teach all your dependents to glean for themselves; for, in the field on which I have been looking, I saw mothers with two, three, or four children gleaning with them and helping them. Teach your little ones to glean; take them into the field while they are yet young, instruct them to stoop and pick up the full ears, and so help to supply the wants of the household. In a word, and without a figure, *be thoroughly consistent Christians yourselves, and endeavour to bring your household to be so too.*

THE SLIGHTED FRIEND.

BY THE REV. W. P. DALFERN, OF BOW.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”—Rev. iii. 20.

THESE impressive words have been very beautifully allegorized by a celebrated painter,* to whose graphic exposition no mere verbal illustration can add anything. A certain well-known critic† thus refers to it:—

“Mr. Hunt has never explained his work to me. I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation.

“The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse, “Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.”—Rev. iii. 20. On the left-hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred: its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn—the wild grass “whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.” Christ approaches it in the night time—Christ, in his everlasting offices of Prophet, Priest, and King. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon him; the jewelled robe and breast-plate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns—not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

“Now, when Christ enters any human heart, he bears with him a two-fold light. First the light of conscience, which displays past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ’s left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

“This light is suspended by a chain, wrapped about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ.

“The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forns of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.”

* “The Light of the World,” by Mr. Holman Hunt.

† Ruskin.

It is not our intention to add anything more to this eloquent exposition, or to discuss the propriety of attempting to give such sublime and solemn words a local habitation and a home upon the canvass, on the part of the painter; it is simply our design to call attention to the note of admiration appended to them by the lips of Incarnate Love, that being intended, we think, to express the feeling with which the fact they embody should excite in the mind of the believer. "Behold,"—with wonder and astonishment, with adoring gratitude and overflowing love, with fear and trembling and sacred awe consider that—"I stand at the door and knock."

I, the great, the self-existent God, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders—I the King of kings and Lord of lords—I who made the heavens and the earth—I who bring pardon and peace, a present heaven and everlasting life with me—"Behold I stand at the door and knock!"

"Behold I stand," &c.; I, your Redeemer, believer; your best friend—I who sought you when a stranger, and brought you nigh; who gave my blood for your pardon, my life for your righteousness, "behold, I stand and knock." Behold, I stand, excluded from thy soul; I who died to redeem it; who wait to purify and bless it; to make it a paradise of fruitfulness, a palace of joy.

"Behold, I stand and knock." Is it not strange that I should have to knock? Ought I ever to be treated thus? Have you not strangely forgotten yourself? Have you, indeed found a better friend? Bethink you, is it meet, is it comely that I should stand here and knock?

"I knock." I could beat in the door and burn it up with fire; but I knock; yes, "I knock!!" Do you not hear? It is my hand, soft and gentle; you ought to know it, it was pierced for you; it has chastened you, cheered you, sustained you many times. "I knock;" it is a fact, I have done so many times; I do so again. Do you not see that gray hairs are upon you; that your hand shakes more than it did. Have you forgotten the pangs of conscience in your last sickness, the child you buried recently, the property you lost—Behold, I knock! It is even so, it is my knock, and I have knocked many times!

You say there are many things you cannot understand of late; can you wonder? How long have I stood beside you, without being able to enter? You talk, yes, but the door is closed, and I am outside still. "Behold, I knock!"

Why, it is a poor house I seek to take possession of, and yet I am refused even by those who profess to be mine! "BEHOLD, I knock!" Yes, believer, and dost thou not wonder now? Does not thy past history give a meaning to this word? Does it not fill thy heart with grief, thy eyes with tears? Oh, that He who spent nights in prayer for thee, stretched upon the cold earth, His locks filled with the drops of the night, who sweat great drops of blood for thee in the garden of Gethsemane, that He should have to say to thee, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" Wilt thou not arise and let Him in again? He speaks to encourage thee, notwithstanding thy guilt, and says, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me."

Reader, the golden intimations of Divine mercy are sometimes hidden not only in the mysterious word of God's Book, but often hide their sacred beauties beneath the drapery of the most common events of life. These have not been perceived by thee, it may be, or acknowledged; life has been to thee a dark enigma, a page covered with characters too difficult for thee to decipher. Be it known to thee, then, that there is even now a GREAT ONE by thy side, walk-

ing with thee through life, though perceived not, whose teaching, if sought, can make thy life pregnant with meaning and sublimity, full of the secrets of an unseen world. Oh, take heed, lest through slighting the admonitions of His providence and word, thy soul shouldst drop into everlasting darkness and despair!

THE PEACE OF GOD.

The peace of God! Is it possible that so sublime an attainment is within the reach of man—fallen, frail, and sinful as he is? Yes. "Let the peace of God rule in your heart." "The peace of God shall fill your heart and mind." "Peace I leave with you." "My peace I give unto you." "The fruit of the Spirit is peace." It is thus enjoined as a duty, promised as a blessing, bequeathed as a legacy, bestowed as a gift, predicted as a natural and logical result of the working of divine truth and divine influence on the heart—as if the happiness, too great to be believed, too good to be hoped for, were assured to the poor, tempest-tossed soul by every tenure which can be named or conceived of. Let us contemplate:

I. ITS NATURE. "The peace of God." The peace which God gives and guarantees; and, therefore, *from* God; or the peace which God possesses, the eternal serenity of the divine mind and condition, exalted far above the storms, fears, cares, and dangers which beset material and mortal things, and therefore of God; belonging to that *participation of the divine nature* (2 Peter i. 4) which is among the mysterious privileges of the Christian state. It is of little consequence in which sense we understand the phrase. In some passages it stands forth under one aspect, in others under another. In either sense it is divine—divine in its source, its securities, its blessedness. The peace of God! conceive of it as we will, either as flowing from God or possessed in God and shared with God (1 John i. 3), it is something divine, infinite, and eternal.

II. THE MEANS OF ITS ATTAINMENT:
L. *By faith in Christ.* "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And having thus "*peace with God,*" we have at least the beginning of "*the peace of God.*"

2. *By the cultivation of spiritual affections.* "To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

3. *By the contemplation and growing knowledge of divine truth.* "These things have I spoken unto you," says Christ, "that in no ye might have peace." The more, then, we are familiarised with "these things," the more we shall have of that divine tranquillity which the Saviour promises.

4. *By singleness of purpose.* A vessel which is heading towards no fixed point, or has a slack hand on the helm, is ever "yawing," and in great danger of being capsized by sudden gusts. But to lay her course towards an immovable object beyond the troubled waters, keeps her trim and steady. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." No precept of the Bible has more efficacy toward the attainment of the peace of God than that. To seek any earthly good as our supreme object, would be to head our ship toward a wave, or rather, the foam on its crest. To waver between earthly and heavenly good is to steer now toward one object, and then toward another in just the opposite direction. But to bend our whole energies towards the work of God on earth, and the glory of God in heaven, is to lay our course toward an object immovable and always conspicuous. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," and instability is wholly inconsistent with peace. Who so happily combined energy with serenity of spirit as Paul? Much of his secret lay in this his own maxim, "This one thing I do: I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

5. *By doing good, giving knowledge to the ignorant, food to the hungry, comfort to the sorrowful, liberty to the captives.* "When I

am sad and troubled in spirit," said John Howard, "my remedy is to take my hat and stick and go in quest of some miserable object to comfort and relieve." Go up and down doing good; so shall you walk in the path of God when he was made flesh and dwelt among us; and walking in the path of God you shall have "the peace of God."

6. *By intimate and perpetual contact with the Word of God.* We may have implied this before; but we have a special reason for mentioning it separately. In some minds, doubt is the most active element of disturbance. There are certain questions which have puzzled thoughtful minds from the beginning of time. The propensity to agitate them will not down at our bidding. We have rarely seen more acute mental anguish than that suffered by minds at once active and reverential from the restless workings of the propensity to explore the undiscoverable, and to sound the unfathomed depths of the ocean on which moral beings are floating. Now the problems of

"Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixed Fate, Free-will, Foreknowledge absolute,"

which Milton represents as bewildering the intellects of fallen angels, and which have been the hardest problems of human thinkers from Eschylus to Jonathan Edwards, as far as they are capable of solution to us, are solved in the Word of God, and there only. There we may inquire into them reverentially yet earnestly, led by the Spirit which "searcheth all things, yea the deeps of God" (1 Cor. ii.). Around this centre the mind may take the widest sweep without danger of aberration. The very mental activity which, left to its own erratic forces, would surely rush away into scepticism, becomes the means of a firmer faith, and thus of a more profound and blissful peace. Dr. Rush recommends the reading of the Scriptures in cases of incipient mental disorder as ominently conducive to serenity and cheerfulness, and the checking of morbid tendencies. We were once applied to by a young woman of

extraordinary mental power and deep piety, who suffered a distress which none but minds of a peculiar order can appreciate, from an uncontrollable tendency to speculations which she felt to be disturbing to faith and hurtful to spiritual peace. We recommended her to study profoundly and earnestly the epistle to the Romans, to trace out its logic and seek to penetrate its wondrous revelations of God and man, sin and grace. We gave her leave to think as hard and as deep as she liked about these matters as they stood revealed there. She afterwards confessed with tears the relief and delight which the following out of this counsel had given her. The troubled reason, as well as the troubled heart, must find peace under the yoke of Jesus.

7. *The contemplation of the heavenly rest* is one of the best and most blessed means of attaining the peace of God. Sorrow and pain are easily borne when we know that they are soon to be over. The sailor, tossed about in the offing, if he could get but a glimpse of his harbour and home, would think little of the fatigues of his long cruise or the present roughness of the sea. The Christian can see his harbour and home from the beginning of his voyage. There it stands forth in colours bright, true, and unfading as the uncreated glory itself, in such descriptions as Rev. vii. 21, 22. He cannot see all, but he can see much—enough to make him calm in trouble, secure in the midst of alarms, joyful in tribulation.

"Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky,
And Faith, our early immortality,"
our talents are then only put to their true and noblest use, when their powerful and restless aspirations are turned away from all created things to "the glory that is to be revealed." Let the Christian feast his soul with the anticipations of that. Let him say, as he has a right to say, and ought to say, Yea a little while, and all this, yea and more than "eye hath seen, or ear heard, or the heart of man conceived," will be mine—and he will find himself in actual possession of "the peace of God."

What a happy and heavenly life might

men lead on earth, even amidst the incurable ills and sorrows which afflict humanity, did they but enter into this "peace of God," which God himself has so certainly assured to us, and so plainly taught us how to attain!

Nor do we speak to Christians only: "To every creature" is that Gospel preached, the sum of which is, "Be reconciled to God"—**BE AT PEACE WITH GOD.**

AMICUS.

THE CHRISTIAN IN TROUBLE.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOT, OF BLUNTHAM, BEDS.

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me."—Ps. cxxxviii. 7.

Trouble is a word common in the history both of the world and of the church. In every age since the Fall troubles have been in existence, and every man, more or less, has been the subject of them. The Christian is by no means exempt. The verse before us is the utterance of one of that class: It is the utterance, however, not of a desponding, but rather of a confiding heart. It has its troubles, and it feels them, but there are some relieving views and enlivening hopes. Experience had led him to make a sober calculation of life. Prosperity would not much elate him, nor would adversity much depress him. In all, his heart was trusting in the Lord.

I. THE CHRISTIAN HAS TROUBLES ARISING FROM A VARIETY OF CAUSES.—The plague of sin is a source of trouble. The tender conscience feels and laments the existence of sin in the heart; the risings of sin within often disquiet his spirit, cloud his mind, and fill him with fearful apprehensions. The temptations of the enemy; these are exceedingly trying, whether they prevail or not; it is not Satan's enticing, but our consenting, that is sinful. Christ was tempted, but did not comply, and was without sin. Satan throws around his fiery darts, and our hearts are so prone to ignite that we need daily to watch and pray, and to use the shield of faith. We are often cast down lest he should gain the mastery, but Christ is our very present help in this scene of trouble. Troubles relating to life—Man is born to trouble, and the Christian is doubly so, both by his first and second birth, both by his natural and spiritual birth. The troubles of life are personal, relative, and circumstantial. These may occur separately, or combine together.

How often we want the rod to correct, the furnace to purify, and the pruning and training of troublous dispensations. In all our troubles how prone we are to look at second causes, and to forget the First. Many things look like chance, and we sometimes think that possibly they might have been prevented, and we forget that the Father worketh all things after the counsel of his will. God appoints, permits, restrains, and removes our troubles. They begin, increase, and subside at his bidding.

"All shall come, and last, and end,
As shall please our Heavenly Friend."

II. THE CHRISTIAN "WALKS IN THE MIST OF TROUBLE."—In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the darkness, in the midst of the deep waters, in the midst of the fiery furnace. He walks, he goes onward, he presses forward, he goes from strength to strength, he leans upon the Lord's arm, and is supported by his power. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

III. THE CHRISTIAN OFTEN SHRINKS FROM TROUBLES, yet he has often to be thankful for them. He may not welcome them, yet does he feel on a visit to thank God for them. Their him has led him oftener to visit God, and their lessons have made him wiser in reference to God, and have endeared to him the truths and promises of his word. Troubles are painful to the flesh, but are profitable to the spirit; for, as they are sanctified, they wean our hearts from the creature, and set our affections more on God; they shut out the world more, and open heaven to us. And should troubles bereave us of all, still God re-

malus, our great friend and our glorious portion.

IV. THE CHRISTIAN HAS COMFORTS IN TROUBLE, comforts reviving his heart in the midst of trouble. And these are supplied from his God. He says, "Thou wilt revive me." We are revived in the midst of trouble when we think of him who sends them; when we think of him as the wise and gracious God; when we think of him as "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind;" when we think that his ear is never beyond the cry of faith, and that he is never backward to lend the helping hand, and that that hand is all help, and a very present help. Thus we feel that our sufficiency is of God.

Troubles, like files, may be rough, yet they make bright work; like rods, they make us smart, yet they correct us; like medicine they may be bitter, yet they promote our cure. But while troubles are bitters, God's mercies are our sweets and our cordials, and so are we revived in the midst of trouble.

We are revived as we realise the Father's grace raising us above our troubles. He says, and we have often proved the truth of it, "My grace is sufficient for thee." In the midst of the gloom of trouble thou wilt revive me by the lamp-light of thy promises, and by the manifest light of thy countenance. The promises are not only voices of mercy speaking to us, but also lights of glory shining on our pathway, and cheering us in our homeward pilgrimage.

In the midst of the smart of trouble thou wilt revive me by thy soothing, succouring, sustaining mercy; subduing my pride and murmurs, and making me patient, meek, humble, happy, hopeful.

"The Lord taketh pleasure in his people, in them that hope in his mercy."

In the midst of the fires of trouble thou wilt revive me. Should the flame increase upon me and become intensely trying, there shall thy grace be equal to my exigencies, and I shall be preserved and blest.

In the midst of the waters of trouble thou wilt revive me, for thou wilt ever be with me there, and thy presence shall be my safety, comfort, and rejoicing. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Isa. xliii. 2.

The Christian is revived in the midst of trouble as he anticipates the end of them. "Many are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Ps. xxxiv. 19. Soon the last trouble will come, the last enemy—death. Nor need we fear this, for Christ "has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel." 2 Tim. i. 10. He gives us peace and hope in death; still we often shrink at the thought of dying, and need the Comforter to quell our fears and revive our joys and our hopes in him who is our life and our heaven.

Our times, whether of trouble or of peace, of sorrow or of joy, are all measured by the Lord's purpose, and ordered by his Providence. He will sanctify our troubles while we endure them, and save us from them, and make us happy beyond them. "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence there is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

THE CHRISTIAN'S GROUND OF HOPE.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Psa. xxvii. 3.

The believer at all times should trust in Jehovah; in his person and in his promises; but instead of doing so, he is apt to trust in himself, in his own strength, or in the kindness of his

friends; and it is only by a series of trials and disappointments that he is brought off this his fancied rock of defence, to cast himself entirely upon his God.

When a man is first convinced of his state by nature, his first act usually is to fly to Moses, seeking to repair the law which he has broken; and by prayers and fastings, groanings and sighings, to work out for himself a robe of righteousness, in which he hopes to stand accepted in the presence of his Maker. He then finds, by bitter experience, that the law can only minister condemnation to him in his present condition; and he is, in consequence, driven by that inflexible schoolmaster to another source for deliverance—even to Jesus, who for him has fulfilled the law and made it honourable. As a guilty sinner he now cries out, "What must I do to be saved?" when the answer is given, "Believe! believe!" And at the same moment faith is given to him, he is enabled to grasp the promises, and trust in the Lord for salvation.

As step by step he proceeds onward in his newly-trodden path, he finds himself in need of grace to preserve his soul from the "snare of the fowler," and his feet from straying in paths of mischief. At first he is very watchful, but in his own strength, in which he makes good resolutions, the hand of his Father is again laid on him, to teach him the lesson that his strength is perfect weakness. His eyes tire with his watchings, while he finds his resolutions are all broken; thus he is brought to cry out, "Hold thou me up, then shall I be safe,"

and to trust in the Lord for preservation.

Now, seeing that in himself dwelleth no good thing, he is compelled, by means of his burden, to groan, but as his newly-born nature is not content to lie grovelling on the earth, but desires to mount upward, he looketh around him for a theme for song, and not being able to find it in himself, he is brought, by happy experience, to trust in the Lord for joy.

Thus onward he marches through this barren world, trusting first in this thing and then in that, till at last he is brought to the conclusion that all here below is vanity, and the only happy spot for his foot is in the unerring wisdom and unparalleled grace of his unchanging Father.

Oh happy climax, when we are thus enabled to trust, with child-like confidence, in our God, and feel that we are only safe when under his shadow! Do we want temporal supplies? our bread is given us, and our water is sure. Do we thirst for the water of righteousness? we shall draw water out of the wells of salvation. Do we wish for a field in which we can work to testify our gratitude? The world is before us. Let us then strive to do good to all, so shall the promise be ours, and we shall for ever dwell in our Father's land.

THE SOCIAL JOY OF HEAVEN.

The joy of heaven is doubtless derived partly from society and friendship.—While the angels sometime appear singly, in many instances they come upon their errands by twos, or in greater numbers, and whenever the heavens have been opened to the view of man, they have been seen in multitudes, whose voices were tuned to the same strains, as having a common love, and rejoicing together in the same glorious view of providence and of God. It is, however, as little necessary to reason on this matter, or to bring scriptural warrant for the idea that there is society and friendship in heaven, as it is to bring

warrant that there is a life to come. Constituted as we are—so miserable in solitude—so fitted to, and dependent upon each other, in the simple matter of thought and love, irrespective of any mutual benefit to be derived from interconnection; it is simply impossible for us to conceive of another state, or another life among pure beings, where joy is not largely indebted to the social element. The beautiful is doubly beautiful to eyes which see other eyes looking upon the same landscape—especially if the hearts that feel the light of those eyes are concordant and friendly. We cannot read a fine verse or paragraph

without wishing to share its glow with other hearts, nor find a strange star, but we must show it to our best friend. We are receiving creatures—importing creatures; we know nothing of property in thought—we never heard—we give away. We are poor in mind when shut out from others. We are rich in mind, and rejoice instinctively in its affluence, when thought meets thought, and they quarry and build together, or like gleeful harvesters, bind joyfully the sheaves of life. I say it reverently—God is more to us than we can speak of Him, his works, his ways, and his promises, to others—that others love to praise him, and that *with them* we may praise him too.

It is the thousand tongued chorus that has power over mind, and reaches the sublimity of worship. It is the many fellow souls that give eloquence to words that are as cold as quicksilver, to naked forms and unpeopled walls. We are mere fractions. No one of us is a unit. It is multiplicity alone that makes perfect. What was spoken in the garden, "It is not good for man to be alone," finds response in every prayer-room, in every summer grove, and at every fireside. This, all, which is understood plainly enough here, shall be perfected above,

where, if there be no marriage of twain, there shall be the marriage of all.

The basis of all social joy is not exact coincidence of opinion, but it is a congeniality of spirit, and a hearty mutual concurrence on the great ideas which go to make up the sum of life. There need not be unison; often it is better there should not be. There must, however, be harmony. There must be a key note, from which all distances measure themselves, and in which the strain comes to its conclusion. The key note is often undetermined here, and therefore the joy of friendship is but partly realized. In heaven, it is fixed, and the harmony made perfect. There all selfishness and obtuseness are removed, and the love of God in Christ forms the untiring link between all hearts, and secures to all the same general temper of mind, however varied in gifts and in fulness of tone the life of different persons may be. The community of ideas, without which we may regard men as creatures of a lower order, with gregarious instincts alone, has for its nucleus and vitalizing root, "God over all, blessed for evermore," so that friendship and love have room for the highest, purest, and most joyful development.

ARTHUR SWAZAY.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

GO TO THE WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING.

I. It will be a relief to your conscience. It will be redeeming the solemn pledge which you made before angels and men, when you gave yourself to Christ. Stay not with the worldly crowd when the prayer-meeting calls you, for you cannot have a peaceful conscience while disregarding the vows of God which are upon you. Go, join at once the meeting for prayer.

II. It will bring great good to your own soul. Not only will your conscience be relieved, but you will be instructed and quickened in duty; you will be refreshed and gladdened in spirit, and will have new and more satisfying evidence of your adoption. No Christian, however cold, can sit an hour in a spiritual prayer-meeting without being

warmed, and prompted to new activity in the service of God.

III. If you are prompt and regular at the prayer-meeting, it will greatly encourage your pastor. He needs all the encouragement that he can have; his labours are arduous, his discouragements many. Let him never wonder why you are not present. Allow not his heart to sink within him, at the thought that you have forgotten or forsaken the place of weekly prayer. Encourage him by your constant presence, and you will be repaid an hundred-fold in the increased happiness and usefulness of your pastor.

IV. Go to the prayer-meeting; it will strengthen your brethren; it will lighten their burdens, animate their

oppressed it. The privilege of prayer for others relieves our own hearts. Our sorrows are lost in anxiety for others. "When I went into the sanctuary, then understood I their end."

II. For the benefits it brings to our social nature. The kind look, the affectionate greeting, makes us feel that we are not alone or uncared for by others, but acknowledge among the brotherhood of saints—"as iron sharpeneth iron," &c.

III. There we often see new views of truth. A spark from the word of God that kindles a flame in our hearts. A vein, hitherto hidden, is opened. Our souls bow to drink the reviving element and is refreshed.

IV. It brings us near to God. It is

the place of social promise. If many are absent, God is always there; we are never disappointed in this; he never stays away. If but "two or three" meet, he condescends to make a "one." And what a "one" he is! we see him not, but we feel his presence. We hear him not, but something seems to say, "Lo, I am in the midst of you."

V. It brings us near heaven. Like Jacob, we are often constrained to say, "This is the gate of heaven." Here I come to look upon my Saviour, and the glories of my future eternal home.

"My Fathers house on high!
Home of my soul; how near,
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear."

OBSERVER.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BOY AND THE ROSE-DUSH.

"Oh, papa, papa!" exclaimed little Henry Bonner, a child of about nine years of age, as he rushed one Saturday afternoon into his father's library, his face flushed with excitement and delight; "what do you think uncle George has given me?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied his father, smiling.

"Oh, he has given me a most beautiful present."

"Well, tell me what it is, for I cannot guess," answered Mr. Bonner.

"Oh, come out on the piazza, papa, and I will show you," replied Henry.

"I will come in a moment, my child," replied his father; and as he spoke, he rose, placed the book that he was reading in its place in the book-case, collected together some papers that lay scattered upon the table, and laid them carefully in a drawer. He then turned towards his son, who was watching him with a very impatient expression of countenance, as if he thought his father would never be ready.

Mr. Bonner noticed the expression on his son's face—indeed it was one that was often there, for Henry, though in the main a very good boy, had this one great fault, that when he wanted anything, he could not wait for it a single moment.

"What is the matter with you, my son?" said his father, gravely.

The boy blushed, hung his head, and was

silent. He could not say "Oh, nothing!" as one is so apt to reply, for that would have been a *lie*.

"Oh, my child," said his father, "if you would only try to curb your impatient temper, how much better would it be for you. I am afraid if you do not command yourself while you are young, and while it is comparatively easy, you will have many a bitter grief to bear in your path through life, for it is often our lot here, that what we most wish for is wisely, and for some good purpose, often denied us."

"Oh, papa!" replied Henry, bursting into tears, "I know it is very wrong, but it is so hard to wait."

His father smiled, and said, "No doubt it is hard for you, but you know the words, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again.' Trying will at last make many things easy. But come, dry your eyes, and we will go out on the piazza, and see uncle George's present to you."

The present was indeed both beautiful and useful. It consisted of a set of gardening tools. There was a rake, a hoe, a spade, a watering-pot, and a light wheel-barrow.

"Papa," exclaimed Henry, after his father had sufficiently admired the present, "will you not tell Thomas to give me a small plot of ground, in one corner of the garden, for my own, that I may work in it, and plant it all by myself?"

"Certainly, my child," replied Mr. Bonner,

"for it will give me a great deal of pleasure to see you employed in so useful and healthy an amusement. But let me warn you beforehand," he added, smiling, "that gardening requires patience."

"It seems to me everything requires patience," said poor Henry, with a sigh.

"It does," answered his father. "Indeed, I think there is no virtue more necessary for us to possess for our own happiness than this one, and I hope my little son will try to cultivate it, as well as his garden."

The plot of ground was at last chosen, and Henry set joyfully to work to weed and manure it. At last it was all prepared to receive the seeds which his father bought him from a neighbouring florist, and very neatly and tastefully had he arranged it. The bed was bordered with a row of box, while at each of the four corners were planted some small shrubs that his father had also given him. One of these, his especial favourite, was a red rose-bush, and Henry looked joyfully forward to the day when it would put forth its first blossoms.

Some weeks passed, and the seeds which Henry had planted commenced to shoot from beneath the soil, but still the rose-bush, although it was covered with green leaves, had not a single bud upon it.

"I am afraid my rose-bush will never bear any blossoms," said Henry, one day, to his father.

"Oh, I think it will," he replied; "you must have patience; perhaps it is only waiting."

At last, one day, Henry discovered, to his great delight, that his rose-bush had one bud upon it. Carefully and anxiously did he watch it, but it grew so slowly that he thought it would never be a full-blown rose.

The weather, which had been very dry, now changed, and for three days it rained very hard. The morning of the fourth day the sun rose bright and warm, all nature looked green and beautiful, refreshed by the gentle rain.

"Come, papa, come with me and see my garden!" exclaimed Henry, clasping his father's hand. "We have not been there for three whole days, and my rose-bud must now surely be full-blown."

As they drew near the corner of the garden, where Henry's flower-bed was situated, the child let go his father's hand, and ran eagerly forward to examine his rose-bush. As he drew near he perceived that the rose leaves lay scattered upon the ground.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he exclaimed, bursting

into a flood of tears, "my rose-bud has blossomed, but the storm has blown it all to pieces."

The father drew near, and stood silently by his child's side, gazing at the bush.

"O, I had waited so long, and now it is gone!" sobbed the child.

"My son," said his father, gravely, "how often must I tell you that all things require patience. Learn," he added, "a lesson from this rose-bush. Behold how patient is nature;" and as he spoke he pointed towards the bush. The leaves of yesterday's flower lay strewn around, but the plant had put forth new buds.

The child blushed, and silently clasped his father's hand; and hereafter, whenever he felt any quick, impatient wish rising in his heart, he thought of the rose-bush, and waited.

ANNA.

THE SABBATH SCHOLAR AND THE INFIDEL.

One bright Sabbath morning, a little girl, neatly clad, was passing through the green fields; but she did not stop, as she usually did, to chase the gay butterflies that were flitting from flower to flower, or to peep into the birds' nests that she knew were concealed among the bushes, and shaded from the sun by the cool leaves. Neither did she stop to watch the fantastic movements of the little fish that were gliding along in the brook. But as she glanced over the emerald field all gemmed with white and golden flowers, and saw the waving trees, and inhaled the sweet odour of the clover blossoms and listened to the songs of the birds, and looked up at the blue sky and bright sunshine, her heart was lifted up to the good Father, who had made all things so beautiful; and she thought, if this world was so fair, how glorious Heaven must be where God and angels dwell. As she came to a shady spot, where the branches of the willow drooped to kiss the brook, she sat down to rest, and taking a book from her little basket, which she carried in her hand, she commenced reading aloud. Her voice was very soft and sweet, and at first clear and distinct; but as she continued reading, the tears gleamed in her blue eyes, and her tones became tremulous with emotion.

"Why do you weep, pretty child?" said a strange voice beside her.

She looked up, and beheld a young man standing near, who, unperceived by her, had been listening while she read. "Because I do not love Him better who died for me,"

replied the child, lifting her blue eyes, glistening with tears, to his face. "Oh, sir, I am weeping because I don't love Jesus better than everything else in the world."

"You have never seen Jesus, how could you love him better than your parents, who take care of you, and your brothers and sisters—if you have any—who love you and play with you every day?"

"Oh, sir, that's it; sometimes I am afraid that I love them better than the Saviour, and that makes me cry; because I ought to love Him better than all of them."

"But you have never seen Him."

"No, I have never seen Him; but I am a going to see Him. I am going to live with Him for ever."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I am sorry for my sins, and I love the Saviour; and all that repent and love the Saviour are going to him when they die, to live with him in Heaven for ever."

"Where is Heaven?"

"It is away up there in the blue sky, where Jesus and the angels live."

"What kind of a place is Heaven?"

"Oh, it is a very beautiful place, and a very happy place."

"Is it pleasanter than this world?" inquired the young man, glancing around at the beautiful scenery.

"Oh, yes, a great deal pleasanter! I was just wondering a little while ago, as I was crossing the meadow, how it could be any pleasanter in Heaven than it was on earth; but while I was wondering, I felt the sun too hot for me, and I sat down here in the shade."

"So they don't have any scorching sun in Heaven?" said the young man, smiling.

"No, there is no sun there, for God makes it light; there is nothing there that can hurt any one—nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain, nor death."

"Then that is it which makes Heaven more beautiful than earth, is it?"

"No; that makes it pleasanter, but it is more beautiful too, because, don't you know, the Bible says, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him;' so it must be glorious, for our eyes see very beautiful things, and our ears hear sweet music sometimes. Just listen now how sweetly the

birds are singing, but the angels sing a great deal sweeter."

"But how do you know the Bible is true?"

"Because it is God's Book."

"But how do you know there is a God?"

"Because there is a world and people in it, and everything beautiful; and besides, God tells me so himself."

"How does He tell you? does He whisper in your ear?"

"No. He tells me right here," replied the child, laying her hand upon her breast.

For some moments the young man remained silent, apparently lost in deep thought, then rousing up suddenly, he said, "What is your name, my little teacher?"

"Angela, sir."

"Angel—that is an appropriate name, and if there be angels on earth, why not in Heaven," murmured the young man. "Well, my pretty angel, where do you live?"

"I live yonder, over the hill," replied the child, pointing in the direction of her father's cottage.

"And have you come all this way to read your Bible in this pleasant spot?"

"Oh, no, sir; I am going to the Sabbath school, and I stopped here to rest; and I thought I would read a little in my Bible about my Saviour. I love to read about my Saviour, but it makes me cry when I think how cruel he was treated."

"Oh, could I but have that child's faith I would give the whole world," exclaimed the young man. "Can it be that there is a God?"

"Don't you believe there is a God, Sir?" inquired the child, looking earnestly at him.

He turned and walked rapidly away. But he did not spend the day roaming over the fields as he designed doing, but passed the greater portion of it in serious meditation. Through the words of that little child, God sent an arrow of conviction to his soul, and he found no rest till he had bowed at the foot of the cross, and sought and found forgiveness through a crucified Redeemer.

How do such incidents as this bring to mind that Scripture—"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Hark! the Christian mother sighing,
Bending o'er that cradle bed,
Where a shrouded form is lying—
'Tis her infant, still and dead!
She hath clasped his waxen fingers,
Strowed bright flowers o'er his breast,
On his face a smile still lingers—
Lovely is the babe at rest!

Now the mother's frame is shaken
With a grief she cannot stay,
"Lord," she cries, "why hast thou taken
This, my precious one, away?
All my earthly hopes were centred
In my darling only boy,
But Thy messenger hath entered,
Robbing me of all my joy."

Hush that discontented murmur,
Pray unto thy Father God
That thy faith be rendered firmer
By this bitter, chastening rod.
Ho, in wisdom and in kindness,
Calls thee from thy child to part,
Thou didst set him in thy blindness
Far too high within thine heart.

Often did thy fondness border
Closely on idolatry,
Reading not Jehovah's order—
"Thou shalt have no gods but me."
Now thine idol lieth shattered,
Soon to mingle with the dust,
And thy brightest hopes are smattered,
Oaust thou call thy God unjust?

Death, no longer rude and surly,
But a messenger of light,
Came and plucked thy flowret early,
Saving it from storm and blight.
Sorrow not, that God who gave him
Hath recalled the precious boon,
He is blest—Christ died to save him,
He hath entered heaven soon.

Clothed in white and crowned with glory,
Happy now at God's right hand,
Hark! he chants redemption's story,
One of Jesus' infant band.
Tho' all earthly ties are riven,
Let this thought rejoice thine heart,
Thou shalt meet thy babe in heaven,
Never, never more to part!
Wallingborough. — THEODORA.

THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

Brother! when the storm descends
And beats upon thy head,
When thy wounded spirit bonds
Like willows o'er the dead;
When thy heart is faint and sore,
And thy tears can flow no more,
Life, lift thine eyes—
Up to the skies—
Thy troubles all will soon be o'er.
Have the flames swept down thy cot?
Or floods thy vessel wrecked?
Have garlands, which thy heart has
sought,
Thy rival's forehead decked?

Has wealth, like sea-foam on the sand,
Vaulted from thy strong right hand?

Look up, and bear
Those woes is of their
Dropping from the heavenly land.
Have thy bright maimed halls
Echoed to the tread of death?
Has he on thy nursery walls
Turned the poison of his breath?
Changed to ice upon thy knee
The babe whose eyes were lights to thee?
O! still look up!
That bitter cup
Was mingled by divine decree.

Is thy path a dreary one,
Through clouds, waves, and night?
Is thy life a weary one,
A storm and an affright?
Doth an ever raging sea
Roll its tide of care round thee?
If through the dark
Christ steer thy bark,
It soon must find a peaceful lee.

As the warrior smitten down
Amid the piles of dead,
Ere his life's last drops are gone,
Lifts his bruised head,
Where his flag still blazes bright,
As the foe breaks into flight,
Sends to the sky
His battle cry,
Then gladly bids the world "good
night;"

So, brother! when the storms descend,
And beat upon thy head,
Like to that warrior's, thy end
With joy shall be o'erseen;
Let Faith still hold her vantage ground,
And soon the silver trump shall sound
Thy battle done,
Thy victory won,
And heaven's sweet consolation found.
A. M.

THE MIDDAY PRAYER MEETING.

[The following is from the pen of Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, author of the favourite hymn, "I love to steal awhile away."]]

Jesus, this midday hour of prayer
We consecrate to Thee,
Forgetful of each earthly care,
We would Thy glory see.

We come thy presence to implore;
Oh teach us how to pray!
Impart to us Thy Spirit's power,
Thy saving grace display.

Baptise with energy divine
The contrite soul afresh;
Oh bow the stubborn will to Thine,
And give the heart of flesh.

Unite our hearts, unite our tongues,
In lofty praise to Thee,
Accept the tribute of our songs,
Thou Holy One in Three.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

TRURO, CORNWALL.—The Rev. E. Denton, having resigned the pastorate of the church assembling at Grey Friar's chapel, Northampton, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church at Truro. He purposes to commence his labours on the second Lord's-day in October.

DONINGTON WOOD, SALOP.—Mr. Henas, of Hales Owen, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate.

DUDLEY.—The Rev. D. Evans, of Newtown, has accepted a call to the Baptist church in this place.

FENNY STRATFORD, BUCKS.—Our esteemed brother, the Rev. O. H. Hosken, after eleven years pastorate at Crayford, Kent, has accepted the earnest and unanimous call of the church at Fenny Stratford. May his labours in this new sphere be abundantly blessed.

CLAPHAM.—Mr. Hall, of Zion Chapel, Dartford, has removed to Garner chapel, Wirtemberg-street, High-street, Clapham, at which place he will, in future, steadily labour.

OPENING OF CHAPELS.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, HAMPSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel having been enlarged and repaired, the re-opening services were held on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of September. On Sunday, the 12th, three sermons were preached by Mr. W. W. Martin, the pastor of the church, to overflowing congregations. On Monday, the 13th, the members of the church partook of tea, after which the Rev. J. R. Burt, of Beaulieu Rails, preached to a large congregation. On Tuesday, the 14th, devotional meetings were held at six and nine o'clock, a.m.; and at half past ten o'clock, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, pastor of the Baptist church, Kingston-upon-Thames preached, and again in the open air at half past two o'clock. At half past four tea was provided, when about 500 friends sat down; a public meeting was held at half past six, when, after praise and prayer, Mr. Martin gave an encouraging report of God's gracious dealings with His church, after which Mr. Medhurst addressed pastor, church, and congregation.

READING.—The King's-road Baptist chapel closed in March for alterations and improvements, with the view of affording additional accommodation, which, since the ministry of the Rev. J. Aldis had been found necessary, was re-opened for public worship on Thursday, the 9th inst. The sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Stovel, and the Rev. H. Allon. This chapel is now the handsomest building in the town. The total accommodation is for about 1,000 persons, including the school children. The facade to the King's-road is entirely of Bath stone, with six pilasters. The extreme clear

size of the chapel is 60ft. by 47ft. 6in. The ventilation is mainly effected by openings in the doorn, and at night the gasolier greatly assists. The cost of the alterations was stated to amount to £1,000, and towards this the congregation have already subscribed about £1,100.

REDBILL.—The Baptist Chapel in the Station-road was opened for public worship, according to previous announcement, on Wednesday, July 21st. In the morning Mr. Chandler, of Edenbridge, preached an excellent and animated discourse from 2 Chron. xxix. 30. Nearly 100 sat down to dinner in the British School-room, Warwick-road. In the afternoon Mr. F. Covell, minister of Providence Chapel, Croydon, preached from Psalm cxviii. 2. In the evening Mr. T. Field, of Shadwell, London, was the preacher, and took for his text 2 Cor. ii. 12. The collections, with a few donations, amounted to nearly £45. The cost of the freshhold, erection, fittings, trust deed, conveyance, &c., being about £360. On Sunday, July 25th, the opening services were continued, when Mr. Septimus Sears, of Sheffield, Beds., preached two sermons. The collection after which was £10 5s. 6d.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, HILL-STREET, PECKHAM.—This place of worship having been closed for the erection of a gallery and other alterations, was re-opened on Lord's-day, August 22, when sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Stanford, of Camberwell; R. Robinson, of York-street Chapel, Lambeth; and T. J. Cole, minister of the place; and on the following Tuesday evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Steane, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. R. B. Lankester, D. Nimmo, J. Pearce, and G. Rogers.

PRESENTATION SERVICE.

HARSTON, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—A Service was held in the Baptist Chapel on Tuesday, Sept. 14, when a large number partook of tea and refreshments supplied by twelve of the members and friends of the congregation, the proceeds of which, with donations, amounting to the sum of twenty-two pounds, was presented in a purse to the Rev. Wm. Garner, as a token of their affection and gratitude. A public meeting was held in the evening, the Rev. Wm. Robinson from Cambridge, and several ministers from the neighbouring villages were present, and addressed the meeting.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SONO CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—The nineteenth annual tea and public meeting will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, Oct. 5th. Tea on table at five, and public meeting at half-past six o'clock. Mr. Pells will preside; and the following ministers have kindly promised to take part in the proceedings:—Messrs. Attwood, Bloomfield, Davies, Field, Hazelton, Meeres, Milner, Woolcott, and Wyard. Tickets for tea 6d. each.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, HAMPSHIRE.—The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, will (D.V.) preach three sermons on Sunday, Oct. 17th; and also on Monday evening, Oct. 18th, at the Baptist Chapel, Blackfield Common, Hampshire.

BYNSFORD, KENT.—United Thanksgiving Services for the late abundant harvest will be held at Eynsford Chapel, on Monday, October 4th. In the afternoon the Rev. George Haigh, of Besseles Green, will preach, after which, at five o'clock, tea refreshments will be provided, 6d each. In the evening a public meeting will be held, when the Rev. J. Mountford, of Seven Oaks (who will preside on the occasion), will deliver the opening address. Rev. J. H. Blako, of Sandhurst, Mr. J. S. Featherstone, and other friends will (D.V.) take part in the service. Service to commence in the afternoon at 3; evening at half-past 8 o'clock.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

THORNBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Mr. Light, late of Langwan, Monmouthshire, having been cordially and unanimously invited to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Thornbury, Gloucestershire, a meeting was held to recognise the union on Monday, September 6th. After the tea, which was numerously attended, the Rev. Mr. Young, of Falfield, introduced the service by reading a portion of Scripture, and prayer. The Rev. T. Jones, of Chapstow, then addressed the pastor, and the Rev. W. J. Cross, of Bristol, addressed the church. A few remarks to the young, by the Rev. G. West, concluded the engagements of the evening. Mr. Light has entered on his new sphere of labour with every prospect of usefulness.

BARTON, FAVES. On Thursday, September 10, services of a very interesting and delightful character were held in the Baptist Chapel in this place, in connection with the ordination of the Rev. T. Holroyd to the co-pastorate with the Rev. E. Bott. The weather was remarkably fine, and the chapel on both occasions was densely crowded. At one o'clock p.m., the senior pastor of the church commenced by reading suitable portions of Scripture and offering prayer. The Rev. J. Goadby, of Loughborough, gave the introductory address. The questions to the church and minister were proposed by the Rev. R. Kennedy, of Burton-on-Trent. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough. The charge was given to the minister by the Rev. T. Stevenson, of Leicester. In the evening, at six o'clock, the Rev. H. Hunter, of Nottingham, preached to the church. During the day, the Revs. W. Gray, T. Barrass, W. Fisher, and J. Cholerton assisted in conducting the devotional exercises.

REGENT STREET, LANDETH.—On Tuesday, September 7th, the Rev. R. B. Lancaster, late of South Shields, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the church meeting as above. Previous to the service, which was not of the formal character usually observed, but one of a social and congratulatory nature, a tea-meeting was held, at which 220 friends sat down. Addresses were

delivered by the Revs. R. B. Lancaster, W. Barker, of Church-street, Blackfriars, J. H. Millard, of Maze-pond, W. Howison, of Lion-street, Walworth, J. George, of Camberwell-road, A. G. Fuller, of Islington, W. Heaton, Esq., Thomas Bell, Esq., and J. Meredith, Esq., (chairman.) Great interest was manifested by a goodly assemblage of friends in the evening, and the affectionate remarks made by all the speakers were cheering and stimulating, tending to cement the hearts of pastor and people more closely together, and it is hoped, by the Divine blessing, to prepare them for the great work to be done in this densely populated neighbourhood.

MELBOURNE, CAMBS.—This quiet village was on Sept. 14th the scene of considerable excitement, owing to services held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. E. Bailey. This youthful preacher, who has not yet attained his majority, has studied under the direction of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and is one of the many seals of the effectual ministry of this popular preacher. During the short season he has laboured at Melbourne great religious excitement has prevailed; overflowing congregations have attended the ministry of the Word; thirty-six individuals have already been baptized, and about sixty others are anxiously inquiring the way of salvation. At half-past two a large number assembled in the neat and capacious chapel to commence the services of the day. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Benjamin Davies, of Gronwich. The Rev. J. C. Wooster, of Landbeach, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. George Rogers, Camberwell; S. Fordham, Caxton; B. Davies, Greenwich; J. Ayrton, Waterbeach; J. Garner, Harston; and, after a few remarks by the Rev. E. Bailey, the chairman concluded the service with prayer. Tea was provided in the British school-room, when about two hundred persons assembled and partook of an ample supply. At half-past six the chapel was filled. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, after which the Rev. G. Rogers delivered a most powerful and eloquent discourse, which evidenced the profound erudition of this highly talented preacher. The Rev. B. Davies, of Greenwich, concluded the services with prayer.

BAPTISMS.

ADDLESTONE, in June—Three by Mr. Tubbs.
ATTEBOROUGH, Aug. 3—Three by Mr. King.
AUSTREY, Warwickshire, July 3—Seven by Mr. Holroyd, of Barton.
BARNSELY, Sept. 5—Eleven by Mr. Brown.
BARTON, Leicestershire, Aug. 15—Ten by Mr. Bott.
BLACKFIELD COMMON, Hampshire, Sept. 5—Five by Mr. W. W. Martin.
BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street, July 4—Twenty-two; Sept. 5, Thirteen by Mr. Chew.
BOW, May 30—Five; and July 30, Six by Mr. Balfour.
BOXMOOR, Herts, Sept. 5—Eight by Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., all from the Sunday-school.

BRADFORD, Westgate Chapel, Sept. 4—Two by Mr. Dowson.

— Sion Chapel, Sept. 5—Six by Mr. Chown.

— Trinity Chapel, Sept. 5—Five by Mr. Betts.

BRIDGNORTH, July 13—Four by Mr. C. T. Keen.

BRIGHTON, Queen-square Chapel, Sept. 2—Seven by Mr. Wilkins.

BRYNMAWR, Calvary, Sept. 6—Four by Mr. Roberts, all Sunday-school teachers.

CAMPBELTOWN, N.B., Aug. 8—One by Mr. Forsyth, of Greenock.

CARDIFF, Bethany, Aug. 1—After a sermon by Mr. Webb, of Liverpool, Six by Mr. Tilly.

CIATHAM, Aug. 29—Six by Mr. Coutts.

CINDERFORD, Woodside, Gloucestershire, Aug. 1—Three.

CARLTON, Beds., Sept. 19—After a sermon from Prov. xi. 1, Four by Mr. Silvester, of London. The candidates had, at an early period of the day, witnessed a good confession in the presence of about 300 of the congregation, assembled in the chapel for that purpose; and at the baptism it is supposed there were no fewer than one thousand spectators.

HACKLETON, Northamptonshire, Sept. 14—Five, after a sermon by Mr. Haddy, of Ravensthorpe.

HADDENHAM, Cambs., Aug. 1—Two by Mr. Mostyn.

HIGGATE, Middlesex, Aug. 5—five by Mr. Hatch.

HUCKNALL, Torkard, Notts., Aug. 15—After a sermon by Mr. Stocks, of Basford, Six by Mr. Severn.

ISLINGTON, Cross-street Chapel, Sept. 1—Ten by Mr. Thomas.

KETTERING, July 29—Four by Mr. J. Mursell.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Sept. 1—Three by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Our chapel is too strait for us; we are collecting for a larger one; we have in the bank £104. Will Christians aid us in getting up a fancy sale?

LONDON, Salter's Hall, June 3—Five by Mr. Hobson.

MELBOURNE, Cambs., Aug. 30—Four by Rev. E. Bailey.

MANCHESTER, York-street, Aug. 1—Two by Mr. Cheney.

MASHAM, Yorkshire, Aug. 1—One by Mr. Burroughs.

MALTON, Yorkshire, July 25—Three by Mr. Shakespeare.

NEWARK, Aug. 29—Four by Mr. Bayley. One of the candidates has been a preacher with another body of Christians; he gave from the pulpit his reasons for baptism.

OGDEN, Lancashire, Aug. 29—Eleven by Mr. Nuttall. These make twenty added to the church here by baptism during the last two months. Many others are anxiously "asking the way to Zion," and, we hope, with their faces thitherward.

PETERBOROUGH, Aug. 1—Six.

POLESWORTH, Warwickshire, June 20—Two by Mr. Bott, of Barton.

SHEFFIELD, Portmahon, June 27—Six by Mr. Mr. Giles.

— Barker Pool, Sept. 5—After an impressive address by one of the candidates, Four by Mr. D. T. Ingham, the pastor. One member was also restored on the same day.

STONEY STRATFORD, July 3—Seven by Mr. Forster.

SWINDON, New Town, July 11—Three by Mr. Breeze; two of them teachers in the Sunday-school.

TAMWORTH, June 6—Four by Mr. Pitchford, of Birmingham.

TARN, Kerry, Montgomeryshire, Aug. 1—Two (sisters) by Mr. Owen.

TETBURY, Gloucestershire (date not given)—Eight by Mr. J. Kiddle; one of the lumber in his 71st year, one the third daughter of the pastor, and another a minister of the Gospel, who was led to decision by an examination of the Word of God. This brother is open to an invitation to any church needing a pastor, where talent is appreciated.

WOLSTON, Warwickshire, July 25—Two by Mr. Gee.

WOLVERHAMPTON, St. James-street, July 18—Seven by Mr. Carey.

WATERBEACH, Cambs., Aug. 2—After an address by Mr. Ayrton, Four by Mr. King, of Aldreth.

NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL FUND

RECEIPTS FROM AUGUST 23, 1858, TO SEPTEMBER 20, 1858.

| | | | | | |
|----------|--|----------|----------|---|-----------|
| Aug. 23. | Mr. Canning | £14 10 0 | Sept. 2. | Subscriptions | £0 8 1 |
| " " | Balance of Collection at Broughton | 10 2 1 | " " | A friend per Mr. Carr | 1 1 0 |
| " 25. | Subscriptions | 0 18 2 | " " | A Stranger | 0 2 6 |
| " " | Lady Burgoyne | 1 0 0 | " 9. | Subscriptions | 0 18 8 |
| " " | Balance of Collection at Sandhurst | 5 0 0 | " 13. | A Little Boy | 0 5 0 |
| " " | Mr. Smith, Farringdon | 7 16 6 | " " | Collectors | 2 3 11 |
| " 30. | A few friends | 0 13 5 | " 16. | Subscriptions | 1 7 1 |
| " " | Collection at Slough after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 13 0 0 | " 20. | Young Men's Intellectual Improvement Association, Belfast | 50 0 0 |
| " " | Molety of Collection at Seven Oaks after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 25 0 0 | " " | Collections | 41 1 5 |
| " " | The Rose of Sharon | 1 0 0 | | | £100 7 10 |

In Banker's Hands £8,000.

THOMAS COOK, Hon. Sec.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."
2 Peter iii. 18.

If you will remark, this passage follows immediately the seventeenth verse, where the Apostle says, "Beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own stedfastness; but grow in grace." He puts the one after the other, as if the one must be the means of the other. There had been some in the Apostle's days who had wrested certain hard expressions in the Epistles of the Apostle Paul, and had wrested them to their own destruction; and, therefore, the Apostle warns Christian men—he warns the beloved sons and daughters of God—to take heed, lest they "be led away by the error of the wicked," and so "fall from" their "stedfastness." And in order that they may know how to stand, and to be preserved from falling, he gives them this direction: "grow in grace;" for the way to stand is to grow; the way to be stedfast is to go forward. There is no standing except by progression. If you see a simple thing rolling along your floor at home, it will always stand upright as long as it rolls; but when it stops, down it goes. So with the Christian. As long as he is in motion, so long he stands; but if it were possible for the heavenly motion to cease, then the Christian would fall from his stedfastness. Glory be to God; he will be kept, and shall be presented faultless before the throne of God. The way to stand, then, is to go forward; the way to be stedfast is to progress; the way still to be alive, according to the Apostle, is to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

We will offer, first of all, two or three remarks upon growth in "grace" in general; and, secondly, a few remarks upon growth in grace being intimately connected with the growth "in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

I. First, then, we shall offer some remarks upon GROWTH "IN GRACE" IN GENERAL. What shall we say about it?

The first remark we make is, that there is a *sense in which there is no such thing' at all as growth in grace*. If you understand the word grace as signifying free favour, and the love of God towards his people, there is not, and there cannot be, any growth in that at all. The moment a sinner believes, and trusts in his crucified God, he is, in the grace of God, then justified and complete in Jesus. And if he lives till his hair is gray, he will never be more justified, and never be more beloved, than he is the very first moment in which he believes in God. As soon as ever I have a vital communion with the Lamb, I am in grace. Let me live on, let my grace grow, let my faith increase, let my zeal become warmer, let my love be more ardent, yet I shall not be more in grace than I was before. God will not love me more; he will not have a deeper and a purer affection in his heart to me than he has the very first moment when I turn to him; nor will his grace the less justify me, or less accept me, the first moment when I come to him with all my sins about me, than it shall do when I stand before the throne. We never grow in the grace of election. We are always elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father;

and in that sense of grace there is neither growth nor retrograde. So also in the matter of justification.

"In union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free,
The saints for ever were,
And shall for ever be."

And they are at all times as much justified as they are at any other time. Give me to-day to be justified—to-morrow I shall be justified; yesterday I was. As soon as I put my trust in the Saviour, I became complete in grace, so far as that was concerned; perfect in Christ Jesus. I cannot be more than perfect, and, therefore, I cannot grow in grace in that respect; I cannot receive more justifying mercy; I cannot receive more pardoning grace; for I have had it all at once, and have so become perfect in Christ.

But you will remark our text does not say anything about grace growing; it does not say that grace grows. It tells us to "grow in grace." There is a vast difference between grace growing and our growing in grace. God's grace never grows; it is always infinite, it cannot be more,—it is always everlasting; it is always bottomless; it is always shoreless. It cannot be more; it could not in the nature of God be less. The text tells us to grow in grace. We are in the sea of God's grace. We cannot be in a deeper sea; but let us grow now we are in it. We cannot be more in it than we are, than we always have been. We are in God's grace; we are in the covenant; we are in the scheme of redemption; we are in union with Jesus; we cannot be more or less so, for we are secure through the blood of our Saviour. But while we cannot grow more in it, and it cannot grow more, we can "grow in grace."

I must make another remark. *It is certain that while the grace of God toward us does not grow, yet there is such a thing as the development of grace.* There are some persons who object much to progressive sanctification, and to anything like growth in grace. My brethren are welcome to object if they like, but I am sure if they read the Scriptures (they will not object surely to Scriptural terms), they will find growth in grace very frequently mentioned; if that does not mean something of progressive sanctification, then I do not understand the term "growth in grace" at all. It is quite certain there are degrees of the development of grace. You will not say the young man who has been converted but the last few months knows as much of grace, understands as much, has as much faith and as much love, as the man who has for the last twenty or thirty years stood in his Master's service. You will not tell me that one man who is scarcely ever seen coming up to the house of God, who is in a daily state of religious starvation, stands on a par in grace with a man who is labouring for his Master, whose love is evident to all, and whose faith is testified before the whole congregation. You will not tell me there is a dead level in Christianity. If you tell me so, I tell you that you have no eyes, or that you do not look about you. For it is certain there are some further advanced than others; some with greater faith than others have. There are "great faiths" as well as "little faiths," great loves as well as little loves; there are men of ardent spirits who have grace more developed in them than others. It is true, they are not more loved of God than others, not more justified, nor more accepted, for in that we all stand on a level, and there is no difference; but as to the development of grace and the display of grace in our souls, every one must admit that there is a difference between different saints. I cannot understand the difference existing between different ministers of God, if it is not because of the difference in the degrees of grace.

Some have just started and have preached a little about Redemption, but they have not got far enough to preach about Election, or at least not about the vital union of every blood-bought child of God with the person of Emmanuel; or if they should now and then preach upon that they cannot talk about the eternal security of the saints in the breast of Jesus, and how against wind and tide they shall all sail to heaven. They have not grown enough in grace for that. Will not every one admit there are such things as degrees of development of grace? while it is true that there are none of us more justified, more elect, more chosen of God and loved of Him than any others are.

But now for a third remark, and that is *that growth in grace is not to be measured by weeks, and months, and years*. There are persons who look upon the age of a man to tell how much he knows about divine things. "Oh!" say some, "such and such a young man, what should he know about divine grace? There is a hoary-headed father there; he must know a great deal more." You will very often find out your mistake. God delights to show how he scorns and scoffs all the distinctions of man; He delights to show that he makes the young men prudent, and that he gives to the children knowledge and discretion. It has ever been one of His boasts, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he ordains strength because of his enemies." It is true, we do believe, and we should believe, that there is more knowledge beneath the gray head. Generally speaking, there will be. Yet God, in order to display his sovereignty, has so arranged that he will sometimes put his treasures in an earthen vessel that has not been fashioned but a few years. Do not suppose persons grow in grace according to their years. Some grow faster in grace in five minutes than others in fifty years. I believe some saints progress further in grace in one single month than others do in twelve months or twelve years. I am sure I may speak concerning myself. I have grown more in grace sometimes in one hour than I have at other seasons in a week, a month, or a year, when God in his infinite wisdom has been pleased to give me a vision of the Saviour, or to open up my depravity, or break up the fountains of wickedness that lay beneath in the soul. I have learnt more in one hour, when the Holy Spirit's hand has been upon me, than I have in weeks and months simply with my own study. The growth in grace has not anything to do with time. God's people do not grow like trees grow. Sometimes they take a start and grow upward; at another time they are growing downward. Sometimes, apparently, the sap sleeps within the branch—a winter time comes over it and it is asleep. Do not imagine, my dear friends, that because you are getting old you are growing in grace. People are continually warning young men of their danger. So we are in danger. But let me remind you that there is not an instance in Sacred Scripture of a young man's disgracing his profession; but there are instances in Scripture of men of middle age and of gray hairs doing so. It is thus: we, who are young, are in the greatest danger, and therefore God keeps us to show his honor; but you conceive you are not; and therefore God suffers you to fall, that he may stain the pride of your glory, and let you see that it is not anything in flesh, neither age, nor standing, nor rank, nor condition; but that he holdeth up the humble and casteth down the proud. David did not fall into sin until he had come certainly to maturity and into the very prime of life, and then he sinned with Bathsheba. Lot did not transgress before he came an old man. If you turn to the pages of Scripture, wherever there has been a lamentable fall—a Peter or any other—it has been a man who has grown up and become strong in years, because God would show us that it is not mere years that can teach us grace—in fact, that years, and age, and learning, and talent, have nothing

to do with grace; that he could, if he liked, take a child of six years' old, and pour wisdom and knowledge into the lips of that child that could puzzle the seers of this world. So He will do. He always takes the most unlikely beings, and because men have said experimental preachers must have gray heads, He says, "Nay; it shall be a youth that shall lead the multitude; it shall be a child out of whose mouth I will pour words of wisdom, for I will stain all human glory, and show mankind that it is not the preacher but God; that it is not him that willeth, but God that showeth mercy; that it is not the man, but the God in the man. He could dispense with the man altogether; at any rate he will have the man he pleases, and at what age he pleases, and qualify him as he pleases.

Now, once more, *growth in grace is not to be estimated by our feelings.* There are some of you, beloved, who think you are not growing in grace because you do not feel so lively as you used to do. "Ah!" say you, "when I was young everything was good then. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed. I would go over hedge and ditch to hear the Gospel preached; it mattered not, I had such an intense desire to hear about God and Jesus Christ, such love to the Gospel, that when I once got to hear a minister preach, it mattered not who ever he might be, it all seemed sweet. But now I am so depressed I cannot enjoy the words I used to do." Do not think because your wild heat is gone you have not grown. When we light a fire, we always put the straw and such like at the bottom; and when we first light it there is a deal of flame, and a great deal of smoke that rises. But afterwards, when flame gets hold of the coals, there is not so much blaze, but there is really more heat. You may have some of your flame and smoke departed, but then it gets to be more solid fire; we would rather warm our hands by the coals than by the straw, for that must soon go. So with grace. It begins with flame, catches the lighter substances, lays hold on the imagination and the passions; but, in after life, it appeals to the judgment, and makes the man one solid lump of burning fire. He is not a little flame rising towards heaven that the wind might blow out with a puff; but he becomes so strong a fire that the wind shall but increase the flame and shall make the heat the greater. So with you. Perhaps you are become more solid though you are less fiery. Do not suppose when you are depressed, therefore, you are not growing. Many of God's plants grow best in the dark, and He often puts them in the dark to make them grow. When you are growing upwards recollect there is such a thing as growing downward. You might have had yesterday a Divine manifestation that took you up to the top of the delectable mountains. You must not think you are big because you are high, for pigmies perched on Alps are pigmies still; and if you were ever so little, it would not make you any bigger if you were taken to the top of St. Paul's—you would be little still. If you are in a mine deep down, do not think you are smaller for that. I tell you you will grow faster in the dungeon often than on the top of a mountain; but it is no pleasant spot. When our depravity is revealed to us, when our desolation of spirit, when our utter hopelessness and powerlessness are uncovered and made manifest by God's Holy Spirit, we grow, I believe, even faster than we do when, on the wings of seraphs, we are privileged to mount on high. Do not measure your growth in grace by your feelings. Some of you make a kind of barometer of your feelings. Do not do so. If we are in Christ, we are in Christ by faith, and not by feelings; and recollect whether your feelings are good or bad, you are no more or less a child of God. Your faith, sinner, unites you with the Lamb—not your feelings. Trust Him in darkness, trust Him in distress, lean on Him when you cannot see Him, and

when there seems nothing to walk on, still tread, for the ground is firm beneath the foot of faith.

Then, do not think you are growing in grace *because you happen to be doing a little more for the Church externally*. "Oh!" we often think, "now I am progressing, am I not? I am busy in the Sunday-school, labouring hard there; I am preaching; I am doing this, I am doing the other: now I am progressing." Ah! it is a good thing to be very diligent in good works, and to be abounding in acts of righteousness; but if you begin to say, "Now I am growing," because of this or because of that, you have made a great mistake. It often happens when we are very full of public labours that we are very short in private devotions. I must confess that myself—and that is a very lamentable thing—for then I am not really growing. A man may have his hands ever so full before the world and think he is doing much; but he is not growing after all. Do not think that is any excuse for anybody who is not doing much, you Issachar-like people, like "a strong ass between two burdens, and too lazy to lift either, I will not give you a word of comfort." You are not growing, for you are doing nothing. And those that are doing something must not boast of their growth. It hath more to do with private devotion than public exercise; it hath more to do with meditation than explanation; it hath more to do with contemplation and adoration than with public service. We must look more to the state of the internal matters, keeping a good look out on the closet. We must well attend to the reading of the Scriptures, and see that that is constantly kept up. If not, however much we may seem to progress outwardly, we are not any richer; we are only beating out the little gold we had into a thinner plate, and spreading it over the surface. The more we do for Christ the more He will do for us; but let us take heed whilst we water other people's vineyards that our own is not neglected, and that the stones of the hedges thereof are not cast down. May God grant you, brethren, to grow in grace.

II. Now we come to the second thought—THAT GROWTH IN GRACE IS INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE GROWTH "IN KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST." In fact, there cannot be any grace at all except as we know Christ, and there can be no growth in grace except as we grow in our knowledge of Christ. We may always test ourselves whether we are growing by this: Do I know more of Christ to-day than I did yesterday? Do I live nearer Christ to-day than I did a little while ago? for increase in the knowledge of Christ is the very test as well as the cause of an increased growth in grace. In order to prove this I will pass over one or two Christian virtues, and you will see they must increase as we know more of grace.

With regard to love, some of us say, how little we love Christ! How many of you sing—

"It is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

That is a very good hymn—I find no fault with it—but let it be short metre, please. Don't sing the hymn long. Now and then you are very welcome to it, but get through it as quickly as you can. I would rather hear you sing that hymn—

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring."

"Oh!" say you, "that I might grow in love. I want to know that I love Jesus. I want to feel my heart going after Him—my soul knit to Him." Well, the way to grow in love is to know more of Christ. The more you know of the Saviour, the better you must love him; the more you discover of his beauties, of his excellencies, of his virtues, of his perfections, and of his glories, the more your soul will be in him. I tell you who do not love Christ at all, it is because you do not know him; for if you knew anything of him, you would love him in proportion to your knowledge. The more you know of my Master, the more you will love him. You have only lifted one corner of the veil that shrouds his forehead; you have seen but one portion of his visage, and now you love him. Oh, if you had faith to lift the veil entirely, to see his countenance, to mark the majestic sweetness which sits enthroned upon his lofty brow; if ye could descant on his eyes, which are "like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim"—if ye could describe him as being "altogether lovely," ah! ye would love him more. Blessed are the men that improve in acquaintance! Jesus Christ is one of those blessed ones; the more you know of him the more you love him. Sweet Jesus! when I saw thee first I loved thee! When first thy wounded hand and bleeding side were uncovered to me, then I loved thee. Ah! but that love is nothing compared with what I have now. And, oh! when I shall see thee as thou art—when my soul becomes changed into love, the love I have now shall seem to have been nought but a spark; ay, very hatred itself compared with that love which I shall have to thee then! Know more of Christ; read more of him; think more of him; ask about him more; because you will be sure to grow in the grace of love, in proportion as you know more of Christ.

So with regard to *faith*. What is the reason why so many of us groan because our faith is so little? It is because we do not know enough of Christ. There are many people who want to know a great deal about Jesus. They think if they knew more about Jesus they would have more faith. "Oh!" says one, "when I look at myself, I think, 'Oh, what is to become of me?' Then I want to see if there are not some evidences. I think, 'Well, there is so and so, and that looks good.'" All wrong—all wrong! You have no business to look there—no business at all. You won't grow in faith by looking at yourself. One look at Jesus is worth fifty at yourself. If you would have more faith, keep your eye on Jesus. The sweet wounds of Christ on Calvary are the mothers of faith; and these are the breasts from which faith must draw in nourishment. If you grow in faith you must live near to the cross. The sweet flower of faith was first sown by a drop of blood, and it must be watered by it every day. Know more of Christ; think more of him, and your faith will increase. Your little faith would soon get strong if you lived more on Jesus. If you would become Greathearts by-and-bye, and knock those great giants about as terribly as old Greatheart did of old, live near to Jesus; live with Jesus; feast at his banqueting table; for there is no food so strengthening as the flesh of my Lord, and no wine can so invigorate you as the blood of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

So with regard to our courage; for that is a Christian grace, and one in which many are very terribly deficient. Our Christian courage will always increase in proportion as we know Christ. We have sometimes little Christians that have not Christian courage enough, I was about to say, to speak to a cheese-mite; they would not be able to profess the name of Christ before the smallest creature in the world; they would be ashamed to tell they loved the Saviour almost before the bare walls, for fear some bird of the air would

hear them and tell the tale. They are so ashamed of their own faith (and yet it is real faith) that they scarcely dare to speak. The smallest stone in the road would make them stumble; a straw would be almost as great as a range of mountains like the Himalayas; they would be entirely cast out of the road if they had the least prospect that there could be a shadow in it for them to pass by. This is because we do not know Christ that we are afraid of anything. I believe, when we come to know Christ, we shall be afraid of nothing at all. Shall we be afraid of man? Nay; we shall say, "Whether it is right to obey God rather than man, judge ye." Shall we be afraid of the devil when we know Christ? Nay; we shall say, "Christ hath got the devil chained, and he can always pull the dog in when he attempts to bite; Christ hath hold of the dragon, and he cannot inflict deeper wounds than Christ willeth." Ah! we shall not be afraid of death, for we shall regard him as an angel of the covenant sent to fetch God's people up to heaven. Courage will always be increased in proportion as we know more of Jesus; and if we could have Christ for our daily and hourly companion, I believe all the hosts of hell, marshalled in battle, would no more affright us than would a flock of small birds that might settle down on our path, but we should say, "Arise, thresh the mountains, and beat them small; fan them, and the wind shall carry them away." If you would have more of courage, get more of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

So with regard to our *zeal*, which is a grace awfully wanting in these times. If we would be more zealous we must live more near to Christ. If the Son of man were to come upon earth, would he find zeal upon earth? It was said, "would he find faith?" once; but would he find zeal? It would cost him a great deal before he discovered much of it, amongst Christians. There would be sound good orthodoxy, but no zeal; there is heterodoxy, still no zeal. Where do you find it? Just here and there. There is a remnant, according to the election of grace, who are zealous for God; but in these times, we are sorry to say it, religion has degenerated into a kind of formality. It is a fashionable thing to be pious. We have been going on in the same track as other people; there was an old cart rut, and we all drive along it. We have kept on at the same pace as our fathers; but, oh! if we knew more of Christ we should have more zeal. I cannot think it possible for men to lack zeal when they know Christ. They would then say, "Did my Saviour shed his blood for me? and shall I fear to die for him? Did he come all the way from earth and heaven to win a soul, and shall I stop proclaiming it?" Should we have so many lazy preachers if they had got more of Christ in their hearts? If they understood more of Jesus, would they think so much of their constitution, and be afraid to preach continually to the people? Oh! if people knew more of Jesus, should we have so many slothful, sluggish, members in our churches, with so many that can make any excuse rather than labour for Christ, who can patch up any empty apology for idleness? No; brethren, if we knew more of the Saviour, if we had more frequent visions of him, if we saw him oftener on his cross, and viewed him more frequently sitting with the crown upon his head, we should say, "I vow revenge against my sloth; I will think all I can do will be too little for so good a Lord; if I might make some reserve, and duty did not call, I will love my God with zeal so great that I should give him all." It is no use to try to get more zeal except by the right way—knowing more of Christ. And if we seek to grow up in zeal by certain ideas of our own, certain "revivals" as they are called, and all that nonsense, we shall have a zeal like a house on fire; it will do more mischief than it will do good. There may be some heat and a deal of illumi-

nation : it will die away by and bye into black ashes, poisoning the churches everywhere. I have seen revivals in England, and I can always tell where "revivals" have been by the scarred state of the places after them—what have been called "revivals," got up by certain extraordinary meetings, and fanned by sundry preachers, who have invented strange doctrines, preached hell-fire apparently, calling on men unceasingly to repent, repent, and said nothing of the grace of God. They have for a time stirred up the people to a kind of religious *furor*, and they have left behind a very desert. Before them it was like a garden of the Lord, but behind a desert. The church has been divided ; there has been a reaction ; they have sunk into the most lamentable condition. If we would have true zeal, a true "love-feast," it must be by the preaching of the good old doctrine, the good old truth, and the preaching of Christ ; not anything else : for whatever comes from anything else comes of the devil ; to hell it shall tend ; its issue shall be destruction, and not salvation. But if we get to the truth of God, there will be "revival" enough. We want nothing but Gospel good old fashioned Gospel to stir the world again. Though men have tried new schemes, God will put a stain upon their glories yet. All these heresies must be swept away, and the true Gospel—distinguishing grace of God in all the sovereignty of election—must yet again be preached. And when it is preached in all its fulness, then shall the church be zealous, and then shall Zion arise, shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments.

One thought more. If we would grow also in the *grace of brotherly kindness* we must know more of Christ. Oh, beloved ! we must lament again. There is too little brotherly kindness. There is a great deal of that mawkish kind of brotherly kindness which consist in this—"we must never say anything contrary to anybody else's opinion. If we know a doctrinal error we must not expose it, because love of our brethren implies if they are wrong we would not tell of it." But I think true brotherly kindness is always to preach the truth, and tell our brethren where they are wrong, and give them the right hand of fellowship ; to preach whatever we believe to be true, and try to maintain what God has taught us ; and then, after all, to say, "Well, brother, you differ from me. I am not infallible ; I still love you." But that is no love which makes us hide the truth. True love will make us honest, zealous, and affectionate. Why don't we love one another as much as we ought ? It is because we do not love the Saviour enough, and we have not seen enough of him. If we had seen more of the Saviour I am sure we should love him better. I met a strange idea in old Burrough's when reading him the other day. He says, "If Jesus Christ were to come down to his church now, he would see some of his children with black-eyes ; some others would be seen scratched in the face, and some bruised all over. He would say, 'Ha ! where have you been ?' Lord, I have been fighting my brother, and he did this. He would then say, 'Children fight ! the birds of one nest disagree ! how sad it is !'" It is a queer thought, but it is not a bad one. We might think of that a little, for when Jesus Christ comes and finds his people controverting and quarrelling what will he say ? You remember the story I told you before. An old Scotch elder had been disputing with his minister at an elders' meeting. He said some hard things, and almost broke the minister's heart. Afterwards he went home, and the minister went home too. Next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him, "Eh, Jan ! ye look very sad this morning. What's the matter wi' ye ?" "Ah !" said he, "you would be sad too if you had had such a dream as I've had." "Weell, and what did ye dream about ?" "Och ! I dreamed I had been at an elders' meeting, and I said some hard

things and grieved the minister; and as he went hame I thought he died and went to heaven. A fortnight after I thought I died, and that I went to heaven too. And when I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife up here, and I'm happy to see ye.'" The elder went to the minister to beg his pardon directly, but he found he was dead; and he laid it so to heart that within a fortnight the elder himself departed. And I should not wonder if he did meet the minister at heaven's gates, and hear him say "Come along, Jan! There's nae strife up here." It would be good for us to recollect that there is no strife up there. Glorified saints have not strife among themselves; and we should love one another more in brotherly kindness if we thought more of heaven and more of our blessed Jesus.

Lastly, there is another grace in which we need to grow; that is the grace of *humility*. I am sure we should increase in that if we lived nearer to Christ. Oh, humility! most precious thing, thou art most rare! He who talks of it most hath least of it. He who preaches of it best full often is least the subject of its power. Oh, humility! I have sometimes thought thou wert a phantom, and that pride was the reality. Humility, where art thou? The depths of poverty say "thou art not in me," for the poor are often proud. The heights of riches say, "They are not here," for the rich are often proud too. Oh, humility! Thou art not to be found in science, for philosophy puffeth up. Thou art not to be found in ignorance, the very mother of pride. Oh, humility, where can I find thee? Where art thou? Nowhere can I see thee, or know what thou art, except I sit at the feet of Jesus, and behold myself a lost, ruined sinner purchased by divine love. Oh! if you would be humble, you must look at your Saviour, for then you would say:—

"Alas! and did my Saviour die?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

You will never feel such a worm as when you see your Saviour die; you will never know your own nothingness so well as when you see your Saviour's greatness. When you grow in the grace of God you will be sure to grow in humility. Growing Christians think themselves, nothing but full-grown Christians always think themselves less than nothing, and the more we get near to Jesus the smaller self will appear to be. Self and Christ can never come together. When I stand near self, Christ is small; when I stand near Christ, self is small. May God grant you to grow in the knowledge of Christ. Read the Scriptures more. Seek more the influences of the Holy Spirit upon them; spend more time in devotion; ask God the Holy Spirit to give you a fresher gale from Calvary; be oftener on the mount of transfiguration, in the garden of suffering, in the hall of agony, under the cross of crucifixion; live with Jesus and near to him; and so changed from glory to glory as by the presence of the Lord you shall each of you grow into the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus.

I WILL TRUST.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—*Isaiah* xii. 2.

WE are too prone to give way to fear; and fear indulged straitens the spirit, disturbs the conscience, and agitates the whole soul. "Fear hath torment." It was wise, therefore, of the prophet to say, "I will not be afraid;" but it

is much easier said than done. We are naturally prone to fear; and dulness in the understanding, guilt on the conscience, or forgetfulness of God's Word, always generates or increases it. Fear weakens faith, gives Satan power over us, and leads us to dishonour our Lord: no wonder, therefore, that we are so often tempted to fear. Faith in God is the great antidote to fear; let us, therefore, encourage faith, and often cry out with the disciples to our beloved Master, "Lord, increase our faith." Then we may expect to receive grace, which will enable us to say, "*I will trust and not be afraid.*" *Trust;*

WHY WOULD THE PROPHET TRUST? Because he saw that God was his salvation; that all the perfections of His nature were engaged in covenant, and pledged by promise to save him. Having God for his Saviour, he felt safe, and, feeling safe, he was happy. God engages to save all who apply to him, confide in him, and expect deliverance from him. Oh, what a privilege to be saved by the Lord! Saved from sin and all its consequences, from Satan and all his snares, from men and all their wrath; in a word, from every evil—saved! Happy, thrice happy is the saved soul; but this happiness belongs to all who believe in Jesus. He was persuaded that *there was no wrath in God against him.* "Thou wast angry with me," but thou art angry no more. No; the moment we flee to Jesus, and plead his precious blood, all anger ceases. There is, then, nothing in God's heart towards us but love. There is nothing in God's book against us. Jesus has borne all the wrath—Jesus has endured all the suffering—Jesus has magnified the law and made it honourable—Jesus has harmonised all the Divine perfections in our salvation; so that mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have embraced each other." *God speaks loving words to comfort us.* "Thou comfortedst me." Yes, as one whom his mother comforteth, so doth the Lord comfort the poor sinner who reposes all his hopes on Jesus. He gives loving invitations, he makes loving promises, he uses loving entreaties, and speaks in the most loving terms. He would have his child happy. He would have his little one feel safe. He would have us believe the love that he hath to us, and rejoice in it. *Wells of salvation are opened to supply him.* He is not dependent on the limited cistern, or even on the uncertain clouds, for the Lord hath opened fountains. Not one well, one fountain, but many. He displays the greatness of his love, the vastness of his resources, the plenitude of his mercy. "Eat," He says, "oh friends, drink, yea drink abundantly, O my beloved." Sometimes our supplies are represented not merely by wells, but rivers. "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys." Beloved, if God is our salvation—if his anger is turned away from us—if he comforts us with loving words, and if he has opened wells of salvation for our supply, ought we not to banish fear, and lovingly trust in him? But this is the privilege of every one that believeth in Jesus. Let, oh let us, then, imitate the prophet, who said, "I will,"

WHAT? "TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID." His confidence centred in God, not in his frames or feelings, not in his duties or endeavours, but in the Lord alone. *I will trust that the Lord will be with me.* And with God for our companion, guide, and friend, we may venture anywhere. We may be comfortable anywhere. In the roughest road, in the darkest path, in the most dreary desert, in the most dangerous way, if God is with us we are safe, and may rejoice. But if God is our Saviour, he will be ever with us, he will never leave us, nothing shall induce him to forsake us. Then we should trust and not be afraid. *I will trust that God will supply me, and he will.* However numerous our wants, whatever claims may be made upon us, he can supply us

with ease, he *will* supply us with pleasure. He *can*, for all things are his, he *will*, for he has given us his word, and constituted us his dependent children. He has anticipated all the wants of time, and provided in Jesus for them; he has foreseen all that will be necessary in eternity, and has laid up in store for that. With God, the God of the universe with me, loving me, leading me, ought I not to feel confident that all my wants will be supplied? Can doubting be justified? Can fearing be excused? Let us not attempt either the one or the other, but rather say, "I will trust and not be afraid." *I will trust that God will bring me safely and honourably through all.* Right, and he will, for he will not fail thee nor forsake thee, until he hath done that which he hath spoken to thee of. He never violates his word. He never breaks an engagement. If we forsake him, he will chastise us, and bring us back with weeping and with supplication. If we break his commandments, and neglect to keep his statutes, he will visit our transgressions with a rod, and our iniquities with stripes; nevertheless, his loving kindness he will not utterly take from us, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail. He has infinite patience to bear with us, and having with a perfect knowledge of all that we should be, or do, beforehand, undertaken our cause, and promised to save us with an everlasting salvation, he will do so. Yes, blessed Lord, thou wilt guide us with thy counsel, and afterward receive us to glory! Oh, how will His glory be advanced by bringing such a number of fearful, fickle, feeble creatures through so many snares, so many dangers, and so many trials, not losing one of them, though earth and hell have done their worst to seek their destruction! Through much tribulation we shall all enter the kingdom, therefore let us trust and not be afraid. *I will trust that God will benefit me, and do me good, by all that he causes me to pass through.* So we should, for all things work together for our good. Every loss will prove our gain, every trial will purge and purify us, every conflict will terminate in our honour, for we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. That which has most alarmed me, that which I have most dreaded, that which I feared would crush me, will be seen by and bye to have done me the most good. As the dark clouds bring the showers, as the frosts of winter prepare the earth for a fruitful spring, so will all the toils, troubles, and trials of the Lord's people end in their advantage. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Well, then, may we trust and not be afraid. *I will trust that God will land me safely in Immanuel's land.* So he will, if you commit the keeping of your soul to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. He is always faithful to the trust reposed in him, and takes the greatest care of whatever is committed to him. Hence the Apostle was so full of courage and confidence, because he could say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day." The journey may be a long one, a rough one, a perilous one, but it will end well. He loves all his people, and all his people love him; and we are persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature *shall be able to separate us from the love of God*, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. As in Christ, there is no condemnation; so from Christ there can be no separation. Once in Christ, in Christ for ever; therefore I will trust and not be afraid.

I will not be afraid of man, for if God be for me, if God be with me, what can poor, puny, spiteful man do unto me? They may persecute, but if we suffer for the sake of Christ, happy are we. They may slander, but God will bring

forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noon day. They may kill the body, but if they do, for us to die is gain *I will not be afraid of events!* but will cry unto God most high, unto God that performeth all things for me. Events, whether painful or pleasant, only perform the thing that is appointed for me; only do my Father's bidding; only conspire to deepen my sanctification, elevate my affections, and make me meet for glory. *I will not be afraid of devils,* for they are all held in check by my wise and merciful Redeemer. Satan is a conquered foe. Satan is a chained foe. He can only act by permission of Him who loves me best, and he will never get permission to do me any great or lasting injury. Our brethren before us overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony; and we are assured that if we resist the devil he will flee from us. Shall I tear Satan, then? No; but rather rejoice that the God of peace will bruise Satan under our feet shortly. *I will not be afraid of death,* for death like Satan is a conquered foe. Yea, its very nature is changed; it was a terrible thing, a penal evil, but now it is a soft, sweet sleep—a sleep in Jesus. Every believer dies in the Lord, sleeps in Jesus; and lies down on his dying pillow with the assurance, that at the glorious advent of our immortal Lord, them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Shall I be afraid, when wearied and exhausted with the toils and trials of the day, to lie down on my pillow at night to enjoy refreshing sleep, especially if I could do so assured by God himself that no evil should befall me, but that I should awake in the morning not only refreshed, but freed from all aches, pains, diseases, and liability to death? Surely, no. And shall I be afraid to fall asleep in Jesus, when I have the assurance that God will watch over my sleeping dust, and raise my poor body powerful, spiritual, and immortal; and that my soul, being absent from the body, shall be present with the Lord? Shall I? Can it be? Oh, unbelief, how powerful thou art! but for thee, without the least hesitation, I should rapturously exclaim, "*I will trust and not be afraid!*" I will not fear man, however powerful; nor events, however trying; nor devils, however numerous; nor death, come when, where, or how it may! Oh, believer, brother beloved, happy art thou; who is like unto thee? Saved by the Lord, comforted by the Lord, loved of the Lord, and supplied by the Lord! Wilt thou fear? Wilt thou not rather trust in the Lord for ever? Wilt thou not joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of thy salvation? Happy, happy art thou! Happy, though poor and despised by men! Happy, though tempted and tried by Satan! Happy, though Providence seems to frown, and all things seem to go against thee! Yes, thou art happy, for the Lord is thy portion, heaven is thy home, and all things are ordered for thy good!

But, sinner, I cannot speak thus to thee; thou canst not trust in the Lord, for thou art set against him, and art waging a foolish and wicked war with him. He is obliged to be angry with thee. He is bound to punish thee, if thou wilt persevere in thy present course. But he does not wish to do so. It is no pleasure to him to punish thee. He will find no delight in thy death. Thy groans will not be musical in his ear, nor will thy torments gratify him; therefore, he warns thee of thy danger, offers to pardon thy sins, exhorts thee to flee from the wrath to come, and beseeches thee to be reconciled to him. He stoops to the lowest when he stoops to beseech thee to be friends with him. His condescension is without a parallel when he calls to thee, as Paul to the jailor, "Do thyself no harm," but, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There is salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ—salvation for sinners—for just such sinners as you are—and for you if you are willing to receive it. Oh, that I could convince you of your danger! Oh,

that I could arouse you from your lethargy and indifference! Oh, that I could persuade you to come to Jesus! Oh, that I may be the instrument of leading you to taste and see that the Lord is good, and that, in true religion, there is pleasantness, joy, and peace! Oh, that I might be used to prevent your falling into the yawning gulf, and sinking into that bottomless pit from which there is no redemption! Lord, grant it, grant it, grant it, for Jesus' sake. Amen!

THE PARABLE OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

The kingdom of heaven, as exhibited in the parable before us, had its beginning with John the Baptist; and, according to Luke i. 17, John was "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Thus, in the language of Rev. xxi. 2, we behold, in the people prepared for the Lord, "a bride adorned for her husband." In this aspect the Divine Father is the King spoken of in Matt. xxii. 2, as making a marriage-feast for his Son. Moreover, Jews invited to these marriage festivities without effect, are regarded as refusing to be guests; while believing Samaritans and Gentiles, being accessions to the bride or church of converted Jews, are guests collected according to Matt. xxii. 10, and appearing at the marriage-feast.

To this feast John the Baptist, with his disciples, invited Jews previously informed thereof by what they read in the prophets. As stated, however, in Luke vii. 30, "The Pharisees and Law-expounders, in not being baptized by John, rejected the counsel of God with regard to themselves." In the language of the parable, "They would not come."

The servants next sent to Jews thus hardened, were the Apostles and their coadjutors, on and after the memorable day of pentecost in the year of our Lord 33. These heralds, as inspired, received this message from God: "Tell those who are invited I have prepared my feast, my bullocks and fatlings are slain, and all is ready: come to the marriage festivities." Alas! however, those thus addressed, instead of repairing forthwith to the feast of fat things and of wines on the lees well refined, are thus described in the parable: "They turned away with indifference, one to his farm, and another to his merchandize."

Still worse was the conduct of those Jews who made Stephen a martyr, and grievously persecuted other servants of the Most High. In short, these persecutors are thus spoken of in Matt. xxiii. 6: "And the rest seizing his servants, abused and killed them."

Persecution, however, has a voice to pierce the skies. Yes, the King heard what had transpired, and, as the parable states, "When the King heard this, being enraged, he sent his soldiers, destroyed those murderers, and burnt their city." Thus the Romans, in the Jewish war, having their operations under the control of Him, without whose commission a sparrow cannot fall, were soldiers God made use of to destroy such persecutors, and, in the year of our Lord 70, to burn their city.

With regard, however, to Jews evincing themselves unfit guests by saying *no* when invited, their unworthiness, thus manifested, was the basis of a mission to the public roads, as stated in Matt. xxii. 8, 9. Thus we behold Philip successfully inviting the Samaritans to the Gospel feast; and thus, too, we see Paul receiving his commission to the Gentiles with glorious results. In short, in these and other instances, we behold such a going forth into the highways and lanes, as to bring from thence into the spacious hall of the marriage-feast throngs of guests.

Nor could these guests be for one moment hidden from Him who sees eternity at a glance; but God's *manifesting* his seeing is what the Saviour intends by saying, "The king coming in to see the guests, observed there a man not having a wedding costume, and said to him, friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding costume?"

Thus from head to foot all was wrong. He had no wedding dress or sandals fitted for the occasion.

And what does all this mean but a natural man mingling with those who are Christians indeed, till death separates him from them for ever? They have the wedding costume, old things having passed away, and all things having become new. They are born of God, they are brought into saving fellowship with Christ, and they are led by the Spirit of God, and act out faith, Christian love, and other graces according to the scope given. But the natural man, having none of these things, is without the wedding costume. Yea, he receives not because he asks not, and finds not because he seeks not.

In the days of worldly prosperity such a man may depart from sound doctrine, and yet boast of his respectability; or he may be immoral, and account it his misfortune and not his fault; or he may be a man of strife, and, in other respects also, may sin as fallen angels do, and yet challenge the Church and the world to convict him of immorality. But, at death, all boasting ceases, when it is as if God had attendants ready to obey his command to the dismay of the boaster. Yes, it is at death we behold in the parable a man without a wedding costume, and who, when questioned by the king, "was speechless."

This, however, is but the beginning of sorrows. "The king," we are told, "said to the attendants, bind his hands and his feet." And what does this procedure imply but subsequent consignment not to darkness *without*, where moon and stars can mitigate it, but to *outer* darkness, or darkness still more remote from light, in the king's prison underground, yea, darkness like that of the dead in their subterranean mansions? From such darkness, however, as *literal*, deliverance is thus ascribed to God in Psa. cvii. 14: "He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands asunder."

No change for the better, however, awaits those consigned to the outer

darkness spoken of *figuratively* in Matt. xxii. 13. For there the king's command respecting the man without proper attire is, "Take him away, and cast him into outer darkness." And, then, as to such darkness, it is immediately added, "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Yea, more than this, the imprisonment of the man without the wedding costume, is in order to his trial and condemnation at the day of judgment. In short, he is numbered with the spirits in prison; and, while in the outer darkness there, is in the position of the rich man vainly soliciting, through the medium of Lazarus, a drop of water to cool his tongue.

Nor is a wedding costume created by saying, "I am no hypocrite making a profession, but appear in my true colours as antichristian. What is this, however, but to say, "I am sincere in the service of Satan, and have neither the protection God gives to his church here below, nor the least prospect of escaping the outer darkness where unbelievers, drowned by the flood, are still in existence as "spirits in prison?"

Moreover, in the parable so replete with predictions from the infallible lips of Immanuel, the closing sentence is, "Many are called, but few are chosen." And this solemn truth deeply affects the visible church. Yet, who can say that times have not been when, even in England, nine worshippers out of ten have said, virtually, "We scorn to be saved by any righteousness but our own?" And what is this but to come to the marriage-feast in filthy rags?

Let it ever be our concern, then, to be clothed with the righteousness of Christ as a wedding garment. Yea, let it constantly be our prayerful solicitude to be saved both from the guilt of sin and from its power, and to be made useful in the world, thus having the wedding dress with its appendages. Blessed are they who, under these merciful circumstances, have the costume of those chosen as well as called.

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THE TEST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

OBEDIENCE is made the test of discipleship all through the Scripture. The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of the Father, shall be approved and received. But the probable quantity of the first sort—it is fearful to think how great it is—the religion of the lips, of the passions, the limbs, the attitude. One class stops with the mere words and forms. Another advances so far as to approve of what is right and good, and even to take a kind and measure of satisfaction in contemplating the divinely enjoined; he is arrested at this point; it is his religion. Another feels strongly, loves to be lifted up in the rapt emotions of Godliness, as he deems certain airy flights; it is this and nothing more. All these demonstrations, obviously, are very cheap. Words, we know, are amazingly cheap. Hence it is, they are so often obtruded forth in utter, empty mockery. Mere approbation is cheap; feeling is cheap; it is a part of our nature; and yet not a few make it their religion. We are endowed with conscience;—are made to approve what is right: we cannot help it. Yet this mere moral instinct goes with many for holiness.

It being so, conscience even demanding some sort or form of religion, and the heart demanding some of the excitement of religion, the individual takes, we will suppose, the mere form and excitement, and cries, Lord, Lord: it is nothing more. He goes to the place of prayer and kneels with the worshippers, saying, Lord, Lord. He goes into the pulpit, perhaps, and proclaims, Lord, Lord. All through life, in all the intercourse of society, it is the same. On the bed of death, the same. This the whole of his religion. He dies and goes with it to the gate of heaven, saying, Lord, Lord: open unto us; and there, first comes to him the terrible revelation of his mistake, "I know you not whence ye are." This is a sad case for any to be brought into; and the way not to be brought into it is to go deeper

than the word;—the word, the prayer, the approval, the feeling not being enough.

The test, which our Lord joins to the word, is the work; this is the sign that the feeling is not all delusive. He that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, shall enter there. We see that Christ, who on his part paid so immense a cost for us, ordains that it shall cost us something to be partakers of the purchased benefit. And we cannot complain of this; the disciple is not above his Lord. In no other way can the disciple show his attachment to his Lord—the strength and the depth of it—than by some sacrifice or gift which shall cost him something. This alone can prove the permanency of the affection, that it is matter of principle, not a mere passing gust. This alone can make religion a practical and beneficent thing. Such it is, and insists on being; not merely sentimental but utilitarian. Your feeling, and your wordy approving, but no sturdy sacrifice for God, what sense is there in it? or what profit? The Apostle James would scourge the whole with the interrogative—what good do they do? What are they worth in the kingdom of God? A good tree bringeth forth good fruit; a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. The fruit is justly called for;—not merely philanthropic living; there may be this, in connection with the deadliest infidelity. Philanthropy is not unfrequently the blade they stab Christ with. Let there be fruit in the sense of godly living, and in the sacrifices of godly labour, and giving. If we cannot walk up to the standard and furnish this, then let us not pretend to furnish anything. If we cannot go forth and Christianly do better, then better that we shut our mouth and stop our talk, we repeat. If having the ability and opportunity, we are not prompt to do something for Christ's cause, and cheerful to sacrifice something for his cause, we had better not insult Heaven by praying for it.

THE FIRST STEP TO A REVIVAL.*

"Enter into thy closet."—Matthew vi. 6.

I. ENTER, AND SEARCH YOUR OWN HEART.

- "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways."—Haggai i. 7.
 "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord."—Lam. iii. 40.
 "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts."—Psa. cxxxix. 23.
 "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged."—1 Cor. xi. 31.
 "Let every man prove his own work."—Gal. vi. 4.
 "Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works."—Rev. ii. 5.
 "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."—Psa. cxix. 59.

II. ENTER, AND STUDY GOD'S WORD.

- "Search the Scriptures."—John v. 39.
 "Blessed is the man * * whose delight is in the law of the Lord."—Psa. i. 1-3.
 "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read."—Isa. xxxiv. 16.
 "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom."—Col. iii. 16.
 "Receive with meekness the engrafted word."—James i. 21.
 "Thy word have I hid in mine heart."—Psa. cxix. 11.

III. ENTER, AND SURVEY THE WORLD.

- "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved."—Psa. cxix. 158.
 Paul's "spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."—Acts xvii. 16.
 "Set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry."—Ezek. ix. 4.
 "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness."—1 John v. 19.
 Jesus "beheld the city, and wept over it."—Luke xix. 41.

IV. ENTER, AND SUPPLICATE THE THRONE.

- "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John xv. 7.
 "I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men."—1 Tim. ii. 1.
 "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."—Psa. cxlii. 6.
 "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence."—Isa. lxiii. 6.
 "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."—2 Thess. iii. 1.
 "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."—Hab. iii. 2.

V. ENTER, AND SURRENDER YOURSELF.

- "My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.
 "Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead."—Rom. vi. 13.
 "Present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. xii. 1.
 "Live * * to the will of God."—1 Pet. iv. 2.
 "For me to live is Christ."—Phil. i. 21.
 "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Cor. vi. 19-20.

All acknowledge that a revival in the church is *greatly needed*. God has given us many promises to plead. He has also given us proofs that he *can* revive from a very low condition. And who can deny but that the first step is that which the Lord Jesus here points out, "ENTER INTO THY CLOSET?" About this there can be no controversy. This is a step which all may take. It is also one without which all other means will be useless. Who, then, will take this step? Who will "prove the Lord herewith, and see if he will not open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing?"

Christian, what a privilege is set before you; what a responsibility is cast upon you! Be entreated, then, to ponder and practise your Redeemer's words. Whatever other means you adopt, begin here, abound here. Oh hearken to and heed him who on earth was "a Man of Sorrows," offering "prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears;" and who now in heaven "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—Matt. vi. 6.

* This paper may be had of J. M. BURTON and Co., Ipswich; 2d. per dozen, or 1s. per hundred.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

I SOUGHT THEE, O MY SAVIOUR.

I sought Thee, O my Saviour, when guilt my soul oppress'd,
When all this world's enchantments had failed to give me rest ;
I laid the heavy burden of my transgressions where
No soul that sues for pardon is banished to despair.

I sought Thee, O my Saviour, when fierce temptations rose,
And hell's infernal legions tried my progress to oppose ;
I prayed that Thou would'st aid me in every trying hour,
And by thine arm I overcame, strong in Almighty power.

I sought Thee, O my Saviour, when earthly joys decayed,
When cherished hopes had bloomed awhile, and blossomed but to fade ;
Ah ! then I felt how sweet it is to have a home on high,
A bright, celestial, pure abode, beyond the starry sky.

I sought Thee, O my Saviour, when friends beloved of yore
Had turned away, and, perhaps, forgot they ever loved before ;
How comforting Thy word to me, that Thou wilt ever prove,
Unchanging in Thy friendship, and constant in Thy love.

O, may I ever seek Thee, and find Thee always near,
To soothe the wounded heart, and wipe away each falling tear ;
O, never let me seek again on earth a place of rest,
But rather bid me look to Thee, and be for ever blest.

I'll seek Thee, O my Saviour, when health and hope have fled,
When weeping friends have gathered fast around my dying bed ;
O, may this brow, which often wears a shade of mournful care,
Be tranquil as a summer's eve, without an anxious fear.

Be Thou my constant Guardian, ever watching by my side,
May Thy right arm sustain me, when stemmink Jordan's tide ;
O, smooth my dying pillow with words of joy and peace,
Then take Thy servant to Thyself, to rest in *perfect* peace.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, October 11.

MARIANNE J.

THE DYING BELIEVER.

A child of God, an heir of grace,
Lay on his dying bed,
Over his thin and clammy face
The hue of death was spread.
He knew his final hour was near,
And while his pulse beat faint,
He whispered in his Father's ear,
With tears this sad complaint :—

"Father, I know that death will be
The end of sin and pain,
I feel his icy touch on me,
It chills through every vein.
'Tis true thou hast for me prepared
Joys that no heart can know,
Yet, Father, I would fain be spared
To dwell awhile below.

"I care not for the world's bright gold,
All earthly joys have wings,
And by Thy grace I loosely hold
Such perishable things.
But, oh ! I leave with pain and dread
My darling child and wife—
Alone and weak, how will they tread
The thorny maze of life ?"

He ceased, and soon a still small voice
Spoke thus within his heart—
"Fear not, my child, in this rejoice ;
'Tis better to depart.
Let earthly cares no more oppress
Leave wife and child to me,
The Father of the fatherless
Will their protector be.

"My gracious Spirit shall be given
To lead them in my ways,
And they shall join thee soon in heaven,
To sing my lasting praise.
And now, my child, I bid thee come,
I have a crown for thee,
The angels wait to take thee home
To dwell for aye with me."

These gracious words, so softly said,
Removed each doubt and care,
He seemed to see around his bed
The angels "bright and fair."
"Farewell, my dear ones, I am blest,
Saviour, I come, I come !"
One sigh—and then on Jesus' breast
His spirit found a home.

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh, when in words we cannot pray,
A sigh, a look, a tear,
Attracts through Chr'st who pleads above
Our Father's eye and ear.

Though he remove not all our griefs,
He gives us strength to bear,
While precious faith the substance is
Of things we hope to share.

Oakham.

H.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

CANNON-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.—On Sunday, Oct 3rd, the Rev. Isaac Lord, late of Ipswich, entered upon his labours as the appointed minister of the above place of worship.

GEORGE-STREET, HULL.—The Rev. S. Odell, late of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church meeting in George-street, Hull.

GEORGE-STREET CHAPEL, PLYMOUTH.—The Rev. George Short, B.A., has resigned the pastoral office in connection with the church assembling in George-street Chapel, Plymouth. His duties will terminate on the 1st of December.

NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.—Mr. J. Walker, late of Regent's-park College, London, after supplying six Sabbaths at the Baptist Chapel in this town, has received a unanimous invitation to be the pastor of the church for twelve months. Mr. Walker has accepted the invitation, and commenced his stated ministry on Lord's-day, October 10. This church has been destitute of a pastor for several years, and it is hoped, by the blessing of the Great Head of the Church, he may be rendered very useful in this part of the Lord's vineyard to the ingathering of many souls, and the edification of the church of the living God.

OPENING OF CHAPELS.

ORCOP BAPTIST CHAPEL, HEREFORDSHIRE.—The friends formerly worshipping in the above place, having regained possession of the chapel, and having repaired and painted it, re-opened it on September 21, by the following services:—The Rev. J. H. Hall, of Hay, preached in the morning, and the Rev. J. Penny, of Coleford, in the afternoon; after which a public tea and meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. James Herbert; and the Rev. Messrs. Bontems and Hobson, of Hereford, Penny, of Coleford, and Hall, of Hay, addressed the meeting. Considering that the church and congregation has been entirely scattered and broken up, the attendance was good, and the meetings of a very interesting character.

COLEFORD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—A new, handsome, and commodious chapel was opened for public worship on Tuesday, Oct. 5. In the morning, Rev. W. D. Elliston, of Blakeney, commenced the service by reading and prayer; Rev. Charles Vince, of Birmingham, preached from 1 Tim. i. 16; Rev. E. E. Elliott, of Lydney, closed with prayer. The evening service was commenced with reading and prayer by Rev. W. Collings, of Gloucester; after which the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., preached from Eph. iii. 19; and the Rev. H. Clark, of Bristol, offered the concluding prayer. A tea-meeting was held in the old chapel, henceforth to be used as a school-room, at half-past four, when 850 partook of tea, many being unable to obtain admission. On the following Lord's-day the services were continued by two appropriate

discourses by Rev. W. Aitchison, of Newport. The collections were liberal, amounting, with the profits of the tea, to upwards of £100, the entire outlay is about £2,200, and the present debt between £600 and £700. The chapel contains 800 comfortable sittings, about 200 of which are free.

PADIHAM, LANCASHIRE.—The Baptist Chapel in this town having been enlarged, was re-opened on Lord's-day, September 20, when the Rev. A. Fraser, M.A., of Blackburn, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. J. Haley, of Accrington, in the afternoon. On the Wednesday following, a public tea party was held, after which, at the public meeting (in the regretted and unavoidable absence of the Rev. E. Bugby, of Preston), George Foster, Esq., J.P., of Sadden, occupied the chair. The Rev. W. F. Burchell of Rochdale moved—"That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to George Foster, Esq., for his having so generously erected, for the benefit of the public of Padiham, the neat, commodious, and substantial chapel in which we have now the pleasure of being assembled, accompanied by our earnest prayers to God for his continued prosperity, and that all who have the means may 'go and do likewise.'" This having been seconded by the Rev. J. H. Wood of Haworth, was carried with enthusiasm, and speeches were afterwards delivered by the Revs. J. F. Shawcross and E. Evans, of Burnley; the Rev. T. Bennett of Barnoldswick, and by Mr. J. Bennett and the Rev. R. Brown, of Padiham. On Thursday evening, Sept. 30, a sermon by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown of Liverpool, was preached in the Wesleyan chapel (kindly lent for the occasion). Altogether the collections realised £34 9s., twenty-four pounds of which were given for the funds of the British school. In addition, the members of the church and congregation have subscribed among themselves, as a thankoffering, the sum of £100.

LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.—OPENING OF ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Sunday and Monday Oct. 3 and 4, the above neat, commodious, and large edifice was opened for Divine service. On Sunday morning, at half-past ten o'clock, sermons were delivered by the Revs. E. Thomas, Tredegar, and J. Jones, Merthyr; at two, by the Revs. Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, in English, and J. Jones, Merthyr, in Welsh; and at half-past six, by the Revs. Thomas Williams, Llan-guonog, and Thomas Davies, principal of Haverfordwest Baptist College. On Monday, at half-past ten, sermons were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, and H. W. Jones, Carmarthen; at two, by the Revs. Thomas Davies, Haverfordwest, in English, and the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Brecon, in Welsh; and at half-past six, by the Revs. Evan Thomas, Tredegar, and J. Jones, Merthyr. On Sunday morning sermons in connection with the opening were delivered at Greenfield chapel, by the Rev. Thomas Davies, Haverfordwest, and at Bethel, Sea-side, by the Rev. Thomas Williams, Llan-

gynog; and on Sunday evening, at half-past six, at Greenfield chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, and at Bethel, by the Rev. Evan Thomas, Tredegar. Collections towards the liquidation of the debt upon Zion chapel were made in both chapels, the collection in Greenfield chapel alone amounting to £50; and that of Bethel £36. The total amount collected was £820. Two of the most elegant chapels in Wales have lately been opened by the Baptist denomination at Llanelly. Greenfield English Baptist Chapel, opened a few weeks ago, is a most neat and compact edifice; it measures sixty feet long by thirty-seven feet wide, and its height, from the level of the floor to the ceiling, is twenty-eight feet; it is erected in the Doric order, and has a spacious school-room under ground. Zion chapel is built in the Tuscan order, and measures sixty seven feet long by fifty-six wide, its height, from the level of the floor to the ceiling, being thirty-two feet; it has cost a little more than £2,000. The architect and builder of both chapels was Mr. Henry Rogers, Park-street, Llanelly. The elegant edifices reflect great credit on his ability as architect, and taste as builder, and they are an honour to the denomination to which they belong. The baptist connection in Llanelly have collected the enormous sum of £1,600 towards chapel debts during the last few weeks, although the trade is slack and inactive.

THURLASTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The General Baptist Chapel in this place has recently undergone repairs and improvements. The opening services were held on September 19, when two useful sermons were delivered by the Rev. J. Holroyd of Barton. On the following Monday, a large and respectable company assembled for tea, and in the evening a lively public meeting. Collection, £12 10s.

A NEW CHURCH FORMED.

HORNTON-STREET CHAPEL, KENSINGTON.—The opening of this place of worship, under the ministry of the Rev. S. Bird, has met with so much encouragement as to induce the friends to form themselves into a Christian church. Accordingly, on Lord's-day, Oct. 3, they met together for this purpose, when special prayer-meetings were held at seven o'clock in the morning, and before the evening service. Mr. Bird preached on the occasion, in the morning from the words, "Ye are God's building," and in the evening, "Jesus Christ and him crucified." At the close of the evening service the names of twenty friends were read as members, with an intimation that there were others whose names would be mentioned at the first church-meeting, also that there were several candidates for baptism. After a few remarks on the constitution of the church, the friends rose and sang, "Arise, O King of Grace, arise!" &c., and then, in company with about thirty members from other churches, who came to show their sympathy, sat together at the table of the Lord. At the close of the ordinance the Doxology was sung, and the service concluded by prayer. The chapel has undergone a thorough repair, at an outlay of £200,

and the baptistry has yet to be completed. The support of the minister depends upon the offerings of the people. Towards either of these objects donations will be thankfully received by Mr. Rackham, secretary, the Terrace, Kensington.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

ROTHERSAT.—Mr. John Mansfield, who for several years had laboured successfully as a preacher of the Gospel in Newcastle and Glasgow, and who, during the past twelve months, had supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church, Ardbeg, Rothersey, was ordained as pastor of that church on Tuesday, September 28. Mr. James Blair, Bridge of Allan, preached the ordination sermon; Mr. Thomas Vasey, of Elgin, asked the usual questions; Mr. A. Macleod, of Glasgow, offered up the ordination prayer, and addressed the newly-ordained pastor; and Mr. J. Shearer, of Glasgow, briefly addressed the church. In the evening a *soirée* was held in the chapel, at which there was a very respectable attendance, as there was also at the ordination in the afternoon. After the usual service of tea, Mr. Blair addressed the assembly on Christian Character; Macleod, on Christian Progress; Mr. McDowall, of the united Presbyterian Church, Alloa, on Christian Liberty; Mr. Shearer, on Christian Consistency; and Mr. Vasey, on Christian Forbearance.

BAPTISMS.

ABERSYCHAN, Sept. 12—Seven by Mr. Price.
ACCRINGTON, Aug. 31—Five; and Sept. 5, Four by Mr. Williams.
BILLESDON, Leicester, Aug. 29—Four by Mr. Finn.
BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street, Oct. 3—Sixteen by Mr. Chew.
BRIDGEND, Hope Chapel, Aug. 22—One by Mr. Cole.
BRISTOL, King-street, Aug. 29—Four; and Sept. 7, Four by Mr. Bosworth.
BURGH, Lincolnshire, Oct. 3—Five by Mr. Thomsett.
CARDIFF, Bethany, Sept. 5—Six by Mr. Tilly.
CEFU MAWR, Aug. 15—Fourteen; Sept. 12, Ten; and Oct. 10, Twelve, by Mr. A. J. Parry.
DISS, Norfolk, May 30—Two; and Sept. 5, Two by Mr. Lewis.
DONINGTON WOOD, Salop, Oct. 3—Two by Mr. T. Hemas.
EYNSFORD, Kent, Aug. 30—One by the pastor, Mr. J. Whittemore.
HASTINGS, Sept. 2—Six; and on Sept. 5, after a sermon by Mr. Balfour, Four by Mr. Fishbourne.
KINGS STANLEY, Gloucester, Aug. 29—Five by Mr. Scorey.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Sept. 29—Nine by Mr. T. W. Medhurst; Seven, the fruit of his labour; One, a returned backslider; and One from the Church of England.
LLANCHWY, Sept. 19—One by Mr. Johnson, of Ragland.

LEICESTER, Friar's-lane, Aug. 29—Two by Mr. Wigg.

—Dover-street, Sept. 19—Two by Mr. Malcolm.

—Archdeacon-lane, Sept. 5—Seventeen, all of whom are Sunday-school teachers or scholars, by Mr. Stevenson.

LONDON, Romney-street Chapel, Westminster, Sept. 28—Five by Mr. J. Palmer. This is the second baptism since Mr. Palmer's election to the pastorate in June last.

NAUNTON, Sept. 5—Two by Mr. Heritage.

OGDEN, Lancashire, Aug. 29—Eleven by Mr. Nuttal, of Liverpool (student with Mr. Dawson).

OLD BECKENHAM, near Diss, May 23—Six by Mr. Lewis.

OLNEY, Bucks, July 7—Seven by Mr. Thompson of Great Torrington, Devon; and Aug. 1, Six in the river Ouse, by Mr. D. Thomas, in the presence of 2,000 persons.

PLAISTOW, Zion Chapel, Sept. 28—Two by Mr. Cracknell at Unicorn-yard Chapel, Tooley-street (kindly lent).

PRESTON, Lancashire, 2nd church, Aug. 1—Five by Mr. Nuttal.

—1st church, Aug. 4—2nd church, Two by Mr. Buggy.

SHARNBROOK, Beds, Sept. 4—Two, and Oct. 3, Two by Mr. Corby.

SHEFFIELD, Barker-pool, Sept. 4—At the public bath, Four by Mr. Ingham.

SNAILBEACH, Salop, Sept. 26—Three by Mr. Evans.

STROUD, Sept. 30—Three by Mr. W. Yates.

SWANSEA, Mount Pleasant, Sept. 5—Three by Mr. Short.

—York-place, Sept. 5—Five by Mr. Hill.

THURLSTON, Leicestershire, Aug. 29—Two, after a sermon, by Mr. Reeve.

TORQUAY, Sept. 2—Eight believers were baptised by Mr. Kings.

WINCHESTER, Hants, Oct. 3—Three by Mr. W. Chappell.

DEATHS.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of two ministers of our body who have been long known and highly respected among us. It is not often that two men so much valued and beloved pass away from us so nearly together; and such a circumstance cannot but cause deep regret, and induce us with even more earnestness to renew the prayer:—"Send forth *more* labourers into the harvest":—

At Luton, Oct. 4, the Rev. J. J. Davies. He had for some time been suffering from a painful, and what was known to be an incurable disorder, and he has, no doubt, succumbed before a complaint the power of which he had himself long recognised. He resigned his charge at Luton last year, and since then he has resided in Jersey. He returned to Luton a few days before his decease.

At Hastings, Oct. 9, aged 61, the Rev. John Broad. He had only returned from a visit to Australia—to use his own words, "in greatly renovated health;" Mr. Broad had suffered for some time from disease of the heart, and this was one reason for his retiring from the pastorate at Hitchin at the close of the year. On Friday evening, Oct. 8, he completed some letters to his sons in Australia, and said, when he rose from his desk, "There, my work is done." At five o'clock on Saturday morning he died, almost without a moment's warning.

Sept. 28, Mr. George Campion, of Hulcote, near Woburn, Beds, aged 64. He was more than twenty years the valued deacon of the Baptist church, Ridgmount. His end was perfect peace.

Mr. W. Burton of Thurlston, Aug. 9, aged 64.—Mr. B. was for about forty years a respected and honourable member of the General Baptist Church in this place.

Oct. 4.—Ruth, the infant daughter of the Rev. W. H. Bonner, Oxford. "Let the little ones come unto Me."

NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL FUND

For the erection of a large Tabernacle for the Congregation of the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, on the ground purchased by the Committee, situated in the KENNINGTON ROAD, NEAR THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

RECEIPTS FROM SEPTEMBER 23, 1858, TO OCTOBER 18, 1858.

| | | | |
|--|--------|---|------------|
| Sept. 23. Subscriptions | £0 7 2 | Oct. 7. W. P. | £2 10 0 |
| " " A Friend at Ringwood | 1 0 0 | " " Subscriptions | 0 15 3 |
| " " Mrs. Hayward, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 5 0 0 | " 12. Rev. W. Blood | 2 0 0 |
| " " Miss Hayward do. | 5 0 0 | " 14. Subscriptions | 3 4 5 |
| " " Mr. Hills do. do. | 1 0 0 | " 18. Collectors | 4 11 3 |
| " 30. Subscriptions | 0 19 3 | " " Interest on deposit at Bank 72 6 11 | |
| Oct. 2. Mr. Eastwood | 5 0 0 | " " Subscriptions | 4 12 6 |
| " " C. Curling, Esq. (sec. dona.) 10 10 0 | | " " Collections | 91 15 2 |
| " " Moiety of Collection at Qul-ton after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon | 20 0 0 | " " — Joynton, Esq. | 400 0 0 |
| " " Mrs. Richardson (Liverpool) 50 0 0 | | | £705 11 11 |
| " " Collection at Farringdon | 25 0 0 | Total in hand ; | £3,454 5 9 |
| | | Invested for purchase of land &c. 5,400 0 0 | |

Subscriptions for the above object will be thankfully received by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, S.E. J. COOK, Hon. Sec.

THE CONTINUANCE AND PRESERVATION OF CHRISTIANS IN THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."—John xvii. 15.

THIS prayer of Christ is an ever precious portion to all true believers, from the fact that they know that each of them has an interest in it. Everyone of us, beloved, when we listen to the words of Christ should recollect that he is praying for us; that while it is for the great body of his elect he intercedes in this chapter and the one preceding it, yet it is also for each believer in particular that he offers intercession. However weak we are, however poor, however little our faith, or however small our grace may be, our names are still written on his heart; nor shall we lose our share in Jesus' love.

I will proceed at once to the discussion of the text. First, there is a *negative prayer*: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world;" second, here is a *positive prayer*: "but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

We have then A NEGATIVE PRAYER in this verse. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world." Now, beloved, when we see persons converted to God, when men are turned from iniquity unto righteousness, from sinners unto saints, the thought sometimes strikes us—would it not be good to take them at once to heaven, would it not be an excellent thing to translate them speedily from the realms of sin to the breast of their Lord who loved them with an everlasting love? Would it not be wiser to take the young plants out of the chilly air of this world, where they may possibly be injured and weakened, and transplant them at once to the land where they may bloom in peace and tranquillity for ever? Not so, however, does Jesus pray. When the man had the devils cast out of him, he said to Jesus, "Lord, I would follow thee whithersoever thou goest." But Jesus said to him, "Go to thy friends and relations, and tell them what good things the Lord hath done for thee." Some men when they are converted are all for going speedily to heaven; but they have not done with earth yet. They would like to wear the crown without bearing the cross, they desire to win without running, and conquer without a battle; but they have no countenance from Jesus, for he exclaims, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world."

I shall first of all speak of *the meanings of this prayer*; secondly, *the reasons of this prayer*; thirdly, *the doctrinal inferences that we may derive from it*; and fourthly, *the practical lessons it teaches*. Briefly on each point.

I. First. THE MEANING OF THIS PRAYER. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world." Now, there are two senses in which this prayer may be understood.

1. As regards *retirement from the world and solitude*. Some hermits and other have fancied that if we were to shut ourselves from the world and live alone, we should then be more devoted to God and serve him better. There are certain orders of monks and nuns who live almost alone, seeing only their fellows, and fancying that by seclusion they are putting honour upon God, and winning salvation for themselves. Now it is too late in the day for any of us

to speak against monasticism. It has demonstrated its own fallacy. Why, brethren, common sense tells us at once that living alone is not the way to serve God. It may be the way to serve self, and wrap ourselves in a garment of self-complacency, but it cannot be the way to worship God truly. If it be possible by this means to fulfil one part of the great law of God, we cannot possibly carry out the other portion—to love our neighbour as ourselves, for we thus become unable to bind up the broken hearted, to bring the wanderer back, to win souls from death and sin.

2. But it may be understood in a second sense. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of this world"—*by death*. That is a sweet and blessed mode of taking us out of the world, which will happen to us by-and-bye. But Jesus does not pray that one of his chosen people should be so removed; he does not desire to see his newly-begotten souls plume their wings and fly aloft to heaven. He wishes them to stay here. He asks that we may do well in the world, but he never asks for us to be gathered in before we are ripe.

II. Now the second point was THE REASONS OF THIS PRAYER. These reasons are three-fold.

1. *It would not be for our own good to be taken out of this world.* I leave out the first idea of the text, and only speak of it concerning death.

We conceive that the greatest blessing we shall ever receive of God is to die; but doubtless it would not be for our good to withdraw from this world as soon as we had escaped from sin. It is better for us to tarry a little while; far better. And the reasons for this are—first, because *a little stay on earth will make heaven all the sweeter*. Nothing makes rest so sweet as toil; nothing can render security pleasant as a long exposure to alarms, and fears, and battles. Methinks the deeper draughts of woe we drink here below the sweeter will be those draughts of eternal glory which we shall receive from the golden bowls of bliss; the more we are battered and scarred here below the more glorious will be our victory above, when the shouts of a thousand times ten thousand angels welcome us to our Father's palace. Let us not then, my brethren, fear to advance through our trials: they are for our good; to stop here is for our benefit. Why! we should not know how to converse in heaven if we had not a few trials and hardships to tell of, and some rescuing grace to repeat with joy.

Again, *we should not have fellowship with Christ if we did not stop here.* Fellowship with Christ is so honourable a thing that it is worth while to suffer, that we may thereby enjoy it. I should never have known the Saviour's love half so much if I had not been in the storms of affliction. How sweet it is to learn the Saviour's love when nobody else loves us? When friends flee away, what a blessed thing it is to see that the Saviour does not forsake us but still keeps us, and sticks fast by us, and clings to us, and will not let us go! O beloved brother and sister, believe that your remaining here on earth is for your eternal benefit, and therefore Jesus said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world."

2. And again, *it is for the good of other people.* Methinks we should all be willing to remain on earth for the good of others. Why may not saints die as soon as they are converted? For this reason: because God meant that they should be the means of the salvation of their brethren. Tarry, then, Christian; there is a brand to be plucked out of the fire, a sinner to be saved from his sins, a rebel to be turned from the error of his ways: and mayhap that sinner is one of thy relatives! Mayhap, poor widow, thou art spared in this world, because there is a wayward son of thine not yet saved, and God

hath designed to make thee the favoured instrument of bringing him to glory. And thou hoary-headed Christian, it may be that though "the grasshopper is a burden" to thee, and thou longest to go, thou art kept here because one of thy offspring, by thy instrumentality, is yet to be saved.

3. But the third reason is because *it is for God's glory*. A tried saint brings more glory to God than an untried one. I do verily think in my own soul that a believer in a dungeon reflects more glory on his Master than a believer in paradise, that a child of God in the burning fiery furnace, whose hair is yet unscorched, and upon whom the smell of the fire has not passed, displays more the glory of Godhead than even he who stands with a crown upon his head, perpetually singing praises before the eternal throne. Nothing reflects so much honour on a workman as a trial of his work, and its endurance of it. So with God. It honours him when his saints preserve their integrity. Peter honoured Christ more when he walked upon the water than when he stood upon the land. It is then for the glory of Jesus that we yet tarry. If we could but add more jewels to the crown of Christ by remaining here, why should we wish to be taken out of the world? We should say, "It is blessed to be anywhere, where we can glorify him."

III. The third point is THE DOCTRINAL INFERENCES WE MAY DERIVE FROM THIS PRAYER.

The first inference is—*Death is God taking his people out of the world; and when we die we are removed by God*. Death is not an independent being, who comes at his own will, to carry us away when he pleases. In fact, it is not true that death does take away the Christian at all: God alone can remove his children from this world. You will see this by referring to the Book of Revelation where the vintage of the wicked is represented as being gathered by an angel, but the harvest of the righteous is reaped by Christ himself. "And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped." Christ is the reaper who cuts his own corn. He will not trust an angel to do it God alone has the issues of life in his hand.

The next thing is that *dying is not of one-half so much importance as living to Christ*. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world." He does not make their dying an object of prayer, "but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." He prays that they should be preserved in life, knowing that their death would assuredly follow rightly, as a matter of course. Many say one to the other: "Have you heard that So-and-so is dead?" "How did he die?" They should rather say, "How did he live?" It may be an important question—how does a man die; but the most important one is, how does a man live?

IV. The PRACTICAL LESSONS we learn from this part of the text—"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world"—is this, *that we never have any encouragement to ask God to let us die*. Christians are always wanting to die when they have any trouble or trial. You ask them why? "Because we would be with the Lord." O, yes, they want to be with the Lord, when troubles and temptations come upon them. But it is not because they are panting "to be with their Lord," it is because they desire to get rid of their troubles—else they would not want to die at all times when a little vexation is upon them. They want to get home, not so much for the Saviour's company, as to get out of the little hard work. They did not wish to go away when they were in quiet and prosperity. It is quite right sometimes that you should desire to depart, because you would not prove yourself to be a true Israelite if you did not want to go to Jerusalem. You may pray to be taken home out of the world, but Christ will not take up the petition.

When your prayers come to the Lord this little one may try to get amongst them, but Christ will say, "I do not know anything about you, 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world.'" You may wish it sincerely, and really desire it, but you will never get your Master to pray with you. Instead, then, of crying, or wishing to be away from the battle, brace yourself up in the name of the Lord. Think every wish to escape the fight is but a desertion of your Master. Do not so much as think of rest, but remember that though you may cry, "Let me retire into the tent," you will not be admitted until you return a victor. Therefore, stop here, and work and labour.

Perhaps, on the Monday you will be saying, "I am very sorry Sabbath-day is over. I am obliged to go to business again. I wish it were always Sunday, that I might attend to my preaching, or to the schools, or to the committee, or to the tract distributing. No obstructions of the world afflict me there, no vexations of the spirit occur there. I am sick of the world. Oh! if I could never go into it again." Let me jog thy elbow a bit. Does Jesus think so? Hear him! "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world." There is no remedy for the ill, if it be an ill, therefore endure it with becoming fortitude; yea, rather seek to improve the opportunity thus afforded you of conferring a blessing upon your race, and of gaining advantages for yourselves.

The pious mind will know how to improve the very sight of sin to its own sanctification. It will learn humility when it remembers that restraining grace alone prevents a similar fault in itself, it will gather subjects for gratitude and admiration from the fact that grace alone has made it to differ. Never shall we value grace so much as when we see the evil from which it delivers us; never shall we more abhor sin than when we discern its visible deformity. Bad society is in itself like the poisonous cassava, but if baked in the fire of grace it may even be rendered useful. True grace casts salt into the poisonous stream, and then when forced to ford it, the filth thereof is destroyed. Abide then, O soldier, in the trenches of labour and battle, for the hardness of service is beneficial to thee.

But, remember, while here that thou losest no opportunity of attacking the foe. Never miss an opportunity of having a shot at the devil. Be ready on all occasions to do mischief to the enemy. In business, drop a word of savour and unction; in company, turn the conversation heavenward; in private, wrestle at the throne. I do not advise you to intrude religion at unseasonable hours. I do not conceive it to be your duty when a customer calls to pay a bill to ask him into your office and spend half an hour in prayer with him, nor would I think it needful to sanctify your ribbons and shawls by exhorting the purchasers across the counter. Some have not been quite innocent of the charge of cant who make as much use of religion to attract customers as they do of their plate glass window. Do not talk of religion to be heard of men, but when a fair opportunity offers, out with your rifle and take a steady aim. Cromwell's singular advice to his soldiers was, "Trust in God, my friends, and keep your powder dry." In a better sense this is mine. More than all keep up a continual fire on the enemy by a holy life. Nothing will more reprove sin than your holiness. If you cannot tell the stick it is crooked, you can prove it to be so, by laying a straight one side by side with it. So put your purity before the impure, and they will be effectually reprove it.

Well then, again, *do not be afraid to go out into the world to do good.* Christ is keeping you in the world for the advantage of your fellow-men. Never say, "I wish to go out of this world;" do not murmur, "my life is

prolonged beyond my joys." Do what you can. Don't go amongst people with fear; do not be ashamed to look duty in the face. If you are not successful at first, do not be cowards and run away from your guns. We should do all we can to bring our guns into line with our brothers, and take good aim at our foes. Never desert your work, though you come home distressed in spirit, though you see no gleams of success, and nothing is gained. Recollect, you cannot run out of the battle but you must go on; and you cannot escape the service. On then, and glory shall be yours.

Now, my brethren, what bearing has this text upon the ungodly? There are some persons, my dear friends, of whom I have sometimes thought that I could almost pray that God should take them out of the world. I can tell you why: they are so wicked—so dreadfully wicked, such *hardened* reprobates, with such iron souls, that they seem as if they never would be turned to God, and whose portion it would appear to be damned themselves, and to lead others to the same condition. I know a village where there is a man so vicious, so abandoned, that I could almost pray for him to be removed out of the world; he is so awfully wicked that many of those I thought hopeful Christians have been poisoned by his example. Indeed he seemed to be depraving the entire population. He stands like a deadly Upas tree, with out-spreading branches, over-shadowing the whole place. He is consuming all around him; and instead of it being a mercy for him to be here, it would be like a mercy if he were gone. Are not some of you like that man? Are you not so bad that you are doing all the mischief in the world you can? You never do anything for the cause of Christ. You are always trying to do your utmost against it. You never sow a little blade of God's grass where none grew before. You are of no service, and yet you are spared because Jesus says, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world." He prays that you may be in the world a little longer. And what has he preserved you from? First, fever comes and bows thee down; but Christ says, "Let him not depart yet. O spare him now." And thou art spared. The second time, disease comes near unto thee, and great pains bow thee down. Again he prays, "Spare him!" and thou art yet safe. The third time, thou art fast approaching thy end. Now the angel of death is lifting up the glittering steel, and his axe is almost fallen on thee. Yet Christ says, "Spare him, angel!" "Spare him—peradventure he may yet turn to me with full purpose of heart." He whom thou hatest loved thee so much that he interceded for thee until thou wert spared till now. Remember, however, that this reprieve will not continue for ever. At last Justice will cry, "Cut him down, he cumbereth the ground." Some of you have been cumbering the ground for sixty or seventy years—old sinners; of no use in this world. Is it so? There you are! occupying the ground, keeping other trees from growing, and of no use! Your family is being damned by your example; the whole neighbourhood is tainted by you. Do not tell me I should not speak so roughly. If you are lost, it shall not be for want of plain speaking and honest warning. Oh, ye cumber-grounds! how much digging and dunging have ye received at the Lord's hand, and yet ye are fruitless. The axe will soon be at your root, and oh, the fire into which ye shall be cast. Ungodly man, thou art spared until thine overflowing cup of sin is dropping like oil upon the flame of vengeance, and the increasing fire will presently reach thee. The longer the archer draweth the bow the more mighty is the arrow. What though vengeance tarrieth, it is that its sword may be sharpened and its arm nerved for direr execution. Oh, ye grey-heads! a little more

delay and the stroke shall fall; tremble and kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish in the way when his wrath is kindled but a little.

And yet, methinks, some of you who have cumbered the ground do most heartily desire to serve God. Poor sinner! I rejoice that thou feelest that thou hast been a cumber-ground. Dost thou confess that thou hast been but a thorn and brier until now? Dost thou acknowledge that the Lord had been just to thee if he had damned thee? Then come as thou art and cast thyself on Jesus, without works, without merit: Wilt thou ask the Lord to turn thee into a good fig tree? If thou wilt, he will do it; for he declares, that he heareth prayer.

SERMON II.

The text, as we observed on a former occasion, contains two prayers—a negative prayer, and a positive prayer. “I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world.” There are wise ends to be observed by their remaining here. It will ultimately increase their happiness in heaven; it will give glory to God; it shall be the means of the conversion of others; therefore, “I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world,” but “I do pray”—here comes the POSITIVE PRAYER—that while they are in it “they may be kept from the evil.”

I. Let us first, then, CONSIDER THE EVIL FROM WHICH CHRIST PRAYS HIS PEOPLE MAY BE KEPT. We have no hesitation in declaring that the only evil here intended is the evil of sin. It may be true that Jesus Christ pleads with his Father to preserve us from some of the direful afflictions which might be too much for our mortal frame to endure. It may be that sometimes the blows and attacks of the enemy are warded off by the arm of the intercession of Jesus. It may be that the great ægis of Almighty God is often held over our heads in matters of Providence, to keep us from evil when we walk, and to guard us lest we dash our feet against a stone. We feel persuaded, however, that neither of these things is here intended; but “the evil” so continually spoken of in Scripture, as being pre-eminently the evil here meant, is sin and nothing else. “I pray that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.”

Afflictions are often beneficial, therefore Christ does not plead that we should be kept entirely from this kind of evil. Trials bring us to his feet and give new life to prayer, therefore Christ has not asked that that bitter-sweet might not be given to us. Death itself, which seems an evil, is a good, and Christ does not ask that we may step that narrow stream and may not die. The only petition he has put up for us is, “that thou shouldest keep them from the evil,”—the special evil, the particular, the deadly evil of sin.

Let us here remark that sin is *an unqualified evil*. It is *the evil* without the mitigation of any good in it. In sin there can be no good; it is evil—“only evil, and that continually.” The lowest form of sin is “the evil,” the highest is “the evil” more fully developed. Sin in an angel was “the evil,” for it turned him into a devil; sin in Eden was “the evil,” for it plucked up the fair trees by the roots, and blasted all their fruits, and sent the men out to till the ground whence they were taken; it brings no profit, it shall not profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul; and in the Christian especially it is evil, nothing but evil—sin can never benefit him, it is an evil, an only evil, a powerful evil, and a dreadful evil; it is unmitigated evil, it is “the evil.” It is true, out of evil God bringeth good; sometimes the very sins of God’s people do preserve them from some greater
 es not destroy “the evil.” If God sends out bears from the

wood to execute his commission, and they slay his children, they are bears still; and if sin is sometimes made to honour God sin is sin notwithstanding, and no false preaching can ever make us propound a doctrine which should take away the deadly evil of sin. It is always hurtful and dangerous. The Christian man who trusts that by one sin he may keep himself out of difficulty, makes a mistake. Sin cannot bring you good. "But," say you, "here I am in difficulties; creditors are running upon me; what shall I do? If I could draw that accommodation bill, or forge that note, there might be some good in it." There cannot be any good in it. Sin is evil; it is the evil; it is the evil without a single alloy of goodness; it is unparalleled evil; and it is evil without any mitigation whatever. "Oh!" says another, "if I were to do such and such a thing—it is but a little evil—I should then prosper in business; then I could dedicate myself to God and serve him better, and so out of the evil I could bring a good. The end would justify the means." No; if the means be bad, they are bad; if the means be evil, they are evil. "Sin is sin, and nothing but sin; and however there may be sometimes temporary advantages in it, it is still evil. What though the noxious draught may sometimes stimulate the man and seem to make him mightier, it really weakens him, and shall ultimately destroy him. A man may fancy sin to be good; for a time it may patch him up in respectability, and make him stand a little richer before the world; but the house repaired with such rotten material as that shall fall, notwithstanding. All sin is unmitigated evil, and the only name we will give to it is evil. Let the monster plead and ask us to call it good, we charge it with having slain our Lord; and we condemn it as an evil to be hated and avoided. A serpent may have beauteous azure hues upon his scales, but he is a deadly viper and is to be crushed to the earth.

Next we say sin is "the evil" because it is *an unparalleled evil*. You can find nothing in the world so evil as sin. Nothing has so desolated this fair earth of ours as sin. Tell me that war has slain thousands, that earthquakes have shaken cities, that pestilence has devoured millions; describe to me the concussion of the elements, speak to me of the wild uproar of nature abroad, and how it smites down man and destroys his handiwork; but when you have written all the black catalogue of all terrible things that have happened to man, I tell you that sin stands up the monster giant overtopping them all, head and shoulders above them, as the most unqualified and unparalleled evil! Ask me whether sin has done much, I tell you yes. See Eden's garden blasted, a whole world drowned with water, the tops of the mountains covered twenty cubits and upwards; see the earth opens, and Korah, Dathan, and Abiram go down into the pit; see fire rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and see the cities burned! But sin has done more. It has digged a hell somewhere, we know not where—not in the caverns of the earth. That were a direful thought, that this home of the righteous for a season should become the dwelling of the damned. If there be anything worse—sin slaughtered Emmanuel, it slew the Lord of life, betrayed him, crucified him, spit in his face, nailed his hands and his feet, put a crown of thorns upon his head. Sin sat by and watched him till he died, and that moment—blessed be His name;—the sins of all his people were finished. Sin is unparalleled. No evil can compare with it. Find what you please, sin stands out first and foremost as "the evil."

There is another thought. Sin also, *in some sense, is an evil that has no remedy*. You may, perhaps, be somewhat startled by that thought, especially when you have so continually heard me say that the death of Christ takes away from a Christian the very guilt of his sin, so that he is not guilty

before God, but stands in Christ accepted with his Brother's righteousness on, and can plead that before God and claim even the merits imputed to him through Jesus. Still, I apprehend that what I have said is true—that for sin there still remains no remedy, even to the Christian, when he has committed it. There is the remedy of forgiveness, so far as he is concerned; but where is the remedy for a sinful word that I have spoken? Can my tears bring it back and stop it from doing an injury to my fellow-creatures? Even though Christ has forgiven me, that will not stop the sin I may have done to others. When I drop one single stone of sin into the brook of this universe, it will make circle after circle, it will expand everywhere; and I may through life labour with more than seraphic zeal and with a Christ-like heart to undo the evil I have done, but not if I might work through eternity could I untie those knots that I have twisted, or dash down those mountains that I have piled, or dry up the rivers I have digged. True, it is all forgiven, it will never be laid to my charge; but, methinks, though Christ has forgiven me, I shall never forgive myself some things I have done. Can I ever forgive myself that sometimes I may have disgraced His name, and dishonoured His blessed person, and led souls to hell? When some of you old blasphemers recollect that some in hell were damned by your means, you may recollect that you are saved, but you cannot undo that. Sin is *the evil*. Well might Jesus pray, "Father, keep them from the evil," for an evil it is, which, though it has a remedy as to itself, has no remedy as to its consequences upon others. God grant that our evils may be as much remedied as it is possible they may be by the future holiness of our lives!

One more thought. Sin is a *most pestilent* evil, because it brings every other evil with it. Methinks the worst evil sin has ever done is this—it has sometimes robbed me of the presence of my blessed Master. There have been seasons when the Spirit has been withdrawn from me. There have been times when I have sought my Beloved, and have not found him, when I have asked his presence, and could not find it, and my only song was—

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still,
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Oh, sin was that veil that came between me and my Lord. Dear old Joseph Irons used to say, "Christ often hides his face behind the clouds of dust his own children kick up." So we make dust by our sins, and Christ hides behind it; we build a wall by our transgression, and our Beloved hideth behind that wall. Ah, sin, thou art an evil, for thou hast robbed me of His sweet society, and taken away His blessed company; thou hast been sitting on the throne, and he will not abide to stop where sin is. Thou hast entered into my heart, and Jesus has said, "I may not tarry where there is sin; my presence shall drive out sin, or sin shall drive out my presence." "Oh, sin, how much misery I experience through thee!" the Christian can say. Ah, sin, how many poor and fettered believers have had the fetters first forged by thee? Sin, thou art the anvil on which our doubts are welded; sin, thou art the fire in which our spirits are often molten down to grief. We could do all things were it not for thee. Oh, sin, thou dost pinion the wings of faith, thou dost damp the flame of love, thou dost destroy the energy of zeal; thou art "the evil;" my Master calls thee so, and such thou art. Thou needest not to be renamed; that name once given thou shalt bear for ever, and throughout eternity

thou shalt be marked and gibbeted in the pillory of scorn to all the saints, pointed at as "the evil." Well might Christ ask his Father, that while he did not wish his children to be taken out of the world, he did wish that they might be kept from the evil. I charge you, ye young converts, who are about to put on the Lord Jesus, to recollect that sin is *the* evil; through your future lives you must recollect that that is the evil you are to shun. Fear not affliction, fear not persecution, rather rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; but, I charge you, fear sin. I commend you to the God of grace, who is able to keep you, and preserve you, and present you faultless before his presence; but yet I beg you always to recollect that sin is the evil itself to you. It will always be so to you so long as you live, and though forgiven, it is yet sin pardoned. Shun it in the least degree, do not give way to little sins, and you will not give way to big ones. Remember the proverb, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves;" take care of little sins and you won't commit great ones. I charge you, keep your hearts in the love of God, and may God himself preserve you according to our Saviour's prayer, "that thou wouldst keep them from the evil."

II. We can scarcely make any remark upon the second point—the DANGER. Is there any danger that Christian men will run into sin? that, after they have believed, and after they have been pardoned, will they commit sin? after they have been adopted, will they sin? and will they, can they, sin by any means in all the world? Oh, beloved! I thought once when my Lord first pardoned me that I never could sin against him any more. When black from head to foot he spake the word and made me white, when he took my rags off and clothed me in royal garments, and kissed me with the kisses of his love, and showed me his deep, affectionate heart, I thought, Oh, thou blessed Jesus! can I ever sin against thee? can it be that I, a pardoned rebel, I, whom thou hast forgiven so much, could do it? "No, sweet Jesus," the young convert thinks, "I come to wash thy feet with my tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my head; and sin I cannot, and sin I will not." Ah! how soon is that beautiful vision taken away! how soon the theory is spoiled by experience! Beloved, do you not find that you are in danger of sinning now?—especially those of you who are young,—what danger we are in of sinning? While our passions are strong and our lusts furious, we have need to be kept of God. And you middle-aged gentlemen, to you I have also a word or two to say. You always pray for the young so particularly. The young people are very much obliged to you; and they always intend to pray for you because you are in the most dangerous position. I remind you of what I told you before, that there is in Scripture no instance of a young man's falling, but there is of a middle-aged man. David and Lot and Abraham had all of them passed their youth before they sinned against God. You do not find in Scripture that it was David the stripling who sinned, but it was David the middle-aged man; you do not find that Lot the young man sinned, but it was Lot the old man, whose daughters were grown up, and who then transgressed against God. Take care, middle-aged man. It is not age at all, "it is not by might nor power, but by my spirit saith the Lord." A babe in grace is as secure as a grey-headed old man, and more secure if he feels his insecurity—for in proportion as we feel our weakness shall we be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. Ye snowy heads, whose hairs are whitened with age, know ye not that ye still have need of divine keeping, or ye will fall? Oh veterans in the army, do you not acknowledge that if his grace were withdrawn from you you have enough tinder in your hearts to catch fire, that your hearts are

not thoroughly clean yet? When I ask my old brethren, they always tell me "well, I thought I had a bad heart once, but I know I have now; I thought I was vile once, but I know I am now. I grow viler and viler as years roll on, and I see myself to be more and more so every day." Is it not so with you? Ah! is it not just so with you perpetually? And will ye not confess till your last dying moment that you will be kept if God keeps you, but if he were to leave you, you would be lost? I have been pleased to hear some of those good answers the young people gave me when I asked them—do you think you will be led on to the end? "Yes; by God's grace," they said. But suppose God should leave you? And how exceedingly proper the answer was. "God will not leave me, so I cannot tell anything about that." That was a sweet way of answering the question. He has promised he will not leave us. So Christian, while we warn you of the danger if God should leave you, we tell you that he will not leave you. Mark the terrible threatening that those poor Arminians have been spoiling so much.

Those poor souls that know nothing of grace make sinners fall and come in again, and fall again and come in again. But a more unscriptural doctrine can not be propounded, for God solemnly declares that if it were possible for a man once regenerate and sanctified to apostatize, he is lost beyond all remedy, and there remains no hope for him but a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. We charge you to recollect that if it were possible for you thus to fall, there is the precipice over which you must drop. There is no ransom for you. If true conversion fails, God will never try twice; if once he puts his hand on you and fails, he has done. But it is not possible, glory be to his name! He has not failed yet, and he never will. Still we warn you and Scripture tells us so to do, to remember that we shall be kept only through faith unto salvation, and that it is written, my Father that gave them me is greater than all, and no man can pluck them out of my Father's hand.

III. Now, thirdly, here is the KEEPER—"I pray that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." Yes, we often get keeping ourselves, beloved, and a bad job we make of it, when we do that. A Christian man tries to keep his own heart without asking the help of God. So he may, but he will be just as good a keeper as those guards whom Herod set at the door, and who, when they opened the prison doors in the morning, found the prisoners escaped. You may stand and watch your heart without God, but you will find it has escaped and gone after sin notwithstanding. The Christian must not trust to his guarding himself, because he will be asleep sometimes. People are often ready, as the saying is, to put a lock on the stable door when the horse is gone; Christians are sometimes very careful when they have sinned. Ah! but the thing is to lock the door while the horse is in; to take care before you do sin, not afterwards. It is better by half, beloved, to keep your house from being on fire, than to get the fire put out ever so quickly. We have need to be kept thus by God. We can keep ourselves, we think, but we cannot, for poor flesh and blood will fail; though the spirit may be willing, the flesh is weak; and if it were possible for us to keep ourselves a little while, we should soon be overcome with spiritual slumbering, and then you know the devil would come walking into the camp in the middle of the night, and if he caught us slumbering and off our guard, he would if allowed of God, hurry us away to perdition. God will preserve you, but if you keep yourselves you shall fail. How many different schemes people have for keeping themselves from sin. Why don't they go and ask God to keep them, instead of binding themselves hand and foot to this one thing and the other, and so thinking to avoid sin. Let us give our hearts to God thoroughly, and God will preserve his own people. Oh! that sweet

thought, "I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment, I will watch it night and day." Is not that a precious expression, "I the Lord do keep it." "They say I don't keep it, but I do. They say I let my people fall away, but I the Lord *do* keep it, whatever they may say, I will water it every moment, and guard it night and day." This is the only ground of our confidence, that God keepeth the feet of his saints, and none that trust in him shall be desolate.

¶ We must now conclude, praying on behalf of the Lord's people that God would keep them. Recollect, believer, that while it says God will keep you, he does it by means. You must look after each other; I like to admonish you to look after your brethren and sisters. Why there are some of you sitting with a rail between you, who do not know your next door neighbours. Some of you, I know, talk too much sometimes; but I would rather you should talk a little too much than not at all. Oh how little like Christians are you; sitting down, and not knowing one another. The church is meant to be a house where we shall be like children at home. Be sure to look after these young friends who are coming into the church; try and take care of them. We want a few fathers who will lead them in the right way. Poor souls, you cannot expect them to know much; some of them, indeed, may have been long in the service of God, others have just commenced; you must look after the young ones, and then the promise will be fulfilled, and you will be backing up the prayer of Christ, "I pray that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Then, remember, the only keeper is God; put your souls day by day into his hands. I beseech you by the love of Christ, omit not that holy prayer. Often contemplate upon the grace that put you into the Saviour's custody. Oh! forget not that you are his from all eternity, and that it ill becomes you to sin, that you are elect in Christ, and it would be a disgrace to you to transgress—recollect you are one of the aristocracy of the universe; and you must not mix with vile worldlings—remember the blood royal of heaven runs in your veins; do not disgrace yourselves by acts which might be tolerated in a beggar, but which demean a prince. Stand on your dignity, stand on your glory; recollect where you stand, and in whom you stand—in the person of Jesus. Fall at his feet daily; grasp his strength hourly, crying out:

"Oh, for this no power have I,
My strength is at thy feet to lie."

Oh, beloved, you who do not love the Lord, ah! I cannot pray that God would keep you from the evil because you are in it. But I pray God to take you out of it. There are some of you who do not feel sin to be an evil; and shall I tell you why? Did you ever try to pull a bucket up a well? You know when it is full of water you can pull it easily so long as the bucket remains in the water; but when it gets out you know how heavy it is. It is so with you. While you are in sin you cannot feel it to be a burden; it does not seem to be evil; but if the Lord once draws you out of sin you will find it to be an intolerable, a heinous evil. May the Lord, this night, wind some of you up, though you are deep down there; may he, this night, draw you up out of sin, and give you acceptance in the Beloved! May you have new hearts and right spirits, which are alone the gift of God. He "giveth liberally and upbraideth not;" and he hath said, "He that seeketh, findeth; to him that knocketh it shall be opened." God give you grace to knock and power to seek!

THE PRAYER.

Fetch me the lightning from yon frowning cloud,
 With fiery force to break or melt this heart—
 A heart all earthly, foolish, vain and proud ;
 In unbelief and hate that bids its God depart.

Fetch me a beam from yon clear star of night ;
 Or yet a warmer ray from day's bright sun,
 To kindle into heat and glow and light,
 This soul of gloom and death, whose days seem scarce begun.

Fetch me a drop from yon translucent lake,
 Or farther up, from yon pure mountain-wall,
 These lips to cool, this feverish thirst to slake,
 This weary frame to freshen, these fierce fires to quell.

O thou, my God ! my being's health and source,
 Better than life, brighter than noon to me,
 Stretch out thy loving hand, with gentle force,
 Bend this still-struggling will, and draw it after Thee.

Return to me, my oft-forgotten God,
 My spirit's true though long-forsaken rest ;
 Undo these bars, re-enter thine abode,
 In Thee and in Thy love alone would I be blest.

Re-mould this inner man in every part,
 Re-knit these broken ties, resume Thy sway ;
 Take, as Thy throne and altar, this poor heart ;
 O, teach me how to love—O, help me to obey !

H. BONAR, D.D.

ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE RIGHT ?

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELSEA.

THE other day, as a lad was leaving a shop, the shopkeeper called after him, "*Are you sure you are right ?*" I know not what the subject was to which the worthy man referred, but the inquiry has suggested some very serious thoughts to my mind. Ah, it is of very great importance to be right on many points, to know that we are right ; yea, *to be sure* that we are right. Many persons take things for granted which need to be proved ; and many fancy they are right without any good evidence. Hence many are unhappy now, and many, it is to be feared, will be lost for ever. Friend, let us not be deceived, let us not be satisfied with slight evidences, but let us make sure that we are right.

THOMAS WILDE has made a profession of religion, and joined himself to a church, and fancies he is all right. But there is much lightness and levity about him. He seems to love carnal amusements, and appears to feel quite at home in the society of the ungodly. The other night he went to the concert, and has been heard pleading in defence of light reading. He thinks, as he says, that we should not needlessly offend the world, but conform ourselves to their ideas of what a Christian ought to be, as near as we can. That the way to win them is to mix with them, and show that we are not gloomy, or unnecessarily precise. Thomas, Thomas, *Are you sure you are right ?* Your Bible tells you to come out from among them, and be separate from them, and not even touch the unclean thing. Your God says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." And the Apostle James asks you this question, "Know ye not, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God." If these portions of God's Word are right, you are wrong, Master Thomas, and it is to be feared that many are wrong beside you, though they fancy that they are right. Are you sure, my friend, that you *possess* real religion, as well as *profess* it ? Have you ever had a broken heart for sin ? Have you really fed, as a poor lost sinner, to the Saviour ? Have you obtained peace with God, through faith in the blood of Jesus ? Is Christ

formed in your heart the hope of glory? Do you know what union to Christ, and communion with Christ means? Or are you satisfied with a few slight convictions, and a few pleasurable impressions? You *profess* Christ, Thomas, but do you *possess* Christ? Your name is in the church book, but is your name in the Lamb's book of life? ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT? The Apostle Peter would admonish you to "make your calling and election sure," or make sure, on good grounds, that you are right; and to so walk as to convince everybody about you that you are right.

SARAH SLATEN has just given up her class in the Sunday-school, for though she does not like to confess it, she has got tired of teaching, and would rather take a walk, have a nap, or go out to tea, on the Lord's-day afternoon, than be shut up with a parcel of poor children in a Sunday-school room. Very likely she has made out some more plausible case to silence, if not satisfy, her conscience; but, Sarah, *Are you sure that you are right?* You still profess to be a servant of Christ. Sunday-school teaching is His work; you voluntarily engaged in it, professedly out of love to His name; are you sure you are right in leaving it? Can you glorify Christ more out of the school than in it? Can you do more good to your fellow-creatures out of the school than in it? If not, I am by no means sure that you are right in leaving it. It is very likely that you are quite wrong in doing so. It may be from pride, from self-love, from idleness, or from some carnal motive that you have withdrawn; and if so, you are decidedly wrong. Let me request you seriously to examine into the matter, closely investigate the case; do not be satisfied with slight grounds, but be quite sure that you are right. The thing will not end where it is, you know, for "every one of us shall give account of himself to God:" and as things often look very different, when viewed from a sick bed, on a dying pillow, to what they do in health; so it is very probable that they will look very different to what they do now, when we stand before the judgment seat of Christ. If you should win but one of those girls for Jesus, she would be a star in your crown for ever, and you would eternally rejoice in her salvation by your means. But leaving the school, and giving up your proper work, you may perhaps live a useless life on earth; and if saved, wear a starless crown in heaven. SARAH, SARAH, "ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?"

TITUS THOMSON fancies himself called to the ministry, feels persuaded that he has a very useful gift, and is about to give up his worldly occupation as soon as ever he can get a call to a small church. True, he has never been very useful when preaching in the villages, but the villagers around where Titus lives are very dull, and cannot appreciate his talents. He has heard of many who have succeeded who have less talent than himself, and he has no doubt at all, but if he can only get an introduction to the regular ministry, he shall do well. Titus,—"*Are you sure that you are right?*" Is it the love of Christ that constrains thee? Is it zeal for the glory of God that prompts thee? Is it a deep and overwhelming desire to save souls from death that impels thee? Is there no selfish motive at the bottom? Have you no idea that the ministry is a very respectable vocation? Have you no wish to be president in the church, and an influential man in the village, or the town? Have you no eye to ease or emolument, or anything less than exalting the Saviour? It is to be feared that many have, and have therefore found the ministry to be burdensome, and the churches have found them to be a drag. Many young men, at their first conversion, fancy themselves called to the ministry, think they are only influenced by pure motives in desiring it, but afterward find out that they had wofully deceived themselves. There are already too many in the ministry without the necessary gifts and grace, with-

out a clear call from God to the work, and therefore have little or no enjoyment in the work, nor are their labours at all successful. When God sends a man he qualifies him; when God qualifies a man and sends him into the ministry, he opens a door for him; and when a man is admitted by God's providence to the work, being fitted by God's Spirit and grace for the work, God crowns his efforts with success. Knowing this to be the case, we say with all affection to those who think themselves called to the stated ministry of the Word, TITUS, TITUS, "ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?"

DANIEL CHERRY, poor fellow, has often a dejected countenance, is much exercised with doubts and fears, and does not like to hear of persons being too much on the mount. He knows he is not often there. Indeed he does not expect to be. With such corruptions in his heart, with such trials in his family, and meeting, as he does, with so many trying things in the world, it is not to be expected that he is to wear a smile very often, or be found singing on the heights of Zion frequently. Indeed, if he can only maintain a humble hope in Jesus, be enabled to keep on slowly in the King's highway, and creep into heaven at last, it is all that he thinks he ought to look for. Friend, Daniel, "ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?" Does not your Testament tell you to rejoice in the Lord always? Does not the Psalmist say, "They shall sing in the ways of the Lord?" Did not primitive Christians rejoice even in tribulation? Why should you doubt, Daniel? Is not the work of Christ a finished work, and was not that work wrought for you? Does not the blood of Jesus cleanse from all sin, and is not the fountain open for you? Are not the promises of God exceeding great and very precious, and are not those promises made to you? Has not the Lord told you, that as your day so shall your strength be; and that his grace is sufficient for you? Yea, does not the Lord assure you that all things work together for your good? And are you not warranted to draw the conclusion which Paul did, "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?" Daniel, Daniel, your doubts are groundless, your fears have no foundation, your gloom is no credit to religion, and what you fancy to be humility is but secret unbelief. You ought to be happy after what Christ has done for you. You ought to rejoice, seeing the great things God has promised you. You ought at least always to be hopeful, after all the mercy which the Lord has shown you. Let me then once more put the question to you, and whenever tempted to droop, despond, and doubt, fancy you hear the Lord himself saying to you, "DANIEL, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?"

JONATHAN GREENAWAY has listened to the reasoning of infidels, doubts the truth of God's Word, and has given up attending at God's house. He has become wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. He is not to be frightened by tales about hell-fire, not he. He is not to be debarred from taking his pleasure on a Sunday any more than on a week day. He has no patience with so much religion. Indeed he does not believe in what is commonly called religion at all. It is all very well for persons to preach, they make a pretty good living of it, and lots of others, he is persuaded, are only religious for what they can get. He has been held in leading strings long enough, but he does not intend to be held so any longer. He will manfully assert his independence, and act just according to his own will. Jonathan, "Are you sure that you are right?" Some of the wisest, the best, and most learned men have believed the Bible, and have acted upon it. Some of the poorest, most tried, and most illiterate of men have believed the Bible, and have been made holy and happy by it. Yes, the Bible has stood the test

of ages, it has been examined by the greatest minds, and has been proved to be true by some of all classes, under all circumstances. Martyrs have bled for it. Sufferers have rejoiced in it. The dying have triumphed over death by believing it. It has in all ages a host of witnesses who could attest its truth. The learned have written out the external evidences of its authenticity and inspiration, and the unlearned, but godly Christian, has ever carried the internal evidence of its truth, purity, and power in his heart. It is worth your while, friend, to think again before you reject the Bible, discard the Saviour entirely, and render your salvation impossible. These are very awful words, which you may yet prove to be true, "*He that believeth not shall be damned.*" I trust, that through God's mercy you never may, and, therefore, I say to you once more with deep affection, JONATHAN, JONATHAN, "ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?"

SUSAN BROWN says she does not intend to be a mope, she is for a short life and a merry one. Give her a good dance, or a jolly party, or a lively song, to sing dull care away, and you may keep religion to yourself. She has no idea of young people making mopes of themselves, and losing all the pleasures of life. Religion may perhaps be all very well for the old folks, but she don't like to see them have too much of it. No, no, the best thing she knows is to live and be jolly. Susan, "*Are you sure that you are right?*" Many have died at your age, and you may die soon, suddenly. And if you should, death will remove you from this world, but where will it land you? There is a dreadful hell, and there is a glorious heaven, and to one of these death will introduce you. Into heaven it cannot, unless you are prepared for it; and, therefore, as there is no alternative, into hell it must. But if it should, how will your present conduct appear to you when you are in hell? Will the song, the dance, the jovial party alleviate the pains of hell? Will you not think that you have paid dearly for them, when you find that you are to be tormented for ever in hell, because you knew not the time of your visitation on earth. One passage of Scripture just meets your case; it is addressed to young men, but is just as applicable to young women, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: BUT KNOW THOU, THAT FOR ALL THESE THINGS GOD WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT." Eccles. xl. 9. Then you must say why you preferred dancing to praying; singing foolish songs to praising God your Maker; and preferred the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, to the joys of heaven, which are for ever and ever. How will you be able to face the God whom you have so insulted? How can you stand before the Saviour whom you have so despised? How will you bear to be mixed up with devils and lost souls, and hear the Lord Jesus say to you and them, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" "SUSAN BROWN, SUSAN BROWN, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU ARE RIGHT?" Look into the matter at once, for it is quite time, and if upon examination you conclude that you are right, then by all means go on in your present course; but if upon investigation, you discover that you are wrong, then "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near, forsake, O forsake your present way, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you, and to our God, for he WILL ABUNDANTLY PARDON YOU."

HAGAR.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG FEMALES.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST," &c.

The history and character of many of the females mentioned in the Scriptures furnish most instructive matter for meditation, together with many hints for warning, encouragement, and consolation. One of the women whose history is given most in detail in the holy volume, is Hagar, a poor slave. The first angelic visit recorded in God's word was paid to her. Surely these facts teach us divine condescension, and should lead to simple trust in an ever-wakeful Providence. Let no saint of God say after this, "I am overlooked; my way is hid from the Lord."

We do not purpose dwelling upon the history and character of Hagar generally, but would contemplate her on the occasion of her flight from the tent of Abraham: consider the dealings of God with her, and the way she acted after this wonderful manifestation. The part of her history to which we refer is contained in Gen. xvi., to which we direct the reader; and taking it for granted that the touching incidents therein recorded are before the mind, observe that Hagar is there presented as doing one very foolish thing, and four wise ones.

The foolish thing was to leave a good home because there were some troubles in it, and going forth to wander she knew not whither. But we are reminded that her mistress was unkind and unjust. Perhaps so; but had not Hagar first shown herself to be proud; and acted in a very unbecoming way? No one can deny this. Frequently the troubles which we find hardest to bear are those we bring on ourselves by our misconduct. Then we have the reproaches of our own consciences to trouble us, in addition to the affliction or trial.

The home which Hagar left was a house of prayer; a home visited by God himself, and one upon which his special blessing rested. How many young people have left such homes because something has chafed or offended them, instead of staying and using such trials as a means of discipline, as part of their

education for future life. We are all too ready in the presence of one thing that annoys, to forget or overlook the many things which are valuable and useful. Perhaps a change of place may relieve us of the one troublesome thing; but in the next situation there may not only be the absence of the fancied evil, but also of many advantages before possessed, and the presence of several things much more trying than that which we ran away from. Hagar's situation certainly was not very comfortable in Sarah's tent, but if she had been left to spend a few lonely nights in the desolate wilderness, no doubt she would soon have wished herself back again.

But we will not stay any longer to blame Hagar, but proceed to notice the wise things which she did. And here observe that before she did anything right, God appeared to her. "The angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness." She was as desolate and miserable as a human being well could be. Sad were her reflections on the past, and mournful her musings as regards the future. God, who knew her sorrows, visited her just at the needed time. We must not stay to make enquiries respecting this heavenly visitant, who speaks as one having authority, and who is referred to afterwards by Hagar with feelings of deep reverence, but will confine our attention to the person addressed, and the effects produced upon her.

I. She listened to what was said to her. How many are now spoken to by God who give no heed to His words. They will attend to the advice of parents and friends, but what God says goes for nothing with them. "Having ears they hear not." God counsels all, and the young especially, respecting the life that now is, as well as that which is to come; and how much happiness would there be in this life, and what peace in its various relations, as well as a good hope of a better life, if His words were listened to and heeded. Some one may be ready to say, "If an

angel spake to me I would attend!" Has not this and more than this been done! Oh think of the divine sanctions appended to that book by which God addresses you! Listen to His words who speaketh to you from heaven, and "attend to know understanding."

II. *Hagar told the simple truth.* The angel said, "Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou, and whither wilt thou go?" To this plain question she replies with equal plainness, "I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai." What a recommendation it is to a young person to be *simply truthful*. How much better at once to confess a fault, than to hide it, and afterwards have the truth reluctantly drawn out a little at a time. If you would not acquire the habit and curse of a lying tongue, *beware of equivocation*. How many young people have ruined their prospects for life by telling what appeared small untruths, and thus destroying all confidence in their word.

III. *Hagar did as she was told.* "Return (said the angel) to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." A hard thing to do, but she knew there was divine authority for it, and so she went back. We may conceive in some measure what were the feelings and remarks of her fellow servants, and how great was the exultation of her mistress, as Hagar went back humbled to the tent-door, requesting admittance and forgiveness, and yielding submission to her mistress. But Hagar knew what she had seen and heard, she knew that Jehovah cared even for her, and this cheered her in her lonely toil and unenviable situation. Those who have hold converse with God can bear or do anything that he requires.

IV. *She kept in mind what she had seen and heard, and used it as a means of communion with God.* "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me?" Gen. xvi. 13. Her perilous adventure had been overruled for good. She now thought more of God than she had ever done before. God had seen her, and she looked after Him. May we not hope that as she realised the divine omniscience, she also

felt divine fear; stood in holy awe of that Being who had revealed himself to her, and trusted all in His hands.

We are all by nature wanderers from God. We have fled from His presence, and turned our backs upon His authority, His love, His dwelling-place. A voice came to Adam in Eden, "Where art thou?" and to Eve God said, "What is this that thou hast done?" while to us, as to Hagar, God says, "Whence comest thou, and whither wilt thou go?" Oh, thou All-seeing One, "whither shall we go from Thy presence?" Thou hast said, and most true are Thy words: "Can any hide himself in secret that I shall not see him; do I not fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?" Yes, "we wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way," and sat down by a poisoned fountain in the desert, and should have drunk the stolen waters to our eternal destruction, but the Angel of the Covenant not only came and enquired into our case, and gave us suitable directions, but drew us away from the fatal springs of sin to the fountain He himself had opened. He washed us in His blood, gave us living water, and He is "our way to the living Father." Thus in infinite grace He makes our return easy and honourable, and an occasion of the greatest rejoicing in Heaven. But still even He whispers to us, and herein we trace His love, "Submit." "Yield yourselves to God." It is our highest honour and happiness to be in subjection to the "Father of spirits" and live.

Surely those thus saved, restored, and blessed, should ever "look after Him," who saw and pitied them, and who brought them from the howling wilderness to His Father's heart, and will bring them to His Father's house.

Reader, have you listened to "this redeeming Angel?" If not, listen to Him now; "For how shall we escape if we turn away from Him who speaketh to us from Heaven." He comes down to you in your wanderings and invites you back. Ah, whither will you go, if you heed not His words? Whither, but to the chambers of death. Again, He says—how sweet and solemn are his words:—"Now, therefore, hearken unto Me, O ye children; for blessed are they

that keep My ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of My doors. For whose findeth Me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate Me love death." Proverbs viii. 32—36.

"Jesus, commissioned from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

"To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born.

"Yet this Redeeming Angel came
So vile a worm to bless,
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave His righteousness."

SPIRITUAL INFANCY.

BY THE REV. W. P. DALFERN, OF DOW.

'As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.'—
1 PET. ii. 2.

VARIOUS are the figures made use of in the Word to describe the people of God; which figures are intended to set forth what they are—sometimes in themselves considered, and at other times what they are in relation to God, and as the subjects of His grace. Among the latter is the one we have before us—a *spiritual babe*. This figure is applicable to two classes of persons in the Church of God.

To those who, although strong in faith and having no doubt of their interest, yet, having but recently been brought to Christ, have but little knowledge of the truth or of the deceit of their heart, and, consequently, are liable to be led astray; these—on account of their age, inexperience, simplicity, and liability to be led away—are termed *babes*.

To others, on account of the weakness of their faith, the feebleness of their minds, and that comparative spiritual impotency by which they are characterised. And it is in reference to these chiefly that we shall look at the figure before us, as descriptive of the experimental lineaments of such.

I. When a babe comes into existence, it comes into a world entirely new, and where it has everything to learn: and when a child is born of the Spirit, it comes, in its feelings, into quite a new world—"Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." There is a new mind, new conscience, new will, new hopes, new fears, new sorrows, new joys; and, consequently, such a babe has much to learn.

II. A babe is very dependant: and low dependent is the babe in grace!

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Yes, as hangs the helpless innocent upon its mother's breast, so hangs the quickened spirit upon Christ—*dependent*. Yes, for life and all its expressions—faith, hope, love, and, above all, for comfort. God's babes require comfort, but they cannot comfort themselves; otherwise, Jehovah would not declare—"As one whom his mother comforteth will I comfort you." 'Tis the work of Jehovah to comfort His saints, and to raise up those *through* whom He comforts them. "Thou hast given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

III. A babe is frequently the subject of sensations to which it cannot give utterance, which make it uneasy and restless; and a spiritual babe is often the subject of much which it cannot describe—indefinable terrors, as bondage, fear of death, &c.; for though these things do not constitute true religion in themselves, yet they often mark its first stages, and the soul under their influence is restless, uneasy, and wonders what's the matter, like a babe opening its eyes upon a new world, or the subject of new feelings. Nor is the wonder and surprise confined to feelings which are gloomy and trying, but embraces those which are often strangely and unnaturally sweet, most heavenly, and delectable, but which are found no less difficult to describe.

IV. A babe requires perpetual nourishment, and so does the babe in grace; and as a babe, under the influence of a natural instinct, turns to its mother in quest of its food, so a spiritual babe, under the influence of a spiritual instinct, turns to the breasts of Zion for food and consolation (O ye servants of Christ, as much as in you lies let them not turn in vain); and as nothing but the breast will satisfy the babe when hungry, so nothing but Gospel milk, through her breasts who is the "mother of us all," can or will satisfy the newborn soul. Place all the wealth of the universe in the fingers of a hungry babe, and still it would cry after the breast; and though it cannot tell what it wants, yet, when the breast is presented it will reach after it and present its lips to embrace it, and declare by its quietness its satisfaction when it is embraced. And so, let the enlightened mind have what it may, its language will still be—"Give me Christ, or else I die;" and though it cannot well express its wants, yet, when He is presented it will struggle after Him; and declare His suitability to meet all its wants, by the satisfaction and rest it finds in Him as soon as believingly embraced.

V. A babe requires great attention: and what attention the babes of mercy require! even for Christ to be with them "always, even unto the end." Supplies are required every moment: hence says Jehovah—"I will water every moment."

VI. A babe is easily wounded: and how easily is a babe in grace wounded! The proud formalist takes no reproof to himself—"This would just suit so-and-so;" but *he* is never thus suited: no word lays *him* bare, no reproof drives *him* to his chamber, no searching declaration makes *him* cry "search me, O Lord, and try me," nothing applies to *him*: but with the poor babe, all that which militates against its comfort it is swift to take as applicable to itself; but how slow to take that which comforts the soul! Is a hypocrite described, "That's meant for me," exclaims the babe, "I am that character." Thus it ever is that a believer is easily wounded, because, jealous in spirit and honest in heart, "a reproof cuts more into a

wise man than a hundred stripes into the back of a fool."

VII. A babe is much under the influence of its feelings—when it feels itself safe, then it *is* safe: and a spiritual babe, when it feels itself the subject of holy and sweet feeling, then it is safe—all is well. And like as a babe, when taken out in a dark night, fears and imagines all manner of strange things; so a spiritual babe, when first it enters the conflict, fears where no foe is, and often trembles under the power of its own imagination. It is not enough for a babe to rest on its mother's bosom, it must *see her face*: and 'tis not enough for a babe to be held by the hand of Christ, it requires His *sensible* presence. A babe would choose a shining sixpence in preference to the musty deed which declares it to be the heir to an estate: and a spiritual babe often thinks more of its enjoyments than of its title to heaven; more of the stream than the fountain; the fruit than the tree on which it grew; the comforts of the way than of Him who is guiding *in the way*. 'Tis well to prize the stream, but more the fountain; the fruit, but more the tree.

VIII. A babe will grow: and spiritual babes grow—"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Where there is *life* there will be growth developed.

IX. A babe requires to be educated—to be brought from the influence of its feelings to the guidance of its reason: and so those described as babes in the things of God, require to be taught as well as comforted. "All thy children shall be *taught* of the Lord." It is through instruction they *are* comforted. And as a babe has its temper, and requires *correction*, in this particular the offspring of Zion do not escape.

X. A babe is comparatively innocent—free from malice: and those in whom such passions reign have little evidence of being among those whom the Apostle addresses as babes: Oh! that in this particular we were all more like babes. Oh! for grace to free us from all malice that with the same simplicity with which a babe listens to and strives to do its parents' will, we may listen to our Father, obey Him, and live.

WHY CHRIST EXPECTS HIS DISCIPLES TO DO MORE THAN OTHERS.

Because they *profess* more than others. They *profess* to have consecrated themselves to the Lord, to be employed in his service; to have experienced the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; to love God with all their heart, and their neighbours as themselves; to be governed, in all their conduct, by a regard to God's glory; to have their treasure and hearts in heaven; to delight in religious duties; to desire the salvation of sinners; and not to be ashamed of Christ or his cause. Others, unless they are base hypocrites, do not profess these things. As Christians thus *profess* more than others, Christ has a right to expect that they will *do* more than others.

2. They have *promised* more than others. They have promised to forsake all sin—to deny themselves all ungodliness and worldly lusts; to pray without ceasing; to set a pious example before the world; to recommend religion to all men; and to perform all those duties by which God may be glorified, and the religion of the Bible extended and established among men. The world has made no such promises. But as Christians have *promised*, it is expected that they will perform.

3. They have *received* more than others. They have received special, effectual, converting grace. They have received a new heart, the pardon of their sins, justification by faith in Christ, adoption and the spirit of adoption, and partial sanctification. As they have *received* blessings greater and more valuable than others, Christ expects them to *do* more than others.

4. They *enjoy* more than others. They enjoy (what others do not) communion with God and communion with the saints; delight in divine worship and ordinances; the business of doing good in the Lord's vineyard—labouring to convert sinners and to send the Gospel through the world; peace of conscience and fellowship with the holy Ghost; and, finally,

the contemplation of that glorious rest which remains for God's people in the future world. As they *enjoy* more than others, they may be expected to *do* more than others.

5. They will have to *answer* for more than others. Where much is given, much will be required. As Christians have received more than others, they are under stronger obligations of love and obedience than others, and, of course, must be accountable for more than others. Hence it is expected that they will *do* more than others.

6. They have good grounds to *hope* for more than others in the coming world. Christians can confidently say, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "We know that when he (Christ) shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, as he is pure." Christians have a well grounded hope that they shall be admitted into God's presence, where "is fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore;" that they shall see their divine Lord and Master, and be with him in his kingdom and glory for ever; that they shall be delivered from all sin and sorrow, and pain and tears, and be made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity; that they shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the redeemed of the Lord from every nation and people under heaven, and go no more out for ever; that they shall mingle with the holy angels, and join the general assembly and church of the first-born in the New Jerusalem, where every desire of their soul will be gratified,

"And every power and sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

If Christians may reasonably hope for such things (which none others have a right to hope for), then surely they *ought* to *do* more than others, and Christ has a right to expect it of them.

E. D. K.

A HOLY HEART AND A TRUE THEOLOGY.

"Draw me," "turn me," "quicken me," "incline my heart to thy testimonies,"—even such prayer is an acknowledgment of the weakness of the soul, of its utter aversion to holiness, and of the sovereignty and sole efficacy of the grace of God. How much theology in one of these short prayers! The best divines are praying souls. They apprehend truth in its full form and just relations; not in that one-sided way which falsifies truth itself. In the light of God they see light. The sovereignty of God and the absolute helplessness of the soul they deeply feel. But the full apprehension and profound consciousness of these truths cause them to strive and wrestle, and work out their salvation with fear and trembling. The very same doctrine which lays the carnal soul to sleep, wakes them up to the utmost energy of prayer and effort,

God alone can help them. This is with them a reason not for lying down and doing nothing, but for awaking, arising from among the dead, assailing the throne of grace with continual cries, and setting themselves to do all the commandments of God. The sovereignty of God is a weapon which the natural man puts under his head and goes to sleep upon it, expecting in some future time to be summoned to some unknown conflict. The spiritual man, on the contrary, grasps the same truth with an earnest but joyful conviction, "does violence to the kingdom of heaven" with it, and "takes it by force." "Without me, ye can do nothing." That same declaration is an opiate to the careless and sin-enslaved soul, and an incentive to continual and hopeful efforts to the Christian. P.

WHAT I FIND.

I FIND I can build up no firm and stable hope unless I can lay my foundation on the naked rock of such a word of God as that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

I find I can get no abiding peace unless "being justified by faith, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I find I can obtain no strength against sin for duty, or toward holiness and heaven, except as those divine words are graven on my heart (and oh, how often do the fading characters need to be renewed!): "I have no sufficiency of myself to think anything as of myself, but my sufficiency is of God." "In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." "Surely, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

Oh, the unutterable depth of the depravity and wickedness of this heart! One moment occupied with thoughts and joys of heavenly purity and sweetness—the very next, feeling "the fiery darts of

the wicked one" rankling in my tortured heart. How naked is my soul of true virtue! How destitute of holy strength! Had I not, blessed Saviour, the spotless robe of thy righteousness to cover myself withal, and that sure word of thine to lean upon, "My grace is sufficient for thee," I must have given up this long-waged and always-renewing conflict in despair.

Depart, Oh my soul, from the sandy region of thine own works, merits, and resolutions. Often hast thou "begun to build" there, but wast never "able to finish." As soon as the structure began to rise to a promising height, the streams of recent depravity undermined it, the storms of passion and temptation smote it, "and it fell, and great was the fall thereof!" Why renew so useless and hopeless a labour? Be it thy whole care to "win Christ and be found in him, not having thine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is of the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." ALPHA.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS.

MEETING A SERMON.

Arch. Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?" "I've not a sermon," was the answer. The sermon he had met was a corpse on its way to the grave; the preacher was death. Greatest of street-preachers! No laws nor penalties can silence him. No tramp of horses, nor rattling of carriages, nor rush and din of crowded streets, can drown his voice. In heathen, Papal, and Protestant countries, in monarchies and free states, in town and country, the solemn pomp of his discourses is ever going on. In some countries, a man is imprisoned for even dropping a tract. But what prison will hold this awful preacher? What chains will bind him? He lifts up his voice in the very presence of tyrants, and laughs at their threats. He walks unobstructed through the midst of their guards, and delivers those messages which trouble their security and embitter their pleasures. If we do not *meet his sermons*, still we cannot escape them. He comes to our abodes, and, taking the dearest objects of our love as his text, what terrible sermons does he deliver to us! Oh, what weeping audiences sometimes has this silent preacher! Yet there is a secret doctrine, an occult meaning, running through his discourses, which is often not apprehended. Few "lay it to heart." His oft-repeated sermons still enforce the same doctrine, press upon us the same exhortation. "Surely, every man walketh in a vain show. Surely, they are disquieted in vain. Here there is no continuing city. Why are you labouring for that which I will presently take from you and give to another? Take no thought for the morrow. Prepare to meet thy God."

But a funeral is not the only sermon that we meet, nor death the only street-preacher. This saying of the good Leighton was first brought to my mind by an incident of a more pleasing strain. I met an aged man, whose empty and deeply sunken eye-sockets easily told that no organ of sight was there. He was leaning on the arm of his wife, and the appearance of both showed at once the deepest poverty and (that invariable concomitant of virtue) perfect cleanliness and neatness. I accosted him:

"You are blind?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

"On the—— day of this month, thirty years."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-eight."

"How did you lose your sight?"

"I was clearing, and the smoke of poisoned brush that I was burning got into my eyes; the crystal was destroyed, and my eyes wasted away. In about a month I was entirely blind, and have been so ever since. I was then in the prime of life—thirty-eight years old—I am now an old man. But I have kept my hearing. I've often thought what a terrible thing it would have been if I had lost that. But it has been spared to me. My understanding has been continued, too. The Lord has been very good to me. And before I lost my sight, I read the Bible a great deal, and now I *remember it*."

"Then the Word of God is a comfort to you?"

"Oh, sir, if it wasn't for that I would be the most miserable creature alive. The Bible is the stay and support of the aged Christian."

"The young Christian, I think, has no other?"

"Yes, sir. But a staff (lifted up and braudishing that which he held in his hand) is a thing that a young man can play with. But an old man (plauting it firmly on the ground again), an old man must lean upon it."

"Were you a Christian when you became blind?"

"No, sir! I was converted about four years afterwards."

"What was the means of your conversion?"

"Those words in the third chapter of Genesis, 'And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?' I had often read and heard those words before. But now the voice of God seemed to say to me, 'Guilty soul, where art thou? Where wilt thou be when I shall call thee to judgment?' That question left me no peace till I found it in Jesus."

"Then you hope, by and bye, to stand before the throne with those who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?"

"I do, sir; I know what a wretched and sinful creature I am; and if God had taken away my other senses, too, and sent me away to the world where there is no hope,

he would have been just. But I have a good hope that my sins are washed away through the blood of Jesus."

"Would you change places with the Emperor of France?"

The old man paused a little, as if not knowing how to make the answer stroug enough, but presently answered:

"I know I'm poor and blind, and full of disease besides. But I wouldn't give the hope that I have in Christ for all the riches and kingdoms in the world."

"Are you comfortable in your circumstances?"

"The church (to which he belonged) makes me a weekly allowance. That is my dependence for food, clothing, and fuel."

Old and blind, poor, and living in a state of dependence! yet contented, thankful, cheerful, feeling rich in the possession of Christ and the heavenly hope! I had "met a sermon," with its several "uses" of doctrine, exhortation, reproof, and comfort. I had met a sermon, not less impressive, coming as it did from the living, beaming face of a blind and suffering child of God, than if it had met me, as it did the good Leighton, in a coffin and corpse on the way to the grave. Such sermons we meet everywhere. In the country, "exempt from public haunt," as our old poet sings, one may

— "Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But the city, too, is eloquent of God. Its sights and sounds are sermons which only need the thoughtful and heaven-instructed mind to interpret into warning, rebuke, exhortation, thankfulness, and hope. How do its gorgeous mansions remind one of "the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," which "he who builded all things" has been "preparing from the foundation of the world" for all who love him. How impressively do its crowded streets and breathless multitudes proclaim the power of "the god of this world," the "madness" which "is in men's hearts while they live," the fearful and absorbing power of that passion for riches by which so many are "drowned in destruction and perdition!" What sermons do you meet every day in the streets. Those wrinkled faces, gray hairs, tottering limbs, and shaking hands, which scarcely allow you to recognize the brisk and energetic men whom you once knew as the leaders of business and finance — what stern preachers are all these? The very absence of many whom you were wont

to meet is a sermon. A rich, retired merchant, past seventy, once said to me "When I used to walk down town in the morning, I seemed to know almost everybody on the way. Now I go and hardly see a face that I know. *They're all gone.*" Was not this a sermon? I tried hard to make him apprehend and feel it to be such. But he wincled from the application, and sharply turned the conversation to another subject. *He too has since disappeared,* and his ample accumulations are in the possession of others. Verily, "the Lord's voice crieth unto the city." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

"Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven or sea
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice [rejoice.
Where the winds whisper and the waves

"Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,

Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmurs deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind [blind.
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human

"Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;

And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless
through—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee."

WISHES.

I wish I were the child of power—
Some mighty monarch's heir,
The star of every courtly bower,
And greeted everywhere;
Beauty and wealth and pomp my dower—
I wish I were the child of power.

Or might I win the meed of fame,
With the sweet gift of song,
My numbers thrilling every frame,
My praise on every tongue;
I could resign my rank and name
So I might be the child of fame.

Fond dreamer, know that cares may shade
The brow that wears a crown;
And fearfully are those betrayed
Who wait upon renown;
The gifted and the crowned must die,
And laughter melt from beauty's eye.

The honours and the pride of earth
Will fade before thine eyes;
There is one only wish of worth—
A birthright in the skies.
Then well content thyself to be
The child of Immortality.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Watlington.

THE STAR-PLANT AND THE CHILD-STAR.

THERE is an old legend that the star-plant (*Asterias*), with its modest blue-and-white flower, was so much a favourite of Apollo that in token of his affection for it, he plucked its only blossom, and set it in the firmament above. At first, the mother-plant was inconsolable; she had watched its development from the first appearance of the tiny bud upon the stalk, till it had opened in quiet beauty, a rare and precious flower; and to have it thus rudely plucked from her bosom, in the dawn of its loveliness, was too much. So she drooped her head toward the earth, and desired to sink beneath its clods; but after a time the Day-God wooed her with his glances, and partially beguiled her sorrow, till she again lifted her saddened face heavenward; and lo! as the shadows of evening advanced, and the stars began to come forth from their hiding-places, there came timidly among them, a new and little star, which seemed, at first, afraid to shine amid the glorious galaxy around it. But its ray though small, was clear and steady, and as the stare plant gazed upon this new-comer among the starry hosts, a voice from above whispered to her, "This is the blossom which was plucked from thy bosom, to join its kindred on high, where it shall shine for ever." And as the mother-plant gazed tearfully into the blue depths above, and saw her darling thus

shining among the heavenly hosts, she felt that it had been taken from her in love, and her heart was comforted.

But after a time, white fleecy clouds flocked the blue sky, and came between her and the child-star, so that she could no longer see its light; then her distress returned, and a new agony overwhelmed her spirit. "I am of the earth, earthly," she said, "and fair as was my blossom, it had too much of the earth-taint to dwell among the pure stars, and so it is cast down to earth, and perished. Ah me! ah me! why was it plucked from my bosom?" While thus she bemoaned herself, Apollo, who had listened to her plaint, drew nigh, in the guise of a zephyr, and thus rebuked the mother's unbelief: "Know," he said, "that thy blossom still shines above; for in transplanting it to the firmament, I purify it from all its earthly partialties, and it shall shine for ever, with still unceasing light, among the glittering hosts on high. Clouds may come between thee and it, as between thee and me, but far beyond and above the clouds it shines on for ever. And thou, too, if thou lookest cheerfully heavenward, shall one day join that starry host, when no cloud shall overshadow thee, or obscure from thy vision the child-star that thou lovest."

PIERRE.

A STRUGGLE AND VICTORY; OR, THE MINISTER AND THE HAMS.

Many years since there lived in Philadelphia a gentleman of talent and cultivation, who had acquired a penurious habit. It was so well known that after he had become a professor of religion it was regarded as a task both distasteful and useless to call upon him for any benevolent enterprise. On one occasion, however, a committee of two gentlemen made up their minds to put him to the test. The object on behalf of which they desired contributions was an eminently good one, and they were courteously received; but when their object was made known the gentleman's visage lengthened, and he was profuse in the expression of his good wishes, but he really could not contribute. Determined not to be easily felled the collectors set the object before him in all possible lights, and kindly said some things which might perchance

reach his conscience. He became evidently disturbed, a mental conflict was going on within, he started to his feet, went to his desk, and hurriedly took from it a large bank-bill, and, as he handed it over, he struck his breast smartly with his fist, exclaiming: "There, old man, I have got the better of you for once!" It was a struggle and a victory.

In the last number of *The Presbyterian Expositor* is an anecdote equally good, if not better. The correspondent says:—

I had the following narrative from a most reliable source, and, as near as may be, will give it in the language of the narrator:—

I knew a man who, till past the meridian of life, manifested in all his transactions a mean, miserly spirit. Money was his god. He was proverbially a "mean man." Between forty and fifty years of age he became

a subject of "sovereign grace." His eyes were opened to see with great distinctness the truth of that word, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." In a word, he was truly converted. At the period of which I speak he was a wealthy farmer on one of our rich prairies. He united with the people of God; he confessed and most deeply deplored the sin of covetousness. He promised, with Divine help, to "live no longer unto himself." He was sincere in his promise and his purpose. Little did the poor man know himself, the power of habit, of temptation, or the conflict before him between the "old" and the "new" man.

As was then the custom in the Methodist church in the country, and is to some extent at this day, the minister in charge was in the habit of receiving his dues in provisions, &c. Soon after "Old Covetous" united with the class, the preacher got out of meat; so he "harassed" up and rode over to brother C——'s house.

"Good morning, brother C——."

"Good morning; glad to see you; won't you 'light?"

"No, thank you. Wife says we are out of meat, and I thought——"

(Old man)—"Out of meat, are ye?" (New man)—"Well, I'm glad to hear it; it will do me good to supply you. Go to my smoke house yonder, and take the *best* ham you can find—mind and *take the biggest*."

On went the preacher, and soon returned, bearing a ham weighing 20lbs. He passed on to his wagon.

Now came the conflict.

(Old man in his heart; *solus*)—"You old

fool! that ham weighs 20lbs. Hams are scarce—worth one shilling per lb." (New man, *solus*)—"God loveth the *cheerful* giver." "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? O God, forgive me! 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Here, Mr., come back!—come back!"

"Now," said he, "go again to my smoke-house, and *this time get two hams*. Get the very best—mind you, get rousers."

Soon he returned bearing forty pounds more of the precious meat; then came over the poor man again the spirit of covetousness.

(Old man)—"Well, you *are* a fool! You will die in a poor-house yet! Forty, sixty pounds—worth eight dollars! Eight dollars gone slick!" (New man)—"Honour the Lord with thy substance. Give and it shall be given unto you." "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, though I fall I shall rise again." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." O! I *am* in the valley."

Poor man, he was, and like Bunyan's Christian, he sheathed his sword and cried to Him who was able and willing, "Lord, save me."

(New man)—"Here, Mr., come back! come back!" Now his manly form trembled! The water stood in his eyes, and then, like a little child, he wept and sobbed as he told his minister of the warfare within. "And now, Mr. Devil," said he, "if you don't *quit this business, I'll give away every ham in the smoke-house!*"

Then Apollyon spread his wings, and left him for a season.—*American Paper.*

LIVE IN LOVE.

Believers, live in love,
And by the fruits of grace,
Prove that the heavenly Dove
Within your hearts has place.

Remember ye are one
In Christ, the Prince of Peace;
Surely this thought alone
Should bid contention cease.

Although ye draw no swords,
Too oft, alas! ye fight
With angry, cruel words,
With looks of rage and spite.

Well may the atheist scoff,
Well may the worldly sneer,
When, casting meekness off,
Ye thus in arms appear.

When bitter feelings rise
Against a brother, pray
That Christ may make you wise
His precepts to obey.

Wellingborough

May angry thoughts remove
When his sweet words you view,
"I will that ye should love
As I have loved you."

Christians, if ye would fight,
Ye have a thousand foes,
That strive with hellish might
Your progress to oppose;

Take, then, the Spirit's sword,
And fight in Jesus' strength,
Ye shall have rich reward
And rest in heaven at length.

There all shall live in love,
In perfect peace and joy,
Sin shall no longer move
Nor Satan's darts annoy.

Soon all the ransomed throng
Shall meet their Lord above,
And sing the glorious song
Of God's redeeming love!

THEODORA.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

CREWKERNE, SOMERSET.—The Rev. W. Evans, has made known his intention to resign his pastoral connection with the church in that town in the course of a few weeks.

BOROUGHBRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.—The Rev. W. Wallis has notified his intention to retire from the pastorate of the Baptist church at Boroughbridge, and is open to supply any destitute church with a view to a settlement. His address is, Aldborough-road, Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.

STANWICK, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Rev. J. B. Walcot has been compelled, through bodily weakness, to resign his charge over the Baptist church in this place. On the 26th of September he preached his farewell sermon to an overflowing congregation. The following evening a public meeting was held, when an appropriate prayer for the future welfare of Mr. Walcot and his family was offered. Mr. Joseph Rye then delivered an interesting and impressive address, in which he referred to the facts that the pastor they were about to lose had been with them seventeen years; that he was their first and only pastor since the formation of the church; and that he had laboured among them with unblemished purity of life, with unflinching devotedness, and numerous success. Referring to himself he, with deep emotion, added, that he was one of the first-fruits of that ministry which they had been privileged to enjoy. He then, in the name of the church and congregation, presented a purse of gold, amounting to the sum of eleven guineas, which he begged Mr. Walcot to accept as a small but sincere expression of their Christian sympathy and love. Mr. Walcot having gratefully acknowledged this kindness, one or two other addresses were delivered, and the engagements of the evening brought to a close. A memorial signed by ministers and deacons of six churches in the district, expressing similar sentiments, has since been forwarded to Mr. Walcot. Though unable to endure the anxiety and labour of a stated pastorate, Mr. Walcot hopes he may have the opportunity afforded him of rendering occasional service to any church requiring a supply, and not expecting more than two sermons on the Lord's-day. His present address is Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard.

LLANWENATH.—The Rev. Richard Johns, formerly of Maesbyrillan, Breconshire, has resigned his engagements with the London Welsh Baptist Missionary Society, and accepted a unanimous call from the church of Llanwenath, to the co-pastorate with the venerable Francis Hiley, who has laboured successfully in connexion with this church upwards of fifty years.

LYMINGTON, HANTS.—The Rev. R. G. Moses, senior student in the Bristol College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the pastorate of the Baptist Church.

PRESENTATION SERVICE.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—On Wednesday evening, October 27th, the Rev. T. W. Modhurst delivered a lecture on "The Great Man," prior to which Caleb Higgs, Esq., presented the pastor with a handsome writing-desk, accompanied with an address from the members of the Bible class. The desk has the following inscription, on a silver plate: "Presented to the Rev. T. W. Modhurst by the members of the Bible Class, October 20th, 1853." "We thank our God on every remembrance of thee."

BOND-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.—A tea-meeting was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, at Bond-street Baptist Chapel in this town, the occasion being a presentation to the Rev. S. J. Chew, the pastor of that place. About 400 of the church and congregation took tea together; after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, the chair being taken by Robert Duke, Esq. An address which had been prepared was then read, and the presentation of "Bagster's Commentary Wholly Biblical" and a purse of money, made by Mr. Gilbert, the senior deacon. The address stated that the present was made in testimony of the high esteem in which the rev. gentleman is held by his church and congregation. Various other speeches were made, and the meeting, which was warm, animated, harmonious, and unanimous, was brought to a close about nine o'clock.

RE-OPENING OF CHAPELS.

DRATTON, PARSELWE CHAPEL.—The re-opening of this place of worship took place on Thursday, 11th inst. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. H. Hosken, of Fenny Stratford, Bucks; in the afternoon the friends partook of an excellent tea; in the evening the chapel was filled to its utmost capacity; though forms were placed in the aisle, many had to remain outside, which they did during the whole service. During the sermon many were in tears, and expressed the hope that the preacher would soon visit them again.

THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, HACKNEY, HAMPTON CHAPEL, SOUTH HACKNEY, was re-opened in June last, under the ministry of the Rev. Robert R. Finch. The Divine blessing has greatly succeeded the effort, to the gathering of large and increasing congregations. On Wednesday evening, the 27th October, a meeting was held, at which the Rev. Daniel Katterns, of Mare-street Chapel presided, for the purpose of forming the church. The Rev. Isaac V. Mumery, of Park Chapel, read the Scriptures and prayed. The Rev. D. Katterns gave a most felicitous address, expressing his pleasure in presiding at the formation of the Second Baptist Church in Hackney, and his earnest desire that fraternal intercourse should be maintained between the brethren there and the mother church. The Rev. Robert R. Finch gave an interesting statement

of the circumstances which led to the re-opening of the place, from which it appeared that the movement had received the most cordial sympathy of the pastor and friends of the church at Marc-street (of which Mr. Finch was formerly a member), a document was read expressing the terms upon which the church is formed, the principle recognised being that of mixed fellowship. The friends having expressed their adoption of the terms proposed as the basis of their union, Mr. Kattorns gave a few words of exhortation, and pronounced the church as formed in the name of the Holy Trinity, invoking the Divine blessing upon the union, in the words of the apostolic benediction. The church then proceeded to the election of the pastor by show of hands. Mr. Robert Finch expressed his deep sense of responsibility in accepting the office to which the church had elected him, and urged upon the friends the necessity of their sustaining him by their united prayers. The Rev. Samuel Davis, of Bow, offered special prayer on behalf of the newly-formed church and their pastor. The Lord's Supper was then administered, in which many friends from neighbouring churches united, and the solemnly interesting service was closed by the pastor offering prayer. The Rev. John Howard Hinton was present, but unable to take any part in the service, in consequence of indisposition.

NEW CHAPELS.

TEVERSHAM.—On Wednesday, Oct. 27, the first chapel ever seen in this dark village was opened for public worship. In the afternoon, Rev. J. Keed, of Cambridge, delivered a very appropriate sermon, with his characteristic earnestness, after which about 100 persons sat down to a very comfortable tea, the arrangements for which were all that could be desired. In the evening, the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, delivered a very instructive discourse on the Glorification of the Son of Man by Dyius, from John xii. 23, 24. The chapel is a very neat structure, quite an ornament to the village. The ground was kindly given by Mr. Walker, who resides here; the erection has cost £160, about £115 of which were paid, or promised, before the opening, and we hope the remainder will be cleared in a month, as several further sums are promised, on condition that the whole be raised in that time. This effort commenced about 18 years ago. Some Christians residing at Cambridge having heard and felt the power of Christ's commission, came forth, formed a Sunday-school, and addressed the parents in the evening. The school was very soon so violently opposed by the Episcopalians, that nearly all the children were bought away, and the school was given up. The brethren continued very steadily to preach the Gospel, receiving several tokens of the divine approval; and though some of their number have been called home, others are found to fill the ranks, and we now have a house of God in Teversham. The chapel will be supplied by the Cambridge Local Preacher's Association, consisting of Baptist, Independent, and Episcopalian Brethren.

NEWBURY.—**NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—The ceremony of laying the first stone of

this building took place on Tuesday, the 10th inst., by the Rev. S. Drew. After a sermon in the afternoon, at the Independent chapel (kindly granted for the occasion), by the Rev. W. Landels, of London, about 500 persons took tea in the new school-room; after which the meeting was addressed by Baptist, Independent, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Primitive Methodist ministers, who all heartily sympathised in the object of the meeting.

ST. ALBANS.—On Wednesday, October 20th, the Baptist Chapel, St. Albans, was reopened after considerable enlargement, alteration, and improvement. New vestries and spacious school-rooms have also been erected, involving altogether an outlay of more than £800. A sum exceeding £500 was raised before the work commenced. A new and excellent organ has been purchased at the cost of nearly £100. Appropriate and admirable sermons were on the occasion delivered by the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., of Camden-road Chapel, and the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of the Scotch Church, Regent-square, London. The attendance was large and the collection amounted to £40.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.—On the 9th ult., services were held to publicly recognise the Rev. J. Pells, as the pastor of the church worshipping in the above named place. The rev. gentleman has been labouring at Soho for some months past, with a view to the pastorate, and his ministrations being acceptable, the church unanimously requested him to become their pastor. Service commenced at three o'clock; the Rev. J. Hazleton engaged in prayer, and the Rev. S. Mūner delivered an address on the Nature of a Gospel Church. Soon after the service commenced the chapel was full, but in the evening it was crowded, even the pulpit; the only alternative for the officials to preserve order was, to close the gates, with a notice "quite full." Tea was provided, and every exertion made to supply all with the refreshing beverage, but so great a number was not expected. £13 was collected after tea, which will give some idea of the number present. In the evening the Rev. G. Wyard, the former pastor, occupied the chair; the Rev. J. A. Jones sought the Divine blessing. Mr. Pells was called upon to state his call by grace to the ministry, and also to the position he then occupied, which he did in a concise and interesting manner. The Rev. J. Wells then proceeded to address the newly-elected pastor, noticing him first in his religion; secondly, in his study; thirdly, in his movements among his people; fourthly, in the pulpit. Congratulatory addresses were subsequently delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Bloomfield, Dickerson, Atwood, Woolacott, and Field; there were not fewer than twenty-five ministers present.

BAPTISMS.

BACTON, Norfolk, Oct. 31.—Two by Mr. R. Moneymant, of Mundesley.
BIRMINGHAM, Cannon-street.—Six by Mr. Lord.

Birmingham Bond-street, Nov. 7—Thirteen by Mr. Chew.
 —New-hall-street, Aug. 20—Two by Mr. O'Neil.
 BLEWORTH, Northamptonshire, Oct. 31—Three by the pastor, Mr. Geo. G. Bailey.
 BOW, Sept. 26—Four by Mr. Balfour.
 BRIGHTON, Queen-square, Nov. 4—Eleven by Mr. J. Wilkins.
 CAMBRIDGE, Zion Chapel, July 29—(in the absence of the pastor through ill health) Six by Mr. Blinkhorn; and Sep. 30—Two by Mr. Plover.
 CAERLEON, Nov. 7—Two by Mr. J. B. Jackson.
 CARLTON, Beds, Oct. 24—Five by Mr. Silvertown.
 CUNDERFORD, Forest of Dean, Sept. 5—Ten; and Oct. 3, eleven.
 CHESTER, Hamilton-place, Nov. 14—Two by Mr. Paul Price.
 CHELTENHAM, Cambray Chapel, Oct. 21—Six by Mr. Smith; one of them had been a preacher among the Primitive Methodists for 20 years.
 CROOKHAM COMMON, Herts, Oct. 31—Three by Mr. G. Moss.
 EBBW VALE, Nebo, Oct. 24—After a discourse by the Rev. D. Edwards Beauford, Twenty-five by Mr. John Emlay Jones, M.A. It was computed that upwards of 3,000 spectators were present. There are several more inquirers.
 —Mount Pleasant, Nov. 7—Six by Mr. Lewis Jones, all out of the Sabbath-school.
 HATFORDWEST, Bethesda, Oct. 10—Three by Mr. Burditt.
 HORSFORTH, York, Aug. 1—Four; and Nov. 7, two by Mr. Catterall.
 ISLEHAM, Pound-lane Chapel, Oct. 13—Five young persons by Mr. Cantlow, in the River Lark.
 KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Nov. 3—Four by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst; one a scholar in the Sunday-school.
 LANDBEACH, Cambs, Sep. 5—Four by Mr. Wooster.
 LEDBURT, Sep. 27—Four; Father, mother, and daughter, and a young person who is an orphan, by Mr. Morgan.
 LONDON, Church street, Blackfriars, Oct. 31—Four by Mr. Barker. Two of the candidates were from the Independents.
 —Shouldham-street, Oct. 31—Three by Mr. W. A. Blake.
 MELBOURN, Cambs, Oct. 23—Seven by Mr. E. Easley.
 NORTHAMPTON, Grey Friars, Sep. 21—After a sermon by Mr. Lichfield of Kingsthorpe, Five by Mr. Dennett.
 NUNEATON, Oct. 10—Seven by Mr. Langridge.
 PENTWYN LLANGWM, Monmouthshire, Oct. 17—Three young persons by Mr. Johnson, of Baglad.
 READING, Kings-road, Sep. 26—After an address by Mr. Aldis, Nine by Mr. Drew of Newbury.
 RISELEY, Beds, Nov. 7—Four by Mr. W. Wilson. One of the candidates is in her 75th year, and comes nearly four miles to hear the word.
 RUSHDEN, Northamptonshire, Succoth Chapel, Oct. 31—Six by Mr. C. Drawbridge.

One of the number had been waiting more than 40 years for the moving of the waters.
 SNAILBEACH, Nov. 14—Seven by Mr. Evans. Several more are inquiring the way to Ziou.
 STEVENTON, Beds, Oct. 3—Two by Mr. Row.
 STREDBROKE, Suffolk, Oct. 31—Five by Mr. J. Webb.
 USK, Monmouthshire, Oct. 31—One by Mr. Evans.
 UXBRIDGE, Oct. 10—Four by Mr. G. Rouse Lowden.
 WOOLWICH, Queen-street, Aug. 23—Eight by Mr. Hawson.

DEATHS.

ABERGAVENTNY.—Mr. John Saunders, of Abergaventny, after a protracted season of severe bodily pain, borne with exemplary fortitude and resignation. This "old disciple," having trod a weary pilgrimage of upwards of fourscore years, peacefully bid a final adieu to the cares, sorrows, and turmoils of earth, and entered into the joy of his Lord, on the 26th day of June last. For more than fifty years he maintained a profession of Christ, distinguished by eminent prayer, usefulness, and happiness. His was emphatically the path of the just, which is as the "shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His youngest daughter attributes her father's illness and death as instrumental to her decision for Christ, and in proof of the sincerity of her love to Him who bought her with his blood, on the 7th of the present month submitted to that rite which so significantly represents our death to sin, and resurrection to newness of life.

BARKING, ESSEX. Oct. 15th, 1853, after a few days illness, Mr. S. P. Elvin, aged 56, deeply regretted by all who knew him. He was naturally of an amiable disposition, an active and consistent Christian, and many years a preacher of the Gospel, in which his mind was evidently engaged almost in his last moments. On the day previous to his decease, when under the influence of delirium (as he was sensible only at intervals), he announced as his text, that all important passage in John iii. 3—"Except a man be born again" &c., and after having preached from it about fifteen or twenty minutes, gave out a hymn, two lines at a time, waiting a sufficient interval between for the strain to be sung, and having thus gone through it, he called on some brother by name to engage in prayer, as he said he was almost exhausted; but it appeared he declined, as he concluded the service himself by prayer, and pronounced the Benediction; then said to his wife, "now, my dear, we had better return home!" after which he said but little. Thus we find in him "the ruling passion strong even in death." His doctrinal sentiments were decidedly Calvinistic, but he was entirely free from the bitterness of spirit which uncharitably is so often manifested even by some good men towards those who differ from them in opinion.

AN ANTIDOTE TO SATAN'S DEVICES.

BY THE REV. C. J. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made," Genesis iii. 1.

OF course we understand by this the old dragon, Satan. The Samaritan copy reads, instead of the word "serpent," "deceiver," or "liar." If this be not the genuine reading, it nevertheless certainly declares a truth. That old deceiver, who was "a liar from the beginning," who, "when he lieth, speaketh of his own, because he is the father of lies," was "more subtle than any beast of the field." God has been pleased to give to many beasts subtlety—to some subtlety and cunning combined with strength—in order that they may be the more destructive to certain classes of animals whose numbers require to be kept under. To others that are very much devoid of strength he has been pleased to give instincts of most marvellous wisdom, for self-preservation and the destruction of their prey, and for the procuring of their food; but all the wise instincts and all the subtlety of the beasts of the field are far excelled by the subtlety of Satan. In fact, to go further, man has, perhaps, far more cunning than any creature, although instinct seemeth sometimes as if it did outride reason; but Satan hath more of cunning within him than any other creature that the Lord hath made.

Satan has abundant craft, and is able to overcome us, for several reasons. Methinks it would be a sufficient reason that Satan should be cunning because he is *malicious*; for malice is of all things the most productive of cunning. When a man is determined on revenge, it is strange how cunning he is to find out some opportunities to vent his spite. Let a man have enmity against another, and let that enmity thoroughly possess his soul, and pour venom into his blood, and he will become exceedingly crafty in the means he uses to annoy his adversary. Now, nobody can be fuller of malice against man than Satan is, as he proveth every day; and that malice sharpeneth his inherent wisdom, so that he becometh exceedingly subtle. Besides, Satan is an *angel*, we doubt not from certain hints in Scripture that he occupied a very high place in the hierarchy of angels before he fell; and we know that those mighty beings are endowed with vast intellectual powers, far surpassing any power that has ever been given to beings of human mould. Therefore, we must not expect that a man should even be a match for an angel—an angel, especially, whose native intellect has been sharpened by a most spiteful malice against us.

Again: Satan may well be cunning now—I may say, more cunning than he was in the days of Adam—for he has had long dealings with the human race. This was his first occasion of dealing with mankind, when he tempted Eve; but he was then "more subtle than all the beasts of the field." Since then he has exercised all his thought and powers to annoy men. There is not a saint whom he has not beset, and not a sinner whom he has not misled. Together with his troops of evil spirits he hath been continually exercising a terrible control over the sons of men; he is therefore well skilled. Never anatomist so well understood the human body as Satan does the human soul. He has not been "tempted in all points," but he has tempted others in all points. He has tried manhood from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and explored every outwork of our nature, nay, even the most secret caverns of our souls. He has climbed into the citadel of the heart; he has lived there; he has searched its inmost recesses, and dived into its profoundest depths. I suppose there is nothing of human nature that Satan cannot unravel, and

though, doubtless. Satan is the biggest fool that ever hath existed, as time continually proveth, yet, beyond all doubt, he is the craftiest of fools, and I may add, that is no great paradox, for craft is always folly, and craftiness is but another shape of departure from wisdom.

And now, brethren, I shall for a few minutes occupy your time by noticing the craft of Satan, and the modes in which he attacks our souls; and secondly, I shall give you a few words of admonition with regard to the wisdom that we must exercise against him, and the only means that we can use effectually to prevent his subtlety from being our destruction.

I. Let us notice in the first place, the CRAFT AND SUBTLETY OF SATAN, as we have discovered it in our own experience.

And I may begin by observing, that Satan discovers his craft and subtlety by the *modes of his attack*. There is a man who is calm and quiet and at ease; Satan does not attack that man with unbelief or distrustfulness; he attacks him in a more vulnerable point than that; self-love, self-confidence, worldliness, these will be the weapons which Satan will use against him. There is another person who is noted for lowness of spirits and want of mental vigour; it is not probable that Satan will endeavour to puff him up with pride, but examining him, and discovering where his weak point is, he will tempt him to doubt his calling, and endeavour to lead him to despair. There is another man of strong robust bodily health, having all his mental power in full exercise, enjoying the promises and delighting in the ways of God; possibly Satan will not attack him with unbelief, because he feels that he has armour for that particular point, but he will attack him with pride, or with some temptation to lust. He will examine us, and if he find us to be like Achilles, vulnerable nowhere else but the heel, then he will shoot the arrow at the heel. Satan never yet attacked a man, I believe, in a place where he saw him to be strong; but he always looks well to the weak point, to the besetting sin. "There," says he, "there will I strike the blow;" and God help us in the hour of battle and in the time of conflict! We have need to say, "God help us!" for indeed, unless the Lord should help us, this crafty foe might soon find enough joints in our armour, and soon might he send the deadly arrow into our souls, so that we should fall down wounded before him. And yet I have noticed, strange enough, that Satan does tempt men with the very thing which you would suppose never would come upon them. What do you imagine was John Knox's last temptation upon his dying bed? Perhaps never a man more fully understood the great doctrine that "by grace ye are saved," than John Knox. He thundered it out, and if you had questioned him upon the subject, he would have declared it to you boldly and bravely, denying with all his might the Popish doctrine of human merit. But, will you believe it, that old enemy of souls attacked John Knox with self-righteousness when he lay a dying. He came to him and said, "How bravely you have served your Master, John! you have never quailed before the face of man; you have faced kings and princes, and yet you have never trembled; such a man as you are may walk into the kingdom of heaven on your own footing, and wear your own garment at the wedding of the Most High; and sbrarp and terrible was the struggle which John Knox had with that enemy of souls. And I thought within myself, that of all the beings in the world I was the most free from care. It had never exercised my thoughts a moment, I do think, to care for temporals; I had always had abundance, and I seemed to have been removed beyond the reach of care; and yet, strange to say, but a little while ago a most frightful temptation overtook me, casting me into worldliness of care and thought; and though I lay and groaned

and wrestled against the temptation, it was long before I could overcome the most distrustful thoughts with regard to God's providence, when, I must confess, there was not the slightest reason as I could see, why such thoughts should break in upon me. I do hate the devil worse and worse every day, and I have vowed, if it be possible, by preaching the Word of God, to seek to shake the very pillars of his kingdom; and I think all God's servants will feel every day that their enmity against the arch-enemy of souls increaseth by reason of the malevolent and strange attacks that he is continually making upon us.

The modes of Satan's attack, then, as you will easily learn, betray his subtlety. Ah! sons of men, while ye are putting your helmets on he is seeking to send the sword into your heart, and while you are looking well to your breastplate he is lifting up his battle-axe to split your skull; and while again ye are looking well to the helmet and to the breastplate, then he is seeking to trip your foot. He is always looking where you are not looking; he is always on the alert where you are slumbering. Take heed to yourselves, therefore; "be sober, be vigilant, put on the whole armour of God;" resist, ye steadfast in the faith, and God help you to prevail!

A second thing in which he betrays his cunning is, *the weapons which he will often use against us*. Sometimes Satan will attack the child of God with a ribald song, or a licentious speech he may have heard in the days of his carnal state; but far more frequently he will attack him with texts of Scripture. Strange it should be, that when he shoots his arrow against a Christian, he wings it with God's own word. That seemed to be, according to a poet of old, the very poignancy of grief, that the eagle, when the arrow was drinking up his heart's blood, saw that the feather that winged it had been plucked from his own bosom; and the Christian will often find it so. "Ah!" he will say, "here is a text that I love, taken from the book that I prize, and it is set with every force against me. A text out of God's own armoury is made to be a weapon of death against my soul." Have you not found it so, dear Christian friends? Have you not found that as Satan attacked Christ with an "It is written," so also he has attacked you? And have you not learned to be upon your guard against perversions of Sacred Scripture, and twistings of God's Word, lest they should lead you to destruction? At other times, Satan will use the weapon of our own experience. "Ah!" the devil will say, "on such and such a day you sinned; how can you be a child of God?" "Nay," he will say at another time, "you are self-righteous, therefore you cannot be an heir of heaven." Then, again, he will begin to rake up all the old stories that we have long forgotten of all our past unbeliefs, our past wanderings, and so forth, and throw these in our teeth. He will say, "what! you, YOU a Christian? What a pretty Christian you must be!" And then he will begin to tempt you after some such sort as this: "The other day you would not do such a thing in business: how much you lost by it! So and So is a Christian; he did it. Your neighbour, over the road, is not he a deacon of a church, and did not he do it? Why not you? You would get on a great deal better; So and So does it, and he gets on, and is just as much respected." And so he will attack you by weapons taken from your own experience, or from the church of which you are a member. Ah! be careful! Satan knows how to choose his weapons. He is not coming out against you, if ye be great giants, with a sling and with a stone; but he comes armed to the teeth to cut you down. If he knows that you are so armed that the edge of the sword shall be turned by your armour, then will he attack you with deadly poison; and if he knows that you cannot be destroyed by

that, seeing you have an antidote at hand, then will he seek to take you in a trap; and if you be wary, so that you cannot be overtaken thus, then will he send fiery troubles upon you, or a crushing avalanche of woe, so that he may subdue you. The weapons of his warfare, always evil and carnal, are mighty against such weak creatures as we.

Again, the craftiness of the devil is discovered in another thing—in the agents he employs. The devil does not do all his dirty work himself; he employs others to do it for him. Ah! when Samson had to be overcome, and his locks shorn away, Satan had a Delilah to tempt and lead him astray; he knew what was in Samson's heart, and where was his weakest place, and he tempted him by her whom he loved. An old divine says, "There's many a man that has had his head broken by his own rib;" and certainly that is true. Satan has sometimes set a man's own wife to cast him down into destruction. "If," says one, "it had been an enemy, then I could have borne it; but it was thou, a man mine equal, mine acquaintance." "Yes," says the devil, "you did not think I was going to set an enemy to speak evil of you. Why, that would not hurt you. I know how to choose my agents: I shall choose a man who was a friend, an acquaintance; he will come close to you, and then stab you under the folds of your garments. If a minister is to be annoyed, Satan will choose a deacon to annoy him. He knows that he will not care about any other member of the Church; so some deacon will lift up himself, and domineer over the man, so that he should have sleepless nights. If it be a deacon that Satan wants to annoy, he will seek to set some member or brother deacon against him, and if there is no other person that he cares for, it shall be his nearest and dearest friend; he is always ready to take in his hand the net into which the fish is most likely to go, and always ready to spread the snare which is the most likely to take the bird. I do not suspect, if you are a professor of long standing, you will be tempted by a drunken man; no, the devil will tempt you by a canting hypocrite. I do not imagine your enemy will come and attack and slander you; it will be your friend. Satan knows how to use all his agents. "Ah!" he says, "a wolf in sheep's clothing will be better for me than a wolf like a wolf; one in the Church will play my game better, and accomplish it more readily than one out of it." The choice of Satan's agents proves his cunning. It was a cunning thing that he should choose the serpent for the purpose of tempting Eve. Very likely Eve was fond of the serpent; she probably admired its glossy hue, and we are to believe it was a far more noble creature than it is now. Perhaps it then could erect itself upon its coils, and she was very likely pleased and delighted with it; it might have been the familiar creature with which she played—I doubt not it was—before the devil entered into it. You know how often the devil enters into each of us. I know he has entered into me many a time when he has wanted a sharp word to be said against somebody. Nobody can hurt that man or grieve that man so well," says the devil, "as Mr. Spurgeon, why, he loves him as his own soul. That's the man," says the devil, "he shall say it." Then I am led perhaps, to believe some wrong thing against some precious child of God, and afterwards to say it; and then I grieve to think that I should have been such a fool as to lend my heart and tongue to the devil. I can therefore warn each of you, and especially myself, and all those who have much love bestowed upon them, to take heed lest they become instruments of Satan in grieving the hearts of God's people, and casting down those who have trouble enough to cast them down, without having any from us.

And once again, Satan shows his cunning by the times in which he attacks

us. I thought, when I lay sick, that if I could but get out of bed again and be strong, I would give the devil a most terrible thrashing, for he set upon me when I was sick. Coward! why did not he try it before? But I find always, that if my spirits sink and I am in a low condition of heart, Satan chooses that time to attack me with unbelief. Let him come upon us when the promise is fresh in our memory, and when we have a time of sweet out-pouring of hearts in prayer before God! But no; he knows that then we should have strength, and, prevailing with God, would be able to prevail over the devil also. He will therefore come upon us when there is a cloud between ourselves and God; when the body is depressed and the spirits are weak, then will he tempt us, and try to lead us to distrust God. At another time he will tempt us to pride. Why does he not tempt us to pride when we are sick, and when we are depressed in spirit? "No," he says, "I cannot manage it then." He chooses the time when a man is well, when he is in full enjoyment of the promise, and enabled to serve his God with delight, and then he will tempt him to pride. It is the timing of his attacks, the right ordering of his assaults that makes Satan ten times more terrible an enemy than he would otherwise be. There is one thing about the powers of hell that always has amazed me. The Church of Christ is always quarrelling; but did you ever hear the devil and his confederates quarrel? There is a vast host of those fallen spirits, but how marvellously unanimous they all are! So that if at any particular moment the great black prince of hell wishes to concentrate all the masses of his army at one particular point, it is done with the tick of the clock, and the temptation comes with its fullest force, just when he sees it to be the most likely that he will prevail. Ah, if we had such unanimity as that in the Church of God, and if we moved at the finger of Christ; if all the Church could at this time, for instance, move in one great mass to the attack of a certain evil, now that the time has come for the attack upon it, how much more easily might we prevail. But, alas! Satan exceedeth us in subtlety, and the powers of hell far exceed us in unanimity. This, however, is a great point in Satan's subtlety, that he chooses always the times of his attacks so wisely.

And yet, once more, and I will have done with this point. Satan's subtlety in another thing is very clever—in his *withdrawings*. When I first joined the Christian Church I never could make out a saying I heard from an old man, that there was no temptation so bad as not being tempted, nor did I understand then what Rutherford meant, when he said he liked a roaring devil a great deal better than a sleeping devil. I do understand it now; and you of God's children who have been for some years in God's ways understand it also.

"More the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests rolling o'er my head."

There is such a state of heart as this: you want to feel, but you do not feel. If you could but doubt, you would think it a very great attainment; yea, and even if you could know the blackness of despair, you would rather feel that than be what you are. "There!" you say, "I have no doubts about my eternal condition; somehow I think I can say, though I could not exactly speak with assurance, for I fear it would be presumption, yet I do trust I can say that I am an heir of heaven. Yet that does not give me joy. I can go about God's work, I do feel that I love it, yet I cannot feel it is God's work; I seem to have got into a round of duty, till I go on, on, on, like a blind horse that goes because it must go. I read the promise, but I see no particular sweetness in it; in fact, it does not seem as if I wanted any promise. And even threatenings do not frighten me; there is no terror in them to

me; I hear God's Word; I am perhaps stirred by what a man says, but I do not feel impressed by his earnestness as I should be. I feel that I could not live without prayer, and yet there is no unction in my soul; I dare not sin; I trust my life is blameless; still, what I have to mourn over is a leaden heart, a want of susceptibility to spiritual delight or spiritual song, a dead calm in heart, like that imaginary calm of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* :—

'The very deep did rock; alas!
That ever this should be!
And shiny things did crawl with legs
Over the shiny sea.'

Now, do you know anything about your state of heart to-night? If so, that is the answer to that enigma, that not being tempted is worse than being tempted. Really there have been times in the experience of my own soul, when I would have been obliged to the devil if he had come and stirred me up; I should have felt that God had employed him against his wish, to do me lasting good, to wake me up to conflict. If the devil would but go into the enchanted ground, what a fine thing it would be! But, you will notice, John Bunyan never put him there. There was no business for him there. It was in the valley of humiliation that there was plenty of work cut out for Satan; but in the enchanted ground they were all slumbering, like men asleep on the top of the mast. They were drunken with wine, so that they could do nothing. There was no devil there. He knew he was not needed; he left them to sleep on. Madame Bubble and Drowsiness would do all his work. But it was into the valley of humiliation that he went. Brethren, if you are passing through the land that is enchanted with drowsiness, indifference, and slumber, you will understand the craftiness of the devil in sometimes keeping out of the way.

II. And now WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS ENEMY? You and I must enter the kingdom of heaven, for we feel that we cannot stand still. The City of Destruction is behind us, and Death is pursuing us; we must press towards heaven; but in the way there stands this "roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." What shall we do? He is armed with subtlety; how shall we overcome him? Shall we seek to be subtle as he is? Ah! that were an idle task; indeed, it were a sinful one. To seek to be crafty would be as wicked as it would be futile. What shall we do, then? Shall we attack him with wisdom? Alas! our wisdom is but folly. "Vain man would be wise;" but at his very best estate he is but "as a wild ass's colt." What, then, shall we do? The only way to repel subtlety is by true wisdom. Again, I repeat it, man hath none of that in himself. What then? Herein is true wisdom. If thou wouldest wrestle with Satan, make the Holy Scriptures thy daily resort. Out of this sacred magazine continually draw thine armour and thine ammunition. Resist him, steadfast in the faith; lay hold upon the glorious doctrines of God's Word; make them thy daily meat and thy drink. So shalt thou be strong to resist him, and thou shalt be joyful in discovering that he will flee from thee. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," and how shall a Christian guard himself against the enemy? "By taking heed thereto according to thy word." Let us fight Satan always with an "It is written;" for no weapon will ever tell upon the enemy but the weapon, Holy Scripture. Fight Satan with the wooden sword of reason, and he will be easily overcome; but use this Jerusalem blade of God's Word—he has been wounded many a time by the edge thereof, and he begins to fear the metal.

But, above all, if we would resist Satan, we must look not merely to revealed wisdom, but to Incarnate Wisdom. Oh! beloved, here must be the

chief place of resort for every tempted soul—to Him who is “made of God unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.” He must teach us, he must guide us; we must go close to him in communion. The sheep are never so safe from the wolf as when they are close to the shepherd. We shall never be so secure from the arrows of Satan as when we have our head lying on the Saviour’s bosom. Walk according to his example; live daily in his fellowship; trust thou always in his blood; and in this way shalt thou be more than a conqueror, even over the subtlety and craft of Satan himself. And this must be the joy of the Christian, that in the long run the craft of Satan shall all be disappointed, and all his designs be of none effect. Oh! are ye not looking forward, dearly beloved, to the day when all your temptations shall be over, and when you shall land in heaven? And will you not then look back upon this arch fiend with laughter? I do believe that the saints shall, when they think of the attacks of Satan, “rejoice with joy unspeakable,” and besides that, shall feel a contempt in their own souls for all the craft of hell when they see how it has been disappointed. What has the devil been doing these thousand years? Has he not been always the unwilling servant of God and of his church? He has always been seeking to destroy it; but when he has been trying to root it up, it has only been like a gardener digging with his spade, and loosening the earth to help the roots to spread themselves the more; and when he has been with his axe seeking to lop the Lord’s trees, and prune away their beauty, what has he been after all but a pruning knife in the hand of God, to take away the branches that do not bear fruit, and to purge those that do bear fruit? Once on a time, you know, the Gospel was like a little brook—just a little streamlet—and it was flowing along in a little narrow dell, just a few saints were gathered together at Jerusalem, and the devil thought to himself, now I’ll get a great stone and stop this brook from running; so he goes and gets this great stone, and he dashes it down into the middle of the brook, thinking, of course, he should stop it from running all of a sudden, and he scattered the drops all over the world, and each drop became the mother of a fresh fountain. You know what the stone was. It was persecution, and the saints were scattered by it; but then, “they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Gospel,” and so the church was multiplied. Satan, I tell thee to thy face, thou art the greatest fool that ere hath breathed, and I will prove it to thee in the day when thou and I shall stand as enemies—sworn enemies as we are this day—at the great bar of God. And so, Christian, say thou unto him, whenever he attacks thee; fear him not, but resist him, stedfast in the faith, and thou shalt prevail.

A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL TO THE UNCONVERTED READERS OF THE
“BAPTIST MESSENGER.”

BY REV. JOSEPH PALMER, MINISTER OF ROMNEY-STREET CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

Dear reader, art thou amongst the unconverted? Art thou a stranger to God and godliness? Bear with me, I pray, while I try to expostulate with thee for a moment or two, as one who feels deeply interested for thy soul’s welfare.

To be unconverted, is to be at enmity with God. “For the carnal mind is enmity against God.” And what an unnatural state is this, to be at enmity with your Maker and God! To hate his law, and to be habitually sinning against him, setting at nought both his friendly warnings and angry threatenings! And I fear you slight and neglect his Holy Word. The Bible is a book put aside; you feel no interest in it; the dust which has gathered upon its cover is a witness against you. You once, it may be, were used to read it; it was the gift of one now no

more; that dear friend begged of you to read it; you did so for a time, till it became tedious to you, your heart was elsewhere; and now you have not looked into it for a long time. Thus you have become hardened in sin and enmity against God.

And how is it with you in regard to prayer? Do you visit the throne of grace? Alas! I fear that some reader of this appeal is perchance no better than the beast which perisheth with regard to prayer; morning and evening register no bowings of the knee before the great God. Awful state! without even the form of godliness.

And with whom dost thou assemble thyself together? With the saints in the house of God? Oh, no; thou art seldom there. It disturbs even thy hardened conscience to hear the appeals of the preacher, and see the devotion of the godly. You call them a company of weak-minded persons, over-righteous, godly even to melancholy; but you know, if you were honest enough to confess it, you feel that they are right and you are wrong. Where shall we find you then on the Lord's-day? Perhaps in some of the public gardens; or in the boisterous carriage of an excursion train; or pent up in the close den of the alehouse, amid its disgusting pestilential fumes, rattling the dice, dealing the cards; burning with rage and malignity at the billiard table, or at some other of its unhallowed pursuits, drowning all reflection in deep and ruinous potations. Or may be we shall find you in the house of vice intoxicated with the dalliance of the enchantress. Oh, what Sabbaths!

But I forbear, dear reader. I would get thee to look calmly at these three points in thy character—if they are thine—which I have put down. How wilt thou manage about them at last? A man or woman who neglects God's Word—one who lives without prayer—one whose Sabbaths are openly desecrated. What a picture! These are facts—stubborn facts in the history of life—all truthfully noted in the "Book of Remembrance." And you are an intelligent responsible being, living here in a state of probation, with the ways of life and death placed before thee; and as far as thou knowest both are open to thy choice; yet, though thou art an accountable being, with reasoning faculties, intelligence and knowledge, and with God's commandments, threatenings, and promises ringing in thine ears, shall determinately make choice of the path of death, because it is furnished with lusts and pleasures agreeable to your carnal appetite; and so for a short-lived present gratification of thy sensual nature, thou wilt deliberately insult God, break his law, defy his power, and expose thy immortal soul to the burning displeasure of his retributive justice to all eternity!

Ponder, dear reader! ponder the paths of thy feet. May the Lord open your eyes ere it be too late. If you feel your state to be appalling, if your conscience be awakened, let me beseech you to repent of this your wretched state of sin and folly. Break off from all your sins and open departures from God, and cease henceforth to neglect God's Word, God's house, and his throne of grace. Ask the Lord to give you grace and his Holy Spirit. Ask him earnestly to give you a new heart according to the Saviour's axiom, "Ye must be born again." May the Lord thus help you to come as a penitent sinner to a rich and almighty Saviour. You shall not meet with a repulse. Jesus holds pardons for sin in his hand, which he gives to all who ask for them. Come, then, dear reader, come in this way and thou shalt find grace and salvation.

Reader! dost thou see and feel thyself to be the very chiefest of sinners? Come to Jesus! Oh, come with all your heinous guilt. "He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." Do hindrances present themselves? Pray. Prayer can remove mountains. Pray. Prayer will bring down from God all needful blessings. "Shall ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children? how much more will your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them who ask him?" Pray then! Prayer shall get for thee a new heart, strength against sin and temptation, holy frames of soul, spiritual affections and victory over the flesh, with its sinful, inordinate, and God-dishonouring lusts. Prayer is the way to begin to return to God.

The Son of God left his glory and spent his holy life of humiliation in opening up a path for the sinner's return to God. Therefore, he says of himself, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Draw near by faith, dear reader, and in Christ thou shalt find acceptance with God. Jesus reveals himself in his word as the Helper of the helpless, the Strength of the poor and needy, the Refuge for the destitute, and the Saviour of the lost and perishing. If thou findest it in thine heart to break off from thy sinful and destructive ways, and to come to God in Christ, come; there is nought to hinder thee—come, Come in prayer. Come and he will give thee repentance and faith, and every wonderful good. Come to Jesus with an empty heart, as Jacob's sons came to Joseph with their empty sacks, and he will fill thy soul with good things. To go as an empty-handed beggar is the only successful way of going to Jesus. He said, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

REPORT OF THE SPEECHES DELIVERED AT THE MEETING HELD AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL,

IN BEHALF OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.

ON Monday evening, the 13th of December, 1853, a crowded meeting was held in New Park Street Chapel, to hear a statement of the progress made, and to devise steps for recruiting the funds necessary for building the proposed Tabernacle.

Previous to the meeting, about 900 persons sat down to tea, provided gratuitously by the ladies connected with the church and congregation.

At half-past six o'clock, JAMES LOW, Esq., one of the deacons, was called upon to preside, and opened the proceedings by reading a hymn, which was heartily sung by the vast audience, which had then accumulated to such an extent as to fill aisles, school-room, and every available spot. Among others on the platform, there were the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon; Hugh Allen, M.A., of St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel; J. Leechman, M.A., of Hammer-smith; W. H. Ayles, B.A., of Kennington; W. P. Balfern; B. Davies, of Greenwich; J. Whittemore, of Eynsford; Messrs. Olneys, G. Moore, T. Cook, Carr, Blackshaw, Passmore.

The pastor having offered a short, yet most appropriate prayer,

Mr. THOMAS COOK, the Honourary Secretary, read the following statement of the Building Committee:—

"The Committee do not deem it necessary in this report to make any remarks respecting the absolute necessity for building the new Tabernacle, for it must be apparent to all that such an edifice is greatly needed; the simple fact that the church is hindered in its action for want of proper space, and that hundreds are, Sabbath after Sabbath, unable to attend the ministry of the Word of God, because they cannot obtain admission, is quite sufficient to stir all lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ into a burning desire to unite in this great work. We shall, therefore, for the encouragement of those who have long held this object dear to their hearts, state a few of the leading particulars since the commencement of the undertaking. The Committee was appointed in June, 1856, and their first efforts were directed to adopt measures for raising funds, and obtaining a site for the building, in both of which they have met with abundant success. Since the opening of the account in September, 1853, to the present date, a period of 27 months, the sum of £9,418 19s. 7d. has been received, or an average of £318 17s. per month. The Committee desire, at the same time, to record their deep sense of the important service rendered by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to this undertaking, as set forth in the financial statement; also to the ladies, who kindly contributed to the bazaar, by which means £1,028 2s. 1d. was added to the fund.

"Although the Committee rejoice in the success that has attended their efforts, they cannot but regret that so many who promised weekly subscriptions when the account was first opened, have failed to fulfil those engagements.

"The object, however, of paramount importance to the Committee was obtaining an eligible site for the building. This was, indeed, surrounded with innumerable difficulties, which seemed at times to be beyond the power of the Committee to overcome. At length, however, their labours were crowned with complete success, and they were rewarded for their long and tedious negotiation by obtaining the consent of the Fishmongers' Company to sell a portion of their land in Newington. In announcing this, the Committee cannot refrain from expressing their high appreciation of the important service rendered by W. Johnson, Esq., of St. Mary's Church, when it was stated that an Act of Parliament would be probably be required to localise the sale of the land, in the most generous manner offered to meet whatever expense might be incurred in so doing, to the extent of £400.

"The Committee feel that the completion of this great and important work, which is now brought to so satisfactory a state, must rest entirely with the Christian public; and it only remains for those who desire to see the kingdom of Christ extended in this our world of sin and iniquity, to co-operate with them, and the house shall be built; and long may the sure and certain sounds of salvation echo within its walls.

"BALANCE SHEET.

"RECEIPTS—To cash in hand previous to September 27th, 1856, £100 19s.; Weekly subscriptions, £622 17s. 2d.; Cash in boxes at doors, £52 1s. 10d.; Envelopes without names, £7 11s. 4d.; Monthly collectors' account, £530 18s. 6d.; Money boxes returned, £35 17s. 8d.; Profit of bazaars at Surrey Hall, £1,028 2s. 1d.; W. Joynton, Esq., £299 0s. 0d.; Various donations, £1,096 2s. 5d.; Collections after home services, £3,000 9s. 9d.; Collections after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, £1,483 6s. 5d.; Various donations, by ditto, £504 13s. 5d.; Mrs. Marlborough, by ditto, £200; Mrs. Ellen Richardson, by ditto, £100; Total, £9,418 19s. 7d.

"DISBURSEMENTS.—By Disbursements to February 27th, 1857, £91 18s. 11d.; Travelling expenses, £32 7s.; Tea for collectors' meetings, £9 13s. 3d.; Printing, advertising, &c., £40 16s. 11d.; Working expenditure, £119 10s.; Several bills, £36 12s. 8d.; Petty expenses, £6 9s.; Investment for purchase of land, £3,000; Investment to legalise the sale, £400; Balance in banker's hands, £3,400; Balance in treasurer's hands, £221 11s. 10d."

The CHAIRMAN said he should reserve what few observations he might have to make till a later period of the evening.

The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, in the name of himself and friends, welcomed all present, and expressed his intense gratification upon again meeting so many to assist in the erection of their new chapel.

The Rev. J. LEECHMAN, M.A., of Hammersmith, then delivered a short address on "The Desirability of Congregating in Large Numbers to hear the simple Gospel." They had no need to go far to be convinced of the truth of that statement. What numbers congregated in and around that building and the Surrey Music Hall, Sabbath after Sabbath; and what came they for but to hear the simple Gospel? He, Mr. Leechman, had heard his brother preach the simple Gospel, and he rejoiced that an evident blessing attended Mr. Spurgeon's labours wherever he preached. Now, if such multitudes assembled every Sabbath, so that hundreds had to go away disappointed, the next thing was to provide accommodation for those who came to hear. This they had commenced to do, and he prayed that they might be eminently successful, and very speedily get their Tabernacle reared.

The Rev. BENJAMIN DAVIES, of Greenwich, next addressed the meeting. The subject given him was "The Need of a Simple Gospel in these Times." His was a double text: for on the other side of the paper he read "The Obvious Necessity for the New Tabernacle." He believed in both these propositions. In fact, he should like to know when the times were that a "simple Gospel" was not required. It was of the greatest importance that they should make the Gospel known; and if they mystified it, it was at their peril. It was unnecessary for him to point to the numbers who congregated there and at the Surrey Music-hall every Sunday. They came because it was a simple Gospel preached to them. He could point to many places where this simple Gospel was not preached, and count the empty pews by scores. It was his privilege and duty, as far as God gave him strength, to preach this simple Gospel; and he had no sympathy with those who said, "God will do his own work," and then sat down at their ease. Were not they to have a share in the work? God required that they should do all they could—leaving the results with him. Had they done all they could for the new Tabernacle? (Hear, hear.) Many of them, no doubt, had done a great deal; but when they had done all that they could, might they not ask other Christians to help them in their doing? Earnestly he called upon the friends to renew their efforts, that there might remain no debt on the place, which would become a burden on the pastor's shoulders. He would not have the grave close over Mr. Spurgeon ere the chapel was paid for; so, for the sake of his successor, he asked them to set to work and obtain the money. As a "little one" he gave them this advice. But when he called himself "a little one," he did not wish them to think he was the gentleman who used that *nom de plume*; with whom he had no sympathy whatever. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN did not like the latter part of Mr. Davies' address at all—he meant with reference to the demise of Mr. Spurgeon. By the blessing of God, they hoped he would be spared to them for many years to come, and that the Tabernacle would be paid for when they entered upon it. One plan of raising the necessary funds had just struck him. The Church members now numbered about 1,250; now, if 1,000 of these would undertake to get or give £10 each, that would realize £10,000, and the difficulty would be got over. Numbers of them had done very much for the cause, and they could not expect them to give much out of their own pockets; but they might gather from others. For such they had very pretty boxes, which might be placed on their tables, where their friends might see them, and with which Mr. Cook would be very happy to supply them. (Cheers.)

The Rev. W. H. ATLEN, B.A., of Kennington, then spoke on "The Excellence of Chapel Building." He rejoiced to hear that the proposed Tabernacle was to be built upon freehold ground. He congratulated Mr. Spurgeon on his apparent recovery to health, and prayed that he might live long to enjoy the continued smiles and blessings of his Divine Master, and that very soon the Tabernacle would be reared. In viewing some objections which had

been made as to building a large Tabernacle, Mr. Ayles noticed that some said, "Perhaps Mr. Spurgeon may die, and what then will be the use of the large Tabernacle?" His reply was, that the same God who sent Mr. Spurgeon would send his successor. (Cheers.) In conclusion, he urged the congregation to renewed efforts, by the recital of several interesting and appropriate anecdotes.

The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON then advanced to the front of the platform, amid the loud and oft-repeated cheers of the assembly, and spoke somewhat as follows:—My very dear friends, I do not feel in speaking order to night, because I feel to have something in my heart so big, that I am not able to get it out, and I do not think I can add anything to what has already been said. I cannot, however, resist the temptation of saying a few words on a topic which you may think far remote from the object of the meeting. The times in which we live are most wonderful; and I wish that this church should be in the future what it has been in the past—the advance guard of the times. I cannot help observing that during the last four or five years a wonderful change has come over the Christian mind. The Church of England has been awakened. How has this been accomplished, and what means have been used? Great services have been held. I cannot help remembering that God honoured us to let us stand in the front of this great movement. From our example, the blessed fire has run along the ground and kindled a blaze, which shall not soon be extinguished. When I first heard that clergymen were to preach in Exeter Hall, my soul leaped within me, and I was ready to exclaim, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." When I heard that Westminster Abbey was opened for the preaching of the Gospel, and then St. Paul's Cathedral, I was overwhelmed with gratitude; and prayed that only "the truth as it is in Jesus might be preached in these places;" that the ministers might travail in birth for souls; that "Christ might be found in them the hope of glory." I never felt such a union to the Church of England as I now do. The fact is, that when a youth in the country I was accustomed to associate with the name of clergyman, that of fox-hunting, and such like; I abhorred them, for I thought they were all like that. Now I see them anxious to win souls to Christ, and I love them—I can't help loving them; and as long as they go on to feel the value of souls, I shall continue to pray for them. Now seeing that the Lord has thus honoured us, we must lead on; our movements are observed, and we must not take one step backwards. We must progress with our movements. I don't like to hear anything said in our disparagement; we must still lead the van. What if God should spread the late revival, and let the New Park Street Church still go on as the advanced guard? Now, as to the Tabernacle. I am quite certain that it will be built, and that I shall preach in it; and I have no doubt that the money will be forthcoming—that is no burden to me. Some of you have done a very great deal, but you ought to have done a very great deal more. There are others, who, if measured by "oughts," ought not to have done so much, while others have spared themselves and kept their unshod mammon. Yet we have not done badly after all, for after purchasing the site they had a balance in hand of £3,600. I hope that you will all agree that the spot is a most eligible one; though some recommended Keensington, others Holloway, and others Clapham. (Laughter). Having got the ground, the next thing we did was to advertise for plans, and the following is the circular issued to architects:—

"The Committee for building the New Tabernacle for the congregation of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, give notice that they are prepared to receive Designs or Models from Architects or others, for the erection of a building on land situate near the 'Elephant and Castle,' Newington, for which they offer the following premiums: £50 for the best design, £30 for the second, and £20 for the third. The following are the conditions:—The drawings to show a plan of each floor and gallery—longitudinal and transverse sections—and elevations; drawn to a scale of eight feet to one inch, and tinted in light brown Indian ink. One perspective view, tinted in like manner, may accompany each design; but bird's-eye perspective views, and drawings in frames (other than straining frames) and glasses, will not be received. The building to contain on basement floor (which is to be five feet below the level of footway) school-rooms, twelve feet high, for boys and girls, and lecture-hall to seat 500 persons. The chapel above to seat 3,000 persons, and standing-room for not less than 1,000, and with not more than two tiers of galleries. Each sitting to be not less than two feet six inches by one foot seven inches. Gothic designs will not be accepted by the Committee. The plan of the Surrey Music Hall has proved to be acoustically good, and will be decidedly preferred. Provision to be made for baptistry, six vestries, water-closets, urinals, &c. The total cost, including architect's commission, warming, ventilation, lighting, boundary walls, fences, paths, fittings, and every expense, to be about £16,000. A general specification of materials, scantlings, timbers, &c., proposed to be used, must accompany each design, together with two separate estimates of the cost of the building in carcass, and also completed fit for occupation. If the architect, to whom a premium may be awarded, shall be employed to superintend the execution of the work, he will not be entitled to receive such premium. Each architect to state the commission he will require on outlay—such commission to include all expenses for measuring, superintendence, &c. The designs in respect of which premiums may be given, are thereupon to become the property of the Committee. The designs to be addressed to the 'Building Committee, New Park Street Chapel, Southwark,' and delivered, carriage free, on or before the 31st day of January, 1859. Each design to be inscribed with a motto, and an envelope with the same motto on the outside, containing the name and address of the competitor, to be also sent to the Committee. The envelopes will not be opened until the premiums are awarded. The Committee will not be answerable for any damage or accident that may happen to drawings or models. The architects competing will be requested to undertake the task of acting as Judges, and to award the first and third

premiums. For this purpose the Committee will require the name and address of each competitor to be forwarded to them per post, on the 1st day of February. The second premium to be awarded by the Committee. No architect will be allowed to select his own design."

In reply to the advertisements more than 250 architects have applied for this circular, all of whom appear desirous to build the place; so that I anticipate we shall have a very pretty Tabernacle picture-gallery bye-and-bye. Brother Davies was talking about my death; I can only say I never felt better in health than now; and if anybody is waiting for my shoes, I think they will have to wait a long while, for I believe "I shall not die, but live to declare the works of the Lord." We have refused to receive any Gothic designs. I thoroughly detest the Gothic style; I can never preach so well in a Gothic building; I believe it was invented by the devil that men should not hear. I have many here to-night who attend the Music Hall; they cannot get in here on a Sabbath evening, and so they are obliged to be content with half a loaf. For their sake it is I want to see the chapel built, for I cannot bear the thought that so many should come here Sabbath after Sabbath, unable to get inside the doors. Now as to money: we say the building is to cost about £16,000; depend upon it that will be £20,000. Says one, "How are we to get it?" Pray for it. I looked at the large sum: but I said, It may as well be twenty thousand as ten; for we shall get one as well as the other. We sometimes forget that

"God feeds the strength of every saint."

Brethren, we must pray that God will be pleased to give us the money, and we shall surely have it. If we had possessed more faith, we should have had it before now; and when this one is built, we shall find money enough to build a dozen. Look at what Mr. Müller, of Bristol, has done by faith and prayer. When this land was threatened with famine, people said, "What will you do now, Mr. Müller?" "Pray to God," was the good man's answer. He did pray, and the result was, that he had an overwhelming increase. Do some of you ask, "What is required of me to-night?" Let me remind you that all you possess is not your own; it is your Master's; you are only stewards, and must give hereafter an account of your stewardship. Mr. Spurgeon concluded by announcing his intention to place £100 on the foundation stone.

The Rev. HUGH ALLEN, M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, addressing the meeting, said: I am glad to have the opportunity of speaking in Mr. Spurgeon's chapel. When I received the invitation of Mr. Blackshaw, I determined, though I had several engagements, to be here some portion of the evening. I feel a deep interest in the success of this movement. I should consider myself unworthy of the name I bear—a very Judas, if I did not blend my sympathies with your own. I believe it to be the duty of every faithful minister to bid his brother God speed, whether he preach in the magnificent choir of the cathedral, or the most humble building. If we preach the simple Gospel of Jesus we cannot be too confident of success, for he has said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel, and lo, I am with you always." Since I came to London eleven years ago, the Lord has honoured me as the instrument of turning many souls from the error of their way; but I have always made it a point not to trap them into the Church of England, of which I am a minister, but have told them plainly, "All I want is to be your spiritual father; go and join any church you like." I speak it not boastingly, but I believe that many hundreds have been led to pray for pardon through my ministry. Let me not be misunderstood, I am but the instrument. Like John I say, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I am as a signpost pointing, not to sacrificial altars, or party names, but to the Lamb of God. And I disclaim anything like honour in this matter: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." We have abundant testimony too, that God has put exceeding honour on the work of your minister. I am no bigot, in any sense of the word. I fully sympathise with you in this movement. I have no doubt but the chapel will be built, but do not allow a debt to be upon it. I would appeal to this vast congregation and say, Have you made anything like an effort to remove this difficulty? I THINK IF AN APPEAL WERE MADE TO THE BAPTIST CHURCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY TO SET ASIDE ONE DAY FOR A COLLECTION IN AID OF THIS OBJECT, NO POSSIBLE OBJECTION COULD BE RAISED. Let there be a "Spurgeon letter" written to this effect, and I venture to say you will have a hearty response. Mr. Allen was repeatedly cheered during the delivery of his address, and when he sat down it was some time before silence could be obtained.

Mr. SPURGEON thanked Mr. Allen for his kind address, and, as he had got on so well on the platform, he should like to see him in the pulpit. He would not be the first Church of England minister who had preached there. He hoped some day to preach in a church. He would do so the first opportunity that presented itself.

Mr. G. MOORE, on the part of the Church, thanked the friends for their kindness, and called on as many as could to attend their morning prayer-meeting, held every morning, in the chapel, from seven to eight o'clock.

The proceedings closed with prayer, offered by the Rev. W. P. BALFERN.

The sums collected and promised during the evening amounted to nearly £1,000.