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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1873.

LONDON:

F. DAVIS (LATE J. PAUL), 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,
PATERNOSTER BOW.

TO OUR READERS.

By the guidance of our Heavenly Father we are brought to the last month of the year 1873. We review the past with thankfulness that we have been spared thus far. We have reason to know that our Magazine continues to be appreciated by our readers. Will our friends kindly say a word for us at the beginning of the year to those who are not already subscribers?

WILLIAM ALEX. BLAKE,
Editor.

THE BUTTS,
BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX,
Dec. 1st, 1873.

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THE BAPTIST MESSENGER.

PERILOUS PROCRASTINATION.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“He lingered.”—GENESIS xix. 16.

Lot was highly favoured. In the midst of a general destruction angels were sent to take care of him. He had received a warning which many had not heard, and he had felt the terror that warning should excite, while some who had heard the tidings little heeded their imminent moment. Lot stood in the condition of one who knew that he must leave the city, for it was about to be destroyed, who intended to leave it, who was just about to take his departure, but who, nevertheless, hesitated a little, halted a while, avoided hurry, protracted his stay with some attachment to the place where he had dwelt, and so, in the face of danger, he delayed, being slow to move when fully aware that judgment was swift to overtake. “He lingered.” I believe Lot to be in this respect the exact counterpart of a great many hearers of the Gospel. They understand at least its threatenings; they know something about the way of escape; they have resolved to follow that way; and they intend to do so very soon. Yet for a long time they have halted on the verge of decision, almost persuaded to be Christians. Strong as their resolution to become followers of the Saviour seems to be, unhappily they stop short, they linger still in their old condition, halting between two opinions. To such persons I propose to address a few words of exhortation this evening. First of all, to expostulate with you personally upon personal matters; then to speak to you about others, for I have the full conviction that the man who lingers puts others in danger as well as himself, just as Lot’s lingering was hazardous to his daughters and to his wife; and lastly, to commend the means which I trust God will use to-night, similar to those which He used with Lot, that some angelic hand or some providential force may lay hold upon the lingerer, that he may be brought out from the City of Destruction and made to flee for help to Christ the Lord.

I. I must begin by speaking to the person who is lingering himself. I should like to be looked upon, just now, less as a preacher than as a friend who is talking to the lingering one, the one almost decided—talking to him in the most familiar tones, but at the same time with the most earnest purpose. There are certain thoughts which have been and are still fermenting in my soul. I have heard that a conclave was held in pandemonium. In the lower regions Satan had called together all the devils who showed him allegiance, and he said to them, “I want one of you to go

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forth as a lying spirit from this place to deceive many. The Gospel is being faithfully preached, and men are being won to Christ, my rival. Spirits of the infernal pit, I desire your help that this Gospel may not spread further. I pause while each one of you, my liege servants, shall tell me of the devices you will use to prevent men from fleeing to Christ. His device that shall seem wisest to my subtlety, shall be most fully employed among the sons of men." Then outspoke one and said, "O prince of the infernal pit, I will go forth and tell men that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." But the arch-fiend said, "It is in vain. The Gospel has already gone so far with the men of whom I am thinking now, that this would not avail. They know there is a God—they are sure of it. The testimony which has been borne in the world has brought so much light into it, that they cannot close their eyes so much as that, and thy device, though admirable, will not succeed." Then up rose another, and he said, "I shall insinuate doubts as to the authenticity of Scripture; I shall belie the teachings of the doctrines of the Word of God, and so shall I keep them from Christ." But again the leader of that conclave objected that this would scarcely suffice, for the multitude had so heard the Gospel, and those whose conversion he was most anxious to prevent were so conversant with its historical facts, that they could not seriously question them; neither could they live in systematic doubt who had been schooled in positive belief. There were many devices; but I will tell you which most of all struck Satan, which he determined to use most among the sons of men. It was this: One foul spirit said, "I will not insinuate doubts about the existence of God or the truth of Scripture. I know it would not avail. But this thing I will do,—I will tell men these things *are* true and important, but that there is no hurry about them, there is time enough and to spare—that they may wait a little, till there is a more convenient season, and then shall they attend to them." Now the subtlety of Satan was pleased with this, and he said, "Servant, go thy way. Thou hast invented the net in which the fowler shall take more birds than in any other. Good speed to thine enterprise. This deadly poison will destroy innumerable souls." Feeling this to be the case, it is my earnest endeavour to-night to try and tear that net to pieces, and to expose this poison, that none may be entangled unawares and perish unwarned.

Coming back, then, to the purpose with which I started, earnestly and personally to speak to the lingerer, I should like to ask you, my beloved friend, if this matter about which you are still hesitating is not of vital importance to you? It concerns your soul, yourself, your true self; it deals with your destiny, your impending, your eternal destiny. You are immortal; you acknowledge a deathless principle within you; and you are conscious that you shall live for ever in happiness or woe. Do you think you ought to put off all preparation for the future that awaits you? If I knew that someone was about to defraud you of your estate, and that unless you were diligent about it you would lose all your property, I think I should say to you, "Bestir yourself." If I knew that some deadly disease had begun to prey on your constitution, and that if neglected it would soon gain an ascendancy with which 'twere hard to grapple, I think I should say, "Go to the physician. Do not delay; for bodily health is very precious." But, dear friend, if your estate is precious, much more your soul; and if the health of this poor clay ought to be looked to, much more the welfare of

your soul—the welfare of your soul for ever. Do you not think if anything should be postponed it should be something of less importance? Was not Christ right when He said, “Seek, *first*, the kingdom of God and His righteousness?” Does not your reason agree that He was right in putting that first? I shall not need to argue with you. I speak as to a wise man. Is it not so? Suppose you look to getting on in the world *first*, you may die and be lost before you have got on! Suppose the taking of a degree at the university should be your first concern—that would be a poor recompense. The honours of learning could not mitigate the terrors of judgment. Do you not feel now (if you will let your better nature speak) that the very first thing a man should see to should be this,—to be reconciled to God and have all right with Him for eternity? I will then ask you another question—is there anything so very pleasant in a state of enmity to God, that you should wish to remain in it? Why should Lot want to linger in Sodom? He had often been vexed there. The very night before he had had his house beset with rioters. Why should he want to linger? Have you found any great comfort in being undecided? Is there anything very fascinating in remaining a halter between two opinions? Dear friend, if your condition is at all like what mine was before I believed in Jesus, I know you would be glad enough to get out of it. Oh, how earnest I was sometimes in seeking Christ! Oh, how wretched I was at other times that I could not find Him! Then, again, I was stupidly senseless about Divine things, and my self-upbraidings would not let me be at peace. It was a most unhappy condition to be in—to have light enough to know that you are in the dark and no more, to have just enough grace to feel that you have not the grace that can save you, to be enough awakened to feel that if you remain as you are you must perish for ever. I do not see anything in this hesitating condition that should allure you to keep in it any longer than you can help. Beloved friends, have you ever seriously weighed, if not I will ask you to do so, the solemnity of the destruction which must come upon you if you are not decidedly a believer in Christ, and, on the other hand, the unspeakable glory and bliss which will belong to you if you are led to trust in Jesus and are saved? I can scarcely give you the details of a little incident in Russian history which might illustrate the emergency. The Czar had died suddenly, and in the dead of night one of the councillors of the empire came to the Princess Elizabeth and said to her, “You must come at once and take possession of the crown.” She hesitated, for there were difficulties in the way, and she did not desire the position; but he said, “Now sit down, Princess, for a minute.” Then he drew her two pictures. One was the picture of herself and the Count thrown into prison, racked with tortures, and presently both brought out to die beneath the axe. “That,” he said, “you can have if you like.” The other picture was of herself with the imperial crown of all the Russias on her brow, and all the princes bowing before her, and all the nation doing her homage. “That,” said he, “is the other side of the question. But, to-night, your Majesty must choose which it shall be.” With the two pictures vividly depicted before her mind’s eye she did not hesitate long, but cast in her choice for the crown. Now I would fain paint to you two such pictures, only I lack the skill. You will either sink for ever down in deeper and yet deeper woe, filled with remorse because you brought it all upon yourself, or else, if you decide for Christ and rest in Him, you shall enter the bliss of those who for

ever and for ever without admixture of grief enjoy felicity before the throne of God. To my mind there ought to be no halting as to the choice. It should be made. I pray God's Holy Spirit to help you to make it to-night. On this winged hour eternity is hung. The choice of this night may be the cooling of the wax which now is soft. Once cooled, it will bear the impress throughout eternity. God grant it may be a resolve for Christ, for His cause, for His cross, for His crown.

I would like still, dear friend, to hold you by the button which I laid hold of just now, and to say to you, What is it that has kept you waiting so long? Did not I meet you some years ago in the street and you said to me, "Sir, I have been a hearer of yours for many years;" and I said, "Oh, yes, and when did you join the Church?" and you said, "Ah, I have never done that;" and I said, "Why not?" and you were honest enough to say, "Because I am afraid I should be very much out of place there; for I am not a believer in Christ?" Do you recollect how I squeezed your hand and said, "Ah, I hope it will not be long before you give your heart to the Lord," and you said, "Well, I hope not too?" It is a good long while now; and you have been getting grey since then. I dare say, if I saw you to-night and put the same question to you, you would make the same reply; and in ten years' time, if you and I live, we shall be still relatively in the same position. I still pleading, and you still saying, "Yes, yes, yes, it is very right." Nay, nay, I answer, it is very wrong; that consenting without complying; not doing what the Gospel bids you do, yielding and resisting as it were by turns; repenting and then forgetting. Forgetting! ay, forgetting, and forgetting, till these delays will cast you into irrevocable ruin. What is it you are waiting for, my friend? Is there some sin you cannot give up? What sin is worth being damned for? If there be one, keep on with it. I defy you to defend your negligence. Put it to this test,—if there be any supposable delight that is worth the endurance of eternal wrath, pursue that delight, however sensual it may be, with avidity, but if there be not, do not play the fool or act the madman. Do I hear you plead ignorance? I would make some excuse for you, if I thought the plea was just and true, but suppose for a minute that it is so. Then, dear friend, ought not you to begin to search the Scriptures now? Should not you be making intensely earnest inquiries that you might know the certainty of these things? For the soul to be without knowledge is not good, but if you are perishing for lack of knowledge there certainly is no reason why you should. Many of us would only be too delighted, if we might tell you still more fully what is the way of salvation. Well, but it is inconvenient just now. Are you promising yourself a more favourable opportunity? Let me ask you, Do you imagine you will be any better off to-morrow than you are to-day? Do you think in ten years' time you will be more likely to lay hold on Christ than you are now? I do not think you will. Have you ever seen sponges that have been turned into flints? Well, that is a slow process, it takes a long time. The like process, however, is gradually happening to you; every year you are getting more flinty. The drip, drip, of this world's care and sin is petrifying you. You are getting stony. It strikes me the best time to repent in is this moment; and the very best season in which to fly to Jesus is now. Ere yet the clock has ticked again your heart will have grown more callous. It certainly does not soften. When will there be any influence more potent

than there is now to help you? The Spirit of God is ready now. Do you want more than His power? The blood of Christ is a full atonement for sin. Do you want anything more than that for your salvation? Do you expect Christ to come down again on earth to save you? Do you want any promise fuller than that which the Bible has in it now, or any invitation more gracious than that which the Gospel gives to you now? "To-day is the accepted time: to-day is the day of salvation." I pray you, my lingering friend, linger no longer. Oh, how I wish I could put my hand in thine and lead thee to the Saviour; but I cannot. I will, however, pray Him to lead thee this very night. "I will think of it," say you. No, that is the very thing I do not want you to do. I want you to believe in Jesus now, and not talk about thinking of it to-morrow. In your seat, if you will rest in Jesus, and trust your soul in His hands, you are saved this very moment. It is an instantaneous work.

"The moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives
Salvation in full through His blood."

Oh, that thou would'st exercise that simple faith now, and not talk about thinking of it to-morrow; for to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow, alas, to-morrow never comes! It is in no calendar except the almanack of fools. Each day to the wise man is to-day as it comes. The fool wastes to-day, and so wastes all his life. O lingerer, I beseech thee think now of the long time thou hast lingered. It may well suffice thee: it has surely been long enough, and I would say to thee, in the words of one of old, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and quote the saying of yet another, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and may God, the Holy Ghost, guide the choice, and He shall have the praise.

II. Now, I want to speak a little upon another topic. Let me remind the lingerer that while he lingers he endangers the souls of other people. When Lot went to his sons-in-law, and told them that the city was to be destroyed, "he was to them as one that mocked." How would they say to him, "Go to, old dotard! dost thou think we believe thee? The sky is clear and blue, and the sun has risen: dost thou think we believe thy nonsense about fire and brimstone coming out of heaven? We don't believe thee." When Lot lingered—he was defeating his own purpose, and doing the worst imaginable thing, if he wanted to convince his sons-in-law that he spoke the truth; for while he lingered, they would say, "The old fool does not believe it himself, for if he did believe it, he would pack up and haste away: nay, he would take his daughters by the hand and lead them out of the city at once." A little hesitancy in the conduct of a man who said that he believed a dreadful judgment was imminent, would be sufficient to give them umbrage—quite reason enough to make them say, "He does not believe himself what he tells us." Have not some of you spoken seriously to others about the value of their souls, though you are not saved yourselves. Did you try the other day to rebuke a swearer? I am glad you did. You are a member of a Temperance Association, and you do what you can to stay drunkenness. I am glad you do. You will not allow sin to pass unrebuked in your presence. But, hark ye, man, with what face dost thou reprove others whilst thou art not decided thyself? Where

is thy consistency? Should they turn round on thee and say, "If there is anything reliable in the grace of God, why are you not reconciled to Him? If there is anything desirable in religion, why do you not walk according to its precepts? If Christ be a Saviour, why do you not yield to him and obey His ordinances?" I know not what answer you could give. I cannot imagine any response but a blush that should betoken your shame and confusion of face.

The mischief that Lot did to his daughters-in-law was yet more aggravated, for all the while he was hesitating they were sure to hesitate too. He was keeping them waiting. They were in jeopardy as well as himself. How many comrades, young man, you might have instructed in the faith before now had you been yourself decided. It is a happy circumstance when a young married couple become converted to God before their little ones are able to imitate a bad example. I thank God for a father whom I know and honour; that of his children there is only one that can recollect the time when the evening was spent in playing cards, and that one recollects the night when they were all thrown into the fire and burnt. Only one of his children recollects when the Sabbath-day was wont to be spent in quiet walks and pleasant recreations; but not in public worship or private devotion. He recollects the rearing of the family altar, when prayer was made a household institute. He can well remember the earnest entreaties made that the father's sin might not be visited upon the children. Oh, happy circumstance! Had the parents been converted later in life, the ill example might never have been wiped out. The converted father might have found that the children did not emulate the good example of his regenerate state; but had rather imitate him in the negligence and sinfulness of his natural unrenewed life. When you, who are parents, habitually demur and hesitate, do you not think that other members of your family will hesitate too. I have noticed it frequently, where there is a man or a woman knowing the truth in a measure, but not decided. It almost always happens that when the husband or the wife is in the same condition, the moment the father gets savingly converted the wife comes and avows her faith. Not unfrequently the children follow suit. It only wanted somehow, in God's providence, the decision of the head of the household. This has led the others to decision. It becomes, therefore, a very mournful reflection that there should be men and women lingering upon the brink of the grave who are helping others to halt; their example being the means of keeping others in a state of perilous hazard. You must know, many of you, that it is so with you; therefore, I shall leave the truth to weigh upon your conscience, hoping it will stir you up to decision.

Let me venture to make one other observation here. I should not wonder if the death of Lot's wife might not partly be attributed to Lot himself. If you think that this is a severe reflection, I would remind you that she must have seen her husband hesitate. She was a woman far lower down in the scale than he was: when, therefore, she saw him lingering, it was no wonder if that contagious example led her to look back. Perhaps, amongst the regrets of Lot throughout the rest of his life, there would be this one—"I did not hasten myself out of that city as I should: I was in no hurry; I tarried, and lingered, and paused; I had almost to be dragged out by the angels' hands myself; and this, it may be, led her to look back with lingering, and then to be turned into a pillar of salt. O, undecided

man! I would not like thee to feel that the blood of thy wife was on thy skirts. O, undecided father! I should dread to have thee think, in years to come, "The loss of my children's souls was due to my procrastination." Alas, it may be so—it may be so! Therefore now, with a brother's earnest affection, let me come to thee and say, "Thou dost intend to believe; thou hast resolved to be a Christian; thou art no Atheist, and no scoffer; thou art not hardened and rebellious; thy heart is soft and tender, and ready for these things—then yield it now, yield it up completely this night, to that dear hand that once was crucified. That hand shall mould thee according to its own will. Thus saith the Spirit of God to thee to-night. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, for "he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved:" he that believeth not—though he may have resolved to believe, if he dies believing not—must be damned!

III. Our last word was to be this. Let us pray for the lingerers, that they may by some means be hastened. I do not expect to see angels come walking down these aisles, or threading their way through these pews to-night; but I do trust that a messenger from God will come, notwithstanding that. Sometimes lingerers have been quickened and decided by their own reflections being blessed to them by the Holy Spirit. A very simple observation was once the means of deciding a man. He was a mechanic, and a man of a mathematical turn of mind. He had attended a meeting. The meeting was held in an upper room, and on going below stairs, his attention was attracted by the beam that had supported the people, and he said to himself, "What a weight there must have been upon that!" Just at that very minute, into his mind there flashed, "And what a weight there is resting upon you!" How that thought should have followed the other, I cannot tell, but as he turned it over, it did seem to him that he had a weight of sin enough to crush him; that he could not bear up under such a weight as that, and that his soul would come down in ruin like many a building whose beams have not been strong enough, that has given way at last. I mind not what form the thought may take: I only pray that some such thought may come home and decide you. Occasionally, a good man has been the means of suggesting the deciding thought. A smith was blowing his bellows in a smithy one day, when the saintly McCheyne stepped into the smithy for a shelter from a shower of rain. As the smith was blowing the coals and they were at a great heat, he simply said to him, "What does that fire make you think of?" He never gave an answer, but he went his way. It made the smith think of the wrath to come, and it made him flee from it too. We cannot tell what may be, in the gracious providence of God, the means of bringing you to decision. He that used an angel's hand with Lot, can use a well-timed observation with you. Therefore, I urge all Christian people, that they use every opportunity and study to season their conversation with grace. Sow beside all waters, for you know not which may prosper—this or that. Sometimes men have been decided by the deaths of their relatives or their friends. "I may be the next," has been suggested to them. When the dear child has been buried, it has made the afflicted father reflect that he shall never meet it in heaven unless he mends his ways. So, too, the bereaved mother, in the bitterness of her heart, has sought a Saviour, in the hope that she might meet her babe again in the better land. Such things are good. They are blessed deaths that bring eternal life to the survivors! These little ones

well spend their lives in winging their flight to Paradise, and showing us the way. But surely, dear friend, you don't require a distressing visitation to decide you. I trust your heart will be given to Christ without the dire necessity that you should lose those you love on earth. Occasionally, and very occasionally, persons have been decided by personal sickness. Some, but, oh, how few, have witnessed the good confession in the hour of death. A soldier in the army of the Potomac, of whom I somewhere read, was taken to the rear to die. He was badly wounded; he was also suffering from fever. Some one had told him, just before the fever came on, of a soldier found asleep at his post who was condemned to die. The poor fellow in his delirium imagining that he was that soldier, cried out to the doctor who was attending him, "Sir, I am to be shot to-morrow morning; and as I wish to have all right, I want you to send for the chaplain at once. I want to see him." The doctor, to calm his fears, said, "No, no, you are not to be shot to-morrow morning; it's a mistake." "Oh, but I am," he said; "I know I shall." "But I will be here," said the doctor, "and if anyone comes to touch you, I will have him arrested. I will take care you shall not die." "Is it so, doctor?" said he, in calmer accents, "then you need not send for the chaplain; I shall not want him just yet." So the truth came out that fear, not faith, animated him, though it was but spoken in a feverish dream. How many men, if they thought they were going to die, would say, "Oh yes, let all be said and done that it is right to say and do;" but persuade them that they are likely to live a little longer, they will wait, and adjourn their faith while they can allay their fear. Not very often is the decision genuine which men arrive at under the stress of that fear which comes of impending dissolution. May God's spirit deepen in some here present their sense of sin. May your crimes sting you. May you feel your guilt. May you hate yourselves because of your transgressions. May you be distressed because of your ingratitude, your disobedience, your unbelief. Then you will long to get rid of this horrible evil, this enmity against God. May you feel to-night what a mischievous thing it is for the creature to be at variance with his Creator, for man to be out of order with his God. What a shameful thing it is for the most favoured of creatures to be inimical to the Sovereign that favours him. What an incredible thing it is, that while the ox knoweth its owner and the ass its master's crib, man, the object of love divine, should not know his Lord, his Friend, his Benefactor. Oh, may you give no rest to your eyes or slumber to your eyelids till you have opened your mouth to profess the name of the Lord, and fled for refuge to take hold of His righteousness and strength. Oh, that you might be too agitated to sleep till you have confessed your sin into the ear of the Great Elder Brother, and sought pardon from your God through Christ your Saviour. There is forgiveness; there is mercy to be had—to be had now. Whosoever believeth in Christ Jesus shall be saved. Believing is trusting, relying upon, a simple but sincere dependence. May His grace enable you to cast yourselves upon His mercy and credit His promise in this good hour, so you shall be this night enrolled among the saved, and He shall have all the praise. The Lord grant it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A SERMON PREACHED BY
THE LATE CHARLES
MARSHALL,

Minister of Grafton-street Chapel,
Fitzroy-square.

ON A TEXT DUG OUT OF THE GRAVEYARD.

I WANT to gain access to the citadel of your hearts to-night, and there deliver a solemn message in the name of my Lord. "So that I reach the very gates of your soul, I care not by what avenue I get there. Through the open portals of your ears, I pray you suffer my words to find their way to your understanding and to your conscience. But I would try another roadway also to your soul to-night. I have chosen a text which will speak to your eyes, and through these I trust to your judgment and your fears with such emphasis and eloquence as may never be forgotten.

I understand that some persons have censured me, because on some few occasions I have selected for a text some natural object, and endeavoured to make it speak for the God who created it. In reply to such, I am content to point to the example of holy prophets and of the Prince of Preachers and God of Preachers, the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus Jeremiah was commanded to "get a potter's earthen vessel and assemble of the ancients of the people and of the priests," and then in the valley of the Son of Hinnom he dashed the bottle into a thousand fragments in the sight of the people, and cried aloud, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: even so will I break this people, and this city, as one breaketh a potter's vessel, that can-

not be made whole again." What language could so forcibly illustrate the warning as did that strange deed? Or behold Ezekiel enact a stranger scene still. Obeying the word of the Lord, he takes a barber's razor, and causes it to pass upon his head and beard; then takes balances, and carefully weighs out the hair into three parcels; one third he burns in the fire, one third he cuts into fine pieces with the sharp knife, and the remaining third he casts high into the air to be carried whithersoever the winds of heaven may drive it. And then aloud he warns the people that God will surely execute judgments upon them, and consume a third of them with pestilence and famine, and destroy another third with the cruel sword, and scatter the remaining third under all the winds of heaven. What a startling mode was this of conveying the warning! But let me pass to the highest example possible. Does the Lord Christ wish a text for a sermon on Providence? He plucks a lovely lily growing at His feet, or points to the bird whose wings cleave the air overhead. Does He wish to impress on His disciples the necessity of humility? He takes a little child and places it in their midst. Or is the lesson to be the obligation of self-denying lowly service for the good of others? Behold, He girds Himself with a towel, takes a basin, and washes the disciples' feet. And in these days, when our hearers are so accustomed to the sound of the truth, that they hear dreamily and understand not, surely it is permissible in the Christian minister to ransack all nature and find tongues

in the rustling leaves, speech in flowers, sermons in stones, startling voices anywhere to arouse men to *think*, to think of heaven and hell.

But enough apology. The text I have selected hath a special message to some special characters. Ye lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God—ye who are absorbed in this world's cares and forget there is another—ye drowsy Christians, too, who are not half in earnest in winning souls to God—and all ye purblind, who rarely venture a glance beyond the grave—ye unsaved, unready to die—behold my text and let it address you solemnly!

(Place a human skull on the pulpit Bible.)

May this tongueless orator preach to both preacher and hearer to-night! My friends, let us be no strangers to the thought of death, that when he visits us he may come as no stranger, but as a friend to take us home to God!

My text to-night will, I trust, speak to us plainly of *three awful mysteries*. May God the Holy Ghost bless our service in answer to prayer, to the arousing of dull Christians and the conviction and conversion of the souls of men!

I. First let my text speak on the awful theme—*Death*: How much more in earnest would the servants of Christ be if they realised continually how quickly death may cut short all their labours for the Lord they love! How many horrid sins might remain unperpetrated, how many deeds of shame, of passion, of covetousness, might remain unborn, did the shadow of death oftener fall across the sinner's soul! Death confronts you to-night, O my hearers; and will you sin on, and laugh on, and dream on, when thus warned that the black messenger waits to conduct you before the Judge?

Let this bare skull witness to you

how *real* death is. 'Tis no dream, no fancy, no imaginary terror, but most real. Yet how do men live as though death were a fiction. "I believe that a pleasant life is real, that getting money is real, that the delights of sin are real, that fame, and honour, and friendship are real; I believe that this present life is real, and that nothing else is;" this is the creed of most men as expressed in their deeds. But, look you! the man whose brain throbbled in this skull found it as real to die as to live, and so shall you!

The text may likewise remind you how *fearful* death is! The divorce of soul from body, was never intended by God; it is an unnatural separation; it is a horrid disruption of most sacred, but strong ties; both body and soul, both heart and flesh fail in the dread prospect of it. I trust I can, as a believer in Jesus, exult over death, and tell the king of terrors, that he lost his sting when my Saviour died. Yet though the venom be gone from his fangs, to be seized in the jaws of the monster is fearful. Though the point of his horrid dart be left quivering in Calvary's Cross, yet the blunt spear brandished over me often alarms my soul. Death hath its gloomy shadows even for the Christian; thank God they are but shadows to him! Yet shadows affright such little children in Christ, as many of us are. Ah! these eyes that now look on you shall soon drop from their sockets and leave cavities hideous like these! The tongue that now would tell of eternal verities to win souls from everlasting death, must soon rot loathsome in the vile earth. This body, marvellous mechanism, shall soon become a shapeless mass of disgusting corruption. Shortly shall both preacher and hearer "say to corruption, thou art my father; and to the

worm thou art my mother and my sister."

Let this skull afford us another thought; death is *inevitable*. Thou art born to die. Can the rich man bribe this relentless foe? Let royalty cry "millions of money for an inch of time," behold the king of terrors laugheth the cry to scorn. The villain who escapes the hand of justice shall never escape the grasp of death. The cunningest schemer will be caught. Forget death: he will not forget you. Once the man whose skull lies here was a little laughing child; as the little feet ran in merry play they were conducting him nearer to death; the employments of his youth and older life, all led him step by step toward that last moment when he must expire. That precise moment at length was reached—he died. Your dying moment is getting nearer and nearer to you. It may be very nigh to some one here. Some blood vessel is wearing very thin and may burst this night. The seeds of disease already sown in your flesh may suddenly put forth their leaf and flower, and their fruit of death. Prepare yourselves, for you shall die and not live!

But perhaps the truth taught with most emphasis by our text is this—we must die *individually*; death must be met *personally*. Sinner! alone, solitarily, thou shalt enter the unknown world. The great events of our history all happen to us thus. One by one we are born; one by one must we die; one by one stand before God; one by one receive our everlasting doom. This man in person met grim death; alone he grappled with the monster; as he felt his life-strings cracking under the icy fingers of his foe he called in vain for help; he groaned and died, and waked up—in hell or heaven! Say not, *all men die*, but

"*I, I shall step into the land beyond the grave.*" Say not *all* are mortal, but this, "*I shall die! I shall breathe my last sigh; I shall look on earth with a last glance; I shall wade into the black sullen stream of death; I shall pass behind that awful veil!*" There is need to urge this obvious truth, for men do madly forget it.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock
 Strikes through their wounded hearts
 the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the
 wounded air,
 Soon close; where past the shaft no
 trace is found
 As from the wing no scar the sky
 retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the
 keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought
 of death.
 E'en with the tender tear which
 nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in the
 grave."

Let this text disabuse you, my hearers, of this stupendous folly. If you forget death, may these empty jaws rebuke you; in your family, in all friendly intercourse, in the avocations of business may these empty sockets glare upon you until safe in Christ you are ready to die.

Methinks there must surely be here some who will be induced by the warnings of this skull, now to make some solemn resolutions. *First*, then, let us swear it, by God's gracious help *we will be saved*; we will at once become *ready to die!* Sinner, let thy soul now cry to God who bends low his ear to the faintest supplication; "O Jesus, who didst suffer for vile sinners, receive me this very moment! Guilty and

corrupt in heart and life, I come for pardon. O Lamb of God, I come—

To the dear fountain of Thy blood
Incarnate God I fly!
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

A *second* resolve may well be this:—“ by this skull we determine, by thine help O God, to live each day as though it were our last. So would we live, holy and pure and prayerful as though we should meet thee in heaven at night. So earnestly would we plead both by lip and life with sinners unsaved as though each day afforded us a last opportunity of doing something for our Lord, of winning some souls from perdition, of showing our love to Jesus.”

(To be Continued).

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 1.—THE VOYAGE OUT.

In 1847 I was one of a deputation to a general conference of free Baptist ministers in the United States, and went over some 2,500 miles of the country on that occasion. Want of time prevented a larger part of that country from being visited, besides the extreme difficulty of travelling then as compared with now. In going to Ohio, on that occasion, I travelled by rail, coach stages, steamer, and canal boats. Now a great part of the States are traversed by rail, and the facilities and cheapness of locomotion vastly increased. So from 1847 to 1872, I had been purposing a second visit with the intention of not only visiting

yearly meetings of the Churches, commencement of colleges but also going over the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It required no little arrangements to provide pulpit supplies for nearly five months, and to leave my church machinery under careful supervision. This done to my utmost satisfaction, I prepared for the tour, and had purposed to go by the Cunard steamer, from Liverpool, on Tuesday, May, the 14th, but, by a good providence, I changed my mind, and under wise advice I fixed on the new steamer *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line, and left Liverpool on Thursday, the 16th of May. The Tuesday Cunard steamer was wrecked on the coast of Ireland, which I did not learn for some time after I reached the States, and thus my tour commenced most auspiciously, in the avoidance of what might have prevented the accomplishment of my object altogether. I left my house, in Paddington, on Thursday morning, took quick train to Liverpool, and was snugly in my state room between four and five in the afternoon, waiting for the motion of our splendid engine, which was to propel us from one side of the Atlantic to the other. We made a rapid passage to Queenstown, and then, after some two hours delay, our vessel was headed for the voyage to our western destination. We found that not half the excellencies of the *Adriatic* had been described to us. The saloon and state rooms being midships, the sea motion was reduced to its minimum, and during the most of the voyage, we were free from all pitching and tossing inconveniences. Three hundred gas-lights made us, during the nights, a floating, gorgeous, illuminated palace, and our rapid speed from the first, kept us in the most cheerful spirits, and I doubt if a happier company ever crossed the Atlantic.

On the Lord's Day, the captain read the service of the Church of England, and I preached to a large and most attentive audience, from the words "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!" We had many of the steerage passengers present, and we had a very excellent choir to conduct the singing.

On the Monday evening I gave a lecture on my visit to Palestine, Egypt, Turkey, &c., &c. We had concerts, or lectures, or readings nearly every evening. A request was sent to me from a number of the steerage passengers to give them a lecture on total abstinence, which I did to about 150 persons on the Wednesday. We had a most attentive audience, and a considerable number signed the pledge, some with deep emotion and many tears, for drink had ruined their prospects at home, and was driving them away to a distant land. The experience of some of those was deeply affecting, and I pray God they may maintain their total integrity in the country of their adoption. One morning the doctor told us that one of the emigrant women from Devon had given birth to a healthy daughter. I suggested she should be called "Adria," in honour of our ship. We encountered some days of foggy weather, but never so thick as to cause the speed of the steamer to be slackened, and it was evident that we were making an unexampled rapid passage. On the Saturday morning a thick mist hovered over and around us, and the captain seemed extremely anxious to know our exact whereabouts, for he augured we were approaching Sandy Hook. Very happily the mist dispersed, the pilot came on board, and soon we were making rapid way towards our desired haven. We then were apprised that our noble steamer

Adriatic, had accomplished the quickest passage ever made from England to America. From Queens-town to Sandy Hook we had steamed it in 7 days, 18 hours and 55 minutes. The following are the distances accomplished during some days of our voyage. First day we made 381 miles, then 348, 368, 353, 362, 333, 351. We should have accomplished it at least half a day sooner, but for the fogs we encountered. New York reached, and our steamer brought to the landing place on the Jersey shore, we began to look out for friends, who were gathered to hail our arrival, and I soon spied out my worthy nephew and namesake, Mr. Jabez Burns, inventor, &c., of 107, Warren-street, New York, and was conveyed by him, first to his office as above, and then to his hospitable residence in Ryerson-street, Brooklyn. Instead of landing wearied and worn out with sea sickness, I did not feel the slightest inconvenience, and was ready at once to begin pulpit work on the next day. The following hymns I composed and sent home to be sung by my congregation during my wanderings far, far away.

TUNE—"Star of Peace."

FOR FORENOON.

JESU, pilot of our vessel,

We commit ourselves to Thee ;
Cheer us with Thy smile and blessing,
While on the sea.

'Mid the dark and fearful tempest,
We will call and trust in Thee ;
Dreading not the roaring billows,
While on the sea.

Thou canst still the storm when raging,
Thou canst whisper peace to me,
With the yawning gulfs around me,
While on the sea.

So the voyage shall end safely,
If Thou, dear Pilot, art with me ;
Nor shall any harm attend me,
While on the sea.

Thus, through life, dear Jesus keep ;
 Guide and shelter daily be ;
 Then my soul shall ever bless Thee,
 Beyond the sea.

FOR EVENING.

THY Church and people, gracious
 Saviour,

We, in faith, commend to Thee ;
 Bless them with Thy heav'nly fa-
 vour,

Across the sea.

Daily let Thy sweetest comforts,
 Raise their grateful hearts to Thee ;
 Hear our earnest supplications,
 Across the sea.

Round Thy throne, in sweet commu-
 nion,

We would daily bow to Thee,
 And would wait Thy peaceful answers,
 Each side the sea.

So, in Thy good time, dear Saviour,
 We would join in thanks to Thee ;
 And acknowledge all Thy goodness,
 While on the sea.

When life's voyage shall be ended,
 When there shall be no more sea ;
 Then in glory everlasting,
 We'll all praise Thee.

How wonderfully altered was New York since my visit of 1847, so much so in some districts that I scarcely recognised places familiar to me then. I trust with many loving remembrances of dear family and friends and Church at home, and with devout thankfulness to the Heavenly Pilot, I lay down to rest on my first night on American soil, waiting for the morning light; for the next day was the Lord's-day, and I hoped it would truly be a high-day to my soul. Thank God the voyage out has most safely and most happily ended.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone,"
 "The Emigrants," &c.

CHAPTER I.—NO. 6 IN THE ROW.

NOT as it is now I don't mean, for the old houses have been pulled down and a crop of handsome structures have taken their places—all arrayed in streets, crescents, and squares—large beautiful houses, that seem to have sprang out of the ground with marvellous celerity,—there came first the foundation diggers, and then the carcass builders, and then the inside fitters, until really it seemed as if Coppice Row

was to be forgotten in the splendid domiciles that took up the ground.

But when I knew it Coppice Row was like a long dirty tunnel or sewer, through which the wind howled in March and November with hurricane force, and through which the water would have run had not the row been lower in the middle than at the ends, so that we always had our own pond, in which the garbage of the houses was thrown, and the boys paddled. The houses had been built of dirty London brick, and the basements had been well smoked by those who dried real Yarmouth herrings, and it would have been very difficult to have told the colour of the last coat of paint; knockers and knobs had long disap-

peared from the doors. At the end of the street lived our landlady, a dyspeptic shrivelled old woman who was never known to have been guilty of an act of generosity, but who was always ready to send in the broker if the third week's rent was overdue. She seemed to care but little who lived in the houses, so that the money came in; and no one for years had had the hardihood to ask for repairs, so the Row was a regular source of income, and the dyspeptic jealously guarded it.

There were sixty-one houses in our Row—we always knew it by the odd number, and so did the postman when he came down, though that was rarely, for the Row people were not letter-writers, and did not seem to have much correspondence with the world outside. There was an even and an odd side in our Row, and the odd side people were called odd-fellows. If we were ever met by a stranger who asked information respecting its occupants, we always directed them to the chandler's shop on the odd side, where they would be sure to get supplied gratis with the pedigree of the long dwellers in the Row.

We had music in the Row—organs that turned by the hand of man, and some that turned by man's progenitors—some perched on a hand-barrow, and some elevated to a cart; there was the revolving barrel, the sobbing bellows, the twelve leaden and wooden pipes; there were the piano grinders, that struck the keys by artfully arranged wires placed underneath the key-board; there was the flageolet player, with his wonderful stop; the violin player and his dog;—and what with getting the strings in strict unison with the pipes, and the wires in strict time for the keys, the Row was kept in tune all day, and frequently far into the evening hours.

We had singing, too, in our Row, but it was very melancholy in its cadence; it came from a lot of caged birds—little prisoners pining for liberty; a poor skylark, with just enough of turf under him to make him pine for more and to tempt him to mount high enough to be knocked down by the top board of his prison; linnets longing for the yellow furzes, and greenbirds for the thistledown; redpoles and blackbirds, with their glorious colour sadly faded; and the three by sixer goldfinch that had won many a singing match, and was the pride of the shop, had his feathers rubbed off his head by contact with the wires, and was as bald as the grey parrot in the wire dome at the door. Ah, but this was the shop for the boys—rabbits and pigeons, guinea-pigs and mice were huddled together as though the stock was always in excess of the demand, and yet every Sunday morning we had a large string of buyers, and it seemed to be the only shop in the row, with the exception of the chandler's shop, that did a home trade.

We had a respectable shop at the end of the Row facing the Borough, but that was a shop that ruined everybody that meddled with it; for in my time I had seen its shelves filled with half-quarters and rolls, and one of the meekest of bakers, with a clean apron on, at the door; the bread gave way to Aylesbury butter and eggs, chickens and ducks—but it did not last—chickens and ducks could not sell in the Row, and fresh butter was too dear; a fishmonger took it next, and for awhile it seemed to prosper,—the Row used to meet there at night, and many a supper was supplied from the shop at the corner—but the profits were small, and a canny Scotchman, with two or three travelling packs, became the next possessor; but he was too

cunning for the Row, and so it passed into the hands of a chemist, and from him into the hands of the bill-stickers, and it seemed to be really true, what the Row said, that it was only in the middle of the Row that a shop could prosper.

Unlike most of the rows, ours, though very narrow in front, had large back premises—we cannot call them gardens—and down at the bottoms of these might be found lodgings for crossing-sweepers, pedlars, and hawkers of all descriptions; but these were always out in the daytime pursuing their handicraft, so that we had only the barrel-organs and the twitter of the jail-birds to break the quiet of the Row.

No one had ever visited our Row with the Gospel; people seemed afraid. I do remember two little pale young ladies coming one day, with tracts, but they did not come long, so I suppose they gave up the Row as being one of those places which are past redemption.

We never paid much attention to people dying in our Row; it seemed as if people had such a struggle to live that they did not care much about dying, and so, when a coffin went up the Row, we used to say, "Ah, well, poor fellow, he's got a better shop than he had here."

But up the stairs of the Row there was a colony by themselves. There was scarce a thing worn by a dandy but what was made upstairs. You could open the front doors when you liked, and grope your way up, up, until you found doors, and opened them, and the inmates, after a little questioning, would go on with their work as if nothing had happened.

No. 6 in the Row had a bad name. No one knew exactly why, but each had his own version. There were stories about a poor girl being starved to death in the garret, and about a wicked man dying in the

house, and for a long time the house stood empty, until at last it was taken by a man who seemed bold and wicked enough to have defied Satan himself; and what was the strangest thing about him was that he filled the dirty old house with the most elegant furniture in the style of Louis the Sixteenth. Magnificently carved work blackebonised and inlaid with marquetaire gilt mounts, covered with rich crimson and black satin; a pair of console cabinets, fitted for the display of art objects; girandoles; buhl and tortoiseshell cabinets; escritaires; a table in Louis Seize pattern; and the windows were covered with curtains of rich maroon and gold. But while all this was taken into the interior, the outside remained the same—the same dirty old brick front, shabby shutters, and unwashed doorstep as the rest of the houses—so that outside no person would have noticed No. 6.

Equally strange was the dress of this man—it seemed a compound of the stage smuggler, the Deal fisherman, and the Spanish grandee—worn with a careless jaunty air that seemed to invite criticism; it might have been seen at the end of the street enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

This was the tenant of No. 6. But he was not the sole occupant of the house; there was a garret, and from out of this garret there would come sounds of songs that were not written in Seven Dials, and, as the neighbours listened, they would say, "It is the spirit of the poor girl that was starved."

How much of truth is sometimes uttered in jest! It was the spirit of a poor girl singing, and singing, too, in a state of semi-starvation—sing to please an old imbecile mother—singing while her poor fingers plied her needle and made linings for hats at twopence three farthings per

dozen—singing and working for dear life.

Gilfillan tells us there are “remoter stars in the sky of the Church” men of great worth and talent, who, owing to circumstances, to obscure positions, remote situation, or the want of popular gift, have not obtained their proper meed of fame, and who may be called remoter or telescopic stars in the ecclesiastical firmament, and Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, wisely writes, “Excellency of the highest kind without obscurity cannot exist.”

Haply the remoter stars are not all confined to the clerical circle, but from weaver's cottage, shoemaker's stool, stonemason's quarry, and carpenter's bench, from the watercress basket with its morning chills and damp, from the hot fevered air of the arsenical poisoned room where the artificial flower-girls breathe death at every pore—from these, by steady and manly toil, or by brave womanly resistance, the star-dust has shown its little light and made the world the better for its shining.

How much of life of a real character is to be found upstairs! It is there we rush to hide our defeats, and to prepare for other attacks; it is there, where no prying eye can leer, that we pour out our hearts to the Father of spirits, and descend calmer for the exercise; very Tabors and Olivets are some of these places—rooms that are lit by a light that's not earthly—where tribulation work-

eth patience, and patience experience, and experience the hope that maketh not ashamed.

Before we look into this upstairs room we must look at another in Houndsditch. It is the residence of a Jew, and has about it that peculiar musty smell that is always associated with collections of “Old Cloes.” There are a number of poor women (oh, so poor they seemed) round the door; they are not ashamed of their poverty nor yet of their rags, but rather seem like those who, having done their best, can do no more; more than one has a babe in arms, and all seem as if they begrudged the time of waiting.

There is an altercation going on inside, and as the women bend forward to listen, one of them exclaims, “Old Ben is very short this morning; we shall all be wrong to-day.” The door opens, and the figure of a woman in the prime of life steps rapidly down the passage, and with a hurried “Good morning” to the poor women that stood round the door, passes quickly from view.

No one seemed inclined to face Old Ben after this, and it was not until the Jack-of-all-work at the warehouse door shouted, “Now then there, ain't you coming, any on yer?” that the poor creatures went in to chaffer and bargain for dear life with the grabbing old Jew, and then to cheapen the already cheap, but too dear for them—necessaries of life.

(To be Continued.)

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

SPECULATING ON THE SPIRIT'S POWER.

SOMETIMES we speculate as to what the powers of nature in connection

with human science and art may do for the world: we think sometimes of what wonders may still be accomplished by steam and by electricity:

but when we come to speculate as to what may be wrought in this world yet, through the instrumentality of God's truth in connection with the agency of God's Spirit, oh, then we are perfectly bewildered, and there seems nothing too great for us to anticipate.—JOHN STOUGHTON.

CONVERSIONS THE STRENGTH OF OUR CHURCHES.

CONVERSIONS at home and abroad are the very strength and life of our Churches. The article of conversion, as has been well said, is the article of a standing or falling Church. We may be a useful educational institution without seeking conversions, but we are likely to become an immoral and mischievous one. When the power of reclaiming the lost is wanting to us, we cease to be a Church. While this remains the tabernacle of God is with us, whatever else is wanting.—REV. T. GOADBY.

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

CELSUS, an early objector to Christianity, complained that "Jesus Christ came into the world to make the most horrible and dreadful societies; for he calls sinners and not the righteous; so that the body he came to assemble is a body of profligates separated from good people, among whom they were before mixed. He has rejected all the good, and collected all the bad." To which Origen replies, "True, our Jesus came to call sinners—but to repentance. He assembles the wicked—but to convert them into new men, or rather to change them into angels. We come to Him covetous, He makes us liberal; unjust, He makes us equitable; las-

civious, He makes us meek; impious, He makes us religious."

THE QUAKER'S MODE OF GIVING.

WHEN we give, we frequently give in the rigid selfish way in which we do business; we do not give as a religious act, done between ourselves and our Lord, to be to us a means of grace. A man should learn, as the noble Countess of Huntingdon did, to look upon the multiplicity of calls as so much matter for thankfulness, because God had so much doing in the world. A worthy Quaker in the North would hear nothing of thanks for moneys given to charitable objects. What was his reply to those who thanked him for what he had given? "Friend, I am much obliged to thee for thy trouble in applying this money to good use."

"There was a man, though some did
count him mad,
The more he gave away, the more
he had."

FIRING INTO OUR OWN.

DURING the Peninsular War, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to the left, when the Duke of Wellington rode up. After turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way, "Well aimed, captain, but fire no more; they are our own 99th." How often have foolish short-sighted brethren fired into one another, when their shots, had they not been misdirected, would have battered down the citadel of Satan!

GOD'S EYE—EVERYWHERE.

How dreadful is the eye of God on him who wants to sin! Do you

know about Lafayette, that great man who was the friend of Washington? He tells us that he was once shut up in a little room in a gloomy prison for a great while. In the door of his little cell was a very small hole cut. At that hole a soldier was placed day and night to watch him. All he could see was the soldier's eye, but that eye was always there. Day and night,—every moment when he looked up,—he always saw that eye. Oh! he says it was dreadful. There was no escape: no hiding: when he lay down and when he rose up that eye was watching him. How dreadful will the eye of God be upon the sinner as it watches him in the eternal world for ever.—TODD.

WORLDLY OBEJCTS AT- TRACTIVE.

Do you know, dear, friends that the nearness of an object has a very great effect upon its power? The sun is many many times larger than the moon, but the moon has a greater influence upon the tides of the ocean than the sun, simply because it is nearer and has a greater power of attraction. So I find that a little crawling worm of the earth has more effect upon my soul than the glorious Christ in heaven; a handful of golden earth, a puff of fame, a shout of applause, a thriving business, my house, my home, will affect me more than all the glories of the upper world,—yea, than the beatific vision itself, simply because earth is near and heaven is far away.—SPURGEON.

Reviews.

The Missionary World: an Encyclopædia of Facts, Information, &c., Relating to Christian Missions in all Ages, Countries, and Denominations. With a Recommendatory Preface by Revs. W. B. BOYCE, J. MULLENS, D.D., and E. B. UNDERHILL, LL.D., Secretaries of Wesleyan, London, and Baptist Missionaries. (London: Elliott Stock.)

THIS most handsome volume* of nearly 600 pages, printed with double columns, strongly bound in cloth, supplies every kind of information regarding the Christian missionary field. It is comprehensive and full of all the enterprises of a missionary kind, irrespective of sect, or age, or country. It is full of facts and anecdotes of missionaries and their work, their labours, sufferings, and successes. To all missionary secretaries and collectors; to all Christian ministers, and

equally to all Christian contributors to the Divine cause of evangelisation, it will be an invaluable handbook of constant reference. And its extraordinary incidents will make it a charming book to every Sunday-school teacher and to all the elder scholars under their charge. No such book on Christian missions has ever been published before, and we trust its large circulation will repay the literary toil of its production.

The Biblical Museum. Vols. III. and IV. (Elliot Stock.)

WE have given our highest recommendation to the previous numbers and volumes of this excellent commentary. And these volumes fully vindicate our strongest commendations. These volumes comprise from Acts to Philemon, and contain a mass of homiletical, critical, explanatory,

and anecdotal illustrative matter not to be found in any work extant. They only require to be known and examined to command the highest admiration of all who are engaged in teaching the momentous truths of Holy Scripture. Information of very varied character, that might be spread out into large volumes, is here condensed, and given in a clear and available manner in these portable and cheap volumes. We have never referred to them without being well repaid, and without our impression being deepened as to their intrinsic value. We have always admired "Barnes," both for their clearness and evangelical tone, but we think the *Biblical Museum* much in advance for sterling excellencies and really illustrative and usable material.

The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote. Religious and Moral, Original and Selected. With Introduction by Rev. DONALD McLEOD, D.D., and a Commendatory Notice by Rev. Dr. GUTHRIE. (Elliot Stock.)

THINGS new and old, all however, in some way adapted to edify, might be the character given to this very valuable work. While the anecdotes are first-class of their kind, they are admirably arranged so as to be easily available, and this is of great importance to persons who are in the habit, either in their classes or in the pulpit, of exciting and fixing attention by some striking incident or telling fact. The collector and compiler of the volume must have exhausted a library in his research, and he has done his work so well as to deserve the patronage of the whole religious reading public. The four volumes we have now noticed form in themselves a student, teacher, and evangelists library, cheap, portable, and of greatest value and utility.

Tourist Notes in Egypt. (1871.) By F. E. TUCKER. (Elliot Stock.)

HERE are eight chapters of notes of a tour in Egypt, in 1871, by one well able to take a critical survey of what

he saw, and equally able to describe it so as to interest the thoughtful reader. It is a nice condensed volume of 150 pages, well got up, and full of interesting and instructive statements. We hope it will meet with a hearty reception, which it well deserves.

Congratulations and Counsels. A book for Birthdays. By FELIX FRIENDLY. Second edition. (James Nisbet and Co.)

AN elegant little book, full of good things and appropriate counsels for dear friends on natal days. It contains Scripture verses for every day in the year, and a nicely ruled family register. It is really a gem. We heartily commend it to our readers.

The Child's Companion. For 1872. Handsomely bound in strong illustrated cover. (Religious Tract Society).

GOOD instructive reading, good wood pictures, good music, and good paper and type, it deserves a place in every household where there are children and young people. What a suitable Christmas and New Year's gift!

The Cottager and Artisan. 1872. (Religious Tract Society. 1s. 6d.)

HERE is a volume for everybody, and in its admirable articles and superior illustrations would not be out of place in the mansions of the rich as well as in the homes of the labouring classes. It is a book for the eye as well as the ear, and its pages abound with the interesting, the amusing, and the useful, and it is a marvel of cheapness.

NOTICES OF PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

For this month only we give prices of our magazines, and publishers' names.

The Baptist Magazine. In every department this is an universally good number.

Christian Armour, &c., edited by

REV. CHARLES GRAHAM. (Shaw and Co.) No magazine has ever more faithfully fulfilled its programme than this. Its papers from the first have been of sterling worth, and it is worthy of general Christian support. The price is 8d. monthly.

The Christian Treasury, &c., is too well known to require our praise. The number for December is rich in every department. The Hymn for Christmas, by Dr. H. Bonar, and the music by Mozart, is worth the 6d., which is the price monthly of this excellent Treasury. (Groombridge and Sons.)

Ragged School Union Magazine is good as ever, and that is enough of commendation. 2d. (Kent and Co.)

The Hive. Cheap, varied, and good in every department. 1d. (Elliot Stock.)

The Appeal is a halfpenny monthly, and is suited for schools, tract circulation, and a gift by the way. (Elliot Stock.)

The Sword and Trowel. Full of life and vigour, faithful to evangelical truth and the souls of men. 3d. monthly. (Passmore and Alabaster.)

The Baptist Almanack for 1873. Every year grows better and better. It is worth six times its cost. It is really good, and marvellously cheap. Price 2d. (Robert Banks.)

Choral Service, Incidents in The History of Jesus, illustrated by careful selections of Scripture, and suitable hymns, anthems, chants, &c. (London: Houghton and Co., and Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row.) Here are twenty-four pieces of music, well got up, with good paper cover, for 6d. Half-price by the hundred. We rejoice in every effort made to publish good sacred music at a low price, and therefore this *Choral Service* has our heartiest commendation.

Our Almanack for 1873. Compiled by Rev. W. GENDERS, Luton. An excellent Christian local almanack, and worthy of being imitated by congregations generally.

Railway Signals on Life's Journey. (London: 54, Paternoster-row.) A very well-written and striking little

book, well printed and handsomely got up. It cannot fail to arrest the attention of the reader, and must be useful. It would be a nice gift for the New Year, and especially for the young. It contains sixty-four pages, and is only 3d.

Living Waters. Conducted by S. M. HOUGHTON (10, Paternoster-row), Nos. I. and II., 1d. per number. This is a new monthly, and is evangelical, experimental, and spiritual. Well got up and very cheap.

The Evening Hour. Nos. I. and II. One Halfpenny. (10, Paternoster-row.) Is a monthly, four pages, quarto,—is equally good and as adapted for usefulness as *Living Waters*.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack. (Passmore and Co.) Thoroughly good, and as well got up as ever.

Massah and Meribah; or, Is the Lord among us or not? A sermon by Rev. W. ROBERTS, preached in Junction-road Congregational Church, Upper Holloway. 2d. (Elliot Stock.) A thoughtful, good sermon on a most important theme.

Am I Real. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. (John F. Shaw and Co.) A telling little book on sincerity, and worthy of being read by everybody.

More and More. By the Rev. W. PENNEFATHER. (J. F. Shaw and Co.) 2d. A similar book of thorough excellency, by one whose praise is in all Evangelical Churches.

The Horonite; or, Helpers and Hinderers. A book for the New Year. (J. F. Shaw and Co.) 2d. Full of wise suggestions, and adapted to lead religionists to a course of practical and important self-examinations.

Aunt Tabitha's Charity Book. Most seasonable for Christmas and New Year's reading and circulation.

New Year with the Little Ones. This and the two previously noticed are by the Author of *God's Truth*. Full of useful material, well got up, and extraordinarily cheap. We wish them the widest possible circulation.

The Bible and the Prisoner, and Medical Missions Advocate. 2d. (J. F. Shaw.) A useful monthly, devoted to

the interests of unfortunate classes. It is edited by Mrs. MEREDITH.

Herald of Mercy, 1872. 1s. (Morgan and Scott.) Overflowing with spiritual papers adapted alike to conversion and sanctification work, and evangelical efforts. It is illustrated, well got up, and very cheap.

The following have been sent us :—
Christ's Coming. By HENRY GROVES. 3d. (Yapp and Hawkins.)

I will give you rest. By G. S. 1d. (Macintosh.)

Time Enough Yet. By J. E. H. For the New Year. 1d. (Yapp and Co.)

Wanted Deaconesses. By Mrs. MEREDITH. 2d. (J. F. Shaw.)

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel. 1d.

Poetry.

"The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."—Ps. cxxvi. 3.

OUR Saviour and our God,
To Thee we raise our voice,
Thou art our only hope and trust,
In Thee will we rejoice.

When from the heavenly fold
We wandered far astray,
Thou didst not leave us to ourselves
To perish in the way.

Thine eye was on us still ;
So vast and free Thy love,
To save us from eternal woe,
Thou camest from above.

Thou didst the Cross endure,
And suffer in our stead ;
That full atonement should be made
Thy precious blood was shed.

Thy grace led us to see
The virtue of that blood,
To feel its power, and trust in Thee,
Our Saviour and our God.

While life endures Thy love,
Our constant theme shall be—
The great redemption wrought for us,
That we might reign with Thee.

J. DORE.

TO WHOM SHALL I GO ?

THOUGH sin and Satan both conspire
To keep me back from Thee, my
God,

Still let Thy grace renew the fire
Of love to Thee, my dearest Lord.

What though my heart be hard and
cold,
Communion with Thee, Lord, be
gone,

My faith on Thee shall still keep hold,
And by Thy grace I'll still press on.

For, Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
I must be with Thee where Thou
art ;

Thou fill'd with darkness, sin, and
woe,

Thou art most precious to my heart.

Thou art my only hope and trust,
I want no other Name but Thine ;
My soul then never can be lost,
Since I am Thine, and Thou art
mine.

MARY ANN MEDHURST, 1872.

Southsea.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

THE Rev. Samuel Burn, of Huddersfield, having received and accepted a

cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist Church in Taunton to become its pastor, hopes to enter on his

ministry there on the first Sunday in February.

The Rev. W. L. Giles, late of Birmingham, has accepted the unanimous invitation to succeed Mr. Davies in the pastorate of South Street Chapel, Greenwich.

Rev. Robert Finch, of Park Road Chapel, Victoria Park, declines the invitation of the Baptist Church, Warwick Street, Leamington.

Rev. I. Hulme, of Rawdon College, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Chesterfield to become their pastor.

Mr. John Wilson, of the Metropolitan College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Downham Market, Norfolk.

Rev. J. B. Blackmore, of Lowestoft, has accepted a cordial invitation from the church, meeting in Cannon-street, Birmingham.

PRESENTATIONS.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. N. WOODCOCK AT AVENING.—On Wednesday evening a meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel. The chair was occupied by Mr. T. Hunt, who opened the meeting by an earnest address. Rev. J. Ward was called upon to address the meeting, and spoke most encouragingly both to the pastor who is soon to retire, and to the church. Rev. H. A. James next addressed the meeting. He said he had great pleasure in presenting to Mr. Woodcock, in the name of his many personal friends in the neighbourhood, a purse of gold containing £51 13s. 6d., as a small token of their sympathy and respect for him in his illness and retirement from his pastoral charge; remarking on the spontaneous and liberal spirit with which the appeal had been met by various gentlemen and others in the locality, he said many letters were received testifying to the esteem in which Mr. Woodcock was held by the writers, and their good wishes for his future welfare. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. C. L. Gordon, of Nailsworth.

NORTH SHIELDS.—On Wednesday, December 11th, the members of the church in Howard Street, North Shields, presented their minister, Rev. Thomas Pipe, with a valuable gold lever watch, also a purse of gold, and an illuminated address, as an expression of their high appreciation of his efficient services.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

LITTLE ALIE STREET CHAPEL, STEPNEY.—Special services to be holden (D.V.), when addresses on the following subjects will be given:—Monday, January 6th, Mr. Masterson (pastor), "What is a true revival?" Tuesday, 7th, Mr. C. Stovel, "The means employed in seeking it." Wednesday, 8th, Mr. Griffith, "The Holy Spirit indispensable in producing it." Thursday, 9th, Mr. P. Dickerson, "Encouragement from the promises and prophecies of Scripture, and the history of the Church under the Old and New Testament dispensations." Friday, 10th, Mr. S. Willis, "Symptoms and fruits of a true revival." Saturday 11th, "Meeting for special prayer." Services to commence at seven o'clock. Sunday afternoon, service from three till four o'clock, by the pastor, commencing January 5th.

RECOGNITIONS.

On Thursday, the 14th of November, recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. A. Doel, late of Enfield Highway, as pastor of the church at Diss, Norfolk, took place. The charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. T. M. Morris, and that to the church by the Rev. J. W. Walker, B.A. Addresses were given by the Rev. M. Morris on "Individual Responsibility;" by the Rev. J. Clarke, on "The Power of Prayer;" by Rev. W. Embleton, on "Christian Union;" and by Rev. J. W. Walker, B.A. on "The Gospel of Giving." The attendances were good, and the meetings passed off successfully.

On Wednesday (the 4th of December), the church and congregation

worshipping in the Baptist Chapel, Fakenham, welcomed Rev. J. K. Chappelle, late of Boston, to the pastorate. The proceedings commenced with a service in the chapel in the afternoon, which was opened by the Rev. R. Goshawk, who read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. B. J. Sidney, a deacon, gave a statement of the history of the church from the year 1801, and the steps which led to the call of the pastor. Mr. Chappelle gave the reasons which influenced him in accepting the call of the church, and the doctrines he intended to preach. An earnest charge to the pastor was given by Rev. George Gould. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was filled in every part. Mr. Richard Vynne, of Swaffham, who occupied the chair, opened the meeting by reading a portion of Scripture, and Rev. J. Kemish offered prayer. Rev. R. Goshawk gave the first address, and (as senior minister) welcomed Mr. Chappelle in the name of the ministers of the town. The Revs. J. Brown and J. Kemish also addressed the meeting. Rev. William Freeman then gave an earnest address on "The Duty of the Church to the Pastor;" and Rev. J. S. Wyard followed with a suitable address on "The Duties of the Church to the Congregation and the World round about."

STOCKTON-ON-TERRS.—On Tuesday, December the 3rd, services were held in connection with the settlement of Rev. H. Moore (late of Glasgow), as pastor of the Baptist church, Stockton. Upwards of 250 sat down to tea. A meeting followed, and was presided over by John Williamson, Esq., Darlington. Mr. Briggs, the senior deacon, detailed the steps which led to the choice of Mr. Moore, who responded in a feeling and powerful address. Speeches were delivered by the Rev. W. Hamson, W. H. Pritter, G. T. Ennals, W. Bond, J. Bogue, and W. Leng.

On Monday, November 25th, recognition services were held at Lodge Road Chapel, Birmingham, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. C. Bright, as pastor of the church. The

Rev. C. Vince presided. Rev. J. J. Brown gave an address on the "Christian Ministry;" Rev. J. Shillito, on "Church Life." Mr. J. Johnson stated the reasons which led the church to invite Mr. Bright to become its pastor. Revs. B. Bird, T. Maclean, and W. J. Henderson were also present, and took part in the meeting.

Recognition services have been held on the occasion of the settlement of Rev. Isaiah Birt, B.A., as pastor of the Clarence-street church, Penzance. Rev. R. Lewis, of Plymouth, and other ministers, gave a cordial greeting to the new pastor.

NEW CHURCHES.

On Wednesday evening, December 11th, a Baptist church was formed at Morley, consisting of twenty-four members, under the pastorate of Rev. J. Wolfenden. The Revs. J. Barker and J. Haslam, on behalf of the county, conducted the service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KINGSHILL, BUCKS.—The fourth anniversary of the pastor's settlement was held at the above place on the 17th and 19th of November. Sermons were preached on the Sunday by Rev. G. Phillips, the minister. On Tuesday afternoon, after reading and prayer by the Rev. J. Jones, a sermon was preached by the Rev. John Hiron. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Alderman Wheeler, Bankers, High Wycombe (Episcopalian), prayer being presented by Mr. G. Sanders, of Great Missenden, addresses were delivered by the chairman, Revs. T. H. Browne, John Hiron, G. Phillips, J. B. Twitchell, Esq., and Job Pearce, Esq.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—On Wednesday, December 11, a bazaar in connection with Upper Burgess-street Baptist Church was formally opened by the Rev. E. Lauderdale, pastor. The object was to secure funds for the erection of still more commodious and suitable schoolrooms, the present

accommodation having been long felt to be insufficient to meet the requirements of Sunday-school work, the place being densely packed every Lord's-day. The friends of Mr. Landerdale will be glad to know the receipts amounted to £436.

Bazaar.—A bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Baptist church was opened on November 14 in the Ulster Minor Hall. The church for which the bazaar was got up is situated in Great Victoria-street, and is in connection with the British and Irish Mission. It was erected at a cost of about £2,000, and a debt of £200 was still left due. It was also felt that, in addition to this sum, money would be required for erecting railings around the church, a schoolroom, &c. The call made on the members of the body in Belfast yesterday was generously responded to, and a large number of persons visited the bazaar during both the day and evening. The proceeds of the sale and donations are above £100, besides articles unsold.

On Sunday, November 24th and following day, interesting services were held at Toddington, Bedfordshire, to commemorate the second anniversary of the settlement of Rev. T. George Gathercole as pastor of the church. On Sunday the Rev. D. Waters delivered three discourses, and on Monday evening gave a lecture entitled "Emblems of Christian Character."

COALVILLE.—Most successful anniversary services have been held at Coalville. On Lord's-day, October 13, Rev. W. Lees, preached afternoon and evening to good congregations. On Monday (14th), nearly 200 sat down to an excellent tea, kindly provided by friends. In the evening a public meeting, largely attended, was presided over by J. S. Lacy, and addressed by C. T. Johnson, pastor, Revs. J. Saulsbury, C. Clarke, J. Wilshere, W. Lees, and Mr. W. Smith. Total sum realised, £21. This was felt to be the best meeting of the kind we have had.

LAKE-ROAD CHAPEL, LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH.—The third anniversary of the pastor's settlement was celebrated on Sunday, October 13th, when two sermons were preached by Rev. T. W. Medhurst. On Wednesday, October 16th, the annual tea meeting was held. Seven hundred persons were present. Most of the trays were provided gratuitously by the ladies of the church and congregation. In the evening a grand juvenile concert was given by the Band of Hope Choir, and a chorus of 200 juvenile voices, conducted by Mr. W. S. Green. Rev. T. W. Medhurst presided. The spacious chapel was crowded to overflowing. The entire proceeds of the anniversary services realised a nett profit of £50, towards the reduction of the chapel debt.

At Burlington Chapel, Ipswich, on Sunday, October 27th, Dr. Angus preached two sermons to large congregations on behalf of the church funds. On Thursday evening a meeting was held to celebrate the first anniversary of the settlement of Rev. T. E. Cosens Cooke over the church. During the past year thirty-six have been received into church-fellowship. The Sunday-school had much increased in numbers and efficiency. A Visitation Society, Mothers' Meeting, and Clothing Club, Dorcas Society, two Bible Classes, and a Band of Hope have been established. The congregations have largely increased.

WEST COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.—December 4th, 1872, a tea-meeting was held at the Foresters Hall, by the church and congregation at present meeting there for worship. After tea, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, delivered a popular lecture on "Rowland Hill, the eccentric Preacher." Mr. G. Sparks, the self-denying pastor of the church, presided, and said the proceeds of the tea and lecture were to be devoted to their Chapel Building Fund. They had just secured an eligible site for the erection of the chapel, and that week he had received from a friend, who did not wish his name to be known, a donation of £100. They

had now nearly sufficient to pay for the ground, and hoped that the churches of the denomination would come to their help, and enable them soon to arise and build. A chapel is much needed in this important watering-place, the people are all poor, their pastor supports himself and family by secular labour, and is deserving of all the encouragement that may be accorded him.

BAPTIST TABERNACLE, HOBNTON STREET, KENSINGTON.—A service commemorative of the settlement of the Rev. J. Hawes, as pastor of the church, was held in the above place of worship, on Tuesday evening, November 26. A tea meeting took place, after which a public meeting was held. Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, presided. Addresses of sympathy and congratulation were given by the Revs. J. Upton Davis, R. H. Roberts, F. H. White, and Joseph Offord, Esq.

ENGLISH BAPTIST CHAPEL, GLASGOW, NEAR PONTPOOL.—Interesting services were held at the above place, on Wednesday, November 20th, 1872, when Mr. J. Tucker was set apart to the work of the ministry in the afternoon. Rev. D. Davies commenced with reading and prayer. Rev. Thos. Thomas, D.D., delivered the introductory discourse. Rev. Joseph Lewis gave the charge to the minister. In the evening a public meeting was held, when stirring addresses, full of affectionate counsel, were delivered by Rev. W. Morgan, Rev. D. Davies, Rev. W. M. Lewis, M.A., and Mr. E. H. Davies, and by the pastor. Mr. Tucker's ministry has been already very largely blessed in the neighbourhood.

PARK ROAD CHAPEL, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—The seventh anniversary of the church was celebrated on Tuesday, December 3rd, when a tea-meeting was held in the schoolroom, at which a goodly number were present. During the afternoon a Christmas-tree, laden with useful and ornamental articles was exhibited, many of which were disposed of. After the tea, a public

meeting took place, when addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, Rev. R. Y. Roberts, Rev. H. R. Salt, and Walter Hardin, Esq., M.D. Much regret was felt at the unavoidable absence of Rev. Henry Kitching, who had fully intended being present. Letters were read from the Rev. T. W. Medhurst and W. Page, expressing their sympathy, though unable to attend.

OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOOLROOM, CANTERBURY-ROAD CHAPEL, KILBURN-PARK.—The above was celebrated on Tuesday November 26th, by a tea and public meeting. The chair was taken by James Benham, Esq., who was supported by the local ministers and gentlemen. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. Honour, of Deptford, and the report was read by Rev. T. Hall (pastor). The school was now completed, and it was admitted by all to be a beautiful room, lofty, well ventilated, and every way suited to accommodate the present 200 scholars and fourteen or fifteen teachers who now meet in the chapel. The list of donations read out showed that £80 had been subscribed, most of which was paid, including a grant of £15 from the Western Auxiliary of the Sunday-school Union. The additional subscriptions would probably raise it to nearly £90, but the total outlay would be at least £220, so that they were still needing £130. Very interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. R. Davis, J. Atkinson, H. W. Meadow, and H. Tarrant, Esq.

The ninety-ninth anniversary of the Stoke-green Baptist chapel has recently been held. The pastor (Mr. Whale) mentioned that, since the opening of the chapel, there had been 1,500 persons baptised. Branch churches had been formed in twelve other districts. Mr. Whale quoted some statistics to show that the Baptists provided religious instruction for one in sixteen of the population of the county of Suffolk.

The congregation worshipping (*pro tem.*) in St. George's Hall, are arranging for the erection of a new chapel on the south side of Guild-street,

Burton-on-Trent, and plans have already been prepared for the proposed structure. The land has been purchased, and it is proposed to spend £1,200 to £1,500 upon the erection. The church and their pastor (Rev. J. D. Rodway) are sanguine of success.

A new preaching-station was opened on Lord's-day, December 15, in the Lecture-hall, Ivy-lane, Hoxton Old Town, a branch of Shacklewell Chapel, Stoke Newington. Rev. T. W. Cave, pastor of the parent church, preached in the morning, and the Rev. Dawson Burns in the evening.

BAPTISMS.

Belfast, Second Baptist Church.—Nov. 7, Four, by the Rev. F. G. Buckingham, pastor.

Caerleon, Mon.—Dec. 1, Four, by the Rev. J. Ewan Jones, pastor.

Chatham, Eden Chapel.—April 23, Three; Sept. 29, One; Nov. 28, One, by W. F. Edgerton, pastor.

Coaleville.—Nov. 24, Six, by C. T. Johnson.

Dumfries.—Nov. 26, One, by G. Anderson; Dec. 3, One, by W. T. Wallace.

Glascow, nr. Pontypool, English Baptist Chapel.—Jan. 23, One; March 10, Four; July 7, Four; Aug. 25, Three; Sept. 22, Three; Nov. 24, Eight; Dec. 15, Three, by J. Tucker, the newly-elected pastor.

Heywood, Rochdale-road.—July 7, One; Nov. 20, Three, by W. L. Mayo, pastor.

Leaves, Sussex, East-gate Chapel.—Dec. 11, Two, by W. Miller, pastor.

Metropolitan District—

Bushy New Town.—Nov. 24, Five, by W. H. Rolls, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Nov. 21, Thirteen; Nov. 25, Fifteen; Nov. 28, Twenty-two, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Park-road Chapel, Victoria Park.—Nov. 27, Four, by Robert B. Finch, pastor.

Peckham, Arthur-street Chapel.—Nov. 23, Four, by Mr. Wm. Watkins, pastor.

Tottenham-road, Enfield Highway, N.—Sept. 25, One; Nov. 3, Ten; 20, Six; Dec. 11, Four, by Rev. J. Manning, pastor.

Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—Nov. 28, Four, by J. O. Fellowes.

Middlesborough, Park-road.—Sept. 29, Four; Oct. 31, Three; Nov. 23, Six, by W. H. Pritor.

Nantyglo, Monmouthshire, Bethel English.—Sept. 1, Three; Nov. 3, Thirteen, by J. Berryman, pastor.

Nottigham, Church meeting in Mechanics' Large Hall.—Nov. 10, Twenty-six, by Mr. Silvertown. A portable baptistry has been made for the baptising until the new church (which is now set on foot) is built.

Thornleigh.—Nov. 3, Three; Dec. 1, Three, by G. Chandler.

Uiverston.—A short time since an interesting service took place near Uiverston, in the beautiful bay of Morecombe, about one mile from the town, when Mr. T. Lardner, minister of the new Church recently formed, addressed a number of people assembled, and afterwards baptised six young men. The bellman was sent round by some escape-grace to announce a swimming-match, which drew a large congregation, but many were on the wrong side to see. May those who witnessed have cause to bless God.

Wollaston, Northamptonshire.—Oct. 20, Three, by Mr. Wilkins, of the Tabernacle College, London; Oct. 27, Four, by Mr. Field, of Ecton.

Whitwick.—Dec. 3, Six, by C. T. Johnson.

Wainsgate, Yorkshire.—Dec. 1, Five, by Rev. J. Bamber, pastor.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. J. JENKINS, Brittany.—This valued Missionary ended his earthly course at Morlaix, after a protracted illness. He was a native of Wales, being the third son of the late revered John Jenkins, D.D., Hengoed. He went out under the auspices of the Baptist Continental Society, but was supported principally by subscriptions obtained through a committee at Cardiff; he left for Brittany on the 20th September, 1834. The country, when he arrived, was devoid of a single Protestant among the Breton people; but he had the privilege during his long and arduous labours not only of gathering together two Protestant congregations, but of seeing two Baptist churches worshipping God in two commodious chapels, surrounded by a population of some thousands of people enlightened in the truths of the Gospel of Jesus. He translated the New Testament anew, the interesting history of which is given by Dr. Tregelles in the *Journal of Literature*, 1867, p. 95. That went through five editions under his own supervision. Scores of tracts were either composed or translated, and hundreds of thousands put in circulation among the ignorant, besides hymns of praise, school books, &c. &c. His indisposition had commenced nearly three years ago in the form of a cold, which left a slight cough; and in June last, after going to the May Meetings of Paris, he re-

ARE WE NOT ALL IMPLICATED.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Pilate saith unto them . . . 'Let Him be crucified.'"—ST. MATTHEW XXVII.
22 and 23.

THIS morning we heard the shouts of "Hosanna!" It was very delightful to us to behold the multitude marching with the King of Zion through the streets of Jerusalem, welcoming Him with glad acclaim. But the shouts of "Hosanna" had hardly died away before they were followed by the cruel note, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" or as the text puts it, "Let Him be crucified!" Clearly in this case the *Vox populi* was not the *Vox Dei*. The one is fickle and shifting, the other is fixed and steadfast. The voice of the people is changeable as the wind. The Word of the Lord is firm as a rock, and it endureth for ever. The multitude will ever be found fitful and vacillating. They will enthrone a man to-day, and chase him from the streets to-morrow. Take but small account of human applause. The breath of fame's trumpet is a poor reward for a life of toil to serve one's generation. Care not for it, O ye of noble spirit! Heed not the world's frowns, and court not its smiles. When you are flattered by its approbation, or calumniated by its persecution, remember that men's temper and disposition vary like the climate, and alter like the weather. Hosannas turn into execrations. The idol of one hour is the aversion of another.

The point, however, to which I shall endeavour to draw your attention to-night (and may the Holy Ghost assist us) is of far more importance than the prattling gossip of the vulgar crowd. In this sad and brutal cry, "Let Him be crucified," I observe a very strange illustration of the asserted dignity of human nature. I have heard till I have been sick of hearing, I have read till I am weary of reading, all sorts of laudations passed upon it. I know not what a grand and noble being the creature man is in the estimation of certain lacadaisical divines. They seem to make this their chief end—to laud and magnify their own species. The drift of all their preaching is to please men's ear with their rhetoric, and to delude men's judgment with their flattery, and as for their logic, it exalts the ideal of man, while it ignores the actual sinner. It sets up the image, and says, "Behold what a splendid intellectual creature man is!" We look round and fail to catch a sight of the individual he portrays. I hesitate not to say that he who praises man does the opposite to glorifying God, and is as far as the poles asunder from testifying to the truth. The truth, as we learn it in the Word of God, is most uncomplimentary to man—it rolls him in the very dust, ranks him with the worms, makes nothing of him; yea, less than nothing. So desperate is his moral condition that it adjudges him as his only fit to place, the very lowest pit of hell, as the due reward of his deeds. But inasmuch as they thus praise human nature, I would like to see admirers of it to look a little while on this scene, where humanity gathered around the Saviour, Christ the Lord, and cries "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

And, first, what say ye to this dignity of human nature, in that it does

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know God. This is taking the sin at the lowest point, for had they known Him they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. Through ignorance they did it; ignorance alike on the part of the rabble and their rulers. It is the best excuse that can possibly be afforded for their cry, their cruelty, and their crime. But what an excuse! How humiliating! Here were men who did not know the God that made them! Why boast ye of intellect—the keen perception of the human mind in the face of such imbecility. They did not know the God that fed them! “The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass its master’s crib,” but Israel did not know her Lord, her King, her God. He came with a thousand prophecies to herald Him, and He answered to them all. The simplest Sunday-school child spelling through the Old Testament can see that the Christ of the New Testament is he of whom the seers and the prophets spake in vision by the power of the spirit. But here was human nature left to itself with the book in its hand, and totally unable to decipher the evidences or recognise the Messiah. He came unto his own, and His own received Him not. Ye call this “bright-eyed human nature,” and it cannot see the sun! Ye talk about its superior intelligence, and yet that which was an axiom to angels, *they* could not discern. Angels knew Him—how could they fail to know Him? But these eyes of men are so blinded with the mire of prejudice, and the love of sin, that, though the Godhead shone gloriously through the manhood of Jesus, they could not—they *would not* perceive Him to be the Christ; and they put the Son of God, the Heir of Heaven, to an ignominious death. Talk ye no more of wisdom! boast ye not of your sages! cry not up your philosophy, and your deep erudition! Oh, the bat hath brighter eyes than you, and moles see more than do those men who, grovelling in the earth, fail to perceive their Lord! Men knew not God Himself when He was incarnate in human flesh.

The sin, however, was of a deeper dye when men said, “Crucify Him! crucify Him!” Clearly human nature hated goodness in its most attractive form. A flattering preacher once closed a glowing period with some such words as these:—“O Virtue, thou fair and lovely object, couldst thou descend amongst men, and appear in thy perfection, all men would prostrate themselves before thee as a deity, and thou wouldst be beloved of all mankind.”

What monstrous assumption! What an extravagant perversion of fact! Virtue did descend into this world, and was incarnate. That incarnate Virtue they hailed not as “God,” but as “devil.” Instead of worshipping Him, they hounded Him even to the death, and nailed Him to the tree. In our Lord Jesus Christ there was perfect virtue. You cannot detect an error; no, neither an excrescence or a deficiency; yet virtue consists not merely in abstaining from harm, but it involved the exercise of every faculty in doing good. His character was matchless, and His goodness was set in the most attractive sphere; for, mark you, it was not virtue in majestic mien, like that of Lycurgus, enacting laws, and administering the prerogatives of government; or like that of Moses writing upon the tables of stone, statutes and ordinances of infinite verity, having the sanctions of God with consequences of faithful indemnity or of fearful penalty. His was virtue in the attitude of lowly service, with the emotions of tender sympathy, proving itself by acts of unflinching benevolence. He did not come to tell men they must do this and that, but He came to show them

and to teach them how to do the will of God from the heart. It was virtue irradiated with pity, adorned with patience, bejewelled with richest love; ever and anon kindly affectioned. His was benevolence more than rare, for it was unique. Never was there greater love than that of Christ. Sometimes virtue becomes repulsive to men because of its sternness; they cannot bear a perfect law if, like that of Dacon, it should be written in blood. But here was Christ, all affable and amiable,—a man among men. He was with them at their wedding feasts, and with them at their funeral rites. He was to men a brother, and He showed and proved Himself such indeed. Yet, for all that, virtue thus comely, thus embellished, thus familiar in the habitations of mankind, was disliked, abhorred, and hunted to the death. Sometimes men oppose goodness, if they see it in high places; they will envy the rank, and therefore forget the virtue. But here was the Christ of God in lowliness, wearing the peasant's garb—eating the bread of the people—poor, ay, so poor that He hath not even so much wealth as the fox that hath its hole, or the bird that hath a nest where to lay its head. Surely virtue which condescended to such a condition, ought to have secured the admiration of mankind! And Christ had laid aside all His princely power. He did not come as a king with sovereign rule, to compel men to do His bidding. Sometimes men will revolt against that which seems to coerce them. They say they will be drawn, but they will not be driven. But Christ was no driver. As a shepherd goeth before his sheep, so He gently led the way. And yet, virtue perfect, immaculate,—virtue enshrined in everything that was attractive, without anything that ought to have excited animosity. Incarnate virtue; how did it fare?—Hear then, O ye that boast of human dignity, and the glory of human nature!—this Holy One was made the central object for all the arrows of malice and of spite. He in whom these excellencies were exhibited had for His meed of honour the cry, "Let Him be crucified." O poor fallen human nature—what sayest thou to this?

I impeach humanity again of the utmost possible folly; because, in crucifying Christ, it crucified its best friend. Jesus Christ was not only the friend of man, so as to take human nature upon Himself, but He was the friend of sinners, so that He came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. The only errand that Christ pursued in life was a disinterested one. Everybody could see that. He neither hoarded wealth, nor gained high places in the government; neither did He seek popular esteem. He saved others, but for Himself He reserved nothing. He gave up all for the sons of men. Yet when they could clearly see that the best and most self-denying of all philanthropists was before them, they treat Him as a criminal, and nail Him to a cross. What a friend He was to those who conspired against Him as a foe! How generously He had espoused the cause of those very people who now turned upon Him, and said, "Let Him be crucified!" He had healed their sick; He had raised their dead; He had opened the eyes of their blind; and He had restored the withered limbs of their paralytics. For which of these things did they crucify Him? He was evermore the people's friend, the champion of the populace. He came to break oppression, to set the captive free, and all that heard Him must have known that He was the great prophet of liberty, the uplifter of the fallen, the destroyer of everything that was oppressive, unjust, or even unmerciful. Still, though never man was such a friend as He, this stupid

world, this worse than swinish world, must needs put its best friend to death. O humanity! blush for thyself, lest angels blush at thy impiety, and even devils laugh at thy infatuation.

Then there was this about human nature, that it destroyed its best instructor. The teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the confession of His enemies, was too sound to be disparaged; and He was too wise to be entangled in the meshes of their controversies. He never taught tyranny. Commend me to a single sentence in the whole of Christ's teaching that would make a despot sit more steadfastly upon his throne. He never taught anarchy. Find, if you can, a single word that would make men burst the bonds of righteous fealty, and lead lawless lives. He taught no asceticism that would denude life of wholesome pleasure or healthful enjoyment. Far, far was He, on the other hand, from teaching any libertinism that would tolerate ought that is unclean, unchaste, impure, in word or deed. His teaching was for man—instructing him what was best for him to do, how it was best to do it, and what it was necessary for his own good that he should eschew and avoid. "Never man spake like this man!" I was in the Hall of Philosophers a little while ago, where were the busts of Socrates, and Plato, and Solon, and all the great men of former ages. But, if they were all put together, of what small account were the maxims that they taught mankind for the promotion of real happiness and true goodness? Why the sum total is nothing in comparison with that one sermon of the Christ of Nazareth which He preached upon the mount? That one sermon put into the scale outweighs the wisdom of Greece and Rome. And yet, when the Man had come who unselfishly, lovingly, tenderly, wisely would lead our fallen race into the paths of holiness, and onward to the goal of perfect felicity, what did humanity do but grind its teeth, and gather up its weapons and say, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, it is not fit that He should live!" Alas, human nature! How demented and imbecile thou art! The very beasts might lay claim to more sagacity and shrewdness than thou hast.

Then, too, those who boast of human nature, might perhaps say that the multitude on that occasion were not so much to blame as the priests, for the priests persuaded the people. Ay, sirs, I grant you that; but I suppose priests are human, though I sometimes question it. Surely, if ever a man comes to be near akin to a devil, it must be when he assumes to be a priest, and to have the power to open and to shut the gates of heaven and hell.

I would rather any day a man call me a demon than a priest. There is something so degraded, so detestible in the profession of a priest that my soul loathes it. I would tear off the last rag of priestcraft that ever stuck to my flesh, and feel it to be like that tunic of fire which burnt into the flesh of the hero of old. Away with it! But what must men be—what must human nature be that it submits to priests? I say you degrade human nature further when you say they put Christ to death because they submitted to the persuasions of the priests. It is true; but where is the manhood of man, that he will be led by the nose by a fellow man, who chooses to put on a strange, uncouth garb, and fain himself the messenger of God, while he perverts the oracles of God, and teaches lies. When will the day come, that human nature will prove itself to have pure mettle and manly spirit in it by shaking off the horrible iniquities of priestcraft? Set this crime down to priestcraft, if you will. The priests do con-

pire—they always did, and always will conspire to set the people against God and against Christ. But where is manhood that it should put itself beneath the foot of such a thing—a thing that men call a priest? Shame on thee, human nature, that thou shouldst become so abject as to be the foot-ball of a priest, and submit thyself to an order which sacrilegiously usurps Divine authority, and insolently tyrannizes over human conscience.

I must close this indictment against human nature with its vaunted dignity by accusing it of wanton cruelty in slaying a defenceless man. Who ever thought it to be other than dastardly to strike a man who will not defend himself, or to smite one who, being smitten, only turns the other cheek?

Cowardice! cowardice! cowardice, craven, base, lays at thy door, O humanity! The Christ who was like a sheep—harmless and defenceless—was treated as if He had been one of the wild beasts of the forest. Who could have had the heart to smite Him who gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair? O humanity! If I stand at the bar to impeach thee, I scarce know where to commence the indictment, and, having commenced it, I know not where to close it. How fallen, dishonoured, infamous art thou, O humanity! Low, deprived, heinous indeed hast thou become that thou couldst put the Messiah himself to death, and crucify the Lord of Glory.

Passing onward, I shall now occupy a few minutes in endeavouring to close the door against certain self-righteous disclaimers. I think I hear one and another of you say, "But I should not have done so. I will not allow that my nature is so corrupt or abandoned. Hark ye, friend! is not thy self-esteem a little suspicious? Of whom art thou born but of a woman as they were? Thy circumstances may be somewhat different. Praise thy circumstances, not thyself; for hadst thou been in their circumstances, thou wouldst have done the same. It is suspicious, I say, when a man begins to say, "I am better than these." Why this is just what those very persons the priests of old pretended. What said they but this—"We will build the sepulchres of the prophets whom our fathers slew, for had we lived in our fathers' day we would not have slain them. And by that very speech of theirs—that self-righteous speech—the Lord Jesus said that they proved that they were the true sons of their fathers. When men begin to plead that they are so much better than others, that they would not have done such things, the suspicion crosses one's mind that they know not what spirit they are of. Certainly they are rather proud in heart than humble in mind.

But now what would you have done if you had been there. A French king who once heard this story said, "I wish I had been there with ten thousand of my guards! I'd have cut the throat of every man of them." Just so. No doubt that is what he would have done; and in so doing he would have crucified the Saviour in the worst possible way, for he would have implicated the Saviour in a bloody massacre, which had been to Christ a worse crucifixion, if worse could be than which He did suffer. Outspoke the man in the truth and honesty of his soul, and he confessed that he would practically have crucified the Saviour. "But" saith one, "I would have spoken for Him, had I been there." Yes, and dost thou speak for Him now? "Well, I would not hear Him maligned," saith one. But

suppose thy life depended on it, or thy office, or thy fame? I will tell thee what thou wouldst have done; thou wouldst have spoken for Him like Pilate, and washed thy hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it." Ye would have gone no farther than that, I warrant you, unless your heart was renewed,—unless Christ had changed your heart, and I am not dealing now with renewed human nature, nor with changed hearts—I am speaking of that which is originally in us as men. And if we had gone as far as Pilate, I fear there is not one of us that would have gone farther.

To come to close quarters with you, dear hearer, if you are an unsaved, unregenerate man, I will ask you what you have done already. Perhaps I speak to some here who have made a sneer at the Gospel. You have been accustomed to ridicule it, and when you have heard of any one who has been peculiarly bold in the service of Christ, without inquiring whether your verdict was true or not, you set him down at once as being a hypocrite, a fanatic, or a fool. Now, I ask you whether that spirit which leads you to malign the Christian is not precisely that spirit which led others to condemn the Christ, and to say, Crucify Him! Crucify Him! In one age they nail men to a cross of wood; in another age, when they cannot do that, they hold them up to contempt: the spirit is just the same. There lived a man a hundred years ago in this land whose whole life was spent in the service of Christ—a man of gigantic talents, who attracted thousands to listen to his ministry; a man who never spent a farthing of worldly pelf, but lived to win souls, to feed the poor, and bless the sick. Now, that man, Whitefield, was so abused and traduced and slandered, that even Cowper, when he sung his praises, had to begin them thus—

"Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek,
I hide a name, a poet must not speak)."

Though he proceeds to speak highly of him he does not mention his name except under the Greek form. And so there have lived in this world men of whom the world was not worthy, and the only return they have had has been abuse. What is this but the same spirit which crucified the Lord? But you tell me you have persecuted nobody, and you have ridiculed nobody. I am glad to hear it; but what is your standing now with regard to the Christ of the gospel? Are you trusting in Him? Are you relying on Him as your Saviour? Have you given up all your good works, and are you depending upon what He has done? Do you answer, "No"? Then I tell you you are crucifying Him. You are rejecting Him in the point on which He is most jealous; you are setting up yourself as your own saviour in opposition to Him; and this is to Him a worse grief and a direr insult even than the nailing of Him to the accursed tree. Oh, but you say you have not set up any righteousness of your own; you don't think at all about the matter; you don't care about it. Be it so, then according to your own admission, albeit the Pharisees would give thirty pieces of silver for Him, you would not give twopence for Him. There is the only difference. You have the gospel brought to you, and when you hear it you criticise the speaker—that is all. You have the Bible, and when you get it, you bind it in morocco, and put it on a shelf and never read it. And perhaps many of this congregation, though living in the land

of gospel light, are quite ignorant of what the gospel is. Oh, sirs, is not this to crucify Him? This is to ignore Him, and this is not only to kill Him but to bury Him. You have wrapped Him in the winding-sheet and laid Him in His grave as best you can. You have, in fact, said, "It is nothing to me. I care not for His book, nor His people, nor His cross, except it be in ornament after the way of the world's Church; but as to the essence and marrow and truth of the thing, I will have none of it." Oh, this is the cry of many, and while they so cry let them not hope self-righteously to excuse themselves.

But I address some to-night who would shudder at all this, and say, "Oh, sir, I have neither persecuted His people, nor thought lightly of Him; neither have I been negligent concerning Him, for oh I long to be saved by Him. I seek His face day and night, and confess my sins into His ear, and I ask for pardon through His blood. Beloved, I am glad to hear you say this; but I must ask you a question too. Have ye ever doubted whether He could save you? Do you doubt now whether He is willing to save you? Ah, then you crucify Him, for there is nothing that so grieves Him as that unkind, ungenerous thought that He is unwilling to forgive. This touches Him in the heart. This pierces His heart as with a spear, for you to think that He will not or cannot pardon you. Be guilty of this no longer. Satan told you it was humility—nay, but it is dishonouring your Saviour. Come, poor awakened sinner, full of guilt and full of fear, and say, "I do believe; I will believe that He is both able and willing to save me." Then, but not till then, may you be able to say, "I have not crucified Him."

Now, I shall leave that, more especially to address those who have confessed the sin of crucifying Christ, and have received pardon for it. Beloved, we are coming to the table of the Lord. With what profound emotions should these meditations fill our breasts as we observe this ordinance? When we remember that our sins did crucify Christ (for He would not have needed to have died if we had not sinned), we ought to think of it with deep repentance.

"'Twas you my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were:
Each of my crimes became a nail
And unbelief a spear.

"'Twas you that pulled the vengeance down
Upon His guiltless head;
Break, break, my heart, yea, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows flow."

Oh, what a sorrow, to think we stabbed our Friend to the heart. For our sake He died. There was a little bit of poetry some of us used to repeat at school—"The death of Gellert." When the Welsh chieftain found that in hot-blooded haste he had slain the hound that had saved his child he wept right bitterly. That was for a dog. If you went home to-night and found that you had by some mischance killed your friend, and he had died, and by his death had saved your life, I know you would treasure up his memory. But it is the Christ of God that you and I have murdered by our sins. They say, in old tradition, that as often as ever Peter heard

a cock crow, he was accustomed to weep; and as often as we come to this table, we might very well be accustomed to weep too, to think that our sins made our Saviour bleed.

Then what a holy jealousy should stir within us! If my sins did this, by God's Holy Spirit's help, there shall be an end of my sins. Away with you, ye murderers, I will not spare you!—neither the pleasurable sin, nor the profitable sin, nor the fashionable sin, nor the little sin, as men call it. I cry "Revenge!" against my sins, and slay the murderers too. Oh, ask for grace to-night that you may put sin to death.

And, once more, when we remember that our sins crucified Him, how it ought to waken in our souls a devout resolution that we will crown Him! Did they say, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" then our voice shall be louder still, "Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!" And does a ribald world still say, "Crucify Him!" then we who have received the second birth will say, "Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!" The world still clamours, "Crucify!" Go forth, ye sons of God, and proclaim the coronation of the Christ who once wore the crown of thorns. Blush not, and be not afraid to defend Him before His adversaries, for He will soon come to put His adversaries to shame, and on His head shall His crown flourish for ever. I would, coming to this table to-night, speak thus to my heart:—O my soul, was Jesus put thus to suffering for thee? Then what can'st thou do for Him? Hast thou an unbroken alabaster box in all thy stores? Then bring it out now. Can'st thou not devise some new way by which thou mightest serve Him yet, so as to bring thyself to the pinch to bear much sacrifice with stern self-denial. Come, my soul, deny thyself something that thou mayest glorify Him; give to His cause; help His poor; speak to His wounded ones; console His distressed people; lay thyself out for Him. Are there any members of this Church that are doing nothing for Jesus? Oh, I do pity you, my dear brothers and sisters, if you are idle! But while I cannot suggest to you what to do, I pray the Lord to put it into your hearts to-night to do something more than you have ever done to honour Christ. You need not tell anybody about it; the less said about it the better. Go and do it, not letting your right-hand know what your left-hand doeth. Go and weave some crown for Him, though it be but of the poor fading flowers of thy heart's love. Do go and honour Him. Thou can'st not wipe out the dishonour thou hast thyself caused Him in thy former estate, but thou can'st do something—thou can'st bring Him honour as long as thou hast any being, by bringing others through the help of His blessed Spirit to love and honour Him. God grant us a refreshing season at the Communion; may we have the company of the King Himself.

Now, are there any here that confess their guilt in the death of Christ? Then let me say to every sinner here, if thou wilt look to Him that was pierced, thou shalt live. There is only one look at Jesus that is needed to give thee pardon. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." Thou hast nailed Him to the tree: now look at Him. Moses hung the serpent on the pole—then looked himself and bade all Israel look. I, who had my share in crucifying Him, do look to-night. He is all my salvation: I trust in nothing else. Look ye then—aye, look ye! God help you now to look, each one, and you are saved. God grant it, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A SERMON PREACHED BY
THE LATE CHARLES
MARSHALL,

Minister of Grafton-street Chapel,
Fitzroy-square.

ON A TEXT DUG OUT OF THE GRAVEYARD.

(Continued from page 12).

II. But we must hasten to let our text speak to us of a second mystery more awful than that of death: do you wonder what that can be? I will tell you: *Life*—this fleeting, sorrowful, mortal life of pain and sin. Does not the text say plainly, "All is vanity! all is vanity! It is evanescent, unsatisfying, very emptiness."

Behold these hollow cavities once filled with lustrous orbs in which reason lit her lamps; let these rebuke the vain shows and sights of the world. What better,—I ask you,—what better is the soul now for all the sights that once perhaps gladdened the eyes long since darkened in death? And, my hearers, the eyes that you now try to fill with seeing shall shortly rot and leave their sockets bare!

And you who love the vain sounds of earth—the music of concert, of theatre; the foolish, and perhaps the filthy song; you who have lent your ears willingly to tales of vice, of slander, of falsehood,—mark, your ears shall soon drop away and leave empty orifices like these, which the sweetest sounds can no longer charm. What the better,—I ask you,—what the better is the soul now in hell or heaven for all earth's vain sounds that once perhaps delighted these ears?

See, here hung the lips once kissed

so softly by mother, or wife, or child. Home affections can make no heaven, for death rudely tears apart the fondest friends. This, too, even domestic happiness is vanity, for it is of earth, and passeth away. The soul must build her hopes and attach her loves in the heavens, or she will lose them for ever.

The man was a sad misanthrope maybe, or perhaps "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be your gibes now? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?" Ah, sirs, God did not make men's souls to be satisfied with trash like this. What the better, O what the better, is the soul in hell or heaven for all its mirth and jesting here?

Was he rich or poor who owned this skull? Perhaps he had store of wealth, houses, lands; he was a great lord, perhaps; with a princely income; or perhaps a beggar, who crawled miserably through the world clad in filthy rags! Who knows? How does this grinning skull laugh at the wealth, the state, the greatness of men? What comfort is it to the soul in hell or heaven to remember the glittering dust it once called its own?

Shall not this naked skull, too, rebuke the silly pride and senseless vanity of those who seem to live to dress out their carcases and win admiring looks? Your fine flounces shall be put off, yea, and the very flesh too; your chains, and bracelets, and rings, and all your bravery shall shortly adorn you no longer. Look at this skull, ye worldlings; this shall be the end of your vanity.

"Take this to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion she must come." My text cries, "All is vanity! the world passeth away, and the lust thereof! The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life are no portion for the deathless soul!" Live for God! live for heaven! live for Christ! This only can satisfy.

But this skull tells of a *mortal life spent*. This man lived; he sometimes rejoiced, he suffered, he sinned. Ah, yes, he *sinned*. Year after year sped on, and his transgressions accumulated. One sin is heavy enough to drag a soul down to hell, one mill-stone about the neck is heavy enough to drown, but he, *like us*, piled above his head a mountain, an alp, a continent of sin! Skull! did the eyes that once shone here ever run down with tears of penitence? Did the tongue that has rotted from the jaw ever call on God for mercy? Did it ever learn to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" or this: "Lord, save me, I perish!" or this: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on me!" Did the tongue presently learn to cry, exultingly, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" or this sweet word: "He loved me, and gave Himself for me;" or this: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin;" or, "In Him I have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." At my grave such questions may soon be asked, and at yours. Upon the answers depends the eternal destiny of the soul. Be not mad enough to leave to the mercies of dying moments the vast concerns of an eternal world! Now, now, decide for God. Be not content to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Everyone says this, for who would not desire to enter bliss eternal? Trust Christ with your soul,

and begin to live for Him; live a believer, and you shall die one!

Briefly we have glanced at the solemn mysteries of life and death; time will permit us to dwell but a few minutes on a theme more awful still.

III. *The Future*. The unseen, mysterious, endless future! At the very limit of life, just on the threshold of eternity, the mortal lays down his house of flesh and passes out of sight—but he lives on. This temple-dome in which a brain once throbbed is no less a token of a life beyond the grave than a memorial of a mortal life already passed. *The soul lives on*. Nature assures us of this truth. All people in all nations, in all ages have heard the voice of self-consciousness telling them of a future life unseen. The Book of God confirms this assurance, and, lifting the dark veil, shows us the solid realities of eternity. The body may die, the spirit returns to God who gave it. Dives and Lazarus both live yet; one softly reposing on the Saviour's breast, the other madly shrieking in perdition. You and I are travellers to an eternal world. Are you journeying heavenwards or no? Soon you will step through the dark passage, and be lost to our view; but you will be gone *some-where*; you will still live.

With reverent hand I would try to sketch a solemn scene. A man lies dying: his eyes glitter with strange fires; fearful earnestness is depicted on his pallid features; the hands are clenched in agony. "I am not saved," he murmurs wildly; "I can't die, I am not ready! I won't die! Save me from death! Will no one help me?"

"How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions;

Who, counting on long years of
 pleasure here,
 Is all unfurnished for the world to
 come!
 In that dread moment how the fran-
 tic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay
 tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks
 for help,
 But shrieks in vain!"

Hark to the last whisper of the
 dying wretch: "I am lost! I have
 neglected Christ—I perish!" He
 dies. With trembling awe let us lift
 the veil. By the hands of dread
 angels the soul is dragged, away,
 away to the bar of God. Naked it
 stands there, convulsed with agonies
 of fear. How horrid black appear
 those sin-spots that on earth were
 thought so venial. Not one rag of
 goodness has the unbelieving soul to
 clothe it, nor one excuse to cover it.
 The awful sentence is pronounced,
 "He that is filthy, let him be filthy
 still," and away the unrepentant
 rebel is hurried, to remain under
 chains of darkness till the last Judg-
 ment. "This life is real; there is
 none other," so he said once; but
 now he cries, "This torment is real,
 these soul-plagues are real, and
 mortal life is but a dream!"

Behold another picture. The Chris-
 tian dies. Pain racks the body, but
 the soul rests on Jesus. Heaven's
 dawning lights shine in his dying
 eyes. The lips murmur, "Jesus,
 Thou art mine—I am Thine—I trust
 myself to Thee—sweet Saviour, I
 come, I come." His spirit bids eter-
 nal farewell to earth, and is gently
 borne by angel-hands up to the
 Throne of God. Spotless, stainless,
 bright as heaven, the soul stands
 there, for it was washed in the all-
 cleansing blood of the Lamb. Glo-
 rious robes, too, bright as the light,
 resplendent with lustrous gems, en-
 robe the forgiven soul; this is the

robe of the Saviour's righteousness.
 Who will lay aught to his charge
 now?

"There for him the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds and spreads His
 hands."

Jesus is his Advocate, and pleads
 His priceless blood. He was a sin-
 ner,—true,—but Jesus bare his sins
 away. He deserved to perish; yes,
 but Jesus drank dry the cup of
 wrath for him. Lovingly the Son of
 God beckons him, "Come, ye blessed
 of my Father; enter into the joy of
 your Lord." The happy spirit waits,
 rocked to soft slumber in the bosom
 of God, until the glorious morn shall
 dawn for the resurrection of his body.

The skull is left behind; never
 again shall the brain live in bony
 halls and corridors like these. The
 believer gladly drops at death all
 that is earthly and sinful. When he
 is clothed upon with his heavenly
 house at the resurrection of the just
 he will receive a body incorruptible,
 heavenly, spiritual.

How strange is it to think that
 perhaps this skull may have now
 spoken more for God than ever did
 its tenant in life. Thus can God
 make even the death of His enemies
 to praise Him. Thy salvation or
 thy just condemnation shall surely
 bring glory to God.

Or let us rather hope that this
 belonged to some preacher of the
 Gospel, or some holy follower of
 Christ, some Abel who being dead
 yet speaketh. May the pleading be
 effectual! Perhaps ere he breathed
 his last he prayed that his death
 might speak for God as well as his
 life; and thus is the prayer answered.
 But now I remove the skull; my
 hearers, so shall the last messenger
 presently leave you, having given
 his last warning, and unless you turn
 to God, then must you be abandoned
 to hopeless woe.

Let the preacher speak a few last words in fervent love to your souls. I beseech you come to Jesus to-night, for my Lord will in no wise cast you out. To the worst man in this congregation I would speak: haste to Christ, and your vilest sins shall all be forgiven.—He will abundantly pardon. To the most hard-hearted I would say, Come to Jesus; His love will melt your stony heart, and it shall learn to throb with ecstasy of love Divine. And to the poor soul who has begun to despair, I would speak: Ah, brother! sister! there is mercy even for you; Christ saves to the uttermost; the strange stirrings of your spirit now may be the motions of God's Spirit; I pray you resist no longer the constraining love of Christ. Yield to be saved by grace, and then you shall not die at all, but only sleep in Jesus, and live for ever with the Lord!

The Lord grant it, for His mercy's sake. Amen.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 2.—NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, &c.

On Lord's Day, May 26th, I entered on active Christian duties. In the forenoon I preached for our Free Baptist Friends, where Bro. Cameron is pastor. He had visited England in 1870, attended and preached at our Leicester Jubilee Association, and I had, therefore, a pleasant and most agreeable acquaintance with our esteemed friend. Our Free Baptist cause in New York has had many difficulties to encounter, and their present church is said neither to be so commodious nor well located as they could desire. To me it was

a joy to begin my Transatlantic preaching among them, and when I remembered that Mr. Farrant, the son of the General Baptist minister, by whom I was baptized, was one of the earliest pastors of this flock, I felt at home in their midst. This meeting house, or church, had been once occupied by the Disciples, or Campbellites, and at one time my nephew was the resident church sexton, and as some of his children had been born in the dwelling-house which formed a part of the building, I seemed surrounded that morning with remarkable associations. I devoutly hope that Mr. Cameron's ministerial and pastoral work may be abundantly blessed. New York is receiving hundreds of Free Baptist Church members and friends every year; and how desirable that they should find a religious home in this great city, when far away from their native New England and Western States; besides, while we lay no great stress on the importance of Denominationalism, yet surely every Christian sect ought to have a place in New York, and take a share in the multifarious evangelical work of that large and rapidly growing city.

New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey city form a sort of triangle, being separated by the East and Hudson Rivers. New York is on a sort of tongue of land, very narrow in some places; but with Broadway running from the Battery to Central Park, some seven miles or more. These combined cities, with Williamsburg, with Hoboken, comprise a population of more than a million and a half, and are growing rapidly every day. The immense steam ferry boats plying constantly across the rivers to Brooklyn, Jersey City, &c., convey a number that would appear fabulous, into and out of New York, where not only passengers, but horses, carts, carriages, &c., are

easily and safely transferred. A magnificent bridge is in the course of erection, over from Brooklyn to Fulton Ferry, which will be of immense advantage when finished. The horse cars are an unspeakable convenience, and universally patronised. Many of the streets are badly paved, and it seems every expedient has been tried to improve them, but in vain.

The eagerness exhibited by business men in New York surpassed anything I had ever before witnessed. I had seen this spirit of worldly impetuosity in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Vienna, and in the Bazaars of the East; but New Yorkers, as a class, seemed to me to strain every nerve in the race for gold, though it is only fair to add that some of her merchant princes are among the most beneficent philanthropists the world contains.

On the first Lord's Day evening I preached for Dr. Hiscox, pastor of one of the Baptist Churches, Brooklyn, where my nephew is the conductor of the choir. The following Lord's Day I preached for the Rev. Mr. Kendrick in the Methodist Church, Brooklyn, and in the evening again for Dr. Hiscox. Numbers of my personal relatives and friends were able thus to meet with us, and I was introduced to several persons who had been members of our Churches in London, and other parts of England.

In the week intervening between these two Sabbaths, I had a public reception at my nephew's house in Brooklyn, and met a number of persons I could not otherwise have seen. Among the rest my old friend Mr. Smith, formerly of Stratford, near London, a trophy of our temperance cause, and widely known as the "Razor Strop Man," whose orations and wit, and good teetotal efforts had been most extensively

useful in America. Mr. McDougal, the worthy proprietor of the *Witness* Daily Paper, a paper that always finds a corner for religious and temperance articles. One of the editors of the *New York Herald* was also present, who was cheered when I expressed my opinion, that Dr. Livingstone was alive, and likely to be found by Mr. Stanley; and a number of other dear ministerial brethren and friends. I also just stepped into one of the sittings of the Wesleyan Conference, and heard some excellent speeches by coloured ministers, who were pleading for bishops of the same hue and race. I heard also a very telling sermon by one of their newly-elected bishops who satisfactorily showed that he was apt to teach, and could proclaim the good Word with power. My visits were often paid to the office of the *Baptist Union*, a weekly paper devoted to a Free Gospel for all sinners, and a Free Communion Table for all Believers. The conductors of that paper are doing a great and good work, and I pray that Dr. Ball and his coadjutor Bro. Whitney, may be spared to see the extensive spread of Evangelical, Spiritual, and Catholic Christianity. New York is the American headquarters for many noble Christian institutions, missions for home and abroad. Bible translation and circulation, peace and Temperance organisations, societies for the relief of Indigence and Affliction, Schools and District Mission Churches, are all well organised and liberally sustained.

Some of the greatest American pulpit orators are to be heard here—Henry Ward Beecher, probably the most eloquent preacher in Christendom, but, perhaps not half so orthodox as the veteran theologian, his revered father. So also there is Dr. Cuyler, very greatly and justly

appreciated by a large and flourishing Church; Dr. Hall, late of Dublin, a man of immense power, solid learning and useful pulpit qualifications. Then there is the fervid and devoted Dr. Talmage, whose spacious soul seems to have absorbed all the metaphors and tropes, and idealisms the world ever heard of; Dr. Storrs, who stands high, both as an orthodox theologian and eloquent preacher. So also there is the highly learned and ornate Dr. Chapin; the earnest and talented J. Hyatt Smith, the Free Communion Baptist preacher and advocate of the Christian family table being available to all the Lord's children. And time would fail were we to refer to all the renowned clergymen of the Methodist, Baptist, and other Denominations that crowd this city in numerous magnificent Houses of Worship or Churches as they call them. The heat in summer is so excessive that many Churches are entirely closed for several weeks, and their pastors sent into cooler districts, many to Europe, to rusticate and get ready for their Autumnal work about the middle or end of September. New York has constantly teeming into it thousands upon thousands of European emigrants, so that even this department of Home Mission work is vast and incessant. The New York Churches suffer by many of their wealthy influential members residing out of the city, and living in New Jersey, on the Banks of the Hudson, and elsewhere—in short, in rural and suburban districts all

round about. As there is no State Church, all Denominations have an equally fair field, and no special favours; as a rule, however, the Episcopal and Unitarian Churches have their membership among the wealthier and more educated classes. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists flourish greatly in New York, and the Wesleyan bodies probably take the lead among the masses of the people, though their order is considerably modified from the usages of English Methodists. There is plenty of work for Roman Catholic Priests, from the constant tide of Irish emigration that is pouring its thousands into their midst. It may be remarked also that the voluntary support of the ministry does great credit to that principle in New York. It is presumed that H. W. Beecher receives a salary equal to that of some of our English Episcopal bishops, and popular devoted ministers are in no part of the world more highly honoured or better paid. Of course many of the hard working pastors in spheres less opulent are not in pecuniary things better off than our English Nonconformist ministers.

The public press pay more attention to ecclesiastical matters, and reports of sermons, notices of pulpit services, than is done with us. Well I am bound both for the East and West; and now, till my return, I bid adieu to New York, and its numerous interesting associations. Rhode Island will next claim our notice.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone,"
"The Emigrants," &c., &c.CHAPTER II.—POOR MILLY AND THE
POCKET BOOK.

WRAPPING her shawl close around her she passed on hurriedly through the crowds of men and women that thronged the Jews' mart, and gaining the top of the street, crossed into the Minories. On, looking neither to right nor left, as though life depended on her speed: on, through bye-ways and back streets to Billingsgate, where, after the best fish had been sold, small lots were offered cheap to poor buyers. On, in the hope of getting a cod's liver, to boil for the poor old mother at home. On, clutching and counting at every stride the fifteen-pence halfpenny she had won so dear.

"I must put sixpence by for the rent—then there's twopence for laudanum; candle, a penny; bread, fourpence—that will only leave me twopence-halfpenny for the liver. I can't get it for that, I am afraid. Oh, dear me! Well, she must have her liver, poor dear; and I must get threepenny worth of bread. They say Snow, in the Borough, is a halfpenny cheaper than the rest—so perhaps I can manage. Let me be thankful."

Thus, soliloquising and praying, Milly hurried on, and with a desire to avoid the crowded Bankside, turned up a narrow bye-way, between great warehouses that led to

the foot of the circular stairs, by which she could reach the bridge. It was dinner time, and the place was comparatively quiet; here and there a white paper cap might have been seen from the top of a doorway, but except this, there were few signs of life—while outside the busy roar told of ceaseless bustle and care.

In one of the darkest parts of this bye-way, and near to a large cheese factors, she saw a pocket-book lying in her path; she picked it up and strode on. While passing over London Bridge, on her way south, she stepped into one of the recesses to look for a moment at what the pocket-book contained. There were some cheques, bank notes, bills, and the usual etc. of a merchant's book, and in an inner case receipt stamps, and some gold and silver, about four pounds in all.

Painters say, that "surprise exhibits concealed beauty"—in poor Milly's case surprise exhibited concealed hope. "Oh, if this did but belong to me what comforts it would bring to poor mother—it is years since I had gold in my hand, years; and yet there was a time when neither gold nor notes would have moved me thus. Oh, what had I better do with it? I ought to give it to a policeman, for it is not really mine. Yes, I will seek to find the owner, and restore it."

The pleasurable sensation caused by what the gold might have bought, had it been her own, was too much for her poor weak frame, and the houses, churches, ships, and people, began to fly round her with great speed. She was conscious of fainting and making an effort to rise. She

partly raised her foot to the stone seat, then fell back, with a groan, still clasping the pocket-book in her hand.

"Do you believe, Mr.—," said a lady, "Do you believe the poor are so *very* miserable as Dickens draws them? there must be some exaggeration. There are thousands who think so.

"The fat hog that lives in the sty
Cares not what the lean one suffers
that runs by."

"Yes, madam, the poor in London are wretchedly poor and heathenish. Twenty-one years ago a well-known writer wrote, 'Heathenism is the poor man's religion in the Metropolis. It is well for some to declare that the Church of England is the poor man's Church, and for others to speak of Methodism as the poor man's religion; but neither of these statements are true,' and he declares that in 1841 in the Island of Jamaica, out of a population of 380,000, there were more communicants than in London, out of a population of 2,103,279. Yes, madam, miserably poor and Heathenish; but in this case, poverty with Christ, and the company of the dogs at the gate is infinitely to be preferred to the fine linen and the sumptuous living, when the bosom of Abraham receives the one and the bosom of hell the other."

"Stand back, can't yer, and give the poor thing some air," said the policeman, who, unknown to her, had been watching, and had seen her fall, and noticing her last movement on the step, had thought she meditated suicide.

"Stand back, can't yer, she'll come to in a minute or two, and she'll be wiser than to try that jump again. It's a good thing she did faint, or else she'd had a watery grave by now."

The Bridge is not the place for a crowd, but there was a swelling like an aneurism in a great artery—a look and some passed on in silence—a look and a speech from others.

"What's up?" said one. "Drunk," said another. "Give the old gal a drop of gin," shouted a third; and away, passing to right and left went the light-hearted, but not cruel jesters, for not one of them but would have stopped and rendered assistance had it been needed, but

"Wasn't it pitiful—
In a whole city full—
Friends she had none."

On the application of some salts she partially revived, and as returning consciousness came, she started up with a half-frightened look, and looking at the constable in the most perfect bewilderment, she said, "Oh, I didn't steal it—indeed I didn't—no, not for my poor mother would I steal. I found it! Oh dear, I don't know where, but down there," pointing in the direction of Bankside—"down there at the bottom of the steps. But here, I'll give it to you—you will find the owner."

"That's a likely tale," observed a bystander. "Picked somebody up, no doubt," said another. "Well, come," said the policeman, "pack up your traps, you must go with me."

A sudden spurt of blood was the answer—there was commotion—a cab was called; and when Milly woke she was in Guy's Hospital, with a nurse by her side, where, for the present, we must leave her.

The poor old woman at No. 6 lay waiting for her return. She was accustomed to her absence at such times when she took her work home, and knew pretty well how long it would take her; the hour had passed and Milly had not returned. She

had promised to bring her laudanum, or as she called it, her drops; and the poor old woman laid and cried, "Milly, dear, why don't you come, I want my drops."

The position in which poor Milly had been found—the fright—the exclamation, "Oh, I did not steal it,"—had excited the attention of the policeman. A penny memorandum book, with her work account in it and her address on the cover, written by the careful hand of Old Ben, had revealed her place of abode, and having reported to his superior, Policeman Z went to Coppice Row, and knocked at No. 6.

The door was opened by the tenant, who happened to be at home, and, after listening to the statement of the guardian of the public peace, he accompanied that worthy upstairs. They were just in time, for the poor old woman, worn out with long waiting, and missing the soothing effects of her cordial, had dropped off into an exhaustive sleep, from which in all probability she had never awaked, had not help arrived.

The practised eye of the policeman soon told him that this was not the abode of a thief, and after providing a nurse from a neighbouring workhouse, he went in search of the owner of the pocket-book. He first went to the bank, and very soon obtained the necessary knowledge by which he might find the person he sought—indeed, one of the clerks was able to identify the book as one frequently used by Mr. —, a wharfinger in Rood-lane.

At the wharfinger's there had been great excitement; a young man, a junior clerk, whose character had long been considered unsound, had been given in charge for stealing the book, the gentleman declaring most positively that it had been taken from his desk, as he left it there on

the morning of the day in which it was found.

On the arrival of the policeman the matter was cleared up, everybody recollecting what, if remembered before, might have spared the young man, who whatever was his character, was certainly innocent of this; and the mark of some corrosive liquid on the end of the morocco that had partly burnt away the binding and had stained the leaves gave ample information as to the manner in which the accident occurred. The owner had been engaged in testing some powerful muriatic acid, and by some means or other the end of the pocket-book had come in contact with the liquid, and on being consigned to the side pocket of the coat had burnt its way through; the jump from the lower floor to the pavement, a feat frequently practised by warehousemen, sufficed to complete the mischief, and to place the book where Milly found it.

Of course there were mutual regrets and explanations. The clerk was immediately liberated and restored to his former position with an intimation that if he would keep away from betting-houses and bad company, he would no longer be under suspicion, and the past, in consequence of the sad mistake that had occurred, should be entirely forgotten; and with a rise in his salary, as a stimulant to a better life, he recommenced his work.

That evening round a cosy fire in his snug villa at Redhill the merchant told the story of the book. There was intense excitement when he spoke of poor Milly; it lost much of its force because he could only tell it as the policeman had told him, yet he felt very ill at ease about it. He thought he had been too hasty about it, for after all, it was but a matter of a few pounds, and

for that he had imperilled the position of a young man, and, unknown to himself, had placed two other lives in jeopardy; he could only think now of reparation for the wrong done.

He thought much of his home comforts, and was always glad to leave the smoky City behind and by the aid of the four p.m. reach his quiet nook in the beautiful breezy Surrey hills; and now, as he sat by his own ingle, with his charming wife and family round him, he began to think about the matter seriously. He thought of a commercial disaster such as had overtaken men stronger than himself, of his health giving way under it, of poverty overtaking them, of his own darling Edith, then a blooming maiden verging on womanhood, being placed in the position of Milly, and while he thought

a tear trickled down his cheek, and he said, "Yes, something must be done; it may be that in this strange way God has in His wisdom brought this poor girl under my notice. I wonder who she is."

"Pa, dear," said Edith, "will you take me to town with you to-morrow morning, and I will go and see poor Milly, and see what is best to be done. You know I can run over to the office and report, and then we can tell Ma more about it to-morrow night."

"Yes, Edith dear," said her Ma, "I will pack you up some nice things for her mother, and you had better see that some clean linen be packed ready; so you run and get Flora to help you, and be down in time for prayer."

(To be Continued.)

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

LONGING FOR A REVIVAL!

THIS afternoon I have felt the weight of my work, and the state of the Church, the town, and the world has been laid on my mind. O how I long for a great revival of religion in my Church! O that the Lord would pour out the fulness of His Holy Spirit upon us! I do love the Gospel, and I love to preach it too; but I want to find the preaching of it attended with Divine power, that hundreds may be awakened by it. There is a good work going on, I am persuaded, but I want the chariot wheels to roll round faster. I want sinners to decide, and come and

avow themselves on the Lord's side. I want to see the sun of righteousness in the meridian, and to feel the sweet gales of the Spirit's influence blown over us, bending every head downward in humility, and ripening the corn for the sickle. O for a glorious reaping time! O to carry many ripe sheaves into the Church!
—JAMES SMITH.

HEARTY PREACHERS WANTED.

If ministers of the Gospel were more hearty in their work of preaching; if instead of giving lectures,

and devoting a large part of their time to literary and political pursuits, they would preach the Word of God, and preach it as if they were pleading for their own lives, ah! then my brethren we might expect great success; but we cannot expect it while we go about our work in a half-hearted way, and have not that zeal, that earnestness, that deep purpose which characterised the men of old.—SPURGEON.

IS SUBSTITUTION JUST?

In these days the old cry is raised with fresh force. We speak of substitution, and somebody cries out—“Is it just for Christ to suffer for the sinner?” There are some people strangely afraid of having anything in the world but naked justice. They seem to demand that everybody should bear his own burden, pay his own debts, have his own stripes, work out his own righteousness, save his own soul, or be lost if he cannot. It might be a good demand for an unfallen angel, who had maintained his obedience through long centuries; but for poor polluted men like ourselves it would never do to have nothing but justice. I want to see a great deal of generosity in the world—the rich man paying the debts of the poor man, the strong man generously helping the weak one, the holy one generously working out a robe of righ-

teousness for the polluted one, the offended dying to set the offender free. Is it just? No, it is not just, because it belongs altogether to a higher region. It would not be just in me to force another to pay my debts against his will, to force him by his blood-shedding to win for me the crown of life, which I cannot win for myself; but if he, with Divine pity, offer himself: if he say, I do love him, though he be altogether unworthy—let me labour and suffer for him; is it unjust to accept his generosity? Would it not be unjust to forbid his love, and tell him he should not do it?—CHARLES VINCE.

SOCIETY SHUTTING OUT HEAVEN.

THERE is much in this world that blocks up and shuts out heavenly powers. We get amongst society as into a dense wood or forest, where under the shadows of the trees all is bare and barren round about us: we get troubled sometimes, so that the dews from the Lord cannot come in; we shut out heaven and the Spirit of God. In this busy age, my brethren, if we would have our souls refreshed, we must sometimes get into retirement and solitude, that we may there meditate upon the great things of God. We must get away from the pernicious objects and associations which surround us here, and strive to have a clear sky overhead.—JOHN SROUGHTON.

BAPTIST UNION ARBITRATION COMMITTEE.—This Committee is now prepared to enter on operations. Dr. Angus is Chairman for the year. Applications for the services of the Committee are to be made to the Secretary of the Union.—J. H. Millard, B.A., Huntingdon.

Reviews.

The Mormons and the Silver Mines.

By JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S. (Hodder and Stoughton).

THIS handsome volume of upwards of four hundred pages is the work of one who is distinguished, both as a distinguished author and world-wide traveller. Mormonism and Silver Mines are here discussed most fully, and yet in a lively chatty form, so as to render the book both pleasing and attractive. Mr. Bonwick kept both his eyes and ears open, and in treating the peculiarities of Mormonism has exhibited a spirit of praiseworthy impartiality, which will render his statements thoroughly reliable to searchers of correct information. Our experience in Salt Lake City would compel us to say the women in general were not so cheerful and happy as Mr. Bonwick describes; but, as a whole, we can fully endorse his general description. The mining part of the book, so fully and intelligently written, must be of the highest value to those engaged in such enterprises. This book cannot fail to be as popular and useful as the author's previous works on the "Tasmanians," and "Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days."

A Handbook of Revealed Theology.

By Rev. JOHN STOCK, LL.D. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is the third edition of a work that was warmly recommended at first by Mr. Spurgeon, and however excellent, it has been revised and enlarged, and considerably improved since then. Its title is truly sustained throughout; it exhibits a thorough knowledge of Biblical Theology, skilful judgment in the analytical department, and great sobriety and care in the

illustration of the manifold topics introduced. Dr. Stock, besides being eminently evangelical, is distinguished for strong common sense and striking practicalness. It ought to have a place in the library of all our ministers and students, and would equally help the higher order of lay preachers and Sunday-school teachers. Of course, our approval does not involve the endorsement of every thought or sentence, but it would be difficult to find so comprehensive a volume where there is so much heartily to approve and so little to dispute.

Tears of the Pilgrims in the Sunlight of Heaven; or, Words of Comfort to the Afflicted and the Bereaved.

By W. FRITH, Minister, Trinity Chapel, New Bexley. Revised Edition. (Elliot Stock.)

WE are glad to see that our old friend Dr. Hugh Allen, Rector of St. George the Martyr, has kindly written a Recommendatory Preface, not that the book required it, but because it exhibits a State Church Clergyman in kindly union with our Nonconformist author. The book is small, but spiritual, experimental, and thoroughly adapted to its mission as a comforter to those pilgrims to the better land, who go on their way with tears and sadness. There is very much precious gold in this nicely got up book of 130 32mo pages, and we hope many editions will be called for by Christian readers of all Denominations.

John whom Jesus Loved. By JAS. CURROSS, A.M., D.D. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is a handsome volume of 216 pages on a theme that must be of in-

terest to every Christian reader. John the beloved, the early, the devoted, the long-lived disciple of Jesus; John the favoured with the visions of the Apocalypse, the writer of the Gospel bearing his name, and the loving and yet faithful Epistles; we ask what theme more rich and suggestive?

Dr. Culross possesses in an eminent degree the spirit and the gifts and talents for such a work, and in his six chapters on the "Man," "The Companion of Jesus," "After the Ascension," "The Writer," "The Theologian," "His Influence," and then in the Appendix, "Legends and Traditions," the chief features in John's character and work are clearly and fully discussed. We feel assured the work, so intrinsically excellent, will have a very extended circulation.

The King's Son; or, a Memoir of Billy Bray, &c. By F. W. BOURNE. Sixth Edition. Bible Christian Book Room, and Hamilton and Co.

THE subject of this Memoir was one of those extraordinary men who stand out of the ordinary track of human life every now and then, and whose very eccentricities are all consecrated, by an intense fervid piety, to the cause of the Redeemer and the glory of God. All who have read the lives of *Sammy Hick*, *Praying Johnny*, *Peter Cartwright*, &c., will be delighted with this brief epitome of one of the earnest Cornish Bible Christians. We would have selected some of the original racy things Billy said, and some of the extraordinary good things he did, but we have not space, and besides the book is so good and yet so small that all our readers should at once possess it.

The Baptist Messenger for 1872.

WELL bound, and forming a handsome volume of its varied treasures for the past year. It ought, we think, to be thus introduced into all our Baptist Church and Sunday-school libraries.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Gardeners' Magazine. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq. We were delighted to see the honour Mr. Hibberd received in connection with his long course of conducting this first-class horticultural periodical. The immense labour and great skill and talent devoted to its management has been ever manifest, and never more than now. Every department is well done, and as a whole nothing can be more complete. We are always glad to find a man A 1, whether it be in editing a periodical or ruling a kingdom.

The Baptist. A Weekly Newspaper for the Denomination. 1d. (Elliot Stock.) We have felt considerable anxiety concerning this new paper, and we must freely acknowledge the first number has more than realised our large expectations. It is well got up, very handsome, and every way satisfactory in type, paper, and size. Thus it is really a very good penny's worth. Then the literary and religious material is distinctly good and well-arranged. The excellent papers of this first number are worth ten times the cost, and we feel no doubt that it will not deteriorate, but rather get better, as all its contributors get into harness. We very much esteem the *Freeman* and its conductors, and shall not fail to help it still to the utmost of our ability, but it is a paper for the select few of the Baptist Bodies, and not for the general many. A penny paper was absolutely indispensable, and now we have it, and we hope it will be commended from every Baptist pulpit in the United Kingdom, and brought into every Baptist Sunday-school, and that it will be pushed at once into a safe and paying circulation. We repeat it, *The Baptist* must be heartily welcomed and universally sustained.

The Day of Rest. A new weekly for Lord's Day advocacy and reading, is one of the very best and cheapest periodicals ever issued. Its striking and well-executed engravings will delight

our young people. We hope it will sell by hundreds of thousands.

The Baptist Magazine, with new dress and a reduced price, we trust will attain a much larger circulation. The January number is a very good one.

The Systematic Bible Teacher; A Magazine for Home and School. 1d. monthly. (S. W. Partridge and Co.) There are several very useful lectures in this new periodical for teachers, but it is not up to the mark we had fixed upon; but future numbers may be more satisfactory.

The Hive. Excellent as ever.

The Sword and Trowel. Never better.

Old Jonathan. With an admirable portrait of one of the best men that Bristol ever produced, Robert Charlton, the Christian patriot and philanthropist.

The Biblical Museum (Part XXV.), we have fully noticed in previous reviews.

Mission Work. A quarterly record issued by the Young Men's Baptist Missionary Society, Birmingham. Well got up, and full of good papers. (Elliot Stock.)

Christian Treasury. Edited by Dr. H. BONAR. A comprehensive, full-sized monthly, overflowing with good things.

Ragged School Union Magazine, the efficient helper and cheerer of all labourers and friends of that institution; *The Bible and the Prisoner; The Appeal; Papers of Ragged Church and Chapel Union; Our Own Almanack*, by T. W. MEDHURST; and *Christian Influence; or, How Far will it Spread?* (Elliot Stock), we cordially commend to our readers.

Poetry.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FRIEND.

How suddenly the summons
To one beloved has come!
But, safe in Jesus, dying
To her was going home.
'Tis painful to survivors
That they should lose her so,
But yet how much of mercy
Is mingled with the blow!

The aged, helpless husband
Had felt it even more,
If he had seen her lying
For weeks in sickness sore.
And her desire is granted,
That such her death might be—
How blessed! in a moment
From earth and sin set free.

Caught from her humble dwelling
To Paradise above—
From pain, and care, and weakness,
To heavenly light and love.
And there she's sweetly singing,
Before the throne of God,
The praises of the Saviour,
Who washed her in His blood.

Cheer up, afflicted husband—
'Tis hard indeed to part
From thy beloved companion,
So dear unto thy heart.
May God thy Father help thee
To bow unto His will—
We know that He is faithful—
We know He loves thee still.

He'll be thy stay and portion,
Far more than wife or friend,
And give thee strength for bearing
Thy cross unto the end.

And then thy ransomed spirit
Shall quit its house of clay,
And rise to join thy loved one
In realms of endless day!

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

I WOULD THOU WERT COLD
OR HOT.

AWAKE! ye lukewarm souls, awake!
arise!
Wrestle until new energy ye feel;
Up! be His followers or His enemies,
Renounce Him, or press on with
fervent zeal.

Was He thus trifling when He left the
place
Where angels sing His praises and
adore,
Where the Archangel veils his glorious
face,
And bows with reverence and holy
awe.

The Father's well beloved and only One
Was He thus trifling when to earth
He came,
Leaving the immortal honours of His
throne,
To tread the path of bitterness and
shame.

When He obedient to th' eternal plan
Expired in agony upon the tree,
Did He thus suffer and canst thou,
oh, man,
Think lightly of Jehovah's love to
thee?

Worm of the dust, why dare insult
His love?
He knows thy heart is neither cold
nor hot,
Thy lukewarm works are known to
Him above,
Writ in the volume ne'er to be for-
got.

Did Jesus with His heavenly Father
part,
Leaving His bosom but to rescue
thee?

Where is thy love? does not thy sel-
fish heart
Melt at the wondrous tale of Calvary?

He hates thy coldness! Why His spirit
grieve
When thou should'st anxiously His
coming wait;
He asks thine heart less He will not
receive,
Oh! be not like the foolish ones
too late.

Lukewarmness is unknown to those
above,
For no unrighteousness can enter
Heaven;
There all is energy and perfect love,
And constant homage is to Jesus
given.

F. W.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; THERE-
FORE, I SHALL NOT WANT."

As step by step my life I tread,
As seasons swiftly fly,
Thro' pleasant paths I have been led,
And peaceful waters by.

I have not wanted anything,
But God has given to me;
Beneath the shadow of His wing
My resting place shall be.

My earthly wants have been supplied,
And many comforts too,
And though my courage has been tried
My Shepherd still is true.

My sweetest safeguard I have found,
Within His watchful love,
His arms protect from foes around
While travelling home above.

This friend remains unto the end,
My Saviour, Guard, and Guide;
To all my wants He will attend,
And I in Him confide.

Life's sun will soon sink in the West,
My days will soon be run,
I do not fear, I am at rest,
For Christ and I are one.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

AFTER five years' labour, Rev. William Lloyd resigns the pastorate next March, of the church, Park-street, Thaxted, Essex.

Rev. W. E. Prichard, of West Row, near Soham, has resigned his pastorate there, to the deep regret of his people.

Rev. E. M. C. Botterill, of Bugbrooke, Northamptonshire, has been invited to take the pastorate of Claremont Chapel, Bolton, vacant by the removal of Rev. T. W. Handford to Bloomsbury Chapel.

Rev. Albert Swaine, of the Bristol College, has accepted an unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church, Wantage, Berks.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of the North-East Coast Mission, has accepted an invitation as pastor, from the church, Scarfskerry, in the county of Caithness, rendered vacant by the removal of the Rev. R. Wallace, in consequence of bad health.

CARMARTHEN.—Rev. Evan Thomas, of Cardigan, has accepted the invitation of the English Church in this ancient town to become their pastor.

Rev. R. P. Macmaster, who has been for eleven years minister of Counter-slip Chapel, Bristol, has accepted the invitation of the church in Hallfield Chapel, Bradford, to become their pastor.

Rev. J. H. Lummis, of Swadlincote, Burton-on-Trent, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church, Salem Chapel, Boston.

WELSHPOOL.—Mr. Jabez Jenkins, of Pontypool College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, as the successor of the Rev. J. Evans.

Rev. A. Tovey has resigned the pastorate of Siloam English Church, Beaufort, Brecknockshire, after serving it for more than twelve years.

Mr. Wm. J. Staynes, of Chilwell College, having received a cordial and unanimous invitation to the church at Quorndon, Leicester.

Rev. W. Gordon Jones, for several years pastor of the church, East-street, Newton Abbot, Devon, has accepted the appointment of secretary to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

Rev. John Harrison has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church, Park-road, Ryde, to be their pastor. Mr. Harrison was minister of a Baptist Church, in Birmingham, for ten years, after which his health failed, and for some time past he has been staying at Ventnor, where he will reside during the whole of the present winter, after which he intends to settle in Ryde.

Mr. E. A. Tydeman, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Morice-square, Devonport.

SUTTON, ELY.—Mr. A. Baker, late of Sutton, Ely, has accepted the pastorate of the church worshipping at the West End Chapel, Tring, Herts.

Mr. D. Ashby (late of Whittlesea, Cambridgeshire) has engaged to preach at the Baptist Chapel, London-road, Chelmsford, for three months.

Rev. C. Vernon has resigned the pastorate of the Church at Stratford-green. His address will still be Stratford, and he is open to supply any chapels in or near London.

PRESENTATIONS.

On New Year's Day, Rev. J. Dodwell, of Middleton Cheney, Banbury, was

presented by the church and congregation with a purse containing £10, in affectionate appreciation of the labours of himself and Mrs. Dodwell.

BOND STREET, BIRMINGHAM.—A meeting was held on December 30th, to bid farewell to Rev. W. J. Henderson, who is about to take the oversight of the church meeting in Cow-lane, Coventry. The attendance was large. Mr. Ed. While read a statement, from which it appeared that during Mr. Henderson's ministry a large debt had been liquidated, and that the church would enter upon the new year with a sum of money in hand. A testimonial was then presented to the retiring pastor, consisting of a time-piece, some theological volumes, and other articles. An address accompanied the presents, and was read by Mr. A. W. Oakley. In the address sincere regret was expressed at the departure of Mr. Henderson. Amongst those who spoke or sent letters to the meeting were the following gentlemen:—The Revs. Charles Vince, J. Jenkyn Brown, W. Walters, T. McLean, Benwell, Bird, C. Bright, and W. F. Callaway.

Rev. W. Crick, of Riddings, Derbyshire, has been presented with a purse of £10, on completing the second year of his pastorate.

Rev. W. Bentley having resigned the pastorate of the church in the village of Loughton, Essex, the members and friends had a meeting, and presented him with a purse of £50.

A meeting of the members of the church and congregation worshipping in the chapel, New Southgate, was held on Thursday, January 9th, for the purpose of publicly bidding farewell to the late pastor, Rev. T. G. Atkinson. The chair was occupied by Rev. R. Wallace, the senior minister of the district, who expressed his high regard for Mr. Atkinson as a friend and brother minister, in which he was supported by Rev. T. Hill, and Rev. J. Pugh. Letters concurring with the same sentiments were read from Rev. W. L. Brown, Rev. J. P. Gledstone, Rev. J. Baird, rector of

Southgate, and Rev. J. L. Knight, incumbent of New Southgate. A purse containing twenty sovereigns was presented to the retiring pastor, as a small token of the esteem in which he is held by the friends.

RECOGNITIONS.

The 19th anniversary of the church at Park-road, Peckham, and the ordination of the Rev. T. Tarn, as pastor of the church, took place on Tuesday, January 7th. In the afternoon, a sermon was preached by Rev. W. A. Essery, after which tea was provided in the schoolroom. The evening service was opened by Rev. T. I. Cole, who presided over the meeting. After prayer by Rev. D. Honour, the senior deacon, Mr. Potter, assigned the reasons for inviting Mr. Tarn to become their pastor. Mr. Tarn then gave an account of his conversion, &c., after which the ordination prayer was offered by Rev. T. I. Cole. A charge was addressed to the pastor by Rev. G. Rogers, and to the church by Rev. D. Gracey. An address to the congregation by Rev. A. Buzacott, M.A., terminated the proceedings of the day.

RED LION STREET, CLEBKENWELL.—On Wednesday, the 4th of December, 1872, a tea and public recognition was held, of Mr. Henry Channer as the pastor of the above-mentioned Church. The chair was taken shortly after 7 o'clock, by Rev. C. B. Sawday. Rev. Phillip Gast, Mr. Groom, of Laystall-street Mission, and Mr. Stevens, of St. Albans, together with the late pastor, addressed the meeting. During the evening, a testimonial was presented to the retiring pastor, Mr. W. E. Palmer, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the meeting, which was well attended.

NEW CHAPELS.

SPECIAL services, in connection with the opening of the Lordship-lane chapel, Dulwich, have been held, and the services have been, on the whole, well attended. A sum of about £2,000

will cover the cost, half of which amount was raised before the completion of the building, and of the remaining balance £445 had been subscribed, or promised, ere the services were brought to a conclusion. The builder is Mr. R. G. Batley, of Old Kent-road. At the close of the New Year's Day service, tea was provided in the lecture-room, and a public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was taken by E. Rawlings, Esq., who was supported on his right by Rev. H. J. Tresider, the pastor of the church, and on his left by Rev. T. J. Cole and Rev. Mr. Halsey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held, on Tuesday, January 14, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, president for 1873, in the chair. The morning meeting commenced with a devotional service; the Rev. W. Howieson read a paper on "The Connection between Personal Godliness and Ministerial Efficiency," which was followed by a discussion. It was reported that the entire sum promised by the association (£1,000), towards the erection of the new chapel in the Wandsworth-road, had been collected; and it was resolved that the new chapel, to engage the efforts of the association during 1873, should be erected at Balham. In the evening a prayer-meeting was held in the Tabernacle. The President gave a very stirring and suitable address, and prayers were offered by Revs. J. H. Barnard, W. Stott, J. Dunlop, and others.

BOWDEN, MANCHESTER.—It was recently announced that the Manchester and Salford Baptist Union had secured a chapel at Bowden, formerly occupied by the Presbyterians; and that Rev. H. J. Betts had consented for a time to occupy the pulpit. The chapel was opened on the first Sunday in October, and such success has attended the labours of Mr. Betts, that a church is to be formed at once, and

the friends have determined to be self-supporting from the beginning of the new year. A Sunday-school has been commenced, a good congregation has been gathered, and an earnest band of Christian workers organised. There is every prospect of a successful and permanent cause being established in this popular and wealthy suburb of Manchester.

NEWBURY, BUCKS.—On Tuesday evening, December 31, the annual meeting of the church and congregation was held in the school-room. Tea was served, and there was a good attendance. The evening meeting commenced at seven o'clock; the pastor presided. Addresses were delivered by several friends, and during the evening the following resolution, moved by Mr. J. J. Davies, seconded by Mr. Hughes, and supported by Mr. Shaw, was put to the meeting by Mr. Coxeter, one of the Deacons:—"Our pastor, the Rev. J. E. Cracknell, having intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate, we desire to bear testimony to the high esteem in which he is held. After nearly six years of social and Christian intercourse, we testify to his unblemished reputation, and thorough transparency of his moral and religious character—to the faithfulness of his ministrations—his genial and kindly spirit—his interest in the village stations, Sunday-school, and welfare of the young. We would specially remember his earnest and successful efforts in freeing the chapel from debt, and general improvement of the services during his pastorate. It is our wish that he retain his position amongst us until a suitable opening presents itself. He will leave a people who, without exception, desire that every blessing may rest upon him and his beloved partner, for whom we express our high esteem." The resolution was passed accompanied with many kind words and good wishes. From the *Newbury Weekly News* of January 2, 1873.

LYDBROOK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—A public tea meeting, which was well-

attended, was held at the Baptist Chapel on Christmas-day. At 6.30 p.m. an entertainment, consisting of Welsh and English reading, recitation and singing was given. A Christmas tree was also got up on the occasion for the benefit of the poor, and proved quite a success.

BAPTISMS.

Aldham, Felinford, Llanelly.—Jan. 12, Two, by Rev. J. Jones, pastor.
Astley Bridge.—Jan. 5, Ten, by J. G. Hall, pastor.
Bedminster.—Jan. 2, Four, by W. Norris.
Bramley, Leeds.—Jan. 5, Two, by A. Ashworth, pastor.
Cæsters.—Dec. 15, Three, by Rev. J. Nicholas, pastor.
Chatteris.—June 4, Seven; Oct. 2, Five, by H. B. Robinson.
Cradley Heath.—Oct. 28, Ten; Nov. 13, Seven; 27, Seven, by Rev. G. Cosens, pastor.
Derby, St. Mary's Gate.—Jan. 5, Fourteen, by Rev. Joseph Wilshire, pastor.
Dotton, N. Devon.—Dec. 1, Three; 22, Six, by C. Chant, pastor.
Dumfries.—Dec. 26, One, by Wm. Milligan, jun.
Ebbw Vale, Zion English.—Dec. 5, Two, from the Sabbath School, by Rev. W. Davis, pastor.
Esher.—Nov. 24, Two, by J. E. Penin.
Harlow, Potter-street.—Jan. 1, Two, by J. Billington, pastor.
Heywood, Rochdale-road.—Jan. 1, Six, by W. L. Mayo, pastor.
Kenninghall.—Nov. 10, Two; Dec. 5, Two, by Thos. J. Ewing.
Liverpool, Soho-street Church.—Nov. 30, Five; Dec. 29, Eight, by Eli E. Walter.
Liverpool, Myrtle-street.—Jan. 31, 1872, Four; May 29, Four; Oct. 28, Two; Dec. 29, Two; 30, Three, by Rev. H. S. Brown.
Llanelli, Greenfield Chapel.—Jan. 5, Six, by Rev. W. Cope, pastor.
Luton.—Jan. 16, Five, by Mr. Genders.
Lydbrook.—Dec. 22, One, by Mr. T. Cocker.
Mepal, nr. Chatteris.—July 17, Five, by H. B. Robinson.
Metropolitan District.—
Finchley, North End.—Jan. 2, Four, by Mr. J. Chadwick, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Dec. 19, Ten, by J. A. Spurgeon.
New Bezeley, Trinity Chapel.—Dec. 31, Three, by Rev. W. Frith, pastor.
Oaklands, Shepherds' Bush.—Jan. 2, One, by Rev. R. Webb.
Moriah, Llanelly.—Jan. 12, Six, by the Rev. D. Howells, Glasbury, Breconshire.

Newcastle-under-Lyne, from the united Churches of Newcastle and Burslem.—Dec. 5, Five, by Mr. H. C. Field, student at Mr. Spurgeon's College. This was the first baptising service that has been held in this ancient borough, and much interest was manifested on the occasion.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Bewick-street.—Dec. 29, Seven, by Rev. J. Mursell, pastor.
Nottingham, Stoney-street.—Nov. 27, Fifteen Dec. 31, Eighteen, by T. Ryder, pastor.
Old Basford.—Jan. 5, Five, by W. Dyson.
Oldham, King-street.—Dec. 29, Eight, by R. Howard Bayly.
Peterchurch, Hereford.—Nov. 24, Three, by J. Beard, pastor.
Resolven.—Jan. 5, Four, by Rev. D. B. Davies, pastor.
St. Andrews, N.E.—Jan. 12, One, by A. P. Fulton, pastor.
Salford, Great George-street.—Dec. 22, Three, by Rev. J. Harvey, of Bury.
Stratford-on-Avon.—Oct. 30, Three; Jan. 15, 1873, Three, by Edmund Morley.
Torquay, Upton Vale.—Jan. 5, Two, by E. Edwards.
Tydec, Bethesda.—Dec. 15, One; Jan. 12, Four, by J. Thomas, pastor.
West Bromwich.—Dec. 29, Five, by Rev. P. H. Newton, pastor.
Whitehaven.—Jan. 2, Three, by H. A. Fletcher, pastor.
Windsor.—Dec. 29, Eight, by Rev. T. G. Swindill. Four were from the Church at Wraybury.

RECENT DEATHS.

DEATH OF THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.—We regret to announce the death of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, which took place on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19. Mr. Noel, a younger son of Sir Gerard Noel-Noel, by the Baroness Barham, and brother to the Earl of Gainsborough, was born in 1799, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. For many years Mr. Noel was one of the most eminent preachers in London, and the large chapel, in St. John's, Bedford-row, formerly the scene of the labours of Richard Cecil and Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was crowded every Sunday. Mr. Noel first became known to the general public by his vigorous denunciation of the injustice of the Corn Laws. His pamphlet was the more valued by the leaders of the Repeal movement, then

much needing aid, from the certainty that it would be read by many who were prejudiced against their agitation. Soon afterwards Mr. Noel was appointed one of the chaplains to the Queen, and his sermons at Whitehall and St. James's form one of the score or more of volumes which he published during his active career. In 1848, having acquired the conviction that the union of the Church with the State was contrary to the spirit of the Christian religion, he announced his intention of seceding from the Church of England, and the Bishop of London pressed him to take the step at once rather than unsettle the minds of his hearers. After he had left St. John's, several attempts were made to restore its declining interests; but the vast congregation had dispersed, the noble institutions of charity were broken up, and in a few years the building was pulled down, the roof having first fallen in, and the site is now covered with dwelling houses.

Mr. Noel joined the Baptist Denomination, and soon succeeded the Rev. John Harrington Evans, himself a seceded clergyman of the Church of England, in the ministry of John-street Chapel. Having once clearly stated the reasons of his Nonconformity in a formal work, Mr. Noel settled down to a course of public labour, and was chiefly known as the warm and consistent supporter of unsectarian and philanthropic movements. The Civil War in the United States, and the lawless execution of Mr. Gordon in Jamaica, were events which powerfully kindled his fervour, and on each occasion he both wrote and spoke strongly in favour of what he deemed the cause of liberty and truth. On attaining the age of seventy he laid down the duties of a pastor, although his active labours only ceased with the illness preceding his death. In private life Mr. Noel was a man of great amiability of character—patient, kind, and sincere.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from December 19th, 1872, to January 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
R. F.	0 12 0	B. S.	4 0 0	Mr. M. Futton	5 0 0
Mrs. Love... ..	1 0 0	Mr. G. Morgan	1 0 0	A Mite for the Lord's	
Miss Miller	0 10 0	Alpha... ..	5 0 0	Work, J. H. D.	0 10 0
Mr. Rainbow	0 10 0	Mrs. Haggott	1 5 0	Mr. J. S. Mills	0 10 6
Mr. W. Wright	2 0 0	Mrs. Whittaker	0 10 0	Mr. J. Hosie	1 0 0
The late Mrs. Mary		Miss Barnes	5 0 0	Mr. J. Tod... ..	1 0 0
Beaumont	5 0 0	Mr. W. Booksby	0 10 0	Weekly Offerings at	
A Reader	0 5 0	G. L. B.	0 2 6	Metropolitan Ta-	
Mr. W. Tucknott	1 10 0	S. Powney	0 5 0	bernacle—Dec. 22 45 12 4	
Mr. D. Macpherson	0 5 0	The Misses Dransfield	4 4 0	" " " 29 60 4 6	
Mr. W. Latimer	0 5 0	Charlotte Ware	0 5 0	" " " Jan. 5 25 14 6	
Mr. Vickery	2 0 0	Church at Darwel,		" " " 12 32 2 3	
Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0	Kilmarnock	0 5 0		
Miss Jeptha	0 5 0	Mr. H. Speight... ..	0 10 0		
Mr. W. Ewing... ..	1 0 0	Mr. W. Ruthead	0 5 0		
Mr. Bowler's Class	18 0 0	Mr. E. Williams	1 1 0		
A. Friend, Broms-		John Ploughman's			
grove	0 9 4	Horse Shoes... ..	2 10 0		
					<u>£232 8 11</u>

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

MORE AND MORE.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"But He giveth more grace."—JAMES iv. 6.

PRACTICAL as the epistle of James is, this apostle does not neglect to extol the grace of God; he would be very unpractical if he did. There are some professors of religion who talk as if they loved the doctrines and loathed the duties; they cling to the faith while they shrink from the works; they accept the principles that are announced, but refuse the precepts that are enjoined. Herein they err. Yet we should be equally in fault, and, perhaps, commit the graver error, were we to be biassed in the opposite direction; did we constantly expound and enforce the great things to be done by us without reference to the greater things that have been done for us; did we commend the fruits regardless of the root from whence they spring; did we applaud the deeds of men without lauding the grace of God. Happily we have been taught both the saintship and the service, the covenant engagements as well as the creature obligations, the Divine enablements and the divers abilities of believers that are set in motion; so that we discern without difficulty how the principle of grace combines and co-operates with the practice of goodness. In our conflict with the natural spirit of enmity, grace takes the form of "more grace," and it is bestowed upon us that we may be able to overcome and prove victorious.

We shall first consider the words of our text in their natural connection; secondly, we shall contemplate their general instruction; then, thirdly, we shall connect them with a special application, seeking each one of us to appropriate them to ourselves.

Directly you look at the matter, you are struck with the contrast. It is not merely that a comparison is instituted, but two potent motives are confronted: the one a strong instinct, the other a liberal endowment. "The spirit that is in us lusteth to envy, but He giveth more grace." On our side it is a "spirit"—a turbulent passion; on God's side it is a sweet *douceur*—a supply of more grace. We, fretful and murmuring, anxious and complaining; He, far from grudging, stinting, or withholding (which would be a fit retaliation), succours us, and augments and multiplies his liberality, as if to compensate the aggravation of our waywardness by the enlargement of His concessions. The spirit that is in us complains of God, as though we were jealous that He gave more to others than to us. Still, the spirit that is in God goes on to give, saying, "Is thine eye evil because Mine is good? May I not do what I will with Mine own." The spirit that is in us undervalues what we possess, because, under some aspects, it may not be equally precious with that which somebody else possesses; but God, instead of taking away from us what He has given, because we judge Him so unworthily, only gives more. "He giveth more grace." One might have supposed that, because "the spirit that is in us lusteth to envy," therefore we should discover God opposing us, restraining the bottles of heaven, commanding the dew no longer to fall upon us, and withdrawing all the

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No. 172, NEW SERIES.

benedictions of His love. But no; it does not say, "He is opposed to us, and, whereas we run in one direction, He runneth in another. His thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are His ways our ways; and then again, our ways are not His ways, nor our thoughts His thoughts. We do not rise to Him, and He doth not stoop to us, so as to lower His character, by meeting us with that return that would seem due to us, if strict laws of retaliation were carried out. Note that contrast; note it always. Observe how weak we are, how strong He is; how proud we are, how condescending He is; how erring we are, and how infallible He is; how changing we are, and how immutable He is; how provoking we are, and how forgiving He is. Observe how in us there is only ill, and how in Him there is only good. Yet our ill but draws His goodness forth, and still He blesseth. Oh, what a rich contrast!

Do we not get a hint here as to the quarter from which we are to derive the weapons of warfare against our sin? "The spirit that is in us lusteth to envy." What will ye say to this? Will ye therefore sit still and consider that you are excused because this is a positive instinct of your nature? Say ye that envy is a natural proclivity, a craving passion of many men; and that it is, therefore, to be accounted of rather as a mental cast than as a moral crime, a flaw in one's constitution rather than a fault in his conscience; or, to say the worst, more of a distressing temptation than of a detestable transgression against God? Ah! no, my brethren, there is not a word in holy Scripture that gives the least countenance or the faintest indulgence to any sin. Indulgences for sin may come from Rome, but they never come from Zion. I have known persons attempt to exculpate themselves after a fit of anger by a cool acknowledgment like this: "I was always hot tempered." What is that but a bitter aggravation. You do but admit that your sin is of long-standing and frequent recurrence. You confess, indeed, your greater guilt, and there is no repentance to regret it, no force of conviction to forsake it. So it is with envy. "The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy." So much the worse for our spirit; so much the more guilty are we. This is not only an infirmity which our circumstances have betrayed, but it is an inherent quality of the animal, a debased propensity of the creature. Oh, how defiled must the nature be to which vice is as natural as a black skin to the Ethiopian, or as a spotted skin to the leopard! In vain your every plea; you cannot lighten the sin, albeit you may heighten the shame. There is no cause to tamper, but there is a call to arms. "He giveth more grace." This is as much as to say, "Sit not coolly down and parley with the spirit that is in you lusting to envy, but up! resist, withstand, and oppose, till you quench it! Here is counsel to instruct you in this arduous encounter. That evil spirit must be met with a pure, a devout spirit. The weapons of this warfare are not carnal; they are only to be found in the armoury of grace. "He giveth more grace." You cannot overcome your sins by denouncing them, or frustrate their malignity by fostering an admiration of virtues that never grew in the soil of your own hearts; nor can you, resolve as you may, keep the moral law; neither is it possible, by religious services in the future, to make amends for the perversity of your past life. Such proposals and such efforts would become the race of Ishmael, for they are under bondage; but we are the children of the free woman, and we are not moved to holiness by the hope of gaining heaven or the fear of being sent to hell. We live under a different

covenant from that. They have to do with Sinai, which made men tremble; we are not under the law, but under grace, so other arguments persuade us. When we want weapons wherewith to fight against our sin, we turn to love Divine, and say, "Behold how God has loved us. Can we act unlovingly to Him?" Or we go to Calvary, and there see what a bitter thing it is to our Well-Beloved. We take the spear that pierced His heart to see if it cannot pierce the heart of our sin; and we take the nails that nailed Him to the tree, and pray the Holy Spirit to crucify our flesh, with its affections and lusts. Our warfare is not carried on by weapons from the armoury of Moses; the shield and spear of David suit us better. By faith in the living God, who defends us from danger and guards us with strength, we shall bring the lion down, rend the bear like a kid, and vanquish the Philistine. By the help of His right hand we expect to smite the enemy. We are not going back to legal bondage; we have "more grace." And with grace there always comes joy and peace and security. That doctrine which, it has been often argued, gives liberty to sin, does really set forth the way in which to overthrow and conquer it. The text then gives an indication of the place where we may find the shield and buckler of our sacred war: "He giveth more grace."

And then the text, besides giving thus a contrast and a suggestion, appears to me to give us an encouragement for the continuance of our spiritual warfare. "He giveth more grace." You had grace at first with which to struggle against the envying and every other sin; you are now alarmed because the warfare of your spirit is so protracted. "He giveth more grace" to continue the struggle. As long as there is one passion in your soul that dares to rise, there will be grace in your soul to answer. Are you distressed because you don't appear to be making the headway you could wish against sin? It is a blessed distress, and I would not mitigate it, but, meanwhile, let us not degenerate into unbelief. Know this, that though there may be more temptation, God will give more grace, and though advancing years may bring more infirmity, and, consequently, more temptation, He will always give you more grace. As long as the fight shall last, the help will last. You shall have grace all the while you are in the wilderness; it shall never cease to drop till you come where you no more require it, having crossed the Jordan. Fight on then. Never think of saying, "I cannot overcome this sin." By God's help you must, for no sin can enter heaven with you. You must overcome it. It cannot be permitted that you sit down in peace with any foe to purity. You are never to have peace with any sin. When first of all the Lord Jesus made peace with us, He proclaimed war against sin on every side and of every size, and the loyal Christian never dreams of peace, but contemplates only a perpetual fighting against sin, expecting to have perpetual grace bestowed.

And then it seems to me that, in this matter, we have a prediction of victory, for if He giveth more grace, it seems to me thus, that He promises so to augment the force of grace that the sin must ultimately yield to repeated assaults. There shall be more grace than sin; where sin abounded grace did much more abound. Such shall be the climax of every Christian's experience when it comes to be summed up. O sin, thou cruel, deadly foe! thou dost seek to capture us, and, if possible, to slay us; but thou shalt not prevail. Sin seeks to enter, grace shuts the door; sin tries to get the mastery; but grace, which is stronger than sin, resists, and will

not permit it. Sin gets us down at times, and puts its foot on our neck; grace comes to the rescue, and faith prompts us to say, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy, for though I fall, yet shall I rise up again." Sin comes up like Noah's flood, but grace rides over the tops of the mountains like the ark. Sin, like Sennacherib, pours forth its troops to swallow up the land; grace, like the angel of the Lord, goes through the camp of Sennacherib and lays sin dead. O glorious grace, thou shalt certainly get the victory! "He giveth more grace." Surely, therefore, there is a prognostication here of ultimate victory. "The spirit that is in us lusteth to envy," but for us there is victory; and to Jehovah shall it be ascribed, for He giveth more grace. Such, as it seems to me, is the instruction to be drawn from the text, if we take it in its connection.

Now let us take it out of the connection, and use it as a general truth. "He giveth more grace."

Does not this mean that He giveth new supplies of grace? The grace you had yesterday is no use to-day. It would breed worms and stink like the old manna. The man who has no new experience of divine love, but tries to live on the memory of the past, will find the food very musty and apt to breed diseases. The child of God will never prosper on Tuesday through Monday's grace, and you will not find the supplies of grace for 1872 keep you afloat in 1873. "He giveth more grace." Grace is like a river: its waters are ever sweet and fresh as it comes rushing from the eternal hills. Like the sunlight it never sends the same beams twice: it is always fresh, always new. Blessed be God for this! There are perpetual streams of grace.

And He gives larger supplies of grace: He gives new drops to the blade, He gives a greater watering to the corn in the ear, sends heavy showers when it comes to the full corn in the ear. There is comparatively little grace with him who is but a babe in grace, though enough for his present need; there is more grace for the young man who has temptations to avoid that he may cleanse his way; and there is the most grace for the valiant man who is strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Little faith has grace, but great faith has more grace. Little love has grace, but God gives greater grace where there is greater love. None of us have got so far but what there is much beyond. Suppose a man says he is perfect; you may conclude that he does not know himself, or the course that lies before him; for if he be perfect in his own estimation he has not a perfect standard to judge himself by, and probably he is not so perfect in his humility as it is desirable he should be.

"God giveth more grace," that is, higher, larger, deeper, stronger grace, so that we may go from strength to strength. When it is said, "He giveth more grace," it means that He giveth higher styles of grace, for there are differences and degrees of grace. One man has grace—a proportionate amount of it, but it is of one kind. Now the grace of patience appears to me to be a higher grace than many others, and to come late to some of us. We have not got to it yet. We have got courage and we have faith in a measure, and that will produce every other virtue, doubtless; but as yet we have not got the full closeness of fellowship, the perfectness of acquaintance, the keen susceptibility of the presence of God, and certain other and higher forms of grace of which we cannot now speak particularly. But these are not things that are reserved and laid by: He giveth these

higher graces: they are to be had. There is no degree of grace which we ought not to seek after—not with the covetousness that seeks grace for a graceless object like self-exaltation, but with that sacred eagerness which longs for more grace that God may have more glory. God gives to His people the highest forms of grace, and therefore they ought to be encouraged to ask for them.

This precious word which I have before me, dear friends, on which my heart is fondly set, and which my tongue gladly repeats, expresses a statute of the Lord which we ought to live upon every day. "He giveth more grace." By the grace of God I have got to the end of another day; well, then, I need to go to him again at my bedside, ere my eyes are closed in slumber, and seek fresh fellowship with Him—"He giveth more grace." What He is prepared to give, most certainly I am prone to need. To-morrow, when I go forth to follow my calling, I know not what may befall me, for I have not trodden that way before; but "He giveth more grace." Every day there are fresh supplies of grace as fresh needs for grace arise. And oh, how I ought to recollect this in my pleadings for others! Should I not pray for my minister that he might have more grace? If I do not profit under his ministry as I could wish, I should pray more, being confident of this very thing, that "God giveth more grace." And if I do profit as I could wish, then I have new reasons for praying that he will continue to get more grace, for God has promised to give it. Have I a child whom I hope to see grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as I see the buddings, the beginnings of grace in him I should plead for more grace. And how, my Christian brethren, in the service of the Church, should I fail to plead with God on your behalf.

Much blessed use too, beloved, may we make of this verse when called to any fresh service. If you, who never preached before, should be invited to speak to a few people, do not measure your ability by your inexperience. He who calls you to more service will give you more grace. Or should you be about to remove from a little to a larger sphere, you may be timid; cast down because of the littleness of your strength; but "He giveth more grace." Possibly you are entering into deeper trials. You have only been a coaster before, and you kept among the headlands near the shore; now you are to cross the sea and get out of the sight of land. Well, the pilot knows all about the sea which you are about to traverse; trust him. "He giveth more grace." I know you have more fear. The only way to overcome it is by more grace. Do not be over anxious to make more provision, or trust to the exercise of more prudence, or rely upon anything you have got, else you will make shipwreck in that manner; but go to the Lord for more grace. It is the straight way, the right way, the safe way, and in that way you will ever find that more grace will carry you through more trouble. Possibly you are about to undergo sharper tests than ever: you are to be tried this time as to whether you are really God's servant. Well, if the Lord permits Satan to tempt you, He will give you more grace. He who preserved you in prosperity, will preserve you in adversity. He who kept you in the high places, will not forsake you in the lowlands. He who blessed your substance, will not suffer you to starve in time of famine. If you need more grace, you shall have more grace to supply your need. Do not be afraid, dear brother, as to what may happen to you. Go in this thy strength; seek the Lord's guidance. In all thy ways acknowledge Him,

and He will direct thy paths. If God should bid any one of us go right through a wall of adamant, we are to go straight through it, and we shall clear our way. He cutteth the gates of brass, and breaketh the bars of iron asunder. Ours is to obey,—not to reason or ask why; ours is to dare and die, if need be, for Him, not to halt or draw back. When He bids us go, He will clear the way. Through the Red Sea Israel went. "Forward," was the word, and the floods divided and stood upright as a heap. So shall it be, if providence should call you to the most extraordinary pathway ever trodden by human pilgrim. He that calls you will preserve you and cause you to triumph in the way of obedience, for "He giveth more grace."

Again, let us endeavour to make application of this principle to ourselves. I would urge each dear brother and sister here, to take the words and see what they say to you. "He giveth more grace." Do you suffer from spiritual poverty? it is your own fault, for He giveth more grace. If you have not got it, it is not because it is not to be had, but because you have not gone for it—you have not sought for it—you have not walked in such a way that you could possess it and exhibit its fruit. If there is anyone—a hired servant of our Father—that is hungry, it is not because our Father's larder is bare, for He has provided bread enough and to spare. And if there is one of our Father's children who cannot fill his belly, it is not because there is not food enough, nor because there is not abundance on the Father's table, but because he chooses to go after the swine-husks in some form or other. We might rejoice, we might triumph, but we take the course which leads to poverty, littleness of grace, leanness of soul. It is our own choice—not the Lord's. The text forbids us ever to lay blame on God. "Have I been a wilderness to Israel?" You might well consider this. You have little love: have I given you little cause for love? Your zeal burns very low: have I given you objects so contemptible that you might reasonably relax your fervour?" Ah no! "He giveth more grace." He always gives. Ye hungry ones that stand shivering there faint and ready to die,—it is not because the oxen and the fatlings are not killed, and all things are not ready. Ye that pinch yourselves and starve yourselves, are not straitened in Him, but straitened in your own bowels. May God teach us this lesson! May we come now to God with open mouths that He may fill them. May our desires be strong and our faith a mighty enthusiasm, that, according to our faith, it may be done unto us.

Spiritual growth, if we have any, must never be the subject of our self-congratulation, but we must give all the glory to God; for if you look at the text from another point of view, the more grace we have, the more has been given us. If we have it not, it is our own fault, but if we have it, it is not our earning but His bestowal. If thou hast more than another, thou hast no cause to thank thyself for it. If thou canst say, "I bless myself that I have more grace than my brother," thou hast already shown that thou art naked and poor and miserable, though thou thinkest thyself to be rich and increased in goods. All grace leads us to gratitude. Grace never leads us to lift up ourselves and say, "I have done well to obtain it." Grace, like the cargo in the vessel, makes the ship sink deeper in the stream. He that has most grace is the lowliest man. You shall measure your rising in grace by your sinking in humility.

Oh beloved! what satisfaction and what security we should feel in meditating on the goodness of God. Verily, God is good. This is not an

occasional display of His bounty, but it is the universal order of his government in the Church. "He giveth more grace." There is no time given here. You do not find any time-table in Scripture, saying, "At such an hour of the day He giveth more grace," or "At such a time in the year He giveth more grace," but it is day by day, all the year round, long as the cycles roll, while the dispensation of mercy lasts. So long as there is an heir of heaven that wants, our Father, who is in heaven, supplies, He giveth more grace. What a blessing for us that the grace of God is "unlimited" as to time.

Nor is there any restriction as to the way of our getting it. When "He giveth more grace; you need not apply through certain appointed priests, or use a prescribed ritual, or put yourselves in certain peculiar postures." No, no, nothing ceremonial, everything substantial. This provision, like every other promise, is in and through Jesus Christ the mediator. If thou dost but go and seek from Him, He giveth what none others can give—He giveth more grace. Oh for the agony of prayer that will lead us to the mercy-seat with power, and for the humility of soul that empties us in order that there may be room for God to fill us! Oh for the life of faith which believes that God will do great things, and expects Him to do them! How then should we each one have to say, "He giveth me more grace: blessed be His name! He leads me on from height to height, enlarges my capacity and still fills me, makes me feel that there is a greater capacity yet to receive, and an undiminished fulness when my capacity expandeth. Turn the meditation into music in thy heart. Let the rich melody charm thy thoughts; henceforth may our song be, "He giveth more grace."

Are any of you seeking more grace? If He has given you grace to seek, He will surely give you more grace—grace to find. Are any of you grieving for sin? That is of His grace: He will give you more grace to rejoice in the pardon of all your sins through Christ. Have you begun to pray? That is according to His grace bestowed on you: but He will give you more grace to continue in prayer until you receive such answers as are the ripe fruit of your supplications. Thank God for little grace—mind that you do. If thou hast only starlight, thank Him for it, and He will give thee moonlight. Or if thou hast only moonlight, thank Him for it, and He will give thee sunlight. Then, if thou hast sunlight, thank Him fervently, and He will give thee shortly as the light of seven days. Be thankful, since a little grace is more than thou deservest, be thankful for the least grain that the Lord adds to it. Oh that ye might be all led to believe in Christ. It pleased the Father to give Christ Jesus to us, and in Him all fulness dwells. He cannot give you more, because in this one gift every other gift is concentrated. You cannot want more than Jesus. With Him you shall find that you receive more and more grace adequate to your needs, and according to His exceeding riches of glory. So shall you praise Him more and more for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

MRS. WHITTEMORE,

WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. J. WHITTEMORE, FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, DEC. 14TH, 1872.

OUR departed sister was so well known to a large circle of Christian friends, and devoted herself with her departed husband with so much zeal for the establishment and prosperity of the *Baptist Messenger*, we have thought it to be most desirable that some record of her life and work should appear in our pages.

Mrs. Whittemore, from childhood, was under Christian influence, and in attendance upon the means of grace. She attended worship along with her father with friends who met together before the old chapel in Spencer Place, Goswell Road, was built. It was under the ministry of the late Rev. John Peacock that she was brought to realise her condition as a lost sinner, and to rest on Jesus alone for salvation.

She was baptized by Mr. Peacock, and united with the church at Spencer Place. She became a Sabbath-school teacher, and was ultimately married to a fellow-teacher, Mr. Jonathan Whittemore. Mr. Whittemore accepted the call to the pastorate from the church at Rushden, Northamptonshire. Mrs. Whittemore, being of a calm and genial temper, soon became greatly beloved, especially among the young in whose welfare she took great interest; she had a class in the Sabbath-school; was the leader of a female prayer-meeting, and conducted an enquirer's class. Her devoted labours were much blessed of God in the conversion of many. She was always ready to speak a

word for Jesus. Many at Rushden give God thanks for our departed sister, who was the means through the Divine Spirit of bringing them to Jesus. She passed through many severe trials, out of which the Lord, in His own time, delivered her.

Mr. Whittemore resigned the charge of the church at Rushden, and accepted the invitation from the church at Eynsford, Kent, where Mr. Whittemore laboured until he entered into rest. Mrs. Whittemore then removed to London, and united with the church at Blackfriars, under the pastoral care of Rev. W. Barker, and afterward the church at Spencer Place Chapel, Rev. Philip Gast, pastor. It was no small gratification to our departed sister to return into the fellowship of the church in which all the great steps of life had been taken—conversion to God—profession of Christ by baptism, &c. She devoted herself to Christian work, more especially connected with the Dorcas Society labouring amongst the poor and needy. A few extracts from her diary and letters will be read with interest:—

“*January 29th, 1857.*—Met with my accident at a friends.

“*Sabbath-day, February 22nd.*—Still detained at home. Now for the fourth Sabbath. Oh that this unexpected deprivation of the means may lead me to set a much higher value upon them, and may this stroke of the rod not pass away without some sanctified effect.

“*April 1st.*—Still a prisoner with my foot; but most truly can I say, He hath not dealt with me as my sins have deserved, or I should ere now have been a prisoner in that

place from whence there is no redemption.

O, to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be.

"*April 14th.*—Still unable to go out. O Lord, keep me quiet and submissive, and may Thy smiting hand be recognised for much good; and when the streams of earthly comfort run low, may my soul be enabled to drink large draughts at the fountain.

"*May 31st.*—On this day I was destined to experience a renewal of my trial; for, on crossing the road to chapel, I again injured my foot so as to render it helpless the second time. After more than seventeen week's trial, I find it hard indeed to say, 'Thy will be done. Quiet Lord, my froward heart.' And may that sweet text be realised in all its power, 'I, even I, am He that comforteth you.' He fainteth not, and for that very reason is well qualified to sustain the fainting and weary soul.

"*June 13th.*—After another fortnight, the greater part of which has been spent in bed, I am again favoured with sufficient strength to use my poor weak foot a little. Oh, that God may be pleased to perfect what concerns me, not for my sake; but for His own name's sake. He knows my heart's desire. I pray that, in submission to His will, it may be granted.

"*July 19th.*—Five more weeks have passed by, and still disabled for much exertion. Patience had need still to have her perfect work. Oh, that the great Physician would but speak the word, and I should be healed; He alone can heal the maladies of both soul and body.

"*August 23rd.*—Went to Brighton.

"*September 23rd.*—Returned home not much better.

"*October 7th.*—A fast day.

"*October 8th.*—A memorable day to agonising ever to be forgotten. Oh, Lord, be pleased to strengthen me to bear these days of misery! Alas! how frequent they are now! None but Thyself can impart the needed strength.

"*January 1st, 1858.*—Returned from London after an absence from home of nearly three months. Home, did I say? Truly, may I say I am almost a stranger to what is involved in that sweet word. All things seem to conspire to detach me from earth, and yet am I cleaving to the dust. I long to feel still more a stranger and a Pilgrim having no abiding city here.

"*January 19th.*—Just about to leave here again for town; have reason to be thankful for a little more strength than when I left home last. May I never want a heart to adore the long-suffering goodness of God. I feel it, in my case, to be most apparent, such a host of sins against light and knowledge have I to mourn over.

"*May 1st.*—Since my last record many changes have transpired in my very unsettled life. I feel that our mode of living is by no means conducive to spirituality, so much hurry and confusion; that which should always have the pre-eminence, is too often neglected; or else attended to very carelessly, and this want of familiarity with Divine things begets harshness of heart. Oh, Lord, may my earnest prayer be restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation. I feel how utterly insufficient every other joy is, did I possess them, to give ease to the troubled spirit. Oh, Lord, heal my soul, for I have sinned.

"*Wednesday, November 3rd.*—Saw my sister Hart for the last time while living. Went to Eynesford on the 4th, and on the 10th received the intelligence that

she was no longer a mourner here below, but had exchanged this wilderness for heaven about eight o'clock on Tuesday, the 9th, and, as a friend, has expressed it, the Saviour seemed to take her soul away, as no one was conscious at what moment she breathed her last, and supposed her to be in a sweet sleep, forcibly reminding us of the beautiful lines—

'They sleep in Jesus, and are blest.
How kind these slumbers are,
From suffering and from pain
released,
And free'd from every care.'

On Sunday, the 14th, her remains were interred in the new City of London Cemetery, Ilford, there to wait till the trump of God shall sound, and the dead shall come to judgment. May we, with her, be found at the right-hand of the Judge, and hear the sentence, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy prepared for you from before the foundation of the world.'

"December 7th, 1862.—Was admitted to the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Barker. Oh, that I may have right views of the relationship, and, so far as my circumstances will admit, discharge the duties arising out of it as unto the Lord, and not unto man. Death may soon dissolve all these ties.

"Thursday, April 27th, 1865.—While crossing Ludgate Hill to post some letters, met with a serious accident to my wrist, by which I am again disabled, for how long I cannot tell. Oh, could I but feel more of this sanctifying power of affliction, it would be lighter to bear—but I feel, lest I should be smitten and feel no correction, as did some of whom we read.

"Sunday, November 10th, 1867.—More than two years have passed away since my last record. I trust

I have not been altogether insensible to the numerous mercies I have received during that period; but I feel conscience-stricken to think of the small returns I have rendered, and the little improvement I have made of all the good received. When I look within I am constrained to say, will the Lord indeed, be gracious to one so vile? I have really no hope except that is to be derived from a sight of the Cross, and of the declaration the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin. This must ever be the only foundation of my hope for the future.

"September 12th, 1869.—Was again admitted into fellowship with the Spencer Place Church, after an intervening period of forty-seven years. Wonders of grace to God belong that I should have been kept so long in the land of hope and mercy, notwithstanding all my sins and provocations.

"May 24th, 1869.—Your anniversary reminds me that it is just twelve months to-day since I was taken ill. How many changes in mind I have experienced since that time, hoping and fearing, never rejoicing. Is not this a very dark sign? Surely, if all were right, I could not be thus.

"September, 1869.—I have been very poorly, many of the old symptoms returned with a cold I caught; but I am better; it has gone off much quicker than I feared would be the case. I wish I could see more of the bright side in everything that I do. I believe I commit much sin in this way. What should I do but for coming daily to the fountain opened! Last Sunday night we were received into the church at Spencer Place the second time, after an interval of forty-seven years. Surely, in that time, I have had to sing of mercy and judgment.

How many times, like Israel of old, have I provoked the Lord, but that blessed word, 'Nevertheless.' He has spared me to the present moment. 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor.' I did so hope that on Sunday night, at the table of the Lord, I should enjoy His presence in a marked manner; but my heart was as hard as a stone, and all I could do was to mourn, because I could not mourn. I have generally felt like this at the ordinance, and can but think it a dark sign. I have heard persons tell of joy, and almost rapture whilst partaking of these emblems of the Saviour's passion. All I can ever feel is an overwhelming sense of my own unfitness and unworthiness.

"November 5th, 1872.—It is just twelve years to-day since we followed my poor husband to the grave . . . Have you read sermon No. 990? I think it is most excellent. As I spend so many Sabbaths at home, his (Mr. Spurgeon's) sermons are valuable indeed; but I sometimes fear that I read them with greater zest than my Bible."

She attended the chapel at Spencer Place the second Lord's-day in November, and united in commemorating the death of the Lord Jesus. To the pastor, Mr. Gast, she said, "You must not expect to see me much this winter, both weather and distance will prevent." She had no idea that this was the last time she would gather around the table of our Lord.

On her sick-bed she was most peaceful in her mind, and anxious to speak for Jesus; to one friend she said, "You little thought of seeing me thus. I hope it will be a warning to you to be ready." One friend said, "Look to Jesus." She replied, "I am so ill I cannot pray; but I *can* look. One of her family came to her bedside; it was most

affecting to listen to her pleadings with this relative, urging her to seek the Saviour without delay; her manner was most solemn and earnest. A friend said, "'Tis dark to cross the river." Yes, said our sister—

"But timorous mortals start and shrink

To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away."

To her much esteemed friend, the Rev. W. A. Blake, she said, at another time, "Jesus is precious; but I am not worthy." "Ah," she said, "I know He is faithful that promised."

Our departed friend was buried at Abney Park Cemetery, Rev. W. A. Blake and P. Gast taking part in the service.

Her death was improved by her pastor, Mr. Gast, from the words chosen by herself. "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold! the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

THE LAMB OF GOD.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—
JOHN i. 29.

THIS exclamation was timely. At no season could it have been more appropriate. Two facts show this. The past made the text suitable. What had just occurred? The temptation of Christ. In it He had indeed acted like a lamb. A lamb is patient and trustful. What "patient continuance in well-doing" did Jesus display, when He thrice resisted the assaults of Satan. What confidence in God He displayed when He said,

“Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” Equal faith was also manifested by the repeated declaration, “It is written.” Well might John, with the memory of such an event fresh in his mind, speak of Jesus as the Lamb of God. Nor was that all. The future gave force to the figure which is here applied to our Lord. One of the most sacred, solemn, suggestive Hebrew celebrations was drawing near. In the thirteenth verse of the next chapter we are told that “The Jews’ Passover was at hand.” In view of this the Baptist points to his Master as the true Pascal Sacrifice. It is as if he had said, “You are about to observe the type; see here the Antitype. You will soon gaze on the shadow; mark here the Substance. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

These words gaze before us the Work of the Saviour, the Work of the Sinner, and the Work of the Saint.

I. THE WORK OF THE SAVIOUR.

Jesus came to “take away the sin of the world.” Observe, we are not told that He came to take away *the Divine vindictiveness*. No: Jehovah was already disposed to pardon, or His Son would never have appeared. Hindrances to the exercise of mercy were removed by the sufferings and death of Christ, but the heart of the Father was towards sinners already. The very figure applied to Christ here proves the truth of our assertion. Mark, He is not called “the Lamb” merely. He is “the Lamb of God.” In what sense is He such? Surely in no other than this: He was the Lamb appointed by God, provided by God. Such was the case with the Pascal offering. God Himself commanded that it should be offered. On the very threshold of our theme, then, we find what

Luther would call “a Gospel in little.” Here is good news for transgressors. Is any penitent? Does he seek pardon? Let him not doubt the provisions of grace. So ready is God to forgive, that He has “set forth” One to be a “propitiation through faith in His Word.”

Neither are we informed that the Saviour came to take away *the vice and crime* of the world. Beyond all doubt He does that, but He does something far higher and better: He “taketh away the sin of the world.” It is possible for a man to be virtuous, yet godless. Many who are free from vice are strangers to holiness. Suppose a human being to be cast upon a desert island. Not a creature is near him. He can hardly be criminal, for criminality implies society. What scope has he for breaking the second part of the law? No fellow-creatures are at hand. But cannot he sin? Cannot he forget God, neglect prayer, distrust God, violate His commands? We need someone to deliver us from sin, whether we are virtuous or not. A ship nearing the coast is overtaken in a heavy gale. Out goes her anchor. All the links in its chain are sound and strong, save one. Only one is defective—not ten, five, two—only one. If, being weak, it breaks, will the integrity of the other links save the ship? Never. In like manner, though all the links in the chain of character be firm and good, save the spiritual link, they will not deliver the soul from ruin.

Again; the well-known sentence before us does not teach that Christ came to take away *the misery* of the world. It would have been useless for any attempt to have been made in that direction while sin is left untouched. Wickedness begets woe: Tribulation is closely allied to transgression. It is sin that makes hearts

ache, tears fall, homes sad, and nations degraded. Uproot evil, and its effects will soon disappear. Sometimes a huge boulder, as large as a cottage, may be seen in the midst of a Scotch plain. How came it there? Geologists say that when that district was covered with water, an iceberg containing the stone was drifted thither; by-and-by the sun melted the ice, and the burden was thus dropped. A striking parable this of the spiritual. When the Sun of Righteousness shines upon the cold heart of man, the load of misery falls and disappears.

"That taketh away the sin of the world." Sin! Alas, how has it permeated our nature! What affecting proof of its existence abound on every hand. Do we turn to revelation? The first recorded question was a sinful one: "Yea, hath God said?" The first recorded food eaten was sinful—the forbidden fruit; the first garments worn bear witness to sin; the first death was the result of wilful and atrocious sin. Do we consult the wise ones of the ancient world? Xenophon said: "It is clear that I have two souls; when the good one gets the upper hand, it does right; when the evil, it enters on wicked courses." Plato used the image of a good and bad horse yoked to the same chariot and driven by the same charioteer. He affirmed, with impressive truthfulness, that if there were no natural depravity in children, it would only be needful to confine them in order for them to be good. Crates affirmed that it was impossible to find a man who had not fallen, just as every pomegranate had a bad grain in it. Do we look at our own hearts? How powerful are the tendencies to evil. Much easier is it to trespass than to obey. Well may heaven be spoken of as Zion, a city upon a hill; while hell is represented as a pit: to ascend

the one involves difficulty, to fall into the other needs no great effort.

To remove this sin Christ came. In what way does He do it? By being "the Lamb of God." As regards our deliverance from the *guilt* of sin, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." He is the atonement. His body and soul were offered as our substitute. As regards our deliverance from the *power* of sin, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." Yes, it is as "the Lamb of God" that Jesus rescues us from evil. We appeal to the experience of the believer. Christian brother, when do you sin? When is it that you are seduced into violation of the golden rule, forgetfulness of prayer, sacrifice of principle, forgetfulness of God? Is it when you are beholding "the Lamb of God?" No. When we look to Jesus we look from sin: when we behold the Lamb of God we are dead to iniquity. Mark the words of royal David: "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit;" as if he had said, "My soul shall be Thine. O Father; to Thee I yield my powers. Take me and use me for Thy glory." Grand prayer, beautiful consecration! Now listen to the explanation of it: "Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of Truth." The latter was the cause of the former. Such is ever the case. Redeeming love is the great sanctifying power. A sense of personal interest in the sacrifice of the Saviour touches the heart and revolutionises the life. The Gospel is the Sword of the Spirit by which evil is slain.

II. THE WORK OF THE SINNER.

What is it? To "behold the Lamb of God." Unconverted brethren, you are now beholding other things. You are beholding business, beholding health, beholding politics, beholding education. These are good; no word is to be uttered against them;

they are blessings. But remember, we pray you, that if you behold them solely and exclusively, they become curses. An American divine says: "Foolish birds are the turkeys, that never lift up their heads when they are feeding, and never let them down when they are not. So, in the West, men are accustomed to select a sort of slope, or side hill, and cut a little channel or path, and surround it with a kind of rail fence, without roof or any protection. Along this path they strew corn—which is very good. Corn, *per se*, is excellent for these birds. They come in flocks and pick up the corn, following the path, and do not look up to see where they are being led to till they have passed under the lower rail, and got into the enclosure; and then, there being no corn there, they lift up their heads, and see where they are. They cannot fly over the fence, and they cannot get out unless they lower their heads, and that they will not do; and so they are caught. The corn is not bad in itself, but see what it leads to." As much may be said of temporal possessions; exclusive regard for them will end in being "taken captive by the devil at his will." Be wise. With the eye of child-like trust behold "the Lamb of God." Look to Him in prayer, and cast yourself on His all-sufficient work. No worldly gains can compensate for neglect of this. See! a man is in a house that has caught fire. His life is imperilled. We do not think first and mainly of the abode, but of the occupant. It may be a new house, a costly house, a handsome house: albeit, our great care is to rescue the inhabitant, whatever may befall it. As much may be declared of the body and the soul, the temporal and the eternal. Therefore behold "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

III. THE WORK OF THE SAINT.

It is this: to imitate John. As he pointed to Christ, so should all believers. "Behold the Lamb of God" ought to be our cry.

This is a *necessary* work. The preaching of Christ is the only means whereby men can be made better. Jesus crucified is man sanctified. Other and valuable truths may be proclaimed, but none will accomplish such results as this. The well-known experience of the devoted Moravian missionaries in Greenland is an oft-quoted case in point. Not less noteworthy was the confession of Dr. Chalmers, after he became evangelically enlightened. A like admission was made by a certain clergyman to good Mr. Venn: "Sir, I don't know how it is, but I should have thought that your doctrines of faith and grace were likely to make your hearers live in sin, but I must own that there is an astonishing reformation in your parish, whereas I do not seem to have made a soul better though I have been preaching duty for years." Doctrinal preaching may be most practical. The Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews are among the greatest powers for good in the Church and the world. "To preach practical sermons, as they are called," wrote Bishop Horne, "that is, sermons upon virtues and vices without inculcating those great Scripture truths of redemption and grace which alone incite us to righteousness, is to put together the wheels and set the hands of the watch, *forgetting the spring* which is to make them all go." This is a true witness. The declaration of Christ is, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Men are attracted to Him when He is exalted. Thus let us seek to elevate Him. The humblest Christian teacher will win souls if he is faithful in proclaiming Christ

crucified. Never is that ministry barren of results which is fragrant with the aroma of His atoning work whose "name is as ointment poured forth."

This is *honourable work*. To use means for saving life is a great thing, but what shall be said of those who rescue souls? They occupy a position of dignity and privilege which is unparalleled. In this respect even angels are inferior to us. Touching the great enterprise of redemption we are not "a little lower than the angels;" they are lower than we. While we take the medicine to the sin-sick and dying, they look on with interest; sharing, indeed, our joy, but not our labour. To use the eloquent words of a "master in Israel," "The field is the world. As the husbandman ploughs his fields and sows his seed in spring by the same hands that bind the golden sheaves of autumn, God might have sent those angels to sow the Gospel, who shall descend at judgment to reap the harvest. But although these kind and benevolent spirits who are sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation, take a lively interest in the work—although watching from on high the progress of the Redeemer's cause, they rejoice in each new jewel that adds lustre to His crown, and in every new province that is won for His Kingdom, yet theirs is little more than the pleasure of spectators. Theirs is the joy of the crowd who, occupying the shore, or clustered on its heights, with eager eyes and beating hearts follow the bold swimmer's movements, and watching his head as it rises and sinks among the waves, see him near the drowning child, and pluck from the billow its half-drowned prey; and, still trembling lest strength should fail him, look on with anxious hearts till, buffeting his way back, he reaches the strand,

and amid their shouts and sympathies restores her boy to the arms of a fainting mother. To man, however, in salvation, it is given to share, not a spectator's but a Saviour's joy." Christian friends, we entreat you to prove this by your own happy experience. Preach Christ. Point to "the Lamb of God." Either in public or in private be a herald of Jesus. Say not that you have no qualifications. Surely a restored patient can direct an unhealed sufferer to the physician who has cured him. Do so. Absolve yourself from the guilt of hiding the Gospel light under a bushel. Ask God for courage, and He will make you bold to speak for His Son. Seek wisdom that your words may be ordered aright, and it shall be bestowed by Him who "giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not."

Barnstaple.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 3.—FROM NEW YORK VIA PROVIDENCE, &c., TO MANCHESTER.

THE magnificent paddle-wheel steamers leave New York every evening connecting with the rail at Fall River. The capacity of these steamers is enormous. Upwards of a thousand persons may be most comfortably accommodated, and double that number would not involve much inconvenience. The sleeping cabins are most elegant and comfortable, and the hotel provision of unequalled plenitude and variety. Bands of music, and net commonplace, with sofas and settees and libraries of books. In summer a great unfailing supply of ice. We

never had been surprised at these steamers' popularity. Parties, families, or private persons can all be suited with quietness or noise, privacy or publicity, as they may wish or all desire. Early in the morning passengers go on board the cars for Boston, and all eastern, or north-eastern cities. Our destiny was Providence, and we had time to go through the entire streets of Fall River, and then we started for our good city, which we reached about ten forenoon. At the depôt some of our excellent brethren, with carriage aid, came and drove to the first house we entered in Rhode Island, that of our much esteemed brother Heath, the popular pastor of Roger Williams' Church. During the day we were driven over most of the city, and were delighted with its salubrious surroundings, and most handsome cottages, suburban villas, &c., &c. Then it was especially delightful to gaze on Brown's College or University, so justly celebrated in the annals of New England higher educational institutions. This elegant city is distinguished also for its handsome, and, in many instances, costly churches. I was fairly fascinated with Providence, which I presume stands among the A 1 class of intellectual and moral cities which distinguish the eastern department of the United States. Here I had a most hearty and genial public reception. The friends arranged an evening *soiree* or reception festival, consisting mostly of representative persons, ministers of many Christian denominations, those connected with Temperance and other great social institutions, and best, but not least, his excellency Governor Padeford, who was most benignant and genial during the whole evening. They proposed and responded to various sentiments, and then I gave a good hour's talk on Eng-

land and the States, Rhode Island, and religious liberty, temperance, the Christian Churches, &c., so that all that kindness and hospitality could suggest had been done to honour the English minister, their guest, for the occasion. Our American friends spare neither time nor effort to make such evenings worthy of a loving and grateful remembrance.

Stranger than fiction, but literally true, that Roger Williams, Baptist, was persecuted by the very parties who had crossed the Atlantic to obtain their civil and religious rights, and then drove this man out into the wild desert in the depth of winter, because he followed more closely than themselves in the very baptismal footsteps of their one common, blessed Lord. So Roger Williams became the great pioneer in the cause of conscience and God's truth in this Rhode Island State, and nobly have they raised up sons and daughters in the faith of God, held fast to the flag of liberty, raised by the hand of their immortal herald in the Wilderness by that entirely consecrated servant of the Saviour. My old beloved friend long gone to his home, Rev. Dr. Noyes, was once pastor of Roger Williams' Church. Their present pastor is a bright star, and is much beloved and honoured, and if God favours him with bodily vigour, will leave an immortal impression on this church and congregation, as well as in the town, and on the F. W. Baptist denomination. Here we have a host of good men, and true, and I ever intend to keep in loving remembrance the names of brethren Whittemore, Mariner, Bradbury, Phillips, Perkins, Phelon, and others.

A yearly meeting was being held in the week I visited Providence, at Pawtucket, a few miles distant, and where for two or three days meetings of a most diversified, yet use-

ful, character were held. I was anxious to see the mode of business adopted, and to hear our ministerial brethren in speeches, sermons, or exhortations, or prayer, as it might be. The chairman was prompt and vigorous, and yet kind and considerate. Sermons that were preached were really good and edifying; Temperance Missionary Sunday-school, and other speeches free, earnest, and well delivered.

A communion service was adopted. A venerable congregational D.D., a retired pastor of the town, took part at the table of the Lord, and it was, indeed, a holy feast of Christian (not sectarian) unity and love.

Since those good days in Pawtucket, several changes have taken place among the pastors then present. Brother Howe has removed to Bate's College, to fill the onerous professorship, where, I trust, he will be honoured of God greatly in his higher vocation.

On the Saturday, June 8th, I left for Dover, N. H., *via* Boston, where I spent several hours, and met with dear friends on the way. At Dover I was welcomed heartily by my much esteemed Dr. Day, and his most kind and devoted wife. This home I greatly enjoyed from Saturday to the Tuesday, preaching for Brother Stewart forenoon, a short exhortation in the other church afternoon, and then delivering a lecture in the City Hall in the evening. Here I met with the younger son of my old beloved friend and brother, the late Mr. Wigg, of Leicester. Dover is the headquarters of our F. Will Baptist printing and publishing concerns. I was much pleased in visiting it, where all indicated thrift, order, and progression. *The Morning Star* I have received weekly from their

office here, for nearly thirty years.

The present editor has every element of editorial fitness, is highly educated, a close student, a keen observer of passing events, a sound theologian, a keen wit, and has a large stock of every-day good common sense, and I know of no religious weekly paper better adapted to its important work than the *Morning Star*, or more valuable conductor of such a journal than G. T. Day, a man greatly loved and honoured over the whole denomination. It is whispered that he has the best help-meet of any man on that side of the Atlantic. I go in for believing this, as a Yankee would say. But I must leave Dover, with all its excellencies, and my heart is knit to its ministers, people, and churches; and now for the Capital of the State "Concord," where the Legislature was in Session, and where I met my most worthy friend, Rev. Silas Curtis and wife, Brother Quimby, and others. Here I went to visit the House of Assembly. I heard some speeches—Dr. Day is one of its honoured members—and in the evening preached to a good congregation. Brother Curtis has been greatly blessed in his work, and revivals have been common to most of the churches in the town. Think of a great baptismal service in the open air, and Baptists, Methodists, and others, uniting in the primitive service of Christian immersion. It is manifest in the United States that baby-baptism is waning fast, and believers' immersion is largely practised by most denominations; but I must hasten, for I am on the way for Manchester to the New Hampshire yearly meeting.

New Hampshire is one of the states where Free Baptist Churches flourish, and where there are many

huge and respectable congregations. Manchester is a large flourishing manufacturing town, full of life and energy. The population is about 25,000, the main street being wide and handsome, the factories huge and imposing. The city is full of good places of worship. On my visit here in 1847, I delivered an address on "Slavery," when the institution was in full feather, and my companion, Mr. Goadby, said, well, you have walked into the slavery folks, and no mistake. Now, that unmitigated evil has been wiped out, and all the states are generally free. The Rev. Mr. Wallace of this city, congregationalist, had been permitted to advise when he was in London, and I found a most hearty welcome in his hospitable and happy home. The scenery from Concord to Manchester is fine, and the whole country beautiful; the morning was most gloriously fine, and my valued friend, Silas Curtis,

in good spirits, when we made the short journey by rail in little more than an hour, and, hastening to the Free Baptist Church, found the brethren assembling from all the regions round about. To me it was pleasant to meet my old friend and countryman, Charles Hurlin, whom I had baptized, and who labours in a small church on the White Mountains. And also I found another English brother, Malvern, the brother of the excellent pastor at Bideford, and then to see old faces I had met at Sutton, among others, our venerable Brother Woodman, Fullerton, and several others; but the interesting services of this yearly meeting must be deferred till our next. I anticipated a very happy gathering; but in every respect, it greatly exceeded my expectations. The pastor, Brother N. G. Rowell, is full of life, and the business will go on with life and power.

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

'THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.'

A good schoolmaster in Scotland died; but he was not forgotten. One of his Scotch neighbours said of him, "Ah! Stephens gone to heaven; but his spirit will march up and down this district for many a long year." Let us so live, that when we die our neighbours may say the same of us.

THE BLIND GIRL'S DREAM.

I ONCE saw a poor blind girl lying on a poor bed, apparently in a con-

sumption. I was asked to talk to her, and I did. She talked about Jesus, and said, "Sir, last night I had such a beautiful dream; I dreamt I was in heaven, and there I saw angels, and lots of people nicely dressed; I saw them gathered round One who sat upon a throne, and I knew He must be Jesus. And then they sang, and, oh, it was such music. But one thing pleased me more than all. Do you want to know what it was? Oh, sir, I could see there." That thought made her happy. In heaven all see; blindness and darkness are not

known there. Let this thought comfort the helpless blind.

H. W.

WITH THE LORD.

THERE WAS a small lad that could scarcely read, who was converted in the neighbourhood of Koenigsburg. When he came before the Church to be examined, he could not answer many of the questions; but to those he did answer, he always appended the words, "With the Lord." This made his answers very good, and to the point. For instance, he would be asked, "Do you hope to go to heaven?" "Yes; with the Lord." "Then do you desire to be baptized?" "Yes; with the Lord." "Do you desire to be received into the Church?" "Yes; with the Lord." Then it was said to him, "You are still very young, and may have to encounter many dangers in the world:

how do you think to get through, if you should live many years?" His answer was, "With the Lord." And thus "with the Lord" he began his Christian career, and with Him he continues it to the present day. Whatever we do may it be "with the Lord."

M. GEIZZLER.

SAFE IN JESUS.

IN looking over a death column recently I saw a short notice of the death of a lady—a true Christian. Her family stooped over her to hear her last utterance. What was it? They heard her say faintly, but triumphantly, "Safe in Jesus." What a noble utterance to die with. Safe in death; safe for the leap into an eternal world; safe for the judgment bar; safe for ever! What safety is to be compared with this? Blessed are those who living or dying are "Safe in Jesus."

H. W.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. O. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II. (Continued).

THE evening prayer differed from the usual evening offering—there was more of that deep humility that comes uppermost and expresses itself when the suppliant is bowed with a sense of sinfulness. It was not often the merchant was so troubled; he, like many others in

business, could not always forget that commercial spirit that too often, alas! for Christian warmth, is found to obtrude itself into our churches and at our fireside. But, just now, he was moved by the beauty of the golden sentence, "All things whatsoever that ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." and so his sentences were weighty as he thought of what might have resulted from his imprudence and haste.

The girls retired to rest, and, after their departure, he turned to his wife, and said, "Bessie, I can-

not but think that this Milly, who has suffered so deeply on my account, is poor Hannah's child. I can't account for the feeling, but it presses on me so powerfully that I cannot forget it. How very glad I shall be if it is so; it will present an opportunity such as I have longed for."

"Whatever makes you think so," was the reply: for there was no wish on her part to renew an acquaintance with Hannah's child, even though it should be proved that this poor soul, who now breathes out her hopes in the hospital ward, should be her. "She must be dead long ere this, or we should have heard of her. If living and in any difficulty, like you might suppose the finder of the pocket-book to have been, her case would have been made known to us."

"Never," said the merchant emphatically. "Never. You don't know what pride will make people do; it is almost as powerful as hatred. If she has the spirit of her mother, she would rather die than be beholden in any way to me."

"How ridiculous you talk, Edward," said his wife. "You have allowed yourself to be strangely moved by this. Here you have a girl—one out of many thousands—whom you might meet anywhere; she finds your pocket-book, and, because she does so, you jump to the hasty conclusion that this must be your niece."

"Well," said he, "to-morrow will reveal it, but I can't help feeling that I am right."

CHAPTER III.—THE TALE OF THE SILVER FLASK.

IT is a short run from Redhill to town, and Edith always looked out for a short tale, one that could be

begun and finished nicely in the time. Her father had been associated in spirit, and sometimes in substance, with a well-known association, that had done an immense good to the morals of London in training those to whom so much is frequently entrusted. He always brought their lectures home, and Edith, who was very frequently taunted by Flora with her blue stocking propensities, had this morning selected the lectures for 53-56, and from one of them the following sad but deeply interesting story:—

The Tale of the Silver Flask; or, Its My Curse.

"You don't mean that comely young thing drinks. Why she is a mere girl," said a medical student to his landlady.

"I say, yes," was the reply, founded on the instinctive rule of lodging-house reasoning, "for where else goes my rent. She gets money enough, and yet here I am three weeks behind. But out they go to-morrow; I'd give a deal to be rid of them."

"Hush," said the student, "they will hear you;" and, sinking his voice, he said, "She's painting for me, and I'll advance. Here's the rent," said he.

The landlady shook her head—looked up the bannisters—sighed as if compassionating somebody, leaving it doubtful who was the party, the lodgers (second floor), the student (first ditto), or herself (base)—and took the money.

The subjects of this conversation were a widow lady and her daughter, occupying the said second floor of a small lodging-house near the Middlesex Hospital. Their poverty, extreme as it really was, was not more obvious than the mark of better days. They were the relics of a naval officer who had forfeited his

commission on the score of inebriety, and had died bequeathing them nothing but his discredit, and the penury which his vice had entailed upon them. The daughter's skill in painting was the sole support of both. The student had his portrait taken twice, when he besought the fair artist to take the original too, which had been civilly but unmistakably declined. Pressed for the reason of her rejection, at last she pointed, with a shudder, at a silver spirit flask which he had occasionally displayed at his visits, and said, "*That's my curse.*" There was a mystery of misery in the tone in which she uttered these words which, coupled with the recollection of the landlady's hint, stunned the student's heart between them, and left him at a loss for reply. Conscience whispered him a construction bearing on his own intemperate habits, which humbled him with the reflection that the only interest with which he had inspired her was that of contempt for her vice, which, though notoriously her own, was too hidden to share with a husband. Deeply mortified with himself and her, and all the world, he resolved on a manly struggle with his twofold infatuation. He dashed the flask on the floor of his chamber, whence, the next morning, it was missing, no one, of course, knew where. The flask was valued as a mother's thoughtless gift, which had been better cast into the sea.

The landlady, the next day, imparted the news to the spirit dealer over the way, intimating she had her suspicions. The student, conversing with a policeman at the bar, overheard her mention a name at which he shrugged his shoulder. The officer's reply to the shrug was a significant inquiry of the spirit dealer, "Are they customers here?" "Not bad ones, neither," said the

barman. "A bottle a week between 'em."

"So," said the officer, "they had words last night. I heard the old lady tell her daughter that she starved her; that the drink was their ruin. 'You're drunk now,' screamed the poor old thing, crying over the daughter like a child, till some hard blows silenced her. I distinctly heard the young one say, '*It's my curse,*' says she."

The student again crossed over to his lodgings, and asked the maid if the artist were in. She replied, she was, and volunteered the sigh, "the more's the pity."

"Why so?" said he.

"I've found liquor," said she, "hid away in her bedroom more than once, and her eyes of a morning as red as a sunrise, as though she had been crying all night. I do pity the old lady she makes fetch the spirits of nights, when nobody's by, and she as proud and close as if she never tasted 'em."

The student again shrugged his shoulders as he ascended the stairs and tapped at the artist's door.

"Come in," said a gentle voice, which changed somewhat sternly as, without rising from her easel, she demanded her visitor's business.

Disconcerted at her self-possession, the student stammered about a flask he had lost, and hoped, if anybody had found it by any chance, anybody would keep it. He was glad to get rid of it ever since somebody said, "That's my curse."

"Your flask is not here," said the elder, in an irritated tone; but her daughter contemptuously interrupted her with—

"Wait till you're charged, mother. Do I understand you, sir, to suggest or imply, or dare to suppose, your toy has found its way here?"

"No, not at all," said the youth, covered with confusion. "It's only

a flask; and it's a good joke to cure one of carrying such things about him, if you'd only kept it for my sake."

"Sir," said she, with a look of the bitterest scorn, "you insult us. You are an unmannerly boy, that wants caning."

The student answered with some warmth, "I never said nor thought you took it." But the words were scarcely out of his month before the mother shrieked—

"Then you charge *me*," and struck him with the scissors in her hand, cutting a severe gash on his cheek, and covering his face with blood. The daughter dragged her into the bedchamber, where the excitement overcame the elder female, who fainted away, the maid's hasty summons of her mistress from over the way drew the policeman after her upstairs, where they found the student stanching the wound, and the younger female, deprecating, indeed, her mother's violence; but, adding, "Go, sir, to a surgeon, and never let us see you more, and you'll find it," said she, in a tone of bitter irony, "like a wounded spirit

at bay upon its destiny—you'll find it—it's my curse."

And these were the facts that came out on the hearing of the case next day, with her own admission of having pledged the article. She offered no defence—no explanation; one night's imprisonment seemed to have sunk her into a stupefaction of grief, shame, and terror; she never looked up, nor spoke but once, when the clerk asked her her name, and then the words were strictly audible, in which she answered—"It's my curse;" and not another sign of interest in her fate escaped her, not even when an eminent counsel, who had entered the court with the student who had retained him, rose and addressed the bench with another version of the whole affair, though even his was not the right one after all.

(To be Continued).

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.—The Rev. J. C. Wells has received a very hearty and loving invite to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Hockliffe-road, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

Reviews.

The Highway of Holiness. By Rev. C. GRAHAM. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)

THIS elegant small volume is on a subject replete with interest to all true Christians, for "The Higher Christian Life," as is given in the second title, leads us up to a more elevated experience than is usually attained, or even believed. The writer, to do justice to such a lofty theme, must be in harmony with it, speaking what he believes and knows from the heart. No one that reads this refreshing volume can doubt that Mr. Graham is perfectly at home in his theme, and that every chapter is impregnated

with the spirit of holiness. We most earnestly commend it to the perusal of all the devout and spiritual disciples of our blessed Lord. It is very well adapted as a gift to young Christians, to help them up, and on, the highway of holiness.

The Garden Oracle. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD. FOR 1873.

WORTH several times the price affixed, viz. One Shilling.

Old Jonathan, for 1872. 1s. 6d.

ELEGANTLY done up in stiff cover, and, for a cottager or artisan's home, a book of light and consolation. Would that

it could be found in every working man's house.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Missing Link Magazine contains various interesting facts, and a telling review of the work carried on.

The Baptist Magazine is vastly improved, and leaves little to be desired, and at fourpence it is truly cheap. We hope there is a long and prosperous career before it, and that its influence will be wide and permanent. A better number than the February one it would be difficult to imagine.

The Sword and Trowel. A rich, varied, and powerful number. "Billy Dawson" is admirably portrayed, and all the papers are good.

Metropolitan Pulpit, for Jan. 26, on "What think ye of Christ?" a sermon in Mr. Spurgeon's best style, and fitted for eminent usefulness.

General Baptist Magazine has several elaborate papers on important themes. Will drinkers or abstainers be most edified by Rev. S. Cox's paper?

Old Jonathan. Plain, varied, and useful.

The Lay Preacher (Elliot Stock), holds on its way with much useful material for suggestion and use by brethren who, like Paul, work secularly and preach evangelically. We hope the devoted editor will be heartily sustained.

Ragged School Union Magazine is all good, but on "Ragged Schools in Rome" specially so.

Christian Armour. All the papers are excellent. We hope, however, to see Dr. Fraser's telling articles again.

Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society. Faithful to the pure Word of Truth.

The Armoury, a Magazine of Weapons for Christian Warfare. (Partridge and Co.) No. I. 1d. The paper on the "Policy and Progress of the Church of Rome in England" is deserving of especial attention.

The Phrenological Characteristics of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, &c. By Nicholas Morgan, Author of "Phrenology, and How to Use It," &c. With life-like portrait of Mr. Spurgeon.

(Passmore and Co.) We like this critical examination much. It is evidently intelligently done, and it is clear, striking, and easy to be understood. We are sure it will be largely read, as it deserves to be. We think he has made defensiveness too small at 6; we should have placed it at 9, and also humorlessness not at 7½, but at 10 at the least. As our judgment is from the eye only, we must give in to eyes and fingers in co-partnership. But we earnestly recommend the pamphlet.

Our friends Hutchings and Crowsley continue to publish annually their excellent Directories at 41, Henry-street, St. John's Wood, N.W. The Paddington and Bayswater, the Marylebone and St. John's Wood, and one for Kilburn, Cricklewood, &c., &c. For business purposes they are indispensable, as well as for general reference. They have our highest approval and commendation, especially to our West and North-west Metropolitan readers. They should be on the desk of tradesmen, and on the study tables of ministers, secretaries, &c.

The Ban of God; or, Those Who Come not to the Help of the Lord, is the title of the thirty-third annual Temperance sermon preached by Dr. Burns, in Church-street Chapel, Jan. 26, and published at 1d. (Tweedie; Elliot Stock.)

Medical Opinions on Hydropathy and the Turkish Baths, with the Late Lord Lytton's Experiences of the Water Cure. By RICHARD METCALFE. (Jas. Burns, 15, Southampton-row). Price 6d. We have the most implicit faith in hydropathy and the Turkish bath. Their efficacy in a large class of diseases is perfectly astounding. We have experienced their good results again and again. This excellent pamphlet is full of great principles and unassailable facts, and we urge all our readers to buy it, read it carefully, and, rely on it; they will not regret this course. Mr. Metcalfe's practice has been very large, and therefore his testimony is worth a thousand pleasant theories or sentimental idealisms. We hope these medical luxuries will soon

be within the reach of the poorest of our population.

The Interpreter, &c. Part II. We can only repeat our former kind notice with this addition, that our friends are delighted with it. Mr. Spurgeon has the admirable tact to know what is desirable, and how to provide it. May it be the joy of thousands of Christian families.

Biblical Museum. Part XXVI. We have exhausted our eulogies on this incomparable commentary.

The Hive. Overflowing with honey for working bees in the Sunday-school.

New Handbook of Illustration. A Classified Treasury of Themes, &c. No. II. 6d. (Elliot Stock.) A noble storehouse for ministers, students, home missionaries, and Sunday-school teachers. It is literally crammed with good, useful things.

• *My Run to Naples and Pompeii.* A Lecture, by C. H. SPURGEON. (Passmore and Co., 4, Paternoster-buildings). 2d. We are glad that this telling Lecture is printed, and will be

the best reply to clerical and literary maligners. Read it and circulate it.

One Hundred Scripture Biographies, &c. By JOHN STOKES. (Elliot Stock). 9d. As a text-book for the use of Sunday-school teachers and others it will be a safe and useful help. It is clear, definite, and true to Scripture record.

We cheerfully commend to our readers *The Power of Purity*, a sermon by W. ORR, Uxbridge. (Elliot Stock.) *The Gospel Feast*, by JOHN DIXON, 17, Buckingham-road, N. *Loss of the Northfleet*, a sermon by Rev. N. HALL, LL.B. (E. Curtice.) 1d. *The Appeal*. And also renew very heartily our sincere testimony to the thorough worth of *The Baptist*, which has taken very greatly with the members of our churches, both in town and country.

Christian Baptism: the Persons, the Mode, and the Design. By J. M. DENNISTON, M.A. (Elliot Stock.) 2d. A thoroughly intelligent, Scriptural survey of Christian Baptism, and worthy of universal distribution, and remarkably cheap.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. S. Spurgeon, of Havant, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Emsworth.

Rev. T. Hind, late of Gideon Chapel, Bristol, has recently accepted a call to the pastorate of the church, Chard, Somerset.

Mr. E. A. Tydeman, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church, Morice-square, Devonport.

Rev. R. Shindler has resigned the pastorate of the church at Eythorne, near Dover, and accepted the charge of a church formed by the union of the Claremont-street and St. John's-hill churches, and now meeting in Claremont Chapel, Shrewsbury.

The congregation at Church, near Accrington, at a special church meeting held on the 26th ult., gave a unanimous call to the Rev. Henry Angus, of Shrewsbury, to become their pastor.

Rev. G. H. Weatherley has resigned the pastorate of the church, Forton, Gosport.

Mr. W. M. Thomas, of Pontypool College, has received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Lichfield-street church, Willenhall.

Rev. H. Boot, late of Bovey Tracey, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church of Lower Aylesford, Nova Scotia, to become its pastor.

Rev. John Whitaker, late of Lancaster, has accepted the invitation of the church, Park Shot, Richmond, to become their pastor.

Rev. Stewart Gray, late of Rath-

mines, Dublin, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bond-street, Birmingham.

Mr. H. C. Field, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted an invitation to become the joint pastor of the churches of Burslem and Newcastle, North Staffordshire.

IPSWICH, ST. GEORGE'S-STREET. — Rev. J. W. Howell has resigned the pastorate of the church in this place.

PRESENTATIONS.

The church formed in January 1871, at Lausanne-road, Hatcham, has just celebrated its second anniversary. The pastor, Rev. T. J. Cole, reported that the entire cost of the building, £400, had been defrayed; the members had increased from twenty-four to sixty-four; there are 250 children in the Sunday-school, and about 400 families regularly visited by the tract distributors. Class-rooms have been erected, for which a sum of about £70 is still due. In recognition of his labours, Mr. Cole was presented by his friends with a handsome library chair.

Rev. A. B. Morgan was, on the 28th of January, presented with a purse containing twenty guineas, subscribed by the church and congregation worshipping at the chapel, Waterbeach.

At a meeting held in the chapel, Desborough, Mr. D. Gee has been presented with a timepiece suitably engraved, and Mrs. Gee with a silver-plated biscuit box, as an expression of esteem.

A purse contain £15 has been affectionately presented to the Rev. T. Yates, of Kegworth, by a number of his members and hearers. It was received with much thankfulness, as a pleasing indication of Christian confidence and love.

Rev. J. A. Comfort, of Oundle, Northamptonshire, has been recently presented by his friends with a purse containing twelve guineas, as a token of their esteem.

Rev. Matthew Hudson, of Scarbuck-street Chapel, Wigan, has been presented with a purse of £30, Mrs. Hudson at the same time receiving a handsome tea-service.

SUDBURY, SUFFOLK.—On Wednesday evening, the 5th of Feb., the annual tea-meeting of the church and congregation was held in the schoolroom, Church-street, after which addresses were delivered by the pastor, H. H. Bourne, Messrs. Ives, Skinner, Keeble, Johnson, and Garrod. During the evening a handsome clock was presented to Mr. Salmon from members of the church, also an electro-plated inkstand by Mr. Wharton, from the teachers and a few of the senior scholars, on his removal to Norwich.

NEW CHURCHES.

The friends connected with the New Barnet Chapel, assembled on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, under the presidency of the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., for the purpose of being united in church fellowship. The names of thirty-seven members were enrolled, after the reception of letters of dismission or other expressions of approval, and the Rev. J. Dunlop, who has been officiating as minister of the congregation for nearly four months, was unanimously chosen to the pastorate. The other office-bearers were chosen with equal unanimity.

RECOGNITIONS.

POTTER'S BAR, MIDDLESEX. — Interesting services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Samuel Pilling, as pastor of the church, Potter's Bar, Middlesex, have been held. Rev. R. Ware, the late pastor, presided, and welcomed the new pastor to his sphere of labour. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. G. Rogers, and the charge to the church by Rev. J. T. Wigner.

LIVERPOOL.—On Wednesday, January 29th, a tea meeting and recognition service were held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Eli E. Walter, as pastor of Soho-street Baptist School. Tea was provided in the schoolroom, at which were present about 700 of the members and friends. After tea the service connected with the more immediate object of the meeting took place in the chapel, which was crowded. The Rev. H. S.

Brown presided, and with him on the platform were several ministers and friends from other congregations who had come to welcome the new pastor. The service was a great success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rev. R. P. MacMaster has been welcomed to his new pastorate at Half-field Chapel, Bradford. At the tea-meeting the lecture room was beautifully decorated for the occasion. From 400 to 500 persons partook of tea. Addresses were afterwards delivered by Messrs. W. Sharp, Thomas Day, Waterman, Tom Sharp, Stead, Kirk, Casson, and James Sharp, and also by the Rev. Mr. Gregory. Mr. W. Sharp argued that a minister, to be a successful teacher, must take a deep interest in the Sunday school.

An effort is about to be made to erect a chapel in Elstow, the birth-place of John Bunyan. At present the village has no Nonconformist place of worship. A small building, formerly used as a preaching room, and for more than twenty years supplied from Bunyan Chapel, Bedford, is now in a ruinous condition, unfit for use or repair. £1,000 is wanted for the projected chapel.

HORNSEY RISE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—

It has been decided by the church worshipping at the above place, which is situate in Duncombe Road, that a new chapel, so much needed in the neighbourhood, shall be built. A plot of ground, at the corner of Birkbeck and Sunnyside Roads has been chosen, and £100, part of the purchase money, has to be paid by Lady-day. The first public meeting in connection with the project was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th Feb., at which the pastor, the Rev. Frank M. Smith presided. Rev. Messrs. Gast, Edgley, Atkinson, and Pugh, delivered addresses.

HANWELL.—At the annual congregational meeting the pastor, Rev. G. Reuse-Lowden, expressed his deep thankfulness to God for the extinction of the debt on the chapel building, leaving only a balance of £350 on the schools. He mentioned that in four

years about £2,400 had been raised for building purposes alone, with little extraneous help. Several societies had been commenced and kept in a healthy condition, and 145 had been added to the church.

We are glad to be able to announce that the council of the Evangelical Alliance have agreed to set apart Monday, March 30th, as a day of Special Prayer for Ireland.

GREAT ELLINGHAM.—BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Services in connection with this Society were held on Lord's-day, February 9th, 1873. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. C. Welton, of Thetford. A public meeting was held in the evening. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. H. Hannant, of Thetford. The report was read by Mr. James Barnard, from which it appears that the sum of £601 7s. 2d. was collected during the year 1872 by the churches in Norfolk, making an increase over the year 1871 of £55 15s. 2d. Towards this amount the Norwich churches contributed £268 17s.; Great Ellingham, £5 8s. 9d. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Revs. C. Welton and J. Toll. Congregation and collection good.

BAPTISMS.

- Abergavenny*, Frogmore-street.—Jan. 30, Five, by Rev. J. Williams, B.A.
Barton Cliff, Hampshire.—Jan. 26, One, by W. W. Martin.
Beeches.—Jan. 1, Three, by J. Blake.
Bideford.—Jan. 27, Five females and One male, by E. T. Seammell.
Blisworth.—Jan. 26, Three, by G. Jarman, pastor.
Dridport.—Jan. 20, One brother, formerly member of the Pædo-Baptists, and One sister, the pastor's youngest daughter.
Burslem and Newcastle, Staffs.—Jan. 20, at Newcastle, Four from Burslem, One from Newcastle, by H. C. Field.
Burton-on-Trent, Salem Chapel.—Jan. 30, Eight, by Rev. J. T. Owers.
Bury St. Edmunds.—Jan. 2, Four, by M. S. Ridley.
Caersalim, Dowlais.—Jan. 5, Seven; Jan. 26, Twelve, by E. Evans.
Cheltenham.—Jan. 26, Eleven, by J. Smith, of Westmancote.
Clay Cross.—Jan. 21, Seven, by R. Green, minister of Townhead-street Chapel, Sheffield.

Colchester, Eld-lane.—Jan. 22, Three, by Mr. Spurrier.
Croyce.—Jan. 26, Four, by F. J. Greening.
Croxton Eccleshall, Staffs.—Dec. 22, Two; Feb. 25, One, by J. Shelby.
Cymbelam, Montgomeryshire.—Feb. 2, Three, by R. Jones.
Dolton, N. Devon.—Feb. 9, Three, by C. Chant.
Dumfries.—Feb. 11, Two, by G. Anderson.
Durham, Hamsterley.—Jan. 23, Two, by J. G. Beel.
Ferres, N. B.—Jan. 5, One; Jan. 26, Two, by John Downie.
Glasgow, Blackfriars-street.—Feb. 2, Four, by Henry Phillips, B. A.
Grantham.—Jan. 28, One, by G. B. Bowler.
Harton, Cambs.—Dec. 23, Five, by S. H. Akehurst.
Heywood, Rochdale-road.—Jan. 29, Three, by W. L. Mayo.
Ipswich, Stoke Green.—Jan. —, Five, by —, Whale.
Leeds, Bramley.—Feb. 2, Three, by A. Ashworth.
Letterstin, Pembrokehire.—Jan. 26, Three, by B. Thomas.
Liverpool, Soho-street.—Jan. 26, Eight, by Eli E. Walter.
Llanfrynach.—Dec. 22, One, by G. H. Llewellyn.
Llantrisant, Tabor.—Feb. 2, One, by J. Jenkins.
Louth, Northgate.—Jan. 23, Eight, by G. Parkes.
Maesbyrllan.—Nov. 3, One, by G. H. Llewellyn.
Manchester, Moss-side.—Jan. 22, Eight, by R. Chenery.
Merthyr Tydvil, Zion.—Jan. 12, Fifteen; Feb. 9, Two, by Cornelius Griffiths.
Metropolitan District—
Camberwell, Wyndham-road.—Feb. 6, Four, by John T. Almy.
Cranford.—Jan. 27, One, by R. Spurgeon.
Deconshire-square Chapel.—Feb. 9, Eleven, by W. T. Henderson.
East London Tabernacle.—Jan. 2, Seven; Jan. 27, Nine, by Archibald G. Brown.
Enfield.—Jan. 26, Four, by G. W. White.
Little Ache-street.—Jan. 26, Three, by C. Masterson.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Jan. 28, Nineteen; Jan. 30, Fourteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.
Old Kent-road.—Jan. 30, Five, by C. F. Styles.
Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm-road.—Jan. 30, Two, by W. A. Blake, of Brentford.
St. John's Wood, Abbey-road Chapel.—Jan. —, Nine, by W. Stott.
Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—Jan. 2, One; Jan. 27, Three, by J. O. Fel-lows.
Nantfyllow.—Jan. 19, Five, by J. Berryman.
Packington, *nr. Ashby-de-la-Zouch*.—Jan. 21, Four, by C. Clarke.
Pembroke Dock, Bethany Chapel.—Jan. 29, Three; Feb. 2, Two, by Wm. Davies.
Portsmouth, Landport Lake-road.—Jan. 29, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.
Preston, Pole-street.—Jan. 19, Six, by Joseph Harvey, of Bury.
Reading, Carey Chapel.—Feb. 3, Eight, by C. M. Longhurst.
Sheffield, Townhead-street.—Jan. 26, Eleven, by R. Green.

St. Andrews, N. B.—Jan. 19, One, by A. P. Fulton.
Southampton, Carlton Chapel.—Jan. 26, Six, by E. Osborne.
Staleybridge, Cross Leach-street.—Feb. 2, Four, by A. North.
Stradbroke, Suffolk.—Jan. 26, Two, by G. Cobb.
Thurleigh, Bedfordshire.—Jan. 12, Two, by G. Chandler.
Tonbridge, High-street.—Jan. 26, Three, by J. Turner.
Uffculme, Devon.—Feb. 2 (Prescott), Three; Feb. 6, Six, by J. Cruickshank.
Upper Stratton, Wilts.—Jan. 22, Two, by A. J. Hamilton.
West Hartlepool, Tower-street.—Jan. 29, Three, by G. T. Ennals.
Whitehaven.—Jan. 2, Three, by H. A. Fletcher.
York Town, Blackwater.—Jan. 26, Five, by Stephen Sale.

RECENT DEATHS.

THE late REV. W. A. THOMAS, pastor of the church, Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm Road.—The friends at Peniel have sustained a great loss by the decease of their beloved pastor, the Rev. W. A. Thomas, after a short illness of fourteen days. He died on Friday morning, the 7th of February, at the age of 63, expressing the strongest confidence and assurance in that Saviour (whose love it was his privilege to preach for over forty years), and with a bright prospect of another and a better world. The last few years of his ministry have been signally owned and abundantly blessed. He leaves a people to mourn, whose hearts he had won by his faithful ministrations and discharging of duties as a servant of God. Of him it may truly be said, "He has ceased from his labours, and his works do follow him."

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 13th. The Tabernacle was filled with friends to receive his remains (before proceeding to the cemetery) which were borne by the officers of the church from his residence in Belmont Street. The funeral service was conducted by the Revs. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, and J. Batey, of Norwood, both esteemed friends of the late pastor. Mr. Batey delivered a short but solemn and telling address

"FRAGRANT GRACES."

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof."—CANTICLES i. 12.

THIS passage may be read in several ways. Literally, when Christ tabled among men, when He did eat and drink with them, being found in fashion as a man, the loving spirit broke the alabaster box of precious ointment on his head while the king was sitting at his table. Three times did the Church thus anoint her Lord, once His head and twice His feet, as if she remembered His threefold office and the threefold anointing which He had received of God the Father to confirm and strengthen Him. So she rendered Him the threefold anointing of her grateful love, breaking the alabaster box, and pouring the precious ointment upon His head and upon His feet. Beloved, let us imitate the example of those who have gone before. What! though we cannot, as the weeping penitent, wash His feet with our tears and wipe them with the hairs of our head, like that gracious woman, we may reckon nothing, of fair adornments, or fond endowments, if we can but serve His cause or honour His person. Let us be willing to "pour contempt on all our pride," and "nail our glory to His cross." Have you anything to-night that is dear to you? Resign it to Him. Have you any costly thing like an alabaster box hidden away? Give it to the King; He is worthy, and when you have fellowship with Him at His table, let your gifts be brought forth. Offer unto the King thanksgiving, and pay your vows unto the Most High.

But the King is gone from earth. He is seated at His table in heaven, eating bread in the kingdom of God. Surrounded now not by publicans and harlots, but by cherubim and seraphim, not by mocking crowds, but by adoring hosts, the King sits at His table, and entertains the glorious company of the faithful, the Church of the firstborn whose names are written in heaven. He fought before He could rest. On earth He struggled with His enemies, and it was not till He had triumphed over all, that He sat down at the table on high. There sit, thou King of kings, there sit until Thy last enemy shall be made Thy footstool. What can we do, brethren, while Christ sits at the table above? These hands cannot reach Him; these eyes cannot see Him; but our prayers, like sweet perfume, set burning here on earth can rise in smoke to the place where the King sitteth at His table, and our spikenard can diffuse a perfume even in heaven itself. Do you want to reach Christ? Your prayers can do it. Would you now adore Him, would you now set forth your love? With mingled prayer and praise, like the offering of the morning and the evening sacrifice, your incense can come up acceptably before the Lord.

And, brethren, the day is coming when the King shall sit at His table in royal state. Lo He cometh! Lo He cometh! Let the Church never forget that. The first advent is her faith; the second advent is her hope.

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No. 173, NEW SERIES.

The first advent with the cross lays the foundation; the second advent with the crown brings forth the top-stone. The former was ushered in with sighs, the latter shall be hailed with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it." And when the King, manifested and recognised in His sovereignty over all lands, shall sit at His table with His Church, then, in that blessed Millennium, the graces of Christians shall give forth their odours of sweet savour. Justice shall triumph; righteousness shall prevail; holiness shall flourish; and amid all the solemn festivity the kings of Sheba and of Seba shall offer gifts, nations shall bow down before Him, and all people shall call Him blessed. When the King sitteth at His table, then shall the Church's spices give forth all their perfume.

We have thus read the text in three ways, and there is a volume in each; but we turn over another page, for we want to read it in relation to the spiritual presence of Christ as He doth now reveal Himself to His people. "When the King sitteth at His table"—that is, when we enjoy the presence of Christ—"my spikenard giveth forth the smell thereof." Then our graces are in active exercise, and yield a perfume agreeable to our own soul and acceptable before God.

In the train of reflection I shall now attempt to follow my manner must be hurried; and should it seem feeble, brethren, I cannot help it. If you get fellowship with Christ, I care little for the merits of my sermon, or the perils of your criticism. One thing alone I crave—"Let Him kiss us with the kisses of His mouth"—then shall my soul be well content, and so will yours be also.

The first observation we make shall be this:—*Every believer has grace in possession at all times.* The text implies that when the king is not present the spikenard yields no smell, but the spikenard is there for all that. The spouse speaks of her spikenard, as though she had it, and only wanted to have the king come and sit at the table to make its presence known and felt. Ah well, believer, there is grace in thy heart, if thou be a child of God, when thou canst not see it thyself; when thy doubts have so covered up all thy hopes, that thou sayest, "I am cast out from His presence;" yet for all that grace may be there. When the old oak has lost its last leaf by the howling blasts of winter, when the sap is frozen up in the veins, and you cannot, though you search to the uttermost bough, find so much as the slightest sign of verdant existence, still even then the substance is in the tree when it has lost its leaves. And so with every believer, though his sap seems frozen, and his life almost dead, yet if once planted it is there, the eternal life is there when he cannot discover it himself. And when, also, through our defections, our friends cannot discover it for us, yet it is still there, if Christ ever put it there. When my dearest companion, he with whom I take sweet counsel, begins to think that my spiritual life is extinct, even then, if ever there, the spikenard is there still. Though human judgment may say it is gone, He who is greater than our heart and knoweth all things, discerns the spark trembling there yet; the desire is living when almost every other sign of life is wanting. Dear friends, you know that the spikenard is enclosed in a box, an alabaster box, and that is a very hard material; and sometimes our graces seem to be shut up in a hard heart; to our own consciousness our heart feels as hard, as dead, as cold as alabaster. Ay, but if the spikenard be there, the hand of love shall break the hard crust, and out the sweet perfume shall

come. It is there, believer, it is there; if thou believest in Christ, it is there, though the alabaster may conceal it and keep back its smell. Do you know—if not, I pray you may never know experimentally—that there are many things that keep a Christian's spikenard from being poured out. Alas! there is our sin. Ah, shameful, cruel sin! to rob my master of His glory! But when we fall into sin, of course our graces become weak and yield no fragrance to God. Ah, too, there is our unbelief, which puts a heavy stone on all our graces, and blows out the heat which was burning the frankincense, so that no altar-smoke arises towards heaven. And often, it may be, it is our bitterness of spirit, for when our mind is cast down, we hang our harps upon the willows, so that they give forth no sweet music unto God. And, above all, if Christ be absent, if through neglect or by any other means, our fellowship with Him is suspended, grace is there—but oh! it cannot be seen. There is no comfort springing from it. We are like our gardens during the winter, which show nothing but black mould; yet there are bulbs beneath the sod. Till the sun arise in his strength, and genial Spring with her soft breath dissolve the bands of winter, neither fruit nor flower can be discovered. Grace may be in the believer, and yet not be visible. Howbeit, grace is an abiding thing; thanks be to God.

But, beloved, though we mention this to begin with, we rather choose to pass on and observe that *grace is not given to a Christian to be thus hidden, but it is intended that, like spikenard, it should always be in exercise.*

If I understand a Christian aright, he should be a man readily discerned. You do not need to write upon a box that contains spikenard, with the lid open, the word "Spikenard." You will know it is there; your nostrils would tell you. If a man should fill his pockets with dust, he might walk where he would, and though he should scatter it in the air, few would notice it; but let him go into a room with his pockets full of musk, and let him drop a particle about, he is soon discovered, because the musk speaks for itself. Now true grace, like spikenard or any other perfume, should speak for itself. You know our Saviour compares Christians to lights. There is a crowd of people standing yonder; I cannot see those who are in the shadow, but there is one man whose face I can see well, and that is the man who holds the torch. Its flames light up his face, so that we can catch every feature readily. So, whoever is not discovered, the Christian should be obvious at once. "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth, for thy speech betrayeth thee." Not only should the Christian be perceptible, but grace has been given to him that it might be in exercise. What is faith unless it is believing? What is love unless it is embracing? What is patience unless it is enduring? To what purpose is knowledge unless it is revealing truth? What are any of those sweet graces which the Master gives us unless they yield their perfume? We repeat it, that scent confined in a box would be useless, and so a Christian whose graces are never made to flow abroad becomes an anomaly;—comfortless, profitless, unchristian. And yet, beloved, if you and I feel at all alike, and I suppose as the face answers to the face in a glass, so does the heart of man to man, while we always hope that the love of God is in us, we often mourn that that love is not so vigorous, so forcible, so penetrating as we could desire. I have to mourn over a kind of indifference, that shuts up the box when I want the fragrance to be breaking out. I do not know, brethren, but I

do fear that there are many of us who do not know much of Christ, or if we do, we fail to show it much abroad in our lives. I do fear me that the sponge, the vinegar, and the nails are not often used upon us. We want that sponge to cleanse us from our sin, that vinegar to make the world unpalatable to us, and those nails to nail us to the cross. I fear we do not enough gaze upon that face covered with the bloody sweat, for if we did, as sure as the King was thus in our thoughts sitting at His table, we should be more like Him; we should love Him better, we should live more passionately for Him, and should spend and be spent, that we might promote His glory. I just note this point, and then pass on, that believers' graces, like spikenard, are meant to give forth their smell.

But here is the pith of our whole subject, though we have little time to linger upon it: *the only way in which a Christian's graces can be put into exercise, is that he must have the presence of the Master.* He is called "the King." I am told that the Hebrew word is very emphatic, as if it said, "The King"—the King of kings, the greatest of all Kings. He must be such to us—absolute Master of our hearts, Lord of our soul's domain, the unrivalled One in our estimation, to whom we render obedience with alacrity. We must have Him as King, or we shall not have His presence to revive our graces. And when the King communes with His people, it is said to be at "His table," not at ours. Specially may this apply to the table of communion. It is not the Baptists' table, it is not my table; it is His table, because, if there is anything good on it, remember, He spread it; nay, there is nothing on the table unless He Himself be there. There is no food to the child of God, unless Christ's body be the flesh and Christ's blood the wine. We must have Christ. It must be emphatically His table by His being present, by His spreading it, His presiding at it, or else we have not His presence at all. I find the Hebrew word here signifies a "round table." I do not know whether that is intended which I understand by it—perhaps it is—it suggests to me a blessed equality with all His disciples; sitting at His round table, as if there were scarce a head, but He was one of themselves, so close the communion He holds with them sitting at the table; so dear His fellowship, sitting like one of themselves, made like unto His brethren in all things at His round table.

Well, now, we say that when Christ comes into the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, or any other ordinance, straightway our graces are vigorous. How often have we resolved that we would live nearer to Christ! Yet, though we have resolved, and re-resolved, I fear it has all ended with resolving. Peradventure we have prayed over our resolutions, and for a little season we have sought it very earnestly, but our earnestness soon expired, like every other fire that is of human kindling, and we made but little progress. Be not disheartened, my beloved in the Lord: I tell thee, whether thou art able to believe it or not, that if thy heart be this night cold as the centre of an iceberg, yet if Christ shall come to thee thy soul shall be as coals of juniper, that have a most vehement flame. Though to thy own apprehension thou seemest to be dead as the bones in a cemetery, yet if Jesus come to thee thou shalt forthwith be as full of life as the seraphs who are as flames of fire. Why think you He will not come to you? Do you not remember how He did melt you when first He manifested Himself to your soul? You were as vile then as you are now; you were certainly as ruined then as you are now; you had no more to merit

His esteem then than you have now; you were as far off from Him then as you are now—I might say even further off. But lo! He came to you when you did not seek Him; He came in the sovereignty of His grace and the sweetness of His mercy when you despised Him. Wherefore, then, should He not come to you now? Oh, breathe the prayer, tenderly and hopefully breathe the prayer, "Draw me," and you will soon find power to run, and when all your passions and powers are fled the King will speedily bring you into His chamber. Dark as your present state may be, there are sure signs of breaking day. I want you, brethren, to believe and to expect that you shall hold this night with Christ the richest, sweetest fellowship that ever mortal was privileged to enjoy, and that of a sudden. I know your cares—forget them. I know your sins—bring them to His feet. I know the wandering of your heart—ask Him to tether you to His Cross with the same cords that bound Him to the pillar of His flagellation. I know your brain is perplexed, and your thoughts flying hither and thither, distracted with many cares—put on the thorn-crown, and let that be the antidote of all your manifold disquietudes. Methinks Jesus is putting in His hand by the hole of the door. Are not your bowels moved for Him? Rise up and welcome Him; and as the bread is broken and the wine is passed round, come, and eat and drink of Him, and be not strange to Him. "Let not conscience make you linger;" let not doubts and fears hold you back from fellowship with Him who loved you or ever the earth was, but do rest your unworthy head upon His blessed bosom, and talk with Him even though the only word you may be able to say may be, "Lord, is it I?" Do seek fellowship with Him, as one who ignores every thought, feeling, or fact besides. So may it please Him to manifest Himself to you and to me as He doth not to the world.

If you that have never had fellowship with Christ think I am talking nonsense, I do not marvel. But let me tell you, if you had ever known what fellowship with Christ means, you would pawn your eyes, and barter your right arms, and give your estates away as trifles for the priceless favour. Princes would sell their crowns and peers would renounce their dignities, to have five minutes' fellowship with Christ. I will vouch for that. Why, I have had more joy in my Lord and Master in the space of the ticking of a clock than could be crammed into a lifetime of sensual delights, of the pleasures of taste, of the fascinations of literature. There is a depth, a matchless depth, in Jesu's love. There is a luscious sweetness in fellowship with Him. You must eat, or you will never know the flavour of it. Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good! Behold, how ready He still is to welcome sinners. Trust Him, and live. Feed on Him, and grow strong. Commune with Him, and be happy. May every one of you who shall sit at the table have the nearest approach to Jesus that you ever had! Like two streams that, after flowing side by side, at length unite, so may Christ and our soul melt into one, even as Isis melts into Thames, till only one life shall flow, so that the life we live in the flesh shall be no more ours, but Christ that liveth in us. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

MUSINGS AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

BY REV. JOHN COX.

THE frequent mention of the "feet" of the Lord Jesus in the Gospel narrative, and other parts of Scripture, warrants our giving some special attention to the subject, and encourages us to take our place at those feet in spirit. If we are enabled rightly to do so, we shall find the station "truly blessed;" there will be plenty to feed admiration and to encourage hope.

The very mention of the word "feet" leads us to think of the blessed Jesus as an infant, of His learning to walk, of His youthful footsteps in and around Nazareth, of His first journey to the temple at Jerusalem; and how these feet, these willing feet, carried Him to meet John at Jordan, where He was baptized, received the heavenly unction, and commenced that pilgrimage of love which ended at "a place called Calvary."

To many sad-hearted ones these feet were indeed "beautiful" upon the Galilean and Judean mountains, when He came preaching peace and proclaiming liberty to the captives. Alas, that malice should have tracked His beneficent footsteps; prejudice perverted His loving words; and envy sought His destruction. In spite of all this, His footsteps have left a line of living light in this dark world which we should much delight to trace.

Let us think of His feet as soiled with the dust of this fallen earth. He who took our nature into union with the Divine, walked about

amidst the low places of our globe, climbed its rugged hills, and traversed paths thick strewn with thorns, and in which many snares were placed. As we watch Him during these few marvellous years of His loving ministry, we see His feet on the temple floor, on the mount of transfiguration, and on the sea of Galilee. He was always "going about doing good." To bereaved homes, to rooms of sickness, to haunts of grief, and to the gloom of the grave; we trace His blessed feet, and see Him everywhere, the lovely and the loving One.

He persevered in His holy self-denying walk till He reached His goal. That goal was Calvary. To think of the many errands of mercy to which these feet had carried Him, and then to think what man did to those feet, is indeed a solemn and saddening contrast. He had seen all this before He set out. No doubt in the cottage of Nazareth He had often read the wondrous words, "they pierced My hands and My feet;" and now that deed is done, see! they have fastened Him by His holy feet to the cross. Oh, the black ingratitude of man! What hideous cruelty is he capable of! This was man's estimate of the worth of what Christ had done on earth. Thus He became Satan's instrument to strive to arrest the progress of the Great Restorer.

But where did God very soon place those pierced feet? On heaven's crystal floor, on the glassy sea before the throne, yea, upon the throne of *universal dominion*, so that He could say soon after He had hung upon the cross, "*the heaven is My*

throne and the earth is My footstool,"
and we joyfully sing—

“Those soft, those blessed feet of His,
Which once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light thy stand
While all the saints adore.”

Nor do we behold them there only. See, He stands by the side of the golden altar to minister, as well as to sit on the throne to govern. John also saw Him “in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks,” and tells us that “His feet were like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace.” What contrasts are these, and yet this is the same loving One who with wearied feet once sat on the well of Jacob, with his yearning heart, going, shepherd-like, on a pilgrimage of pity to seek and to save *one* poor lost sheep. And “the heart of Christ in heaven is still with sinners upon earth.”

Let us trace a few other instances in the marvellous life of Jesus where His feet are specially mentioned. Matthew tells us that “Jesus went up into a mountain, and sat down there. And great multitudes came unto Him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at *Jesus’ feet*, and He healed them.” What a spectacle of human woe, and what triumph of Divine love do we here behold. We can by the aid of these few graphic touches realise the scene before us. As the friendly neighbours carry their helpless groaning burdens up the steep hill, they cheer each other on with the thought, If we can only get them to *His feet*, we shall not have to carry them down; they will descend “walking, leaping, and praising God,” and we will join them. Thus it happened. There they lay on the mountain height, a mass of miserable, groaning, dis-

figured, Satan-possessed, humanity; but they lay at the place of healing, even at the feet of Jesus. All are soon perfectly healed; not one went away unblessed from those blessed feet of Jesus, for we read, “that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see; and they glorified the God of Israel.” (Matt. xv. 31.)

Now a different scene presents itself. We are again at the feet of Jesus, but our thoughts are centered in one person, of whom it is written, “*sitting at the feet of Jesus*, clothed, and in his right mind.” A few minutes before he was a raving, howling, naked, repulsive, dangerous, demoniac. Now, calm as an infant on its mother’s breast, he sits at Jesus’ feet. Those feet he never wished to leave again, he would follow them evermore; but that might not then be. Hereafter it shall be so, when he, and all the innumerable trophies of grace, shall “follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.”

The scene changes from the wild region of Gadara to the house of a Pharisee in the city of Capernaum. Jesus is there as an invited guest, and there is another guest, uninvited by man, but not unwelcomed by our Great Traveller. *His feet* are her coveted station; she gains it, and there she pours out her full heart in flowing tears and tender love. *His feet* are washed, wiped, kissed, anointed, and when He speaks and rebukes the proud accusers, and vindicates her cause, it is all with reference to *His feet*. Four times He uses the words “*My feet*,” and minutely describes what was done to them. Surely these feet were to that pardoned one the very gate of Paradise, and the scene, when visited in faith, has been even such to thousands of mourning ones ever since; it has proved an open door

into the loving heart of a pardoning God.

We refer to one more case during Christ's sorrowful life. There is scarcely anything recorded as regards the words uttered by Mary of Bethany, but there is much said about her actions. The main points of her history, indeed, are identified with the feet of Jesus. "She fell down at Jesus' feet," with her burden of heart-sorrow. She knelt at His feet and anointed them with her precious ointment, having also poured it upon His head. Ah, she had sat at His feet and heard His words to some purpose; she beheld what He had so often foretold respecting His death, and she came to anoint that head, so soon to be pierced with thorns, and those feet so soon to be torn with nails; "she has done it (says Christ) beforehand to My burying." Oh, if we would be wise, happy, and honoured, let us seek grace to imitate Mary, in trusting, and in ministering.

After the Lord had died and rose again, we find Him greeting some loving hearts with "*All Hail!*" They had been to His tomb to do that for Him when dead which Mary, better instructed, had done, as we have seen, beforehand. The *Risen One* stood before them with the marks of the wounds in His hands and feet, and as soon as they heard His words of congratulation, "they came and held Him by the feet and worshipped Him." How great was their astonishment, how deep their affection, how triumphant their adoration! They had followed those blessed feet through many a long journey; they had even followed Him to the cross; they had wrapped those pierced hands and feet in the cerements of the grave, and oh, joy beyond all joys, "Jesus who was dead is alive again." He hath triumphed over all foes, and would

have His friends share His joy. His "*All Hail!*" has gone down to their heart's centre, and filled them with joy unspeakable. He, the conqueror of death, the released surety, the loving brother, the Son of God, is before them, He comforts them, and they crown Him. They worship Him, and He "wears their praises as His crown."

All is upward with Jesus now. Once those blessed feet trod a dark and ever descending road. All the way from one Joseph's cottage, to another Joseph's tomb was a *descent*. "He humbled Himself to death, even the death of the Cross." But the very life that He laid down He has taken up again; yes, "*up*," not only in the sense of living again, but *up* to the heights of glory He has taken the same life. "He who became dead is alive to the ages of ages." He who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, is a "Lamb as it had been slain in the midst of the throne."

Let us seek to get to the feet of Jesus. He who in the upper room showed His disciples His hands and His feet (Luke xxiv. 39, 40) will not refuse us this boon, great as it is.

Yes, even now we may come to His blessed feet in a higher sense than any whom we have hitherto contemplated, and so be numbered among the blessed ones who "have not seen, yet have believed." It is important to ask, What do the feet represent or symbolise as regards spiritual things? The hand, the heart, the eye, and ear, as organs and members of the body, have each its counterpart in the soul, and surely the feet have theirs also. As the literal feet of man carry the body, so doth the will of man carry the soul. Come, then, and study, trustfully and lovingly, the will of Christ. Here let us sit and learn, worship, adore, love, and follow. The will of

Christ was God's will perfectly done. "It was Christ's meat to do it." He exulted that He had done it perfectly on earth (John iv. 32; xvii. 4, 5). By this will we who believe are sanctified, yea, perfected for ever (Heb. x. 10—14). Here is the only place to get "our feet" "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," and so become the followers of Jesus, "doing the will of God from the heart."

Let that resurrection scene which we have just contemplated carry our thoughts forward to our own resurrection. How will the love-call of Jesus, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust," be responded to in that day? In deep sincerity our hearts will then use those words, we perhaps utter but falteringly now:

"Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine,
In Thee the Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, greatest, fairest One,
That eye hath seen or angels known."

And his feet will stand in that day on the Mount of Olives, which "is before Jerusalem." This will be fulfilled as literally as the past. Christ often prayed on Olivet; there He uttered His great prophecy concerning His second coming; there He wept over the doomed city; from thence He ascended to glory; and to that very spot He will come again. John, who had listened to the angel's prediction of that event (Acts i. 9—11), saw, in a vision, a mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, with a rainbow about his head, his face as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. He saw him set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth. This is a vision of the Son of Man coming to claim that earth which He hath so dearly purchased. He will take possession of it in God's time, and fill it with His glory. Israel will then say, "Blessed is he

who cometh in the name of the Lord." "He will make the place of His feet glorious" (Isa. lx.), "And the place where the soles of His feet have trodden, Israel shall no more defile" (Ez. xliii. 7).

What a contrast will that day bring out. His foes "will be made His footstool" (Ps. cx. 1), and "He will tread them in His anger" (Isa. lxiii. 1, 6; Malachi iv. 3). Under these feet, which are "likened unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace," His enemies will be placed, even all who would not fall at His once pierced feet, to be saved in His own way.

In prospect of that day, let His own solemn words be reverently heeded. These things saith the Son of God, who hath His eyes like unto a flame of fire and His feet like unto fine brass: "I know thy works," and if we rely on His perfect work, receive His gracious words, and rejoice in His glorious Person now, we need not fear being trodden down under His feet, when He comes "travelling in the greatness of His strength." He hath spoken in righteousness, and will then prove Himself to be *mighty to save* all who have sat at His feet to learn, come to His feet to be healed, followed His feet to worship, or knelt at His feet to minister. All such will be safe there." What multitudes of calmed demoniacs; of sinners, who, having sinned much, were forgiven much and who loved much; of spiritual lepers, of deaf, dumb, halt, blind; all perfectly whole in soul and body, will be gathered round Him in that day. All who really and truly are at His feet now will be with Him on His throne then.

He will then be *mighty to save* to the uttermost of all that He hath merited, and that God hath promised for His sake. Surely He is willing to save and *mighty to save* now.

Oh, ye spiritual lepers, ye slaves of sin and Satan, ye deaf, ye dumb, ye palsied, ye blind, come and fall at Jesus' feet, as God invites, yea, commands you, and you shall prove how willing He is to save. His ever ready feet when, on earth set forth His ever willing heart now He is in heaven. Hark! out of it come wel-ling forth those wondrous words, making sweetest music as they flow down the ages: "HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME, I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT."

St. Mary's Cray.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 4.—MANCHESTER, N. H., TO NORTH BERWICK, MAINE.

THE yearly meeting of Free Baptists for the State of New Hampshire is, of course, an imposing and most interesting gathering. In this State there are 127 churches, 137 ordained ministers, 17 licentiates, and 9,291 communicants. I was anxious to observe carefully the different services, that I might obtain a just estimate of the brethren and the efficiency or otherwise of their various public institutions. A great amount of devotional exercise was thrown into the meetings convened, and the brief, telling prayers, the lively singing, and the hearty emotional responses, and strong fervid supplications, struck me most favourably. I thought, would that we could import these earnest, telling prayer services into our English Churches. I had never before realised what I

think would resemble Pentecostal seasons as I did at this yearly meeting. The advocacy of educational institutions, the plea for foreign and home missions, the zeal for thorough temperance and prohibitory laws with regard to the traffic, the deep concern for the prosperity of Sunday-schools, the anxiety concerning revivals, &c., &c., all convinced me that the ministers and lay delegates were men of God, and were filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. I was most affectionately greeted and lovingly received. Had to speak on education, missions, had to preach, and also lecture on temperance. I shall never forget the real enjoyment I experienced at these meetings.

From this yearly meeting I went to Salisbury, Mass., and preached for a Congregational minister, recently settled, from near London; and paid a visit to that true noble-hearted poet, J. G. Whittier, who resides at Amesbury. His lovely house is beautifully adorned by a most select but extensive library, and he, with his intellectual face and fine head, does no honour to manhood; his spirit genial, and manners most simple and courteous. He knew many of our English friends, with whom I also was intimate; and our conversation in relation to education, peace, social progress, &c., &c., was most delightfully refreshing. May God still inspire him with that high poetical power in the cause of human freedom for which he has been so long and world-wide celebrated. The next day I visited, in company with some friends, the tomb of the immortal Whitfield, at Newbury Port. Here are deposited the remains of that wondrous flying angel of the Gospel, who had so often crossed the Atlantic, and whose mighty eloquence had aroused the masses on both sides the Atlantic.

The skull I carefully examined; found it not above average in size, indicating small causality, large comparison, benevolence, wonder, and veneration, and I felt a holy awe, while I remembered that, in that small cabinet, there once dwelt the active brain, and by which the vigorous and sanctified spirit had held devotional communion with God and loving and compassionate intercourse with men. Yes, the results of his high-toned and entirely consecrated life and labours will be felt and bless mankind to the end of the world. He died at Newbury Port, September 30th, 1770.

Sunday, June 16th, was a great day in Boston, as the whole population were anticipating the commencement of the Grand Musical Jubilee next day. In the forenoon I preached for Rev. Mr. Gordon, in Clarendon-street Baptist Church, and heard him deliver a most beautiful discourse on the song in heaven, which was as the sound of many waters. In the evening I attended a great public peace meeting, where I met my dear old friend Elihu Burritt, and many other veterans in that Christian work. The meeting was an immense one; but one of the speakers indulged in severe attacks on monarchical institutions, &c., and insisted that all our European kingdoms must become republics, and also that absolute equality of the human race could only lay the solid basis of permanent peace. He very amusingly indulged in these reveries for nearly an hour. A little before ten the chairman asked me to address the meeting, when by banter, ridicule, and irony, I upset the equality hypothesis of the learned speaker, to the hearty satisfaction of the audience, and the delight of the leaders, on the platform, of the Peace Society. The speech so virulent

against John Bull was evidently a cooked 4th of July address, got up for the glorification of the United States of America. I was most heartily thanked by the judge who had presided, by Mr. Burritt, and others, for so effectually demolishing the grand ideal palace of national and universal equality as the basis of a general peace. The papers next morning did me full justice on the sparring exhibition of the previous evening.

Monday, 17th June, was the commencement of the Grand Musical Jubilee, which was to surpass all previous gatherings of that kind, and which certainly, to the very letter, did accomplish what was so nobly planned. The Coliseum, built for the occasion, had to accommodate, first of all, 20,000 musicians, and then find room for from 50,000 to 60,000 of an audience. It was beyond all doubt a first-class grand success. "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Bethany," the music composed for the words, "Nearer my God to Thee," by the beloved and now sainted Lowell Mason, charmed me beyond description, and we have had both more than once in Church-street Chapel since my return.

The musical jubilee was a superb affair, and such only as our progressive go-a-head American cousins would have attempted, and I have no doubt the monetary deficiency has been fully met by the princely merchants and wealthy aristocracy of Boston. I was astounded at the great changes and wonderful massive fine streets erected since my visit to Boston twenty-five years before, and equally did I feel deep regret for the fire which so soon after had levelled these magnificent buildings to the ground. No city in the States reminds one so much of our own country as Boston. Here are

some fine old buildings taking us more than a century back; and, perhaps in the wide world, there is no city so ample in its literary, educational, and religious resources. When they obtain an absolute prohibitory Liquor Law, it will be unquestionably the model city of that great Republic. I may add that the genuine hospitality of the citizens is as justly celebrated as its intellectual and moral character.

From Boston, on Tuesday the 18th, I went to Lowell, and preached in the Free Will Baptist Church in the evening. I had spent a most happy Sunday here in 1847, and was again the guest of the same kind family as when here before. Since then Lowell is vastly improved, and stands in the very first rank among the manufacturing cities of the New England States. Here are a plentitude of Christian churches and literary societies, and philanthropy is active and powerful in its measures for meeting human disasters and suffering. Intelligence, social and Christian influence, and a good amount of large-hearted generosity distinguish the busy, growing city of Lowell.

From Lowell I had arranged to visit the yearly meeting of Western Maine Free Baptist Churches. This meeting was held in a sort of rural spot, away from towns and villages, large and small, but in the vicinity of North Berwick. A goodly number of ministers and friends were assembled, the weather was gorgeous, but the thermometer was getting up to 100° in the shade. The same spirit of zeal and fervid devotion was evident also here as in Manchester. I heard a very excellent discourse, and several good addresses. I was most affectionately received, and preached to a good and interesting congregation. I felt it really good to be with the brethren, and my heart

was warmly knit to them. In the evening I lectured in the Free Will Baptist Meeting-house in North Berwick, to a respectable assembly. Here I became the guest of Mrs. McNeale, the eldest daughter of my late beloved friend, Mr. Wigg, who with her husband had crossed the Atlantic, and where he became one of the earliest of our ministers in New York; but in the midst of his days he had been taken away. Afterward his widow became the wife of a most worthy citizen of New Berwick, by whom she had two children who survive their father's death.

My old friend Mrs. McNeale, whom I had often nursed when a child, resides here on a property which belongs to her, where she lives in the loving hearts of her very dear and devoted children. My rest here for a couple of days was a great treat, though the heat became rather difficult to bear. My worthy hostess took me in her conveyance on the Friday evening to lecture on Temperance at Great Falls. The Free Will Baptists have a very commodious and handsome church here, and though it was the hottest evening I ever experienced, we had a large and respectable audience. Their active and devoted pastor, who has been a great traveller, is fully committed to the question of Temperance, knowing its inseparable connection with church prosperity and the welfare of the people generally.

An evening of very vivid lightning was sublimely grand as we returned to North Berwick.

FAITH TRIED AND TRIUMPHANT.

BY REV. W. ABBOTT.

"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perishes, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearance of Jesus Christ."
—1 Peter i. 6, 7.

THIS is an experimental portion of Peter's letter. It is the experience of soul life and growth. It is life that seeks habitual fellowship with Christ; and growth that progresses in conformity to the example of Christ. His words here are helpful to the Christian's life and growth. May the wisher and reader find them to be such.

The prospect of joy.—The promised glorious inheritance is matter of present as well as of future joy. The inheritance itself, the lively hope for it, and the guardian power that preserves and conducts us to it, all tend to our joy and rejoicing. A glorious portion commands great rejoicing. Peter writes not only of the Christian's joy, but insists on its degrees—"greatly rejoice," "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Few Christians seem to participate in such high degrees of joy in the present day. The Christian life is feeble, and its joys are languid. More life from Christ is needed, leading to greater joy in Christ. A vigorous spiritual life realises and expresses healthy and exuberant joy.

The season of heaviness.—In the possession of the heavenly inheritance there is full and endless joy; but in the way to it there are continuous trials and sorrows; and these render necessary the refreshing and reviving joys previously referred to. Temptations are in all the way to heaven, and not a few, but "manifold." These occasion heaviness, depression, solitude. But

while these are manifold, they are but for a "season;" their intensity is measured, and their duration limited. Wisdom and kindness superintend the whole process, and keep a vigilant eye on the issue. There is also a "needs be" for them—a needs be for every pain and smart and tear. God sees that, and will make us feel it too, that we may be submissive, thankful and hopeful.

The trial of faith.—There is a necessity for the existence, exercise, growth, and also for the trial, of faith. Such is living, real, and not sham faith. Faith that shows its life by trusting God. It trusts God in the dark as well as in the light, under the cloud as well as in the sunshine; in the deep waters as well as in the green and flowery path. This trust in God is often sharply tried. Fiery trials test the excellence of faith. Gold that is perishable, its beauty and work are brought out by fire; so faith that is imperishable gives proof of its value and power amidst the intensity and protraction of manifold temptations.

The triumph of faith.—Tried faith is proved true faith. Such faith shall live and rejoice when Christ shall come in his glory. It shall "be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Faith is an active and co-operative grace; it helps patience, grace, joy, love and hope. It endures as seeing Him who is invisible; it loves and rejoices in the unseen One, and longs for His coming. It endures the cross and seeks for the crown; it runs well, and runs on; it so runs and obtains. Persevering faith wins and wears the crown. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "Looking unto Jesus, the leader and rewarder of our faith."

Bluntam.

THE LATE REV. WILLIAM A. THOMAS,

LATE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH, PENIEL TABERNACLE, CHALK FARM ROAD.

MR. THOMAS WAS born in the parish of Marylebone, October 3rd, 1810; was left an orphan at the age of eight years, consequently was thrown upon the world unprovided for, and without education. Friendless and alone, he soon mixed up with the vices of his age. For twelve or fourteen years he ran a course of iniquity almost unparalleled for his age. But with him, as with Paul, he was a chosen vessel unto the Lord; and it was said, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stopped," and he was to become as valiant for the Saviour as he had been bold and daring for the devil. His conversion was as wonderful as it was genuine, and one of rare occurrence. He was invited to a class-meeting at Hindestreet Chapel, London, and with bold confidence he went, determined, when they spoke to him, to give them a rude answer. But He who has the hearts of all in His hand, and turneth them as the rivers of the south, shut his mouth, and he was speechless, and went out deeply convicted of his state as in the sight of God. He walked round and round Manchester-square for three hours, and then he made up his mind, by the help of God, to have no half-and-half work, but to be (to use his own words) an out-and-out Christian. He went home then and made a fire, took all his profane books and papers, and put them one by one between the bars until they were all destroyed, and in three days from that night he gave his heart fully to God, and joined himself to the Wesleys. He was then about the age of twenty-two.

He soon became a Sunday-school

teacher, tract distributor, and sick visitor, and in a very few months was put on the plan as a local preacher. He now devoted himself entirely to the work of God. All his strength and energy were devoted to the glory of God; his zeal and devotedness to the work made him acceptable. He was wanted to go out as a travelling preacher, for which he passed his examination, but afterwards changed his mind.

In the year 1835 he was married to the only daughter of an old and much beloved class-leader of the same society, who, in seven short years, died triumphantly happy, leaving him two young children to be mother and father both to, which he was.

Most of his useful life was a series of difficulties and disappointments, as far as this world's good was concerned. But he was always rich in faith, giving glory to God. In the year 1848 he became connected with that part of the body called the Wesleyan Association, and for them laboured many years with great acceptance.

In the year 1859 his views underwent a change on the ordinance of baptism, and he was baptized in March of that year, at Paradise Chapel, Chelsea; and for three years he occupied the pulpit at that chapel. The cause not prospering as he desired, he resigned in the year 1861. He again entered into the married state, and found a true helpmate, a member of the Baptist Church at Bow. Shortly afterwards, he and his wife joined the Church at Shouldham-street, then under the care of Rev. W. A. Blake, editor of the *Baptist Messenger*. In the absence of the pastor there, Mr. Thomas occupied the pulpit; but most Sabbaths he was engaged in preaching the Gospel in other places, always with acceptance.

A missionary being required in connection with the Church in John-street (the late Mr. Noel's), he was appointed to that office, being at the same time transferred from the Church in Shouldham-street to that in John-street. He laboured with satisfaction to all the friends. Then for a time we find him labouring at Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, not without tokens of success. In August, 1870, he became connected with the Church at Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm-road, and was publicly recognised as pastor in October, 1871. During his short pastorate over one hundred were admitted into Church fellowship, and no sooner was he pastor than he, with the help of Mrs. Thomas, made a strenuous effort to reduce the debt by the means of a bazaar and Christmas-tree, which realised nearly £100 (other subscriptions and donations making it nearly £150). The congregation was, at the time of his commencement, very thin, but the chapel soon became full, his being a ministry that commanded it.

He died on Friday morning, the

7th of February, at the age of sixty-three, expressing the strongest confidence and assurance in the Saviour, and with a bright prospect of another and a better world.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 13th February. The Tabernacle was filled with friends to receive his remains (before proceeding to the cemetery), which were borne by the officers of the church from his residence in Belmont-street. The funeral service was conducted by the Revs. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, and J. Batey, of Norwood, both esteemed friends of the late pastor. Mr. Batey delivered a short but telling and solemn address on the uncertainty of life. The remains were then conveyed to Brompton Cemetery, where the Rev. J. Batey again officiated. Some 150 or more friends were round the grave, and, being a beautiful afternoon, everything passed off with the greatest satisfaction. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. W. A. Blake, on Sunday evening, the 16th February. Every available space in the chapel was filled on the occasion.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III. (*Continued*).

RISING to address the Court, the eminent counsel said, "I need not remind your Worship that my un-

happy client bears no resemblance to the usual occupants of that bar. Her father unhappily had a vice which survived in the wretched infatuation of his widow, and it was my client's daily trial these many years not only to toil for her mother's subsistence, but often to have her hard earnings filched to supply her mother's infirmity. A spirit-seller deposes to a weekly bottle of liquor,

but does not know which of the two consumed it. The maid finds spirit hidden in their bedroom, but can't tell which of them hid it: marks the daughter's redness of eyes, but admits it may have evidenced a night of anguish; has seen the mother bring in spirits in the evening, but it may have been as much in fear of the daughter's detection as of other people's. The landlady has had her suspicions—*what landlady never had?*—but more at home with the vice of the mother than with the virtue of the daughter, her sympathy naturally sides with her contemporary. Then there's the eavesdropper in blue—the policeman overhears high words: the poor drunkard complains of their starvation, which her own vice occasioned, but scarcely shared with her fellow-victim: in maudlin remorse she inveighs against the drink as the ruin of both—as indeed it was—though the *guilt* of only one of them, and winds up with charging her daughter with being as drunk as herself. Then the officer hears blows, followed by the silence of the drunken voice, but he did not see it was just the natural sequence that the mother should strike her ill-fated child whose imputed drunkenness appeared a bitter mockery of her own actual besetment until her violence exhausted itself. We have then the owner of the flask persisting that he gave it to my client; believed she abstracted it to cure him of the vicious habit which he admits he had contracted, and charges her with no worse offence than having stolen his heart. The officer says he shrugged his shoulders; he did so with disgust and pain at such a suspicion being harboured against the object of his affection. It is no reply that my client first confessed the theft: knowing all she did, the terrible

conviction of her mother's guilt surprised her into the weakness of a self-accusation that could better bear her own suffering than witness a parent's degradation. She pleads "Not guilty" now, and your Worship will, I am sure, believe her, because then she was only to be doubted, when temptation, finding her truth and constancy unassailable on any other point, avenged its disappointment of her ordinary share of human frailty by tempting her to helie herself—to mar the glory of her filial oblation by mingling the suicide of her honour, like the blood of the Galileans, with her extorted sacrifice."

During this address, no sign of emotion, nor of the slightest interest, was visible in the poor artist's features, nor did the fixed gaze of her eyes even quiver, when a noise in the court was followed by the scrambling up to the witness box of the maid of the lodging-house. She had quarrelled with her mistress that morning, and, in revenge, disclosed the fact of her having discovered the missing flask in her mistress's room. The policeman smiled at what he called the clumsy feint, and asserted he had never parted with the stolen article since he had received it from the pawnbroker, and now produced it. The student stared bewildered at the one flask in the officer's hand, and at the other, not unlike it, in the hands of the maid, and then said, with an earnest solemnity that evidently impressed the court, "Your worship, that flask from the brokers, I swear, never was mine; but," pointing to the other, "that's the one I lost."

An acquittal immediately followed, of course, and some feeling words of condolence were falling from the lips of the justice, when a painful sensation was created in the

court by the spectacle of the sobbing, hysterical, and, alas! intoxicated mother of the prisoner clambering towards her, and throwing her arms round her neck, crying, "She thought I took it for drink, and I didn't—I didn't! I only pawned my own, but I daren't tell you, my love."

The fact was gathered from the incoherent statements of the widow, that the flask she had pawned was a gift of her late husband's mother when he went as a boy to sea. That he used to cry over it sometimes, and curse it as the cause that insensibly led him to drink; but that he could not part with it because it was his mother's, and clung to it and to the infirmity which it fostered to his dying day. The fracture and flask, the type of a drinker's broken heart, might have been graven on his tomb as the hieroglyphic of the vice that laid him there.

The wretched mother rambled on with her story till the court stopped her; but the daughter heeded her not nor uttered a word. When they were both removed, and when an officer at the door asked her kindly if he should call a cab, her only answer was, "It's my curse." The medical student tenderly drew her arm within his own, and, supporting the stupefied and staggering widow with the other, gently placed them in a coach; but no prayers, no entreaties, no earnest nor almost angry expostulations could extort from her

another syllable. The flask which she had mechanically received from the officer, she fondled in her arms as if it were an infant, and resisted the student when he considerably tried to obtain it and put it out of sight. The shocking conviction dawned upon him, which he could no longer ignore, that the further sacrifice of the poor girl was foreclosed by the merciful bereavement of all further consciousness, whether of her parent's vice or her own misfortunes.

Conveyed by the saddened student to an asylum mother and child were not long asunder. Both are the wretched inmates of a madhouse—the one a victim to her vice, the other to her filial virtue which exposed her to detraction. Misery may have broken that heroic heart, but the dishonour crazed her brain. Years rolled on, and the respected old bachelor surgeon of that asylum, long dead to any leaning to intemperance, often touchingly dwells upon the wrong and mischief of evil surmises, and implores his pupils "to keep their tongues from evil speaking, lying, and slanders;" to judge not by outward appearance—best not to judge at all—above all, to despise and eschew the conversational spirit whose wallowing inspiration is a dram, and not unfrequently points the moral of his counsel by the "Story of the Silver Flask, or 'It's my curse.'"

(To be Continued).

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

WOULD-BE ORIGINALS.

"For the sake of being original do not make the Bible speak a language hitherto unknown." This is good

advice to all those who for the sake of being thought original, are willing to forsake the good old landmarks of truth, to wander into the bye-

paths of error. But some men are never happy unless they are making some notable discovery, or are inventing some new-fangled theory. Hence their interpretations differ from those of everybody else; and they would fain make us believe that God had concentrated more wisdom in their brains than is to be found in all the church beside. But sensible men know pretty well what to make of these oracles. They usually treat them with the same feeling as they would a fop, who fancies himself to be a gentleman; a clown, who fancies himself to be a philosopher; or a poor idiot who imagines himself to be a king. They feel it to be best not to debate with them, but to leave them alone in the enjoyment of their own delusions. H. W.

CHRIST BEFORE THE COTTAGE.

In a Tory place in Buckinghamshire there was in the year 1867 a revival of religion, and it did not please the Church people. The members of the Baptist church in this place are scattered and come from six parishes. One poor widow, aged 73, whose sole support is her parish allowance of 2s. per week, but who had been allowed to live in a cottage rent free, was turned out of her house for her attendance at chapel. The Lord was pleased a short time before to convert her, and not finding food for her soul at the parish church, she went where she felt she could get it—to the Baptist chapel. The church folks came to her, and told her she must give up the chapel or leave the cottage. What could she do? The trial was severe, but she was not long in deciding. "Christ for me," was her cry, "Christ before the cottage," and so she took rooms to live in, the rent of which swallowed up one half of her weekly pay, leaving her the magnificent sum of one

shilling per week to live upon; but she felt very happy in the love of Jesus. Those unacquainted with life in the agricultural districts know but little of the trials of the poor in such spots, and how they are ground down by the clergy and gentry, if they dare to think for themselves.—*The Freeman*.

WHAT WILL THE CHILD BECOME?

THERE lies the babe in the cradle. How beautiful it looks. You gaze upon its rosy cheeks, and dimpled chin, and chubby frame with delight. There it lies and a sweet smile plays upon its lips as wrapped in sweet repose it takes its needful rest. What will that sweet child become? It may in a short time be carried by the angels away from a world of sin and sorrow to the land of light, and joy, and love. It may grow up to be of little use, to be useless, or a curse. Or it may grow up—who can tell?—to be a great blessing to the world, and to leave such an impression on the world that will be felt for ages to come. But let it always be borne in mind that what the child will be depends to a great extent upon the training you give it, and the example you set it. For good or for evil, by you, parent, relative, or guardian, it will be influenced for life. H. W.

A SINGULAR LEGACY.

CORNELIUS WINTER says—"There lived an eminent old saint by the name of Wordsworth who had been separated from the society by disgust, but from that time (through a sermon he preached) became reconciled and reunited, and as the testimony of his affection to me, when he died, left me half-a-crown and his Bible—the first legacy I ever received." Who wonders that Cornelius Winter esteemed that singular legacy to be precious?

An Acrostic

ON THE DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM A. THOMAS.

"Will you not come?" I've heard him say;
 "In Christ's arms rest is found;
 Leave all these sordid worldly toys,
 Lift up your souls to heaven's blest joys,
 Immensely they abound.
 Attune your souls to noblest aims,
 Meet me on yonder sacred plains."

A blessed spirit now has passed away,
 Beyond the precincts of time's changeful day.
 "Right well thy work was done!" the Saviour cries,
 Awarding him the bliss that never dies.
 Heaven long had viewed the well-fought fight, and now
 Attending angels shout his welcome home,
 Making the plains of bliss resound with song.

Teach us, Great God, to in his footsteps tread,
 Help us and guide us on the toilsome road.
 Oh, may we, ere we mingle with the dead,
 Make sure to join him in Thy blest abode.
 As he through life did on Thy truth rely,
 So may we, like him, live, so like him die.

By one to whom his teachings were profitable.

Poetry.

A MOTTO FOR 1873.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God."—
 PSALM lxxi. 16.

ENCOURAGED by God in the past,
 Whose love is for ever the same,
 This New Year on Him I will cast,
 And go in the strength of His Name.

I'll go in the strength of the Lord,—
 My watchword and motto shall be;
 The year, whether pleasant or hard,
 In wisdom is hidden from me.

The year may be one of distress,
 Of sorrow, temptation, and woe;
 But God He has promised to bless,
 And forth in His strength I will go.

I'll go in the strength of my God,
 To tell of Christ's wonderful fame,
 And publish, to sinners abroad,
 Salvation through faith in His Name.

I'll go in the strength of the Lord,
 Against my besetments to fight;
 The conflict my God will regard,
 And give me His conquering might.

Thus forth in His strength I will go,
 No trouble or evil I'll fear;
 For God will be with me, I know,
 And make it a Happy New Year.

RICHARD WEBB.

London, Jan. 1.

**"THEY KNOW HIS VOICE, AND
THEY FOLLOW HIM."**

I HEARD a low voice speaking,
'Twas at the close of day,
While the shades of night were deep-
ning,
And I retired to pray.

I was alone with Jesus,
Far from the busy throng;
And the sounds were hushed around
me—
The laughter, jest, and song.

And toil had made me weary,
Now that the day was o'er;
And I sighed before His footstool,
For the rest for evermore.

'Twas then the voice came, speaking,
"Oh, work still longer here;

Oh, weary not for My coming,
And keep back the bitter tear.

"Thou soon shalt see My glory,
And soon behold My face;
When thy work on earth is finished,
Heaven shall be thy resting-place.

"Go on, and work more earnest,
Thy Master needeth thee;
Go on to fight and conflict,
I surely will with thee be."

It came to me like music,
And I arose from prayer,
Enabled to do His bidding,
Since Jesus was with me there.

I will go on still working,
Trying to do His will;
I will to fight and conquer
Till Jesus says "Peace, be still."

E. D. C.

Reviews.

The Interpreter; or, Scripture for Family Worship, &c. By C. H. Spurgeon. (Passmore & Co.) Part III. Mr. Spurgeon's Book to help in Family Worship has progressed to the third part, which is characterised by all the constructive excellencies of the previous ones, and will obviously take its place among the permanent helps to the service of the Christian household.

Christian Armour, very efficiently sustained. The first article, on the Epistle to the Ephesians, is forcible and suggestive.

Ragged School Magazine. Filled monthly with cheering tidings of progress.

Baptist Magazine. Good, but not so thoroughly as the previous number. The papers are more numerous, and desultory.

Old Jonathan, with striking illustration of the Wreck of the Northfleet.

The Baptist so well begun, is holding on its way giving general satisfaction, and will, beyond doubt, be a power for great good. We rejoice to learn that its success has not in the least interfered with the circulation of the *Freeman*, that has such strong claims for past services on the whole denomination. There is ample room for both, and we trust both will be earnestly supported.

The Bible and the Prisoner gives a monthly record of efforts to benefit savingly the criminal portion of the community and their families.

Put to Proof. Some notes of an experiment and its result. (Morgan and Co.) A very clear Scriptural spirited appeal and illustration of prayer, and the gracious results.

The Sinking Disciple Saved; or, Thoughts on the Loss of the Northfleet. The substance of a Sermon by the Rev. W. Baker, B.D. (Elliot Stock).

Appropriate and well fitted to lead to pious reflections.

Lake Road Chapel (Landport) Year Book. A well digested record of facts and institutions of the Church, but very mainly of local importance.

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel is the well edited Monthly Soldiers' Friend and Religious Counsellor.

Onward is the young Teetotalers' Companion, and the indicator of Band of Hope progress.

Sword and Trowel. Never better.

The Lighthouse contains an article on the Church at the Metropolitan

Tabernacle, worth much more than the price of the whole.

Prove All things. An address by Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, on the occasion of his baptism. Very brief and really good.

Bible Thoughts in Quiet Hours. A monthly magazine. By John Hawker. January and February (Yapp & Co.) Contains excellent papers of well-digested truths.

Gospel Watchman. A well got up cheap evangelical number.

Redemption. A small tract on a great subject.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. W. Spear, for nearly nine years past minister of the church, Great Torrington, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate from the church, Modbury, South Devon.

NEW SWINDON, WILTS.—Rev. J. M. Murphy has tendered his resignation, after a pastorate of seven years and a half. He has accepted the invitation of the church, Coleraine, Ireland.

Rev. John M'Lellan, late of Cupar, has accepted the pastorate of Duncan-street Church, Edinburgh.

Rev. T. E. Rawlings, of Congleton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Watchet and Williton, Somerset.

SAINTHILL, DEVON.—Mr. S. Peacock having been appointed by the Bristol Association to labour, under the direction of the Rev. J. Hurlestone, in the Corsham district, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Saint-hill, Devonshire.

NEWPORT—REDWICK.—Rev. Ebenezer Phillips, of Newport, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Redwick, Monmouthshire.

Rev. D. Jennings, of Rayleigh, has

accepted the cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Evesham.

BATH-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, GLASGOW.—We learn that the Rev. Alexander Wylie, M.A., of Whitechurch, Shropshire, has accepted the unanimous call to become the pastor of this church, and will enter upon his duties on the first Sabbath in April.

BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—The General Baptist Church, which for about a year has been without a pastor, has invited Rev. J. Harcourt, of the Borough-road Chapel, to the pastorate.

BOXMOOR.—In consequence of illness, Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., has felt compelled to resign the pastorate of the church. Mr. Leonard has won the high regard of all parties in the neighbourhood. We hear with regret that Rev. J. B. Bigwood has been compelled, through continued ill-health, to resign the pastorate of the church, Harrow.

Rev. Thomas Haydon has resigned the pastorate of the church at Newark-on-Trent, and will conclude his labours there at the end of this month.

Rev. A. M. Stalker, of Southport, has resigned his pastorate in that town.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. E. D. WILKS, of Oswestry, was presented on the 20th of February with a purse containing £27 10s. as a token of continued confidence and affection on the part of the church and congregation, after a period of fifteen years' labour among them.

HUNTINGDON.—It was a happy thought, and quite in harmony with Miss Edis's character, that she should close her benevolent and self-denying work in Huntingdon by inviting the working classes to a tea, instead of inviting her friends and relatives to a wedding breakfast. This she did on Thursday, February 27th, when she entertained more than 500 guests in Trinity Church Schoolroom, and had well-nigh a thousand visitors at her "Reception" afterwards. After singing and prayer, Mr. Foster introduced the proceedings by begging Miss Edis's acceptance of a large and very handsome electro-silver waiter, bearing the inscription—"Presented to Miss Isabel Edis, on her marriage: by the working people of Huntingdon and Godmanchester as an acknowledgment of the kind interest she has taken in their welfare. February 26th, 1873." Accompanying the waiter was a very pretty silver sugar sifter. A second gift was presented by the Rev. J. H. Millard in the name of the Bible classes at Huntingdon and Godmanchester. It was a very original and pretty butter cooler in electro-silver, having a reversible cover.

KING'S CROSS, LONDON.—The anniversary tea and public meeting of Arthur-street Chapel, was held on Tuesday, the 11th of February. The pastor, Rev. H. E. Stone, presiding. Addresses were delivered by Rev. John Pugh and John Beaven. After which Mr. Bartee, the senior deacon, presented to the pastor, on behalf of the church and congregation, a handsome gold watch, as a token of their affection and esteem. The congregations have increased largely, and 110 persons have been added to the church during the first twelve months of his

ministry there. The pastor suitably and feelingly replied, and Rev. G. T. Edgley, of Chalk Farm, closed the meeting with a speech of encouragement and hope for the future.

Rev. James Cave, who is about to remove from Chesham, to accept the pastorate of King's Heath Chapel, Birmingham, has been presented by the congregation of the Lower Chapel with an address, accompanied by a gilt drawing-room clock, and an inlaid workbox for Mrs. Cave.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.—At the usual prayer meeting, Monday evening, March 17th, Robert Edward Sears, pastor of the Baptist church in this place, was presented by Mr. Seaman, on behalf of the church and congregation, with a purse containing over £12 as a token of unabated affection. Mr. Sears has just completed the fourteenth year of his ministry in this place.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

ILFORD.—Seventy-third anniversary of the old chapel will be held on Good Friday, April 11th. Preachers, Revs. J. Teal and J. T. Briscoe.

SHEEPSHED, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The annual sermons in aid of the Baptist sabbath-school, Charleway, will be preached (D.V.) by the Rev. T. Rhys Evans, minister of the place, on Lord's day, April 27th, 1873. Service to commence at a quarter past two in the afternoon and at six in the evening.

BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—Chairman, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.—A soiree will be held at Cannon-street Hotel, on the evening of the first day of Session, Monday, April 28th, when the chair will be taken by the President of the Union, and addresses will be delivered by Rev. W. Landels, D.D., on "Our Position and Prospects;" Rev. T. Harwood Pattison, on "The Baptist Testimony;" Rev. T. Vincent Tymms, on "Our Growth, and its Effects on our Spiritual Life." On the second day of Session, Thursday, May 1st, the subject of discussion will be, "The Changes required in Sunday-

School Education, in consequence of recent Legislation." To be introduced in a paper to be read by the Rev. Richard Evans, of Burnley. Cards of admission to the soirée, including tea and coffee, price 2s. each, may be had at the Mission House, 19, Castle-street, Holborn. E. Steane, D.D., J. H. Millard, B.A., Secretaries.

The annual sermons of the Baptist Missionary Society this year will be preached by the Revs. Charles Vince and C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. H. M. Matheson, the well-known Presbyterian elder, will preside at the Exeter Hall meeting.

RECOGNITIONS.

BOLTON.—The recognition of Rev. E. M. C. Botterill as pastor of Claremont Chapel, took place on Tuesday, Feb. 25th. G. T. Kemp, Esq., J.P., presided. Mr. W. Taylor gave the particulars of Mr. Handford's removal, and the reasons which led to the present settlement. Mr. Botterill, it seems, was the first and only minister that has been on probation, and the invitation had been perfectly unanimous. Rev. Alex. M'Laren, of Manchester, warmly welcomed the new minister, and assured him that he had the good wishes of the association. Messrs. J. Ray, W. Heaton, J. Robertshaw, J. Cranshaw, deacons of the church, also spoke.

SHREWSBURY.—On Thursday, Feb. 20, a public meeting was held in the Working Men's Hall, to welcome Rev. Robert Shindler, who has recently been appointed pastor of the Claremont-street Church. After tea a public meeting was held in the hall, presided over by Mr. Councillor Wilson, supported by Rev. H. Angus (the late pastor), Mr. Wm. Powell (deacon), several Baptist ministers of the county, and nearly all the Nonconformist ministers of Shrewsbury. The church at Claremont-street was augmented in October last by the amalgamation therewith of the St. John's-hill Church.

BOWDON.—The inaugural tea-meet-

ing in connection with the Bowdon Baptist Chapel was held on Feb. 20. There was a large attendance at tea. When the tables had been cleared, the chair was taken by Rev. Alexander M'Laren, of Manchester, who was supported by Rev. H. J. Betts, the pastor, and other ministers. Rev. H. J. Betts, in his statement, remarked that the Manchester and Salford Baptist Union had long desired to plant a church in Bowdon. On September 29th, 1872, the chapel was opened, the hon. secretary of the Union preaching in the morning, and the Rev. F. Bugby in the evening. Mr. Betts continued his labours; a Sabbath-school was commenced, growing interest seemed to be felt by those who attended the chapel, and the friends offered to take the entire pecuniary responsibility from the commencement of 1873, relieving the committee from all further charge. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the chairman, with the Revs. J. P. Chown, D. MacGregor, and others.

WHITEHAVEN.—Interesting services have been held on the occasion of the recognition of Rev. H. A. Fletcher, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church, Charles-street, in this town. On Lord's Day, Feb. 9, two sermons were preached by Rev. T. Lardner. On Monday evening, Feb. 10th, a goodly company sat down to tea. After tea addresses were given by Revs. T. Lardner, D. Kirkbride, and others.

A recognition sermon was held in the Baptist Chapel, Redruth, Cornwall, in connection with the settlement as pastor of Mr. E. J. Edwards, late of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. Rev. John Aldis, of Plymouth, presided, being supported by the following Baptist ministers of the county:—Revs. R. Sampson, I. Birt, B.A., E. G. Masters, J. H. Patterson, and W. Donald; also all ministers of the town were present. An affectionate charge was given to the pastor by Mr. Aldis, and one to the church by Mr. Birt.

DOWNHAM MARKET.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. John Wilson as pastor were held on the 9th and 10th March. On Sunday two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Rogers. On Monday afternoon the Rev. G. Rogers delivered the address to the pastor, and the Rev. A. T. Osborne delivered the address to the church. A public tea was provided in the schoolroom, and in the evening the meeting was presided over by Mr. J. Graves, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. J. Perry, P. J. Rollo, A. T. Osborne, R. Collinson, J. Wilson, and other friends.

BANBURY.—A social tea meeting, followed by a public meeting, to welcome the Rev. James Davis was held in the schoolroom of the Baptist chapel on Wednesday evening, the 5th of March, Mr. W. Cubitt, the senior deacon, presiding. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. W. Johnstone, T. Champness, T. Bagley, Mace, Brazier, Kench, J. Dodwell, R. Bray, and G. Tustin, and the Rev. J. Davis responded. A large number of the members of different denominations were present to express their sympathy and congratulations.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—On Thursday, the 6th of March an interesting tea meeting was held in the schoolroom, the object being to welcome Rev. H. C. Field, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the church. In the evening a public meeting was held in the church, which was well attended. Mr. L. J. Abington, deacon of the church, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. B. Stafford, T. Churchyard, W. Mace, C. E. Pratt, and Mr. Thomas Heath, all expressing feelings of warm and hearty welcome to Mr. Field. Mr. Field, in replying, said:—“When the Baptists first started a cause in Newcastle, some had said there was no room for them; but out of the 17,000 inhabitants in Newcastle, he did not suppose 2,000 were converted to Christ at the outside.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAKE-ROAD CHAPEL, LANDPORT.—On Wednesday evening, February 19th, the annual meeting of the church was held. T. W. Medhurst, the pastor, presided. During the past year, fifty-one have been added to the church, thirty-one by baptism, and twelve by transfer from other churches. The net increase has been twenty. Nearly £1,000 has been collected for all purposes. One hundred and nineteen members are in the pastor's Bible-class, one thousand one hundred and sixty-three scholars in the Sunday-schools, and fifty-seven teachers, and there are one thousand nine hundred and ninety-one members in the Band of Hope and Temperance Society.

DURING the recent gales, which proved very destructive, considerable damage was done to the Baptist Chapel, Toddington, Beds. An effort has just been made by the church and congregation to raise funds for repairs. On Sunday, 16th February, two sermons and an address were delivered by Mr. A. G. Tomlin of Luton. On Tuesday following, a tea and public meeting was held. The evening meeting was presided over by the Rev. T. G. Gathercole, pastor, and addresses full of life, congratulation and encouragement were delivered by the Rev. W. Cumberland (Wesleyan) and Messrs. Tomlin and Simpson. The meetings were in every way successful.

CHALK FARM.—The second anniversary of the opening of the Chalk Farm Chapel, Berkley-road, took place on Tuesday, February 18th. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Rev. G. T. Edgley, at which Rev. John Pugh, Dr. Culross, and others took part. Rev. Henry Varley afterwards preached, and at five o'clock about 200 friends sat down to tea in the lecture-hall, when the pastor gave a short statement respecting the affairs of the church, and addresses were delivered by Rev. A. G. Brown, A. J. Towell, and D. Russell. In the evening, Rev.

A. G. Brown preached to a numerous congregation. The proceeds of the day amounted to about £70, including promises.

The half-yearly meeting of the ministers of the Northern Baptist Association was held in Barrington-street Chapel, South Shields, on Tuesday, Feb. 25th. Rev. W. Hanson presided. An interesting and profitable discussion took place upon the subject of "Pastoral Visitation," which was introduced by a well-written paper, prepared by Rev. G. H. Malins. It was agreed to hold the next meeting at Middlesborough in the autumn; the Rev. W. S. Chedburn to prepare a paper on "The latent power of the churches, and the best means of developing and employing it," and the Rev. James Mursell to introduce a discussion on the "The import of the terms, 'the kingdom of God,' and 'the kingdom of heaven,' in the New Testament." A public meeting was held in the chapel in the evening, when useful addresses were given by the Revs. James Mursell, W. S. Chedburn, John Brooks, and G. S. Ennals.

The friends at the Gresham-road Chapel, Brixton, have lately been making strenuous exertions to liquidate the debt remaining on the chapel. A tea and public meeting was held for this purpose on February 18th, when James Self, Esq., took the chair, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Spurgeon, D. Asquith, D. Rowe, J. Almy, and J. Swift, pastor of the church. By the liberal help of the chairman, the debt was reduced from £180 to £100.

On February 19th, the annual congregational tea-meeting was held in the lecture-room of the Baptist chapel, Barnstable. There were a large number present. After tea the room became crowded in all parts. The chair was taken by Rev. Frank Wood, who opened the proceedings by kindly and suitable reference to both pastor and people. Rev. T. R. Stevenson then gave a lecture on "Haunted Houses," which was listened to with great attention. Votes of thanks were pro-

posed and seconded by Messrs. T. Blackwell, F. W. Palmer, and M. Chalk. In the course of the evening a financial statement was made to the effect that during the bygone twelve months the congregation had raised upwards of £600 for various purposes.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—The annual tea and supper will be held on the 2nd of April, under the presidency of J. Duncan, Esq. The church has held its annual meeting, when reports of the past twelve months were given in. By every single point of detail, says Mr. Spurgeon, in the current number of his magazine, gratitude was excited. The membership now stands at 4,417. During the year one new church had been formed, and members dismissed to become its nucleus. There had been added to the church 571 members during the year, and there had been removed by death, emigration, and change of residence, 263, so that the clear increase for the year stood at 308. The church has not gained by robbing other churches, for while receiving 143, it has dismissed to other communities 169. Connected with the church are almshouses for aged women, members of the church; these are not properly endowed, and therefore the inmates are a somewhat heavy charge upon the poor-funds of the church. Mr. T. Olney, the treasurer, therefore suggested the raising of a sufficient sum to make them self-supporting, and generously headed the list with £200. The pastor expressed his confidence that with so good a beginning the matter would soon be carried through.

BAPTISMS.

- Alloa, N. B.—Feb. 9, One; Feb. 16, Two, by J. Scott.
 Audlem.—March 9, Six, by E. P. Cook.
 Bassaleg, Mon., Bethel Chapel—Feb. 16, Two, by J. Morgan.
 Belper.—Feb. 23, One, by W. Glew, deacon.
 Bingley, Yorks.—Feb. 2, Six young men by T. Hanson.
 Blackwater, York Town.—Jan. 26, Five, all young persons connected with the Sunday-school, by S. Sale.

Blaenynwan, Pembrokeshire.—Feb. 5, Five, by Mr. Jones.

Blairstown.—Feb. 23, Two, by G. A. Young, late of Cranford.

Borough Green.—March 2, One, by Mr. Huxham.

Bushey New Town, Herts.—Feb. 23, Five, by W. H. Rolls, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

Chapel Fold, near Dewsbury, Yorks.—Feb. 2, One male and Two females, by Mr. Berry, student, Bury College.

Chatham, Zion Chapel.—Feb. 23, Three, by A. McKenley.

Cheltenham, Cambray Chapel.—Feb. 16, Ten, by W. Julian.

Chenies, Bucks.—March 2, Five, by J. Palmer, of the Metropolitan College.

Chippingham, New Baptist Chapel.—Jan. 22, Five, by W. Acombe.

Cloughfold.—Feb. 26, Five males and Three females, by J. W. Hargreaves.

Coalville.—Jan. 5, Eight; Feb. 23, Seven; March 2, Two, by C. T. Johnson.

Dartford, Highfield-road.—Feb. 25, Seven, by A. Sturge.

Dollon, N. Devon.—Feb. 9, Three, by C. Chant.

Dumfries.—Feb. 11, Two, by G. Anderson, Evangelist.

Gorsley, near Ross.—Feb. 16, Two, by J. Hall.

Great Grimsby, Upper Burgess-street.—Feb. 23, Four, by E. Lauderdale.

Hatfield, Trinity-road.—Feb. 23, Seven, by J. Parker.

Heywood.—Feb. 23, Three, by W. L. Mayo.

Hindley, Conservative Association Rooms.—March 1, Three, by J. Gastrel, pastor of Arthur-street Church, St. Helen's.

Ibstock, Leicestershire.—March 2, Five, by J. Salisbury, M.A., Hugglescote.

Keysoe, Beds.—Feb. —, Three, by F. Perkins.

Llanfihangel ystern, Llewernerne.—Feb. 28, Seven, by T. C. Powell.

Leeds, South Parade Chapel.—March —, Five, by W. T. Adey.

Liverpool, Soho-street Church.—Feb. 23, Six, by Eli E. Walter.

Liverpool, Windsor-street.—Feb. 27, Two, by J. B. Jones.

Markgate-street, Herts.—Feb. 20, Two, by H. W. Taylor.

Metropolitan District—

Artillery-street.—March 2, One, by T. Jones.

Chiswick Chapel.—Feb. 23, Three, by John Stubbs.

East London Tabernacle.—Feb. 27, Nine, by G. D. Evans, for A. G. Brown, pastor.

Enfield Highway, N., Tottenham-road.—Feb. 16, Two, by J. Manning.

Fitchley, North End.—March 27, One, by J. Chadwick, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Feb. 24, Two, by J. A. Spurgeon, and Five by V. J. Charlesworth; Feb. 27, Six, by J. A. Spurgeon.

New Bezzley.—Feb. 26, Three, by W. Frith.

Old Kent-road.—Feb. 27, Three, by C. F. Styles.

Paddington, Temporary Chapel, St. Peter's Park.—March 5, Six, by J. Mitchell Cox, at Bosworth-road Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion.

Penge Tabernacle.—Feb. 16, Six, by John Collins.

Morley.—Feb. 26, Ten, by J. Wolfenden.

Mumbles.—Feb. 27, Eleven, by T. E. Williams, Aberystwith.

Neyland, Pemb.—March 2, Two young women, by M. H. Jones.

Pembroke Dock, Bethany Chapel.—Feb. 23, Eight, by W. Davies.

Ramsay, Hunts.—Feb. 27, Five, by the pastor of the Great Whyte Chapel, S. H. Pirks.

Rochdale, Drake-street.—Feb. 16, Six, by A. Pitt, Liverpool.

St. Andrews, N. B.—March 2, Two; March 9, Two, by A. P. Fulton.

Sheepshead, Leicestershire, Belton-street Chapel.—March 9, Five, by Mr. Bown of Nottingham.

Staleybridge, Wakefield-road Chapel.—March 2, Two, by E. K. Everett.

Sunderland, Enon Chapel.—Feb. 12, Two, and One on the previous Sunday evening, by E. S. Neale.

Tredegar, Monmouthshire.—Feb. 9, Two, by E. Lewis.

Wakefield, Fairground.—March —, Three, by W. Turner.

Waterford.—Aug. 25, 1872, Two, by W. Owen.

Woodchester, Gloucestershire.—March 2, Five, by G. R. Tanswell.

Fork.—Feb. 16, Six, by F. B. Meyer, B.A.

RECENT DEATHS.

DYING AT HIS POST.—The Rev. J. J. OWEN, of Carbondale, Penn., died suddenly on Sunday, 12th January. The Carbondale *Leader* states that he entered his pulpit in apparent good health, and commenced the service as usual. He had not proceeded far in the delivery of his sermon before it was noticed that his utterances were disjointed, and that he spoke much like a person trying to talk when overcome with sleep. Soon it was discovered that he had no control of his hands. He began to realise his inability to proceed with his sermon, and was led from the pulpit, when he said that he would try and finish his discourse in the evening. He was immediately taken home, and a physician called, who told his friends that he was past recovery. In about two hours after he lost the power of speech and, by four o'clock, all consciousness. He lingered in this condition until a quarter past eleven o'clock, when he died. Mr. Owen was a native of Wales, was educated in England, and on coming to this country became pastor of the church in Carbondale

in October, 1869. At his death he was only 54 years of age; but as he was converted at the age of eleven, began preaching at fifteen, and was ordained soon after, he had fulfilled a ministry of nearly forty years. He was a ripe scholar, and had a rare gift of Scriptural exposition. He leaves a widow and three sons, two of them resident in England.

In a letter just received from Mr. Peek, one of the deacons of the church at Carbondale, he states: "His sermons were well calculated to strengthen the faith of Christians and always good. His was a mind that thought for itself, and constantly presented something new to his hearers, and yet sound Gospel truth as it is in Jesus. His wisdom in spiritual matters commanded the respect of his brethren in the ministry. His last text was Jonah ii. 7, illustrating that by affliction we are made to remember God, His providences, His mercies, and to consider His glorious intentions in regard to the future of His children."

Mr. Owen sustained the pastorate of the church at Castle Donnington for many years, afterwards at Leicester and Bolton, and for three years was associated with the editor of the *Baptist Messenger*, when pastor of the church at Shouddham Street, London.

DEATH OF DR. HAYCROFT.—It is with the deepest regret we have to record the death of Dr. Nathaniel Haycroft, pastor of the Baptist church, Victoria-road, Leicester, after little more than a week's illness. It appears that congestion of the liver was the proximate cause of death, which occurred on Sunday night, February 16th. For several days it was believed that the malady had moderated, and that life would be preserved; but a sudden relapse, on Saturday, destroyed all hope, though consciousness was maintained to the last. Dr. Haycroft was only about fifty-three years old. His loss will be felt not only in Leicester, but by the Baptist denomination at large. He was born and brought up in a Devonshire village, not far from Exeter. His parents gave him the usual education of the son of a middle-

class tradesman. At an early age he became connected with a Baptist church, and while still a youth entered Stepney College, then under the presidency of Dr. Murch. At the close of his term at Stepney he went to Glasgow, where he completed his preparatory studies by taking his A.M. degree. His first settlement was at Saffron Walden, as co-pastor with the venerable Mr. Wilkinson, whose only daughter he subsequently married. About five-and-twenty years ago he received an invitation to one of the most famous churches of the denomination—that of Broadmead, Bristol, where he became greatly successful both as a preacher and a lecturer. Seven years ago, Mr. Haycroft was urged to become the pastor of the new church at Leicester. He was induced to comply with the request, and the result showed that he made a wise decision. About that time the University of Aberdeen conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. He was one of the first elected members of the School Board of the town, and was president for the present session of its Literary and Philosophical Society. The School Board was the first to testify its respect for the departed, by passing a resolution of condolence with his family.

On Lord's day, February 16th, 1873, Mary, wife of Mr. Charles Francis, Abertillery, fell asleep in Jesus. She had been for many years a member of the Baptist church in this town. She greatly endeared herself to all who knew her. Though confined for a long time to the chamber of affliction, yet in the midst of all she manifested a spirit of entire resignation to the will of God. A little while before her departure, she said to those surrounding her death-bed, "I feel very tired; I want to go home, for I long to be with my Saviour." The last time her pastor visited her, she said, in a heavenly tone, "Good-bye now! we shall meet again in a better country." Thus passed away into glory one who was greatly loved while living, and deeply lamented at death, at the early age of thirty years. Her death was im-

proved by her pastor, Mr. H. Jones, on a subsequent Sabbath, from John xi. 11, to a large congregation.

The Rev. Dr. J. EMLYN JONES, late of Llandudno, whose death will be heard of with regret by every native of the Principality, was born at Newcastle Emlyn, South Wales, from which he derived his bardic name. His first employment was at the office of the *Baptist* and the *Welshman*, at Cardiff, and while there he translated Dr. Gill's "Commentaries" into Welsh. Ordained to the ministry, he settled first at Pontypridd, and afterwards at Ebbw Vale, whence he removed to Salem Church, Cardiff. In 1865 he accepted a call to Merthyr; after a short stay he moved to the Welsh church at Llandudno; and last year, in consequence of failing health, he returned to Ebbw Vale, where he died on Saturday, Feb. 1st. He was the founder of the *Star of Wales*, weekly Baptist newspaper; a poet, he was twice "chaired" at the Eisteddfod; he wrote English as well as Welsh verses; and his literary productions included an enlarged edition of Titus Lewis's "Welsh History of Great Britain," a grammar of music in Welsh, founded on Hamilton's system, and a Welsh Encyclopædia, which is at present in

course of publication. He was an LL.D. of Glasgow University.

Among the many honoured men who have been called away by death during the past month, one, not the least worthy of special record, is the Rev. THOMAS JONES, of Chepstow, thirty-seven years the minister of the Baptist congregation of that town. Though a man of very retired habits, he was widely known, honoured, and loved. He was born at the Cefn, parish of Ruabon, Denbighshire, and from a very early period gave evidence of decided godliness. He became a member of the Baptist church of his native place at fifteen, and at sixteen years of age began to preach among the hills and valleys of his beloved Wales. He appears to have been marked by great unction, power, and popular favour as the "boy preacher." He afterwards received some special training for the ministry at the college, then at Abergavenny, and laboured successively at Llantwit, Glamorgan-shire, Peterchurch, Herefordshire, and Chepstow, where he spent nearly forty years. Sixty years of his life he devoted to the service of Christ, and to preaching the Gospel, and his delight in the work of his Master continued to the end.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th, to March 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
A. E. I.	0 7 0	J. H.	0 5 0	Collection at Wands-
S. B.	0 5 0	Friends at Wotton-		worth, per Rev. G.
Messrs. H. H. Pledge	2 10 0	under-Edge and		H. Marchant... ..
John xvii. 20, 21	7 0 0	Kingswood, per		4 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. J. P.		Mrs. Griffiths	3 8 2	Collection at Ulver-
Marsh	1 0 0	Mr. J. Griffiths	11 11 10	stone, per Rev. T.
Amey	0 2 6	G. M. B.	0 10 0	Lardner... ..
Mrs. Adams	1 0 0	A Friend at Limbury,		2 6 6
Collected by Miss A.		per Mr. J. Menlove	0 10 0	Collection at Chelsea,
Woodman	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Goddard	2 0 0	per Rev. F. White
H. O.	3 0 0	First Fruits	0 2 6	4 0 0
Mrs. Macpherson	0 19 9	Mrs. Evans	0 10 0	Friends at Blair Athol,
Mrs. Harris	0 10 0	A Friend in Christ...	1 0 0	per Rev. R. A. Mac-
Deptford Friend	1 0 0	Mr. C. Thompson	1 0 0	dougall
Mrs. Snell	1 0 0	Mrs. Bickmore and		2 15 0
Mr. Morgau	1 0 0	Friends... ..	2 0 0	The Adult Bible Class
One Tenth... ..	0 2 0	O. P. Q.	40 0 0	12 12 0
Mr. J. Dodson	50 0 0	Collection at Redhill,		Rev. J. Tansley ...
H. M. A	0 2 6	per Rev. W. Usher	5 7 6	0 5 0
Bom. vi. 7, 8	1 0 0	Collection at Pains-		Weekly Offerings at
Mr. E. Johnson	5 0 0	hill, per Rev. T.		Metropolitan Ta-
Mr. J. Mac Dougall...	0 10 0	Cockerton	0 15 0	bernacle—Feb. 23
				31 8 5
				" " Mar. 2 28 0 9
				" " " 9 32 2 3
				" " " 16 20 11 1
				£285 0 9

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle

TO THE RESCUE!

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered.”
ISAIAH xlix. 24.

IN the days when this prophecy was written there were certain great nations of the earth that sought and obtained their wealth, not by commerce but by rapine, not by fair trading but by fiercely invading their richer neighbours. The Babylonians and the Chaldeans gathered together great armies, and then pounced upon small territories, such as those of Israel and Judea, and carried off all the substance of the inhabitants as a prey. When the marauding host, flushed with victory, was returning home with its booty, it would have been a very dangerous thing to attempt to rescue the spoil. “Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?” What a great king has captured, and what his mighty hosts have fought for—shall this be taken from them? Where are the warriors that have hardihood enough to attack the victors as they return from the spoil? Sometimes treaties were broken, and then the Babylonians made that a pretext for taking the people away captive. They were “lawful captives,” as they had broken certain conditions, and made themselves amenable, according to the articles of war, to be lawfully taken prisoners. Now where such is the case, when enraged kings and princes have taken cities which have proved traitorous to them, shall anybody deliver the prisoners? Who shall step in between the monarch and his righteous captive? That is the literal meaning of the verse. “Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered?” It was first applicable to the Jewish people. They were taken into captivity in Babylon. Shall they ever be set free?

God declared that they should be delivered, and so they were. In due time they came up without price or reward into their own land. God had promised it by His Word and by His providence He performed it. Leaving however this primary literal interpretation, we intend to draw your attention to the spiritual sense, and to ask the question concerning some of you whom it most intimately concerns. If it should appear that you are “prisoners,” and that, according to the conditions of your captivity, you are “lawful captives;” you will see and feel the urgency of the matter. “Is it possible for you to be set free?” Is there any arm that hath strength enough to dash off your fetters?

We will begin by describing the natural captivity in which every unregenerated man is held. Every creature of Adam born, who has not been saved by grace, is a prisoner to sin. He is a lawful captive to God's law. His nature is in thralldom under the power and dominion of sin; for that nature is evil. The man does not sin by accident; he sins because he wills to sin; he wishes to do it; he takes delight in it; he casts his heart into it.

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As the fish naturally swims in the stream, so the unconverted man finds sin congenial to his depraved instincts. He chooses to do that which is evil, and revels therein. He omits to do that which is good, and recoils from it. Who shall set free the man whose nature is thus enslaved? Moreover the chains of habit become more and more highly rivetted on those who indulge their lusts but never restrain their passions. Time was when you hesitated whether to follow the pleasure that allured you or to heed the conscience that would restrain you. Then you chose the wrong; and now the Ethiopian might sooner change his skin, or the leopard his spots, than you can change your guilty propensities; so hard is it for the man accustomed to do evil to learn to do well. As well try to reverse the course of the sun, or make the waters of Niagara return to their source, or check the north wind in its fury, or stay the rising tide, as hope to make men cease from ways which by constant repetition and steady accumulation over a long course of years, have acquired the force of a natural disposition and produced an unmistakable type of character. Unhappily too, custom, of which it has been well said that it is the law of fools, gives sanction to vices which would otherwise be abhorrent. A man will willingly consent to be the slave of sin, because his fellow man sins after the same fashion. He must do this and that because his neighbours or his comrades do the same. Why should he be singular? Why should he swim against the general current? If others see no harm, feel no compunction, and find it pleasant sport, why should he not join them? Is it not always more lively to follow the multitude? What road is better than the broad road where all sorts of good company may be met with? And, brethren, the less scrupulous men are, the more self-complacent they become. Mirth, it would seem, extracts the venom from sin, and wit can robe ribaldry in innocence. But be not deceived. The customs you adopt and the habits you cherish, combine with the depravity of your own nature to weld a chain, which the strength of Hercules could not snap—a chain that makes the creature an abject slave to the flesh instead of a liege subject of his adorable Creator.

Each man, according to his own order, has some peculiar chain to bind and chafe him. There are aberrations to which the constitution is prone; there are temptations to which one's business or employment exposes him; or there may be entanglements in the social relationships and the home circle that involve a heavy bondage. Raging passions, restless anxieties, and rigorous circumstances carry men far out to sea, and leave them to the tender mercy of the waves and breakers. Is the fit on a man he seems to be as powerless to resist as the chaff in the wind that blows athwart the summer threshing-floor. Like some bird borne out to sea by an impetuous hurricane, they cannot stem the torrent. They are hurried away whether they will it or not. But, alas! alas! their will concurs; they do not struggle or contend for the right, but whither their passions bear them thither do they float. 'Tis so with some men. The slavery of other men consists in their self-righteousness. They do not hold themselves guilty of any crime. They have always acquitted themselves to their own satisfaction. As for their transgressions they are trifles. They account themselves as good as their neighbours in all respects and in some points better. And because of this their conceit. Repentance they will not practise; remission they will not seek. In vain the Gospel tells them that

they are lost. To them the Gospel is a fiction ; a thing scarcely consonant with the delicacy of their feelings." They will try to find a way to heaven by their merits. Why need they cry, " God be merciful to me a sinner." What need for them of scalding tears of penitence. What occasion for them to fly to the blood of sprinkling to be cleansed ? They are not conscious that they are foul. Others may say—

" Black, I to the fountain fly."

But they are not conscious that they are black, therefore to no fountain will they resort. This is another chain, and how heavy an one it is ! how difficult to take it off ! Some of the victims of self-flattery are faster bound and harder to set free than the most reckless and profligate of their neighbours, with whom they would count it an insult to compare them. So it was in Christ's days. Publicans and harlots, the dregs of the town, the refuse of the population entered into the kingdom of God, hailed it with joy and were received into it with welcome, while Scribes and Pharisees, the upper circle of society, the chief and representative men of the synagogue, clogged and bound with their self-righteousness, scorned the sinner's hope, refused the Saviour's King, and perished in their infatuation. And oh, how many are there upon whose hearts a wilful unbelief lays its icy chains. They ask for evidences and proofs only to rebut them. They are shown signs and wonders, but they merely cast discredit on them till their hearts grow more callous. No reasons will weigh with them. To give *reasons* may be easy enough for us, but to impart *reason* to them is difficult. Indeed, to furnish motives that should suffice to move their understanding to discern Him were a miracle. Cut the ground from under their feet. Let them look confused. Nay let them own themselves nonsuited.

" Convince a man against his will,
He is of the same opinion still."

His conversion is as far off as ever. A new difficulty and a fresh dilemma they start. Making sport of matters too weighty to be trifled with, they raise another question and argue another point. So perverse do they become that they could argue themselves into perdition. At issue with their own mercies, they contend with all the might of logic against the Cross of Christ. Unwilling to yield obedience to the precepts, they cast discredit on the promises, of the Gospel. How hard it is to rescue men that are thus manacled and fettered, whose heads and hearts are alike enslaved. We have known sad cases, and those not among the most hopeless, of persons carried away and left a prey to despair ; because they are too guilty in their own apprehensions to obtain mercy, therefore they will not repent. Supposing that there can be no pardon for them, they sit down in sullen rebellion against God ; they will not believe in Jesus, Christ whom He hath sent. Because they have sinned so much, therefore they will even sin more ; and because the disease is so dreadful, they will therefore decline to accept the remedy. Oh, miserable souls ! to what a plight do such arguments reduce you. Yet how many unhappy creatures are subject to such thralldom, we, who have to deal with them, find out ; and how hard it is to take the prey from the mighty, and to deliver these lawful captives, we know too well.

And are not full many of you chained hand and foot—fastened, as it were, in the stocks—your spirits so crushed that you cannot move? You have forgotten the meaning of spiritual liberty, if you ever had an idea of it: By nature lost, by practice lost, by custom led astray, by evil habits bound and fettered, by all manner of vice enslaved, you are under the dominion of Satan. But the worst remains to be told. That which aggravates the horror of the situation is this: that such persons are lawful captives to the law of God. They have violated the precepts, transgressed the ordinances, offended the Divine Majesty; therefore they must be punished. It is inevitable that every offence against God's law should ensure the penalty due to the offender. God will by no means spare the guilty. From Sinai's summit there sounds no note of mercy. Justice and judgment hold undisputed sway. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them." That curse falls on every one of us by nature; there it leaves us, bruised and mangled and incapable of rescue. Who can deliver the man who is God's lawful captive? Who can claim exemption for him that has broken God's law? Such is the helpless, hopeless case of the sinner. Believe me, I do not overstate it. Though my words may sound rough, they do not fully describe the state that you are in, my unconverted friend. You are in such a state that, unless One interpose for you—of Whom I will tell you anon—you will have but a short reprieve. From the haunts of your folly, from the scenes of your toil, from the home of your affections, you will ere long be taken to the place where hope will never dawn upon you. You are lost now, you are condemned already. If infinite mercy prevent not, the pit will soon shut her mouth upon you. Although my words were never so weighty, they could not be weighty enough fitly to describe your momentous peril. It is not possible for human language to set out the horror of an impenitent soul, the terrible condition of a sinner at enmity with his God. Oh, ye may bedizen your person; ye may make merry and spend your little day in frivolity: ye cannot avert the summons that awaits you; but, were ye wise, ye would consider this, and ye would heed the voice that saith, "God is angry with the wicked every day." Nor would you ever rest till that anger was appeased, and you were reconciled to God by the only method through which reconciliation can be found.

The more we consider this question before us, the more does the hopelessness of finding any answer to it, apart from the revelation of the Gospel, appear. "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty or the lawful captive be delivered?" Answer: no, no, most emphatically no; the thing is beyond all human power. Look ye first at the man, the hapless victim; he has lost the will to be delivered, like you may have seen sometimes in the Zoological Gardens a small creature given to a voracious serpent for food. The reptile fixes its eyes upon its prey, which seems to be quite unconscious of what is coming; calm, still, motionless, it is fascinated, charmed, either by the brightness of the serpent's eyes, or by some kind of influence unknown to us exercised over it, until the monster darts at him and devours him. Even so does the unconverted man offer no resistance to the destroyer. It has been said that birds have been so fascinated by serpents as to fly to their foe and put themselves within his reach. Who can save the man that is determined to venture life and soul upon a hazard that every on-looker sees must end in death? Sitting sometimes in your little chamber

with an open window on a summer's evening, you may have watched a moth that has dashed into your candle. In vain you have taken it up and put it away, for no sooner has it recovered strength enough than it darts back again to the flame; you put your hand out and stop it: it is but for a little while that you can keep it from its destruction, for it is desperately set on mischief and bent on suicide. So it is with man. Either with naked overt sin, or else with covert lust and ill prepenze, he is so besotted and fascinated that he will plunge his soul into ruin. Who can deliver the man who resists deliverance? who can save the man who will not avail himself of succour? Can the prey be taken from the mighty? Will eloquence avail? It has been tried, and it has failed over and over again. There was never a soul divorced from his sins by the blandishments of rhetoric. You cannot persuade men to give up their favourite passions by goodly words. The trembling pathos or the withering scorn of your address will prove alike unavailing.

Beza once preached to a heap of stones, and, I doubt not, that the result was quite as happy as any that I could anticipate from an audience like the present, unless the Spirit of God shall move upon the hearts of those who lend their ears. Melancthon thought that he might convert everybody by the force of his argument and the fervour of his mien; but after a while, he said that old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon. The devil is not to be driven out of his stronghold by music's melting mystic lay, nor yet by the declaimer's subtle art, though he be like one that playeth well upon an instrument. Cannot evil be dislodged, some will ask, and cannot the captive be set free by sacred rites and ceremonies? The experiment is attempted in our day all over this country. With what success judge ye. We are told that men can be regenerated by baptism; and we have seen these regenerated infants develop into what, to our minds, was nothing more than "baptized heathens, washed to deeper stains." All the ceremonies that can possibly be practised, with the sanction of antiquity or the invention of modern priestcraft to recommend them, can have no effect in changing the bias of the human will, or in renewing the qualities of human nature. The disease is too deep and too irritant for the prescription to grapple with as a remedy. As well hope to vanquish Leviathan with a straw as to drive out the devil with a ceremony. Oh no, the captive is not delivered thus. But could not a man deliver himself from his sins, if he were to strive desperately? Ay, brethren, there is the pinch—that "if." Therein—in that "if"—you touch the seat of the delinquency. Men do not, will not, cannot strive; they are so held by the morbid vein and malevolent propensity of their own nature, and by the fatal obstinacy of their own disposition, that they treat the Gospel of the grace of God with the most bitter aversion, and the "if" becomes the master. They do not, will not, cannot be induced to strive. What saith Christ about it? "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Well, but could not they have come, if they would? Ay, but there is the rub: they *would* not, if they could. "How often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye *would* not." There, sinners, is the pith of the indictment. Were it said you *could* not, you might find an excuse; but it is charged against you, that you *will* not, and this is damnable. Did man sin by compulsion, I see not how he could be blamed, but since his sin is voluntary, and he recklessly chooses the

evil, clings to it, and will not give it up, the slavery becomes the more obnoxious. When the iron enters into the soul and the man becomes a slave, not through misfortune merely, but through very baseness of heart and prostitution of his nature till he is ground down to be a serf of Satan and a drudge of sin, his woe-begone wretchedness entitles him to little pity. The man is so far sunk that he cannot, will not, deliver himself: no others can deliver him. Bound hand and foot, the prey of the mighty and the lawful captive,—oh, Lord, what can be done for him? Do I hear anyone say, perhaps as he grows older the power of sin will grow weaker. I have heard that suggestion many times. But my solemn conviction is, that if you want the worst of men, you will find them amongst the oldest of men; and if you seek a confirmed criminal, you most generally find him with grey hairs upon his head. Have you never noticed in the annals of the Church who were the men that fell most grievously? I never read in all God's Book of such instances of foul defection among young believers as I do among the venerable sires whose names had come to be like a tower of strength in their generation. The youths were weak and knew it, and God kept them. But Lot was an old man when he committed incest; even as Noah before him had long years, ripe experience, and rich honours on his side when he defiled himself with drunkenness. David was far past the prime of life when he coveted Bathsheba, and slew Uriah her husband with the sword of the children of Ammon. Peter, when he denied his Master, was no raw recruit; his Master had pronounced on him high encomiums, and endowed him with rich blessings. The fact is, when we begin to lean on experience, we grow weak. Temptation, instead of getting weaker with our age, gets stronger; the passions which we thought would expire when the heat of youth had evaporated, become more fierce as we grow more infirm, till some lusts are more rampant in those who have the least power to gratify them. In whose breast does avarice rage with the most unquenchable ardour, but in that of the man who is lingering on the margin of life, about to quit the world. He, forsooth, in the course of nature, is the most loath to part with the gold that he has scraped together. Portray the miser. Do you not picture to yourselves the skeleton with bald scalp, wan visage, and withered fists, knocking at death's door? Ah no, the devil does not release his grasp, because our eyes wax dim and our senses grow dull. Instead thereof, he seems to hold the victim more tightly. The thralldom of a man does not slacken as his vital powers wane. If one passion expires, another takes its place. Could we imagine that the power of evil might sometimes sleep, we might imagine that the man might escape? Thus we read of giant Despair in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that in the night Christian and Hopeful, when the Giant was taken with a shivering fit, made their escape? Ay, but they were children of God, and not mere natural men. In the case of the sinner there is no sleeping of the foe. The mighty power of evil has the sinner under its control, and never refrains its dreadful watch. He is held whether he be alone or in public—he is watched by night and by day, nor is it possible by accident or stratagem that the captive should get free.

So far the story is all black, and like Ezekiel's roll it is written within and without with lamentation. Remember, friend, that while I speak to you, it is of you I speak, if you are not a believer in Jesus. Unconverted men and women, to you I address these solemn words of God's own truth.

You are the prey of the Mighty and the captive of God's law. Can you be delivered? Can you be redeemed?

We turn now to the brighter side of our picture; to the more cheerful aspect of our text. Can the prey be rescued? Can the captive be delivered? We answer, he can. Yes, sinner, *you can*. Your nature *can* be radically changed; your habits can be snapped; custom can lose its spell; your besetting sins can be put under your feet; and those vices which you now cling to with tenacity, you can be made to hate with deepest abhorrence. And this can be done for you, done now, done without preparation. But where is he that can achieve it? Ah, He is present with us here, though not to be seen by the eye—the Holy Spirit of God. Be Thou worshipped, O most Holy Spirit! There is one whom God has been pleased to give to His Church, who has the power to enlighten the understanding, to renew the will, to change the affections,—in a word, to make us “new creatures in Christ Jesus.” That Holy Spirit is God. Know, that unless the same God who first made Adam and Eve in the garden come and new-make us, we never can be saved. There must be as great a miracle performed upon you, dear friend, as if you should be killed, put into the grave, and then be raised up again to live anew. God must create you a second time. He must quicken you in Christ Jesus unto good works. Is that ever done? saith one. It is often done. There are hundreds here on whom that strange transformation has passed, so that they are no longer what they were. “Old things have passed away, and all things have become new.” You cannot work this of yourself. No priest can effect it, but the Holy Ghost can produce it. He can complete it now, so great is His power—so divine.

I could give you many living proofs. Memorable, however, is one that the New Testament history will not suffer you to doubt. There was Saul, the hater of Christ; the persecuter of Christians; a Pharisee, desperately resolved to oppose and efface the Christian faith. He had hunted out the brethren in Jerusalem; he had compelled them to blaspheme by his cruelty; he had obtained letters from the high-priest, and he was on his road to Damascus, saying to himself, “I will harry them; I will make these professors of the Christian religion bite their tongues; I will scourge them in the synagogues; I will weary them of trusting in the Nazarene.” He is riding proudly on his horse; it is about the noon of day; the orange groves of Damascus are just coming into view, when suddenly a light brighter than the meridian sun shines round about him. Astonished, and blinded, he falls to the ground. Anon a voice rings in his ears, “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?” That voice pierced his heart, and entered into his understanding. He soon perceived that the Christ whom he was persecuting was God's own Son, and he quickly answered, “Who art thou, Lord?” To this question the voice replied, “I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.” Thus he found out his mistake. He had been persecuting the Christ the Messiah ignorantly, supposing that he had been hunting down an impostor. It was all he wanted; he arose, blind it is true, yet he saw more than he ever beheld before. So they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. Oh, what a change had passed over him! What an altered man was he! Within three days Ananias, an obscure Christian brother, is instructing him in the faith, and saying to him, “Brother Saul, receive thy sight.” He is baptized, and not many days after you find him in the synagogue, not to

persecute, but to proselyte; not to betray the saints, but to testify of the Saviour. Through all his after life you can discern the sincerity of his profession, the fervour of his spirit, the unwavering attachment of his soul to the person of Christ, and the stedfast confidence of his faith in the atonement. God forbid, says he, that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." For Him, he could say, "I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them but dung that I may win Christ and be found in Him." A like change must be wrought in you. It can be wrought in you. It has been wrought in many of us. It can be wrought in you at this good hour. "Oh," saith one, "I wish it were. What can I do towards it?" I will tell thee. I spoke of a lawful captive. Now, thou art in the condition of a lawful captive. Since thou hast broken God's law, justice demands that punishment in full measure should be meted out to thee. This is inevitable. Every sinner stands accountable for his sins, and every sinner must receive its due recompense. But hearken. Listen to this and believe it: God Himself, in the person of His dear Son, out of pure love to you came down into this world, and He suffered what you ought to have suffered. For all who believe in Jesus, Jesus Christ suffered the penalty due for them. "What," saith one, "if I trust Jesus Christ to save me, do I understand you to say then, all that is due to me on account of sin Christ has already borne?" I do say that; I say, thou art straightway forgiven, and henceforth secure against the wrath of God—if thou canst trust Jesus Christ with thy whole heart. Because He lived, and loved, and died, for such as thou art, thou art forgiven. God loves thee. The past is blotted out of His book. Oh, sayest thou, Is that true? Most certainly true. Only put now thy trust in Christ, and this is true to thee. Thy sins are gone; thine iniquities are blotted out. Now I think I hear some dear soul say, "Well, I do believe it. Yet I can hardly realise it; the mercy seems so great. Oh, what love God must have to me! What tender melting pity the dear son of God must have had towards me, that He should give Himself to die for me!" Art thou favourable to this? Then it is done. You are changed. Already you are talking as you did not use to talk; your heart is now towards God, as it was not before; the Holy Ghost has blest the story of the love of Christ to you, and that love of Christ has been the key that has turned your heart right round. Have you believed this with all your heart? then you will be a new man from this time forth. You will not love what you loved before. The people of God whom you once despised you will honour, for you will say, "I am one of them; Christ has washed me in His blood. I was I know not what in wickedness, but it is all gone; God has blotted out my transgressions. My God is reconciled. His love I feel within my heart. Oh, how I do repent me of all my sins against Him! Lord, help me to give up everything that is impure in thought, or word, or deed. The dearest thing I have, if it stand against Thee, O Lord, I will renounce it and away with it. Down with ye, my sins! down with ye, my lusts! Away, ye drunkard's cups! Away, far away, be the company of the profane and the songs of the lascivious! Hence, begone from me!—I cannot bear you now. My God has made me to love Him, because He first loved me. Now, from this day, here I am a new creature, pardoned, purified, welcomed, accepted in Christ. Take me, Lord! Avouch me to be Thine Own! Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, anointed me with Thy spirit, acknowledged me

as Thy child. Take me and make use of me to Thy glory. Whether I live or die, may I praise Thy dear name. I recollect hearing an old sailor say, "I have had the devil's black flag at my mast-head for sixty years, but, by the grace of God, I have run it down to-night, and I put up the red cross flag of the Lord Jesus." Oh! Holy Ghost, come work this wonder in many hearts. So shall the "prey be taken from the mighty and the lawful captive be delivered." Oh, would not some of your neighbours be surprised if you were to go home a Christian! Others of you, who have always been moral and outwardly religious, were you to declare to your companions the great things God has done for you, and show them the reality and power of saving grace, they might laugh at you, and say, "Well, but where have you been? You must have been among the Methodists, I should think, and learnt their cant." How thunderstruck they would be at you! To this end our preaching. May such miracles be wrought in the name of Jesus. Let the sot become sober, let the churl grow kind, let the covetous man be generous, let the careless turn prayerful, let the formalist seek after that which is spiritual. Transformations of character like these tell their own story, and while the change is transparent, your kinsfolk and acquaintance will take care that it fails not to be talked about.

Glory be to God! He can break chains of adamant, and He often does deliver just those very people that we do not think He would take. I believe that, in infinite mercy, He often looks round to find out a ringleader. There he is! conspicuous for his vice, proclaiming his own shame. The Gospel musket is levelled at him, and down he comes. When an officer in the devil's army falls there is a great cry; God is glorified, the man is saved, and the ranks of the enemy are weakened. Oh! that some such might be brought to Christ to-night—some proud formalist, some mere church-goer or chapel-goer, whose whole religion lies in conforming to a few paltry sacraments, or in adopting a few nonconformist sentiments! Oh! that God would strike such an one's heart right through, and make real heart-work of it with him from this day forth, even for ever.

I do hope, as I beat the recruiting drum, there will be some that will come to the standard that have been bold soldiers of the devil, and that they will be quite as bold soldiers of Jesus Christ. My heart longs to know if it be so! Be not slow at once to tell what grace has done for you, and be not slack afterwards to fight for Him who lived, and loved, and died for you.

God bless the Word to every one of you for His name's sake! Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

1 Thess. v. 17.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

PRAYER is an approach to God. It is the cry of misery appealing to the ear of mercy. It is the voice of weakness crying to the strong for strength. It is the language of the lost, guilty, and weary addressing itself to a gracious God for salvation, pardon and rest. Prayer is an important matter. It relates to the past, the present, and the future. It includes things temporal and spiritual—things for the body and the soul. Prayer is indispensable. It is "the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air." As Christians we can no more do without praying than as men we can do without breathing. The place where prayer is offered is perfectly immaterial. We may pray by the roadside, in the open field, in the lonely forest, on the open sea, as well as at the family altar or in the grand cathedral. Prayer must always be offered in the name of Jesus. He is our Great High Priest. He is our only mediator. He is our prevailing advocate. Prayer must be frequent—must be constant. "Men ought always to pray." "Be instant in prayer." "Pray without ceasing."

1. We should pray for *ourselves* without ceasing. Day by day we need *pardoning mercy*. As we journey along the road of life our garments become defiled. Coming in contact with sinful men, surrounded by temptations of every kind, and possessing a heart "deceitful above all things," we have often to

say with the Apostle Paul "the evil which I would not that I do." We must therefore "pray without ceasing" that we may feel afresh the power of the cleansing blood and be kept from sin in time to come. We must repeatedly pray "God be merciful to me a sinner—cleanse Thou me from secret faults"—"Keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins, so shall I be innocent from the great transgression."

And besides we need *spiritual growth*. What are most of us but babes in grace? and we seem willing to remain so. Yet thus it should not be. We should aspire to reach the fulness of the stature of men in Christ. What husbandman would be satisfied if, after the first feeble signs of life, his plant did not grow? What mother would be contented if, after all her care and solicitude, her babe retained only its infantile proportions? We must not be satisfied with present attainments. We must "grow in grace." We need stronger faith, warmer love, greater zeal, and a more manifest conformity to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. For these things we must "pray without ceasing."

2. We should also pray for our *friends* without ceasing. Pray without ceasing for the *saved* ones. Bless God for their salvation. You cannot be too grateful. They have received mercy. Still they need your prayers. Pray that they may be useful in their day and generation. Pray that they may be faithful unto death. Pray that they may hate every sin, resist every temptation, walk in the light of Jehovah's countenance, and have an abundant entrance into heaven

at last. Pray that the weak may be strengthened, the sorrowing comforted, the ignorant instructed, the poor provided for, and the dying brought safely and triumphantly home.

Pray especially for the *unconverted*. They need your prayers. Have you unconverted children? pray for them without ceasing. Have you unconverted parents? pray for them without ceasing. Have you unconverted brothers or sisters? pray for them without ceasing. Whatever relationship you may bear to your unconverted friends, pray for them without ceasing. If you can do nothing else on their behalf, you can pray. Use every means in your power. Do all you possibly can for their spiritual welfare. Endeavour to lead them to Christ. Set them a good example. But withal pray without ceasing that their hearts may be changed and their souls saved with an everlasting salvation. Thus should we pray for all around us, both converted and unconverted, after the example of a good man Dr. Lyman Beecher tells us of. He says:—"One day old Deacon Miller, a holy man, sent for me. He was sick in bed. 'I am glad to see you,' he said, 'I know how you feel. You must not be discouraged. I lie on my bed at night and pray for you. I've been praying for *all the village*. I begin at one end, and go into the next house, and then into the next, till I have gone round; and then I have not *prayed enough, so I begin and go round again.*'"

3. We should pray for the *Church* without ceasing. This is our duty and our privilege. We are the Lord's "remembrancers." Alas, how sadly is this matter neglected. How many complain of the lifeless state of the Churches, yet how few,

comparatively, cry to the Lord to revive His work. O, my reader, pray unceasingly for the Church of Christ, especially that portion of it which you are connected with. Pray for its purity. Pray for its prosperity. Pray for peace among the members. Remember the words of Scripture:—"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." Pray for Divine power in the pulpit, and for awakening, converting grace in the pew. Keep your own heart right. Live near the Lord yourself. Do all you can for Christ. Those who complain most about others generally do the least themselves. Pray much. Travail in birth for the salvation of souls. A minister writes, "I was asked whether I had held any recent meeting for enquirers. I replied that I had not—that there were few *enquiring sinners* in the congregation; and I judged the reason to be, that there were few *enquiring saints*. Do we not read in Ezekiel xxxvi. 37,—'I will yet for this be *enquired of* by the house of Israel, to do it for them?'" The usual order, Christian reader, is this:—first *enquiring saints* then *enquiring sinners*. Remember the day of Pentecost—the thousands saved by the preaching of the Gospel. What preceded it? constant prayer. The disciples kept together. "They continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." The Holy Ghost came upon them. Then spake the Apostle Peter to the assembled multitudes. The truths he uttered were plain Gospel facts, but numbers were pricked in their hearts and said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" This was indeed a memorable day for the Christian Church. May there be many such in the future. Let us pray for a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

"Thousands once His power confessed.
 O for seasons like the past!
 Lord, revive the former days—
 Thine the power and thine the
 praise."

Let the following incident stimulate every reader to pray earnestly and perseveringly for the cause of Christ. In a certain Church not a soul had been added for many years. Minister after minister came, laboured for awhile, and went away discouraged. Among the members were two young ladies, intimate friends. They sorrowed often and deeply over the sad state of the Church. At length they concluded to go secretly every morning to the house of God and there beseech Him to bestow the blessing so long desired. All through that spring and summer day-dawn found these two girls earnestly praying before the Lord. Mark the result. Much to the surprise of the pastor, one after another of the young of the congregation came enquiring the way to be saved. The love of Christ was kindled in many hearts where it had once burned brightly, but the world on entering in had almost extinguished it. During the winter the number of the Church was doubled; and though years have passed since then, it has never relapsed into its former state of coldness. Only a few knew of the fervent, effectual and unceasing prayers of these two girls, one of whom was early called to heaven, the other has but just gone there. Oh, what an encouragement to pray without ceasing for the Church of Christ. Christian reader, make the language of the poet your own:—

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred
 dwell;
 There God my Saviour reigns."
 EYE, SUFFOLK.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JADEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 5.—FROM NORTH BERWICK, MAINE, VIA LEWISTON, &c., TO THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

WHEN I left the hospital residence of my old friend Mrs. Neale, and had secured two days' rest, I proceeded to the city of Lewiston, one of the most flourishing manufacturing places of Maine. Here it is said the cotton and woollen factories turn out some twenty thousand miles of cloth annually. The population is of a thoroughly mixed character, English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, &c., &c. In this populous city they have a license law for the sale of intoxicants so rigidly severe in making the rumseller responsible for the consequences of his traffic, that for the last sixteen years no one has applied for the said license, except during one year, so they are happily free from the terrible results that traffic invariably inflicts. Here are twelve places of worship, most large and handsome, representing the chief sects of the State. Here are schools for the whole population and some of them of a very high educational repute. But my chief interest in Lewiston arose from "Bate's College" being located here, and where its president and most of its professors were my personal friends. Besides, I had arranged to be present at its commencement celebrations, which was a sort of grand gathering and holiday for its friends and supporters. I was the honoured guest of its noble and indefatigable president, Dr. Cheney, a man of immense intellectual and moral power, and who has made the establishment of the college the great work of his life. It has been largely endowed by a wealthy manufacturer,

a citizen of Boston—Mr. Bate, from whom its name is derived, besides being liberally supported by a number of devoted friends. Since I left an additional 100,000 dollars has been pledged either by Mr. Bate or some other generous Bostonian, on condition that an equal sum is raised by its other friends. The buildings of the college, its handsome chapel, library, &c., are among the most elegant structures of the city; and its professors are men of eminent talent, and thoroughly consecrated to the promotion of its best and highest interests. I doubt if any similar school of learning in the States is more efficiently conducted. On the Saturday evening there was a gathering of young ladies and students at the house of the president, and I was most favourably impressed with the beauty of the fair part of the assembly and the handsome manly self-reliant bearing of the young gentlemen. While Maine supplies a large proportion of the students, yet they resort to Bate's College from nearly all the New England States, New York, &c., &c. The Saturday evening *Conversazione* was a cheerful hailing of the approaching college commencement. On Lord's-day morning, June 23rd, I occupied the pulpit of my esteemed friend Mr. Bowen, when his large and handsome meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity. In the afternoon President Cheney delivered an ingenious and telling discourse bearing directly on the young men and their connection with college privileges and duties, and in the evening Professor Doctor Fullonton delivered a telling and impressive sermon on "Wisdom's address to the children of men." Monday the 24th and up to the evening of Thursday were devoted to various college exercises, declamations and discussions. Mr.

A. G. Moulton gave the Latin salutary, in a most talented and graceful manner—I doubt if it could have been done better by any Oxford or Cambridge man.

The B.A. was conferred on a number of graduates. A.M. on Mr. Tiles, Principal of the Maine Central Institute, LL.D., on Hon. J. D. Philbrick, Boston, and on Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., London, and D.D. upon Rev. C. H. Malcolm, of Newport, R. J. The great commencement dinner was honoured with the presence of the chief magistrate of Maine, Governor Pelham, whose speech was worthy both of the occasion and the illustrious office he so nobly sustains. Other speeches were delivered by the President, Hon. W. P. Frye, Rev. Dr. Graham, President of Hillsdale College, Dr. Burns, and others. The dinner was a feast of good and various material things, but without the presence of any alcoholic drinks. Indeed the last feature distinguishes all such gatherings in most parts of America, but more especially in the New England States. A number of the graduates most kindly presented me with their *carte-de-visites*, which never fail to remind me of the great satisfaction which their various exercises afforded. I may add to this very condensed account the delivery of a telling oration by Rev. Dr. E. Everett Hale, of Boston, in which Milton was described as the first poet, the first statesman, and the first scholar of his time. Of all the highly-favoured occasions I had ever enjoyed, I reckon these five days in Lewiston were the most distinguished and happy. But I remembered that now, nearly in the extreme east of Maine, I had before me some 3,900 miles of travel to the shores of the Pacific, and so with extreme reluctance I had to leave Lewiston, with its sunny memories and happy

associations. Those dear and honoured labourers in the momentous work of Christian education I shall most probably never again see in the flesh, but our now cheap ocean postage will enable us every now and again to convey loving salutations across the wide Atlantic waters. I have had the great pleasure of placing in their library two of the oldest books they possess, one dating back to 1515, really rare and ancient works being greatly valued by our American Collegiate Institutions. After leaving Lewiston I had to fulfil two engagements at Biddeford, where the pastor, Mr. Malvern, an Englishman, is labouring in the Free Baptist Church with great acceptance. The first evening I preached to his congregation, and on the second gave a lecture on Temperance. I had the pleasure also of a drive to the seacoast, where there are handsome hotels and boarding-houses, frequented by great numbers during the season. There is no question that our American brethren are a little reserved towards English pastors settling among them, till by their Christian worth and efficiency they have won their confidence, and it is not every one of our ministers who can adapt himself to the speciality of American Church usages. Mr. Malvern, however, is quite at home, highly-esteemed, and very useful, and has taken a good stand with the brethren.

On Saturday morning, June 29, I took train from Biddeford for Portland, where I had engaged to preach and lecture the following day. Here I was met by that wide-world philanthropist and moral reformer, the Hon. Neal Dow, whose guest I had the happiness to be during my stay in this beautiful seaport city; and here my Eastern States labours were to terminate. The weather

was gorgeous—a little hotter than England, say about 96 to 100 in the shade—but I experienced little inconvenience, and was able to work with as small an expenditure of physical effort as in my own land. My worthy host conveyed me through the most charming suburbs of the city to have a view of the Atlantic Ocean and the magnificent entrance into the harbour of Portland, and in the afternoon and evening I had ample opportunity of seeing every part of this extremely fine city. The cleanliness and order of the main streets, the respectability of those I met, the entire absence of beggars and inebriates, the handsome public buildings and hotels, the various edifices for public worship, impressed me most favourably, and gave striking evidence of the thorough efficiency of the prohibitory liquor law, and it was no small joy to see a fine seaport city deriving such unmistakable benefits from so just and wise a state regulation.

On Lord's-day I preached in the forenoon to a most gratifying congregation, in the Free Baptist Church, which is enjoying considerable progress from the ministerial and pastoral labours of Mr. Smith, beloved alike by his own congregation and the other Christian denominations generally. My esteemed brother, Dr. Graham, was pastor of this Church for several years. I was delighted with the hearty congregational singing, and still more with the efficiently-conducted Sabbath-school, which held its session immediately after the forenoon service. In the evening I lectured on temperance in the large City Hall, General Neal Dow presiding. I felt more drawn towards the friends in Portland than most places I had visited, and that I would willingly have spent a few days more with

them. I cannot forget the pleasure this visit to Portland gave me, but early on the Monday morning I had to start by rail for Boston, and then westwards for thousands of miles towards the setting sun. Among the five places I might choose for a residence, if I left Old England for

New, Portland would most assuredly not rank last; but I am only a tourist, on a journey of Christian and temperance observation, and Church and friends at home will expect a faithful account of my United States experiences.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SURPRISE AT THE HOSPITAL.

We left poor Milly at the hospital hovering between life and death. It was some time before she could fully apprehend the nature of the charge made against her, and when she spoke about it, she was quietly hushed, and told to be quiet, and all would be right, that she was not to trouble herself, that the gentleman had discovered his mistake, and that, if she would only compose herself, all would be well.

"But what of my poor mother?" said Milly. "However does she bear this? She will die for want of nourishment. Oh! that I could get to her—when will you let me go to her?"

The sister of the ward explained satisfactorily and tenderly. She was told that her mother was cared for, and that the sooner she got well the sooner would she be able to resume her labour of love; so Milly resigned herself to her lot, and in a praying spirit waited for health.

When it was told her that a lady

wished to see her, she was very much surprised, but thinking it was one of the lady visitors that frequently cheer the hearts of the poor sufferers, she sank into her usual quiet way.

Edith was rather bewildered at the size of the building. She had never been in such a place before. She had never thought there could have been so much suffering; and, as she passed down by the rows of pale paces, she inwardly prayed for strength to accomplish her task.

Milly was dwelling with rapture on a sweet verse or two of a hymn that a poor girl, lying in the next bed, was humming in a subdued tone.

"There's a beautiful land, where all is bright—

No sickness, no pain, no sorrow, no night;

There happiness dwells and joy reigns for ever,

In that beautiful land just over the river.

"There flowers never fade, no chill winds arise,

No cloud dims the radiance of glory—
lit skies,

No night shadows fall, but the light shines for ever,

In that beautiful land just over the river.

" No heartaches are known, no tears
 ever fall,
 No deep-tolling bell, no sad funeral
 pall,
 No listening for love-tones in death
 hushed for ever,
 In that beautiful land just over the
 river.

" Oh! Jesus, my Saviour, be with me
 at last,
 And guide me safe over, then all
 danger's past.

• My soul shall adore thee for ever
 and ever,
 In that beautiful land just over the
 river."

"Oh, that is indeed beautiful!"
 said the sufferer. "I begin to think
 more of heaven every day now.
 Precious Jesus, I see and feel the
 power of Thy blood to cleanse every
 day. I am redeemed by that precious
 blood from all sin. I know the
 earthly home of this tabernacle will
 be dissolved; but then these restless
 tossings on my bed—a little time
 longer and all will be over. Blessed
 Saviour, how kind Thou art to me!"

Edith scarcely knew how to intro-
 duce herself, so sitting down by her
 side, she waited her opportunity,
 and when it presented itself, she
 said, in a low tone, "I have come at
 pa's request to bring you some little
 niceties."

There was a momentary flush on
 the brow of the sufferer, and then
 she said, "Oh! how kind of you to
 come and see me; but I was wonder-
 ing where I heard that voice last, or
 whether I had been dreaming. Will
 you speak again, please?"

Edith had not heard her father
 express his suspicion that this was
 one of those mysterious actions of
 Providence by which God was put-
 ting into his hands the means of
 making some atonement for years
 of wrong-doing, and so quietly she
 proceeded to tell her how grieved the
 merchant felt that his carelessness

should have caused her so much
 sorrow, and how anxious he was
 that everything should be done for
 her as far as possible, and also how
 interested her mother felt; and she
 thought it would do her good to go
 down to her home as soon as she
 was able to undertake the journey;
 and how that she was going from
 her to see the poor old woman at
 No. 6, and she would take any
 message Milly liked to send, and
 that she should have the best help
 possible, if she nursed her herself,
 though she was afraid she did not
 know much about it; and then she
 read to her some soothing words
 about Christ's poor.

Edith W— was well fitted to
 administer consolation; she had a
 large experience among her poorer
 neighbours, and was much beloved
 by the poor brickmaker's wives to
 whom, in the winter, she proved a
 friend.

"You have been reading," said
 Milly, "about Christ's poor. Now,
 do you think that means those who
 are born poor, or those who, by
 misconduct, have rendered them-
 selves poor? or does it mean those
 who are poor in spirit only?"

"Well," said Edith, "I don't
 know, and can hardly tell what
 poor people want, although I
 always thought Christ's poor meant
 all those who were crushed, and
 bruised, and wounded in spirit, and
 I heard our pastor say, once in a
 sermon, that the passage in which
 the bruised reed is mentioned by
 the dear Saviour, a distinct refer-
 ence is made to all those who ima-
 gine themselves thoroughly useless,
 just as you might suppose a reed to
 do, if it had the power; for I sup-
 pose, dear, that the shepherds used
 to throw these reeds away when
 they moved about; but in life So-
 ciety throws them in bye-places,
 and then God takes them up and

works out His will in them, and I have no doubt advances His glory."

"Ah, those bye-places in life's history," said Milly—"those bye-places—I could tell you a deal, if I knew you; but I don't."

"Oh, do," said Edith, "I want to know all about you, and I have come on purpose. Do not tell me anything that may pain you; but I am anxious to know how I can serve you. But stay, I ought to give you my name, and then, perhaps, you will have greater confidence in me."

She stooped and whispered, Edith W—e, and then Milly quietly said, with a composure that could only have been given by God—

"You are nearer and dearer than you think. My name is not Milly; but I will tell you when you can come again. Go and see my mother, and take this small note with you, and if she forbids you to see me again, do not come. God will take care of me, if friends forget; and weakened by the exertions, Milly fell back exhausted, and Edith left.

Edith hastened across the bridge

to see her father, and found him as usual—full of business—but he went at once with her into his private office, and listened very attentively to every word, and when she related what poor Milly said,

"You are nearer and dearer to me than you think," he said,

"Ah, then, my suspicions were right. God has given me the opportunity of making some restitution for a great wrong-doing. It will be joyful work to me, for ever since I knew God's love, I have sought but sought in vain for an opportunity to do it. I shall be glad to return by an earlier train; and Edi, dear, you will be pleased to help me in this, I know, when you know all."

"Pa, dear, while you are arranging matters for your return, can I not run over to see the poor old woman, and take her what Ma sent?"

"Yes; but do not say what you have heard at the hospital. I have special reasons for it until after our return. How strange and wonderful is God in His works."

(To be Continued).

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

CHRIST IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TRAVERS MADYE says: "Would it not be a beautiful thing to think about, to picture to oneself Christ teaching in a Sunday-school, with His arm folded round one boy, His hand resting on the head of another, His face smiling, His lips uttering such words as would make the boys love Him as much as He loved them?"

HEAVEN A WORLD OF LOVE.

HEAVEN is a world of love. Love reigns in every heart, beams from every eye, glows on every cheek, and breathes from every lip. The songs are songs of love, and the trees wave in the winds of love; and the air is balmy with love, and the bowers are fragrant with love.

T. YATES, JUN.

THE BIGOT'S PRAYER.

THE bigot's prayer is said to be something like this:—"Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife. We four—and no more. Amen."

What a prayer! Yet, this is what the bigot asks for,—the Lord to bless himself, and those who are connected with him; and with that the poor narrow soul would rest

contented. But the true Christian is no bigot; he has the spirit of the dear Redeemer who wept over lost souls in Jerusalem; and his prayer to the Lord day by day is not bless me only: not bless my family only: not bless my denomination only: but heart and soul he cries: "Lord, bring all flesh to know thee: let the whole earth be filled with Thy glory."—H. W.

Reviews.

A Lady's Life among the Mormons.

By Mrs. T. B. H. STENHOUSE, of Salt Lake City. (Geo. Routledge and Sons.) 1873. 1s.

THIS extraordinary book is a calm and truthful record of a life begun in sincere belief of Mormonism, and of the labours, trials, and sufferings of herself and husband in building up that system in England, the European Continent, and America. Then it describes the announcement and introduction of polygamy: first covertly under the Spiritual Wife System, and then openly in Multiplicity of Wives. The anxieties, bitter sorrows, and domestic hate naturally produced, with its degrading influences, are here faithfully detailed by the writer, who suffered all its wrongs and griefs. There is given also a record of Salt Lake society, the Mormon Church, with sketches of President Young and the heads of the establishment.

Mrs. Stenhouse is anxious to save self-respecting women from this fearful pitfall of domestic calamity, and in every sense her book is adapted to effect this purpose. We trust it will be sold by tens and hundreds of thousands. It is one of the most extraordinary works of the day.

Shadows of City Life. By G. W. MCCREE. (Elliot Stock).

No one is better acquainted with London life than Mr. McCree, and we doubt if any one can describe it more

graphically. This book, of a hundred pages, is replete with incidents most telling, and admonitions and counsels most important. We hope it will be read by all our moral reformers, philanthropists, and Christian workers. To young men especially we most earnestly recommend it.

The Gardener's Magazine, &c., &c.
Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD,
Esq. April Number.

It is now some months since we saw this admirably conducted Magazine, and we are able to testify to its rich variety of articles, and in its thoroughness in every department of its wide domain.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Christian Armour. The April number is very excellent; all its papers adapted to edification.

The Interpreter, Part IV., displays all Mr. Spurgeon's special adaptedness for suiting the means to the designed end, and no one can more fully extract evangelical truth out of the Pentateuch than himself. This part brings the Old Testament reading to the 25th of Numbers.

The Hive never fails of its sweet supplies.

Handbook of Illustration. No. III. *Biblical Museum.* No. 27. (Elliot Stock.) We cannot add to our former eulogies on these invaluable works.

The Holy Scriptures. Translated and revised by Robt. Young, LL.D., and presented in parallel columns, with King James' Version. *The Gospel of Matthew.* (Edinburgh: G. A. Young and Co.) 1s. Dr. Young's revisions should be read by all students and ministers who wish to see scholarly learning and common sense brought to bear on the Holy Scriptures in developing clearly the meaning of the sacred writers.

Thomas Guthrie. A Tribute and a Memorial. With (an excellent) front page likeness. By Rev. A. Mursell. (London: E. Curtice, 12, Catherine-street, W.C.) 1d. A well written, telling sketch of one of the noblest men of modern times.

In Memoriam. Sir Donald McLeod, &c. By W. Frith, Trinity Chapel, Bexley. (Elliot Stock.) 2d. A sweet little gem, exhibiting a devoted soldier and Christian in his distinguished personal graces and striking virtues, deserving of a general circulation.

The Bible and the Prisoner. Interesting and adapted for usefulness.

The Baptist holds on its way, giving general satisfaction, already exerting a telling influence on our churches and institutions.

Tabular System of Teaching the Scriptures for Schools and Families. Mitchel Thompson, Staff Surgeon. (Doidge, Plymouth.) 6d. A valuable

manual that may greatly help to a profitable reading of God's Word. The methods recommended are clear, simple, and unique. There are appended twelve beautiful maps.

Wickedness Controlled. A Sermon on the late outrage committed upon the property of the Rector of Narbeth, by Wm. Owen. 1d. A very excellent sermon, containing a just rebuke of violent wickedness in Narbeth. The discourse is honourable both to the head and heart of the worthy preacher.

Christian Influence; or, How Far it will Spread. (Elliot Stock.) A striking subject well presented.

Brief Outline of the Life of the Late Sir G. Pollock, Bart. A very brief sketch of a truly great and good man.

Old Jonathan. Ever varied and fresh.

Baptist Magazine. A first-class number in every respect.

Sword and Trowel. Never better.

We have received a number of the Baptist Tract Society's recent issues, and we commend No. 19, New Series, *Regeneration and its Appropriate Symbols—a Baptismal Service; Jesus Only; 56, India and England; 469, A Minister's Experience; 470, The Enemy Slain by Prayer; 472, Secular Baptism; 473, None other Name; Bziled Jesuits; 471, I am Going Early.* (Elliot Stock.)

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. H. M'MECHAN, of Preston, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Acton, to become its pastor.

Rev. J. E. Cracknell, of Newbury, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church assembling in the South Shields Tabernacle.

Rev. J. B. Lee has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Walgrave, Northamptonshire.

Mr. John Phillips, of the college,

Pontypool, has accepted the pastorate of Talgarth Church, Brecon.

Rev. D. Rhys Jenkins, of Aberdare, has accepted the pastorate of Great George-street Church, Salford.

Rev. H. R. Salt, having resigned the pastorate of the church at Midhurst, a farewell meeting was held on Monday, at which the Rev. H. Rogers, of Petworth, delivered a valedictory address, and deep regret was expressed at Mr. Salt's removal.

Rev. T. G. Gathercole has resigned

the charge of the church, Toddington, Beds.

Mr. J. Seager, of Rawdon College, has accepted the invitation to become pastor of the church at Thrapstone.

Rev. M. G. Porter has resigned the pastorate of the church, Caxton, Cambs.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. H. E. VON STURMER, who has been the pastor of the church at Worcester for fifteen years, during which time the chapel has been rebuilt, and a new chapel erected at Kempsey, preached his farewell sermons on Sunday, April 6th, prior to his removal to Leicester, where he is about to commence the work of gathering a congregation in a church which is shortly to be opened. A silver tea and coffee service has been, among various other gifts, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Sturmer, with an address.

Miss E. S. Bicker, who has for several years taken an active part in the Sabbath-school at Eye, Suffolk, and who also presided at the harmonium, was on the 4th of April presented by the members of the congregation and friends with a handsome skeleton clock, suitably inscribed, on the occasion of her marriage and removal from the neighbourhood.

A committee has been formed at Southport, of which the vicar of Christ Church, in that town, is the honorary secretary, to present a testimonial to Rev. A. M. Stalker, who recently resigned the ministerial charge of the church in Hoghton-street. Upwards of £900 has already been promised. Mr. Stalker is a cousin of the Rev. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester.

RECOGNITIONS.

Mr. W. J. HENDERSON received a public recognition as minister of Cowlane Chapel, Coventry, at a meeting on the 25th of March. The Rev. Dr. Green, of Rawdon College, said Mr. Henderson's had been a bright, consistent, and unstained college course; and, in a pastorate at Birmingham, had met great difficulties with unusual manfulness, devotedness, and zeal.

Several other friends gave similar testimony. The Rev. W. T. Rosevear presided, and the Mayor of Coventry was among those present.

On Thursday, 20th March, Rev. Albert Swaine was recognised as pastor of the church at Wantage. Rev. T. C. Udall read the Scriptures; the Rev. W. Anderson, of Reading, proposed the usual questions to the Church and the minister; Rev. G. H. Davies offered prayer; the Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., delivered the charge to the minister; and Rev. T. C. Page preached to the Church. A public meeting was held in the evening under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Gotch.

On Monday evening, the 24th of March, the Rev. J. Dunlop was recognised as pastor of the Church at New Barnet. The tea-meeting took place in the schoolroom. A public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was occupied by Rev. F. Tucker, B.A. Mr. Bayley, one of the deacons, stated the leadings of Providence which led the Church to give Mr. Dunlop a call to the pastorate. In his reply the pastor proposed and answered the following questions—1. Why am I here?—2. What should you expect from me?—3. What should I expect from you?—after which a very earnest recognition prayer was offered up by the Rev. W. Stott. Interesting and suitable addresses were delivered by Dr. Culross, Dr. Landels, Dr. Weymouth, C. Goode, Esq., Colonel Griffin, H. D. Wood, Esq., and R. Wilkinson, Esq.

Rev. Alexander Wylie, M.A., late of Whitechurch, having accepted a unanimous call from the Bath-street Church, Glasgow, a recognition *soiree* in connection with his entrance on his new charge was held on Monday evening, April 7. The Rev. S. Chapman, of Hope-street Chapel, occupied the chair. Mr. Wylie gave an address indicating the spirit in which he meant to labour for the furtherance of the Gospel in his new sphere. The meeting was also addressed by the Revs. Oliver Flett, Jervis Coats, M. A., J. W. Ashworth, and F. Johnstone. A hopeful financial statement

was made by J. H. Finch, secretary, in which it was mentioned that there were over £220 in the bank as a building fund.

NEW CHAPELS.

WEST CROYDON BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Although the first service was held in this new chapel on Friday, the 28th March, succeeded by sermons on the two following Sundays, the "house-warming," or opening service proper, took place on Wednesday, April 12th, when the series of opening services were concluded. The service commenced at three o'clock, and the introductory portions were conducted by the Rev. A. J. Murray, Rev. Mr. Rolls, Rev. J. T. Wigner, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, the pastor, and his father, Rev. John Spurgeon. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon took his text from the 70th Psalm, 4th verse:—"Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee; and let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified." The collection realised about £39. The benediction closed the service, and the vast assemblage dispersed, quite half the number remaining to take tea in the schoolroom beneath the chapel. W. Fowler, Esq., M.P. for Cambridge, took the chair. Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, in alluding to the growth of the Baptist denomination in Croydon, stated that rather more than three years ago, he found his friends in a small iron chapel, where for some time Rev. Mr. Stent had been ministering to them. They were not a numerous body, but he rather liked the look of them, more especially as he was looking out for a place to occupy his spare time. At last he fixed himself at Croydon, and after a year the congregation increased so much that they were obliged to go to the Public Hall. They wanted therefore, a new place of worship built, which was done by Mr. Higgs, to whom they were very much indebted for the services he rendered. They used that chapel for some time, but having outgrown it, the next step was to erect a larger place, which had now been done. They expected to expend

about £5,000 on the building, but as was almost invariably the case, when people expected to spend only £5,000 they had to pay £7,000, and that was very much their condition in respect to their new building. He believed they had their money's worth in full. Speeches were delivered by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. J. Angus, D.D., and Rev. J. Collins, all of whom made stirring appeals to the congregation to wipe off the debt as speedily as possible.

A new iron chapel, for the ministry of Rev. T. G. Atkinson (late of New Southgate), was opened at Hornsey on Thursday, 3rd of April. The Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., preached on the occasion; and Rev. James Pugh, and Rev. Frank Smith, took part in the service.

SUNDERLAND.—Enon Baptist Chapel.—The contract to enlarge the above place will be about £1,400; during two years we have gathered more than half that amount. It is to be finished in September, and will hold nearly 700 persons, besides school and vestries. Pastor, E. S. Neale.

HORNSEY-RISE, LONDON.—We are glad that our friends are making an effort to erect a new Chapel—we trust they will meet with the support they deserve.—Ed. B. M. Subscriptions, however small, will be thankfully received by the Pastor, Kingston House, Hornsey Rise, London, N.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—Wednesday Evening, April 2nd, a large number of the subscribers to this institution met, in accordance with annual custom, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to take the requisite measures, especially by means of spontaneous offerings on the spot, for ensuring adequate support of the college in the ensuing year. The subscribers were hospitably entertained by Mr. T. R. Phillips, first to tea and afterwards at an excellent supper. There are now, about 70 students and as many remain only two years, the number who have passed through the

curriculum from the commencement, about ten years ago, is already very considerable. The college income is derived chiefly from two sources—the subscriptions at these annual gatherings and the weekly offerings of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation. Thus, the congregational support last year having been £1,872, it will this year be £1,873. An additional stimulus to liberality is afforded in connection with this anniversary. At present the studies are carried on in rooms behind the Tabernacle, which are practically underground, and much inconvenience and occasionally injury to the health have arisen from the confined and inadequate nature of the accommodation. To meet this evil, and to make due provision for the expanding future, a new college is about to be erected at a cost of £10,000.

SERVICES were held on the 13th of March, in connection with the opening of a Sabbath-school at Combe Martin, Devon. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Rev. T. R. Stevenson. A tea was provided in the new schoolroom, 230 persons being present; and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, H. Bagget, Esq., presided. Addresses were given by the Revs. T. R. Stevenson, W. G. Hailstone, E. F. Scammell, C. Pozzi, and the pastor, the Rev. J. Glover.

THE Kingston Church, Glasgow, of which Rev. J. J. Irving is pastor, held its annual *soirée* on Tuesday, March 18, being the fifty-third anniversary of the formation of the Church, and the first of the pastor's settlement. Speaking of the material prosperity of the Church, Mr. Irving called attention to the beautiful hall in which they met, which compared so favourably with the old baronial hall in which the Church had worshipped during the last thirty years or more. Mr. Waddell, a deacon of the Church, had taken on himself the entire responsibility of fitting up the place, and the result was that the Church was situated in an excellent locality, having all the conveniences of a chapel, and without any burden of anxiety. Referring

to the numerical and spiritual state of the Church, the pastor reported an increase.

THE first anniversary *soirée* of the Church at Irvine, Ayrshire, has just been held under the presidency of Rev. A. G. Short. The report of the pastor showed that the Church during the past year had nearly trebled its membership, and that it was now self-sustaining. This is a revival of the oldest Baptist Church in the county of Ayr. It was at one time presided over by Mr. Barclay, whose memory is yet held in affectionate respect; and afterwards by his son-in-law, Dr. Leechman, subsequently of Hammersmith and Bath. The father of the eminent publishers, David and Alexander Macmillan, was also at one time connected with this Church.

THE congregation of St. Michael's Chapel, Coventry, resolved twelve months since that a vigorous effort should be made to extinguish the debt upon the building. At a meeting held on the 31st of March, it was announced that the sum in the hands of the treasurer was £1,691, which would leave a small balance over, after payment of the debt. It was mentioned that the Sunday-school children had given between £20 and £30; and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society had contributed between £50 and £60. Rev. W. L. Rosevear mentioned that kindly aid had been given by members of other denominations, including the Church of England. He further stated that during the year fifty members had been added to the Church. Revs. Dr. Brock and C. Vince were among the speakers on that occasion.

A TEA-MEETING was held at Park-street School-room, Luton, on the 31st ult., when about £70 were raised towards a fund for the improvement of the chapel.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—On the first Sunday in May, last year, the pulpit in the Chapel, Garland-street, was occupied for the last time by one who had for many long years, with devoted single-mindedness of purpose, given his first thoughts and his best

efforts to the welfare of the flock which had been brought within the radius of his ministrations. Many years ago (beyond the recollection of the present generation) Cornelius Elven became the minister of a little chapel then standing in Lower Baxter-street, and his ability and earnestness of purpose were such that enlargement after enlargement became desirable, and at length, to meet the exigencies of increasing requirements, he himself purchased the ground on which the present chapel stands, and called upon his congregation (not in vain) to build thereon a place of worship for a thousand people. On the first Sunday of the coming month of May, Mr. Elven will have completed his jubilee. It having become necessary to fill the void occasioned by his retirement about a year ago Rev. M. S. Ridley (late of Lydney, Gloucestershire), succeeded the Rev. W. Cuff as his coadjutor, and on Monday, March 31, he was induced definitely to take charge of the Church.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting was held at the West London Tabernacle, Notting Hill, on Tuesday the 8th of April. At the morning meeting of pastors Rev. J. A. Spurgeon presided. After the usual devotional exercises, the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., read a paper on "The position and Authority of Apostolic Teaching," in which the error was ably refuted of those who believe in "the dimness of apostolic teaching." At 3.30 pastors and delegates met. Rev. W. G. Lewis delivered an address on "Communion with God the source of our Strength." Letters of condolence were ordered to be forwarded to the representatives of the late Revs. B. Noel, W. A. Thomas, of Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm, and G. Jennings, of Commercial-road. The Church at Uxbridge was received into the association. An announcement was made of the opening of Wandsworth-road Chapel on April 6. It was announced that the new chapel at Balham was about to be commenced. It will be an elegant Gothic structure. This is the chapel for 1873 under the

presidency of Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. The report of the sub-committee recommended that the Pastor's Aid Fund be administered partly as heretofore by benefactions to pastors needing immediate help, and partly on the principle of "The Baptist Pastor's Income Augmentation Society;" that the association become affiliated to that society; that one-fourth of the said income be retained to assist brethren who may be, in the judgment of the committee, in need of immediate and special help. A communion service was held in the evening, in which Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, H. Varley, and J. T. Wigner took part.

STOWERBRIDGE, NEAR DOWNHAM MARKET.—On Good Friday, the anniversary services of the Baptist Chapel were held, when Rev. John Wilson preached in the afternoon. In the evening, after the tea, the chapel was crowded, and interesting addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. J. Wilson, and Messrs. Seaton, Graves, and Seals. It was stated that the cause had become so bad that the chapel had been closed, but that three months ago the pastor of Downham Church offered to reopen it, and the cause was now prospering as a branch of Downham Church.

LIVERPOOL.—The Young Men's Literary Class connected with Hall-lane Welsh Baptist Chapel, closed the session with a *soirée*, which was held on the evening of the 8th instant. After tea, a meeting was held (the Rev. W. Thomas in the chair), when pieces were recited and read suitable to the occasion, and the glee society also sang during the evening.

HANWELL.—Union Church. The anniversary services were held on Tuesday, April 15th, the Rev. G. Rouse, Lowden, F.R.G.S. (Pastor), presided at the early devotional meeting, and in the afternoon, the Rev. W. Landels, D.D., of Regent's Park Chapel, preached an eloquent sermon from Isaiah lv. 11, "My word shall prosper," and in the evening, the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church, Marylebone, delivered a very practical discourse

from John v. 24. The Rev. S. Green preached on the following Sunday.

GLADSTAY, RADNORSHIRE. — The Sunday-school Anniversary was held at the above place on Sunday, the 18th of April, when Rev. James Williams preached the annual sermons to the children. On the Monday, the children sat down to tea, and after tea, walked in procession through the village, singing. As this was the first time for a Sunday-school to walk in procession through the village, it caused a commotion in our usually quiet little community. In the evening a juvenile meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Lewis Hengoed. The attendance was large.

BAPTISMS.

Abergavenny, Frogmore-street Chapel.—April 3, Four, by J. Williams, B.A.
Aberdillery, English Chapel.—March 30, Two, by Llewellyn Jones.
Accrington, Bethel Chapel, Barnes-street.—April 6, Three, by H. C. Atkinson.
Ashlon-under-Lyne.—March 30, Six, by James Hughes.
Astley Bridge, Bolton.—April 6, Five, by J. G. Hull.
Barrow-in-Furness.—April 11, Three, at Dalton Chapel (kindly lent), by Henry D. Brown.
Bessels Green, Sevenoaks.—April 13, Six, by W. H. Tredray.
Bhosybol.—March 30, Three, by J. James.
Birmingham, Bond-street Chapel.—April 2, Three, by Stewart Gray.
Birmingham, Christ Church, Aston Park.—April 2, Two, by W. Walters.
Bozmoor.—March 31, Six, by T. Spafford, of Bovingdon.
Brandsburgh, N.B.—March 16, Four, by G. Whittet.
Bridgend.—March 30, Three, by T. Cole.
Burton-on-Trent, Salem Chapel.—March 27, Seven, by J. T. Owers.
Calvary, Treforest.—March 23, One, by H. Davis.
Carnarthen, English Chapel.—March 30, Six, by Evan Thomas.
Chalford, Gloucestershire.—April 6, Four, by D. R. Morgan.
Chatham, Enon Chapel.—March 23, Two, by W. F. Edgerton.
Chatteris, Mill End Chapel.—April 3, Four, by H. B. Robinson.
Cinderbank, Netherton, Worcestershire.—March 31, Eight, by T. Lewis.
Contig.—April 6, Three, by John Harris.
Cranford.—March 24, Three, by R. Spurgeon.
Crece.—April 2, One, by E. J. Greening.
Creweborough, Gethsemane Chapel.—March 30, Four, by John Whatford.
Downham Market.—April 13, One, by John Wilson.

Dumfries.—April 1, One; 15, Two, by G. Anderson.
East Dereham.—March 30, Three, by William Freeman.
Faher.—March 30, Two, by J. E. Perrin.
Exeter, Bartholomew-street.—April 13, Nine, by Dr. Cooper.
Fairground, Wakefield.—April 2, Three, by Wm. Turner.
Fleet, Hunts.—On Good Friday, Five, by J. Young.
Forest Row, Bethesda Chapel.—March 26, One, by H. Flower.
Glasgow, Kingston Baptist Church.—March 2, Three, by J. J. Irving.
Great Gransden, Hunts.—April 6, Two, by F. King.
Great Staughton, Hunts.—April 6, Six, by R. J. Beechiff.
Halifax, Pellon-lane Chapel.—April 3, Sixteen, nine of whom were young men, by Thomas Michael.
Halifax, North Parade Chapel.—March 30, Three, by I. Preston.
Hayle, Cornwall.—March 19, at the Baptist Chapel, Redruth (kindly lent for the service), Five males and Eight Females, from the church at Hayle, by W. Donald.
Hereford.—March 23, One, by E. L. Forster.
Heywood, Rochdale-road.—April 13, Four, by W. L. Mayo.
Ipswich, Stoke Green.—April 5, Nine, by W. Whale.
Irvine.—April 5, Two, by A. G. Short.
Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire.—March 19, Three, by J. Young.
Latebrook, Goldenhill.—March 24, Six, by W. March, of Stoke-on-Trent.
Leake, Leicestershire.—March 30, Ten, by W. Morris.
Lincoln, Mint-lane.—April 2, Two, by C. Stovell.
Liverpool, Soho-street.—March 30, Seven, by Eli E. Walter.
Louth, Northgate.—April 3, Two, by G. Parkes.
Metropolitan District—
Barking-road, E., Zion Chapel.—March 30, Five, by E. H. Gillespie.
Berkley-road, Chalk Farm Chapel.—March 30, Six, by G. T. Edgley.
Deptford, Octavius-street.—March 3, Sixteen, by D. Honour, at Drummond-road Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).
East London Tabernacle.—April 3, Nine, by A. G. Brown.
Enfield Highway, Totteridge-road.—April 6, Nine, by J. Manning.
King's Cross, Vernon Chapel.—March 27, Ten, by C. B. Sawdays.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 24, Nine; 27, Fifteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.
Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—March 30, Two; April 3, Five, by J. O. Fellowes.
Streatham, Greyhound-lane.—March 27, Four, by W. Coombs.
Whitechapel, Commercial-street.—March 30, Four, by Charles Stovel.
Mill End.—March 30, Four, by A. Green.
Moriey.—April 2, Six, by J. Wolfenden.
Nantygwyn.—March 23, One, by D. Davies.
Nantwich.—March 30, Three, by E. P. Cook.
Nantyglo, Bethel Chapel.—April 13, Three, by J. Berryman.

Nasebaldon, Hedden Bridge.—April 11, Twelve, by J. B. Godfrey.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Rye Hill Chapel.—March 2nd, Three; April 6th, Three, by W. R. Skerry.
Ogden, near Rochdale.—March 30, Ten, by A. E. Greening.
Ossestry.—April 13, Seven, by E. D. Wilks.
Portsmouth, Lidge-road, Landport.—April 2, Seven, by T. W. Medhurst.
Quorndon, near Loughborough.—April 6, Four, by W. J. Staynes.
Ragworth, Cornwall.—March 9, One, by W. Donald.
Rickmansworth.—March 30, Three, by C. Evans.
St. Andrews, N.B.—March 23, Two, by A. P. Fulton.
St. Helen's, Lancashire.—March 23, Three, by J. Harrison.
St. Mary's Gate, Derby.—March 17, Fourteen, by J. Wilshire.
Seewicks.—March 20, Two, by J. Jackson.
Shearns, Strode Crescent.—March 26, One, by J. R. Hadler.
Strevesbury, Clarendon-street.—March 30, Two, by Robert Shindler.
Southampton, Carlton.—March 30, Six, by Mr. Osborne.
Stalybridge, Wakefold-road.—April 6, One, by E. K. Everett.
Stannick, Northamptonshire.—April 6, One, by T. J. Bristolow.
Swindon, Wilts.—March 19, Five, by J. M. Murphy.
Waltham Abbey.—March 30, Three, by E. Williamson.
Waterfoot, Lancashire, Bethel Chapel.—April 6, Two, by J. Hargreaves.
West Malling, Kent.—March 30, Three, by D. Taylor.
Wrexham, Chester-street.—April 6, Six, by J. Harvey, of Bury.
Wrexham.—March 24, at the Old Baptist Chapel (by kind permission). Two, by S. Roberts, for the Welsh Church.

RECENT DEATHS.

THE REV. GEORGE JENNINGS, pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Devonport-street, Commercial-road, departed this life on the 14th of March, in the fifty-third year of his age. His remains were interred at Abney Park Cemetery, on Saturday, March 22. A preliminary service was conducted at Devonport-street Chapel by Rev. C. Stovel, and among those present were Rev. A. G. Brown, J. Harrison, James, Thornton Wells, and others. A funeral sermon was preached in the same place on Sunday evening by the Rev. J. H. Blake, of Bow. George Jennings was born at Kendal in Westmoreland. When about twentyone years old he attended infidel meetings

in Yorkshire, and took pleasure in confounding Christians. One day at Hull, when under the influence of drink, he boarded a steamer, intending to go to Grimsby, but the vessel proved to be bound for Gainsborough. *This mistake was providential.* He was soon thrown into the midst of the family of the late Charles Moody, who persuaded him to accompany him to chapel, and he went with the firm resolve to resist the truth, but through God's mercy was convinced of sin, and after labouring for some time under deep conviction, obtained pardon and found peace through believing in Jesus. From Yorkshire Mr. Jennings came to Oxfordshire, and ultimately settled at Burford, where he established a business. From time of conversion Mr. Jennings became zealous for the Master; laboured hard as local preacher among the Methodists, and ultimately joined the Baptists and was baptized at Milton-under-Whyehwood, Oxon, by Mr. Gorton, Baptist minister. Mr. Jennings, at his own private cost, erected a comfortable little chapel at Burford, and gathered round him an affectionate people, to whom he faithfully and gratuitously ministered. In the month of June, 1867, Mr. Jennings was invited to preach at Devonport-street, and, after supplying two Sabbaths, received an invitation to take the oversight of the Church. It was resolved to raise funds to build the new chapel, and Mr. Jennings began to collect for this object. In August, 1872, he began to be seriously ill, but still continued work; but as his sufferings became very severe he had further advice, and it was discovered that he was labouring under a disease which would necessitate a surgical operation. Fearing he might never come out of the hospital alive, he resolved to preach a kind of farewell sermon, and this he did on Sunday evening, March 2, 1873, and went into the hospital the following morning at 9.30. Some time before entering the hospital he addressed a letter to a friend very dear to him, and in it he says: "I shall continue to preach and visit the people as long as I can stand

or walk about. Death has no terrors for me; I am ready to go, should my time be near. The kindness of those who have been brought to the Lord under my ministry is a great comfort to me. I have laboured to build up this Church, not by sensational means, but by holding on to the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, according to the measure of power the Lord has given me, and in the end it will be proved to be the best for the people, myself, and the glory of God." He lived nine days after operation. Day preceding death he desired the hospital chaplain to read 23rd Psalm, and when he read, "The Lord is my Shepherd," Mr. Jennings added: "Yes, He is! He is!" In course of same evening he was visited by his deacons and many members, whom he recognised, and to whom he addressed encouraging words.

KENT.—The oldest Baptist minister in the county of Kent has gone to his rest. At the ripe age of seventy-three years, more than fifty of which have been spent in his Master's service, and the last twenty-six in the pastorate at Sutton-at-Hone, Mr. John Neville has been called home. His death took place after a short illness, during which time his mind was remarkably serene and tranquil, and his end was peace. His remains were committed to the grave, in the burial-ground of Eynsford Chapel, on Monday, March 31st, in the presence of a numerous congregation of mourners from different parts of the county. The funeral arrangements were under the direction of Mr. P. Dickerson, who commenced the service by giving out the hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" Mr. G. Wyard then read 2 Cor. v., and prayer was offered by Mr. W. R. Dexter, of Meopham. Mr. Shepherd, of Gravesend, then gave out the hymn, "'Tis finished, 'tis done, the spirit is fled," and Mr. Dickerson proceeded to deliver his address. Referring to Mr. Neville's career, it might be observed that he had for more than half-a-century known and followed the Lord, and now that he was no more, it must

be observed to his honour that few persons finished so long a journey leaving so unblemished a reputation behind them. A few words was all that the weather permitted at the grave, and Mr. Dickerson concluded the solemnities of the day with prayer.

MR. JAMES FRANCIS.—On Monday, Jan. 6, Mr. James Francis, who for eighteen years past was a useful member, and the last eight years of that time deacon of the Baptist Church meeting at Aston-on-Clun, Salop, entered his rest, after a short illness of fourteen days, during which time he expressed his joy and confidence in the finished work of Jesus, often saying, "Precious Christ." He repeated the following verse with great emphasis:

"No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that blissful shore;
Sorrow and sickness, pain and death,
Are felt and known no more."

He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his loss, also a vast number of friends. The Church of Christ could badly spare him. His death was improved on Lord's-day, Jan. 19, by his pastor, Rev. J. H. Wart, from the words, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

At Stripeside Fordyce, Banffshire, N.B., on the 17th March, J. Donald Farmer, aged fifty-six years. The deceased was thirty-seven years a member of the Baptist Church, Aberchirder, and latterly a deacon. He was a solid well-informed Christian, much respected by the Church and in his neighbourhood.

MRS. ANN WALKER, who had been thirteen years a useful and beloved member of the Baptist Church at Killinghohne departed to be with her Saviour in whom she trusted, March 23rd, 1873.

DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.—At Earl's Colne, Essex, Fanny Elizabeth Owers, aged eight years. During her illness, which was very severe, she exhibited a fortitude that astonished all who beheld her, so patiently did she bear it. She was frequently visited by her pastor and the Sunday-school teachers and to them all she expressed

a wish to depart and be with Jesus:—
 “Oh, I can't think why Jesus does
 not let me die!” “Jesus wants little
 children; why does He not take me?”
 When able to sing, she would cheer
 the hearts of her parents and friends
 with the well-known lines—

“My Jesus, I love Thee,
 I know Thou art mine.”

May every dear child who reads this
 feel how blessedly happy amid much

pain a child can be, and when called
 to depart, may it be to the happiness
 of heaven, and enjoy it, as we feel sure
 our little sister doth.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” said he;
 ‘Have nought but bearded grain?
 My Lord hath need of these gay flowers,
 And He'll give them back again.’

“So the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;
 She knew she should meet them all again,
 In the fields of light above.”

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A. T. H.	1 15 6	Mr. J. W. Brown ...	2 2 0	Mr. F. Gordon	
Rev. T. King	5 0 0	Mr. W. Thomas ...	0 10 0	Brown	1 1 0
Late Mrs. Whitte-		Mr. J. Duncan ...	200 0 0	Mr. F. W.	3 3 0
more, per Rev. W.		A. Friend, per Mr.		Mr. W. C. Straker...	10 10 0
A. Blake	10 0 0	Duncan	10 0 0	A Friend	3 0 0
Per Mr. T. Middle-		Mr. R. May	25 0 0	Mr. B. A. Woollard	2 2 0
ton:—		Mrs. May	5 0 0	Mr. H. Hadland ...	1 1 0
Mr. Gordon	1 5 0	Mr. R. J. May	1 1 0	Mr. D. Greenaway	0 10 0
Mr. Middleton	1 0 0	Miss Virtue	5 0 0	Mr. Creasey	1 1 0
Mr. Middleton	0 10 0	Miss R. Virtue ...	5 0 0	Mrs. Creasey	1 1 0
Mrs. Middleton ...	0 5 0	Mr. G. Pedley	5 0 0	Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	5 0 0
Mr. J. Middleton	0 5 0	Mr. R. A. James ...	5 0 0	Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	2 2 0
Mrs. Hare	0 3 0	Mr. Mills	10 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Moffat	0 10 6
Mr. J. Woodward ...	3 0 0	Mrs. J. W. Brown ...	2 2 0	Mrs. Alder	5 0 0
Mrs. T.	100 0 0	Mr. E. H. Brown ...	1 11 6	Dr. Swallow	1 1 0
Mr. G. Moore	50 0 0	Mr. Budgett	25 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Har-	
Mr. James	30 0 0	A Friend	2 0 0	ri-son	10 0 0
Miss Maxwell	0 10 0	Mr. J. Edwards ...	20 0 0	Mr. J. Waylen	0 10 0
Mr. S. Thompson ...	1 1 0	Mr. T. Hubbuck ...	10 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Mart	5 0 0
Mrs. Stevenson ...	1 1 0	Mr. J. Watchurst ...	5 0 0	Mr. James Smith ...	2 2 0
J. H. W.	3 0 0	W. W.	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. H.	
R. P.	10 0 6	Mr. Tubby	5 0 0	Smith	5 5 0
Mr. Daintree	2 2 0	The Misses Drans-		Mrs. Saml. Barrow	2 2 0
Mr. H. Matheson ...	21 0 0	fields	5 5 0	Miss Barrow	2 2 0
Mr. Toller	5 0 0	Mr. J. Finch	5 0 0	Mr. W. C. Price ...	10 0 0
Mrs. Toller	1 0 0	Mr. H. Read	1 1 0	Mr. G. Farmiloe ...	2 2 0
Collected by Mr. E.		Mr. C. Russell	2 2 0	Mr. W. Farmiloe ...	2 2 0
Mills	0 5 7	Mr. J. B. Mead	10 10 0	Mr. Horniman	2 2 0
Miss Nay and		Mr. W. Rea	2 2 0	Mrs. Horniman ...	1 1 0
Friends	0 15 0	Mrs. Rea	1 1 0	Rev. W. Boyd	1 1 0
Mr. J. Deveroll ...	2 0 0	Mr. C. Taylor	5 0 0	Mrs. W. Boyd	1 1 0
Mr. S. Chew	5 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh		Miss T. Greenwood,	
Mr. Pettifer	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh,		for	1 1 0
Captain H. M.	2 10 0	jun.	2 2 0	Miss Carrie Green-	
A. G. P.	0 1 0	Messrs. W. T. Marsh		wood	1 1 0
A. Friend	0 10 0	& Sons	5 0 0	An Oxfordshire Far-	
Mr. Whittaker	5 0 0	Mr. Matherson	1 0 0	mer	6 5 0
Mr. W. Dunn	2 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. Aldis		A Fellow Worker... ..	1 1 0
Mr. H. A.	1 13 6	A Friend from the		Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	5 0 0
Mr. Edwards	5 0 0	Country	5 0 0	Mrs. William Hall	1 1 0
Mr. McArthur, M.P.	10 10 0	Rev. T. Handford ...	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5 0 0
Mr. G. Fitch	1 1 0	Rev. D. Gracey	1 1 0	Mr. T. Biggs	1 1 0
Mr. E. Heritage ...	5 5 0	Rev. A. Fergusson ...	1 0 0	Mr. G. W. Share ...	1 1 0
Mr. B. Harris	5 0 0	Rev. G. Rogers	1 1 0	Miss M. Greenwood	1 1 0
Mr. Padgett	5 0 0	Mr. Isaac Rogers ...	1 1 0	Miss Sarah Green-	
Mr. J. P. Bacon ...	5 0 0	Mr. W. B. Selway ...	2 2 0	wood	1 1 0
Mr. and Mrs. Green	3 3 0	Mr. R. Evans	10 0 0	Mr. T. Greenwood	15 5 0
Mr. D. Church	10 0 0	Mr. Priest	5 0 0	L. G. O.	1 1 0

THE WELCOME VISITOR.*

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee. As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto Him. Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met Him. The Jews which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there. Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw Him, she fell down at His feet, saying unto Him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—John xi. 28—32.

It seems that Martha had heard of Christ's coming and Mary had not. Hence Martha rose up hastily and went to meet the Master, while Mary sat still in the house. From this we gather that genuine believers may, through some unexplained cause, be at the same time in very different states of mind. Martha may have heard of the Lord and seen the Lord; and Mary, an equally loving heart, not having known of His presence, may therefore have missed the privilege of fellowship with Him. Who shall say that Martha was better than Mary? Who shall censure the one, or approve the other? Now, beloved, you may be to-night yourselves, though true believers in Jesus, in different conditions. I may have a Martha here whose happiness it is to be in rapt fellowship with Christ. You have gone to Him already and told Him of your grief; you may have heard His answer to your story, and you may have been able by faith to say, "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world;" and you may be full of peace and full of joy. On the other hand, sitting near you may be a person equally gracious as yourself who can get no farther than the cry, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat!" Dear Martha, condemn not Mary. Dear Mary, condemn not yourself. Martha, be ready to speak the word of comfort to Mary. Mary, be ready to receive that word of comfort, and in obedience to it, to rise up quickly and, in imitation of your sister, go and cast yourself, as she has done already, at the Saviour's feet. I must not say, because I have not all the joy my brother has; that I am no true child of God. Children are equally children in your household though one be little and the other be full grown, and they are equally dear to you though one be sick and the other in good health,—though one be quick at his letters and another be but a dull scholar. The love of Christ is not measured out to us according to our conditions or attainments. He loves us irrespective of all these. Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. He loves all His own, and they must not judge of Him by what they feel, nor measure His love by a sense of their own want of love.

Hoping that the Lord will now bless the word to all of us who are His own people, I shall speak of two things—a visit *from* the Master—a visit *to* the master.

I. Here is a visit from the Master. Martha came and said to Mary,

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"The Master is come"—or as we might read it truly, "The Master is here and calleth for thee." "The Master is come." "The Master is here."

Beloved friends who are just now without the present fellowship with Christ which you could fondly desire, permit me to whisper this in your ear. "The Master is here! The Master is here!" We cannot come round and whisper it secretly as Martha did, but take the message each one of you to himself,—“The Master is here.”

He is here, for He is accustomed to be where His word is preached with sincerity of heart. He is accustomed to be wherever His saints are gathered together in His name. We have His own dear word for this—the best pledge we can have—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." We have met in His name, we have met for His worship, we have met to preach His Gospel; and the Master is here. We are sure He is here for He always keeps His word; He never fails of His promise.

He is here, for some of us feel His presence. Had Mary said to Martha, How do you know that the Master is come? she would have answered, "Why I have spoken with Him, and He has spoken to me." Well, there be some among us who can say, "He has spoken to us," Did we not hear Him speaking when we were singing that hymn just now:

" My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights?"

Did not we perceive Him to be near some of us, when we were singing,

" Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though, by His free ways with us,
Our earnestness to prove?"

I, for one, did, if none besides; I can bear good witness to you that are languishing for His company, "The Master is here."

And mark, He is here none the less surely because you have not, as yet, found it out, for a fact does not depend upon our cognizance of it, though our comfort may be materially affected thereby. The Master was at Bethany though Mary had not heard an inkling of the good tidings; there she sat, her eyes red with weeping, and her whole soul in the grave with her brother Lazarus. Yet Jesus was there for all that. Make the case your own; though you may have come here troubled with all the week's cares,—though while you have been sitting here the thought of something that will happen to-morrow has been depressing you,—though some bodily weakness has been holding you down when you would lift up your spirit towards God, yet that does not alter the fact. "The Master is come:" the Master is here. Oh, there was Mary sighing, "If only Christ had been here! Oh, if only Christ would come!" And there He was! And perhaps you are saying, "Oh that He were near me!" He is near you now. You sigh for what you have, and pine for that which is near you. You think not, like Mary Magdalene, that He standeth in this garden. You are asking, "Where have ye laid Him?" While your joy and comfort seem to you dead, He, whose absence you mourn stands present

before you. Oh that He would but open those eyes of yours, or rather, that He would open your heart, by saying to you, "Mary!" Let Him but speak one word right home to you personally, and you will answer with gladness, "Rabboni!" The Master is come here, though you as yet have not perceived Him.

That word "The *Master*" has a sweet ring about it. He is the Master. He that is come is earth's Master. What are your cares? He can relieve them. What are your troubles? He can overcome them, and sweep them out of the way. The Master has come. "Cast thy burden on the Lord: He will sustain thee." He is hell's Master. Art thou beset with fierce temptations and foul insinuations of the arch-fiend? The Master has come. Oh, lift thy head, thou captive daughter of Zion, for thy bands are broken. The Breaker is come up before them; their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them. He who hath come is no menial servant, but the right royal Master Himself. The Master is come. What though your heart now seem cold as a stone, and your spirit is cast down within you? What though death hath set up its adamant throne in thy breast? The Master has come, and His presence can thaw the ice, dissolve the rock, bring thee all the graces of the Spirit and all the blessings of heaven that thy soul can possibly require. "The Master is come"—does not that touch your soul and fire your passions? Whose Master is He but your own? And what a Master! No taskmaster, no slave's master, but such a Master that His absolute sovereignty inspires you with sweetest confidence; for He binds you with the bonds of love, and draws you with the cords of a man. Master indeed is He! Aye, Lord and sole Master of your soul's inmost core if you be what you profess to be; the Master whose sceptre is the sceptre of reed which He carried in His hand when He was made a scorn and scoffing for you; the Master whose crown is the crown of thorns which He wore for your sins when He accomplished your redemption. Your Master. Thou shalt call Him no more Baali, but Ishi shall His name be called. He is only Master in that same sense in which the tender loving husband is the master of the house. Love makes Him supreme, for He is Master in the art of love, and therefore Master of our loving hearts. How sweetly doth "my Master" sound! "My Master." Why, if nothing else might bestir us to get up and run to meet Him, it should be the sound of that blessed word, "The Master is here: the Master has come."

But Martha added—and it is a very weighty addition (may the Holy Ghost make application of it to your heart)—"and calleth for thee." "But is that true?" says one; "doth He call for me?" Dear brother, dear sister, I know that if I say He does I shall not speak without His warrant, for when He comes into a congregation He calls for all His own. He speaketh, and He saith to all whom He loves, "Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away." I know He does, because love always delights in fellowship with the object that is loved. Jesus loved you or ever the earth was. His delights were with the sons of men from old eternity. He loved you so well that He could not keep in heaven without you, and He came here to seek you and to save you. And now it gives His heart joy to be near you. He saith: "Let Me hear thy voice; let Me see thy face: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." I tell you it is Christ's nether heaven to hear the voices of His people. It is that for which He

left heaven—that He might give them voices with which to praise Him. Do you think He loved you so, and will live without you? Nay, He calls for you.

What is His Word, indeed, all through, but a call to His own beloved to come to Him? What are Sabbath-days but calls in which He says: “Come away! come away, my beloved, from the noise and turmoil of the city, and come into the quiet places where my sheep lie down and feed?” What are your troubles but calls to you in which, with somewhat of harshness as it seems to you, but with an inner depth of love, He says, “Away, my beloved, from all earthly delights, to find thy all in Me?” What is the Communion of the Lord’s Supper but another call to you, “Come unto Me?” The bread which you shall eat, and the wine which you shall drink, these are for yourself, and the call which is encompassed by them as by symbols is for each one of you. The Master is here, and calleth for thee—for each one. “Oh,” but saith Mary, “my eyes are bleared with weeping.” He calleth for thee, thou red-eyed sorrower. “Ay, but my heart is heavy with a sad affliction.” He calleth for thee, thou burdened sufferer. “Ay, but I have been full of levity all the week, and have forgotten him.” He calleth thee that He may cleanse thee yet again. “Ah, but I have denied Him.” What saith He, but, “Go, and tell My disciples, and Peter?” He calleth for thee that He may forgive thee yet again, and may say unto thee, “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?” I care not who you are, if you are one of His the Master is come and calleth for thee. “Why,” says one, “no Christian has spoken to me for a long while.” But the Master calleth for thee. “But I seem so solitary in this great metropolis, and though I know my Master, I do not know any of His people.” Never mind His people: “The *Master* is come, and calleth for thee.” “Ay, but I think if I am one of His I must be at the very tail-end of the catalogue, and the last of all.” He calleth for thee—for thee. Oh, may that word now come home, and may each one feel, “If He calls for me there is such condescension in that call, such tender memories of my weakness, such consideration for my distance and my forgetfulness, that I will loiter no longer. Is the Master come? Lo, I am ready for Him. Doth the Master call? Lo, my spirit answers, ‘Come, Master, my heart’s doors are flung wide open. Come and sit on the throne of my heart. Enter in and sup with me and I with Thee, and make this a gladsome season of intimate fellowship between my soul and her Lord.’”

III. Turning now to our second part, let us talk awhile of a visit to the Master. It follows on the first as a fit sequence. We never come to Christ till Christ comes to us. “Draw me: I will run after Thee.” That is the order. It is not, “We will run after Thee: Lord, draw us.” Never is it thus. When a soul is saying, as we sung in the hymn just now—

“If Thou hast drawn a thousand times,
Oh, draw me yet again,”

—then, beloved, He *is* drawing us. When we are praying to be drawn we are being drawn all the while.

In answer to the Lord’s visit, you will notice the conduct of Mary. She rose up quickly. She bestirred herself. Oh, let each one of our souls now say: “Has the Lord called for me? Why, then, should I loiter or linger for a single moment? I will get me up this very moment; I will say,

‘My Lord, I am come to Thee. Thou hast called me, and here I am.’ Oh, for grace to shake off the sorrow that makes some hearts sit still! Mary’s dear brother was newly laid in the tomb, but she rose up quickly to go and meet her Master. Dear mother, forget for a few minutes that dear unburied child still in the house. Forget awhile, dear husband, that sick wife of yours towards whom your heart so naturally flies. Forget, beloved, just now, all that you have suffered, all that you expect to suffer, all that you have lost or may be losing. The Master is come, and calleth for thee. Rise up quickly. Let not these things constrain thee to inactivity of spirit, but rise up now, and by His grace come away from them. She bestirred herself; she put on her best efforts, that she might not tarry when He called. And then she went, we find, just as she was. She rose up quickly, it is said, and she went: she came unto Him. No sooner said than done. She arose and she came. Well, but should not she have washed her face? Tears add but little beauty to the maiden’s visage. And that hair of hers, I doubt not all dishevelled—might she not have arranged that a little, and prepared her dress, and made herself trim for the Lord? Ah, that is a temptation for the mass of us: “I cannot expect to have fellowship at the table, because I have not come prepared.” Brother, you ought to have come prepared, but, at the same time, if you have not, rise up quickly and come to the Master as you are. The Master had seen Mary with tears before, for He had felt her tears upon His feet. He had seen her with dishevelled hair before, for she had wiped His feet with the hairs of her head. If you are out of order, it is not the first time Christ has seen you so. I do not think a mother’s love depends upon seeing her child in its Sunday clothes. She has seen it, I warrant you, in many a trim in which she would not wish anybody else to see it, but she has loved it none the less. Come, then, thou unprepared one. Come to Him who knows just what thou art, and in what state thou art, and He will not cast thee out; only make brave to believe that, when Christ calls, His call is a warrant to come, however unfit we may be. And oh, how promptly she left all other comforters to come to Christ. There were the Jews that came to comfort her. I dare say they did their best, but she did not stop for the rabbi to finish his fine discourse, nor for the first scholar of the Sanhedrim to complete that dainty parable by which he hoped to charm her ear and assuage her sorrow. She went straight away to the Master there and then. So would I have you forget that there are other comforters: forget your joys as well as your griefs: leave all for Him, and let your soul be only taken up with that Great Master of yours who calls for you, for all your faculties, for all your emotions, for all your passions, for your entire self. Come right away, by His help, from everything else that would absorb any part of your being. Rise up, and draw near to Him.

But it seems, beloved, that when Mary had reached the Master’s feet she had done all she could, for it is said that she fell at His feet. Ah, you remember she had *kneelt* once at His feet when she washed His feet: she had *sat* once at His feet, when she heard His words; this time she *fell* at His feet. She could neither kneel to do Him service, nor sit to pay Him the reverence of a disciple. She fell all but in a swoon, life gone from her. She fell at His feet. Never mind, if you are at His feet, if you do but fall there. Oh, to die there—it were life itself! Once get to Jesus, and you may say, like Joab at the altar when Benaiah said, “Come away, for

Solomon has sent me to slay thee." "Nay," said Joab, "but I will die here;" and at the horns of the altar there he died. And if we must die, we will die there at His feet. Fall down at His feet. Beloved, if you do not feel you have got strength for communion to-night, never mind: it does not want any.

"Oh, for this no strength have I:
My strength is at His feet to lie."

Some of us do know what it is to be scarcely able to get together two consecutive thoughts—not to be able to master a text or lay hold of a promise; still we could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" we could lie down at the feet that were pierced, and feel how sweet it is to swoon at the Saviour's feet. Only get there. Let your will and heart be good to get at Him now, for the Master is here, and calls for you. Come, though in the coming you should utterly fail to get enjoyment, come and fall at His feet. Do I hear any of you saying, "Ah, but I have a heavy thought pressing at my heart, and if I come to him it is not much that I can say in His honour. I feel but little love, and gratitude, and joy. I could not pour out sweet spikenard from the broken box of my heart." Be it so, only pour out what you have; for what did Mary do? She said—and the Master did not chide her, though He might have done—"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Oh, it was half cruel, for she seemed to say, "Why wast Thou not here?" It was unbelieving in part, and yet there is a deal of faith in it—a sweet clinging to Him. Martha had said the same; and it shows how often those two sisters had said to one another: "Would God the Master was here." When the brother was very sick and near to death, they were saying to one another: "Oh, if we could get the Master here!" That had been the great thought with them, so they pour it out. Beloved, when you are at Jesus' feet, if you have an unbelieving thought, if you have something that half-chides Him, pour out your heart like water before the Lord:—

"Let us be simple with Him then—
Not backward, stiff, and cold;
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old."

Tell Him the weakness; tell Him the suspicion; tell Him all the sin that has been, and all the sin that is haunting you. Tell it all to Him; and at His feet is the place to tell it. You will be eased of your burden then. Beloved, you know how Mary received consolation. It was a great day for her when she got to Christ's feet, and then the Master began to do wondrously, and very soon Lazarus was restored. So now, your first business, my beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, is to get to Jesus. "Oh, but Lazarus is dead." Never mind Lazarus. You get to Jesus, and He will see to Lazarus. "Oh, but my business fails me." Never mind the business just now. Get to Jesus. "Oh, but there is sickness in my house." Leave the sickness for awhile now. The one thing is to get to Jesus and to His feet. "Oh, but my own heart is not as it should be." Forget thine own heart, too, and remember Jesus; He is to thee all that thou canst need. He is made, of God, unto thee, "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" and do thou come to Him quickly, and thou shalt have all thou wantest. "Ah," says one, "I cannot bear to think of God, for I do not love Him." "Ah," says another, "but I can bear to think of Him,

for though I did not love Him He loved me." And now you may say: "I cannot bear to think of coming to Jesus, for I do not love Him as I should." Ah, but think of Him, for He loves thee. His grace to thee is boundless. Now let thine ownself be put aside awhile, and remember this "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus has come into the world to save sinners." Come, then, in the strength of that!

I must close by saying a few words to those whom hitherto I have not addressed. Perhaps there are some here to whom this message has never come—"The Master is come and calleth for thee." If it were to reach them to-night it would be the first time they ever heard it. O, dear heart, I pray it may come to you, that this may be the beginning of days with you. The Master has come. This is certain. From the highest throne in glory to the manger, to the cross, and to the grave, the Master has come. That He calls for thee, this is also certain, I think. Let me give you a text in which, I think, He calls for you. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." "Whosoever believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." Calls He not for you too in this text, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon?" Calls He not for you in this verse, where He bids all that labour and are heavy laden come unto Him, that they may rest; or in that other, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be as snow." He calleth for thee. Do not disbelieve him. It is certainly matchless grace, but He is a God and none is like unto Him. "As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are his thoughts above your thoughts." But does your heart say, "Why, if I thought Jesus called for me I would come?" Then He does call thee; that speech of thine, "I would come" proves it; 'tis He that makes thee feel willing. Dost thou long for Him? Oh, He is putting His hand in at the door of thy heart, and making thy bowels yearn for Him. Does a tear drop on the floor, and do you say, "It cannot be that such an one as I should ever live and be saved and be Christ's?" Why, thy very admiration at His grace shows that some of His grace is at work upon thee. Trust in Him! Trust in Jesus whether thou sink or swim. Trust thou that that arm can save: trust thou that that pierced hand can grasp thee; trust thou that that heart that was gashed with a spear can feel for thee. Trust thyself wholly to Him. "Go thy way; thy sins which are many are forgiven thee." If thou hast trusted Him, thou art saved. Come and cast thyself at Jesu's feet to-night. Is there no young man here to whom this shall be Christ's voice? You say you cannot believe, and cannot repent, and cannot do anything. Then fall like dead at Jesu's feet, and look up to Him—to Him alone, and you shall have life. Is there no young woman here burdened in heart, to whom the Saviour's feet may become a place of refuge from all her fear? I trust there is. And if I speak to some one far advanced in years, who imagines that he, at least, must be given up by mercy, it is not so. Thou hast but a few days more to live, but the Master calleth for thee. Rise up quickly! May to-night witness thy forsaking of thy sins, and thy clinging to His cross; and one day thou shalt see His face in heaven without a veil between.

The Lord bless you, beloved, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ARE YOU FREE FROM CON- DEMNATION?

Romans viii. 1.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

TRULY miserable is the state of all who are out of Christ. As the cloudy pillar was light to Israel but darkness to the Egyptians, so all the promises of the Gospel are full of blessedness to all who are "in Christ," but are full of terror to all who, by unbelief, declare they are out of Christ. All such are "condemned already" by the law they have transgressed, and shall be finally condemned by the Judge of all mankind when they appear before His bar. Remember, unsaved sinner, God Himself shall be your Judge, and pass sentence against you. What madness, then, are you manifesting, while you continue careless about this matter! If guilty men tremble before an earthly tribunal, will you not tremble when you are summoned to appear before the bar of God? Can you, out of Christ, hope to stand before the bar of the Majesty of heaven? Do you expect to be able to hide from the eye of the Omniscient God? Can you hope successfully to resist the Omnipotent Jehovah? Dare you dream of corrupting the righteousness of the eternally righteous One? This is impossible. Your careless heedlessness is profanity—'tis horrid madness. The God whom you have despised, and are still despising, whose law you have broken, and are still defying, will be your inexorable Judge. He will pronounce against you the dread sentence of

condemnation, and that sentence involves the loss of the love of God, of the favour of God, of the presence of God, with the possession of the endless, ceaseless, remediless torments of hell-fire. 'Tis undying woe you are treasuring up for yourselves while you remain unbelievers. Remember, the sentence of condemnation once recorded, can never be reversed nor resisted. When man condemns, God can save; but when God condemns, none can deliver. Not alone will God condemn the finally impenitent; they will also condemn themselves. Their awakened consciences will loudly thunder, "We deserved this, because we hated instruction, and despised reproof." "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the LORD thy God, when He led thee by the way?" (Jer. ii. 17). "Thy way and thy doings have procured these things unto thee: this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reacheth unto thine heart" (Jer. iv. 18). All God's punishments are the fruit of man's wickednesses. It is but just that all they who reject Christ should, in turn, be rejected by Christ. Oh, be wise in time! It will be too late soon. If you leave this world an unpardoned sinner, you must be condemned for ever; there will then be no escape from the wrath of God.

Glory be to God, salvation is now possible—aye, and even for the very worst of sinners. It is possible for you. Do you ask how you may be saved? Gladly I answer. Condemn sin in yourselves. Condemn yourselves on account of your

sins. Go at once to Jesus as a condemned sinner. Place all your trust in Him. Pray to God for the pardon of your sins, pleading the blood which Jesus shed. Faith in Jesus Christ is the saving grace of the Gospel. If you believe "with the heart" in Jesus, the holy law of God cannot condemn you, because Jesus has magnified the law, and made it honourable, for all who believe in His name. If you do not believe in Jesus Christ, the Gospel cannot save you; for there is none other name given among men, whereby we must be saved. Oh, see to it then, that you are "in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1). He is the only Ark, the only city of refuge for lost sinners. By faith in Jesus Christ sinners are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses. The doctrine of justification by faith is one of the most important doctrines of the Gospel. It reveals to us the only way by which the sinner can know he has "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

In Romans viii. 1, the Apostle Paul says, "*There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.*" Let us see WHAT WARRANT THE APOSTLE HAD FOR MAKING THIS ASSERTION.

"There is, therefore, now," the "*therefore*" points to the "*now*," and from it derives its strength. The "*now*" declares the present state of all believers. They are at the present moment free from all condemnation.

"Now freed from sin they walk at large,
Their Saviour's blood their full discharge.

They are "now" no more viewed as under the law, but are regarded by God as complete in Christ Jesus.

The "THEREFORE" declares the reason why they are free from condemnation. It is because *they are righteous in the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ.* "David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." The faith of Abraham "was imputed to him for righteousness. Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him; but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus from the dead; Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of One the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous. Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." The righteousness thus imputed unto believers is a positive righteousness—a Divine reality. The judgment of God concerning them is according to truth. "He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination unto the Lord." Believers are just in Christ Jesus, therefore

are they justified; and "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus;" for the righteousness of Christ is their present—their rightful possession.

Believers are free from condemnation because *the satisfaction which Christ offered for sin is theirs*. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom we have now received the atonement." This done, and suffered, they are accounted as having done and suffered. As He is before God, so are they. "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by One, Jesus Christ." Each believer, as seen by God, is one in Christ, and one with Christ. The believer is never seen apart from Jesus—Jesus is never seen separated from the believer.

Believers are free from condemnation because *they are in possession of a new nature*. To them all old things have passed away, and all things have become new. "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection: knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin. Now if we be dead

with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him." How shall believers, who are dead unto sin, and alive unto Christ, evermore be brought under condemnation? They being dead unto sin, are made free from both the service and condemnation of sin, and are become servants to God, having their fruit unto holiness, the end of which is, in contrast to condemnation, everlasting life.

Moreover, believers cannot be condemned, seeing *they are no longer under the law*. They are delivered from that which alone has the power of condemnation. "For sin shall not have dominion over you," says the Apostle Paul, writing of believers: "for ye are not under the law, but under grace." They are dead to the law, by the body of Christ. They are alive unto God, by the resurrection of Jesus from among the dead. The life which they now live, they live by the faith of the Son of God. The Spirit of God now dwells in them, so that they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made them free from the law of sin and death." Jesus by His sacrifice for sin, has condemned sin in the flesh; "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

God will not condemn His own children, and we know that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For they have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but they have received the spirit of adoption, whereby they cry, "Abba, Father." The Spirit itself beareth witness with their spirit, that they are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that they suffer with Him, that they may be

also glorified together. There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are the sons of God, and this grace of adoption belongs to all them who are in Jesus Christ, that is, to every believer in the Name of the only-begotten Son of God. All such are born of God, and have the Spirit of Christ.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus:" for *there are none to condemn them*. See the triumphant challenge of the Apostle. "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? 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? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, Who is even at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am 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."

Here then are the grounds for the Apostle's assertion, that, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." All believers are righteous; to them belongs the satisfaction which Christ made on account of sin; they are

one with Christ, and are one in Christ; they possess new natures; they are delivered from the law; the Spirit of God dwells in them; they are the sons and daughters of God; and there are none in heaven, on earth, or in hell, that can condemn them.

"Hallelujah! who shall part
Christ's Own church from Christ's
Own heart?"

Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

"Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dire or dark disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Bride and Bridegroom separate?"

"Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom,
Things that are, nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's Own church from Christ's
Own heart!"

*These blessed truths are truths for
the heart. What do you, my readers,
know of them? Are you free from
condemnation?*

Landport, Portsmouth.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 6.—FROM BOSTON TO CHICAGO VIA
ALBANY AND CLEVELAND.

ON turning my face towards the West I was now entering on an entirely new region; with the exception of Albany and Cleveland, through which I had merely passed on my visit in 1847. On this occasion, I had a great desire to see

Cleveland on account of my esteemed brother elder Moulton being located there in Home Missionary work. He and his wife I had met at Sutton in Vermont, and we had become especially intimate through a darling little child that had been taken to the better land soon after my visit. On the way to Cleveland, I was met at the Albany Railway Depôt by three persons who had been formerly members of my Church, and who are now connected with one of the Baptist Churches in this city. I had intended spending an evening with them on my return, but through the failure of the trains to connect at Binghamton I was greatly disappointed in not seeing them again. At Cleveland in the early morning brother Moulton was waiting with conveyance to conduct me to his hospitable Christian home where I spent the day, with him and his family and a Christian brother minister from one of the Churches in that region. The weather now was extremely hot and almost unendurable, and how to move about became a problem of difficult solution. In the course of the day, in one of the chief streets of Cleveland, I met a dear old English friend, Mr. Lockwood, who was in Cleveland on business. The meeting was mutually agreeable and the surprise equally great on both sides. In the evening we were joined by Dr. Graham, and we had a meeting in the Mission Station Chapel, but on account of the heat and imperfect notice few persons were present. Cleveland is a large flourishing city at the head of Lake Erie, with a population of 100,000, and connected with various parts of the States and Canada, by Rail and Lake communication. Next morning joined by Dr. Graham, I took rail for Chicago, and about two

o'clock came to Hillsdale Station, and had a full view of the town and handsome college buildings, of which he is president. Here I saw, and had five minutes friendly chat with brother Dunn, and then I left the president at his home and proceeded on to Chicago. The college at Hillsdale is one of the most flourishing institutions of the West, and is nobly sustained by an earnest roll of Professors, men ardent in the Saviour's work, devoted to the interests of general education. Dr. Graham has proved himself to be the right man in the right place, and has given an impetus to this noble institution, so as to secure for it the confidence of not only our churches but of the friends of Christian learning generally. I deeply regretted that I could not be present at its first session in September, when I was too far away to have the privilege. At about ten that night I reached the City of Chicago. Through some mistake the friends were not apprised of the train I came by and so I had to go to one of the hotels of this celebrated city. The proprietor had once been connected with one of our Free Churches in the Eastern States. On the Saturday I most happily found out the friends who had been most anxiously looking for my arrival.

The church edifice of the Free Baptists is most eligibly situated and is a gem in itself. A number of respectable families are associated with it, some of whom I had known in Boston in 1847. Their minister, a devoted brother from Vermont, was in delicate health, and has since returned to his eastern home. Chicago in 1870 had about 300,000 population, and was rapidly rising to take the first place among American cities. The friends kindly conveyed me through

all the burnt districts of this city that had been so reduced to ashes by the conflagration of the previous October. Whole lengths of miles in extent, squares, streets, blocks, of warehouses and shops, public buildings, hotels, churches, had all been involved in one utter ruin. The blazing fire at one time swept alike buildings and pavement in one continued flame of seven miles. I am not aware of any such terrible conflagration in the history of the world, and yet its resurrection, if possible, is still more marvellous. The energy exerted and the untold wealth brought, for its reconstruction are almost incredible. Some 60,000 workmen were employed in raising its buildings. Magnificent structures had already been completed, whole streets finished, public city offices, hotels appearing on their former sites, but with increased magnificence. The whole city seemed to be animated with the most unbounded ardour in re-erecting their places of worship, warehouses and homes.

On one of the street car lines, leading out towards the University, I was surprised by the sudden stoppage to which we were brought, when I discovered that a house in the course of removal was across our track, and when it had crossed over we pursued our way. This was a new thing to me to be stopped by a moving building of some six or eight rooms!

On the Lord's Day, July 1st, I occupied the Free Baptist pulpit forenoon and evening, and had large and respectable congregations, among whom were many persons from different parts of England. On the Monday evening I had a public reception, when Dr. Graham was present, and a most pleasant evening was spent. The newspapers of Chicago vie with each other in pub-

lishing Sunday doings in their Monday editions, and giving reports of sermons delivered. I was reported in some four papers. In one I was represented as saying what I never did say, and in another what I did say I did not recognise again, and in a third a fair outline of my sermon was given; but in the fourth I was described as preaching at the re-opening of Dr. Bartlett's Congregational Church, and assisting in the baptism of a number of babies! Now as I had no knowledge of this church, and had never been within miles of it, how this extraordinary blunder occurred I could never divine, but it is not likely I shall forget Chicago newspaper reporting. During my visit I was introduced to the Mayor and several of the Corporation, and the gentleman at the head of the free library, which was being extensively supplied from England, and I had frequent opportunities of witnessing how highly our British sympathy and aid was appreciated. My visit to Chicago was one of unmixed pleasure, and I left it with the purpose of spending another Lord's Day in it on my return from the far West. In leaving Chicago I purposed to visit some dear relatives in Wisconsin, whom I had not seen for more than forty years. Their residence was at Ogdensburg, Waupaca County. I found my route was by Chicago and North-Western Rail, and then by a new line to within eight miles of their residence. Ogdensburg is a very rural village, chiefly of small farmers. My half sister's husband is post-master, keeps a tavern without intoxicants, and has a farm. His family are scattered—one son within four miles, one in Iowa, and two at home. On the Saturday night I lectured on Temperance in the Wesleyan Chapel, and preached in the same building on the Lord's Day. I never spent

a Sunday in a more sequestered spot or among more homely people, but while the contrast between this scene and London was the greatest that could be possibly contemplated, to me it was pleasant, and, I hope, to the people profitable. After four days' visit, I bade adieu to relatives and friends here, and directed my course through those districts that had suffered almost equally with Chicago in the previous autumn, and now my purpose was to go by Green Bay and on to Marquette, on that grandest of fresh water inland seas, Lake Superior. A railroad of some hundred miles in this journey was through the dreariest swampy regions I had ever seen, until we came into the mining districts, and then at length to Marquette, a most beautifully situated thriving town, with many handsome residences, excellent hotels, and well filled stores. My hotel keeper was from Bristol, and the house was one of more than average comfort. In this town a Brighton man has a most extensive museum of all sorts of curiosities, specimens of different kinds of ores, and Indian manufactured toys, &c. Mr. Mead is an intelligent fair-dealing merchant, and I had the greatest satisfaction in the purchases I made. Here I had to wait till Thursday morning for steamer to go up the Lake some 400 miles. The weather was fine and cool, the Lake grand, and the voyage on the whole, bating the smell of cattle on board, pleasant. We reached Duluth, at the head of the

Lake, on Saturday afternoon. Duluth is only four years old, contains two large hotels, seven places of worship, many handsome shops, legions of speculators and gamblers, countless drinking shops, and a leaven of good Christian people just sufficient to keep the place from utter profligacy and ruin. The drinking aspect of the place exceeded anything I had seen on the other side of the Atlantic.

I preached for the Baptists on the Lord's Day morning, left by train in the evening for the direct West, and *en route* for the Great Union and Central Pacific Railway for Salt Lake and California. The railroad from Duluth was through a most romantic region, where it must have been of very difficult construction, but we reached the depot at St. Paul next morning at about seven o'clock, and I was just in time to catch a connecting train for Marshall, on the Chicago and North-Western Line. During this whole day we were crossing the rolling prairies of Iowa and Minnesota, and then at ten that night I connected with the express for Council Bluffs, Omaha, &c. Now for the first time I saw the majestic river Missouri, and we crossed over on the grand bridge, not quite completed, at snail's pace, until we got into the depot at Omaha. Here began our route by Union and Central Pacific Rail, by which we were to travel right on to the Pacific, the most interesting railroad in the world.

(To be Continued).

Our Denominational Meetings.

THE meetings were commenced this year as usual by the holding of the members' meeting of the Young Men's Missionary Association, followed by the annual sermon on behalf of the British and Irish Home Mission. The attendance at the prayer-meeting was encouraging, most of the long-tried friends of the various societies being present.

THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.—The annual meeting was held April 24. The chair was taken at seven o'clock by J. P. Bacon, Esq. The report, the forty-eighth, was read by the secretary, Mr. A. T. Bowser, and revealed the pleasant fact that last year the income was £870 in excess of the previous year, although no legacy was included. Then there were no arrears in the repayment of loans, of which twenty-two were granted during the year, being, with one exception, the largest sum ever voted by the society. The congregational collections amounted to £43 5s. 7d., not a particularly large amount, but the number of them is increasing, and this in itself is a gratifying sign. Then, it is also noticeable that an increasing number of churches pay off their loans before actually due—many of them before half due; and thus the committee are able to extend the benefits of the fund, and the fact was also a proof that the churches had been helped at the right moment. The meeting was addressed by the Chairman, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, W. A. Blake, E. Leach, Dr. Stock, and J. Oliver, Esq.; after which a very interesting paper, "The Spirituality of the work of building Sanctuaries," was read by Rev. J. Dunlop.

WELSH ANNUAL MEETING.—The Welsh annual meeting on behalf of the Foreign Missionary Society was

held on Friday, April 25th, in the Library, at the Mission House, under the presidency of J. H. Puleston, Esq., supported by Revs. Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, B. Millard, of Jamaica, U. Davis, Llangollen, and C. Griffiths, of Merthyr Tydvil.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held on Monday evening, April 28th, in Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn. The chair was occupied by G. T. Kemp, Esq. The Chairman said: We have met to-night to celebrate the thirty-third anniversary of this society. Happily, with us, on this occasion, we have one of the founders of the society in the presence of our dear friend, Dr. Steane, with whom I had great pleasure in being associated in connection with it in its early days. Allow me to express my personal attachment to the society. I feel that we are coming into another generation. There are a good many young people coming up, and others that have joined our body within the last ten or fifteen years who do not know how this society originated. We can look back now without feeling upon the past, and without any of the bitterness which may then have existed. The society bears in its title the chief object from which it was originated, "The Bible Translation Society." You know Dr. Steane to be a man of love and peace, but he loves truth first and peace next. As he was the champion of this society, so he has continued its faithful friend. Rev. A. Powell read the report, and the meeting was addressed by Dr. Steane, Dr. Culross, W. R. Stevenson, and others.

BRITISH AND IRISH HOME MISSION.—The annual meeting of this society

was held on Tuesday evening, April 29th, in Bloomsbury Chapel, the chair being occupied by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart. Rev. C. Kirtland, secretary, gave an interesting epitome of the report for the past year, from which it appears the society have between sixty and seventy missionaries, who occupy 300 preaching stations, besides a number of stations at which they preach periodically, and they are thus doing an amount of evangelical work not surpassed by the same number of men in any part of the world; 536 persons have been added to communion with the churches referred to. Mr. Kirtland added a brief but interesting account of his visits to Ireland. George B. Woolley, Esq., treasurer, read the financial statement, which showed an increase of the society's income during the past year of £140, and a balance at the banker's of £178 1s. 11d. The speakers were E. Noel, Esq., Revs. W. S. Eccles, and R. Glover.

THE BAPTIST UNION MEETINGS.—The annual session was opened at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, at eleven o'clock on Monday, April 28th, by the usual devotional services. Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, the retiring chairman, in a few graceful words, congratulated the Union on the choice of Dr. Underhill as incoming president. Dr. Underhill then took the chair, and the Rev. G. Short, of Salisbury, in moving a vote of thanks to the retiring president, referred to the fact that, as a denomination, we have yet much to learn in respect of Christian unity. We were not so compact a brotherhood as we ought to be and should strive to be. If we do not set up formally a standard of union, let us see that we interpose no unnecessary barriers to so desirable an end. We have

a future before us, as well as a past history; and though, in liberty of thought and opinion, we move onward distinct as the billows, we should yet be one as the sea. The Rev. Dr. Price, of Aberdare, in seconding the resolution, passed a very high tribute to Dr. Thomas. It was met that he should have been chosen president, and it was only because we did not know him so well as did his Welsh brethren, that he had not been chosen president at least ten years earlier.

SOIREE AT CANNON-STREET HOTEL.—Dr. Underhill took the chair. Mr. J. H. Pattison then read an able paper on "Our Testimony." At the conclusion of Mr. Pattison's paper a hymn was sung, and then Dr. Landels gave a masterly exposition of "Our Position and Prospects." After this another hymn was sung, and then Mr. Tymms spoke earnestly on "Our Growth, and its Effect on Spiritual Life." The adjourned meeting was held on Thursday morning, May 1st, at Walworth-road Chapel, under the presidency of Dr. Underhill, the chairman of the year. There was the customary introductory devotional service, commencing at half-past ten, and continuing for one hour, when Dr. Underhill took the chair, and called upon the secretary, the Rev. J. H. Millard, to read the report. This was an unusually lengthy document, and had evidently been prepared with much care.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.—The thirty-second annual meeting was held at Exeter Hall on Wednesday, April 30. Rev. J. A. Spurgeon took the chair. Rev. J. T. Briscoe, the secretary, read the report, which showed an improving condition of the society. Grants had been made to France, Italy, the Vaudois Valleys, Spain, and India. The financial progress was encouraging. After

the treasurer, E. J. Oliver, Esq., had presented the balance-sheet, addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Cox, G. Hubert, J. Teall, F. White, and C. Kirtland.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting took place on Thursday, May 1st. The hall was well filled. Hugh M. Matheson, Esq., presided. The report was read by the Rev. Dr. Underhill, and showed a very large increase in the accessions to the mission churches, and an income only once exceeded in the society's history. The baptisms at all the stations, both in the east and west, have amounted to quite 2,000 persons, an increase of one-third over the average of the last five years. The Southal mission exhibits features of special interest. Two hundred and twenty persons have been baptised; eighty-five at once on one occasion, including five Christian households, fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters. The people themselves,—even the boys and girls of the schools—take a very active share in spreading the Gospel among their countrymen. In the Backergunge Mission 110 persons have been baptized, chiefly among the heathen. Much progress has been made in translations. The Jamaica churches report 1,223 baptisms during the year, and a net increase in the churches of 894. There are now 107 Baptist churches in Jamaica, containing 23,367 members in full communion, and 3,228 inquirers. The Calabar institution continues very successfully to supply the churches with native pastors and schoolmasters. The churches in Norway are growing in numbers, sixty-two persons having been added to them, while in Rome the labours of the Rev. J. Wall are greatly blessed. The society has lost by

death one missionary during the year, the Rev. J. Jenkins, and two others have ceased to act in connection with it. The income has been £38,611 2s. 11d., only £700 short of the largest income it has ever received. But the expenditure has been £3,006 more than last years. After the opening address by the chairman, the meeting was addressed by the Revs. C. Williams, T. Evans, and J. E. Henderson.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this association was held on Friday evening, May 20, in Bloomsbury Chapel. The chair was occupied by James Harvey, Esq. The report was read by the Secretary, and stated that this was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the society. The direct results were principally to be seen in the additions made to the juvenile auxiliaries to the parent society's funds. In 1847 there was £136 subscribed by these auxiliaries to the parent society, and in 1871 over £1,000 were received. The work of the association has been performed by various means, such as the delivery of lectures on subjects connected with missionary matters, the explanation of the customs of idolators, and the nature of the superstitions in which they indulged. A scheme would shortly be made public by the committee for extending the interest felt in missions amongst those more advanced in years than the attendants at Sunday-schools, but the extra work would entail extra expense. The balance-sheet showed a total expenditure of £384 15s. 2d., and the amount paid over to the funds of the Baptist Missionary Society was £263 14s. 8½d. Revs. A. McAuslane, D.D., B. Millard, and others, addressed the meeting.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

It was not often that Old Ben troubled himself about his work-people; usually there were more applications than he could meet—but the season was coming on, and all the hands would be required; so he enquired after Milly, but no person could give the necessary information. Poring over his book he found that some work had been taken away by her, so he determined to find her out if possible.

He despatched his son in search, and he, on arriving at No. 6 in the Row, learnt from the tenant the sorrow that had befallen her. Like most of his class, he cares but little about a Christian, but he does care about his goods, and vociferously he asks permission to ascend in search of them. This is peremptorily declined, for since the affair of the pocket-book has been cleared up satisfactorily the tenant had furnished the poor old lady with all the nourishment she required; he had sent back the workhouse nurse brought by the policeman, and in her stead had hired a skilled nurse; medical aid had also been called in, and everything that could be done had been done for her comfort; the room had been cleaned, a carpet laid down, furniture sent up from downstairs, a few choice pictures placed upon the walls, and the room made, as he called it, cosy.

"I won't have her disturbed," he said, "Poor old dear, she is only

just beginning to feel herself comfortable. What is the worth of the things you say you have lost? tell me, and I will pay you; but upstairs you don't go. I am downright ashamed of myself for letting them be so long in that state, but I did not know they were so poor; they never complained, and always seemed contented; their rent was paid regularly, and now I find that all they did was the work of that poor girl they have got in the hospital. I only wish I had been there when that fool of a policeman took her; if he had but a grain of sense, and used his eyes, he would have seen she wouldn't jump over the bridge. Girls like her don't do such things—anybody could see she was above that; and I'll tell you what: I mean to stick to her, right and left, through thick and thin, and she shan't want for a thousand or two. So now, if you'll step in I'll settle your claim."

Something like a sneer settled on the face of the young Jew at the mention of a thousand or two, as if he thought No. 6 in the Row was not exactly the place to find wealth; but his countenance underwent a change as soon as he crossed the threshold, and was shown into the parlour. A glance at the elegant furniture told him that he was in the presence of a man of substance, and immediately, with the cunning peculiar to his race, he said, apologetically, "I am very sorry to have given you trouble; I don't mind so long as the stuff is safe. You will be sufficient security for that. I beg pardon, Sir. Good morning."

The tenant lit his pipe, and, standing at the door, watched the retreating figure of the Jew, and

when he had passed from sight he burst into a wild fit of laughter, and ended, with something like an oath, as he puffed at his pipe more vigorously, "I wonder if he knew me—he little thinks who I am."

It was at this juncture that a cab was driven to the door, and Edith presented herself for admission; but to all her entreaties, expostulations, and endearments the tenant had but one answer: "She shall not be disturbed; you can do as you like about entrusting me with your business, but upstairs you don't go."

Seeing it was in vain to reason with him, Edith took her leave, and in the excitement of this strange and unexpected meeting, forgot to leave Milly's letter.

CHAPTER V.—A BOILER EXPLOSION.

NEAR to the Row, and running parallel with it, was a narrow, winding street leading to the water-side. It was chiefly filled with boat-builders, rope-makers, ship-chandlers, wharfingers, and others of like craft whose livelihood depends on the commerce of the silent highway. There were very few dwellings in it, and these were occupied by overlookers connected with the shipping interests in the vicinity. About the middle of this street, and just at the rear of No. 6, was a large building known as the "Oil Factory," from the fact that a great deal of oil cake for feeding purposes, was made upon the premises from damaged cotton-pods; it was a new branch of that manufacture, and was due to the inventive genius of two brothers, Frenchmen, who had given quite an impetus to the trade. The gates were usually kept close, its exports and imports being generally effected from the water-side. The ponderous machinery necessary for the crushing and extracting of the oil was

kept going day and night, and frequently through the greater part of the Sabbath, in direct violation of the law of God.

The majority of the workmen employed were of the lower order of Irish, and were professedly of the Catholic religion, and to meet their wants a small but beautiful Catholic chapel had been built. Priests were frequently seen flitting about, and a series of revivalist services were held by the Passionist Fathers. On these occasions a cross was raised in the little railed space fronting the chapel, something to represent the bunch of hyssop and the sponge, the spear and the thorn crown were hung on it or stood around it, while, at the services held in the interior, the priest passionately apostrophised a bleeding heart, or talked rapturously to a waxen image of the Saviour, and at such times the audience would bow to the ground and mutter rapidly their prayers.

There was a young man in the neighbourhood known by the name of Charlie, a respectable, God-fearing Christian. His soul was stirred within him as he witnessed or heard of these mummeries, and he mentally vowed, God helping him, to do all he could to counteract this teaching; so from house to house he went with the message of eternal life, and, where practical, preached in the houses of the people to as many as could be got to hear the Word. In his visits he found one or two members of a Scotch Presbyterian Church of the good old school, sound in the faith of Paul, of Knox, willing to listen to the Word of life; these he met weekly for Christian converse. He next formed a band of youths, who laid by their weekly pence, bought tracts, and stationed themselves at either end of the street on the

Lord's day, so that the idler or the Sabbath breaker rarely escaped their importunities.

In one of the large courts running diagonally from the main street, a perfect colony of Irish had established themselves. The Lodging House Act was not then known, or, if known, he would have been a bold man who sought to put it in force. The boldest tract distributor had never dared to show his face in the square, as it was called, and a glance at the groups round the doors on a Sunday was sufficient to have deterred an ardent spirit; but Charlie determined to beard the

lion in his den. He accordingly announced his intention of preaching in the square on a Sunday afternoon. It was in vain he urged the few Christians in the neighbourhood to accompany him. They pointed out the danger of such an act, reasoned with him about its folly, declared that possible results would not pay for the risk, and not a few said, it would serve him right if he did get it, and so all but one man refused to accompany him on his mission of preaching Christ to the poor deluded people who, strong in their superstition, blindly followed their priests.

(To be Continued).

Hebrews.

Biblical Museum. A Collection of Notes—Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative—of the Holy Scriptures, &c. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Vol. V. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS volume concludes the New Testament, comprising Hebrews to Revelations. Of all the helps to the understanding of the Scripture, the *Biblical Museum* is unique, and the editor has struck out an entire new path, in which he has collected every kind of criticism, exposition, and illustrations which can help the Sunday-school teacher, the student, and the Christian minister to a better knowledge of the meaning and design of the Word of God. The five volumes now completed are, in these respects, unequalled in real worth by any books extant, and give an unprecedented amount of real treasure not to be met with elsewhere. By the condensed mode, both in writing and printing, this work, instead of being what many commentaries are, gold leaf, here is given the precious material in ingots, nuggets, and rare gems. The volumes are substantially half-bound, so that they will

abide any ordinary amount of wear and tear. The whole Christian Church is laid under great obligations to all who have been concerned in producing this incomparable Biblical work. This volume has connected with it two indexes, which will greatly facilitate in referring either to the subjects or anecdotes contained in the work.

Sketches in the Vineyard. By WM. SMITH. (Elliot Stock.)

A REMARKABLY telling volume, designed to show the importance of real earnest work in the Church of Christ by all bearing the Christian name. The ground covered by the writer, and stories and illustrations furnished, cannot fail to make it useful to all classes of readers. Fidelity to truth, and a graphic mode of exhibiting it, distinguish this very excellent work. We sincerely hope it will be widely circulated, and be abundantly useful.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Baptist Magazine. A most excellent number. We are delighted with

"The Morning Star," by T. R. Stevenson, of Barnstaple, who always writes well; but in this instance has excelled himself.

Sword and Trowel. All good, but has several very superior papers. We trust the "Priest of the City Temple" will be satisfied with his portion.

Old Jonathan. An admirable number.

Christian Armour. Thoroughly good, and all the papers on important and useful topics.

Ragged School Union Magazine. Is more interesting than usual.

Catholic Sermons (Curtice, 12, Catherine-street, Strand). Four numbers of this remarkably cheap and well got up series of telling sermons. Here we have striking discourses by Bevs. Newman Hall, A. Mursell, and A. G. Brown. They are printed on very superior-toned paper, and A. Mursell's or Dr. Guthrie is accompanied with a very telling engraved portrait of that noble-hearted Christian philanthropist, and minister of mercy to the poor and intemperate.

Christian Edification. (No. 1.) *Christ Crucified, or the War Cry of the Church.* By W. POOLE BALFERN, (Passmore and Co.) 2d. A discourse of unusual worth, and just adapted to

our times. All lovers of evangelical truth should circulate it most freely.

The Baptist, Nos. 16 and 17. The last number double size, to meet the yearly reports of different Baptist societies. We were delighted to find our ministerial brethren of London and country alike rejoicing in the unmistakable excellency and denominational power that this new paper is exerting. A thorough canvas of our reading people, and it will at once take its place among the leading Christian journals of the day.

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel is just suited to our soldiers at home and abroad, and must be a power for good in the British army.

The Hive is especially telling in its apt and useful outlines of Scripture subjects.

"*The Appeal*," and "*Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society*" are worthy of the objects they contemplate. We have received very striking "Tables with mourning borders" of ships that have left British ports, with draught, depth of lading, &c., and which we hope will stimulate the people of the country to take an interest in all that concerns the safety of our seamen, as well as to secure petitions in aid of Mr. Plimsoll's Bill.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Mr. E. R. Broom, of Rawdon College, has accepted a unanimous invitation from the church at Milton, near Northampton.

Rev. F. Fielder, of West Haddon, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the first church, Earl's Barton, Northamptonshire.

Mr. N. Dobson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at Deal at the close of his college term.

Rev. G. A. Young, Blairgowrie, has accepted a call to the church at Lochgilphead, Argyshire.

MARTHAM, near GREAT YARMOUTH.—F. Moore, having resigned the pastorate of the above church, seeks another sphere. Address 11, Valentine-street, Norwich.

Rev. H. Beddow, formerly of Belper, Derby, has completed his engagement with the Evangelisation Society of London to do evangelistic work in the villages of Berkshire, and is now at liberty to supply vacant pulpits. Address, Mission-hall, Sholing, Southampton, Hants.

PRESENTATIONS.

NEWBURY.—A social tea has just been held to take farewell of Rev. J.

E. Cracknell, pastor of the Baptist Church of this town, who is removing to a more extended field of labour at South Shields. In the course of the evening addresses were delivered by Mr. Davies, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Coxeter, and Mr. Scott, and a presentation was made to Mr. Cracknell of a valuable gold watch with inscription, "Presented to the Rev. J. E. Cracknell as a token of esteem from his friends at Newbury, April 28, 1873." A pair of gold spectacles was included in the present; and in addition a portrait of Mr. Cracknell was presented to his wife. An address from the Sunday-school was read by Mr. P. E. Davies. Mr. Cracknell preached his farewell sermon on the Sunday evening, taking as his text Acts xxii. 32, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, &c."

Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh, who is about to leave Barnstaple, has been presented with illuminated addresses from the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, of which he has been president for four years, and from his old pupils in Union-terrace Academy. The addresses testified to Mr. Whitmarsh's zeal and earnestness in seeking the good of others.

The friends of Mount Zion, Swansea, have given their pastor, Mr. D. Jones, a purse of £35, as a token of their love.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

PARK CHAPEL, BRENTFORD, on Whit Tuesday, June 3, Anniversary will be held. Tea at half-past five. Dr. Burns will preach at seven. The following Sunday, Rev. W. A. Blake, and Rev. J. Hawes will preach.

ON Tuesday, June 19, (D.V.), the church in Commercial-road, Guildford, will hold their Anniversary Services, when two sermons will be preached by Pastor J. S. Anderson of Deptford, in the morning at eleven, and in the evening at half-past six. A Public Meeting will be held in the afternoon at three o'clock. The pastor Cornelius Slim to preside. Several ministers and friends will address the meeting. Tea at five o'clock, sixpence each.

RECOGNITIONS.

LLANUWCHLLYN.—On Tuesday, April 22, Mr. Thomas Salathiel, student from the College, Llangollen, was publicly set apart as pastor of the churches at the above place, and Bala, Merionethshire. The ministers that officiated were Revs. H. Morgan, Hugh Jones, M.A., W. R. Richards, H. C. Williams, and W. Roberts.

An ordination service in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Smalley, of Bristol College, as pastor of the chapel, Broad-street, Ross, was held on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. H. Phillips read the Scriptures; Rev. E. L. Forster asked the usual questions, which were replied to by Mr. S. King, deacon, and Mr. Smalley; Rev. W. H. Tetley offered the ordination prayer; and Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., delivered the charge. Rev. W. M. Robinson closed with prayer. Tea was provided in the schoolroom. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by T. Blake, Esq., who gave Mr. Smalley a cordial welcome. The meeting was addressed by Revs. E. L. Forster, W. H. Tetley, R. Cameron, and J. P. Jenkins, Esq. On the following Sunday evening the sermon to the church was preached by Rev. R. Cameron.

DEVONPORT.—Services in connection with the recognition of the Rev. E. A. Tydeman, as pastor of the Morice-square Church, were held on Sunday and Monday, the 13th and 14th of April. On the Sunday sermons were preached by Rev. G. Rogers, and in the afternoon a juvenile service was conducted by the newly-appointed pastor. On Monday tea was provided at half-past five, and at seven the recognition service was held in the chapel, when the chair was taken by P. Adams, Esq., of Plymouth. Rev. J. Aldus delivered the charge to the people.

Rev. R. C. PAGE, of Bristol College, was ordained, on the 15th of April, as pastor of Broad-street Chapel, Per-shore. Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., delivered the charge to the minister, and Rev. R. P. Macmaster preached

to the church. Revs. R. F. Guyton and B. V. Pryce took part in the services.

NEW CHAPELS.

WANDSWORTH.—A new chapel in the Wandsworth-road, was opened on Thursday, April 17th, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The church is one out of a number which the Baptist Association engages to build. The site has been provided, at a cost of £1,500, by the elders of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; the cost of the building itself being £3,100. Of this sum the Association has contributed £1,000, and Mr. Spurgeon has raised £600, leaving £1,500 to be made up. The chapel is a handsome and commodious structure, capable of accommodating 1,100 persons, the builder being Mr. Higgs, of Lambeth, the builder of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Besides Mr. Spurgeon, the Revs. E. Henderson (pastor of the new chapel), W. J. Mayers, J. Soule, and others addressed the meeting.

The new chapel at Melton Mowbray has just been opened. Rev. J. P. Chown preached to large congregations. There were many interesting speeches, and the collections amounted to £70. After the sermons on Sunday by Rev. E. Lauderdale £15 more were collected. The chapel will seat 400 people, and cost £1,700. Subsequent services were conducted by Dr. Landels and Rev. J. A. Spurgeon.

NEW CHURCH.

On Tuesday, May 6th, a meeting was held at the temporary Baptist Chapel, Elm-grove-street, Plumstead, Kent, Rev. P. Gast presiding, when forty-four friends formed themselves into a church. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then administered, and the new church addressed by the chairman and the pastor, Rev. James Smith, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. On the Wednesday fifteen of these friends were baptized, on profession of faith, by the pastor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHURCH STREET CHAPEL, EDWARDE-

ROAD.—On Sunday, May 11, Dr. Burns entered on the thirty-ninth year of his ministry. He selected as his text Deuteronomy ii. 13 and 14. In referring to the public men, the "warriors who had wasted away during the thirty-eight years, he took notice of the two monarchs of England and France, William the Fourth, and Louis Phillippe, of statesmen, Sir Robert Peel, Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, and Duke of Wellington. With regard to the clergymen and Nonconformist ministers of the district, not one survived. In his own congregation, there were two survivors, who were present on his first day's ministry in May, 1835. Since that period they had reduced a debt of £1,400, and had laid out about £1,200 more. There have been baptised upwards of 800 persons, and from twenty-one members on the church roll in 1835, there was now more than 500. In the afternoon Dr. Burns invited the Sunday-school teachers to tea with him in the vestry, where a most happy and cheering season was enjoyed. It is now twelve months since he took his long Tour to the Pacific and spent nineteen weeks in the remote Eastern and far Western States of America, and from which he returned in renewed working vigour.

MILFORD, HANTS.—The Sunday-school tea and anniversary meeting, in connection with the Baptist Church in this place was held on Good Friday. There was a good muster of children and teachers. To the former were given a number of useful books as rewards. After the children were amply supplied with tea and cake, about 200 guests took tea in the chapel. In the evening the chapel was well-filled. Mr. H. V. Gill, a former pastor of the Milford Church (by request), took the chair, and after an appropriate and earnest prayer offered by brother Tuffen, animated and excellent addresses were delivered by brethren Martin of Barton, and Williams of Lymington, and a charming service of song led by Master Allen.

The annual meeting of the Church and

congregation in East Dereham were held on Good Friday. In the afternoon, the members of the church met in the chapel; and the work of the past year in all its details and results—both spiritual and financial—was reported. Six deacons were chosen—the three who served last year being re-elected. The reports were most encouraging. For the ordinary purposes of worship, the ministry, missions home and foreign, benevolent societies for the poor, &c., a larger aggregate sum of money was realised than in any former year since the church was formed in 1783. In the evening, after a social gathering around well-furnished tea-tables, a public meeting was held. The large school-room was crowded. The Rev. William Freeman (the pastor) presided, and gave an address, in which he reviewed the work and service of the church during the year. He referred with expressions of gratitude to the addition of forty-six members to the church, to the interest manifested at public worship and prayer meetings, to the fruits of evangelistic labours in the villages, and to the peace and brotherly kindness prevailing in the church. Looking to the immediate future, he indicated the material improvements contemplated, among which was the renovation and beautifying of the place of worship, and a more systematic and general adoption of weekly storing and weekly offerings. With an earnest exhortation to the use of means provided for the development of spiritual life, he closed a most admirable address, which was listened to with the greatest interest throughout. Able speeches were also delivered by the Rev. J. T. Lane, Messrs. Comer, Baker, Critoph, Perfitt, and Yarrington. The meeting, which was of a most encouraging character, was brought to a conclusion by singing and prayer.

EAST GRINSTEAD.—A few friends have hired the Public Room, East Grinstead, for the purpose of raising a Baptist cause in the town, which, up to the present time, has been utterly destitute in this respect. Mr. E. Roberts, from Mr. Spurgeon's College,

commenced his labours there on Lord's Day, May 4th.

GAINSBOROUGH.—The Baptists in this town are now meeting in the Temperance Hall. The services are conducted by the Rev. J. W. Thomas, from the Pastor's College. On Thursday, 1st May, nearly 100 friends met, and took tea together. It is hoped that a church will soon be formed.

COLNE, HUNTS.—A meeting was held on Thursday, May 8, on the anniversary of the chapel built for occasional services by the Bluntisham congregation, of which Rev. F. W. Goadby, M.A., is pastor. In the afternoon the little chapel was crowded, Rev. W. Jackson, of Willingham, being the preacher. Tea was provided in a large barn, lent by T. Blott, Esq., at which 300 sat down. The barn was filled in the evening, when a capital meeting was held, the chair being taken by C. Robinson, Esq., of St. Ives, and addresses delivered by Rev. T. Lloyd, C. P. Tebbutt, Esq., Rev. W. Jackson, and Mrs. Jackson, who spoke most effectively, and the pastor. At these services there were a large number of Evangelical Church friends; indeed, almost every home in the village was represented.

COALVILLE.—On April 6th sermons were preached in the Baptist Chapel on behalf of the Sunday-school, by the pastor, C. T. Johnson. Congregations very large. Collections were £28.

ROCK PRUHOUT, RADNORSHIRE.—On Good Friday a Bible-class tea-meeting was held in the above chapel. In the afternoon the members of the class were examined by Rev. J. Jones. The subject was "The Life and Character of Joseph." A large number of questions were asked, to most of which suitable answers were given. A large number of friends sat down to an excellent tea, and a public meeting was held in the chapel, the pastor in the chair. Essays which had been prepared by different members of the class were read; the essays were ably and efficiently got up. The object of the pastor in forming a Bible-class was to induce his young friends to

study the Word of God, and to prepare them for the important work of Sabbath-school teaching. There is great credit and praise due to the worthy pastor for the able way in which he has conducted the class.

GREAT BLAKENHAM, SUFFOLK.—We are glad to learn that an effort is being made here to build a chapel for the use of the Baptists in this vicinity. It appears that for upwards of twenty years they have met for Divine worship in a small and inconvenient building in the village; and that various Christian brethren, from neighbouring churches, have conducted the services. The presence of the Great Master of assemblies has often been felt, the preaching of His Word enjoyed, and, altogether, this "labour of love" has been owned and blessed by Him, to the good of many souls. Year after year this gathering of believers has been precluded from establishing a Sabbath-school, or comfortably accommodating the hearers, through the contracted dimensions of the present building, for which also (being private property) a rent has been paid. The friends are, however, now encouraged by an offer of a donation of £100; and, having purchased the land for the site of a proposed new chapel, they earnestly hope that their appeal to those who have the silver and the gold, and who are interested in the welfare of Zion, to aid in the erection of a humble but commodious village sanctuary, will meet with the response it deserves. The Editor of this Magazine will be happy to receive contributions towards the building fund, and to forward them to the proper quarter. We very heartily commend this good cause to our readers.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare, Carmel English Chapel.—May 4, Two, by D. R. Jenkins.
Abertillery, English Chapel.—April 27, Five, May 11, Two, by Llewellyn Jones.
Ashford, Kent, St. John's Lane.—April 27, Three, by T. Clark.

Aylesbury, Bucks.—April 21, Four, by E. Roberts.
Bacup, Irwell-terrace Chapel.—April 27, Four, from the Sabbath School, by A. Bowden.
Barrow-in-Furness.—May 4, One, at Dalton Chapel (kindly lent), by Henry D. Brown.
Barton Mills, Suffolk.—April 27, Eight, by J. Hillman.
Bedminster.—May 1, Three, by W. Norris, at Philip-street.
Birmingham, Hope-street Chapel.—April 16, Five, by S. Powell.
Blaenavon, English Chapel.—May 11, Four, from the Sabbath School, by William Bees.
Bledfa, Radnorshire.—April 20, One, by James Williams.
Boole, Lancashire.—April 27, Two, by W. H. Perkins.
Bowdon, Downs Chapel.—April 27, Two, by H. J. Betts.
Bramley.—May 4, Three, by A. Ashworth.
Bromsgrove, New-road Chapel.—May 3, Six, by A. Macdonald.
Cambridge, Zion Chapel.—May 1, Six, by J. P. Campbell.
Cheltenham, Cambay Chapel.—April 27, Nine, by W. Julian.
Chester, Hamilton-place.—On Lord's day, April 20, One, by Paul Price.
Chipping Sodbury.—May 4, Nine, by W. H. Buller; from Old Sodbury, Six; Chipping Sodbury, Two; Frampton Cottrell, One.
Clevedon, Copse-road Chapel.—May 6, Thirteen, by John Victor. [The Rev. Mr. Bird, for many years Vicar of Doncaster, his wife and son, were among the number.]
Clydach, Swansea Valley.—April 6, Three, by H. C. Howells.
Coalville.—March 30, Three, by C. T. Johnson.
Devonport, Maurice-square.—April 30, Two, by E. A. Tydeham.
Dunfriess.—April 15, Two, by George Anderson.
Dunfriess.—May 13, One, by Wm. T. Wallace.
Dunchurch, near Rugby.—April 29, Two, by W. Wooton.
Faringdon, Berks.—April 20, Seven, by H. Gilmore.
Felinfoel, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.—May 4, Three, by J. Jones.
Forton, Hunts.—On the 27th April, Two, by James Fames, of Southsea.
Goetre, Pontypool.—April 20, One, by W. Morgan, for the minister, I. Richards.
Goodmanchester, Hunts.—April 26, Seven, by J. A. Wheeler, one a deacon at Union Chapel.
Great Godding, Hunts.—May 4, Three, by J. Parnell, late of Manea, Cambs.
Great Staughton, Hunts.—April 22, Six, by R. J. Beechiff.
Guildford, Commercial-road.—April 27, Seven, by Cornelius Slim.
Halsfax, Trinity-road Chapel.—April 27, Nine, by James Parker.
Hatch, Beauchamp.—May 4, Four, by E. Curtis.
Hawick.—April 12, Three; 19th, Three, by J. M. Hweon.
Heywood, Rochdale-road Chapel.—March 23, Three; April 13, Four; by W. L. Mayo. One of the latter is a young girl, fourteen years of age, being the fifth out of one family that has joined the church here during this year.

Hoyswell.—May 4, One, by H. Jones, Llangollen.
Horsforth.—April 27, Five, by John Harper.
Hyde, Cheshire.—May 4, Five, by George Hughes.
Isleham, Cambs., Pound-lane Chapel.—May 4, Six, by J. A. Wilson.
Kenninghall, Norfolk.—May 4, Two, by J. Ewing.
Kidderminster.—May 4, Eight, by Thos. Fisk.
Laxfield, Suffolk.—May 11, One, by B. E. Sears.
Liverpool.—April 6, One, by Wm. Thomas, in Hall-lane Chapel, for the Baptist Meeting in St. Paul's Square.
Liverpool, Soho-street Chapel.—April 27, Eight, by Eli E. Walter.
Llandudno.—May 11, Five, by D. Thomas, Llangefni.
Luton, Park-street Chapel.—May 1, Eight, by J. W. Genders.
Lydbrook.—April 20, Nine, by T. Cocker.
Maldon, Essex.—May 11, Five, by James Stockdale.
Margate.—April 20, Five, by J. Drew.
Metropolitan District—
Chiswick.—April 13, Two; April 27, three; May 11, One, by John Stubbs.
Cranford, Middlesex.—May 5, Two, by B. Spurgeon.
Devonshire-square Chapel.—April 20, Ten, by W. T. Henderson.
East London Tabernacle.—May 1, Ten, by A. G. Brown.
Enfield-highway, Totteridge-road.—April 30, One, by J. Manning.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 28, Sixteen; May 1, Seven, by James A. Spurgeon.
New Bezzley, Trinity Chapel.—April 30, Two, by W. Frith.
Old Kent-road.—May 1, Four, by C. F. Styles, at Peckham Park-road Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion.
Peckham, King Arthur-street Chapel.—May 1, Three, by Mr. Watkins, pastor at Park-road Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion.
Plumstead.—May 7, Fifteen, from the Elm-grove Church, by James Smith, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, at the Spencer-place Chapel, Islington, kindly lent by Rev. P. Gast.
St. John's Wood, Abbey-road Chapel.—April 24, Two, by Mr. Stott.
Morley.—May 14, Three, by J. Wolfenden.
Mountainash, English Church.—April 27, Twelve; April 6, Six, by John W. Williams.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Berwick-street Chapel.—May 4, Fourteen, by James Mursell.
Ogden, near Bochdale.—May 4, Nine, by A. E. Greening.
Osselt.—April 27, Five; April 30, One, by Mr. Ely Dyson.
Pontypool, Upper Trostant.—April 27, Three, from the Sabbath School, by S. Jones.
Portsmouth, Lake-road Chapel, Landport.—April 30, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.
Reading, Carey-street Chapel.—April 13, Eight, by C. M. Longhurst.
Riddings, Derbyshire.—April 20, Three, by Wm. Crick.
Sardis Resolven.—April 27, Two, by D. H. Davies.
Sevenoaks, Bessel's Green Chapel.—April 13, Six, by W. H. Tredray.

Sevenoaks.—May 8, Three, by John Jackson.
Southmolton.—April 20, Two, by C. Philip.
South Petherton, Cornwall.—May 4, One, by Mr. H. Gardner.
St. Andrew's, N.B.—May 4, Tow, by A. P. Fulton.
St. Helen's, Park-road Chapel.—May 11, Three, by J. Harrison, for the cause at Earlestown.
St. Helen's Park-road Chapel.—April 27, Two, by J. Harrison.
St. Neots, Hunts.—April 23, Three, by Mr. J. Raymond.
Stratford-on-Avon.—April 30, Four, by Edmund Morley.
Teignmouth.—May 4, One, in the river Teign, by J. Hier.
Trowbridge.—April 30, Ten, by Mr. Barnes.
Wantage.—May 11, Four, by Albert Swaine.
West Bromwich.—April 20, Two, by F. H. Newton.
Whitstable, Kent.—May 1, Five, by G. Stanley.
Whittlesea, Cambs., Zion Chapel.—May 4, Three, by Fredk. Shaw.
Winslow, Bucks.—April 27, Four, by J. Smith.
Woodchester, Gloucestershire.—May 4, Seven, by R. Tanswell.
Wollaston, Zion Chapel, Northamptonshire.—May 30, Six, by Mr. J. Field, of Ecton.
Worstead, Norfolk.—May 4, Three, all young teachers in the Sunday-school, by W. H. Payne.

RECENT DEATHS.

THE REV. FRANCIS CLOWES, formerly one of the tutors at Horton College, Bradford, and until lately one of the editors of the *Freeman*, died somewhat suddenly on Wednesday, the 7th of May, at his residence in Holloway, at the age of sixty-eight. He had been in feeble health for many years, and during the week that preceded his death he was poorly; but it was not thought by the members of his family that he was seriously ill. On the morning of Wednesday he had an attack of spasms in the throat, but became well enough to walk out in the forenoon into his garden; in the afternoon, however, a second seizure came, and in a few minutes he passed away. Mr. Clowes, who was a native of Heacham, Norfolk, came of a good yeoman stock. His father was a farmer, who knew what it was to witness for the truth in a benighted region where the man who dared to think for himself in matters religious and political was sure to become the victim of persecution; and what Francis Clowes saw in early life in his own

home of suffering for conscience sake made an impression that was reflected powerfully in his political writings when in after years he became a journalist. The body of the deceased was interred in Abney Park Cemetery.

REV. G. WARNE.—The deceased was born in the Isle of Wight, on the 18th of October, 1784. When about seven years of age, he was brought to London, and after a residence of a few years, was apprenticed to a tailor at Newington, with whom he served seven years. During this period he was privileged to sit under the ministry of Mr. Swaine, Dr. Jenkins, and Mr. Chin. In 1808, he, with twelve others, were baptized by Mr. Chin. As soon as he found peace in his own soul, he began to feel anxious for others, and laboured in many ways to bring souls to Christ, and in this he was much encouraged. He may be regarded as the founder of the Sunday-schools at Lion-street, Princes-road, Lambeth, Upper Norwood, and Bexley-heath. In the village of Hendon, near Hampstead, he laboured amidst much discouragement, but not without tokens for good. In the month of June, 1857, he commenced his labours at Sarratt, near Rickmansworth. Here he laboured most successfully until increasing years compelled him to resign his charge. At the time of his entrance on the work at Sarratt, there were but six members, which increased to sixty-six during the ten years of his ministry. He was confined to his bed for nearly two years. On Sunday, April 13, his spirit returned to God who gave it. As he lived so he died, resting on the finished work of his risen Lord. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss. The church and congregation of which he had been for so many years the pastor, kindly undertook to bear the whole expense of the funeral. The mournful procession left Sarratt about two o'clock, April 20, attended by some hundreds of persons, who thronged the whole route. Arriving at the Baptist Chapel at Chipperfield shortly after three, the procession was met by the Rev. Samuel Couling, the pastor, who read several suitable por-

tions of Scripture, including part of 15th chapter 1st Epist. to Corinthians, and afterwards gave out the hymn—

"Brother, thou art gone before."

The Rev. R. Stone, of Sarratt, then engaged in prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Steane delivered a most solemn and impressive funeral address. At the grave the body was committed to the tomb in hopes of a sure and certain resurrection to eternal life, by the Rev. S. Couling, and then, after another prayer by the Rev. R. Stone, the children of the Sarratt Sunday-school sang—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

and

"Shall we gather at the river."

Dr. Steane pronounced the benediction, and the company slowly dispersed, "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." Both the chapel and grave-yard were so crowded, that large numbers of persons were unable to obtain admission to either. On the following evening a funeral sermon was preached in the chapel at Sarratt by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, from Ps. xxxiv, 6, a text long since selected by Mr. Warne himself. The devotional parts of the service were conducted by the Revs. R. Stone, of Sarratt; S. Couling, of Chipperfield, and W. Hood, of Hunton-bridge. The chapel was crowded on the occasion.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. John Cookson, M.A., of Lincoln, at the age of seventy-three. His remains were interred in the public cemetery, in the presence of a large concourse of persons of all denominations. The Rev. W. Sharman, of Coningsby, conducted the funeral service. Funeral sermons were preached in all the Dissenting chapels in the city, when affectionate testimony was borne to the memory of the deceased.

THE LATE REV. W. PALMER, OF HOMERTON.—A correspondent announces the death of the Rev. William Palmer, of Homerton, at the age of seventy-five. He was in his usual health on Sunday, May 4, and preached

twice, and administered the sacrament after evening service. He took cold on returning from chapel, congestion of the lungs set in, and dropsy supervened. He died on Wednesday evening at a quarter past six. His jubilee year of preaching was recognised last autumn, when his friends presented him with a testimonial in money of about £120.

On April 24th, at 364, Commercial-road, Landport, Portsmouth, Martha, the beloved wife of Mr. Charles Harfield, senior deacon of Lake-road Baptist Chapel, Landport. Our sister had just completed the 67th year of her age. She had been enabled, through grace, to maintain an honourable and consistent profession of faith in Jesus for the long period of fifty-one years, having been baptised at Forton, near Gosport, April 21st, 1822. Her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor, T. W. Medhurst, on Sunday evening, May 4th, from a text which she had

often expressed her wish should be chosen as the text for her funeral sermon; "For we know that if the earthly house of this our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."—2 Cor. v. F, 2.

"She has reached the heavenly shore,
All her pains and sorrow o'er;
She is gazing on the face
Of Him who saved her by His grace.

"Now her eyes behold the King,
Now her lips most sweetly sing,—
'He has washed me in His blood,
He has brought me home to God.

"I, a sinner, dyed with sin,
He has cleansed and brought me in;
Now I'll bow before His throne,
There I'll cast my blood-bought crown.

"All ye angels help me sing
Praises to my glorious King;
The eternal Great I am,
Hallelujahs to the Lamb."

Southsea.

M. A. M.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from April 29th to May 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Priestly	20 0 0	Mr. J. Feltham	1 2 0	S. B. P.	1 0 0
Mr. Galloway	0 10 6	One-tenth a token		Miss Jephth	1 5 0
Mr. A. Cameron	2 10 0	of love	0 10 0	A Friend from	
Mr. E. F. Lancaster	5 0 0	Lillah	1 0 0	Greenock, C. L...	0 5 0
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THE WANDERING BIRD.*

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."—PROV. xxvii. 8.

SOLOMON spoke from observation. He had seen certain persons of a vagrant kind; and he perceived that they seldom or never prospered. Moreover, he spoke from inspiration as well as from observation, hence the sagacity of the philosopher is in this case supported by the authority of the preacher. We may, therefore, take this proverb, first, as the dictate of human wisdom gathered by long experience; and then, next, as the testimony of divine wisdom, commended to us by infallible revelation. The principle it inculcates is alike applicable to the common affairs of life, and to the higher pursuits which belong to our spiritual interests. In the common affairs of life we believe Solomon to be correct in his statement that "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." The unrest of that man's mind, and the instability of his conduct who is constantly making a change of his position and purpose augurs no success for any of his adventures. Unless he maketh the change very wisely, and hath abundant reason for it, he will make a change for the worse, as the bird doth that leaveth her nest. Some make a change of their country and fly from their native shores. This is not an ill thing for men to do, for thereby nations have been formed, and deserts have been peopled. When a man finds it impossible to provide bread for an increasing family in this country, one of the wisest things that he can do is to cross the sea and seek profitable employment in another land. But there are some spirits of such a roving caste that they seem never to be satisfied at home. They feel persuaded that if they were under other skies they would succeed, whereas, as a matter of general fact, a man who cannot prosper in England will not prosper anywhere, and many of those who have gone abroad would be but too glad to get home again. Without taking great counsel from God, and weighing the matter long, it is ill for a man to leave the Christian privileges of this country; let alone other considerations it is ill, I say, to turn aside from the place where sanctuaries are so numerous, and where the Gospel is so clearly proclaimed, to go abroad, where there may be some pecuniary advantages, but where there must be much spiritual loss. Let the man take anxious thought before he goes, or else, mayhap, when he finds himself in Australia, he will long to be in New Zealand, and when he does not prosper there he will pant for the United States, and not getting on there he will, perhaps, be wanting to come back to Old England, and so he will spend the best of his days in vacillating as to where he shall spend them.

The like is also true with respect to a change of occupation. Some persons are one thing to-day, but you do not know what they will be to-morrow. Evidently they were not cut out for this, and therefore they think they must have been ordained for that, and, as they have not thrived

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in one line of business, they feel certain that they must have made a little mistake, and that if they could get into another line they would prosper. Well, when a man is in error about his calling, if it really be not his calling, let him leave it; but let him first be sure that it is not his calling, for otherwise he will sin against the express words of inspiration. The apostle Paul says, "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called,"—that is to say, the occupation or profession in life you were engaged in when you were converted need not be rashly abandoned. Therein you may enjoy communion with God. But if you go running before the cloud, and with presumptuous self-will get out of the path that Providence has assigned you, you will be sure to smart for it. It is ours to follow, never to lead. Where we clearly see our way, thither let us go; and unless we have that way clearly manifested to us, let us abide still in our nest.

This also applies to those who want to be always changing their situation and their acquaintance—masters never satisfied with their servants, and servants always discontented with their employers. We know many who say, "There are so many temptations in the place where I am; I will try another." Well, I do not know, dear friends, that you are right. The temptations that trouble me I would rather endure them than encounter any fresh ones. I may know something about my weakness in the present trial, but I cannot know how I might stagger under another. I should recommend you to be rather chary of changing your trials. To exchange one trial for another is all the relief you will get in this world. All is vanity under the sun. The whole creation groaneth together. Amidst sorrow and sighing thus universal our lot is cast. From the sick man's bitter experience, as Dr. Watts describes it, we cannot escape—

"We toss from side to side in pain,
But 'tis a poor relief we gain
To shift the place but not the pain."

You may change your position o'er and o'er again, but you will always be exposed to the temptation. Until you get beyond yonder azure sky you will never be out of gun-shot of the devil. Evil spirits molest every rank in life. The poor man is sore beset with grievous hardships, and the rich man is encompassed with seductive snares. He who toils with his hand may have some cause to complain, but he who toils with his brain will become the victim of a sorer complaint. Should you fly to the utmost verge of the green earth temptation would still pursue you. Everywhere, while you are in the body, you must keep guard, for temptations and trials are the common portion of all that on this earth do dwell. Be not in a hurry, therefore, to fly from one scene of temptation to another. If God ordains that your lot should be altered, be it so. It is yours to accept His allotment either with resignation or with gratitude. But be not hasty or heedless in running from one place to another, lest in yielding to the impulse of a moment you forfeit the comfort of a life-time.

It may be that these remarks are peculiarly applicable to some people here present. I cannot tell. When talking about such homely things our words have sometimes proved to be like an oracle for the guidance of those that have come up to God's house to enquire in His temple. At any rate, dear friends, when the mind is unhinged, or the feelings chafed, it is not easy to exercise a wise discretion. Wait upon God for guidance as to any

change in life you may determine, and if the two things be equal—to remain where you are, or to remove elsewhere—choose to abide still, for the chances are, speaking according to man's judgment, in its favour. Reason seems to say that as it is unwise for the bird to wander from her nest, so it is not desirable for you to wander from your place.

Still keeping to the common use of these words, let us now turn them to another account. This is most certainly true in changing one's religious service in the cause of God. We have a niche, perhaps, in which God has placed us, and we have had some little honour in filling it; but by-and-bye another sphere of labour opens up before us, and, like children, easily charmed with novelty, we think we could be more useful in doing something else, and leaving our old work. Let us be very careful in this matter, for "as a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." I admired one thing greatly in our deceased friend, Mr. Worcester, who for so long a time kept the gate outside. When I once asked him whether he could not be serviceable to the church as an elder, he said that if he were elected to it he should decline the office, because, he said—"I can do my work as a gate-keeper, but I do not know what I could do as an elder." So he resolved to stick to the work in which he was acknowledged to do good service. I would have each Christian man do the same.

Some brethren we know have such an itching to get into the pulpit, that they are impatient of any other office than the preacher's. But there are many in the pulpit now-a-days who had better have kept out of it. They were excellent people at prayer-meetings; they were very serviceable indeed to give a little address now and then at a cottage-meeting; they would have been useful deacons, exemplary visitors of the sick, and perhaps good city missionaries. But they thought within themselves that the pulpit ought to be blessed by their distinguished abilities, and so they crept up the pulpit stairs as little to their own comfort as to the Church's edification; and now, had they but the wisdom and the humility to come down again, never more to mount them, it would be well. If you be really called to the ministry, then, in God's name, do not stand back from it; and if a new sphere of labour opens to you, accept it, resting on your God, who can make His strength perfect in your weakness; but be not for ever panting after the highest seats in the synagogue; do not always want the uppermost place at the feast, lest, when the King cometh in, thou shouldest have, with shame, to take a lower room. Wait till the King says—"Friend, come up higher;" never go up higher till you have the King's friendly admonition that the higher place is yours by a call other than your own choice, remembering that "as a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place,"—from his place, from his proper place in the Church of God, his proper position in the ranks of the Lord's hosts.

Again, I will use it as a proverb very often applicable to ministers. There may be some here to whom this may come as a powerful rebuke. It is a crying evil just now, especially in our own denomination, that ministers are changing their places. The good old ministers used to occupy one charge for fifty years, and the people used to love them, and to hold fast to them. They did not think of moving; they never spoke of resigning, any more than fathers speak of resigning their fatherhood because their boys and girls are sometimes disobedient. They weathered the storm. They knew that all parts of the sea are rough, so they did not want to get out of

one bay into another as soon as a little storm came on. I do not know but that some preachers are better moving; and probably they would be better if they were moved off altogether. I think when a man remains in service at one place for only about two years he has need to question whether he was called into the ministry at all. God does not generally plant trees in His vineyard that need shifting every two years. God's trees are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted. They can stand on the bare mountain's brow, and see the ages of mortals swept away into the tomb. And so a God-sent minister may stand many years in one place, and see man-made ministers swept away, like generations of lichens and mosses, because they have no Divine life in them. I love to see a Christian minister, I must say, standing fast in his place. We are not to get into a great pet because there was a little disagreement at a church-meeting, or turn round offended because some deacon will not be quite as pliable as we could wish, or because the neighbourhood does not seem to increase, or because there are not quite so many conversions as we want. No, sirs, if God shall move us let us move, but if He doth not move us let not the devil do it. Do you know what happens when the bird wanders from her nest? Why, there are her own eggs in the nest, and there is no bird which can sit so well on the eggs as the bird that laid them. And so, a Christian minister should recollect that there are some young converts who are his own spiritual children. They are of his own bringing in, through Divine grace, and, ordinarily speaking, there is no man who can by any means nurture the young converts like the man who was the means of their conversion. It is well for infants to be brought up by their own mother, and it is a good thing for young converts to be fed under their own spiritual parents. I should not like to trust mine to anybody else for any great length of time. There is always a fear when the parent bird is away that the eggs will grow cold and addled, so that when she comes back she will find that she has lost all her trouble. And so, when the minister leaves his people and goes away to some other place, there are many of those who did seem to run well who will turn back. This is a sad result; a tale of wasted labour. Besides, the bird knows that, however uncomfortable its nest may be, there is no other nest in the world so comfortable as the one which it has made itself. And the Christian minister must know that there is no other church so comfortable for him as the church which he was the means of forming. "I dwell among my own people," said the Shunamite. That is my happiness, and my joy, to dwell among my own people, and if any man should say to me, "Is there anything in life that thou desirest? Wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the hosts?" I would answer, No, there is nothing I desire under heaven but to dwell among my own people; if I may but seek their good, and see the Church of God prosper here, it shall be all that I ask of my God this side heaven. Brethren, let us who are in the ministry, then, as far as possible, cling to our churches, and to our fields of labour, remembering that, "As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."

This is equally true (and I am still keeping to the common sense of the passage), of our hearers. Oh! there are some hearers who are sad, sad vagrants. We can have no objection to our hearers going to listen to other ministers, if ever they can be edified thereby, for the bird that sits best on the nest must come off sometimes, especially if there is any food to be had

elsewhere. Hear anybody that can profit you. I am sure nothing will make me more glad than to know that you are anywhere as long as your souls are fed. If a Church of England minister preaches the Gospel in your neighbourhood, better than the Baptist minister does, do not go and hear the Baptist; and if you find either Baptist or Independent, treating you to free-will instead of free-grace, do not listen to them, but seek out the Presbyterian and hear him, if you find him more sound in the faith; for after all, your souls must be fed. That is a matter of necessity. Where you can have all the points of the truth, prefer it, prefer it infinitely; but if you cannot have them all, give your chief care to those which possess the greatest importance. Seek first, in this case, those things which make most for your souls' prosperity. But what I do not like is this—certain people will join a Church, and then after about six months will join another Church, and then another, and then another. They ought to have no moss on them, and I suppose they have none, for they have been rolling stones certainly. And then, if the minister should die, how many there are who are off directly, for now that the Church is in a little difficulty they will all get out of it. Brave sailors these! They want to get into the boat when the ship is in a little bit of gale, and they leave the Church of God just when their help is most wanted. Oh! they will come and join the church when the Church prospers; yes, any quantity of them; but I wonder if the pastor went away, whether we should find them all remaining faithful. Too many London Churches are a sort of flying camp, always flying from one place to another—a set of gipsy-Christians who have no settled abode, and no "local habitation," and are about as respectable as the gipsies with whom I have compared them. Now, never let this be said of any of you who love your Lord, and who consequently love His Church, but, when you are united with His people, say,—

" Here would I make my settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home."

You shall find that, after all, your wandering shall do you but little good, while a permanent adhesion to the Church, and a diligent casting in of your whole efforts into the cause of God, shall, through the Holy Spirit, give your soul prosperity.

II. But now I shall take my text in another way, and try to use the general principle in another sense. There are some men who wander from their place in spiritual things.

Where is the "place" for a *sinner*? The place for a sinner is always at the foot of the cross, looking unto Jesus; alas, then the tendency in us all is to be looking for evidences, signs, marks, experiences, graces, and I know not what. Having begun in the Spirit, we are so foolish and so bewitched that we try to get perfect in the flesh. We know that at the first our only comfort came from simply depending upon the finished work of Jesus, and yet we are so mad that we try to get comfort from that poor flesh of ours, which has already been our encumbrance, and will be our plague till it dies. Now, the moment that a Christian wanders away from his place,—that is, from the simplicity of his faith in Jesus,—the moment he departs from that standing upon the solid rock of what Christ did, and

what Christ is, and what Christ has promised, that moment he is like a bird that wanders from her nest. The bird away from her nest has no comfort; the instincts of nature make her feel during her incubation that the nest is her proper place. And when the Christian gets away from the cross, the new-born instincts within him make him feel that he is out of his proper position. The cross is the true rest of a Christian. We are like Noah's dove, there is no rest for the sole of our feet except in the ark; we may search the world around, and fly over the great waste of waters, but there never shall be found rest for us anywhere but at the cross. I confess I sometimes get into that sorry state of feeling, rather as a Christian professor, or a minister, than as a sinner saved by grace; but I find that I have to come back again to that same place, and to sing the old ditty over again.—

“ Nothing in my hands I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, look to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, come to thee for grace.”

There is no living comfortably, there is no living with the peace and joy of the Holy Spirit in the heart, if we at once wander from the simplicity of our confidence in Christ.

Further: there are many *believers* who also wander out of their place. What, now, is a believer's place? A believer's place is in the bosom of His Lord, or at the right hand of His Master, or sitting at His feet, with Mary. Now some of us have had times in which we did come very near to the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah! some of you never woke in the morning without thinking of Him, and all day long a sense of His presence was in your heart. How you grudged the world the hours you had to give to business; and when you locked up your heart at night, you always gave Jesus Christ the key. Oh, how sweet ordinances were to you then, because you could see Christ through them, as through windows of agates and gates of carbuncles! How delightful were prayer-meetings and such-like then, because you saw Jesus there, and talked with Him! But what about your present state? Perhaps, my dear friend, you have wandered from your place; you are not living near to Christ, as you used to do. Hence ordinances have but very little comfort in them; they are dull and tedious; and services which were once as marrow and fatness to you have now become as dry bones. Your closet, too, is much neglected; your Bible is not studied as it was. You have lost your first love, and, I appeal to you, have you not also lost your first comfort? Are you not like a bird that has wandered from her nest? Believe me, there is no solid joy, no seraphic rapture, no hallowed peace, this side heaven, except by living close under the shadow of the Cross, and nestling in the wounds of Jesus. Oh, that we should be so foolish! The bird doth not forget her nest, but we do forget our Lord. We have need to say with the Psalmist—“Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee!” We have need to cry to-night—

“ Return, oh heavenly Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.”

We have wandered from our place, you see, for our place is at Jesu's feet with Mary, or on Jesu's bosom with John, or at Jesu's lips with the spouse in the Canticles, saying—"Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth;" but, roaming hither and thither, we are like a bird that has wandered from her nest.

And does not this wandering imply a lack of watchfulness? Do I not observe the Christian who was so jealous of himself once that he did not haste to put one foot before the other for fear he should take a step awry; he would not even talk without saying—"O, Lord, open Thou my lips!" But now he thinks that he is sure to stand, and he forgets to guard himself with jealousy. He thinks, perhaps, that his experience has made him so wise that he will not fall into his former errors, and so he getteth a carnal confidence, and forgetteth to stand upon his watch-tower day and night, and watch against his foes. Do you know what sometimes happens to the bird if it leaves its nest? Why, while the bird is away the cuckoo comes and drops its egg in, and so the poor bird when it comes back, has to hatch its enemy. And oftentimes when we are not watchful, and permit the enemy to take an advantage over us, Satan comes in, and drops some foul temptation into our nest, which our hearts help to hatch, and which will give us trouble all our lives. As sure as ever we wander in the matter of watchfulness it will be for our hurt. We may sleep, but Satan does not. Never was he detected napping yet. There is slothfulness among believers, but there is no slothfulness on the part of their adversary. He ever watcheth, going "about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Though you should leave off watchfulness, he never will. Oh, Christian! do not leave your nest, for you do not know what may come of it; what good things may be destroyed, or what bad things may be deposited, while your heart is away.

Some Christians, too, wander in a yet more melancholy manner as to its outward effect, for we see them wander from holiness. Unhappy church that hath in it many such inconsistent professors! But, alas! they are too common in the world. They "did for a time run well; what, then, did hinder them that they should not obey the truth?" The root of the matter was scarcely in them, for they brought forth fruit only for a season, and by-and-bye they withered away. Ah, well! if there be a Christian here—a real Christian—who has backslidden and gone into the world, he never will be happy in his sin. A reprobate, after making a profession, may perhaps go back and be comfortable, but a Christian never can. Tell me that you are happy in your sin, and I tell you at once that you are dead in sin, for he who puts on guilt must cast off shame. You are in your own element; like a fish in the water you will find it suits your constitution. As a bird could not be happy down in the depths of the sea; it must drown, unless it soon be delivered; so the saint of God is wretched in the depths of iniquity; he must speedily perish unless he is brought out. If he falleth into sin through infirmity, or be dragged into it through the force of sudden temptation, he yearneth to be delivered, and groaneth and crieth unto God, till once more the bones that were broken are made to rejoice. If you wander from holiness, you wander from your place. I have known some people who, in order to avoid trouble, have committed a trespass. A Christian man, for instance, has kept his shop open on a Sunday to prevent bankruptcy, and a mass of troubles rolled in upon him ten times heavier

than those he had sought to avert. We have heard of some who have done violence to their conscience just once. In sheer despondency they shut their eyes, and swallowed the bitter pill. It did not take five minutes to do it. Their friends said it was wise. Ill advisers told them it was necessary. They thus attempted to extricate themselves from some trying position. But the consequence was that to their dying day the worm of conscience still did gnaw their soul. They have made the rod wherewith God hath scourged them. Mind what you are at, then, lest in wandering from holiness you prove yourself like a bird that wandereth from her nest. Oh, how blessed it will be if you and I shall be kept by mighty grace simply relying upon Christ, constantly communing with his person, watchful against the inroads of temptation, and persevering in holiness even to the end! Without this there can be no comfort to us.

And, now, what persuasions shall I use to make every one of you who is a true Christian cling close to his nest?

Consider, dear friends, the joy which you and I have had when we have been clinging close to Christ. Where else can such sweetness be found as we have found in the love of Jesus? Will a man leave the cool, flowing waters from Lebanon to go and drink of the muddy river of another place? Shall a man turn away from the bubbling fountain to seek out for himself a broken cistern? Oh, let it not be! We who have fed on angels' food cannot be content with the husks that swine eat. Let us say with Rutherford—"Ever since I have eaten the wheaten bread of heaven my mouth has been out of taste for the brown bread of earth, which is full of grit and gravel-stones. I can no longer find sweetness in this world's joys, for I have tasted of joys celestial that are beyond all that earth can give." Let the joy we have had in Christ constrain us still to cling to Him.

Think again of the sorrow we have felt whenever we have wandered. You and I have had backsliding times; let us confess it mournfully. But what wretched times they have always been! What have we ever gained by going away from our Lord but broken bones and sorrow of heart? As we have been burned, let us dread the fire; and, as we have had to smart for our wanderings when the watchmen have plucked off our veil and smitten us, let us henceforth cling close to our Beloved. What reason has He ever given us to be discontented and go away? Has He been unfaithful to us? "Have I been a wilderness unto you?" He asks. In what respect has He aggrieved us? Has He ever smitten us in His wrath, or treated us harshly for our follies? Never has a friend behaved better to his friend than Christ has behaved to us; and, as we can never find a better Saviour, let us cling to Him all our days. Or can you think that the outlook is dreary? When we think of the joy that is yet to come we have a yet stronger motive to cling to the Saviour. We may have to walk with Him to-day when the snow blows in our face, but oh! what will it be to walk with Him in the sunshine? It may be hard work to keep pace with Him, faint may be our heart, and flesh and blood are frail, walking, as we now do, with Him through the mire and dirt, but what will it be to walk in silver slippers upon the golden pavement of the celestial city? It is not so easy to stand with Him in the pillory when the multitudes are hooting Him; but oh! how joyous it will be with Him when the angels are rending the heavens with acclamations, and all the saints are casting their crowns at His feet! To be with Him in His trouble is not very sweet to our natural feelings, I

know; but what will it be to be with Him in His triumph? To be partners in His cross—from that we may shrink; but to sit with Him upon His throne—for that we must eagerly long. Well, as we cannot be crown-bearers without being cross-bearers, let us espouse His cross as we would enjoy his crown. Yet be it known that His cross droppeth with myrrh, and that they who carry it will find it so sweetly perfumed that they shall love the very cross itself because Christ has touched it. From this nest let us never wander, because of the “rest” which “remaineth for the people of God.”

Wander from this nest—methinks we cannot if the love of Christ inflames us; if our love to Christ sustains us. What, wander from Him who died for us, that we might never die; who lives for us, that we might ever live? What base ingratitude is ours that we do not cling closer to Him! Can we give Him up? Christians, He gave you the light that cheered your darkness, and can you turn away from the brightness of His face? With pitying eye He saw you when you were lying in your blood an outcast all forlorn, and He said unto you, “Live,” and can you ever forsake Him? He passed by thee, He looked upon thee, He spread His skirt over thee, He covered thy nakedness, He swore unto thee, He entered into a covenant with thee—and canst thou now prove treacherous? He redeemed thee, He opened His veins that He might pour forth the purple drops of His precious blood as the price for your inestimable ransom, and can you turn away from Him? “Despised and rejected of men” as He was, will you hide your face from Him? And while He is still pleading for you, will you cease to plead for Him? Now that His chariots are making haste to bring Him in the glory of His second advent, will you turn away from Him when His kingdom is so near? Shall the wife leave a husband who cherishes her with utmost tenderness? Shall the child neglect its parents, under whose roof his every want is supplied? Shall the limbs of one’s body abhor the head? Such strange vagaries were not, half so unnatural as for a Christian to turn vagrant and forsake his Saviour. Ah, me! unnatural and brutish as it must seem, you and I would do this, and more also, did not grace prevent. The love which has made us one with Christ must keep us one with Him, or else we shall never hold on our way. Be it, then, your constant prayer, “Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.” Let this be your heart’s cry, “Abide with us,” for except He abide with us, and make our hearts His nest, we shall never abide with Him, but shall be as a bird that wandereth from her nest.

Mayhap I speak to some poor bird which has wandered from its nest. You are a stranger, and you have strayed in hither. You recollect a nest in some happy family circle where prayer was wont to be made. You remember the nest in which you were wont to nestle—a little village church where you worshipped God with kindred dear. But you have wandered from your nest. You have lost your friends; you have gone into the world; you are a sinner. Conscious you are that you scarcely dare to face the home of your childhood. You have come away from your old haunts, for you are ashamed to continue in them. You have wandered from your nest. And do you mean to wander on? is yours to be for ever the flight of a bird that hath no roost? “Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests;” will you never have a place to lay your head? Are you condemned, like the unclean spirit, to wander through dry places,

seeking rest and finding none? Are you a pilgrim who shall never have a city that hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God? Are you like the phantom ship of which the mariners talk, which flits across the sea for ay, but never reaches a port? Nay, friend, you are not so to account yourself, though the devil hath told you that there is no hope; though he hath driven you to desperation, and persuaded you that you are given up of God and man. It is not so; it is not so. The eternal Father, bending from high heaven, looks down upon you, and by these lips talks to you. Little as you were thinking that you would be found out, He saith to you, "Return, return, return." 'Tis He who makes you say, "I will arise and go unto my Father." He meets you, prodigal; He falls about your neck; He gives you the kiss of reconciliation. He cries to-day to the messengers of mercy, "Take off his rags, and bring forth the best robe and put it on him; put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and let us eat, drink, and be merry, for he that was dead is alive, and he that was lost is found." The bird has come back, and has found her nest, and as the mother-bird is happy when that little fledgling which she thought had fallen on the ground, or had been swallowed by the hawk, comes back, and she covers it with her feathers, and bids it nestle under her warm bosom, so is the Eternal Father happy, and as she rejoices, so, nay infinitely more, does the Eternal Father rejoice when the wanderer comes back to Him, and finds comfort in His love.

Believe thou in the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust thou in the Father's grace as manifest in the Saviour's wounds, and so thou shalt find an eternal nest from which thou shalt never wander till thou shalt build thy nest in heaven. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS FOR PAINFUL HOURS.

BY THE REV. J. DODWELL,

It is doubtless sometimes the lot of many of the readers of this magazine, as it has been of the writer of these lines, to be laid aside from their usual occupations for awhile by painful affliction, and as it is very probable that they may then take up the *Baptist Messenger*, in hopes of finding something appropriate to their case, the following observations, suggested by one of the occasions we have mentioned, are penned for their benefit.

What a mercy it is that we have so little pain! This may seem a strange

remark to make in a time of affliction; but it is at such times especially when the pain has somewhat abated, that the truthfulness thereof is realised. We prize our mercies the most, and particularly is this the case with those which are more commonly enjoyed than some others, when for a time we are partially deprived of them. And it may be, that one reason for which afflictions are sent, is to remind us that it is of the Lord's mercy that they are so seldom our portion. And who can tell how great is the mercy of the Divine Being as manifested herein? To form any idea of this we must consider what would be our condition if, instead of being occasionally

confined to our rooms by ill health, this were frequently and even constantly the case with us; and if also, instead of having to endure some few hours of acute pain at different times in our affliction, we were continually tossing to and fro in its endurance, so that the words of the Psalmist, addressing the Almighty, were continually applicable to us, "For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me, my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." And we must remember that, if such were the case, it would be no more than our iniquities deserve; for have we not often, in the time of health and ease, forgotten God, and lightly esteemed the rock of our salvation? Such reflections may teach us, instead of murmuring because of these dispensations concerning us, to adore the mercy which makes them occasional and not constant, the exception and not the rule in our experience.

Again, *What a blessing it is to be delivered from the consequences of our sins!* We often think of sin with a degree of lightness, which certainly is not warranted by its nature and consequences. These latter may be discerned in what we are informed respecting the final condition of the unsaved: for we may be sure that a righteous God would not in any case visit sin with a punishment beyond its desert. And expressions are used in reference to this which are evidently designed to give us the idea amongst others, of the most intense pain which can possibly be endured by our bodies, and that not simply in their present condition, but in their risen and immortal state. The pains we feel here may give us some faint suggestion of this; but if it be so dreadful to bear the torments arising from one member of the body being affected, what must it be when

every member becomes the seat, and every nerve the minister, of intense agony? What an unutterable depth of woe seems contained in these words, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame!" And yet we remember, that whereas many kind attentions are paid to us by sympathising friends during the afflictions of this life, everything of the kind is denied to the lost in hell, as it was to him who made that mournful request. And such might be our condition, for we have sinned even as others, and only the grace of God can deliver us therefrom. Favoured beyond expression are we, if for us there are no pains beside those which are born in this life; for these might have been suggestive of still greater to be endured in the life to come.

This leads us to remark, further, *What a privilege it is to have a good hope of heavenly blessedness!* This, as is often observed, is manifold, and different features thereof especially suggest themselves to different persons, arising partly from their present condition. And, may we not say that those who have days and nights of agonizing pain appointed them, often think of heaven chiefly as a place of perfect freedom from everything of this nature? "Neither shall there be any more pain," is to them one of the sweetest sentences even of Holy Writ. It gives a representation of heaven upon which they love to meditate all the day long, and which also helps to comfort them in the night season, whilst others are wrapped in that peaceful repose which their sufferings will not permit them to enjoy. They think of all the deprivations of which their present condition is the occasion, and re-

joice to remember that all such things will there be unknown. They reflect upon the hindrances to different kinds of active service arising from their state, and exult in the thought that these, too, will obtain no place in the better land. And as they think often of this freedom from pain in itself, so they connect it with every other representation of heaven's enjoyments. Whether they read of the weary resting from their labours, or of God's servants serving Him day and night in His temple, or of every need being supplied and every conceivable delight vouchsafed, they are always ready to add, for they can never forget it, "Neither shall there be any more pain." Is this our condition? and are our hopes of realising heavenly blessedness based upon the work of Christ, and therefore well-grounded? Then let us be glad and give thanks, remembering that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

And this moves us to bethink ourselves, *How great must be the love of Christ, seeing that He endured unutterable pains to procure our salvation!* Beside His sufferings any that we may be called to endure are unworthy of mention. Think of Gethsemane, where "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Who, except Himself, ever knew such agony as He must have felt there? Think of the various indignities heaped upon Him during His so-called trials before the Jewish Sanhedrim and the Roman governor. Where is there another instance of one, and especially such an One, enduring such contradiction of sinners against Himself? Think especially of the crown of thorns, and of the cruel scourging to which He was subjected, and by which,

doubtless, His flesh was grievously cut and wounded. And then think of His bearing His cross, after all this, up the hill Calvary, and at last being actually put to death thereon under the most painful circumstances conceivable. And remember that all this was endured for our sakes, because of His great love to us. Well may it be said—
" See from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

And permit us to add, as a last reflection, *How zealously should our lives be devoted to His service, in token of a grateful return of love to Him!* Love deserves love; and love such as that of Christ—so intense, so practical, so beneficent—deserves the highest love that can be imagined. This is admitted; but let us show that we admit it by the devotion of our daily lives; for, after all, such an admission is of very questionable sincerity except it be thus practical. Opportunities for services may be found on every hand; let us not delay to embrace them. If affliction be continued, it will not be without them; and, if it be removed, they will be increased. Be it ours, in either case, to yield ourselves to Him in the spirit of those words, "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

" Were the whole realm of nature
mine,

That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

Middleton Cheney, Banbury.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

NO. 7.—FROM DULUTH TO SALT LAKE CITY.

THE long twenty-four hours' ride from Duluth head of Lake Superior to Marshall, a thriving town on the Chicago and North-Western Rail route. This town has a population of some 4,000, and has some good shops, churches, and hotels, and is one mile from Towa river. Here I met an Englishman, whose son is the chief hotel keeper. Like all comparative new places, a heavy shower had made the streets almost impassable. I had a few hours' rest here till the express came up for Council Bluffs, in which I took my place, and reached it about 11 a.m. Here we had to change into carriages that cross the grand Missouri river, with its magnificent bridge, not absolutely completed. On the opposite side is Omaha, which is 414 miles from Chicago, and has rapidly increased in population from 1,883 in 1860 to about 20,000, and is destined to become one of the great centres of travel towards the far West. In Omaha, there are seventeen church edifices, several first-class hotels, and a magnificent high school, which cost £50,000. Omaha is most beautifully situated, and its post office, railway depôt, and admirable accommodation make it a suitable place for a few days' rest and recreation. Several daily and weekly newspapers are published here. A stay of a few hours was all we could give to it, and then we took the cars for the direct and unbroken line that terminates at the Pacific. Well, in our course, we touched at numerous stations on this Union and Pacific Railroad; but we need only mention

a few—Freemont, 49 miles on our route; Brady Island, 268 miles; a military station, North Platte River, 291 miles; Sydney, 414 miles; then we passed through Prairie-Dog City, a region of several miles occupied by that curious creature the Prairie dog, that burrows in the earth and is said to have its regularly excavated streets and its social centres. This animal is of a sandy brown colour, about the size of a squirrel, living on roots, grass, &c. The Mexicans consider them good food. We saw numbers of them, who came out of their holes and sat and barked at our train as it passed by. Then we came to Cheyenne City, with its population of some 2,000. This is the county seat of Laramie County, and the northern terminus of the Denver Pacific Railroad. Here are several hotels, churches, and other public buildings, and daily and weekly papers are published. In going to get refreshment at a restaurant near the depôt, we found the proprietor and family hailed from Watford, having been a baker in the Old Country. Cheyenne will doubtless become a place of considerable interest, and is rapidly increasing in mining and mercantile importance. The scenery round about is most imposing, and, in the distance, grand in the extreme.

On this route, by express travelling day and night, the sleeping cars are a necessity; I cannot say a luxury, for I never enjoyed one good night's rest either going or returning in them. The noise, the extreme heat, the dust, the inconvenience of morning ablution performances in comfort, always made these cars, to me, only just bearable. The expense, too is often at the rate of from 10s. to 12s. per night, besides fees for the coloured attendants.

American ladies, married and single, alone or in company, with

all their national delicate fastidiousness, use these sleeping berths without any sense of the ludicrousness they present. On my first night, I had a lower sleeping berth, and above me was a handsome matron and her little boy, and the dangling lower limbs of this fair traveller was the first thing the morning light revealed, as she was preparing for a descent to the floor of the car. On another occasion an elderly lady, occupying the berth below mine, kept up a coughing and moaning exercise, that rendered sleep utterly out of the question. But I felt there was no help but the sleeping car or a double number of days for the journey. I was highly favoured with excellent company on this part of the tour, having with us Rev. Dr. Hall, formerly of Dublin, and now of New York, and his family; also a worthy son of the late Rev. Professor Hitchcock, and other distinguished and amiable celebrities. But books, especially those relating to the regions traversed, and their history, are the great relief of this week's rail journey. A great part of the way I stood or sat outside the end of the car, to see the country on every side, a thing rigidly prohibited, but universally allowed. Our ascent towards the higher part of the Rocky Mountains was very gradual, and equally slow, say, averaging sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, till we attain the Summit Station at an altitude of 8,242 feet above the sea level. This Sherman Rail and Telegraph Station is considered the highest in the world. After this ascent to the summit of the line on the Rocky Mountains we descended in some instances with considerable velocity, and had on every hand very grand scenery. The two drawbacks were a long dreary ride through the Alkali region, where nothing but stump sage

bushes could be seen, neither tree nor grass, but one dry withered district of desolation. The other was the snow sheds absolutely essential in winter time, but which for a great many miles shuts out entirely the view of the lofty mountain ranges, near which we are passing. We saw immense herds of cattle, large troops of horses, and great numbers of mounted Indians with their gaudy dresses and picturesque appearance. At Weber Canyon we approach the Thousand Mile Tree from Omaha, which stands as one of nature's milestones indicating our western whereabouts. Near this is "The Devil's Slide," a series of rocks, high narrow slabs from 50 to 200 feet high, and on every hand we have grand mountains, some as if dove-tailed, together with fearful chasms, high promontories, through and among which the engineer has skilfully forced his way for the iron horse of modern times. Onward we come to Devil's Gate, and then we pass through a valley with Mormon settlements till we reach Ogden, 1,032 miles from Omaha. Ogden is the junction of the Union and the Central Pacific Railway, and though apparently in a plain stands 4,031 feet above the sea level. Here there is great bustle, and in some cases change of freight, passengers, cars, &c. The City of Ogden is three-fourths of a mile from the station, and has a population of some 4,000 inhabitants, is a sort of semi-headquarters of Mormonism; shops, hotels, post-office, Mormon tabernacle, &c., distinguish this place. Here is published a weekly paper. From Ogden there is a branch railroad of 37 miles to Salt Lake City; by this we reached this world-wide celebrated place, Friday evening, July 26th, and took up our quarters at Salt Lake House, our friends the Halls choosing the

Townsend House as their temporary abode. And now we have reached the Capital of Mormonism, where for two or three days we must diligently make ourselves acquainted with the moral condition and extraordinary celebrities of this marvel-

lous city. Several families, once our neighbours in London, now reside here, and we must find them out and give them a call, the results of which we postpone for our next paper.

(*To be continued.*)

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

THE news had spread that Charlie intended to preach in the square, and great excitement was caused in consequence. Accompanied by his friend, with only a small Bible and hymn book, and a chair on which to stand, with many a prayer for protection, and not without sundry misgivings, the brave young man went to his self-imposed task. Long before he reached the place he could hear the roar of the crowd that had gathered together, some determined he should not speak, others crying out for fair play. Some of his fellow-workmen, who loved him for his ministrations in their homes, hovered on the skirts of the crowd to see how he would succeed with such a turbulent crew, while, at the doors, as he passed down the street, stood grave men and tearful women, some of whom blessed him as he passed and others sought to turn him from his mission.

"He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh backward is not

fit for the kingdom of God," said Charlie, in answer to one more importunate than the rest. "Come on, my brother, the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

At the corner of the square he was met with a salute from the crowd that sounded like a yell of defiance, and almost before he could take in the scene, he was confronted by a tall, gaunt looking woman of ferocious aspect, a being with every trace of womanhood obliterated by drink and passion—a very fiend, the terror even of the lawless characters among whom she lived. She was known to all the policemen in the district as Queen Ann, and she had been so many times to the police-station for drunken riots that she used to sing, when bound on the stretcher,

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind."

Placing her hand on Charlie's shoulder she screamed out—"It is down here yer coming with yer dirty speech yer spalpeen."

Pushing rapidly by her he passed into the square and mounting a chair, lifted up his hand as if to implore silence or to beg a hearing, but the noise increasing, he tried to sing, twas in vain, and then

closing his eyes he commenced his prayer.

And now the stones commenced to fly thick and fast, until at last the brother that held the chair lost his courage and begged Charlie to come down; still the good man prayed on; a stone hurled with malignant intent at his face glided by, but in its passage cut the fleshy lobe of his ear, and the blood flowed down his white shirt as he, unmindful of the scratch, prayed on.

The sight of the blood excited the commiseration of some of the more peaceably disposed among them, and they cried shame, and one more sympathetic than the rest brandished a stick, and declared that if any of them touched him they should feel its weight. He cleared a place round him and with a loud voice shouted, "Hear what he says—Give him fair play—Go it Charlie my boye, and the devil a one shall touch ye while my name is Dennis."

Taking advantage of the momentary silence that followed Charlie began, "Boys, do you remember when the ballast boat upset off the dock and the five poor fellows were drowned in the thick fog?" Cries of, "We do." "Do you remember," he continued, "who jumped into the river and swam to the rescue? Have you forgotten how I imperilled my own life to save one of your countrymen? Ask widow Sullivan who gave her back her boy. Is there any of you ever heard me speak of your people unkindly? If any of you wanted a shilling have I ever refused it? Well now, you won't refuse to listen to me will you? I won't keep you long—but say if you will let me—all of you who wish to hear me hold up your hands."

Now the direct appeal to them, and the allusion to widow Sullivan's

boy whom he had saved from the watery grave in which his brother perished, was sufficient to calm them, and a majority of hands were held up, while approving voices shouted out, "Go on Charlie."

Slowly, weighing well every word and speaking very distinctly, the young man preached Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. Avoiding any direct allusion to the doctrines they held, he very simply but faithfully urged them to make atoning blood their trust. "With some of you," he said, "it is the first time you have ever heard the Gospel, and God only knows whether it may be the last."

Too true, alas, were the words of the preacher; with some it was indeed the last time, for on the morrow a fearful accident occurred.

It was six o'clock in the evening of the day immediately succeeding that on which Charlie had preached his sermon, and as the mill worked night and day the time had come for the night shift. The day men had all retired, and those who had taken their places were engaged in repairing a defective pipe, when the imprisoned and accumulated steam burst the vessel that held it, and with great force rent the building in twain—blew the roof a long distance from the walls that so recently had supported it, and with a sound like the sudden outburst of a mighty volcano threw into the air a shower of cinders and fragments, and with them, alas, the blackened and charred remains of what had been but a few moments before a group of living men.

"Oh, God, it is a fearful thing.
To see a human soul take wing,
In any plight, in any mood."

Our sympathies are very deeply moved when any unseen circumstance, or any lack of proper care

takes away our hardy sons of toil, and throws upon the world a number of widows and orphans to become the recipients of its charity. At such times the great pulse of humanity beats quick, and all classes vie with each other in seeking to relieve immediate suffering, and to arrange for the mitigation of woe. The Lancashire distress, the Hartley and Lund Hill disasters, and still more recently sad losses of gallant hearts upon the deep sufficiently prove this, and they also prove that there is no page in the chapter of accidents that so excites feeling, and draws out energies, as that of the explosive class; perhaps it is the suddenness of the event or the thought that the poor souls have been unprepared for such an awful flight into eternity, and with the humanity that accords our criminals time for preparation and prayer, we are deeply moved at any sudden catastrophe such as occurred at the mill.

The earlier records of death with which we are favoured in the dear old Book are not of a character calculated to affright. That grouping of Jacob's sons round the bed of their father, to listen to his parting counsel and to receive his blessing, or David's dying charge to his son to continue a work that would be associated with his family name for ever, and commencing with the announcement and exhortation, "I go the way of all the earth, be thou strong therefore and show thyself a man"—seems to take away the sting and to tone down the sorrow of parting, while the mind in such cases acquiesces in the Divine will, and the hope inspired by the magnificent words of Paul sends us on trusting in holy faith and in the resurrection life.

But, to leave home in the usual way, with the carelessness engen-

dered by constant returnings—to look forward to the twelve hours' toil as soon accomplished, as not being attended with any more danger one day than another—to feel that if extra labour is demanded there will be extra comfort at home, and that the dear one who has struggled side by side, with us in life's uneven way shall be better clad, and, with the little ones whom we impatiently embrace in our smuttiness, shall have the long-promised and anxiously-awaited holiday—that our share of the nine hundred millions of rations that are daily wanted for as many mouths will be gained; and then, notwithstanding all this, to be suddenly hurled into eternity without a moment's warning—manliness, honesty, temperance, godliness going for nothing, while the pests of society, the parasites, the pariahs of humanity, live on in their worthlessness to curse mankind—these are among the most mysterious actions of an inscrutable Providence.

And so it proved in this case. The best among the men at the mill were dead; six were picked up dead; the rest were sadly scalded by the escaping steam; four were dying, and had to be removed to a neighbouring hospital, where it was soon seen they were past human aid, and, raving wildly, they departed in the night.

Scores of willing hands were to be found ready to assist in extricating their fellow-creatures from the *débris*; houses were thrown open to receive the dear remains; and sorrowing groups of tearful faces were clustered in the street, all discussing the one thing, all bowed down with one common sorrow.

But now it was time for the ministers of religion to administer comfort, for it was sorely needed. Foremost among them was to be

seen the priest, bending over the sufferers, or trying to check the wild, keening cry that rose from the Irish women. There, too, was the good rector of the parish, administering cordials to the faint, and seeking, as love or pity would suggest, some mode to alleviate the woe. And there, too, was Charlie, moving briskly about among the people, doing little acts of kindness for the dead which required a stronger nerve than could be found among the terror-stricken onlookers, now offering a short prayer, now lifting his voice beseeching, now

with the tears trickling down his face as he exclaimed—"Oh, that they had listened to my warning yesterday! 'Oh, that men were wise; that they would consider their latter end!'"

But chiefest among those who were doing real good was the tenant of No. 6. What quantities of linen of the finest kind, of oils of the most cooling qualities he produced! And, long before medical men could be procured, he had proved himself a Good Samaritan and a leech of no mean skill.

(To be Continued).

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

GOD'S CHARACTER.

OF God's character Robert Hall nobly said, "It gathers splendour from all that is fair; subordinates to itself all that is great; and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe."

"SEEK MY MATE."

ONE touching incident in connection with the railway accident at Newark teaches us the spirit by which we should be actuated in striving to do good. When the driver of the goods train found the stoker, he was discovered near the buried engine where the dead had been most thickly scattered. There he lay in the ditch with his feet in the water which had run from the overturned tender. What did he say to the driver who found him? He said, "Go and seek my mate: I am done for." See he cared more for his mate than for himself. He did not know that his mate was killed—that he lay buried beneath the wreck of

a carriage. But it was in such circumstances a famous saying,—“Go and seek my mate, I am done for.” He died: but his saying will not die. He teaches us that as dying men it is our business to seek after the dying. We can only do so a little while. God help us to do it now!

H. W.

SATAN'S PROMISES.

SATAN'S promises are like the meat that fowlers set before birds, which is not meant to feed them but to take them.—SPURSTOWE.

RELIGION AND TEMPER.

IF religion has done nothing for your temper it has done nothing for your soul.—CLAYTON.

SENSE SET IN HUMILITY.

SENSE shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—PENN.

PART IN HEAVEN, PART ON EARTH.

IF our little children have died, they have entered heaven; but they are still a part of us. We cannot help but mourn their loss; and as we move about many things remind us of them. As the poet says,—

“We miss their small step on the stair,
We miss them at the evening prayer,
All day we miss them everywhere.”

But we know that

“Soon, soon, their little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That leads them back from man to God.”

Thus part of us is in heaven, part on earth. In a factory we see

machinery on the lower floor and machinery on the upper floor; but both are bound together by a connecting band, and so become one. So our little children, if we are godly, and they are gone to glory, are fresh connecting bands, that bind us to heaven while we serve the Lord on earth. Let this thought give us sweet resignation, and cause us to look upwards!—H. W.

A LARGE HOUSE AND HEART.

GEORGE WHITFIELD used to speak of a good woman who loved the Lord's people and servants so well, that she used to say, when they visited her, “Come in, ye blessed of the Lord; I have a house that will hold a hundred, and a heart that will hold ten thousand!” What a house and heart was this!

Reviews.

The Autobiography or History of the Life of John Bowes. Glasgow: G. Gallie and Son; and Houlston and Co., London.

THIS large octavo of six hundred pages gives us the life and labours of a Gospel preacher, comprising nearly fifty years of the present century. Mr. Bowes was born in Yorkshire, in 1804, and still lives and labours as Pastor Evangelist or Itinerating Minister in Scotland and elsewhere. He commenced preaching in 1822, and has laboured all over the United Kingdom, therefore, for upwards of fifty years. It appears he kept a continuous record of his work, and a great part of this volume is his journal reproduced. It is astonishing the amount of work he has done, and how by keeping in harness he has

been able, as a true home missionary, in and out of doors, for so long a period to proclaim the good news of salvation. Mr. Bowes does not withhold those peculiarities which have distinguished him from other labourers in the vineyard of Christ. He has ever stood forth as what we should term an Evangelical Arminian, or at least Anti-Calvinist. He has repudiated all Sectarianism, and taught the unity of the Church of Christ. He has been opposed to salaried preachers; a Baptist, yet in intimate association with good men of every name; a teacher of the literal school of prophecy; a public lecturer against Socialism, Secularism, Mormonism, and intemperance; a writer of a good many books, pamphlets, and tracts; editor of periodicals, also of the New

Testament Scriptures. He has publicly discussed Infidelity, Universalism, &c., &c. He has criticised Pædo-Baptists and Baptists. We have indicated enough concerning this extraordinary labourer, as given in this autobiography. We trust its size will not deter persons from a perusal of it, and while we do not commit ourselves either to the line of labour Mr. Bowes has always pursued, or the peculiar views he has proclaimed, yet there is enough presented in this remarkable life to show what entire devotedness and earnest zeal may effect, and it is well adapted to stimulate good men to persistent perseverance in evangelistic work.

Practical Christianity Illustrated.
Sermons by WM. BIRCH, JUNR.
Manchester: Ireland and Co.

THE title of this admirable volume is true to the very letter. These Sermons are thoroughly practical, and evince considerable skill both in the way the truth is presented and illustrated. Terse, telling, anecdotal, earnest and faithful, we do not wonder at their usefulness and increasing popularity, and we are sure not only Manchester but every town in Great Britain would be the better of such preaching. We rejoice greatly in Mr. Birch's success and holy devotedness to his Master's glory, and the welfare of poor orphans for whose benefit these sermons are printed. May they be sold by thousands of thousands.

The Strength of My Life. Large print readings for the sick and aged. By the Author of "Light at Eventide." (Hatchards and Co.)

A CHARMING book for aged and sick people, filled with telling truths, presented in a way that must edify, and in large print that all may read.

The Interpreter, &c. By C. H. SPURGEON. Part VI.

THIS part of this excellent work for family worship is distinguished by the various special features of the preceding numbers, and we see it is to

be completed in twenty-one parts. Issued in this periodical form it accommodates persons of limited means, but we think, when it is finished and offered in a complete volume, its sale will be greatly increased. Our readers who take it in, will do well to show it to Christian families around them, and in this way it may obtain a very large circulation, of which it is eminently worthy.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Onward. Every way suited to Bands of Hope.

Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Tradition of Peter being Bishop of Rome. London: Macintosh. A clear, succinct, and unanswerable statement, deserving the general regard of all Protestants.

Jackie Graham. By MARY WILSON. Elliot Stock. A telling Irish story, that will interest and may profit our young people.

The Baptist holds on its way, giving good sermons, capital papers, and denominational intelligence, and so far as we hear, general satisfaction.

The Freeman was never better or more ably conducted. Its leading articles are first-class, and no paper of the same price gives a greater amount of real worth for the money paid. It must be heartily sustained, and is worthy of the liberal support of the whole denomination.

The Bible and the Prisoner. Shaw and Co. (2d.) This record of God's work for the salvation of prisoners, and the rescue of their children, is deeply interesting, and full of cheering signs of progress.

The Annual Report for 1872 of this most praiseworthy society has been sent to us, and we are glad to see that it is so well sustained.

The Christian Armour contains a good "In Memoriam" of Rev. W. Pennefather, and other thoroughly edifying papers.

The Sword and Trowel. Highly interesting. India, Paris, Edinburgh,

Vienna, all come under notice with other good papers.

Baptist Magazine. A very full and varied number of excellent things. But we demur totally to the statements of Mr. Griffin, Baptist Minister from England, and now at Zanesville, Ohio, who, in his paper on the Baptists in America, says, in reference to the Total Abstinence Movement, "I believe it can be shown that in those States where the most rigid legal enactments have been passed, the most deplorable drunkenness prevails." Nothing more extravagantly incorrect was ever written. In the State of Maine, I travelled for weeks, and never saw nor heard of a single case of drunkenness, and nowhere were the effects of liquor prohibition more manifest or delightful.

The Gardener's Magazine. Edited by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq., F.R.S. A complete compendium of every kind of information, and leaving nothing to be desired.

Ragged School Union Magazine. Biblical Museum (Part XXX.). The Appeal.

Our Week Night Service, being practical readings in the Book of Jonah. By the Rev. J. S. EXELL. (Elliot Stock). Nos. 1-6, 2d. each. Highly favoured indeed is the congregation where such well digested edifying material is given them at the week evening gathering. We trust in this printed form they will be extensively circulated, and we feel confident they will be most acceptable and useful to all classes of Christian readers. Mr. Exell will do well to cultivate the gift of clear biblical exposition, which he so eminently possesses.

Aids for the Anxious. By EDWARD DENNETT. (Morgan and Scott). 3d. This is what its title indicates, "A Manual of the Way of Salvation," and is well adapted to assist enquirers concerning the Gospel method of life everlasting.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. R. KEER has resigned the pastorate of the church at Barnes, having received an invitation from the church at Avening, in Gloucestershire.

SUNDERLAND.—REV. T. J. MALYON, formerly of Regent's-park College, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the recently-formed church, Borough-road, Sunderland.

DUDLEY—BOURTON.—The Baptist church, New-street, Dudley, has given an invitation to Rev. G. McMichael, B.A., of Bourton-on-the-Water.

REV. J. F. FREWIN has resigned the pastorate of Surrey-lane Chapel, Battersea, and accepted that of the church worshipping in the Wellington Hall, Dover.

HARLINGTON, MIDDLESEX.—REV. THOMAS HENSON has resigned the pastorate of the Old Baptist church, and

accepted an invitation from the church at the Lower Chapel, Chesham, Bucks.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—REV. THOMAS WHEATLEY has resigned the pastorate of the church worshipping in the Bristol-road Chapel, Weston-super-Mare.

MR. J. GREENWOOD, Chilwell College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Swadlincoote.

REV. D. GRACEY, classical tutor of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation of the church worshipping in New Southgate to the pastorate.

REV. WILLIAM H. PAYNE, after six years' devoted labour at Worstead, Norfolk, has accepted the invitation of both church and congregation worshipping in the Baptist chapel, Bugbrook and Hayford, near Weedon.

KINGSKERSWELL, GREAT TORRINGTON.—REV. T. DOWDING, for several

years pastor of the church at Kingskerswell, has accepted the invitation from the church at Great Torrington to become their pastor.

PRESENTATIONS.

THETFORD.—On Wednesday, May 26th, a meeting was held for the purpose of presenting Rev. C. Welton with a testimonial on his leaving for Driffield, in Yorkshire. After singing and prayer, the Rev. F. Webster (chairman) expressed his regret at parting with his old friend, after a real friendship of nearly six years, but hoped the change would be beneficial to his health, and prove a blessing to the people at Driffield. Mr. G. Joslin (one of the deacons) then presented the retiring pastor with a purse containing £23 10s. 5d., as an expression of their good feeling for past services, and their good wishes for himself, his wife, and little ones for the future. Mrs. Welton was privately presented with a writing-desk, as a “token of affection from her friends at Thetford.”

Rev. W. C. Pratt having, through failing health, been compelled to relinquish the pastoral charge of the church at Keynsham, near Bristol, where he has laboured for sixteen years, the members of the church and congregation invited him to take tea with them on Thursday, and afterwards, through the deacons, presented him with the sum of £56, which was contained in an elegant note-case, purchased with the subscriptions of the Sunday-school children. Members of each of the five congregations in the parish were among the contributors, including the vicar, the Rev. J. H. Gray, M.A.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins, of the English church at Aberdare, who has accepted a call to Salford, has been presented with an address from the church at Aberdare, accompanied by a purse containing £17 17s. Several neighbouring ministers, of various denominations, expressed their regret at his departure.

On Sunday, April 27th, Rev. T. G.

Gathercole, of Toddington, Beds., preached two farewell sermons. On Monday a tea and public meeting was held. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. C. Judge (deacon). Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Cumberland, T. G. Gathercole, T. Cox, and W. Simpson. In the course of the evening the retiring pastor was presented with a purse of money as a token of love and esteem. Mr. Gathercole's address will be for the present, 1, Smith-street, Peckham, S.E.

A presentation of a pair of handsome lustres was made to Miss A. M. Dowson, daughter of the Rev. H. Dowson, principal of the Baptist College, Bury, Lancashire, by the members of the Knowsley-street Baptist Sunday-school and congregation, on Tuesday, May 20th. The marriage of Miss Dowson and her subsequent removal from the neighbourhood was thought to be an appropriate occasion for a recognition of the valuable services rendered by her to the school as teacher, and also as harmoniumist in the chapel. In addition to the above, there was also presented a crucifix by the members of her class, and several other articles from private sources.

NEW CHAPELS.

BALHAM.—On Wednesday, June 4, the memorial stone of a new chapel, situated in the Ramsden-road, was laid by T. H. Olney, Esq. The new chapel is in an entirely new neighbourhood which has arisen within the last two years. This is one of the buildings which the London Baptist Association guarantee to erect annually. Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, being president of the association for this year, chose that spot for the erection of this year's chapel. Mr. T. H. Olney gave the ground, and a local committee was formed. After the ceremony, it was announced that the total subscriptions placed on the stone amounted to £1,520. The total cost of the chapel, which is being erected by W. Higgs, Esq., will not exceed £3,500, of which sum the London Baptist Association subscribed £1,000. There

is, therefore, £1,000 left to be raised to open the chapel free from debt. After the ceremony was over many of the company adjourned for refreshments to the grounds of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale-lane.

A new chapel is about to be erected at the village of Worth, near Keighley, Yorkshire. The foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Wm. Bland, of Keighley. The building, which will cost £900, is to be in the Grecian style of architecture, and will be used, not only as a place of worship, but also as a week-day school.

The opening of the new chapel which has just been erected at Ulverston, for the church and congregation under the pastorate of Rev. T. Lardner, was celebrated by a tea and public meeting, in which Rev. J. P. Chown and several local ministers took part. Nearly the whole of the debt has been defrayed.

ST. NEOTS, HUNTS.—The friends for some years past worshipping in the Corn Exchange, have at length secured a site for chapel, schoolroom, &c., in East-street. The tender of Mr. Jackson, of St. Neots, has been accepted, and the foundation-stone of the new building was laid on Monday, June 23, by Rev. H. Varley, of Notting-hill, London. The chapel, which is to partake somewhat of the Gothic style of architecture, will seat rather more than 300, without galleries. The expenditure, including site, is to be about £900, towards which sum nearly £500 have been raised.

MACCLESFIELD.—The foundation-stone of the new Baptist chapel was laid on Saturday afternoon, June 7, by David Holland, Esq. Rev. Isaac Watts (pastor) read a brief history of the church from its formation to the present time, extending over a period of fifty years, the church having been formed by Rev. J. G. Pike, author of *Persuasive to Early Piety*, and superintended successively by brethren Preston, Kenney, Lindley, Stocks, Maddeys, Maden, Hacket, and Watts. This paper was then deposited under the stone, with a copy of the *Baptist*

and other journals. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. H. C. Field, and Dr. Underwood delivered an address. A tea and public meeting was held subsequently in the old school-room and chapel. On the following Sunday two sermons were preached by Dr. Underwood, and collections made towards the building fund.

NEW CHURCHES.

WESTBOURNE.—May 13th an interesting service was held here. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, Portsmouth, preached, and afterwards presided. Fifteen baptized believers gave each other the right hand of Christian fellowship, and were formed into a Baptist church. Mr. W. H. Barham, through whose instrumentality the little chapel in which the friends assemble was built and paid for, was chosen pastor, and two of the brethren were elected deacons. The service was concluded by the members and friends sitting together at the Lord's memorial supper table.

MEETINGS TO BE HELD.

The autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union will be held this year at Nottingham, in the week beginning October 13.

MEOPHAM, KENT.—The forty-fifth anniversary will be held (D.V.) on July 15th; Mr. J. Wilkins, of London, to preach morning and afternoon, and Mr. C. Masterson, of London, in the evening; services at 11, half-past 2, and 6.

PARK-ROAD CHAPEL, ESSEX.—Anniversary services Friday, July 4th. Rev. H. Varley, of Notting-hill, will preach at 3.30 and 7 p.m. Tea will be provided.

RECOGNITIONS.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—A recognition service, to celebrate the settlement of J. E. Cracknell, as pastor of the Tabernacle, Laygate-lane, was held on Wednesday, June 4. The service was presided over by Mr. Ald. Strachan. The Rev. A. A. Rees, gave the charge,

and Rev. J. Mursell followed with an address to the members of the church and congregation. Rev. Walter Hanson gave Mr. Cracknell the right hand of fellowship on behalf of himself and brother ministers.

WEST ROW, SUFFOLK.—On Monday, June 2nd, Rev. J. Gomm, was recognised as pastor of the chapel in this village. A goodly number sat down to tea, after which there was a public meeting in the chapel. Mr. F. W. Dorling occupied the chair, and congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. A. Wilson, P. B. Woodgate, and J. Hillman. The new minister was presented with a purse of twelve sovereigns as a token of good will from his friends. The burial-ground adjoining the chapel has just been enlarged by a considerable addition, and enclosed by a handsome wall, the cost having been entirely defrayed through the generous help of the chairman and others.

RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS.—The recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. C. Evans, late of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, were held on Wednesday, May 21. In the afternoon the Rev. S. Couling preached, and later in the day a tea and public meeting was held, the Rev. T. Peters presiding. The charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. G. Rogers.

KING'S HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.—A public service to recognise Rev. James Cave, late of Chesham, Bucks, was held on the 15th of May, presided over by Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown. Addresses were delivered by Revs. T. Anthony, B.A., G. Myall, Ll. H. Parsons, and Charles Vinca. An additional interest was given to the proceedings by the opening of an organ.

BHYMNEY.—Interesting services were held in connection with Beulah English Church, on Thursday, May 15th, for the purpose of ordaining and recognising Rev. John Jarman as pastor. There was the usual afternoon service, followed by a tea and public meeting.

PENUEL ROCK.—The ordination of the Rev. W. Williams, of Haverford-

west College, took place on Sunday and Monday, 11th and 12th of May. The following ministers took part in the services:—Rev. C. Williams, W. Edwards, B.A., T. Davis, D.D., B. Thomas, of Setterstone, and others.

WALTHAM ABBEY, ESSEX.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of W. R. Williamson (late of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College), as pastor of the first Baptist Church here, were held on Wednesday, June 11. Rev. R. Wallace presided, and Prof. G. Rogers and the Rev. J. Culross, D.D., delivered the charges to the pastor and the Church. In the evening a tea and public meeting was held, when the Rev. R. Wallace again presided.

MODEBURY.—Recognition services were held on Tuesday, June 10, to welcome Rev. J. W. Spear, of Great Torrington, as pastor. Rev. J. Aldis preached in the afternoon, and a tea and public meeting was subsequently held, presided over by Peter Adams, Esq.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—The anniversary meeting was held on Wednesday, May 28, tea at 6 o'clock, and a public meeting at half-past 7. A statement of the work was given by Mr. Russell, and addresses by Revs. W. A. Blake, W. K. Rowe, and J. Baker.

HATTON-ROAD CHAPEL, HARLINGTON.—Anniversary services were held on Tuesday, June 10, 1873. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Braden. In the evening a public meeting was held, the Rev. J. S. Stanion presiding; Revs. W. G. Lewis, R. H. Roberts, B.A., W. A. Blake, Ebenezer Hunt, and R. Turner, Esq., addressed the meeting.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting was held on Tuesday, the 17th June, at the Baptist chapel, West Croydon. The morning meeting commenced with a devotional service. At half-past 12 the Rev. W. Brock, D.D., gave an address. In the afternoon the usual meeting of the

pastors and delegates was held. After an address by the Rev. W. Brook, jun., the customary business of the association was transacted. In the evening, at seven, there was a public meeting, the president, J. A. Spurgeon, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Cuff, T. W. Handford, and C. Stanford.

On Thursday evening, May 24th, a farewell meeting was held at Shackleton chapel, Stoke Newington, upon the occasion of the retirement of the Rev. T. Wells Cave, LL.D. The chair was occupied by Rev. A. McAuslane, D.D., and the meeting was addressed by Dr. Culross, J. Ellis, Wallace, Atkinson, Brewer, and Finch.

At a meeting recently held at Burlington Chapel, Ipswich, Rev. T. E. Cozens Cook, pastor, congratulatory addresses were delivered on the increase of attendants at the chapel and in the number of church members. It was announced that an "Invitation Society" was to be formed, the object of which would be to invite Sabbath loiterers to attend the services.

SHEFFIELD.—On May 20 and 21, the congregation of Glossop-road church held a bazaar, with the object of defraying the cost of the organ erected in January last. The sum desired was £500, and after two days' sale in the Outlers' Hall this amount was exceeded. A third day's sale was agreed upon, in order to clear the stalls, and thus the total proceeds amounted to £580. The bazaar was opened by a service, at which A. Allott, Esq., presided. This is the concluding effort in connection with the building of this church. About £5,000 was raised before the opening in 1871. The next year a further sum of £3,400 was promised for the liquidation of the debt, and when these promises are discharged, the whole cost of the church and organ will be defrayed.

DOWNHAM.—The anniversary of the church was held on Sunday, May 18, when the Rev. J. S. Wyard preached. On Monday, the 19th, Mrs. Jackson, of Willingham (sister of Rev. C. H.

Spurgeon), delivered a lecture entitled "Six Best Things." On Tuesday, Rev. A. G. Brown preached in the afternoon and evening. Liberal collections were made in aid of the chapel funds.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—The annual sermons in connection with Upper Burgess-street Baptist Church were delivered on Sunday, June 8th, to large congregations, by Rev. C. B. Sawday, of London. On the Monday the tea and public meeting was held in the Town Hall, by permission of the mayor, when over 500 were present. Rev. Edward Lauderdale, the pastor, presided. The church now enters upon the sixth year of Mr. Lauderdale's ministry. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to £50.

PETERBOROUGH.—Anniversary services were held in the Queen-street Chapel on Tuesday, May 13th, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. P. Chown. About 550 persons attended the public tea. On the following Lord's-day the Rev. H. B. Robinson preached twice. The amount raised for the reduction of the chapel debt was over £80.

A bazaar held at the Corn Exchange, West Retford, produced £103 in aid of the funds of the Trinity Tabernacle, Rev. J. J. Dalton, pastor. The mayor presided at the opening.

A bazaar, held on the 20th and 21st inst., to aid in removing the debt on the chapel at Ibstock, Leicestershire, and to provide funds for alterations and improvements, realised £145.

HENDON.—On Monday evening, June 9, the Baptists in this neighbourhood held a tea meeting, which was followed by a public meeting, at which Rev. J. T. Wigner presided, and Rev. W. Rickards and Messrs. Le Riche and A. Smith addressed the meeting. For a long time past the want of a Baptist cause has been much felt in the neighbourhood. Mr. Albert Smith, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has supplied the pulpit with so much satisfaction that the friends have every hope of retaining him permanently. Mr. Wigner gave a very earnest ad-

dress, and Mr. Smith stated that a church was to be formed, and a Sunday-school would be commenced.

LONDON.—SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—The annual sermons were preached in Avenue-road Chapel on Sunday, May 25th, by the Rev. John Graham, of Sydney, N.S.W. On the evening of the 27th the annual meeting was held, John Campbell, Esq., occupying the chair. The collections towards the liquidation of the chapel debt (£600), amounted to £86.

MONTACUTE, SOMERSETSHIRE.—The Anniversary of the Sunday-schools was held on Sunday, June 8th, when Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, Portsmouth, preached both morning and evening, and addressed the Sunday-school children in the afternoon. On the Monday evening, June 9th, Mr. Medhurst delivered his popular lecture on "Happy Homes and how to make them," in aid of the school funds.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdeen, George-street Hall.—June 10, Three, by Alexander Anderson.
 Aberdulais, Neath.—June 8, Two, by D. Williams.
 Ashford, Kent, St. John's-lane Chapel.—May 25, Four, by T. Clark.
 Barking-road, Mount Lion.—May 25, Four, by R. H. Gillespie.
 Bedale, Yorkshire.—May 18, One, by John Myers.
 Bilston, Wood-street Chapel.—May 25, Two, by J. Bell.
 Blackmoor Chapel.—June 8, Three, by Mr. H. Marsden, for the Church worshipping at Writtle, Essex.
 Blaenauon.—June 1, Four, by W. Rees.
 Bratton.—June 1, Six, by W. Drew.
 Burstern and Newcastle, Staffordshire.—May 22, Eleven, by Henry C. Field.
 Bury St. Edmunds.—May 29, Three, by M. S. Ridley.
 Caerleon, Mon.—May 18, One, by D. Bevan Jones.
 Calstock, Cornwall.—May 26, Two, by C. Cork.
 Cambridge, Zion Chapel.—May 29, Nine, by J. P. Campbell.
 Carmarthen, Priory-street Chapel.—May 11, Seven young people from the Sunday-school, by Thos. Lewis.
 Chellaston.—May 25, Two (one from the Sabbath-school), by Mr. G. Slack.
 Chesham, Bucks.—June 1, Five, by J. Palmer.
 Cloughfold, Lancashire.—May 18, Four, by A. J. Parry.
 Coalville.—May 4, Four; June 1, Five, by C. T. Johnson.
 Coate, Oxon.—May 25, Nine, by B. Arthur.

Conlig.—May 25, Two, by John Harris.
 Coseley, near Bilston, Providence Chapel.—May 15, Three, by Mr. Greenhough.
 Diss, Norfolk.—June 1, Four, by A. Doel.
 Dalton, N. Devon.—May 18, Five, by Charles Chant.
 Dorchester, Dorset.—May 29, Five, by J. E. Brett.
 Dublin, Abbey-street.—May 25, Two, by D. E. Evans.
 Dumfries.—June 12, One, by George Anderson.
 Dunstable, Old Chapel.—May 4, Three, by C. Witts.
 Ecton, Northampton.—May 29, Four, by J. Field.
 Edinburgh, Duncan-street Chapel.—June 1, Two; June 4, Three, by John McLellan.
 Esher, Park-road.—May 25, Two, by J. E. Perrin.
 Eye, Suffolk.—June 1, Two, by J. Clark.
 Garn, Welsh Chapel.—May 4, Nine; May 18, One, by A. Williams.
 Gorton, near Manchester.—June 1, Six, by William Stokes. This being the first baptism in the new chapel, there was a large attendance.
 Halifax, Trinity-road Chapel.—May 25, Four, by James Parker.
 Hatchard, near Warrington, Bethel Chapel.—June 15, Four, one an aged disciple, and three from the Sunday-school, by J. Wilkinson.
 Hereford.—May 25, Five, by E. L. Forster.
 Heywood, Manchester.—May 18, at Rochdale-road, Six, by W. Lester Mayo, five being scholars from the Sabbath-school.
 Highbridge, Somerset.—June 8, Six, by T. Hanger.
 Horsforth.—May 29, Six, by John Harper.
 Hugglescote.—May 25, Two, by J. Salisbury.
 Irvine.—June 7, Two, by A. G. Short.
 Isleham, Cambs.—June 8, Seven, by G. Fowler.
 Jazzeel Gopinan, Cardiganshire.—May 18, at the Welsh Chapel, Six, by D. Jenkins, all from the Sunday-school.
 Keysoe, Beds.—June 1, Two, by Frederick Perkins.
 Kingstoney, Gloucestershire.—May 26, Five, by the Rev. Tanswell, of Woodchester.
 Kirton Lindsey.—May 28, One, by J. Young.
 Leicester.—May 18, at Harvey-lane Chapel, Nine, by L. Llewellyn.
 Lincoln.—June 4, Two, by Charles Stovel.
 Liverpool, Soho-street.—May 25, Five, by Eli E. Walter.
 Llanfihangel Ystrad.—June 15, Four, by J. C. Powell.
 Lyme Regis, Dorset, Silver-street Chapel.—May 25, Seven, by George Binnie.
 Maesbyrllan.—May 4, Four; May 11, Three, by G. H. Llewellyn.
 Measham, Derbyshire.—June 8, Two, by George Barker.
 Metropolitan District—
 Chalk Farm, Peniel Tabernacle.—May 25, Nine, by Richard Webb.
 East London Tabernacle.—May 26, Five, by W. J. Lambourne, for the Church worshipping in Philadelphia Chapel, Ravenstreet, Whitechapel. 29th, Ten, by A. G. Brown, pastor.
 Enfield Highway, Totteridge-road Chapel.—May 25, Five, by J. Mauning.

Enfield Town, N.—May 25, Three, by George W. White.

Goswell-road, Spencer-place Chapel.—June 1, Nine, by Philip Gast.

Hanwell.—Monday, June 9, Six, by G. Rouse Lowdon.

Henrietta-street Chapel.—June 5, Two, by W. W. Haines, for the Church worshipping in Thornhill Hall, Barnsbury.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 29, Eighteen, by J. A. Spurgeon; June 9, Fifteen, by G. Goldston.

New Barnet.—June 1, Five, by J. Dunlop.

New Wimbledon.—May 30, Five, by W. W. Robinson.

Penge Tabernacle.—May 25, Three, by Jno. Collins.

St. John's Wood, Abbey-road Chapel.—May 22, Three, by W. Stott.

Vernon Chapel.—May 29, Eleven, by C. B. Sawday.

Montacute.—May 25, Two, by H. Hardin.

Morley.—May 14, Three, by J. Wolfenden.

Mountain Ash, English Church.—June 1, Five, by J. W. Williams.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bewick-street.—May 25, Thirteen, by James Mursell.

Newport, Mon., Albert Hall.—May 14, Four, by J. P. Thomas.

Northgate, Louth.—May 29, Four, by G. Parkes.

Ogden, near Rochdale.—May 25, Seven; June 8, One, by A. E. Greening.

Oldham.—April 20, Five; May 25, Two, by R. H. Bayly.

Oundle, Zion Chapel.—May 25, Two, by Isaac Comfort.

Outwood, near Redhill.—June 1, Four, by Thomas Green.

Pembre Lanelli.—May 18, at the Welsh Chapel, Eight, by W. Watkins.

Portsmouth, Lake-road, Landport.—May 28, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.

Queensbury, near Bradford.—May 25, Nine, by R. Hardy.

Quorndon.—June 8, Seven, by W. J. Staynes.

Redhill, London-road Chapel.—May 11, Three, by W. Usher.

Rhymney.—June 8, Seven, by the pastor.

Richmond, Surrey.—June 8, Three, by J. Whitaker.

Sabden.—May 4, Nine, by Mr. Norton.

Salop, Coxall Chapel.—June 15, Six, by J. Gay.

Shrewsbury, Claremont-street.—May 25, Two, by E. Shindler.

St. Andrew's, N.B.—May 25, Two, by A. P. Fulton.

Stoubridge, near Downham.—June 8, One, in the river Ouse, by John Wilson.

Stratford-on-Avon.—May 25, Two, by Edmund Morley.

Sutton St. Edmunds, Lincolnshire.—May 25, Two, by Mr. J. Whitmore, from Wisbeach.

Swansea, St. Helen's Mission Hall.—May 20, Three, by D. T. Phillips.

Thetford.—May 25, Two, by Charles Welton.

Todmorden.—May 28, Six, by E. W. Cantrell.

Torquay, Upton Vale.—June 1, Six, by E. Edwards.

Treforest.—May 18, Three, by H. Davis.

Truro, Cornwall.—May 27, Five, by James H. Patterson.

Ventnor, Isle of Wight.—May 15, Three, by

J. Wilkinson, at the Chapel, Niton, kindly lent for the occasion.

Watchet, Somerset.—May 15, One; May 25, Three, by T. E. Rawlings.

Whitwick.—May 18, Six, by A. E. Johnson.

Willenhall, Lichfield-street.—May 18, Six, by W. Morris Thomas.

Wisbech, Ely Place.—May 21, Eleven, by W. E. Winks.

Wiscanton.—June 11, Eleven, by G. Charlesworth.

Wrexham.—June 1, at Chester-street Chapel, Three, by J. Harvey, Bury.

Wyneswold, Leicestershire.—June 8, Six, by W. Morris.

RECENT DEATHS.

HALIFAX.—Death of the the Rev. R. INGHAM, D.D.—This minister expired on Sunday evening, June 1st, at his residence, Aked's-road, Halifax, in his sixty-third year, after an illness of three weeks. Mr. Ingham began his ministerial career as pastor at Tetley-street Chapel, Bradford, and concluded it as minister of Infirmary-street Chapel, in the same town, the latter church being an offshoot of the former. For many years he was pastor of the North Parade Church, at Halifax. In 1865 he published an elaborate and exhaustive work, entitled "A Handbook on Christian Baptism," in which he contended for immersion as the only Scriptural mode of baptism. This was followed in 1871 by another work entitled, "Christian Baptism: its Subjects." For these works the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by a Baptist college in America. Mr. Ingham was the author of some works of minor importance, the principal one being on "Pre-Millennial Thoughts." He was a most estimable man, remarkable alike for his amiability and conscientiousness.

Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, of Dunedin New Zealand, recently met his death by a sad accident. He was on his way to Lawrence to render a friendly service to the Wesleyan Church there, by preaching anniversary sermons, when the coach in which he was a passenger was overturned, and he received such injuries as resulted, two days later, in his death. He was born at Pembroke, in Wales, in 1817, and fired by the

appeals of William Knibb, he set sail in 1841 for Jamaica, where he laboured as a missionary for three years. He had received his training at Bristol College. Compelled to return home by ill-health, he accepted the pastorate of the church at Hunslet, near Leeds, and in 1845 he removed to Walsall, where he remained for nearly seven years. Afterwards for eleven years he officiated as the pastor of the North Frederick-street Church, in Glasgow, where his labours were crowned with great success. From 1862 to 1868 he laboured in Newport; and in the latter year he accepted the charge of the church in New Zealand. There he has been largely blessed; and so catholic was his spirit, that his funeral was the occasion of a gathering such as New Zealand had probably never witnessed before.

CARMARTHEN.—Rev. H. W. JONES died on Whit-Sunday, at his residence in Wellfield-road, in the seventy-second year of his age. He had been nearly fifty years in the ministry, thirty-eight of which he spent at the Tabernacle Church, Carmarthen. He was an able preacher, and was much respected throughout Wales.

CARSON.—June 2, 1873, ELIZABETH, wife of James C. L. Carson, M.D., Coleraine, Ireland, and daughter of the late Rev. Thos. Green, of Spring Vale, County Londonderry, Ireland. Mrs. Carson's death is severely felt by

the Coleraine Baptist Church, of which she has long been a most exemplary, useful, and working member.

The late Rev. THOMAS JONES, pastor of the church at Bettws, Shropshire, departed this life on the 6th of May, 1873. The deceased was the third son of the Rev. James Jones, who was for many years pastor of the church at Rock, Radnorshire. Thomas Jones was baptized by his father in early life, and was introduced to the ministry at Rock. When after two brief pastorates he settled at Whitcut, he established the church there, and was pastor of the church at Bettws nearly twenty-five years. He succeeded in erecting a new chapel there, in which he preached regularly until within a few months of his death. His excessive labours, frequently preaching three times on the Sabbath, and walking many miles, tended to impair his health, for it was evident he had laboured beyond his strength. He was much beloved by his people, and by his death the church has lost a faithful and devoted pastor. His funeral, which took place at Bettws on the 10th May, was attended by his brother, Rev. J. Jones, Rock, and by the Rev. J. Harrison Sarn, Montgomeryshire, who preached an affecting sermon on Sunday, May the 18th, at the chapel at Bettws from the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of the 4th chapter of the 2nd book of Timothy.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. J. Boardley ...	0 10 0	Miss C. Tarrant ...	0 2 10	Mr. W. Townsend	0 5 0
Mr. T. Benson ...	1 1 0	Mr. S. Watson ...	0 10 0		
Mrs. Bydewell ...	0 3 9	Mr. W. Wright ...	2 13 0	Weekly Offerings at	
A Widow's mite ...	0 1 0	Mr. Searle ...	1 0 0	Metropolitan Ta-	
In Memoriam, per		Mr. A. Dunn ...	25 0 0	bernacle—May 25	42 15 4
Mr. Wallace ...	2 10 0	G. A. E. ...	2 0 0	" " June 1	29 5 5
Mr. F. E. Smith ...	10 0 0	Contents of weekly		" " " 8	32 2 3
Mrs. Holroyd ...	1 0 0	offering boxes at		" " " 15	20 11 1
Mrs. Gibson ...	1 0 0	Tottenham Park			
Mr. Surr ...	5 5 0	Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. L. Evered ...	1 0 0	per Mr. Lockhart	0 10 0		
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle

AN EARNEST ENTREATY.*

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness."—PSALM. xvii. 7.

If one were about to have an audience with the Queen, or with some royal personage, he might be apt to say: "How shall I behave myself? What am I expected to do? What is the proper form of address?" Now, in entering into the presence of the great King of Kings, the Eternal God, we may suppose the trembling penitent saying: "What shall I do? Where-withal shall I come before the Most High God? What words shall I use, and into what fashion shall I cast my desires?" Now, Holy Scripture has been very rich in answers to this question, for you have hundreds of most appropriate prayers made ready to your hand. We might readily enough compose a Biblical Liturgy, if one believed in Liturgies at all; nor would it be difficult to find Scriptural words for every desire that could possibly strike the human heart. The Bible, besides all its other excellences, is a great and universal Prayer-book, and has in it petitions suited to all classes and conditions of men at all times, whatever their desires and necessities may be. Now, I take out of this Prayer-book this one short supplication. "I know the children of God will join with me in praying it, and I trust that ere we have done, some who never prayed before may make this their first prayer—"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness."

I. Now, in the first place, we may offer up this prayer desiring that God would show marvellous loving-kindness in our meditations.

What marvellous loving-kindness there is for us to look at; old is it as the everlasting hills,—but old as it is, and majestic as it ever must be, there are some eyes that never saw it. Others, too, who though they have read their Bibles and heard Gospel sermons from their infancy, have never yet seen God's marvellous loving-kindness. Let us spend then a few minutes in meditation, in order that the Lord may hear this prayer and show us His loving-kindness while we muse upon it.

You see the root-word, the core-word, of the text is "love;" the rest is a description of that love. Well now, in meditating upon God's love let us remember how extraordinary it has been. It was in love that, or ever the world was formed, God chose His people and enrolled them in His covenant. When with prescient eye the Almighty beheld all men immersed in ruin by their sin, His finger pointed to one man, and another—"There will I dwell for ever; there shall be My rest," said the Lord of Hosts, "for I have chosen him." What love was that which made Him choose you and me? Or what motive could prompt Him but that He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, and He will have compassion on whom He will have compassion? Electing love having digged the fountain, consider, beloved, how vast that love which entered into the covenant of grace to effect the purpose of our redemption, when there was a striking of hands between the Persons of the Trinity, that by that covenant transaction promises might be made sure to all the seed by the covenanting-God in Christ. Ponder, I pray you, upon the love that did not cool when the covenant required sacrifice, which did not refrain when the well-beloved Son of the Father must be the Victim! Surely, Solomon must have had this in his mind when he

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No. 177, NEW SERIES.

said : " Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Did not Jesus leave His father and His mother that He might cleave unto His Spouse, and that they twain might be made one flesh? Herein was love; not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent His Son to be our Redeemer. Need I tell the story of the sufferings of Calvary again? We have painted that picture a thousand times in crimson colours. Dipping our brush into the bloody sweat we have tried to set forth the agonies of the saints' great Substitute. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God! You know the results of that love. 'Twas love that called you when you were afar off, quickened you when you were dead in sin, and raised you out of the grave of your corruption. It was love that turned your face Zionward, and is it not love that has kept it there? Shall we not say that love laid the foundation-stone, and love has gone on piling up the fabric, stone by stone, and love shall bring in the top-stone with shoutings of Grace, Grace unto it! Oh! as I read the matchless story of love without beginning, which can never never cease, I wonder that our hearts are not all on fire, that our passions do not boil over, and that our lips do not become like the red lips of Vesuvius when the burning lava sweeps adown her sides. Surely, our souls ought to feel a fervour and a heavenly flame for love like this, Lord, while we turn these matters over, "show Thy marvellous loving-kindness."

But you perceive that this love issues in "kindness." There may be a sort of kindness that is not loving, and on the other hand there may be a sort of love that is not kindness. We have known a man to be very kind to the poor, but he never thought of loving them. What thousands of people we meet with every day who would be kind to negroes, but they would not think of loving them. And we know, too, that there is a sort of love that is not kind: or if there be kindness at the bottom, it is not very gentle and tender in its manifestation. Love can sometimes be cruel, or at least it can give hard cuts and cause acute pain, forgetful of that debt of mercy and compassion which is due to the infirmities of man's nature. Now we ought, while we look over the Lord's dealings with us, to remember the minute traits of His kindness as well as the majestic tokens of His love. Beloved, when the Lord made provision for us in the covenant He did not merely provide bread and water for us, just enough to keep His people alive, but He provided for you the generous wine of Jesus' blood, He provided for you the scarlet and fine linen of Jesus' righteousness, the downy pillow of the Divine promise, and the soft bed of gracious, sweet, everlasting peace. He did not provide for you a place where you might take refuge from the storm and solace your soul with humble contentment, but He provided for you a heaven of delights.—a heaven which eye hath not seen, of which ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. There are streams of kindness gushing up and flowing out from the fountain of love. When He called you by His grace how kindly He did it! You were not whipped to Christ, or if you were how soon the stripes disappeared from off your back. How kindly He met you! Oh! that day when tremblingly you came to the foot of His Cross! How He fell upon your neck and kissed you! How He cried, "Take off His rags, and put on the best robe!" How He healed the blisters of your weary feet, and put silver sandals upon them, and taught you how to dance! How generously He attired you in

the sumptuous robe of a Prince's son, put a crown of pure gold upon your head, and gave you such thoughts of mercy and such gentle words of loving-kindness that your heart, which was erst ready to burst with grief, was well-nigh bursting with joy! Lord, while we think how kind Thou hast been to us from the day when we first knew Thee even until now, we may truly wonder that we do not love Thee better, and pray that while we turn over Thine acts of mercy, Thou wilt show Thy marvellous loving-kindness.

Oh, yes! it is indeed "marvellous!" We must say a word upon that. What so fit to excite wonder, and keep up a sense of continual surprise as the love of God? Do men tell us there are no such things as miracles? Why, every Christian is a living reply to their allegation. No such thing as a miracle! The existence of a believer from day to day is a string of miracles which the laws of nature will not account for. Every Christian will tell you that his experience is miraculous from the beginning of his faith to this day, and so will it continue to be to the end. What a marvel it was, brethren, that God should ever have bestowed His loving-kindness upon such as we have been. We were not among those good people who never did anything wrong. There was nothing in our disposition or character to recommend us. We were sinners, and in our own esteem sinners of the most crimsoned dye, whose iniquities were like scarlet double-dyed. Yet He had mercy on us! We were poor and unlettered, feeble and unbefriended, yet He was moved with compassion toward us. Passing by many of the great and estimable, He called the base things of our order and the things that men despise, that these might be nurselings of His care, and precious in His sight. From what did He call us? From the revellings of the foolish some of us, from the fellowship of drunkards, from the harlot's haunts, or it may be others of you from the thief's den, from the seat of the scorner, or from the chair of the blasphemer; and if not steeped in crime, you were perhaps puffed up with self-righteousness, and so fast held in Satan's stronghold. When we think of what we were and what we came from we see that the loving-kindness must be marvellous indeed. And then, if you recollect what you would have been if He had not called you, here again is a marvel! Why, we might have been in hell; certainly we should have been ripening for it, going on with rapid footsteps down to the place where hope could never reach us more. And think yet further of what He has called us to. Oh, how marvellous is this! The criminal has become a child, the rebel has become a prince, the traitor wears a crown, we who were like firebrands fitted for the flame are waving the palm, and wearing the crown, and singing the song. I know not what you think of it, brethren, but in every view I take of the great acts of God's grace towards believers it is to me marvellous loving-kindness, till we become very blear-eyed, and want to pray this prayer: "Lord, show Thy marvellous loving-kindness." Meditation upon these great acts of grace might tend very much to promote gratitude, and it were well if we sometimes set apart a time to go over in our thought and recollection all the mighty acts of the gracious God of Israel.

II. But I have said enough upon the first point; so let me proceed briefly to speak upon a second. Surely David meant to say—"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness in our experience?"

It may be there is a man over yonder who did not think of coming in here to-night at all till, as he was passing by the house, he saw so large a

crowd that he even thought he would step in, though he fully meant to go out again; but, somehow or other, here he is. Man, you know what you have been. It is not for me to recount your sins before this assembly; but, be assured, the darkness of night has not covered them; neither has the silence of your confederates concealed them. The Lord that searches all hearts and tries the reins knows your iniquity. No feature of it is hidden from His eyes. Still, thus saith the Lord of Hosts unto thee this night—"Turn thee, turn thee, why wilt thou die?" And thus say I unto thee—Pray this prayer this evening; and who can tell but God may have mercy upon thee, that thou perish not? Pray it now. Let me offer it aloud for thee—"Show Thy loving-kindness?" I know you say—"If God should have mercy on me, it will be a great wonder; if he should change my heart and make me a saint, it would be a marvel indeed!" Just so, sinner; but that is just why I put this prayer into your mouth, for it just suits you. "Show me Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Do you not see that you have been a marvellous sinner? Marvellously ungrateful have you been; marvellously have you aggravated your sins; marvellously did you kick against a mother's tears; marvellously did you defy a father's counsels; marvellously have you laughed at death; marvellously have you made a covenant with death and a league with hell. But your covenant with death is broken, and your league with hell is disannulled; and He who does great wonders meets you to-night and says—"Come, now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow." Believe on Him that died upon the tree, who His own self bare our sins in His own body. There is life in Jesus Christ for those who turn their eyes on Him. Look to Him; look to Him now, and live. I wish this prayer might be taken up in many parts of this congregation by some who have been outcasts in Israel, that they might pray—"Show thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Yes, I know that young man yonder, and his history. He has been for months anxious about his soul. Sermon after sermon has stirred him up. He gets no sleep. He goes to his little chamber, and cries to his God. He is almost despairing now, and the devil almost tempts him to make away with himself, or to give up all hope. "Oh," saith he, "God will never have mercy on me; it is too great a thing to hope, too great a wonder to expect!" Young man, here is a new prayer for you—"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" I have heard of a poor old woman who had long been bowed down with a sense of guilt, who said when she found the Saviour, that if Jesus Christ would but save her, He should never hear the last of it, for she would praise Him as long as she had any being. I recollect that I thought myself, if Jesus Christ would but save me, that I would do anything for His sake; and if anybody had told me that I should ever be such a sorry cold-hearted dolt as I have been, I would not have believed him; nor would any Christian believe it if he were told it about himself. We thought we could do anything for Christ, burn like martyrs, or live like servants. We have not done it, but yet it is a marvellous thing that God should save us. Young man, take that prayer. I was going to say, take it home, but I do not like to put even half-an-hour between you and this prayer. Now put your hands to your eyes, or, if you do not care to do that, yet say in your soul—"Oh, God! Thou that doest great wonders; Thou who art the Miracle-worker;

show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Why, this prayer will just suit my Christian brother there who has come in here to-night. He is a Christian, but he has long been a backslider. Poor man! His brethren have looked very coolly on him; and well they may, for he certainly did disgrace the cause; but he is a child of God for all that, and the Lord loves him still. Brother, you have been much depressed; you have thought the Lord had forsaken you, and you now almost think it is impossible that you should be one of His. Well, now, here is a prayer that must suit you—"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Surely, it will be a marvel if He should again make your bones which have been broken to rejoice, and restore unto you the joy of His salvation! And He will do it, if you can but plead this prayer. And I know, my friend over yonder, too, who has had so many losses in business, and such a succession of trials, wave upon wave—

"You see each day new straits attend,
And wonder where the scene will end."

Brother, God can deliver you. Oh, what a blessing it is to have such a God to deal with! Come to Him with your great load, and say—"Lord, here is wondrous work wanted; show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" But, you say, you are placed in very peculiar circumstances. Just so. Now take the words of my text, you that are growing old in grace, and are growing feeble in body at the same time; can you not say—"Now, Lord; now, ere Thy servant goes hence; ere these gray hairs shall lie with the clods of the valley, show me once more Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" And, methinks, this is a prayer I would like to die with, when the cold stream begins to rise above the ankles, even up to the knees, when the waterfloods overflow till they come even unto the chin, how sweet it will be to say in death—"Show Thy loving-kindness?" This will help you to die; it will enable you to meet the adversary with the shout of victory. Yea, as you stand on Jordan's shore you shall raise one sacred pillar more, and then mount with joy and sing in heaven—"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" So this prayer will do for beginners, and it is alike suitable for those who are ending their course. I may call it the Alpha-prayer and the Omega-prayer; fit for babes, and fit for strong men. Take it up, each one of you, and say—"Show me Thy marvellous loving-kindness?"

III. Having thus taken this prayer first as to meditation and then as to experience, we will now take it as a request preferred for some signal boon. "Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness by some special revelation to me at this time?" I think one of the best translators of the Hebrew gives it—"Distinguish Thy loving-kindness?" I do not know which to quote, but several of them seem to treat the passage in this way—"Lord, Thou hast a great many loving-kindnesses; I am just now in great trouble; pick out one of Thy loving-kindnesses—distinguish—give me in my time of extraordinary need some extraordinary loving-kindness? Show Thy *marvellous* loving-kindness?" If you lay the stress on the word "*marvellous*," you will then get the pith of it. I think it is Trapp who says that "God is good at a dead-lift;" and he has put a deal of meaning into that homely phrase. When you and I can do nothing, and it has come to a dead-lift, then we want our God, and then we may say to Him—"Now, Lord, show me more than Thy wonted goodness; show Thy *marvellous* loving-kindness? Oh, let us see what Omnipotence can do! Human wisdom fails; let Omnipotence

science come to our aid? Lord, we are at our wits' end; may this our extremity prove to be Thine opportunity? Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Do you not think we shall be warranted in using this prayer as we gather round the table to-night to partake of the Lord's Supper? (My sermon seems to have more praying than preaching in it.) Lord, here are the emblems that set forth Thy body and Thy blood; now, "show thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Oh! do give us some choice token for good, some special mercy, such as we received not when last we met for this communion? Lord, we are very weary; we have been harassed in the world; we want rest; give us some marvellous peace, some sacred calm, some sweet repose which we have not known before? Gathered as we are here, can we not as believers cry—"Hast Thou not a blessing, O my Father? Give it to me, even to me, O my Father?" I am always afraid lest as a church your graces should droop, lest your zeal should cool, lest your prayers should grow feeble, lest the green, vigorous life of the church should begin to wither and lose its force. I put up this prayer for you all—Lord, give us a revival season to-night? "Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Let us now feel the quickening touch of Thy Divine presence? Let us now be illuminated by the presence of Thy Spirit, and comforted with the whispers of Thy Son? If any of you have got despondent, I pray that you have "marvellous loving-kindness shown you to-night, that the Lord may dip your morsel in His cup, that you may lean on His bosom, and feed from His table. You feeble saints, I pray that the Lord your Strength may manifest Himself to you; that He would be pleased to cheer and refresh you by choice revelations, by the outgoings of His grace towards you, and by the drawings of your heart towards Himself. Thus you may get the full meaning of this prayer unfolded and verified to you to-night—"Show thy marvellous loving-kindness?" I do not know, dear brethren and sisters, how it is with you, but there are times with me when I do get visions of "marvellous loving-kindness." No doubts cast their shadows across my soul then; no fears alarm, no cares distract me then; even my anxieties for you are hushed. I have no remembrance of anybody's faults; no recollection of my own troubles; no thought about the pressure of work, or the perils of adversity; but all is loving-kindness from beginning to end. My soul revels in it. Like a strong swimmer, we bathe and swim in the river of His pleasure, we dive to the bottom and rise up again. The spirit is filled with extacy and flooded with delight. These seasons when they do come give us strength to perform fresh labour and to endure future trial. They are, indeed, the wells of Elim and the palm-trees thereof under which we sit and drink. May this night be to us some such season as that.

But you are going away, many of you. I beg you not to pass from under yonder columns until you have paused a minute and said—"Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?" Let us all pray that prayer—"O Lord! show Thy marvellous loving-kindness? Show it to me?"

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

'Show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?' Oh, forgive me? I do accept Thy Son. I do believe in Jesus, that He is able to save my soul; and my soul does rest on Him alone. Lord, for Jesus' sake, 'show Thy marvellous loving-kindness?'" Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR DIVINE GUIDE.

BY REV. T. A. WILLIAMS.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel,
And afterward receive me to glory."
PSALM lxxiii. 24.

HASTY conclusions are sometimes unwise, and second thoughts are often the best, whilst appearances are frequently deceptive. "Judge not from appearances, judge righteous judgment."

The writer of this Psalm, when he saw the unbounded worldly prosperity of the ungodly, felt envious towards them, considering he had good reasons for cherishing such a spirit, and probably entertained hard thoughts of God with regard to His dealings towards himself as a professedly God-fearing man. "But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, or His ways as our ways; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts." A visit to the house of God led him to discover his error, and he at once, with shame and confusion, confessed it before the Lord. "So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before Thee." Cured completely of this dissatisfaction from lessons taught him in the sanctuary, he at once submits his affairs into the Lord's hands entirely, feeling assured that the ultimate results would be for his good. "Thou shalt guide me with Thy council, and afterward receive me to glory."

Even we ourselves, at this distant period, and in this advanced age, with our increased facilities for knowledge, and with the failings and failures of a long cloud of wit-

nesses before us as beacons, are not equal to the piloting of our own vessels safely into port. We cannot look into the future, or see the end from the beginning. The why and the wherefore of the many vicissitudes and changes to which we are subjected is to us a problem, the solution of which is unknown to us in our pilgrimage state. "The way is dark, my Father! Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud the thunder's roar above me; yet see, I stand bewildered! Father, take my hand, and through the gloom conduct me safely home; lead safely home Thy child." There are three things suggested to our minds in the verse before us.

I. *We greatly need a guide.*

1. Our inability to guide ourselves is obvious, in consequence of *our limited knowledge*. We know but in part that knowledge is gathered from the past; we know only the part we have travelled on the pathway of life; with the remaining portion we are unacquainted at the present, and for the future we need guiding and directing in every step. How appropriate the words of prayer once used, to our own state of mind,—*"Lead me in the way everlasting."* Lead me in a plain path. There are many paths that seem right to the children of men which tend only to ruin and misery. And the Christian is often puzzled to choose which is the safe and sure way to walk; our only safety is to seek Divine guidance, and not to lean to our own understanding.

Again—*There is a tendency in our fallen nature to take the wrong turning and pursue the wrong course; so that if left to ourselves, we*

shall soon have to complain of "an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God." How important for us is the prayer: "Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end." "I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart." And furthermore, Satan, the deceiver, our great adversary, is ever seeking to allure and draw us aside from the right way into the bypaths of sin and error, that he may accomplish our ruin. Even soberness and vigilance on our part would fail to prevent this, but for the proffered aid and direction of our unerring guide.

2. The Word of God assures us of our need of a guide. He is no stranger to our inability, neither does He expect us to be our own infallible counsellor. His word declares, "that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" wisely and unerringly; reason, though much boasted of, is but a poor guide. We repeat the words of inspiration: "Lean not to thine own understanding." Those who do so stand in slippery places, and their feet shall slide in due time. God only can lead us "in the way that we should go;" Who hath promised to "guide us with His eye."

II. Observe, God is the infallible guide of all who trust in Him.

No other can be depended upon with safety. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, nor in any religious system of men, but in Him alone.

1. His dealings towards us give us encouragement to depend upon Him as our guide.

His providence is brought to bear for this purpose upon our state and condition; He regulates providentially human affairs; every minutiae of our present life is under His supervision. He can, and will "choose our

inheritance for us," and make His goodness to pass before, as it has followed us all the days of our lives.

His truth reveals His counsel, and shows us the way of life. "His word is a light unto our feet, and a lamp unto our path;" 'tis here we learn that our Counsellor is not perished. We see Him who has left us an example that we should tread in His steps. How blessed to sit at Jesus's feet, and find He is our spiritual guide as well as temporal, leading us into the way of truth, showing us our entire dependence on Himself for life and salvation.

His spirit reveals His will, and opens our understanding, speaking to our hearts and consciousness, pointing out our danger, our need of a substitute to undertake for us, enabling us to believe on Him whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, assuring us of the great fact that as God has not spared His only begotten Son, that this is the secret of all other gifts. "Thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness;" and as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God; "Thou wilt show me the path of life;" He shall teach us all things, and shall guide us into all truth.

2. His attributes show us that we may depend upon Him as our guide.

Faithful is He who has promised; He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. He is *gracious* and full of *compassion*, and sympathising towards the erring; merciful and ever ready to pardon; *Almighty* to protect and to deliver, and His love is as great as His power, while His resources as a God of providence is unlimited. His riches, as a God of grace, is infinite. Verily, "This God shall be our God, for ever and ever, and He shall be our guide even unto death."

III. Consider the final result of

being guided by Him—"Afterwards received to glory."

Both providence and grace tend to this end; the text refers to the life that is to come, as well as to the life that now is. All who are under the guidance of His counsel on earth are conducted finally to heaven. This is the goal to which we are being led.

1. It is to be glory of condition, a state of glory to be enjoyed. "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given me be with Me where I am to behold My glory," to participate therein. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord;" at home with God, in glory everlasting. In whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

"Borne by angels' wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies;
Finds its God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in paradise."

2. It is to be glory of character—rendered sinless, presented faultless, "made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light;" prepared for the reception of this glory, not only being with Christ, but being like Him.

3. The glory itself into which we are to be received, hath the characteristic of being permanent and un-fading. All earthly glories fade; possessions and friends fail; crowns wax dim; thrones totter and fall; kingdoms decline and come to an end; the world itself passeth away; suns and planets will burn out. But the glory into which we are to be received is lasting and eternal as the throne of God. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

"Their voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;

The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last."

In conclusion, this coveted result of the Divine guidance implies on the Psalmist's part and on ours:—Entire surrender; Thou shalt *guide* me, where Thou wilt—as Thou seest fit; I will follow where Thou leadest; I submit to Thy wisdom in all things; not my will, but Thine, Thine wholly; only meet me at the end of my journey; be there to receive me into glory.

"The way is rough!—yet Thy command

Bids me press forward; Father,
take my hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest
Thy child."

Usbridge, Middlesex.

MARVELLOUS CONTRASTS:

BY REV. JOHN COX.

"Now when the sun was setting all that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him, and he laid his hands on every one of them and healed them."—Luke iv. 40.

"Then came they and laid hands on Jesus and took him."—Matt. xxiv. 50.

"Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."—Heb. vi. 18.

"That which our hands have handled of the word of life."—1 John i. 1.

THESE four texts reveal and suggest some marvellous contrasts. The subject may be thus considered:—The ministering One—A band of murderers—He that once so lovingly ministered mighty to save even those who rose up against Him—The manifestations which those realise who lay hold of Him rightly.

I. The Lord Jesus was the ministering One when on earth. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered to but to minister." See Him doing so here.

Agès before the Lord came, the

laying on of hands had been a significant type, teaching the doctrine of substitution (Lev. xvi. 21), and exhibiting in figure the actings of faith on the true substitute (Lev. i. 4). In the apostolic ages it was a symbolic act, and was accompanied with the communication of supernatural gifts (Acts vi. 6; viii. 17). In subsequent ages, and even at the present time, it has often been a shadow without any substance, and sometimes even worse; as, when one sinful man pretends to convey the Holy Spirit to other sinful men.

Now look to Him, the substance of all types, the true fountain of all grace and gifts, and with delight view the actings of His holy hands. Those hands; look at them! They have been used to hard labour from His youth, for HE is known as "the carpenter." Those hands! Who can tell how often they had been lifted up in prayer to God? Jesus alone fully "lifted up holy hands without wrath or doubting." Those hands! When they ceased to labour for His daily bread and His mother's support, were ever engaged in doing good. But ah! they will be pierced with rugged nails before long, and will then lay cold in the grave. But He will soon live again to stretch them out in blessing as he ascends to heaven to receive all things (Luke xxiv. 50; John iii. 35), to open the seven-sealed book, present the censor, wield the sceptre, hold up His innumerable trophies, use the rod of iron, and at last make all things new.

But we anticipate events, and must come back to favoured Capernaum, to which the first of those four texts refers, and to other localities where His hands wrought such works of power and grace. These hands took up little children and blessed them; touched lepers and healed them; anointed

blind eyes and gave them sight; came into contact with the deaf, the dumb, the palsied, the possessed; and "healed them all." He touched the bier of the young man of Nain, who was being carried to his grave, restored him to life, and then the loving hands of Jesus "delivered him to his mother."

But who can tell all the wonders wrought by his hands? Sooner might all the marvels of creation in heaven and earth be recited in detail, than that all that Jesus did be fully told (John xxi. 25). Truly He was the COMFORTER of the woe-worn and the miserable; the binder up of broken hearts. He was sent, appointed, anointed for those beneficent ends, and how fully did He enter into, how zealously did He fulfil His glorious mission. He read out with a rich emphasis the grand words of the prophet Isaiah, lxi. 1., referred to above, and then added: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Look again at the passage first quoted (Luke iv. 40). The sun is setting, the day had been spent in preaching and healing; it was one of the Saviour's hardest working days; but He still had words for the weary, and blessings for the miserable; and before darkness closes around Him, He will deal with the huge unsightly mass of misery which met His gaze. To cure diseases, however diverse or desperate, it only required the touch of His hand; then the lame man leaped, the dumb sung, and beholders for once gave a right verdict as they wonderingly said, "He hath done all things well; He hath made the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." And He is the healer of souls still. Those miracles of power which He wrought when on earth are pledges and illustrations of greater miracles of grace to be

wrought now He is in heaven. It is true wisdom then to go to Christ for healing. He invites the most morally loathsome, and will even welcome those who have tried everything else. He is God's physician still; God's almoner also. If you would sing with the forgiven, healed, and enriched psalmist, the praises of a forgiving and bountiful God (Psm. ciii. 1-5), you must go to Him. Receiving the reconciliation, you will be healed indeed, and will joy in God through Jesus, your great healer.

Now mark how it is written in the words before us: "*They brought them.*" If you have indeed been healed yourself, be anxious to bring others. It was a pleasing sight to Jesus when a palsied man, "borne of four, was let down through the roof before Him." "He saw their faith, and said to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven thee." He whose hands were always so busy in works of mercy, and whose heart ever overflowed with tenderness, loves to see the hearts, heads, and hands of his followers all employed in endeavouring to bring others to Him. The Saviour loves to be employed by those whom He hath saved. Three years were occupied in such labours as we have referred to, and now what a contrast scene is presented to us.

It is a sad sight, indeed. But one bright star shines forth with heavenly lustre. We are now far away from the streets of Capernaum, amid the deep shades of the olives of Gethsemane. He who wielded such almighty energies is prostrate on the ground, uttering words expressive of the deepest woe. "His soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Not one of those whom he healed ever realised such anguish as "the man of sorrows" is now experiencing. "His sweat is as

great drops of blood falling down to the ground." And lo, the ministering One is now ministered to. An angel comes from heaven to strengthen Him. He rises from the ground, rouses his sleepy followers, and stands ready to meet all that is coming upon Him.

II. A band of murderers burst upon the scene, with "lanterns, torches, and weapons." One who was present, and who took an active part in what followed, afterward thus described this company: "Of whom (Jesus) ye have been the betrayers and murderers." Judas is there, leading them on. He imprints a traitorous kiss upon that holy cheek. The Lord asks them, "Wherefore are ye come?" Ah! wherefore, indeed! Not "to take Him by force and make Him a king," as was once proposed. No, they will crown him; but it will be with piercing thorns. The torturous cross will be His throne, and the gloomy grave His palace. This is man's reward for all Christ's ministering love. Little thought they that while they treated him thus, He would crown His gracious ministry by "giving His life a ransom for many." He will now do that which shall outvie all that He has yet done, and provide a light in which to study all with ever increasing wonder. "They laid hands on Jesus and took Him. They had long desired to do this; but fear had interfered with the designs of malice. "His hour was not yet come" (John vii. 30, 34; viii. 20). His ministering work was not all accomplished. But when He could say, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do," so far as His life work was concerned, then He said to His Father, "The hour is come," and He said to His foes, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." He resists not; "He is led

as a lamb to the slaughter," saying, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

Those rough, rude, prayerless hands now obey the promptings of pitiless hearts. They bind Him who unbound so many, and who came to cut the cords of sin, and bind up the wounds they made. View the Lord Jesus in the hands of men. O, to think that human hands should seize Him, bind Him, lead Him away, drag Him from place to place, and at last take Him to Calvary. How awful the fact that the hands of creatures, having the same form which Jesus took, should stretch Him on the cross, drive the nails through His hands, uprear the tree; and that then those cruel hands should be lifted in contempt, the finger of scorn pointed at Him, and that this should go on till that Holy One hangs dead on the cross. And then two human hands poised a spear, and thrust it into His side. Surely, as an ancient writer says, "The hands of millions were on the haft of that spear." Many deeds of daring, many things most cruel and wicked had man's hands done before this; but the murder of Christ was his consummating act of wickedness. Here man proclaims his own shame, and tells all the universe how vile he is. By this act he writes himself down a "DEICIDE." Here God's love still proclaims how good He is. At the cross He "commendeth His love towards us." These two testimonies concerning man's evil and God's goodness must go on for ever. So long as it is sung in heaven, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," so long will the venom of sin, and the victory of love be remembered; and this will be for ever and ever.

III. He whom man thus treated is now MIGHTY TO SAVE. Mighty to

save even those who laid hands on Him, and mighty to save those who are imitating them, if they will cease to do so. The former is a fact written down in God's book. The day of Pentecost was the day of the victory of mercy over some of those "Jerusalem sinners who had murdered the Prince of life, and crucified the Lord of glory."

Well might they say, when they knew that He who had so lately hung on the cross was seated on the throne of God, "WHAT SHALL WE DO?" They could not undo what they had done; but God could overrule all for His own glory and their salvation; and He hath done so; all glory to His grace. Those hands all reeking with the blood of the Son of God were washed clean; yea, their sins which were like crimson, were made white as snow. The blood they shed so wantonly healed them, even them; and so the glorious work begun, went on, still goes on, and must go on, till "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." Heaven, God's holy heaven, shall be peopled with an innumerable multitude washed in that blood, and "earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea;" for Jesus, when standing in full view of the cross said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." He who said on the cross it was finished, will say on the throne, concerning this also, "IT IS DONE."

But who is he who wrote the words before us about having fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us? It is one who, had he been in Jerusalem at the time, and been asked to do so, would right willingly have placed himself alongside of Judas on the night of the Lord's arrest. He would have seconded Judas' kiss with a curse.

Amidst the full blaze of the days of Pentecostal power, Saul of Tarsus had raved and raged against the name of Him who is "WONDERFUL," and in whose name such signs and wonders were done. But Jesus of Nazareth met him in his course of crime. No doubt Paul had often heard how the words "JESUS OF NAZARETH" were written over the cross of Him he hated with such deadly hate, and now the very same words resound from that dazzling light which blinds him. It is even so; he had lifted up his hands against Him "who had all power in heaven and earth." But that power was employed, not to *crush*, but to *save*. "MIGHTY TO SAVE" was the motto on Christ's banner when He entered the lists with this exceeding mad enemy, and the vanquished one henceforth went about shouting—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was exceeding abundant." "I OBTAINED MERCY." And there he stands safe in the refuge, singing, "Who shall condemn? Christ hath died!" And he it is who, in Christ's stead, invites rebels such as he himself once was, to "flee to the refuge, and lay hold on the hope." God owned his testimony, and he had to congratulate many as having thus fled and laid hold, and so, like himself, "were in Christ."

YET THERE IS ROOM. Flee there, oh, sinful man! Linger not, ye who are exposed to that storm of wrath that is fast rising, and must fall upon all opposed to Christ, yea, upon all not found in Him. It was a daring act to lay hold on Christ as his murderers did, but it is a still more daring act to oppose Him now—to treat His name, His blood, His cause with contempt; yea, it is a daring act *not* to lay hold of Him now, "for what shall the end be of them who obey not the Gospel of God?" of those who do not think

the unspeakable gift of God worth their seeking? "When He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe," then will it be seen what a fearful thing it will be to be found against Christ. And, remember, that you cannot lay hold on Christ with anything else in your hand; you must drop that weapon of rebellion which you have wielded so long. You must let go those sins you have loved so dearly. It is no use to clutch the world so closely, you cannot have *that* and Christ also. He died to "redeem from this present evil world;" you must come out and be separate if you would take your stand with Christ.

But do not bring any *price* in your hand. Heed not the subtle whisper which says, "Carry down the man a present." No, no; your motto must be—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

If you act thus, then, however vile you may have been, you will be welcomed, healed, and blessed. The Lord Jesus, like Joseph, will forgive the great wrong you have done—*yea*, will lovingly embrace you; and then, instead of a traitorous kiss, you will give, and He will accept, your heart's adoration; while you will share with Him His glories and joys, and know what it is to be "called unto the fellowship of God's Son Jesus Christ." Then will follow,

IV. *A manifestation to your soul* which only those realise who lay hold on Him rightly. There was a wondrous contrast between that rabble who came out to apprehend Jesus, and the disciples who were with Him in the garden. A great difference was there between Judas the betrayer, and John who had leaned on the Lord's bosom. And it is "that disciple whom Jesus

loved" who says, "that which we have handled of the Word of life," and who invites us to share his blessedness. "Have fellowship (he says) with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." He had, indeed, laid hold on Christ. John the Baptist testified, "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!" One of the two disciples who heard him speak was Andrew; and was not John the other? And did not an acquaintance then begin which ripened into a wondrous friendship that shall last for ever? To him Jesus said, "What seek ye?" "Come and see." John did go, and he did see. He found in Jesus an almighty magnet that drew him, infinite beauties that delighted him, and boundless love that owned and satisfied him. He followed the Lord wholly, listened to His words, leaned upon His bosom, stood under His cross, went into His empty grave, saw Him ascend to heaven, gazed on Him in glory, lay at His feet, heard His gentle "Fear not," His "I AM," His "I WILL," and His "I COME." Oh, how did John gaze, and taste, and handle! The word of life became his universe, the sun of which is, GOD IS LIGHT, GOD IS LOVE. May the grace which led us to feel our danger, constrained us to flee to the refuge, and enabled us to lay hold of the hope set before us, sweetly lead us into the same intimate fellowship, that so all our spiritual senses may be employed upon Him whose name is full of light, healing, fragrance, and melody; who is the soul's glorious home, true sanctuary, and all adapted food. Do we hesitate to respond to the words of the servant? Then listen to the many gracious words of the still more glorious Master. Does our unworthiness deter us? Then think how He stood among His

feeble ones on the evening of the day of His victory and joy, and said, as He showed them His HANDS and His SIDE, "Peace be unto you." And He said it "AGAIN," because He really meant it. And then He said, "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Handle Me, and see that it is I MYSELF." This condescending Jesus of the upper room is the same loving Jesus now in the highest heaven; He who spake thus on the day of His resurrection, says, even to-day, to the most unworthy—"If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come unto him and sup with him, and he with Me."

"He lives! He lives! and spreads His hands—

Hands that were nailed to torturing smart;

'By these dear wounds!' says He, and stands,

And asks to clasp me to His heart.

Holy Spirit, so glorify Jesus to us that we may indeed respond to His gracious intentions.

St. Mary Cray.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

NO. 8.—SALT LAKE CITY.

THE marvellous seclusion of this celebrated place, and which it required months of toil to reach, is now near that great highway of Western travel in connection with the Great Central and Union Pacific Rail extending direct from Chicago to San Francisco. Ogden is the central station for West, East, and Southern travel. A good substantial line of

thirty-seven miles, and you reach this metropolis of Mormonism, the far-famed Zion of this extraordinary people. Here they have built one of the largest tabernacles in the world for the worship of the hosts of Latter Day Saints. It is computed that it will accommodate from 10,000 to 13,000 persons. The choir comprises 500 persons, and they have one of the finest organs ever built in the United States. The building is not handsome either internally or in its exterior, but it answers the purpose for which it was erected, and is well adapted for speakers and hearers. The "Temple" is in the course of erection, but its elevation is only yet a few feet above the ground, and it is doubtful now that Salt Lake City is overflowing with outsiders of the Mormon faith, if it ever will be completed. The residence of the President, Brigham Young, is handsome, commodious, and in its inner arrangements secluded. The President is upwards of seventy years old, and yet looks handsome and vigorous as most men of fifty-five. Having visited the Historian Office to get the address of persons from England I wanted to see, I was most politely received and kindly assisted in my inquiries by Mr. Campbell, and equally by Mr. G. A. Smith, a cousin of the founder of their faith. Order and arrangement appear in this remarkably well conducted office, and statistics of every sort relating to Mormonism and its institutions are here to be found. Mr. Smith offered me copies of their reports on schools, &c.; he also said he would be glad to introduce me to the President. Here I met with one of their bishops, formerly a resident of my native town, Oldham; and, with two or three others, we had a long and pleasant interview, the President exhibiting the greatest sauvity and readily an-

swering such enquiries as I made. Of course I did not enter on the polemics of their system as I had not visited Salt Lake City with the intention of attempting to overthrow the form of religion of which he was the highest representative. I had an introduction also to Mrs. Eliza Snow, one of the President's nominal wives, a lady of great learning, high poetical talent, and universally esteemed by her own people. She in early life had been the friend of my dear brother, Rev. J. B. Walker, author of *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, who had kindly offered me a note of introduction to her. Since then Mrs. Snow, her brother, Apostle Snow, G. A. Smith, and others have called upon me in London, on their way to and from Palestine, and have been under the efficient care in their Eastern tour of our friend Mr. Cook and his assistants. On the Saturday I visited the office of the anti-Mormon daily and weekly paper, the *Tribune*, and found there a most intelligent staff of men resolved on freeing Salt Lake City from absolute Mormon rule, and events have so thickened in the course of a year that the President is likely to place in other hands the heavy cares and responsibility he has single-handed wielded so long. I met and conversed with several old neighbours from the West and North-West of London. Some of these had renounced the Mormon discipleship, and had severe things to say concerning the system. One young man from London had tried a couple of wives, but expressed that being consigned to the lower regions would be a paradise compared to the horrors of polygamy. I saw another old man from St. Helen's in Lancashire, who had been relieved of a large sum of money by speculators belonging to the faith.

In Salt Lake City there are seven

Christian denominations, holding public services, forming churches, schools, &c. On the Lord's Day forenoon, I preached for the Episcopal Methodists, and in the evening for the Baptists. In the Mormon papers the services of these different denominations are regularly published, so far exhibiting both candour and courtesy.

In the afternoon I went to their great service in the Tabernacle. Some thousands of persons were convened, and Montgomery's Hymn on Prayer was well sung, portions of Scripture read, and then two short sermons delivered, one by a Missionary just returned from Europe, and the other by Apostle Woodward. Not more than six sentences of pure Mormonism could be discovered in these discourses, and they might have been taken for hearty, zealous, revival preachers of the Gospel. The Lord's Supper was observed by the members of the Church, and celebrated with bread and water. My friend, Rev. Dr. Hall, and his family, sat near me on this occasion, and we seemed pretty much of the same mind with regard to the services. A Leicester friend, once a Baptist in that town, hailed me on my way to the hotel, and expressed his delight to see me in their Zion. I told him I had visited the veritable Eastern Zion a few years before. The social and moral condition in all things, polygamy excepted, has deteriorated by the rush of miners from every part of the world. The profanity and drunkenness of this class was most observable in the streets, and it is said gambling and profligacy have rapidly increased among this class of the population.

The situation of the City is very fine; the large lake, the grand mountains, and fertile valley, are worthy of all that is said of them.

The mines of silver, iron, &c., are probably among the richest of the world. The Christian denominations in Salt Lake City, represented by the seven Churches, are all earnestly pursuing their educational and evangelistic work, and have able ministers in connection with their various congregations. The new Reformed Mormon Society, renouncing polygamy and other peculiarities, will doubtless be receiving constantly persons who are heartily sick of the plurality of wives' system, and who will probably go back to the order of things as in the early days of the society. But it is impossible that the Book of Mormon can long hold its place side by side with the Holy Scriptures, and the pure, uncorrupted Word of God must have not only the ascendancy, but the absolute supremacy in the minds of earnest, religious persons. Before I left Utah, I attended a large annual gathering of the saints at Logan, some hundred miles or more from Salt Lake City. I never in my life saw so extraordinary a company collected for religious service. There were hundreds of conveyances, and thousands of persons. A large tent covered with boughs of trees, a number of the heads of the society, President Young and G. A. Smith, and others; the addresses were more social than religious, and more in relationship to tithes and ecclesiastical order and zeal than personal piety. I stayed with an old Scotch servant at Smithfield till Tuesday morning, and then returned to fulfil my tour. I met here several persons and families from Lancashire, and a missionary just returned from London, with a very handsome young wife. This people must be treated with earnest fidelity, and at the same time with generous Christian affection, and thus let us

hope that both they and ourselves will be the better for our intercourse.

I have just learned that the Arizona emigration scheme is abandoned.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FUNERAL SERMON.

THE following Sabbath was a sad one, sad to the poor widow who had lost the bread-winner of the household, and saddening also to the whole neighbourhood. The shocking custom of holding wakes over the bodies had been strictly observed, and the suddenness and singularity of the accident had brought together from far and near all the lower order of Irish, and for some days and nights there were the usual scenes attending such meetings—drinking, swearing, fighting—greeting and weeping, with wild shouts of sorrow solaced or increased by the whiskey jug—while the relative merits of the respective countries in which they were born, the games of hurley in which they had engaged, and the faction fights of olden times—wild legends of monkery and wonderful miracles performed by the blessed saints, were rehearsed and discussed, with the crooning of the elder and shrill keening of the younger women, as one by one they discussed the merits of the deceased.

"Sure the hardest word in his mouth was soft to me!" sobbed

Widow Burke, as she recited her sorrow to sympathising neighbours; "Sure the hardest word in his mouth was soft to me! and now, as he lays in the churchyard, he'll not be thinking of the poor heart that loved him, and slaved for him and his children; and it's night after night I'll be at his grave before the grass is long, telling him me troubles, for sure he'll hear; and it's a father I'll be to his children; and the Lord above knows its justice I'll do them. I have no way for them; God help me! and my poor heart is powdering into dust."

And thus the poor women went about in groups, telling the same tale of woe, all of them expressing the greatest admiration for the deceased, and usually ending with the pathetic expression—"Ah, well, it's alone I am, God help me! It's asy to halve the potato where there's love."

But they were not all Catholics that had perished so untimely; three of the ten were members of a little Church in the neighbourhood, two of them were Sunday-school teachers, and, when laid in the quiet resting-place, in a darkened room in the house where but a few days ago all was life, the children were admitted, and, silently and with grave faces, they drew near to look at the form they loved so well, happily not so disfigured as others had been, and when one sobbed loudly, the little thing was checked by an-

other equally small with the expression, "Don't wake teacher up."

"Each touched with fear his clay-cold hand,

But were forbade to weep,
Because the youngest of them said,
You'll wake him up from sleep."

It was determined to hold a funeral service in the chapel, and a sermon was to be preached. Who so well-fitted to do this as Charlie? Even the poor Irishwomen were expecting this, and declared their intention to go and hear the good man, for he had carried them succour, had ministered relief in the hour of need, had visited the shipowners and collected a large sum of money, which he had conscientiously divided between the families, irrespective of position or religion.

What a crowd of pale faces in black garbs swarmed into the chapel on the return from the grave! How quiet were they all! how anxiously they awaited the announcement of the text! how they wondered whether Charlie would say anything about the scene in the square, whether he would reproach them for their impenitence and sin! and when he arose and, with trembling lips and streaming eyes, announced Job 21st chapter, 23rd and three following verses, and slowly read out the words—"One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; his breasts are full of milk, and his bones are moistened with marrow; and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure: they shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them," a deep but audible groan shook the assembly, and it was some time before the preacher could proceed. At length, summoning all his energies for the task, he commenced—"It matters little how we die: it matters much

how we live, for 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' If the dead who die in the Lord are blessed, then the manner of their death must be a blessed way. This cannot be said of transgressors, for they fall into an eternity of wretchedness. Let me read to you a few verses of the good Word that fitly and awfully describes the life and death of a wicked man—"Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out with him. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down; for he is cast into a net by his own feet, and the robber shall prevail against him. The snare is laid for him in the ground, and a trap for him in the way. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side, and shall drive him to his feet. *He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world.*" What an awful picture of the death of a wicked man—"chased out of the world!"—chased by foul spirits who long for their prey; and, however beloved by friends, however lamented in death, however honoured with sumptuous funeral ceremonies or pious engravings, they are not blessed. Alas, they are accursed, if up to the moment of decease they have refused to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for 'he that believeth not is condemned already.'

"But our dear friend whose loss we mourn to-day was chased out of the world. Poor Baker told me ere he died that with the force of the steam-blast he went through solid walls like sheets of paper, and as he

held up his poor skinless fingers he said, 'I felt my skin strip off.' Ah, that was a fearful chasing. I called to Groves as he was entering the factory gate, and he said, 'Good night'—poor fellow, he little thought it was to be a long good night. You all knew him; his heart was full of mirth, and his bones were moistened with marrow. And then there was poor James Atkins, who had never eaten with pleasure; he had been looking for death; that awful disease that had for years been wasting him had made his face pale and his frame weak, and oft I've heard him in the shed at dinner-time sing—

“ ‘When langour and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.’”

So, living in the Lord, the blessed die in the Lord, no matter how they die; and though one dieth in his full strength wholly at ease and quiet, and another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, yet they die in the Lord.

“They lay down in the dust, and the worms shall cover them. Poor Burke, that great giant, crumbled into dust and covered by worms”—this was an allusion to a gigantic Irishman named Burke, who, struck

and scalded by a furnace bar, persisted in walking to his home a little distance from the works, and succeeding in doing so, dying on the threshold of his own dwelling. “Do you ask why this great calamity, and why especially should the believer die thus? Is it not a sufficient answer that the bounds of death are abridged to a child of God—yes, to the narrowest span. There are never but two shallow brooks—sickness, and temporal death; the first God has mercifully spared them, and the second is past. They did not even walk through the valley of the shadow, but they had Elijah's fiery flight to realms of endless day, and now they are happy: no longer oppressed by daily labour unto weariness; no sorrow, crying, pain; no night there; the presence of every possible good, the absence of every possible evil. They have left you their poor remains, but, as holy Samuel Rutherford said: ‘While one part is on earth, the other is glorified in heaven.’”

In strains like this the good man concluded amid deep feeling, and after a hymn sung with much solemnity and a collection for the bereaved, the congregation separated.

(To be Continued).

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

RYLAND'S HUMILITY.

It was said by Robert Hall of the younger Ryland—“His readiness to take the lowest place could only be exceeded by the eagerness of all to assign to him the highest; and this was the only competition which the distinctions of life ever cost him.”

HOW TO VIEW A CONGREGATION.

CORNELIUS WINTER said of himself, “that when he looked down upon the congregation he saw everywhere his brother, his sister, his mother.” No wonder such a man could pray or preach.

PLAYING WITH MATCHES.

LITTLE evils often lead to great evils. Not long ago a village in North Devon, called Chudleigh, was half burnt down, and eighty persons were rendered homeless. And what was the cause of this heartrending calamity? It was traced to the fact of some children having ignited some lucifer matches while playing in a carpenter's shop. They doubtless thought that there was no harm in striking a few matches. But they forgot the shavings and wood that were about them, and their game, therefore, ended in this wholesale destruction. Let us beware of the beginnings of evil, for we know not where they will end.

H. W.

HOW TO PREACH.

1. Study your text in the original.
2. Mark its relation to the context.
3. Divide the subject.
4. Use short sentences.
5. Employ common words.
6. Avoid parentheses.
- 7.

Apply as you proceed. 8. Warn with tenderness. 9. Invite freely. 10. Aim at conversion. 11. Never forget Christ. 13. Keep your reward in view. 14. Preach often. 15. Pray much. 16. Live as you pray and preach.

C. T.

HOW TO TREAT THE WORLD.

Do not let the world engross you in any degree. Whether it smile or frown be alike indifferent to it. Conceive of it as it is, fleeting and uncertain. Take the refreshments provided for and suited to the pilgrim, but do not set up your rest where you should only bait.—*C. Winter.*

JESUS CHRIST'S MAN.

WHEN Dr. Judson was asked by the natives of Burmah, "Are you Jesus Christ's man?" he said "Yes." This is what every Christian should be. He should give himself wholly to Christ, as His "man," living for His service.

Poetry.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE
REV. BAPTIST NOEL.

"After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."
Acts xiii. 36.

His cares and trials are for ever o'er,
The anguish of this life he knows no more;
Peaceful and calm, his ev'ry wish complete,
Sweetly in Jesus Christ "he fell asleep."

His great desire while staying here
below
Was Jesus, and His glorious cross to know;
Then with great confidence his Lord to meet,
In perfect hope and trust, "he fell asleep."

Close by his bedside friends were gathered near—
The tried, the trusted, and the loved so dear;

But there was One, of all to him most sweet,
Jesus was there, so glad, "he fell asleep."

We talk of waves, and billows dark,
that roll,
But not one wave of trouble cross'd
his soul;
And e'en while lingering at the
Saviour's feet,
His call was given—our brother fell
asleep.

O, surely to the Christian death brings
peace,
For all our mortal toil and conflicts
cease;
Gladly we leave life's ways, so rough
and steep,
Laying our armour down, to fall
asleep.

Jesus, till our short race of life is run,
Be Thou our strength, till heaven
itself is won;
Then we will lean our heads upon
Thy breast,
And death indeed shall bring Thy
loved ones "rest."

THE OLD DIVINE'S LITTLE BOOK.

Founded on a Passage in a Sermon by
Mr. WILLIS.

An old divine possessed a book,
From which he would not part;
Where'er he went he carried it,
Laid close against his heart.

Three pages only, it contained,
And on them not a word;
The first page black, the second red,
And purely white the third.

Strangers remarked the little book,
So prized, and wondered why:
When asked its meaning and its use,
The good man would reply:—
"I look upon this jet-black page,
Then turn my eyes within,
And see, by nature, I am black,
Defiled throughout with sin.

"I view the crimson page, and muse
On blood for sinners spilt—
The precious blood from Jesus' veins,
That cleanses me from guilt.
The white page, then, remindeth me
I'm fair in Christ, my love,
And hope in spotless purity
To dwell with Him above."

O sweet and blessed Gospel truths!
Eternal Spirit, deign
To make them known within our
hearts,
That we may comfort gain.
Black in the fall, O may we feel
The power of blood divine,
And in the Saviour's righteousness
For ever spotless shine!

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

Reviews.

Phases of Religion. By the Rev. JAS. WALKER. (Hamilton, Adams and Co.

This handsome volume of three hundred pages is written by a worthy Brother, who writes as though he had a special mission for the polemics of

religion. He reminds one very forcibly of the late noble Dr. Carson, whose mighty pen did such effective critical work in his day. Mr. Walker's field of debate, however, is that of the Calvinistic theories of dogmatic theology. And he goes in heart and

soul for its utter demolition. Hence he presents his Anti-Calvinian views on the "Fatherhood of God," election, predestination, &c., &c. The volume is filled up with sermons on peculiar subjects, all bearing more or less on the limitarian questions involved. We have no doubt of the author's earnest-mindedness and true sincerity; and several respectable Anti-Calvinistic periodicals speak highly of his book, and students and others may be all the better for seeing what can be seen from his standpoint. Our *Messenger* is too small for discussing subjects so comprehensive and profound, and therefore we can only indicate the character of Mr. Walker's book.

Hymns of the Inner Life of the Christian; or, Spiritual Songs. Celebrating the fellowship of the New Testament Mystery. (Houghton and Co.)

THIS elegant little volume is full of pious feeling, but it is a difficult task to compose two hundred hymns worthy of the title this book assumes. Many of the expressions are of that peculiar unctious kind, that can only be made passable by very high poetic thought, and the rhyming of a great many lines is very defective, for instance, "step" and "wept," "wrath" and "forth," "said" and "plague," "sing" and "sin," these and the like abound. For the author's own edification, and for plain unlettered readers there are many of the hymns that will prove acceptable. One verse we give:—

"Name of Jesus in the Union,
Doctrine washing all my soul,
Through the Lamb, with soft compunction,
Daily, till I reach my goal,
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state."

We think this verse fully justifies that part of the title "Mystery."

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Sword and Trowel. A very readable edifying number.

Baptist Magazine. A real valuable number, but not quite equal to some recent ones.

Ragged School Union Magazine. A good informational number.

Christian Armour. Papers all well written and varied and instructive.

The Baptist holds on its way admirably; the weekly sermon is always worth more than the cost of the number. It was cordially commended to the Churches at the recent General Baptist Association at Burnley.

British Flag and Christian Sentinel. Never better, or more adapted to do good to our soldiers.

Old Jonathan. Ever welcome, and never disappoints us.

The Christian. Extra special number, containing the remarkable address of Dr. Duff, on the present crisis of the Christian Church, which we hope will be read throughout Christendom.

Rev. Dr. Young's revised Gospel according to Mark. (Edinburgh: A. YOUNG). Worthy of the careful attention of all ministers, students, and bible-class leaders. Dr. Young's revisions are never rash, or pedantic, but careful, judicious, and scholarly.

The Hive, containing addresses, criticisms, and admirably arranged lessons, and all thoroughly good.

The Church. Full of admirable papers.

The Biblical Museum. (Part XXX.) We trust that all our readers who have not bought the completed volumes will avail themselves of this unrivalled commentary on the New Testament Scriptures.

The Bible and the Prisoner. True to its special calling, and deeply interesting.

The Interpreter, &c. By C. H. SPURGEON. No. 7. (Passmore and Co.) Having all the special excellencies of the previous parts.

The Gardener's Magazine, for July. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq. A full month's varied and first-class

reading on every department of horticulture, gardening, &c. Alike adapted for town and country, and published weekly and monthly.

True and False Religion. The Bible and Experience. By J. H. Wood, Pailton. (London Protestant Institution, 12, Haymarket, S.W.) An exceedingly well-written pamphlet of twenty-four pages, answering to its title, and well calculated to arrest attention and show the fallacy of Romish sham religion, in contrast to the experimental piety of the Holy Scriptures.

Sir Donald McLeod, or Decision for Christian Ordinances. By W. Frith.

(Indian edition. R. Banks.) This pious and telling little book will be especially welcomed by the noble deceased's friends, and the soldiers generally in India.

Christian Edification The Sheltering Blood; or, the Sinner's Refuge. By W. Poole Balfern. (Passmore and Co.) A clear, concise, and spiritual view of the passover, in its evangelical significance and importance.

The Promotion of Religious Revivals is the title of the thirty-first annual letter of the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Baptist Churches, meeting at Cinderford, June 3rd. (Gloucester: Thos. Collings.)

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

MR. A. F. RILEY, of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Middleton-in-Teesdale.

Rev. Thomas Jones, for four years pastor of the church at Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, has accepted the pastorate of the English church at Aberdare.

Mr. Pung has resigned his ministry at Ebenezer, Cottenham, Cambs, and accepted the pastorate of a church at Gipsy-hill-road, Lower Norwood, Surrey.

Mr. W. H. Rolls, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has been appointed to the pastorate of the church at Bushey New-town, Herts.

Mr. C. Yestro, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the invitation of the churches of Marsey Hampton and Lechlade to become their pastor.

Rev. W. Figgott, of Histon, near Cambridge, has accepted the invitation of the church at Studley to become their pastor.

Rev. W. Fry has resigned the pastorate of the church, Ashwater, Devon, and has accepted an invitation to become assistant pastor with Rev. B. W. Osler of the united churches of North Curry, Fivehead, Stoke St. Gregory, and Isle Abbots, Somerset.

Rev. W. Frith has resigned the pastorate of the church at New Bexley.

RUTHIN.—Rev. T. James, of Rhosybol, the secretary of the Anglesea Association, has accepted the invitation of the Baptist church at Ruthin.

HILPERTON.—Rev. F. Pearce removed from Reading, Berks, to become the pastor of the church at Hilperton, Trowbridge.

Rev. R. Menzies, who has for the last seventeen years been pastor of the church at Broomhugh and Broomly, Northumberland, has resigned his charge on account of bad health, and the friends have presented him with £68 11s. as a parting gift.

EVERTON VILLAGE, LIVERPOOL.—Rev. J. Evans, of Kingston, Herefordshire, has accepted an invitation to the above church.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Mr. C. Testro, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has accepted invitations of the Baptist churches of Lechlade and Maisey Hampton.

MELTHAM, YORKSHIRE.—Mr. James Alderson, of the College, Bury, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church here.

BELFAST.—Rev. F. G. Buckingham has resigned the pastorate of the church, Regent-street.

LEAMINGTON.—Mr. S. T. Williams has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Warwick-street.

MIDDLETON-IN-TEESDALE.—Mr. A. F. Riley, of Rawdon College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Middleton-in-Teesdale.

IPSWICH.—Mr. J. Burt, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the invitation of the church at Salem Chapel, St. George's-street, to become their pastor.

SUNNYSIDE, LANCASHIRE. Mr. Benjamin Bowker, of the College, Bury, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church here.

WARWICK.—Mr. C. H. Thomas, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the invitation of the church, and entered on his labours as pastor on Sunday, June 8.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. JAMES HARCOURT, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Berkhamstead, the services which were held on the 8th of July attracted to that town a large number of friends. There was a numerously attended meeting, over which James Stiff, Esq., of the London School Board, presided. Mr. Harcourt, having been welcomed by two of the deacons, expressed his sense of the kindness which he had everywhere met with since he had come among them. He believed that they had made up their minds for energetic action, and he hoped that they should realise in Berkhamstead what was said of Kidderminster in the days of Baxter, that God was praised in almost every house. Mr. Strange, of Luton, Rev. W. Hart, and J. Clif-

ford, bore testimony to Mr. Harcourt's Christian devotion and love for work. Mr. Clifford said he had come away from an association meeting, and had brought Mr. Spurgeon's kindest regards to Mr. Harcourt. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Prebble, two deacons of the Borough-road church, bore testimony to the harmony which had existed between their late pastor and the church, and wished him Godspeed. Revs. A. Cave, D. McCallum, and T. Foston welcomed Mr. Harcourt as a neighbour.

Rev. R. Kerr, late of Barnes, Surrey, was recognised, on the 8th of July, as pastor of the church at Avening, Gloucestershire.

SWANWICK.—The recognition service in connection with the settlement of Rev. S. Haydin, late of Newark, as pastor of the church, Swanwick, was held on Tuesday, June 24th. A tea was provided at five o'clock, at which a large number of friends sat down; and a public meeting was held at half-past six, with J. Barber, Esq., in the chair.

PRESENTATIONS.

LONDON, BOROUGH ROAD.—On the 17th June, Rev. James Harcourt took farewell of the church at Borough Road, with whom he had been connected more than sixteen years. About 200 friends took tea together in the chapel. Afterwards a larger gathering was held, Mr. Harcourt presiding, and in the course of his address referred to the addition of 666 members of the church during his sixteen years' pastorate. During the evening Rev. J. Clifford presented Mr. Harcourt with a purse of sixty sovereigns as an expression of the kind feelings of the congregation and friends.

The members of the Bible-class, formerly held by Rev. A. Doel, in Enfield Highway, have presented him with an album, containing the photographs of the members and other friends.

REV. R. AIKENHEAD, of King-street, Wigan, on the occasion of the first

anniversary of his settlement, was presented with a purse containing ten guineas, to defray the expense of a visit to the sea-side.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE opening services in connexion with the new chapel at Hyde, Lancashire, have been held, with sermons by the Rev. T. Hughes, the minister, the Rev. Duncan Macgregor, and the Rev. T. Green. The collections after these sermons amounted to £22.

SURBITON.—On Sunday, June 29, the Good Templars' Hall, Richmond-grove, was opened as a temporary place of worship. The services were conducted by Rev. G. D. Cox, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

We are glad to announce that, acting under our advice, Rev. W. Frith, of New Bexley, purposes erecting a new iron church near the Gunnersbury station, situated between Turnham-green and Kew-bridge. There is a large population springing up without any adequate means of grace. Mr. Frith has our best wishes for his success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAKE ROAD CHAPEL, LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH.—Anniversary services of the Sunday-schools were held on Sunday, June 22nd, when two sermons were preached by the pastor, T. W. Medhurst, who also preached to the children in the afternoon. The singing was led by a choir of 150 children. There are 1,100 children in the schools.

VAUXHALL.—The annual excursion and treat of the Sunday-school children, teachers, and friends in connection with the Baptist Chapel, Upper Kennington-lane, took place on Tuesday, July 8. Over 590 went by steamboat from Lambeth Pier to Petersham Park, and a very pleasant day was spent.

COLCHESTER.—The seventh year of the ministry of the Rev. E. Spurrier, at the Eld-lane Chapel, was com-

memorated on Tuesday evening, June 3rd, by a public tea-meeting at the school-room, which was filled by about 300 friends connected with that and other Dissenting congregations, ministers of Colchester, Ipswich, Halstead, Thorpe-le-Soken, &c. After tea the company adjourned to the chapel, where a public meeting was held, the chair being filled by Mr. J. B. Harvey. The Rev. E. Spurrier mentioned that during his seven years' pastorate 116 persons had been added to the Church.

GENERAL BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—

The 104th anniversary of the General Baptist Association is now being held at Burnley. On June 24th and following day. The churches comprised in the connexion are well represented, very few of them failing to send at least one representative. About 200 delegates are present, representing 153 churches and a membership of about 21,000. On Monday a devotional meeting was held in the Enon Chapel, at which an address was delivered by Mr. Barnett on "Christian Brotherly Love; its Model and Beauty." The annual committee of the College at Chilwell was also held on Monday evening, when a favourable report was presented by the secretary, Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Six new students were admitted on the usual probation. On Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, a devotional meeting was held, at which Rev. J. Lawton spoke on the "Influence of Fellowship in the Lord." At ten o'clock Rev. Samuel Cox gave his inaugural address. This address, which occupied about an hour and a-half in reading, was listened to with the closest attention. In the afternoon the Foreign Mission Committee met, and in the evening the public meeting of the Home Mission Society was held in the Ebenezer Chapel. The chair was occupied by Mr. Alderman Lomas, J.P. Speakers: Revs. J. P. Cook, J. Jolly, B. Wood, J. Wilshire, and D. McCullam. On Thursday the association appointed the Rev. T. Goadby as president of Chilwell College. Dr. Underwood having

sent in his resignation, Rev. S. Cox was appointed secretary. The following is a copy of the resolution passed June 26:—"That the resignation of Rev. Dr. Underwood be accepted, and that the association desires to express its deep sense of the faithful and devoted services he has rendered to the college, the painstaking and patient industry with which he has discharged his duties, the perfect harmony with which he has worked with his beloved colleague, his careful and efficient supervision of the college and admirable management of the affairs of the house during a period of sixteen years, in which between forty and fifty students have passed through the institution, many of whom are now useful ministers of the Gospel, and some of whom have attained distinction and eminence in the churches of England, Orissa, America, and Australia. The Association hopes that Dr. Underwood, released from the cares and burdens of an onerous office, may soon find a sphere of ministerial usefulness amongst us, and may live long to enjoy a peaceful and happy old age, as a fitting close to a life of earnest toil." The resolution was proposed by the Rev. J. Clifford, LL.B., and was carried unanimously.

Beulah Church, Dowlais, Glamorganshire.—On Sunday and Monday, June 29th and 30th, the Sabbath-school in connection with the above church held its anniversary services, when the Rev. T. A. Pryce, Aberdare, preached morning and evening, and addressed the teachers and parents in the afternoon. The introductory services were conducted by Mr. J. Picton, Aberdare, who also addressed the Sunday-school children. On Monday the annual tea meeting took place, and passed off most pleasantly and successfully.

PADDINGTON.—Interesting services have been held in a tent on the site for the Sutherland Gardens Chapel. On Sunday, June 29, the pastor, the Rev. Mitchell Cox, preached to good congregations. On the Monday Rev.

Dr. Burns preached, and on Tuesday about 130 partook of tea, after which more than 300 attended the public meeting, when Joseph Peters, Esq., presided.

Uxbridge, Middlesex.—The anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. T. A. Williams took place at the Baptist chapel on Tuesday, June 24th. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Jukes. In the evening a public meeting was held, S. Shirley, Esq., presiding. The Revs. W. A. Blake, W. Orr, W. F. Faulding, T. Turner, E. Jukes, and the pastor, addressed the meeting. The pecuniary object of the meeting was to obtain £10, to secure the grant of the Augmentation Fund, which amount was cheerfully rendered.

REGENT'S PARK COLLEGE.—The session of this institution was closed on Tuesday, July 8, by a *soirée* and public meeting, the chair being occupied by Joseph Gurney, Esq. From the statement made by Dr. Angus, it appears that there have been during the session forty-one students in the institution. Of this number three have settled: Mr. Edwards at Haverfordwest, Mr. Bailey at Weymouth, Mr. Matthews at Wokingham, and four lay students have left. Three students have taken their B.A. in the first class; six have matriculated. The deficiency of last year has been made up by special contributions.

BURNLEY, ENON CHAPEL.—The Sunday-school sermons were preached recently by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of London. The congregations were very large, and the collections were over £100. This does not include the special contributions of the young men's class for their new room, which has just been furnished by them at a cost of between thirty and forty pounds.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery, English Chapel.—June 29, Eight, by LL. Jones.

Ashford, Kent, Assembly rooms.—July 3, Nine, by Wm. Clark.

Belfast, Regent-street Church.—July 1, Three, by Frederick G. Buckingham.

Bilton, Wood-street Chapel.—June 29, Two, by J. Bell.

Blamavon, English Baptist Church.—July 6, Six, by W. Rees.

Blockley.—July 6, Two, by Samuel Mann.

Brandesburgh, N.B.—July 5, Four; July 6, One, by Geo. Whittet.

Bulwell, North Nottingham.—June 22, Fifteen, by Mr. Buck.

Carmarthen, English Chapel.—July 6, Four, by E. Thomas.

Charel.—June 1, Three, by T. Hind.

Cheltenham, Cambray Chapel.—June 15, Eight, by W. Julian.

Coalville.—June 22, Eight, by C. T. Johnson.

Cambridge, Zion Chapel.—July 3, Fourteen, by J. P. Campbell.

Downham, Norfolk.—June 25, Three; July 2, One, by John Wilson.

Dublin, Lower Abbey-street.—July 5, Two, by John G. Skelley.

Erith, Kent, S.E.—July 14, One, for Providence Church, by Mr. Avery, at Lessness Heath Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).

Forton, Gosport.—July 4, One, by T. W. Medhurst, of Landport.

Goetre, Pontypool.—July 2, One, by W. Rees.

Hay, Breconshire, Salem Chapel.—June 29, One, by J. Cole.

Heywood, Rochdale-road.—June 22, Three, by W. Lister Maye.

Isteham, Cambs., Pound-lane.—July 6, Five, by J. M. Wilson.

Kilmarnock.—June —, Seven, by John Johnston.

Kirton Lindsey.—June 11, Three, by J. Young.

Leamington.—Jan. 1, Three; Jan. 29, Five; April 2, Six; May 28, Four, by W. A. Salter.

Manchester, Moss Side Baptist Chapel.—June 29, Eight, by R. Chenery.

Measham, Derbyshire.—July 6, Four, by George Barker.

Meopham, Kent.—June 29, Four, by W. K. Dexter.

Metropolitan District—

Arthur-street Chapel.—June 25, Eight, by H. E. Stone.

Brixton (for Streattham).—July 1, Three, by W. Coombs.

Camberwell, Wyndham-road Chapel.—July 10, Four, by J. T. Almy, at Cottage Green Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).

Chiswick.—June 22, Four, by John Stubbs.

Dalston Junction.—June 18, Ten, by Alfred Bird.

Enfield Highway.—June 29, Seven, by Jas. Manning.

Kensington, W.—June 22, Five, by J. Hawes.

King Arthur-street.—July 3, One, by Mr. Watkiss, at Park-road Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 30, Seventeen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Old Kent-road.—July 3, One, by C. F. Styles, at the Park-road Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).

St. John's Wood, Abbey-road Chapel.—June 19, Two, by Mr. Brown.

Whitechapel, Little Alie-street.—June 29, Three, by C. Materson.

Montacute.—June 29, Five, by H. Hardin.

Neath, English Church.—July 6, One, by A. F. Mills.

Pembroke Dock, Bothany.—June 22, Four, by W. Davies.

Rochdale, Lancashire, Drake-street Chapel.—June 15, Four, by A. E. Greening, of Ogden.

Salem, Welsh Baptist Chapel, Blaifa.—June 29, Five, by J. Griffiths, Cefn-coed-y-Cymmer.

Salford, Great George-street.—June 29, Five, by D. Rhys Jenkins.

South Moreton, Berks.—July 13, One, by Mr. Pound.

South Shields.—June 12 (for the Church Meeting in Mile End-road), Six, by George Lawson, at Barrington-street Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).

Stockton.—June 15, Six, by H. Moore.

Swansea, St. Helen's Chapel.—June 18, Four, by D. T. Phillips.

Tan-y-Bryn, Llangoget.—June 22, Five, by J. Jones, Rhyl.

Thurleigh, Beds.—July 6, One, by G. Chandler.

Tredegar, Church-street.—June 8, Three, by J. Lewis.

Wainsgate, Yorkshire.—July 6, One, by J. Bamber.

Waltham Abbey, Essex.—June 29, Five; June 30, One, by R. Williamson.

West Hartlepool, Tower-street.—March 30, Two; July 2, Two, by G. F. Ennals.

Woodford, Thrapstone, Northamptonshire.—July 8, Eight, by J. Tyrrell.

Wyexham.—July 6, One, by W. Glanville, of Egremont.

Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury.—June 29, Three, by Thomas Jones.

Farcombe, Devon.—June 15, Two, by T. Evans.

RECENT DEATHS.

On the 11th of June, at Harlington, Middlesex, in his 80th year, Mr. Wm.

Passingham, thirty-four years a member of the Baptist Church in that place. In him the cause has lost a faithful friend and the poor a generous benefactor.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. John Hawkins..	0 10 0	Mrs. Kennedy ...	0 5 0	Mrs. A. Boothine ...	1 1 0
Miss M.	0 10 6	Mr. E. Morris... ..	1 0 0	Mr. Chew	2 10 0
Dr. Beilby	1 0 0	Mr. J. H. Macrae ...	10 0 0	Mr. Dick	2 0 0
J. H.	0 15 0	A Thankoffering ...	1 0 0		
R. N. S. P.	0 4 0	Mrs. Bickmore and		Weekly Offerings at	
Mr. G. Elder	0 10 0	Friends	2 0 0	Metropolitan Ta-	
The Misses Johnson	3 0 0	Mr. J. Hector... ..	1 0 0	bernacle—June 22	30 2 9
Moniaive... ..	0 10 0	Mr. M. Savage	1 0 0	" "	29 23 3 6
Sermon Readers ...	0 10 0	Profit of Mr. Bay-		" " July 6	40 0 3
A Friend, Ashwater	0 5 0	ner's Lecture, per		" " " 18	28 14 6
Mr. C. Scruby ...	1 0 0	Mr. Perkins	2 0 0		
Lillah	1 0 0	Miss Maxwell... ..	0 10 0		
Luke x. 2... ..	1 0 0	Mr. W. Thomas ...	0 12 6		
					<u>£157 14 0</u>

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

TO THE READERS OF THE "BAPTIST MESSENGER."

DEAR FRIENDS,

WILL you allow me to ask your kind help. We have recently succeeded in removing the debt on Park Chapel, Brentford, and are now engaged in building School-rooms and Ministers' Vestry on a piece of ground in the rear of the chapel; the expense will not be less than £500. Will each reader of the Messenger send One Shilling in stamps towards the object. We are anxious to open the new building free of debt.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. BLAKE,

Editor "Baptist Messenger."

Address—REV. W. A. BLAKE,

THE BUTTS, BRENTFORD,

MIDDLESEX.

"MARTHA AND MARY."

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE x. 41, 42.

METHINKS I see the Man of Sorrows as He is traversing the high-road, attended by His few friends and disciples. Where will He refresh Himself when the time is come to cease from toil and take food? Where is His house? Surely the Great Prophet hath some place wherein to rest? Alas, He hath none! "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." However, what He has not of His own, that friends will afford Him. Martha, a disciple,—not a full-grown one, but one who had begun to learn something of the truth,—meets Him at the door of her house, at the entrance to the village of Bethany, and she invites Him to come in. Jesus Christ, who had often accepted an invitation from an enemy, was glad to accept one from a friend; so He goes into the house, with His friend Lazarus, and sits down. No sooner is He sat down, with His disciples around Him, than He falls to preaching. A sermon is none the worse for being preached in a private house. Martha and Mary stood listening to Him. Stood, did I say? Mary sits down at His feet; and Martha, having listened for a little while, recollects that she has many family cares. The dinner must be got ready, so she betakes herself into her room, and is very busy with her needful cookery. She wants a little extra help, and she comes back into the room, and sees Mary sitting at Jesus' feet. Seeming rather irritable, Martha appeals to Jesus—"Dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?"—hoping that the Master would chide Mary; but He rather defends her, and implies a gentle censure upon Martha, when He says—"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

This little repartee must have surprised Martha. She did not expect it would come to herself being reprov'd and Mary being commended. So it was; and the incident, we think, may give us some profitable instruction. Let us see if we can find it out.

I. We will take the case of Martha first. There is no reason to find any great fault with her. Martha was a good woman. The Lord "Jesus loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus." Since He appreciated Martha's character, it is not for us to depreciate it. Martha was an excellent housewife; perhaps a little too fussy—I know not what better word to use—a little too particular about the minutiae; troubling and vexing herself about domestic arrangements in spreading the board and serving the provisions. She was, it mayhap, a little too prone to disquiet her mind by the scrupulousness of her taste; still she was an admirable woman, one who kept her house in good order. No mean prize is it, especially for the working-man,

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No. 178, NEW SERIES.

to have a Martha for his wife: one who orders well her household. Indeed, so commendable is this in Christian women, that the Apostle might well say—"Let them first learn to show piety at home." If your children's stockings are not darned, if their clothes are not mended, if the buttons are not put on to their dresses at the proper time, I would not give much for your Christian example. A housewife should see to these details, and before all others for neatness and industry should be the woman whose heart is right before the Lord. One or two friends, I see, are smiling. Let them smile if they like. I only hope they will mind my homely advice and attend to their home duties; then they will make their husbands smile with satisfaction and their families will look brighter. If they have ungodly husbands, it will tend to paint religion in fairer colours, and to commend it to their esteem.

In what respect, then, was Martha to blame? Well, though she got a little censure, you see Jesus does not upbraid her severely. His words are very kind: "Martha, Martha." We do not address women thus familiarly by name, you know, unless we are very intimate with them. I should not venture to call you by your Christian name, because I do not know you well enough. We only do that with our friends and kinsfolk. So, in the kindest way, making Himself very familiar with her, Jesus said—"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." 'Twas little to say; He only indicated the fact, without uttering half as much complaint as she made against her sister Mary. What was her fault, then? Well, we think it was just this. The Lord Jesus Christ did not often come round those parts preaching. He had a large diocese; He was the Travelling Bishop of the whole land. And it did seem to cast a little slight on His ministry for Martha to think more of the joint that was being roasted and the meats that were being prepared for the table, than of that rich food, that bread which came from heaven, which He was giving them. If a preacher came to us but every now and then, dear brethren, I think the Word of God would become so precious to us that we might be pardoned neglecting some family cares in order to listen to it; but Martha, you see, put her family cares somewhat before the precious Word of Christ. And, besides, she seems rather to have looked at her religion as a doing something which Christ needed of her, than as a taking the one thing needful which she needed from Christ. Of such people there is no lack now. I trust they are in the faith, though they are but babes in grace. Their practical piety consists, to a large extent, in what they ought to do for Christ, and what He expects from them, rather than in realising that delightful sense which some believers have of what Jesus has done for them. Now what I can do for Christ is, I am sure, very little, and is a poor subject to engross all my thoughts. What He did for me is so amazing, so matchless, so unspeakable, so glorious, that I ought to give that the major part of my attention. I may sometimes run with Martha to do what Christ needs of me; but I think I ought more frequently to sit with Mary to receive from Christ what I need from Him. Your religion is not of a first-class order if it be altogether looking at your practice, and not at the finished and perfect work of Christ. There will be at least a tendency in you to legality, and that tendency is so dangerous that it deserves to be rebuked. Though I would rebuke it as tenderly as I can, yet it must be somewhat sharply, that you may be sound in the faith.

Martha, Martha, Christ does not stand in need of thee half so much as thou dost of Him. It is meet and proper for you to think how you may economise time to attend the house of prayer, and how you shall bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and how you shall save a little money to give to the poor or to Christ's Church. All these things are right; it is well you should do them; but, oh! remember Christ did more for you. Let your thoughts be fixed on His cross, on His life, on His death, or else you will get to be a Pharisee. Ah, Martha! you will get to think that you are saved by your own doings; and then it is all over with you if you ever come to think that. This was one of Martha's faults. She seemed to be more anxious about what she should do for Christ than she was grateful about what Christ had done for her.

Then, you see, this led her to fret, and that is always wrong. She began to be peevish and be vexed. Oh! she wanted to have a fine entertainment for Christ. She had out all the best dishes, and she would have all the repast served in the daintiest manner. She would have nothing put on the table but what was the best of the best for such a one as her Lord. So far this was right, and much to her credit; but, as little mishaps are apt to cause great annoyance, so she got her mind troubled and her temper irritated. Thus she fretted and vexed herself till the day that ought to have been all happiness and sunshine, because Christ was come, became all worry and hurry, distracting to her mind and distressing to her nerves. Now that is wrong and lamentable. Remember, Christian, whatever you have to do, you should always cast all your care on Him who careth for you. Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication make known your wants unto God. You are to be thoughtful, diligent, prudent; but anxious, carping, vexatious cares, you are to turn out of the house as soon as possible, or else you will hear your Master say, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." You must not be fretful about trifles, provoked with other people, or disquieted with yourself. Your fretting will not make things better; the ruffling of your temper will not smoothe the current of affairs. Be calm; be quiet; be patient. Then the multitude of your labours will not disturb the serenity of your mind: though the many things may have to be done, the much care may be greatly lightened, if it is not altogether avoided.

The next thing to blame in Martha was that, while she was earnest herself in serving the Lord, she began to upbraid her dear sister Mary. Some minds are naturally censorious and prone to fault-finding; others there be that, under exciting emotions, begin to criticise, censure, and criminate. Nay, Martha, thou hast no right to judge Mary. Thou art doing what thou thinkest to be right; she is doing what she thinks to be right: let her alone. There are some earnest young men I know who would have everybody quite as zealous as themselves; and so would I, but there may happen to be some Christians who cannot, through infirmity, do quite so much; and some of these young men will grow out of temper with them, and perhaps speak disrespectful words of them. This is not right of you. You must not judge another man's servant; to his own master he shall stand or fall. Martha, Martha, Martha, thou hast no business to find fault with Mary. And you busy Christians, you good, busy people, that do so much for Jesus, and wish you could do more, do not you sometimes grow angry because others are not as zealous as you

are? Never let bad temper be mixed with earnestness; for it will be like a dead fly in a pot of ointment, it will spoil the whole. Be not rash, Martha, in your judgment of Mary.

I fear, too, that Martha a little censured her Lord; and was not that a hard thing to do? Let us read the words, for fear I should do her an injustice. "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me." Was not that an unkind thing to say? "Jesus, dost Thou not care?" Of course He was always caring for every one of them. They never had a care but what He had it before them. All their burdens He was willing to bear; all their sufferings He was willing to relieve; and He was come into this world on purpose to redeem them with His blood. It was a hard thing to say, "Master, dost Thou not care?" And so it is with some Christians; they do not set their eyes enough upon Christ's work, and are all too busy with work for Christ. Hence they will even upbraid the Master Himself. These elder brothers—and Martha, you know, was an elder sister—these elder brothers say, "Lo, these many years have I served Thee, and yet Thou never gavest me a kid that I should make merry with my friends; but as soon as this Thy son was come, which hath devoured Thy living with harlots, Thou hast killed for him the fatted calf." This is a bad spirit, a very bad spirit. I heard of a man some time ago, calling himself a minister of Christ, who said he did not believe in revivals, nor did he look for any good from preaching in theatres; for, said he, "If God designs to bless the Church, it stands to reason that He will save those people first who usually go to a place of worship, and not the riff-raff." Now, I did not like that speech. I hope he was a good man, but I am sure he spoke in a bad spirit, and it was with something like that spirit Martha spoke. She seemed to feel—"I have done all sorts of things; I have been busy and anxious, and I have taken no rest; nobody knows how hot I have made myself, working with my own hands, and superintending other people's work. I have hurried up and down stairs, with all the toil and all the responsibility devolving upon me; yet here is Mary, doing nothing, and Christ is just as pleased with her as if she were doing a thousand things." Now, I think Christ said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things," to rebuke the cropping up of a little of that ill spirit which is always culpable and mischievous whenever it appears.

To close with Martha—I hope we have not been too severe upon her conduct or reflected too much upon her character—she may be used as a picture of the self-righteous. Mayhap there are such here. There is a John or a James among you, perhaps, who says—"I go to my place of worship very punctually; I order my household with propriety; I conduct my business with integrity; I give to the poor; I subscribe to charities; I take my part in works of benevolence," and so on. Ah, friends! you are cumbered with much serving, and you will never get to heaven that way. But one thing is needful, and that is the finished righteousness of Christ. Or is it Martha, there; that good woman that I think I heard say, "Well, I have brought up my children creditably; I have always behaved in such a manner that the neighbours give me a good character; I have never neglected my religious duties; so I shall go to heaven I trust." Ah, Martha, Martha! those good things of yours will sink you; you cannot swim to heaven with them. One thing is needful, and that one thing is

the finished righteousness of Jesus. Leave these fine things that cumber you, and come to Jesus just as you are, and you shall have the good part which cannot be taken from you.

But it is treating Martha too badly to make her a picture of the self-righteous. I shall only notice now, that she is only like what some of us sometimes are. When the minister comes into the pulpit he sometimes feels—at least I myself do—a great deal of concern about the friends that have to stand, about the lights, about the draughts, and numerous other trivial matters. Full often I reproach myself for being thus cumbered about many things. Instead of being like Martha, the minister should be like Mary, sitting at Jesus' feet, and giving his undivided attention to the Master's words. This is too often the case with the deacons and the elders. They may be thinking about how arrangements may be made for the convenience of the congregation, and filled with anxiety that all may go off well, especially at extraordinary services. They are exposed to the like temptation that Martha was. I dare say, my dear brethren who carry round the bread and the cup at the Lord's Supper sometimes feel that they miss some of Mary's repose, and get some of Martha's cares in attending to that service. They would rather, perhaps, sit with you in the pew, like Mary, to enjoy the feast, rather than be like Martha to serve the tables. Others of you are thinking about your children, your sons and your daughters. As you are anxiously praying the Lord to bless the Word to their souls, you, too, may sometimes get into such an anxious state as to be like Martha. Oh! it will be well for you if you can take the attitude of Mary, sitting at the Saviour's feet, profound in reverence, yet familiar in intercourse with your blessed Lord—awed by His presence, cheered by His smile, impressed with His Word, delighted with His voice, catching the faintest syllable which shall fall from His Divine lips; finding in Him enough to enthrall your soul with sacred love, and leaving Him to care for you, while you only care to sit at His feet and learn of Him; stationed where no grievous looks or hasty words of Martha can tempt you to move away.

II. Let us now turn to the character of Mary, and see if we can find anything in that for practical use.

Do not think that Mary was lazy, or that she preferred hearing sermons to doing her work. On another occasion she proved that she did not withhold her service or spare her substance, for she anointed the head of our Lord. She showed that she did not mind a sacrifice, for she did for Jesus what only one other person ever did—she anointed Him. But here was the point about Mary's character—may it be found in yours and in mine—she gave her attention less to the care of the body than to a care for the soul. In truth, she loved to drink of the living water which Christ gives to those that are thirsty. She attended to the one thing needful. Alas! the world does not think that the care of the soul is the one thing needful. As a good old writer says, "The world thinks this is the one thing needless." They can dispense with religion, because, to their notion, it is an encumbrance. We have heard some people call money the one thing needful. They despise religion, and find their treasure in vanities that perish with the using, and their joy in the things of earth that pass away like the rippling current or the revolving seasons.

Religion is the one thing needful to us all. It is the one thing needful

to the minister. Without true religion in his heart, he is an impostor; he has taken upon himself an errand upon which the Master never sent him; a responsibility which shall crush his soul lower than the lowest hell. Lord, have mercy upon those ministers who dare to preach what they have not felt themselves. But religion is also the one thing needful for the hearers; so needful, indeed, that if they have it not, all the sermons and prayers in the world will be but as fuel for their condemnation. We must have you, my dear hearers, brought to lay hold on Christ, or else impressions and professions, formality and morality, vows and votive offerings, will but drug your conscience, cheat your hope, and end in black despair. True religion is the one thing needful for the aged. I see some here whose bald heads and grey hairs admonish them that they are drawing near to the grave. Ah! my aged friend, what will you do, where will you be a little while hence, unless you have a Saviour to rest upon? In the swellings of Jordan, how will you fare, if there be no kind spirit near you to say, "I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." This, too, is the one thing needful for the middle-aged; busy with care, toiling from morning till night as some of you are, if you have not the grace of God in your hearts, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit in your experience, what will you do? You will bring up your children for Satan; you will be yourselves the instruments of unrighteousness; all your works shall but earn for you the wages of heavy sorrow and bitter lamentations—your present life an endless regret. And how needful is true religion for the young! It makes the young man wise; it makes the maiden fair.

"A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

We should not wait until we have grown old and decrepit, and then bring to God the blind and the lame for a sacrifice. Let us give Him the young bullock; let us offer to Him the lambs of a year old. Since some die while they are young, let us repent while we are young, and believe in Jesus while the charm of spring time enlivens us, for it is the one thing needful to have faith in Him. There are other things, you will tell me, that are needful. I answer, Yes; but this is the especially, pre-eminently, and universally needful thing. Imagine a man in the condemned cell at Newgate. There he sits busy writing letters; he is going to die a felon's death; knowing it will cruelly grieve his family, he is doing the best thing he can do—writing letters of consolation to them, and trying to settle his little affairs. In comes the Queen's messenger, and he says to the man, only the man is too busy to listen to him, "I have Her Majesty's free pardon." The man says, "I cannot attend to you; I cannot attend to you; I have got a letter to write to my wife." He goes on with his writing; but he is interrupted again with the news of Her Majesty's free pardon. "I cannot attend to it," says he; "I have to write to my children, for I have to die next Monday," and he goes on writing again. Now, do you not see, if the man will but stop and think, the free pardon will do far more for him than all his letters can; and if he shall but get that, he can attend to all the rest by-and-by. So is it with faith. A free pardon is offered by God; but you say, "Oh, but I have other things to look to." I tell you you can look to them afterwards; but while the angel of mercy stands by and presents you with a free pardon, I pray you take the one thing need-

ful, and mind the other things in due time. There is a wreck yonder, a wreck far out upon the waste salt sea, and on it are men who are starving, till the bones start through the skin. They have hoisted a flag upon a pole. Those poor creatures are almost destitute of clothing; the salt sea washes them, and at night they are all but frozen to death, and they only preserve their lives by huddling one upon another. These people want a thousand things, you tell me. They want some generous diet to restore their flesh; they want their friends; they want their native country; they want their families and households; they want fresh clothing. Yes, but I tell you one thing is needful: they want a friendly sail; and if they can but see a ship in the distance, and that ship can come to them, they have all they want. And so you that are looking after bread, and after your families, and so on. Oh! this is all well, but still, while you are on the raft, and are perishing, what you really want is Christ, who, like a friendly sail in the distance, comes to save you, and is willing to take you on board His ship at once, and to give you all you want. One thing is needful: oh, Jane! lay thou hold on that; and John, and Thomas, and William, and Margaret—any of you, all of you; do the same. Leave other things for a little while. You know you can work and pray; you can go about your business and yet have faith in Christ. This will not interfere with your household cares; but do, I pray you, imitate Mary in getting hold of the all-important, the absolutely necessary one thing, a living faith in a living Saviour. This was the first reason why Mary was commended; she got a hold of the one thing needful.

The next thing she was commended for was this. It was her own choice—"Mary has chosen the good part." Some of our captious friends will be saying: "Ah! ah! are you going to preach free-will now, and tell us that it is man's choice?" Oh, brethren, you know what I think of man's will, that it is a slave, bound in iron fetters; but yet God forbid that I should alter Scripture to suit anybody's doctrine, or even my own. Mary did choose the better part, and every man that is saved chooses to be saved. I know that at the back of his choice, and as the cause of his choice, there is God's choice; but still the grace of God always imparts grace to the man's heart. No one is dragged to heaven; nor does anyone ever go to Christ against his will; the soul must be made willing in the day of God's power. This is the triumph of God's grace; not that He takes men to heaven as we might carry machines there, but that He expressly acts upon the human mind, leaves it as free as ever it was, and yet makes it perfectly obedient to His own will. Mary chooses; God had chosen her in old eternity, and therefore she chooses Him.

"Chosen of Him ere time began,
I choose Him in return."

Now let us ask, for we cannot merit any commendation, have we chosen Christ? Have we chosen His cause, His truth, His cross? If you have got a religion that is not a matter of choice to you, I am afraid it is not of much use. If you attend to any religion because you must; if you follow it of necessity, from a sense of duty, from the goadings of fear, or from the dictates of custom, I am afraid, when your religion is put in the scales, it will be found wanting. It must be a matter of solemn and deliberate choice with you. Now which would be your present choice? Should the pleasures of this world be all daintily painted before your eyes; every joy

that could regale the senses, music to charm the ear, perfumes for the nostrils, sweets for the mouth, and landscapes for the eyes, on the one side, and on the other side, let Christ and His cross be put before you, which would you choose? I know which some of you have chosen; may God alter your choice. But I trust there are some here who can say, "Choose? why, I have once for all chosen Christ; I have counted the cost, and I reckon the reproach of Christ to be greater treasures than all the riches of Egypt." You are commended. Christ gently speaks to you a word of love when He says: "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her."

Mary was commended, too, because she had chosen the good part. It is good to know Christ, good in every sense; it is good for ourselves; it is good toward God, and good toward man. It is good in the sense of comfort; it is good in the sense of morality. Nobody can say anything against true religion who judges fairly. Even the judge upon the bench dare not say that to have a new heart and a right spirit is not good. True religion has in it everything that is lovely and of good repute, honest in the sight of men, and devout in the sight of God. Oh, Mary, now thou hast left thy Martha-cares, and art resting wholly and only on Jesus, thou hast this for thy heart's content, that thou hast not merely chosen the good, but that thou hast chosen the best of all the good—the good part with which no other portion can bear the least comparison.

There is one other commendation, and with that we close. Mary had chosen that which should never be taken away from her. Of the many things which some of us take a pride and a pleasure in possessing, we have not many that cannot be easily taken away. Though we may have a fair character, any lying slanderer may take that away for a time. We have a house; the flames may take that away, and leave nothing but a heap of ashes. We have a beloved spouse; grim death may stretch her in the coffin. We have dear children, the delight of our eyes, but we know that mortal is written on their brows. We have friends with whom we take sweet counsel, but they are dropping off one by one.

"Who hath not lost a friend?"

We have many comforts of which adversity might deprive us in a moment. Those that were once highly esteemed amongst men are soon forgotten, even by their neighbours, their choice companions do not know them in the day of their poverty. Riches take to themselves wings and flee away. All the creature things we have may be taken away from us. The poor man, perhaps, thinks that he is exempt from the peril because he has no riches to be taken from him, but he has other things than silver and gold which pertain to the life that now is, and they will all be taken away. And at last there will come the greatest thief, Death, the Spoiler. When he finds us weak, stretched upon the bed and utterly helpless, how he will take all our things away. He will clutch the miser's gold. Though he seeks with eager grasp to retain it, death will tear it away from his expiring grip. He will take away from the dying one all dear friends, his consort and offspring. Closing his eyes and blinding them, he shall see no more for ever. Stopping his ears and sealing them, he shall hear no more the words of loving consolation. Touching his heart and arresting its beat, his desire will cease. All things shall then be taken away; but

there is one thing—oh! that we may choose it—there is one thing that neither life nor death can take away; it is the good part, a good hope in Jesus, a true faith in Jesus, a perfect love to Jesus, a vital union with Jesus. Come, death, thou mayest clutch, but thou canst not take away that which Jesus holds with living hands. Come, ye devils of hell, ye may seek to tear away these jewels from me, but,—

“Stronger He is than death or hell,
His majesty’s unsearchable.”

And he defies the sons of darkness and repels all their rage. These things cannot be taken away from you. I think I see you going through the dark valley. Doubts, like troops of robbers, seek to slay you, but they cannot take away your jewels. The great robber comes, Diabolus, the old accuser of the brethren, and he fumbles for your treasures, and he takes away some of your comforts, but he cannot take away your faith. The great dogs of hell howl at you as though they would rend you in pieces, but those dogs cannot rob you of your good part. I think I see you in that river, when the water comes even to the chin, and you are ready to say, “I sink in deep mire where there is no standing;” but even that black stream cannot drown your comfort. You have a hope that swims above the biggest billow; you have a song that sounds louder than the wailing of the tempest. No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, for Christ, my treasure is with me there, and He preserves himself and preserves me. Having chosen the good part, which cannot be taken from me, I am safe.

And now, dear friends, the question comes—a question which I hope all that mean to be communicants at the Lord’s Table, especially will ask themselves, “Have I chosen the good part?” Forget religious cares; forget ecclesiastical troubles; forget all that you have to do for Christ, and only think of what Christ has done for you. Have you chosen Him? Can you say in the language of that hymn, which makes us so happy when we sing it,—

“On Christ, the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand?”

If so, come ye saints, come and sit ye down; be as lowly as Mary was. If there is a low place in the valley the water is sure to run into it, and if there is a lowly heart grace is sure to pour in there, though it should flow nowhere else. Go and take your seat at Jesu’s feet. Come to the table and sit at Jesu’s feet, and have fellowship with Him. And oh! you that have not chosen this good part, remember, that in having despised it, you have despised your own mercy. The day will come when you will wish to alter your choice. May God change it now! If there be one here who says, “Oh! I wish I could have the good part!” I tell you you may have it. If there is one soul here that desires to be saved, you may be saved. Christ desires you more than you can possibly desire Him. Christ died for sinners; you are a sinner; trust Him and you are saved. Then your sins are gone, His righteousness covers you with imperial purple, and you stand an heir of heaven, an adopted child of God.

“Oh! believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given.”

Trust in His blood; trust in His merits, and you shall be saved.—Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SITTING DOWN.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"And Jesus said, Make the men sit down."—John vi. 10.

If highways are useful, so are bye-paths. They afford a pleasant change. Away from the hard, dusty turn-pike road, we find green grass and fair flowers. As much may be said of certain texts. Though of second or third-rate value, compared with others, they are not to be ignored. They do not contain those great, essential truths which are the centre of all correct theology, nevertheless they are very instructive and helpful. The words just quoted are a case in point. If we look at the command thus given by our Lord before He performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, we shall find it suggestive. Why did He give this order? Several replies may be made to the question.

"*Make the men sit down,*" and *then they will be able to rest.*

No doubt the crowd needed this. "The passover, a feast of the Jews, was nigh;" numbers were going up to it. On a journey, they were weary. Repose was required, and the Saviour thus afforded it.

How characteristic! Rest is the main boon which Christ confers. All His blessings may be summed up in it. A divine and deep peace is the result of serving Him. In a world of toil and anxiety He secures rest. He does this in various ways. There is the rest of the Sabbath. Much as some may speak against the first day of the week, we cannot do without it. Humanity deeply needs it. Both our higher and lower life demand it. When it is set at nought

mischievous consequences follow. When gold was first discovered in California, the miners worked for a time without any weekly cessation, but they soon found that they were digging graves as well as gold, and, having lost their reckoning of the Sabbath, they made a Sabbath for themselves. A distinguished American merchant once said, "I should have been dead or a maniac long ago had it not been for the Sabbath." This remark was made in the hearing of other merchants, one of whom at once told of a friend who used to boast that he found Sunday the best day for planning voyages, and who was then in a lunatic asylum.

There is the rest of usefulness. Repose does not necessarily mean idleness. Recreation is to be found in occupation as well as in quiet. Very often a change of pursuit is the truest, best relaxation. The poet Southey was a prodigious worker. He had five desks in his study — one devoted to history, another to poetry, another to private correspondence, &c., &c. When tired of one he went to the other. We have read of a horse that, during six days, went round and round, working a mill; the seventh was spent, not in standing still, but in walking round in the opposite direction. Yes, variation of pursuit affords rest. In accordance with this, the servant of God enjoys his sweetest peace and repose through doing good. "Take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And what is the yoke of Jesus but one of benevolence? When the toils of office or shop, study or field are over, much genuine refreshment is to be had in attempts

at usefulness. Try to bless others, and you will be sure to secure for yourself sweet peace of soul.

"Make the men sit down," and then order will be preserved.

It was a large crowd. There were not only hundreds, but thousands. Unless some plan had been adopted, there must have been much confusion. It would have proved a difficult task to have carried loaves to so many had they not preserved quiet and decorum. Sitting down "in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties," met the case entirely.

"God is not the author of confusion." Pope says that "order is heaven's first law." No doubt of it. When Christ arose from the dead His very tomb bore witness to this. Read the following words: "Then cometh Simon Peter following Him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." The apparel in which our Lord had been buried was not, when He arose, flung down hastily and carelessly; on the contrary, it was neatly "wrapped together." He even took the trouble to put one portion in a different place from the other. What a touching, eloquent rebuke of slovenliness!

Do we look at nature? We see the same reverence for order. As it has been remarked: "All creation is full of it. There is such perfect order that we can tell to the minute when the tides will ebb and flow, when the sun will rise and set, or when an eclipse will occur.* Examine a honeycomb; open a pea-cod; look at the back of a fern-leaf; what order in each! Nature will not be

untidy. Men and animals walk the beach of the ocean, leaving the marks of their feet and hoofs on the sand, but the waves come and make all level again, sweeping the litter of shells and seaweed into heaps. The autumn leaves fall in garden and orchard, but the wind blows them into corners and to the sides of paths and hedges."

Do we turn to the Bible? We meet with many kindred cases. Order, order, order is the watchword everywhere. The Jewish nation was divided into tribes, the tribes into families, the families into households. In the arrangement of the tabernacle and temple every cord had its place, every hook its eye, every vessel its use, every priest and levite his office. Ezra, in his account of the property which Cyrus restored to the Hebrews, tells us the exact number of the chargers of gold and the chargers of silver, the basins of gold, and the basins of silver; and he even specifies "nine-and-twenty knives." Paul says:—"Let all things be done decently and in order;" "The rest will I set in order when I come;" "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order." Surely, all this deserves attention. We make but one application of it, namely—to public worship. Are we not often wrong here? Is there always that decorum which there should be? No. In this respect Dissenters are frequently put to the blush by members of the Established Church. They are more reverent than we. When you enter one of their places of worship you feel at once that you are in a building devoted to a sacred purpose. It is not invariably so with us. Some habitually come in late; others walk about the aisles or their pews noisily. There are few congregations in which there

* E.G. The next total eclipse visible in England will be on August 11th, 1999, at twelve minutes twenty seconds to ten A.M. local time. —*Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1873.

are not well-known sleepers. Such things ought not to be. Let there ever be order and reverence in connection with the service of the sanctuary.

"Make the men sit down," and then all will be fed.

Jesus wished each one to get bread. Not only the "five thousand men," but the "women and children" were remembered by Him. Hence He desired everybody to be seated. But for this feeble ones and little ones would very likely have been thrust to the rear, and put to much inconvenience.

The divine provisions are large. Thus is it spiritually. Take the Bible as an example. It is adapted to all. Every class may find something appropriate in it. Whatever our peculiar circumstances, we have a suitable message. None are forgotten. It remembers the young—"They that seek Me early shall find Me." It remembers the old—"I will never leave nor forsake thee." It remembers the sick—"The Lord will make his bed in all his sickness." It remembers the prosperous—"If riches increase, set not thine heart upon them." It remembers parents—"Train up a child in the way he should go." It remembers philanthropists—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." It remembers sinners—"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." To quote from a certain author:—"Are you a worldling? There is the Book of Ecclesiastes. Are you a saint? There is the Book of Psalms. Are you afflicted? There is the Book of Job. Are you a backslider? There is the Epistle to the Hebrews. Are you a preacher? There is the letter to Timothy. Would you study Providence? There is the Book of Esther. Are you engaged in a great

undertaking? There is the Book of Nehemiah."

In a certain Austrian city there is a bridge in the parapets of which stand twelve statues of the Saviour. He is represented in various relationships—Prophet, Priest, King, Physician, Pilot, Shepherd, Sower, Carpenter, and so forth. The country people coming into the city in the early morning with produce for the market, pause before the Sower or Shepherd—Christ, and offer their prayers to Him. Two hours later, the artisan, coming to his workshop, bends before the Carpenter. Later still the sailor worships near the heavenly Pilot. And in the warm sunlight of the forenoon, the invalids, creeping out to the fresh air, rest and adore under the statue of the Great Physician. With the superstition displayed by worshipping before an image we have no sympathy whatever. Nevertheless, there is a glorious truth taught by the incidents just described. Christ has gifts and blessings to meet all human needs.

"Make the men sit down," and then their number will be ascertained.

One remarkable feature in Christ's miracles is the large number benefited by them. Elisha healed Naaman of the leprosy, but Jesus restored ten lepers at once. Elijah increased the widow's meal and oil, by which she and her son were fed, but our Lord supplied the physical hunger of whole thousands. No wonder that the evangelists should specify the number of those thus provided for.

God takes notice of numbers. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." "He telleth the number of the stars." Believer, are you in sorrow? Do your trials increase? Your Heavenly Father knows their number. Depend upon

it they are all known to Him. He will not send one too many, or one more than you can bear. A gentleman was one day opening a box of goods. His little boy stood by and his father laid some of the packages on his arm. A playmate, standing near, said, "John, don't you think you've got enough?" "Oh," he replied, "father knows how much I can carry." Nor is it otherwise with us. When burdens of trouble are placed upon us our "Father" above "knows how much" we "can carry."

The same may be said of our privileges; they are numbered. "Were there not ten cleansed?" Cana of Galilee is spoken of thus, "Where He made water wine." Heaven keeps a reckoning of the advantages which we enjoy. Do we? Are they appreciated? Is it our effort to turn them to good account? Oh, let us recollect that a day of judgment is drawing nigh! This is emphatically true of the Gospel. Good news of salvation are now proclaimed. The offer of mercy is made to us. Through Jesus and His sacrifice we may, in answer to prayer, make pardon our own. Be it ours to get forgiveness, that we may not at last be condemned for its rejection.

THE ANOINTING OIL AND THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."—James v. 14, 15.

JESUS CHRIST gave to "the twelve" apostles power to work miracles. Among the miracles worked by them we read, "*They anointed with oil*

many that were sick, and healed them" (Mark vi. 13). This gift of healing which Christ gave to "the twelve" seems, even after the apostolic period, to have continued in the Church, and to have been possessed by "the elders" (*presbuterous*), the ordinary ministers of the Church. This simple, miraculous gift, was the one which remained longest of all in the Christian Church. Ephraim Syrus, quoted in *The Critical English Testament*, gives a remarkable instance. He says—"If, in fulfilling thine office, thou anoint the sick with oil." This gift seems to have been granted by Jesus that it might permanently remain in the Church. This was the highest *medical* faculty in the Church; even as that mentioned in 1 Cor. vi. 2 was the highest *judicial* function of the Church. If this gift be not in the Church now, is it not because it has been lost or interrupted because of unbelief? This "anointing with oil" is to be done "in the name of the Lord." I cannot think that this means simply, use medicinal remedies in the name of the Lord. I regard the oil as the symbol of the gift to be bestowed, and not the means of bestowing; just as the water used in baptism is the symbol of spiritual cleansing, though it is not the means whereby we are cleansed. "*The prayer of faith shall save the sick*," not the oil with which the sick are anointed. I agree with Philip Doddridge, that "the prayer of faith" signifies such "*faith* as is founded on some more than ordinary impression, by which God intimated an intention of working a miracle." The Lord will, in answer to such a "prayer of faith," miraculously raise up the sick. I need not point out how vastly different this is from the extreme unction of the Roman Catholics, which is administered, not for the cure of

the body, but for the cure of the *soul* when life is despaired of. Now that the miraculous healing is either withdrawn or suspended by reason of our want of faith, to use the sign without the faith would be unmeaning superstition. As Whitaker pertinently writes against Duræus—"Let those who by their prayers can obtain the recovery of the sick, use oil; let those who cannot do this, abstain from the mere empty form." For the whole intention of the anointing was miraculous healing, obtained in answer to "the prayer of faith;" failing which, the anointing is an empty form—a gross superstition. Oil was used as a sign of Divine grace. Hence it was an appropriate sign in miraculous cures. The miracle was performed by the Lord Jesus, in answer to "the prayer of faith" offered by "the presbyters of the Church." Some sicknesses are the immediate consequences of sin. If this be the case, in answer to "the prayer of faith," the Lord Jesus will, in addition to the bodily cure, give also the forgiveness of the sick man's sins. The cure shall be complete, both *bodily* and *spiritually*. The judicious *Scott* says—"It cannot be supposed that these miraculous cures were performed at all times, but there seems to have been some impression on the mind of the person who wrought the miracle, and peculiar exercise of faith in Christ for the purpose."

Special attention is arrested by the wording of the 15th verse—"And the prayer of faith SHALL save the sick, and the Lord SHALL raise him up: and if he have committed sins, they SHALL be forgiven him." Here all is certain, positive, absolute. This is not to be understood with the restriction that they shall be restored to health if it be the will of God; for if God has

given "the prayer of faith," it must be His will to honour that faith, to answer that prayer. It is not any—it is not every prayer that "shall save the sick;" but "THE PRAYER OF FAITH" shall never fail. In answer to *that* the Lord Jesus Christ will always appear. Such a prayer has power over God; it laughs at impossibilities, and says, "It shall be done." "The prayer of faith" cannot fail in any conceivable case; for faith being the gift of God, "the prayer of faith" cannot be offered unless it be wrought in the soul by the energy of the Holy Spirit. "Be it unto you according to your FAITH" is the word of the Lord unto all His servants down to the end of time. The age of miracles has not passed, but the faith of God's children has failed. "Lord, increase our faith."

One other point remains to be noticed. When Church members are sick they should *send* for their pastors to visit them, and not expect their pastors to find out that they are sick without their being so informed. A sick person has no more right to expect his pastor to visit him without being sent for, than he has to expect his doctor. If it be the duty of pastors to visit the sick, it is equally the duty of the sick to "call for" their pastors to visit them.

N.B.—Never "call for" your pastor unless you honestly and earnestly desire *spiritual* instruction or consolation. Remember, his time and strength are of too much value to be wasted on mere formal visitation.

Landport, Portsmouth.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 2.—SALT LAKE TO FRANCISCO.

In leaving Salt Lake we again returned to Ogden, the Depot of the Great Central Pacific Railroad, and now for hundreds of miles we pass through the midst of scenery grand and sublime. Twenty-four miles from Ogden is Corinne, in connection with the Salt Lake, and on which steamers ply to Black Rock. Promontory Point is the spot where the companies building the line met on the 10th of May, 1869. And now the line leaves the borders of the Salt Lake, in which it is said no living thing can exist. We pass on through the desert, whose whole surface for 60 square miles is of the dry Alkali weed, and where only lizards and jackass rabbits can be found.

Humbolt Wells, about 20 in number, are supposed to be extinct volcanoes, and of such depth that no bottom has been found. Elko Nevada has a population of several thousands, upwards of 150 stores and banks, schools, &c., and a first-class hotel.

Carlin is a point on the line where the tourist turns off for Idaho, which is 200 miles to the west. The banks of the Humbolt river afford good grazing for cattle. A terrible attack of the Indians was made on the rail constructors near this spot.

Truckee, California, contains some 6,000 population, a number of saw mills, and from hence there are stages to the Donner Lake, a favourite summer resort. From this to Summit Station and westwards is one grand series of panoramic scenes utterly defying description.

Cape Horn and Colfax are situated

in the midst of quartz mines, and the latter is some 2,450 feet above the sea level, and now there is the rapid descent into the Sacramento Valley.

Sacramento City is 743 miles from Ogden, and the principle railway centre of the state. Its population is about 20,000. Its state-house, churches, schools and hotels are all worthy of this city. Here the Sacramento River is joined by the American River, which forms a broad but narrow stream. This City has undergone sad changes and catastrophes by invasions, floods and fires, but by the energy of its citizens the chief streets have been raised above the supposed level of inundating streams.

From Sacramento we go onward to Brighton and to Stockton. Here is a railroad to Oakland on the West and San Jose on the South West, and steamers daily to St. Francisco. Population about 12 or 13,000. Lathrop is the station where tourists diverge by rail to Merced City towards the Yosemite Valley, &c. And now, as we approach from Sacramento to Oakland the heat was oppressive almost beyond durance, but towards the end of our journey the evening breezes became so chilling that an overcoat would have done one real service. On leaving the rail for the steamer for St. Francisco, I was met by my kind friend Mr. George Butler, whom I had known from a child, and in whose parental home in Nottingham, I had often received the warmest Christian hospitality. On landing he secured me a sort of elegant coach, which conveyed us to his dwelling, where for a week I was his most kindly treated guest. The extreme evening change of air gave me a severe cold, the only inconvenience I suffered in my long tour, and now a volume is necessary

to do justice to St. Francisco and its marvels and surroundings. This flourishing Metropolis of the Pacific Coast and Sea Port, dates back only to 1835, when it was known as Yerba Buena. In 1847 its name was changed to St. Francisco, the year before gold was discovered in California. In that year the population had reached 1,000. In 1850 it had grown so rapidly that it numbered 25,000. In 1860 it had increased to near 57,000. In 1870 it had about 150,000, including some 20,000 Chinese, a floating Negro and other population of 8 or 10,000. The chief part of the City is built on very steep slopes, steeper than I had ever seen before. Some of the main streets at the foot of these slopes are wide and handsome, with elegant buildings, hotels, public offices, &c. It is said that the manufacturing capital of some 800 firms is at least seventeen millions of dollars. In 1870 it exported fifteen million pounds weight of wool. Its banks, insurance and bullion offices are some of the finest in the States. Its hotels of extraordinary capacity of accommodation. Its seventy churches, many of them noble structures. Its museums and libraries, worthy of its far extended fame. Its restaurants and fruit shops, large and abounding. Its street cars, universal in the city and suburbs. Its clubs, of considerable variety and renown. Its newspapers, numerous and large, and conducted with great ability. Its places of amusement abundant. Its public halls various and commodious, and withal some seven public cemeteries for its dead.

Its government offices large and handsome, and hospitals and other benevolent institutions varied and numerous. By land and sea, and bay, drives and rides, and sailings,

are of every conceivable kind and interest. Mr. Butler drove me early one morning to the Cliff House, on the Southern side of the Golden Gate, where for the first time I saw the shore and waters of the Pacific. The wide road to this celebrated spot is used very extensively, not only for recreative drives but for horsemanship displays, fast trotting, &c.

Seal Rock, close to the hotel, is a favourite and delicious lounge, and just opposite to the Farralone Island of rock, belonging to the Egg Company. But Seal Rock close by the hotel is the residence of these curious creatures who are seen performing their gambols and uttering their curious barks and shrieks, and affording incessant amusement to the visitors. The peculiarity of the climate is, that in the summer the days are often hot, not extremely, from morning to about 2 o'clock, and then come the breezes over the city, cold and chilling, so that in the evening stoves are often necessary, and blankets during the night.

With care and due regard to daily changes of clothes the city may be considered healthy, and here is constantly seen the rosy hale countenances, so different to the thin bilious faces of the Eastern States. St. Francisco ought to be the paradise of barbers and shoe blacks—a shilling being the lowest price of the former and some 5d to 7½d of the latter. Oysters and fruit seemed the only really cheap things in this marvellous city. The City too is somewhat exposed to shocks of earthquake, and in its free life, and drinking and gambling habits takes an inglorious precedence. Fights, brawls, street assaults and murderous frays are of every day occurrence. Its moral and religious aspects I must reserve for our next paper, for there is both Divine light

and life, and no small quantity of the true gracious salt, and much-

noble temperance effort among the more select portion of its population.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—GOLD AND ITS DUTIES.

A VERY practical writer of the present age, one who from a life-long acquaintance with mercantile men is in a position very accurately to define the feelings and to explain the motives by which many of them are urged to obtain possession of wealth, has selected two representative men who had amassed wealth, and were conversing on the purity of the motives that urged, and the influences that were used to gain possession of it, when one of them observed, "I feared to leave my children to the care of a gracious and faithful God, and in observing my anxiety to grasp and retain for them the treasures of time, they reached the conviction that they were the best inheritance, and could be persuaded to seek no other"—to which the other is said to have replied, "I saw no value in property equal to that of using it to glorify my Saviour in promoting the holiness and happiness of man—now I find to my unspeakable joy that though myself saved entirely by grace, the glorious results of the labours and sacrifices of time remain to me in the forms of imperishable riches and eternal delights, repaying with infinite interest every service and voluntary privation of earth."

Our merchant friend through whose hasty mistake poor Milly had suffered so much, was in a transition state of feeling. He had been living like the man who unknowingly had taught his children that the treasures of time were their best inheritance, but through the Almightiness of redeeming love he had been taught that gold has its duties, and under the influence of that newly found affection he was willing to lead his children away from that dangerous error, and to let them see by practical teaching that there could be no true pleasure in simply acquiring it for its own use and reproduction, but that there was true bliss and lofty consistency in limiting personal gratification for enlarged dedication.

Following out this principle he had for the last few years sought out some means of usefulness, and had also endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of his family. Edith had responded very cheerfully to his wish, for it suited her nature to be benevolent and to be employed in doing good—it harmonised so thoroughly with her whole disposition—guided by her father's judicious management, she had established what she playfully called her "Home and Foreign Mission;" her home mission being near her own residence, where she might have been seen during the winter, attending to the wants of a numerous colony of children that belonged to the brickmakers employed in the locality, and her Foreign Mission (being so called jocularly on account of distance) in

the Minories, at the back of her father's warehouse, where bare heads protected only from the sun and rain by tangled and dishevelled hair that dript when kindly rain descended like thatch after morning dew, and clad in garments that barely served the purposes of decency, while shirts, stockings and shoes were almost unknown—it was such a place as Eliza Cook pictures in her poem of the "Gentle Heart," and it needed a very gentle heart to go there.

"The haggard ghosts—Pain—Want
—and Care,

More fiercely laughed, more closely
pressed,

And all the wild fiends gathered
there

That seek to hunt down life and
rest.

"It chanced young Love came by just
then,

Love wanders at all times and
seasons;

He travels how he will and when,
He asks no leave, he gives no
reasons.

"'Avant,' cried Love, 'I'll shed a
light

To scare ye all—ye demon crew,
And Poverty thou beldam sprite,
For once I'll try my strength with
you.'

* * * *

"It dared to smile—it dared to scoff,
At squalid want and weeping woe,
While Pain and Care went farther
off,

And Grim Despair packed up to
go."

Bravely had Edith worked at her self-imposed task, and little by little she had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the poor creatures until her footsteps were always welcomed on the stair, and many a poor wounded heart found temporary solace in her kindly smile and proffered gifts.

But now that fate or fortune, chance or providence, had brought Milly under her notice, she said she had a Hospital Mission to attend to, but as there was only one patient in the house belonging to her, it did not occupy much time, so she could attend to her on the way to the Foreign Mission, but she said with a smile, if my Hospital practise increases then I must try to enlist Flora for my Home Mission, as I shall be all behind through this unexpected rencontre of Pa's, and though I must give up my holiday this year I fear something must be left.

"Very kind indeed," said Flora, whose quick rejoinder was never lacking—"very kind indeed, Edi, dear, for you to go to hospital honours and leave me those little urchins of yours all bedaubed with clay—but my tastes do not go that way, for I shall wait for fame until fame clears away some of the old obstructors, and teaches some of the younger ones common sense, and then I may put an effort forth and gain honours, and see about leading, but I don't think it will ever be in the direction of the hospital—but let me see, what should I want? a nice pair of tinted glasses in gold oblongs with the nicest of nose fit, and then a very grave face behind them. Oh, I could look so old and wise;" and she compressed her lovely face into hard and tight lines—"just like that look—and then they would take me for a lady student going in for clinical honours—but really, Edi," she said, relaxing her grave form, "I really think with Ma, that you and Pa are going mad over Milly—hope you will find her all you expect, dear. Good morning."

This conversation took place just before Edith's second visit to Milly, and then she learnt of the dreadful boiler explosion, just as she reached the gates of the building, which were

crowded by a number of poor women anxious to learn the fate of those that had been brought in the night before.

Seeing the tenant of No. 6 there, she made enquiries for Milly's mother and asked permission to visit her, urged that owing to his rudeness in refusing admission she had been unable to present Milly's letter, and that she had promised Milly not to allow any one else to do so.

"I should be sorry, indeed," said he, "that you should think me wanting in respect, but I was simply doing my duty to her, and I did it in the hope that the poor old creature would last till the girl got better, but this boiler explosion has so frightened her that she will soon be gone, and I am here partly to see about the poor fellows that were hurt and how many are dead, and to see if I can get Milly home."

"Oh then, how can I help you? Tell me, for I have come this morning to see her, and to attempt, if possible, to deliver this letter; and I am very anxious to ascertain all about her; and Mr. W——e is willing to help her in any way he can; he is so sorry to have been in any way the cause of this woe to her."

"Well you may return with me, and I will introduce you to her; but you must be very careful—there is a something about her, Charlie says, that he cannot understand, and he thinks she has a something, as he calls it, on her mind. I thought if any one could have got it out of her he would, but he says he does not think it is a crime, but something connected with some property, and she can't feel resigned to die until she has seen Milly again—so if there are any means by which it can be done the poor old dear shall see her."

He spoke in so kindly a tone that Edith trusted to his guidance, and

together they went to the surgeon of the ward, who explained that the slightest movement or excitement would be liable to end fatally, and that they had better not see her; so finding there was nothing to be done there they journeyed on to the Row, he explaining all the details of the recent catastrophe, and she offering at intervals to place some money where it could be of service to the needy.

"Well," said he, "look here, Miss; money can do a great deal, but it is not everything. I have been about a good deal, and I know that kind words are wanted almost as much as money. You see when people give money they think they have done their duty; but, if they would be kind instead of exacting when they give, it would be much better. I think I could perish before I could receive money from some Christians, as they call themselves; they call themselves stewards of the Lord, but they take an enormous percentage for being stewards; they will give thousands of pounds to run a steeple up which, like their fine pointed religion, runs off to nothing at last; but they would not give up a sea trip for a day or two to attend to a case like this. You see, Miss, gold has its duties, but those duties lie in its distribution. *So now, if you will kindly go among these poor people yourself, and give them a trifle do, and please don't say, 'I hope you will do this, and I hope you will do that,' for, believe me, poor people know better how to spend your money than you can tell them.*"

They had reached the door of No. 6, and were met by the nurse, who told them that the poor sufferer was sinking fast, and that she feared that if Milly had come it would have been useless. They hastily ascended and found Charlie there

on his knees offering fervent prayer to God that he would give the poor creature peace.

Edith drew near, and said, "I

have brought you a letter from Milly, would you like to hear it read,—can you bear it now."

(*To be Continued*).

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

A FAILING INTERCESSOR.

WHEN Dr. Doddridge lived at Northampton, there was a poor Irishman condemned for sheep-stealing. In those days the statute book of England was very cruel. He scarcely thought that there was proof of the man's guilt, and he believed in the Book that teaches that a man is better than a sheep. He travelled, toiled, and tried hard to get that man a reprieve, but unsuccessfully; he came back, and the man was hanged. On the road to execution, the convict got them to stop the cart just opposite Dr. Doddridge's house, and kneeling down, he said, "God bless you, Dr. Doddridge; every vein of my heart loves you, every drop of my blood loves you, for you tried to save every drop of it." There was a man! what love he had for the intercessor who had failed. But Christ has succeeded, and what a price he has given! Oh that everyone would feel this, and be led to exclaim: "Every vein of my heart loves Thee, O Christ; every drop of my blood loves Thee, for Thou died to save me."—COLEY.

END OF THE GODDESS OF REASON.

IN the Paris papers of August 1, 1817, we find among the obituaries the following announcement:—"Died within these few days, in the hospital, for pauper lunatics at

Saltpetriere, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Thervigne De Mericourt (the Goddess of Reason), the most remarkable of the heroines of the Revolution. This female, nearly in a state of nudity, was seated on a throne by Friche and Carnot in the Champ de Mars, and hailed alternately as the goddess of reason and liberty. In this state she spent twenty years of her life, and died at the age of 57 years.

WARNING BELLS.

BELLS are floated in dangerous rocks to give notice by ringing in the midst of a storm; and God, in providence, has fixed storm bells, which, if listened to, will warn the traveller, by decay of health, fortune, or character, against those hidden rocks upon which so many yearly perish in so terrible a shipwreck.—SPURGEON.

SINFUL TO US.

WHATSOEVER we do, if our secret judgment consent not unto it as fit and good to be done, the doing of it to us is sin, although the thing itself be allowable. Paul's rule, therefore, generally is, "Let every man in his own mind be fully persuaded of that thing which he either alloweth or doeth."—HOOKER.

THE SCOTCH LASSIE.

A CERTAIN Scotch lassie sought for admission to the Lord's table.

She came to the minister, but when she came to him, she found herself tongue-tied, and she could say nothing to him about her conversion. But as she left the room, greatly distressed, she was heard to exclaim, "I canna speak of Jesus Christ, but I could *dee* for Him." This was enough for the minister and people,

and admission to the table was given her instantly. Another good Christian woman said she felt as if she could not *talk* for Him, but it was her desire to *walk* for him. Was not this the better of the two? The Church wants good walkers rather than good talkers. But when both go together it is well.

Reviews.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Baptist Magazine is varied and good. The article on "A Presbyterian Manifesto on Baptism," is courteous, telling, and conclusive.

The Bible and the Prisoner holds on its way, but the last number is not equal to former ones.

Ragged School Union Magazine is somewhat meagre, and is mainly occupied with details, plans, &c.

The Annual Report of the Ragged School Union is most comprehensive, as to the work doing and the cheering prospects ahead.

The Christian Armour is replete with thoroughly well-written papers, and all adapted to interest and edify.

Old Jonathan overflows with rich and useful subjects.

The Interpreter, Part VIII., bears the same characteristics as the preceding numbers.

The Biblical Museum (Part XXXII.) is uniformly excellent.

The Hive. Full of the best honey.

Catholic Sermons. Monthly Sermons. By distinguished Preachers. (Longley, 29, Farringdon Street; E. Curtice, 12, Catherine Street; and Pitman, Paternoster Row.) One Penny each. This serial we have previously commended to our readers, both in type and paper, and admirable topics and cheapness; it deserves universal Christian patronage. The three numbers before us are by Rev. J. O. Dykes, D.D., Rev. Jas. Yeames, and Rev. Dean Stanley, each of which

is worth six times the price at which they are sold.

The Appeal. Adapted for house circulation.

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel. Is in every sense adapted for its noble mission among our soldiers.

The Baptist we may now look upon as having fairly taken its place among our Christian newspapers. We are glad to see it often quoted in American religious journals, and we hope it will be so heartily supported by our churches, that its special mission may be most effectively carried out. No one can deny that it is both cheap and intrinsically good.

The Sword and Trowel. Ever full of good things, in season and out of season.

Five Pillars from the Rock of Ages. By F. Hughes (Houghton & Co.)—A very neat little work, well adapted to comfort and cheer, illustrating the gracious words—"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

The Name whereby We must be Saved, exhibited in the words of Holy Scripture. (Macintosh.)

Why Worship the Virgin Mary? By Rev. W. Frith. (Protestant Evangelical Mission, 14, Tavistock-street.) 1d.—An admirable exposé of the worship of Mary.

Circular Letter of Suffolk and Norfolk Particular Baptist Churches, on the Personal Glory and Work of the Holy Spirit, &c. (Ipswich, H. J. C. Rees.)—An excellent theme, and admirably executed.

The Gardeners' Magazine. Edited by Shirley Hibberd, Esq.—We repeat our highest former eulogies on this comprehensive and excellent periodical.

Annual Report of Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' Friend Society,

for the Year ending March 31st, 1873. Office, 4, Trafalgar-square.—We always rejoice that this excellent institution was originated by a Baptist brother, the Editor of the *The Baptist Messenger*. This report is very cheering.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. A. J. Robinson, who for five years has been pastor at Prickwillow, Ely, Cambridgeshire, is now open to receive communications from vacant churches, with a view to a settlement. Address as above.

Rev. Henry Dolamore has resigned his charge of the Home Mission Church, Droitwich, and accepted the pastorate of the church at Stafford.

Rev. W. P. Cope of Llanelly, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting at Maze Pond, London.

Rev. H. Watts, late of Barnsley, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Queen-street, Peterborough, to labour there in conjunction with his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Barrass. He entered upon his stated labours the first Lord's-day in August.

Rev. G. T. Edgeley, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Swindon, Wilts, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Berkley-road, Chalk Farm.

BELFAST—The members of the Regent-street Baptist Church, Belfast, met on Tuesday evening, July 29, to bid good-bye to their pastor, the Rev. R. G. Buckingham, who is leaving them to labour in another part of Ireland. Mr. William Higgins, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, who has been preaching in the neighbourhood for a short time, and who has received the invitation of the church to become its pastor, presided.

MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. J. Jones, the senior student of the Haverfordwest College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of this church.

DRIFFIELD, LANCASTER.—The Rev. J. Baxandall has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Lancaster Baptist Church, and commenced his ministry the first Sunday in August.

RECOGNITIONS.

At Torrington, Devon, interesting services have been held in connection with the anniversary of the Sunday-school and the settlement of the new pastor, the Rev. T. Dowding, late of Kingskerswell. The sermons were preached by Mr. Dowding, and the address to the young was given by Mr. C. Wood, of Bideford. At the tea-meeting on Monday, 250 were present, and kindly addresses of welcome to the new pastor were delivered by the Revs. J. Brierly, B.A., A. Rennard, E. T. Seammell, and J. Sprague, and also by Messrs. Luxon, senior deacon.

STOKE NEWINGTON, N.—On Wednesday evening, July 23, the church and congregation at Shacklewell held a service in connection with the recognition of their new pastor, Rev. Dr. Brewer, formerly of Leeds. The vestry and chapel were decorated with choice summer flowers: The Revs. R. Wallace, T. W. Aveling, S. G. Johnston, Dr. Angus, of Regent's-park; D. Katerns, of Hackney; W. Goodman, B.A., of Belvedere; R. R. Finch, J. G. Pike, and Mr. H. Dunkley, took the principal parts of the service, in addition to which Mr. Hall, secretary of the church and congregation, gave a brief account of Dr. Brewer's invitation, and the doctor replied, stating the reasons of his acceptance of the charge. Shacklewell has had to pass

through great reverses in its history, but we hope brighter days are dawning upon her.

IPSWICH.—On Tuesday, July 29, the friends of Salem Chapel, St. George's-street, held a tea and public meeting to welcome their pastor, Mr. J. Burt, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, to his new sphere of labour among them. About eighty friends sat down to tea. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. Alfred Piper, who expressed his hopes that the union of pastor and people would be a happy and successful one. Messrs. Clarke and Craaknel (deacons) then gave the pastor a hearty welcome in behalf of the church, and the Revs. J. E. Cosens Cooke, W. Whale, and J. M. Morris followed, expressing their sympathy with the pastor, and addressing the meeting on the distinctive features of the work of pastor and people.

WEYMOUTH.—The services in connection with the recognition of the Rev. J. Bailey, as pastor of the church and congregation worshipping at Bank Buildings Chapel, Weymouth, were held at the beginning of last week. The Rev. Dr. Angus preached at the chapel on Sunday, and there were large congregations. On Monday a tea-meeting was held at the Belle Vue Assembly Rooms, and at seven o'clock the friends assembled at the chapel. There were present:—Rev. Dr. Angus, Dr. Davies, Dr. Landels, the Rev. R. James, Rev. Talbot Greaves, M.A., Rector of Melcombe Regis, and others. Drs. Angus, Landels, Davies, and others spoke, and the meeting was throughout of an enthusiastic character.

DRIFFIELD.—Services in connection with the recognition of the settlement of the Rev. Charles Welton, late of Thetford, Norfolk, as pastor of the Baptist Church, Driffeld, have just been held. Mr. Welton has for some time past held the pastorate of the Baptist Church, at Thetford, but has had to resign on account of ill-health. At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a public devotional service, at five, tea, and at seven a public meeting in

the chapel, when the chair was taken by the Rev. W. C. Upton. The service throughout was most impressive, especially the charge given by the Rev. J. Lewitt, to the unconverted. The Rev. R. M. Spoor, on behalf of the ministers of all the other dissenting denominations of the town, welcomed Mr. Welton to Driffeld.

BUSHEY, HERTS.—On Monday evening, August 11, Mr. W. H. Rolls, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church, at Bushey, Herts. A large number of friends having partaken of tea, the Rev. A. Fergusson, took the chair. The secretary of the church stated that Mr. Rolls had been among them for seventeen months, during which time the baptistry had been opened twice; the church and congregation, which before was in a very low state, had largely increased; the debt upon the chapel had been cleared off; the chapel had been enlarged and beautified, the cost of doing which had been defrayed. Mr. Rolls gave an account of his conversion, call to the ministry, and the doctrines which he preached. Rev. G. Rogers gave the charge to the newly elected pastor from the words, "keep not back." Rev. R. Gracey delivered the charge to the church from the text, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." Rev. J. W. Rolls (Independent), of Croydon, delivered an address upon the duty of church members in relation to each other. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, Portsmouth (Mr. Rolls' former pastor), delivered an address to the congregation on deciding for Christ. The recognition prayer was offered by Rev. H. T. Spufford. Mr. Barnett, deacon, presented Mr. Rolls, in the name of a few friends in the church and congregation, with a purse, containing ten sovereigns, to defray his holiday expenses, stating that now they had a minister, they intended using him well. The prospects of the church are very encouraging, and it is proposed that steps at once be taken for the erection of a new and larger chapel.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. G. McMichael, having accepted the pastorate of New-street Chapel, Dudley, has been presented, by the church and congregation of Birtou-on-the-Water, where he has laboured for upwards of ten years, with a purse containing £25.

Rev. George Pung, on the occasion of his retirement from the oversight of the church at Cottenham, has been presented by the teachers and superintendents with a purse, Mrs. Pung at the same time receiving a handsome teapot and cruet-stand.

Rev. W. Cope, pastor of Maze Pond Church, London, having occasion to visit Llanelli, was cordially welcomed by his old friends in that town, who met at the house of Mr. Davis James, and presented the rev. gentleman with a purse of money.

KINGSHILL, BRICKS.—The Sunday-school anniversary services were held on July 20 and 21. On Sunday, three sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Roberts, of Aylesbury; and on Monday a tea and public meeting was held in a marquee near the chapel, when the Rev. G. Phillips, the pastor, presided. Mrs. Sear, who had been a teacher for upwards of a quarter of a century, having resigned on account of ill-health, a writing-case, and a copy of the New Testament in two volumes were presented her by the teachers.

NEW CHAPELS.

NEBRASKA, AMERICA.—“Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof” is a truth verified in the experience of the Baptists of the town of Fairbury, Jefferson County, on Sunday, 1st June, at the dedication of their neat little church. The morning was gloomy and wet, but nothing daunted, they proceeded to carry out the arrangements of the day. Good congregations assembled, and the Rev. J. N. Webb, General Missionary for this State preached three excellent sermons. The preliminary services being conducted by the pastor, Rev.

M. Noble, and other ministers, while the singing and music were all that could be desired. In a pecuniary point of view the day was a perfect success, the contributions amounting to sufficient to cover the amount due on contract. Thus all hearts were cheered, and the day which began in gloom, closed with glowing hopes of future prosperity, and deep feelings of gratitude to all who so readily had assisted the cause, either by talent or by purse, both in England and America.

A mission chapel, built through the efforts of the members of Park-road Chapel, Esher, was opened at Ockshot, Surrey, on Tuesday, July 29. Rev. J. T. Wigner preached, and afterwards a tea and public meeting was held. At the latter Mr. J. Cowdy, of East Moulsey, presided. He has presented all the seats and interior fittings of the chapel, as well as the porch. Mr. T. J. Kerry, of Hersham, the treasurer, read a report, from which it appeared that the building site, and other items, had cost about £160, of which £120 has been already collected. Speeches were delivered by Revs. J. T. Wigner, F. Baron, Richards, E. Briggs, J. E. Perin, and Mr. Peek, architect, Guildford. Among the subscribers to the building are several members of the Established Church.

FOLKESTONE.—The foundation-stone of the new Baptist chapel and school-rooms was laid on August 7. Several ministers and friends dined together at one o'clock, in the Wesleyan school-room. The ceremony commenced at three o'clock, when a large number of friends assembled on the ground. Rev. B. C. Etheridge announced a hymn and read the 48th Psalm; Rev. A. J. Palmer, Independent minister, prayed, and Mr. Sampson, the pastor of the church, made a statement, from which it appeared that the contract had been entered into for £4,080, of which they had either in hand or promised £2,005. £330 had been paid for ground, and £40 for necessary expenses. It was therefore evident, as there would be furniture, &c., needed, that they would require £2,500 more

before the chapel was free from debt, and Mr. Sampson concluded his statement by an earnest appeal for help. Rev. H. H. Dobney made a most effective address. A hymn was then sung, and Mr. Olney, of London, laid the stone. Contributions were then laid on the stone to the extent of £282 in fulfilment of promises, and £181 10s. 10d. to be added to the building fund. Rev. J. Drew closed the proceedings with prayer. At five o'clock a numerous company sat down to tea in the Wesleyan schoolroom, and at seven the Rev. Dr. Landels preached in the town hall, in which place the Rev. W. P. Jones, the Wesleyan minister, was announced to preach on behalf of the building fund on the Sunday morning following. A very gratifying feature in the day's proceedings was the evident unanimity existing between the different denominations. The Independent and Wesleyan chapels are placed at the disposal of the Baptist church during the building, and Mr. Sampson, who preaches in the town hall on Sundays, holds his week service in the Wesleyan chapel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARK CHAPEL, BRENTFORD.—On Monday evening, July 28th, 1873, the memorial stone of the new school-rooms was laid. The service commenced with a hymn, given out by Mr. Collier, after which the Rev. W. A. Blake gave an address on the importance of education on the principles of the Word of God, and afterwards laid the stone. Rev. B. Wearmouth concluded the service by prayer. The friends then adjourned to the lecture room, when a meeting was held, presided over by Rev. W. A. Blake. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. H. Blake, W. Frith, J. S. Stanion, R. Wearmouth, W. A. Blake, J. Collier, J. Carpenter and C. Henwood. (See appeal on last page of this magazine.)

Rev. Thomas Henson, who has accepted the pastorate of the lower chapel, Chesham, Bucks, received a

welcome on the 22nd of July, at a public meeting attended by about 150 friends, the Rev. W. Payne, a former pastor, presiding.

CUBBERLEY.—Whit-Monday, June 2nd, at the anniversary, two sermons were preached by Rev. J. Flory, of Cheltenham, to good congregations.

ROLLRIGHT and CHIPPING NORWTON, OXON.—Town Hall, June 22 and 25, sermons were preached by Rev. J. Flory.

At Cinderford, Forest of Dean, the anniversary services of the Baptist church were celebrated on the 20th and 24th July. Sermons were preached by Rev. Cornelius Griffiths, the elect successor to the late Rev. P. Pears. The collections amounted to £18 10s. The tea-meeting was attended by over 200, and the public meeting was presided over by Dr. Batten. Speeches were delivered by the Revs. T. James, J. Bloomfield, and C. Griffiths.

HARLOW, ESSEX.—Potter-street Baptist chapel Sunday-schools have just held their sixty-third anniversary. On Sunday, July 27th, three sermons were preached by Rev. Robert B. Finch, of North Bow. On the following day a tea and public meeting was held, when the chair was taken by Mr. Robert Sortwell, formerly a scholar in the school. The report was very encouraging. Then on Tuesday the 4th, the children had their annual treat. They assembled at the school at two o'clock, and were conveyed in waggons to Rye-hill, the residence of Daniel Judd, Esq., where they spent the day.

BEXLEY HEATH, KENT.—The anniversary service of the Trinity Baptist chapel Sunday-schools were held on Sunday, July 27th. Sermons, morning and evening, were preached by the Rev. J. Billington, of Harlow. In the afternoon the scholars recited and sung several interesting pieces. The congregations were exceedingly good, showing the interest felt in the work to be very encouraging to the teacher.

CHESTER—HAMILTON PLACE.—On Sunday, August 10th, two sermons were preached by Rev. J. Harvey, of Bury, in the above place of worship, when collections were made towards

forming library or the Sunday-school; any kind friends wishing to help can forward books they may have to spare to the superintendent at his residence, 17, Talbot Street, Ann Street, Chester.

Bow.—A bazaar, which was open for the whole week, has just closed at Bow Baptist Chapel, Rev. J. H. Blake's. The object was to assist in raising another £250 towards lessening the heavy debt still remaining on the building. The bazaar was well attended, and the results were encouraging.

The Rev. George Rose, formerly vicar of Earls-Heaton, near Dewsbury, having seceded from the Established Church, in consequence of the "Bennett Judgment," has been baptized at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

AMERSHAM.—On Tuesday, August 5, the anniversary of the upper meeting was held, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D. The Revs. J. H. G. Baskin, of the lower meeting, G. Free, of Chesham, and S. Rees, of Missenden, were present. In closing the afternoon service, Dr. Burns alluded to the ancient place built on this spot by a sister Hill, a member of the Church, in 1683, at a cost of £13 2s. 6d.; in 1689 it was found too small for the congregation, and it was pulled down and rebuilt at a cost of £26; in 1799 the present place was built by John Harding, at his own expense: in 1823 the present church was formed, and during the fifty years two of its ministers have entered their rest—Rev. J. Cocks, who was pastor nine years, and Rev. J. Cooper, after preaching nearly thirty years in the town.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdeen, Silver-street.—July 20, Four. Six young persons were baptized in the River Dee, by J. T. Hagen. Five were from the Sabbath-school.

Belfast.—Aug. 3, at Regent-street Church, One (from the Presbyterians), by W. Hig-

gins. Also on: the same day, at 7 a.m., Two, in the Forth River (one a sergeant in the 6th Regiment).

Bewlsh, Dowlais, Glamorganshire.—July 6, Two, by T. A. Pryce, Aberdare.

Bramley, Leeds.—August 3, Three, by A. Ashworth.

Cheltenham.—July 6, at Bethel Chapel, One, by Mr. Flory.

Chester, Hamilton-place.—August 5, One, by Paul Price.

Dean Forest, Rnarden Hill.—June 1, Seven, by J. Mountjoy.

Derby, St. Mary's Gate.—Aug. 3, Sixteen, by Joseph Wilshire.

Devonport, Morrice-square.—July 30, Four, by E. A. Tydeman.

Dublin, Lower Abbey-street Chapel.—July 5, Two, by John G. Skelley.

Dumfries.—July 21, One, by G. Anderson; July 24, One, by W. Milligan, jun.

East Grinstead.—July 20, Four, by Mr. Roberts, at Bethesda Chapel, Forest-row (kindly lent for the occasion). These were the first for the formation of a Baptist Church at East Grinstead.

Finchley, North End.—July 31, Four, by J. Chadwick.

Foot's Cray, Kent.—July 27, Two, by F. H. Newton, of West Bromwich.

Gloucester.—On Wednesday, July 30, Eleven persons were baptized, by John Bloomfield, pastor; it being the first time the ordinance has been administered since the opening of the large and beautiful chapel.

Grantham, Wharf-road.—July 2, Two, by G. E. Bowler.

Great Grimsby.—July 27, at Upper Burgess-street Chapel, Seven, by E. Lauderdale.

Halifax.—July 27, at Trinity-road Chapel, Seven, by J. Parker.

Haworth, Yorkshire.—Aug. 3, Eleven, by the pastor, F. Harper. Eight were from Hawke-bridge.

Hkestone.—Aug. 3, Four, by Mr. Sisson, after a sermon by J. Wild.

Ilkstone and Neathorpe.—July 27, Eight, at Neathorpe, by J. Wild.

Kidderminster.—Aug. 3, Four, from the Sabbath-schools, by T. Fisk.

Kilmarnock.—July 20, Two, by J. Johnstone, Kilmarnock.

Kilguth, Jamaica.—June 22, Thirty-five, by Ph. Williams, for the pastor, G. Moodie.

Kirton Lindsey.—July 9, One, by J. Young, for the Church at Gainsborough.

Liverpool, Soho-street.—July 6, Five; July 27, Seven, by Eli E. Walter.

Llanfihangel, Ystrad.—Aug. 3, Five, by T. G. Powell.

Metropolitan District—

Barking-road Baptist Chapel.—July 27, Three, by R. H. Gillespie.

East London Tabernacle.—July 3, Ten, in the absence of the pastor, by G. F. Vernon; July 24, Twelve, by J. Collins, of Penge July 31, Nine, by W. J. Mayers, of East-tersea.

Enfield Highway.—July 27, Six (two from the Sabbath-school, by Jas. Manning.

Hanwell.—July 14, One, by G. Rouse, Lowden.

- John-street, Edgware-road, W.*—July 3, Five, by J. O. Fellowes.
- Kingsland-road.*—July 20, at Devonshire-square Chapel, Six, by W. T. Henderson.
- Metropolitan Tabernacle*—July 21, Ten, by J. T. Wigner; July 28, Ten, by J. A. Spurgeon; July 31, Twenty-seven, by J. Spurgeon.
- St. John's Wood, Abbey-road Chapel.*—July 24, Eight, by W. Stott.
- Nantyglo.*—Aug. 9, at the English Chapel, Threo, by J. Berryman.
- Nottingham.*—July 20, at Bulwell North, Six, by John Buck.
- Oyden, near Hoochdale.*—Aug. 3, Four, by A. E. Greening.
- Pudsey.*—July 13, Seven, all from the school, by G. Edmondson, of Bradford.
- Queensdon.*—July 3, Seven, by W. J. Staynes.
- East, Broad-street Chapel.*—Aug. 3, Two, by J. Smalley.
- Salford, Great George-street*—July 20, Six; July 27, Six, by D. Rhys Jenkins.
- Shrewsbury, Claremont-street.*—July 20, Seven, by Robert Shindler (including two of the pastor's sons, and also his eldest daughter).
- Sirhowy, Carmel.*—Aug. 10, Threo, by Robert Roberts.
- Southampton.*—July 27, at Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborne.
- South Shields.*—July 30, at the Tabernacle, Six, by J. E. Cracknell.
- Stratford-on-Avon.*—Aug. 10, Threo, by Edmund Moleay.
- Swadlincote.*—Aug. 3, Twelve, of whom eight were scholars in the Sunday-school and three were teachers, by James Greenwood.
- Swanwick.*—July 20, Threo, by T. Hayden.
- Thornbury, Gloucestershire*—March 16, Two; April 27, One; July 6, Threo, by George Bees.
- Thurleigh, Beds.*—July 6, One, by G. Chandler.
- Tredegar.*—Aug. 3, at Church-street, Thirteen, by J. Lewis.
- Upton-on-Severn, Worcester-shire.*—July 16, One, by Jas. Duncley.
- Watchet, Somerset.*—July 24, Threo, by T. E. Rawlings.
- Wauwaryydd, near Swansea.*—July 27, Threo, by F. M. Hood, in the Welsh Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion).
- Welshpool.*—Aug. 1, Threo, by J. Jenkins.
- West Vale, near Halifax.*—July 22, at the North Parade Chapel, Five, by Isaac Preston.

RECENT DEATHS.

On Friday, June 20th, 1873, passed away from earth to heaven, MARY, wife of Mr. JOHN HARRIS SCROXTON, Bromsgrove, respected and beloved by all who knew her. For nearly thirty years, as a member of the Baptist Church, meeting in Worcester Street, she led a truly consistent

and useful life. While God gave her health and strength, she laid out those talents to bring glory to that Master whom it was her delight to serve; and when sickness and pain came, and lingered long, her patience under her sufferings, and her self-denial in administering to the wants of others, were something to be admired and even envied; inasmuch as we are exhorted by the Apostle to "covet earnestly the best gifts." Says one who laboured with her for more than twenty years, as one of the managers of the Bromsgrove Dorcas Society, "I always found her thoughtful and considerate, anxious to alleviate the sorrows of others, even when much self-sacrifice was required for the purpose." Her religion was not a religion of impulse or feeling, but was the outgrowth of firmly settled principles, and of a strong abiding faith in that rock laid by God in Zion, which can alone give us firm and safe footing when death's waves and billows beat down the frail barriers of human life, and sweep in upon the soul.

As long as this sincere disciple of Christ tarried upon earth, she laboured assiduously to cultivate that charity which "never faileth, which suffereth long and is kind, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but which rejoiceth in the truth, 'charity' which beareth all things, believeth all things, and hopeth all things." When unkind remarks have been made in her presence respecting persons who were absent, often has the writer, as well as others, observed how the gentle and considerate excuse has fallen from her lips, beneath the genial influence of which the conversation has assumed a kinder form: we have seen, at such times, something of the light of heaven, a glimpse of the glory of the Master.

During her illness, which was a protracted and painful one, those who saw her invariably found her patient and even cheerful. Under sufferings which would have tried the patience of the most patient, the only thing approaching a murmur her friends have heard her utter was, "I cannot

understand *why* my Heavenly Father should make me suffer so much ;" but knowing at the same time that she only saw "through a glass darkly," she was willing to wait in resignation till that clearer knowledge of God's mysterious dispensations shall be attained, when "we shall see face to face, and know even as also we are known." Intense pain wore out the mortal frame at length, and when death came, he found her soul "even

as a weaned child," willing to live, but ready and even glad to die.

"Down below, a sad, unplexious music,
Waiting through the woods and on the shore;

Burdened with a grand, majestic secret,
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

"Up above, a music that entwined
With eternal threads of golden sound;
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found."

REV. E. P. BARRETT.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. J. B. Thomas,		Mr. Bantick	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Congreve	5 5 0
per P. and A. ...	1 10 0	Mr. J. Campbell ...	1 0 0	Misses Congreve	2 2 0
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Per Mr. Davis ...	0 5 0	Mite	0 2 7	Mr. Scott... ..	0 12 0
Two Christians, Colombe	5 0 0	Mr. S. Willson	2 2 0	Mrs. Sumner, per	
D. and L... ..	0 10 0	Miss F. Du Pre	10 0 0	Mr. J. T. Dunn ...	0 10 0
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TO THE READERS OF THE "BAPTIST MESSENGER."

DEAR FRIENDS,

Will you allow me to ask your kind help. We have recently succeeded in removing the debt on Park Chapel, Brentford, and are now engaged in building School-rooms and Ministers' Vestry on a piece of ground in the rear of the chapel; the expense will not be less than £500. Will each reader of the Messenger send One Shilling in stamps towards the object. We are anxious to open the new building free of debt.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. BLAKE,

Editor "Baptist Messenger."

Address—REV. W. A. BLAKE,

THE BUTTS, BRENTFORD,

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A NEW CREATION.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new."
 REVELATIONS xxi. 5.

MEN generally venerate antiquity. It were hard to say which has the stronger power over the human mind—antiquity or novelty. While men will frequently doat upon the old, they are most easily dazzled by the new. Anything new has at least one attraction. Restless spirits consider that the new must be better than the old. Though often disappointed, they are still ready to be caught by the same bait, and, like the Athenians of Mars Hill, spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. And as for ourselves, dear friends, mournfully as we sometimes think of the flight of time, we are wont cheerfully to look out upon the new epochs as they begin to dawn upon us. If our calendar suggests some dismal memories in the past, our calculation forestals some happier prospects in the future. And it will sometimes happen that we leave so much anxiety, adversity, and chastisement behind us, that it is a relief to hope that the tide has turned, and that a course of comfort, prosperity, and mercy lies before us. One weeps over the past and the lost. I suppose the best of men must do so at times. I am sure those of us who are not the best, feel often constrained to pour out some such a lamentation as this—

"Much of our time has run to waste;
 Our sins, how great the sum!
 Lord, give us pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come."

I do not know but it is sometimes as well, when one has been plunged in sorrow, or feels ashamed of his past life,—after having regretted that which is bygone and repented of it, and sorrowed over it,—to feel as if he breathed another atmosphere, and had started on a fresh career. Having thrown away the old sword, he is now about to see what he can do with the new: having put off an old garment, he is desirous to walk more worthily of his vocation with fresh ones that are provided for him. Perhaps the thought of freshness, the fact of new time having dawned on our path, may be a little help to those of us who are dull and heavy, and we may be stirred up to action, or if not to action, it may awaken earnest hope that the infusion of a new start into our lives, new vigour instead of the old lethargy, new love instead of the old lukewarmness, new zeal instead of the old deathlikeness; new, pertinacious, persevering industry for Christ, instead of the old idleness, may result. God grant that it may be so!

Looking at the text in this light, I think it speaks to everyone here present—Would you begin anew, lo, there is one who can help you to do so! From the throne where sits the once-crucified but now glorified Saviour, there comes a whisper of hope to each and every soul who would

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 No. 179, NEW SERIES.

be made new, and would begin life anew. "Behold I made all things new." In trying to bring out the thoughts contained in this exclamation from the throne, from the Emperor of the Universe, from the court of the King of Kings, we shall first speak, very briefly, of the new creation; secondly, we should bid you adore the great Regenerator; and, in the third place, we shall ask you to behold with attention the fact before you, with a view of receiving benefit from it.

I. Observe the text speaks of A NEW CREATION.

"I make." That is a Divine word. "I make all things." That, also, is Divine. "I make all things new." That seems to reach the third stage wherein the thrice holy God appears glorious in the highest degree. "I make all things new." This our Lord Jesus Christ has done upon the greatest scale. We must view His purpose. It is the purpose and intention of the Lord Jesus to make this world entirely new. You recollect how it was made at first—pure and perfect. It sang with its sister-spheres the song of joy and reverence. It was a fair world, full of everything that was lovely, beautiful, happy, holy. And, if we might be permitted to dream for a moment of what it would have been if it had continued as God created it, one might fancy what a blessed world it would be at this moment. Had it possessed a teeming population like its present one, and if, one by one, those godly ones had been caught away, like Elijah, without knowing death, to be succeeded by pious descendants,—oh! what a blessed world it would have been! A world where every man would have been a priest, and every house a temple, and every garment a vestment, and every meal a sacrifice, and every place holiness to the Lord, for the tabernacle of God would have been among them, and God Himself would have dwelt among them! What songs would have hailed the rising of the sun,—the birds of paradise carolling on every hill and in every dale their maker's praise! What songs would have ushered in the stillness of the night? Ay, and angels hovering over this fair world, would oft have heard the strain of joy breaking the silence of midnight, as glad and pure hearts beheld the eyes of their Creator beaming down upon them from the stars which stud the vault of heaven. But there came a serpent, and his craft spoiled it all. He whispered into the ears of mother Eve; she fell, and we fell with her, and what a world this now is. If a man walks about in it with his eyes open, he will see it to be a horrible sphere. I do not mean that its rivers, its lakes, its valleys, its mountains are repulsive. Nay, it is a world fit for angels, naturally; but it is a horrible world morally. As I walked the other day down the streets of Paris, and saw the soldiers with their pretty dresses, and the knives and forks which they carried with them to carve men and make a meal for death, I could not help thinking,—this is a pretty world, this is. Only let one man lift his finger, and a hundred thousand men are ready to meet a hundred thousand other men, all intent upon doing—what? Why, upon cutting each other's throats, upon tearing out each other's bleeding hearts, and wading up to their knees in each other's gore, till the ditches be full of blood, horses and men all mingled, and left to be food for dogs and for carrion crows. And then the victors on either side in the fray, return, and beat the drums, and sound the trumpets, and say—"Glory! glory! see what we have done." Devils could not be worse than men when their passions are let loose. Dogs would scarce tear each other as men do. Men of intellect sit down, and put their fingers to

their foreheads, racking their brains to find out new ways of using gunpowder, and shot, and shell, so as to be able to blow twenty thousand souls into eternity as easily as twenty might be massacred by present appliances. And he is considered a clever man, a patriot, a benefactor of his own nation, who, by dint of genius, can discover some new way of destroying his fellow-creatures. Oh, it a horrible world, appalling to think of. When God looks at it, I wonder He does not stamp it out, just as you and I do a spark of coal that flies upon our carpet from the fire. It is a dreadful world. But Jesus Christ, who knew that we should never make this world much better, let us do what we would with it, designed from the very first to make a new world of it. Truly, truly, this seems to me to be a glorious purpose. To make a world is something wonderful; but to make a world new is something more wonderful still. When God spake and said, "Let there be light," it was a fiat which showed Him to be Divine. Yet there was nothing then to resist His will; He had no opponent; He could build as He pleased, and there was none to pluck down. But when Jesus Christ comes to make a new world, there is everything opposed to Him. When He saith, "Let there be light," darkness saith, "There shall not be light." When He says, "Let there be order," chaos says, "Nay, I will maintain confusion." When he says, "Let there be holiness, let there be love, let there be truth," the principalities and powers of evil withstand Him, and say: "There shall not be holiness, there shall be sin; there shall not be love, there shall be hate; there shall not be truth, there shall be error; there shall not be the worship of God, there shall be the worship of stocks and stones; men shall bow down before idols which their own hands have made." And yet, for all that, Jesus Christ, coming in the form of a man, revealing Himself as the Son of God, determines to make all things new; and be assured, brethren and sisters, He will do it. What though He pleases to take His time, and to use humble instrumentalities to affect His purposes, yet do it He will. The day shall come when this world shall be as fair as it was at the primæval Sabbath; when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness. The ancient prophecy shall be fulfilled to the letter. God shall dwell among men, peace shall be domiciled on earth, and glory shall be ascribed to God in the highest. This great work of Christ; this grand design of making this old world into a new one, shall be carried into effect.

In order to accomplish this it hath come to pass that Christ has made for us a new covenant. The old covenant was "Do this and live." That covenant was a sentence of death upon us all. We could not do, therefore we could not live, and so we died. The new covenant has nothing in it contingent upon creature doing, but it bases all its provisions upon Christ having done the work. "I will and you shall," this is the language of the new covenant. The covenant of law, in which we were weak through the flesh, left us mangled and broken. The covenant of grace reveals God's kindness towards us, and our part thereof has been fulfilled for us by our surety, Christ Jesus. Thus it runs,— "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more for ever; a new heart also will I give them, and a right spirit will I put within them." The old world is still under the old covenant of works, and its children perish, for they cannot carry out the conditions of the covenant, they cannot keep God's law, they break it constantly, and they die. But the children of grace are under the new covenant

of grace, and through the precious blood, which is the penalty of the old broken covenant, and through the spotless righteousness of Christ, which is the fulfilment and magnifying of the old covenant, the Christian stands secure, and rejoices that he is saved. Christ has thus made His people dwell under a new covenant instead of under the old one.

In addition to the new covenant, Christ has been pleased to *make us new men*. His saints are "new creatures in Christ Jesus." They have a new nature. God has breathed into them a new life. The Holy Spirit, though the old nature is still there, has been pleased to put within them a new nature. There is now a contending force within them,—the old carnal nature inclining to evil, and the new God-given nature panting after perfection. They are new men, "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." This new nature is moved by new principles. The old nature needed to be awed with threatenings, or bribed with rewards; the new nature feels the impulse of love. Gratitude is its main spring: "We love Him because He first loved us." No necessary motive now stirs the new creature:—

" My God, I love Thee not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet those who love Thee not
Must burn eternally."

I love thee, O my Saviour, because on the cross thou didst bear shame, and spitting, and manifold disgrace for me. New principles stir the new nature which God has given. And this new nature is conscious of new emotions. It loves what once it hated; it hates what once it loved. It finds blight where once it sought for bliss, and finds bliss where once it found nothing but bitterness. It leaps at the sound which was once dull to its ears,—the name of a precious Christ. It rejoices in hopes which once seemed idle as dreams. It is filled with a divine enthusiasm which it once rejected as fanatical. It is conscious now of living in a new element, breathing a fresh air, partaking of new food, drinking out of new wells not digged by men or filled from the earth. The man is new—new in principles and new in emotions.

And now the man is also *new in relationship*. He was an heir to wrath; he is now a child of God. He was a bond-slave; he is now a freeman. He was the Ishmael who dwelt in the wilderness; he is now the Isaac, and dwells with Sarah after the tenor of the new covenant. He rejoices in Christ Jesus, and feasts to the full. He was the citizen of earth once; he is now a citizen of heaven. He once found his all beneath the clouds; but now his all is beyond the stars. He has new relationships. Christ is his brother; God is his father; the angels are his friends; and the despised people of God are his best and nearest kinsfolk. And hence the man has new aspirations. He now pants to glorify God. What cared he about the glory of God once? He now pants to see God; once he would have paid the fare, if it had cost his life, that he might escape from the presence of the Lord. Now he hungers and thirsts after the living God; yea, if his soul had wings, and he could break the fetters of this mortality, he would mount at once to dwell where Jesus is. Dear friends, are you new men? If you are you understand what it is; if you are not, I know I cannot explain it to you. Oh! to be born again is a great mystery; blessed is the soul that

comprehends it! But he that knows it not will never learn it by the lip; he can only know it by the Spirit of God causing him also to be made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Thus far I have said that the object of Christ was to make a new world, and He began by making a new covenant. Then, through His Spirit, he goes on to make new men under the new covenant, and you will see that by this means He makes a new society. Swelling words have been spoken and great attempts taken in hand to renovate society, but you can never renovate society till you have renovated the individual members who compose society. You may build a brick house, if you please; but, build it as you like, it will be a house of brick upon whatever principles of architecture it may be constructed; not until that brick shall be transformed to marble, can you hope to "dwell in marble halls." So men may launch their divers theories, and patent their social inventions, but after they have re-shaped the society of sinners, they will leave it a sinful society still. It is otherwise with Christ. By making new men He makes a new society, which society He calls His "Church." That Church He sends into the world to act upon the rest of mankind. Verily the day will come—whether it shall be at His Advent or before His Advent, I do not know—the day when from the east to the west, and from the north to the south, there shall be a New World as far as men are concerned. There shall be no injustice towards the poor; there shall be no envying of the rich; there shall be no law to make men slaves; there shall be no power to oppress, because there shall be no will to do it. Our Lord Jesus Christ shall put a new heart into earth's kings, and then He shall come Himself to take their thrones and their crowns, and to be Himself our Universal King, and in His day shall the righteous flourish.

Now, I believe, the way for us to regard that happy day in which He will make all things new; that happy day when the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, when the sword shall be turned into the sickle, and the spear into the pruning hook,—the way for us to regard that day, I think, is not standing with our mouths open expecting it, but by setting to work after the Master's own fashion, seeking to bring it about, to gather out the elect from mankind, to illustrate the Gospel practically in our lives, and so to do as Jesus did among the sons of men; promoting light, and peace, and truth, and holiness, and happiness as God may help us.

I wish we had more time to enter fully into this part of the subject. We have not, and therefore we must leave it, but may you and I have a part in this new creation!

II. Turning to our second point, I want you to **ADORE THIS GREAT REGENERATOR.**

He says, "Behold I make all things new." Behold Him! He is a man dressed in the common garments of the poor! He hath no form nor comeliness, and when you shall see Him there is no beauty in Him that you should desire Him. He has come to make the world new. He has no soldiery, no book of laws, no new philosophy. He had come to make the world new, and to do this He has brought with Him—what? Why, *Himself*. He spends a life of weariness and sorrow amongst those who despise Him, and if you want to know first and foremost, how He makes all things new, you must see Him sweating great drops of blood in the

garden—that is the blood of the new world which He is pouring forth! You must see Him bound, scourged, spat upon, led to the accursed tree. While God's wrath for sin is yet unspent, the world cannot be new; but when that wrath on account of sin is all poured upon the head of the great Substitute, then the world stands in a new relation to God, and it can be a new world. See the Saviour then, in groans and pangs which cannot be described, bearing the curse of God, for He made Him to be sin for us, though He knew no sin. The curse fell on Him, as it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." It pleased the Father to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief; He hath made His soul to be an offering for sin." That dolorous pain, then, of the Master was the world's new-making. It was then and there that the world was born again. No mother's pangs, when she brought forth a man-child, were such as those of Christ when He brought forth the new creation. It was there in the travail of His soul—did you ever catch that idea—the *travail of His soul?*—it was there that the new world was born! "Behold, I make all things new," is a mysterious voice from the broken heart of a dying Saviour. From the empty tomb, as He rises, I hear it come in silvery notes, "Behold, I make all things new." You must trace the birth of the new creation up to the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the place where the cross stood, and where His body lay.

But the actual operations of new making the world takes place *through the truth which Christ promulgated*. After the relation of the world to God had been changed by the sufferings of Jesus, the worlds thought concerning God came to be changed by the preaching of Jesus. He came and revealed God to man as man had never seen God before. It was through Him we learned that "God is love." It was through Him that we understood that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is the preaching of the cross of Jesus that is to make the world new. It is not the philosophies of men, but the wisdom of God which effects the change. In the presence of Christ your philosophies must sink into darkness as stars in the presence of the sun.

And it is also, by *the giving of the Holy Ghost*, as the result of the ascension of Christ on high, that the world is made new. Thus He gives power to the ministry. There were three thousand new creations in one day when Peter preached the Gospel under the influence of the Holy Spirit. And that blessed Spirit of God is here to night. Oh! I would that there might be some new creations to-night, that that divine heavenly Spirit would come into some of your souls, and drop there that vital spark of heavenly flame which shall never be quenched, but shall burn brightly in heaven for ever. Wherever the Gospel is preached, the Spirit is present in that Gospel, and He gives faith to men, gives life to men, and so they are made new, and the new-making thus goes on.

I have not time—though thoughts crowd into my mind—to speak about the way in which Christ thus new-makes the world. It is quite certain that three parts of His history are connected with it. I have only referred to His death, His burial, and His resurrection; but I might go on to speak of His constant and prevalent intercessions, for His pleading before the throne is also a part of the mighty operation, nor can I doubt but that His Second Advent will be the bringing out of the top-stone with shoutings of

"grace, grace unto it!" Then shall be fulfilled—finally and exhaustively fulfilled—the saying that is written, "Behold, I make all things new."

III. The text begins with, "Behold!" and I am going to close with that same note of admiration. I want you to behold and to believe.

Behold, the Lord Jesus is now enthroned in heaven. He it is who makes all things new. Is not this what some of you here present deeply need? If you look within, yourselves will see much to disgust and alarm you. Peradventure you dare not take stock of yourselves now; you dare not consider where you are nor what you are, nor whither you are bound. "To speak candidly," you say, "I want reforming." Very likely, but you want a great deal more than mere reformation. I have heard of a being who used habitually to swear, "God mend me!" Somebody said, "Better make a new one." That is the case with full many of you. You are saying, "Well, I will turn over a new leaf." You had better shut the book up altogether, and never turn over any more leaves, for all the pages are alike bad. "Oh, well," says one, "I shall try if I cannot alter." I wish you would try God's altering of you, instead of altering yourselves. "Well, but surely, surely, I may wash and be clean; I will try to make myself as clean as possible?" Yes, yes, that is all very well; but what if you have a corpse in the house? I would have you make it clean, yet that will not make it live? However much you may wash it, it is corrupt still. You may reform yourselves as much as ever you please, all your reformation will be futile; you need more, a great deal more than that. The fact is, you must be made new. Nothing less will do; you must be made new; you must be born again. "Ah!" says one, "if I could be made new there might be a chance for me." Well, now, Christ looks down from His throne in heaven, and He says, "Behold, I will make all things new." Yes," you say, "but He will not make me new." Why not? Does He not say, "I make *all things* new." "But my heart is as hard as a rock," say you. Well, but He says, "I will make *all things* new," so He can give you a new heart. "Oh, but I am so very stubborn. Aye, aye, but He makes all things new, and He can make you as tender and sensitive as a little child. Often times a grey-headed sinner has looked back to his childhood, and remembered the time when he used to sing his little hymn at his mother's knee, and he has said, "Ah! I have been in many strange places since then, and my heart has got seared and hard; I wish I could get back to what I was then!" Well, you can, you can? Christ can bring you there. Nay, He can bring you to something better than you ever were when those golden ringlets hung so plentifully about that pretty little head of yours; for you were not so innocent then as you now think you were. Christ can make you really pure in heart; he can make you a new creature, so that you shall be converted and become as a little child. "Oh!" say you, "how can I get it? How can I prepare myself for Him?" You do not want to prepare yourself for Him. Go to Him just as you are; trust Him to do it and He will do it. That is faith, you know—trust, dependence. Canst thou believe that Christ can save thee? Oh! thou canst believe that; well now, wilt thou trust Him to save thee? Wilt thou trust Him to deliver thee from thy drunkenness, from thine angry temper, thy pride, thy love of self, thy lusts? Dost thou desire to be a new creature in Christ Jesus? If so, that very desire must have come from heaven. I could fain hope that He has already begun the good work in you, and He that begins it will carry it on. Do not be afraid, however

had thy character, or however vicious thy disposition. "Behold," says Christ, "I make all things new." What a wonder it is that a man should ever have a new heart! You know if a lobster looses its claw in a fight it can get a new claw, and that is thought to be very marvellous. It would be very wonderful if men should be able to grow new arms and new legs, but who ever heard of a creature who grew a new heart. You may have seen a bough lopped off a tree, and you may have thought that perhaps the tree will sprout again, and there will be a new limb, but whoever heard of old trees getting new sap and a new core? But my Lord and Master, the crucified and exalted Saviour, has given new hearts and new cores; He has put the vital substance into man afresh, and made new creatures of them. I am glad to notice the tear in your eye, when you think on the past, but wipe it away now, and look up to the Cross and say,—

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb, O God, I come."

"Oh, make me a new creature!" If you have said that from your heart, you are a new creature, dear brother, and we will rejoice together in this regenerating Saviour.

Let me just say a few words to those of you who love the Lord. You may have some very bad children, or you have some relatives who are going on in sin from bad to worse. I earnestly recommend you attentively to consider my text. "Behold," says Christ, "I make all things new." "No, no," says the old father, "I used to pray for my boy; he broke my heart; he brought his mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; but he has gone away, and I have not heard of him for years, and I am almost afraid to wish I ever may hear of him again, for he did seem so reckless, that my only comfort is in trying to forget him." "Yes," says a husband here, "I have prayed for my wife so many times, that I do feel tempted to give it up; it is not likely that I shall ever live to see her saved." Oh! but, brethren and sisters, we do not know; since the Lord saved us, there cannot be any limits to what He can do. Look at the text,—"Behold I make all things new." I will pray; "Lord, make my children new." You shall pray: "Lord, make my wife new." You godly wives, who have ungodly husbands, you shall pray: "Lord, make our husbands new." You who have dear friends who lie upon your bosom, as you anxiously think of them, pray the Lord Jesus to make them new. When our friends are made new, oh, what a great comfort they are; just as much so as they formerly were a sorrow. The greater the sinner, the greater the joy to loving believers when they see him saved. "Behold," says Christ—I do like that word—"Behold it! Stand and look at it! See how I took the man when he was up to his neck in sin, and made him preach the Gospel. Can I not do the same again? Look there and see the dying thief upon the cross, black with a thousand crimes: I washed him and took him to Paradise the same day; what can I not do? Behold, I make all things new." Courage, my brethren and sisters. We will not entertain any more doubt about Christ's power to save. Rather, by God's grace, may we henceforth believe more in Him, and, according to our faith, so shall it be done unto us. If we can only trust Him for those of our friends whose faults seem

to us few and light, our little trust will reap little reward; but if we can go with strong faith in a great God, and bring great sinners in our arms, and put them down before this mighty Regenerator of men, and say: "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make them new;" and if we will never cease the pleading till we get the blessing, then we shall see ever-accumulating illustrations of the fact that Jesus makes all things new; and calling up the witnesses of His redeeming power, we shall cry in the ears of a drowsy Church and an incredulous world: "Behold, behold, behold! He makes all things new."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

BY REV. B. PREECE.

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. iii. 11.

No one can for a moment doubt or question the pre-eminent position assigned to Christ by Paul in the religion which he preached, as God's religion for the world. He always placed Christ in the forefront, and claimed for Him supreme attention and pre-eminent honour. No Jewish traditions, no human creeds, no scholastic dogmas, no philosophic speculations were allowed to cast their shadow on the glory of His name, the grandeur of His work, the purity of His doctrine, or the sublimity of His teaching. He preached "Christ and Him crucified," for Christ he "suffered the loss of all things;" in comparison with "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord, he counted all things but dross," "in the cross of Christ He gloried." In his preaching Christ was "all and in all." As in his preaching, so in his own personal experience and life—Christ occupied the first place. Christ occupied the throne of his heart, engrossed the thoughts of his mind, centred the affections of his bosom, and filled the horizon of his hopes. In a word, Christ was the motive power of the Apostle's activity, the

beating pulse of the Apostle's life, the prompting impulse of the Apostle's efforts, and the sustaining energy of the Apostle's labours. In no ambiguous or secondary, but in a supreme and positive sense, Christ was to the Apostle "all and in all." And this, dear reader, is what we want for Christ to be to you. In another place Paul tells us that God the Father "hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be head over all things to His Church," and we want for Christ to be your Head, your Redeemer, your Saviour, your Advocate, your Shepherd, your Example, your "all and in all." Allow me then to point out to you how and in what sense Christ may be "all and in all" to you.

I. In the removal of all evil.—The Scriptures affirm what experience and observation confirm, that not only is there evil in the world, but that evil lurks in the heart and manifests itself in the life of every man. This is so patent and will be so readily admitted by all, that we need not advance argument or evidence in support of it. But the Scriptures also teach, and that plainly and unequivocally, that the one object of Christ's mission and the one design of Christ's death, was the destruction and the removal of sin. Many passages may be quoted in support of this, let one suffice.

“Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to *put away sin* by the sacrifice of Himself” (Heb. ix. 26). Read also Matt. i. 21; John i. 29; 1 Cor. xv. 3; Titus ii. 14; 1 Peter ii. 24; 1 John iii. 5, 8; Rev. i. 5, 6. Now, if we look at sin and its effects, we shall see that it has a two-fold relation to, or influence upon us. There is the actual practice of sin in our lives, and so an accumulation of sins upon the conscience which must be forgiven, and there is also the presence of guilt in our hearts, and so the power of sin in our natures which must be destroyed. The removal of the one without the destruction of the other would be an imperfect work, and of little value or worth. Now the mission and death of Christ is represented in the New Testament as effecting both these ends. In its legal aspect it declares and upholds the righteousness of God in the forgiveness of sin, so that God can “be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus,” hence “we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins,” while in its moral aspect it so declares and displays the Father’s mercy and grace, that a view of Calvary’s cross must soften the sinner’s heart, quench the thirst for sin, break the charm of the world, and awaken an earnest yearning after holiness. And thus by its two-fold action and relation, the redemptive work of Christ delivers man from the curse and condemnation of law, renews his heart, cleanses it from the guilt and pollution of evil, and quickens a new life which must ultimately banish every unholy thought, every sinful desire, every evil propensity, every passion and every lust, and so make the believer holy even as God is holy. Dear reader, ponder over this vital and jubilant subject. Strive to obtain clear, intelligent

and practical views of Christ’s mission and work. We are pre-destinated to be conformed to the image of God’s Son, who “did no sin, and in whose mouth was found no guile.” “God hath chosen us in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.” “God hath saved us and called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.” Christ hath “reconciled us in the body of His flesh, through death, to present us holy and unblameable and unreprouvable in His sight.” Christ “loved us and gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” You see then that the immediate design of Christ’s work in us, and for us is not happiness but holiness. Happiness is the fruit or the effect of the design, but not the design itself. Happiness is the fruit of holiness; where there is no holiness there there can be no happiness. God is happy, the ever-blessed God, because He is the thrice holy God, and the same law holds good for all His creatures. Our present happiness and our future heaven will be the exact measure of our holiness. It is only Christ that can cleanse the guilt of sin from the heart, and remove the burden of sin from the conscience. In the forgiveness of sin then, and in the cultivation of holiness, Christ is “all and in all.”

II. In the procurement of all good.—The removal of evil from the heart and conscience by the atoning and redeeming work of Christ, is only a gracious means to a still more gracious and glorious end. It is the polishing of the mirror of the

soul, that God may shine upon it in the full-orbed splendour of His love and grace. It is the eradication of sin from the heart that God may inspire it with the bounding health and life of holiness and joy. And so we find in the New Testament Christ set forth as the medium through which God communicates these highest, richest and choicest blessings to us. Paul ascribes an anthem of praise to the Father for having blessed us "with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." In the extremity of temporal poverty and want, and with implicit and unbounded confidence, he exclaims, "But my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." Then we read of "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and of our being "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." The extent, the magnitude, the opulence, the fulness of these blessings eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive. Christ summed up the whole in a passage of incomprehensible fulness and beauty, when He said, "I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." More abundant life, that's it. The possession and realization of life. Life in its highest and mightiest exercise and power. Life of the first quality, in its highest perfection, in its fullest measure, in its noblest form. Life in Christ, beating and throbbing in every pulse of our purified and exalted nature, thrilling every nerve with ecstatic joy, touching every sensibility with exquisite delight, and striking every chord of our nature with sweetest music. There is not a blessing which God's love can prompt, His wisdom devise, His power procure, His nature supply, His heaven furnish, His eternity produce, but

what belongs to us as our heritage in Christ. For "we are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." That you may not feel disappointed, dear reader, in the enumeration of these blessings, it may be well for you to note that they are not outward, not material, not temporal blessings; they have relation solely to the spirit, to the inward life. They are intended to quicken, to elevate, to ennoble, to energise the spirit that it may walk in the light of God's countenance; rise superior to the seductions of the world; withstand the temptations of the flesh; bid defiance to the assaults of life's foes; yield a ready obedience to God's commands; joyfully employ its energies in His service, and find its own happiness and delight in relieving the burdens and ameliorating the woes of our fellow-creatures. This is life, God-life, Christ-life; the life that we may possess and enjoy now, for Christ is "all and in all" in this life, and He came for the express purpose that we might have it, and have it more abundantly.

III. In the acquisition of all honour.—Reason combines with Scripture in teaching that when God created man, He destined him for one of the noblest relations and one of the most honourable positions in the universe. The historian tells us, that "God created man in His own image, and after His own likeness." And a survey of man's powers will convince us that man is capable of wearing the highest honours and of engaging in the noblest service. And so the New Testament speaks of our being invested with the highest honours the kingdom of God can furnish. We read of "crowns of glory and palms of victory," of "golden harps and white robes," of "thrones and kingdoms," of "kings and priests," and then to crown all of "sons and

daughters." This last badge of honour evidently implies that we are received into the closest and most endearing relation with God which it is possible for us to sustain. We are destined, nay, even "now are we the sons of God." But in the acquisition of this honour Christ is "all and in all." "For we are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26), and "when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ" (Gal. iv. 4, 7). The full end, the culmination of honours that will be conferred on us through the redeeming work of the Saviour lie far above and beyond our finite conceptions. We read of a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory,—of the glory that shall be revealed in us; of the manifestation of the sons of God, and the Apostle John, after straining every nerve of his intensified nature to catch a glimpse of this higher and fuller glory, sums up the whole with the exclamation, "Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2). Rise, we pray you, to these high, noble, inestimable blessings, privileges and honours provided for you in Christ, that your religion may be a thing not of name, but of power, of liberty, of light and of joy.

Shall we come down from this height of glory and excellence to

tell you, unconverted reader, that "there is mercy with God, that He may be feared," and that "with Him is plenteous redemption"—that Christ is a Saviour "able to save unto the uttermost"—that it "is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance," that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners? We pray you seek that mercy, accept that saying, embrace that Saviour, that the blessings, the joys, the honours of His salvation may be yours.

Poplar.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. THOMAS HANSON.

HUDDERSFIELD, which is the well-known centre of a large manufacturing district, can boast of its distinguished sons as well as of its material prosperity. In one of its suburbs the Rev. Thomas Hanson first drew the breath of nature and of grace. He began his earthly course in the month of September, 1826, and entered upon his spiritual career nearly eighteen years later.

Attracted by the popular ministry of the Rev. Thomas Lomas, he went to Salendine Nook Chapel one Lord's Day, quite a godless youth; but while he listened to an earnest and powerful discourse on the words, "I poured out my complaint before Him; I showed Him my trouble" (Psalm cxlii. 2), he underwent that change without which no man can see the kingdom of God. From that time he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. His gun and his companions were given up for something better, and he threw himself as heartily and thoroughly into the service of the Lord as He had formerly abandoned himself to the pleasures of the world. In the year of his conversion he was baptized by Mr.

Lomas, and added to the Church meeting in the above place of worship. Shortly afterwards he was called to deliver addresses in Sunday-schools and cottage meetings, and those early exercises were of great promise, and not without immediate spiritual results in the awakening of sinners and the edification of saints. On the removal of Mr. Lomas to Leicester, Mr. Hanson placed himself under the pastoral care and ministerial training of the Rev. John. Whittaker, at Golcar, who, though a self-made man, possessed more than ordinary gifts as a preacher, and particularly excelled in his aptitude for sermonising and preaching, and in the enthusiasm with which he followed his vocation. In a great measure the future course of Mr. Hanson was then shaped. He caught the spirit of his beloved pastor and preceptor and carried traits of resemblance to him into the very article of death. He acquired a habit of constructing the framework of discourses, and of making diligent preparation for the pulpit, which characterised him unto the close of life. Some time before he attained unto his majority, he rose into distinction as a village preacher. His ardent piety, his excellent matter, his quaint expressions, and his striking illustrations, combined with a good voice, a youthful appearance, and a pleasing manner made him an acceptable and popular supply. Wainsgate, in the parish of Halifax, was his first sphere of pastoral life. There the first Baptist minister at Bradford had his origin; there the father of John Foster, the immortal essayist, was a member, and often read to the public congregation from the old Divines when a preacher could not be obtained; and there Dr. Fawcett laboured until, with a draft of the members, he commenced a

cause at Hebden-bridge in the year 1777. The Church having been rendered destitute of a pastor by the removal of the Rev. Jonas Smith to Bacup, invited Mr. Hanson to occupy the pulpit at the beginning of the year 1848. Mr. Hanson's advent was as pleasing and yet as startling as the appearance of a comet. To young and old his preaching was unique, and many did not know what to make of it, while all acknowledged its strange fascination and its peculiar power. In fact, it was irresistible, and no time was lost in making an arrangement for its continuance; accordingly Mr. Hanson entered upon his stated labours, which were made useful to great numbers. For the space of nearly three years it was his joy and delight to work day and night for the glory of Christ and the advancement of the cause, which his worthy predecessor had left in a state of prosperity. Happy days were those to the young pastor and the warm-hearted flock—they were even as the days of heaven upon earth. During his pastorate a young member of the Church, who had given addresses occasionally, was brought out as a preacher and placed as a student for the ministry, under the auspices of the Baptist Evangelical Society, after preaching on probation before the committee in several chapels in London. Between Mr. Hanson and his young brother an intimate and lasting attachment was formed, so that they were known as Jonathan and David.

The fame of Mr. Hanson's doings at Wainsgate having reached Haworth, it was the impression of a few friends in that town that his ministrations would be likely, with God's blessing, to fill the spacious but deserted chapel at Hall Green, and restore the exhausted cause to its former state of vigour and use-

fulness. This led them to take steps which resulted in Mr. Hanson's removal to that place, although he found it extremely difficult to sever his connection with a place and a people that he loved better than any other on earth.

At Haworth, in a little time, a large congregation and flourishing Sunday-school were gathered, and numerous converts were added to the Church; and in the good providence of God he found an excellent helpmeet in the youngest daughter of Jonathan Akeroyd, Esq. But in consequence of fluctuations in trade many families removed to large centres of industry, and after the lapse of six years, Mr. Hanson accepted an invitation to Idle, near Leeds.

In his new sphere he applied himself with his wonted energy to raise a drooping cause; the chapel was remodelled and enlarged, and a cheering measure of spiritual prosperity was realised. At the end of five years, finding his health giving way under the arduous work of preaching three sermons on the Sabbath-day, he resolved to make a change. Before leaving for West Bromwich, where a small Baptist cause, in the midst of a population of 40,000, required a minister of Mr. Hanson's known ability and success, his old friends presented him with a valuable timepiece, &c., deeply regretting his departure from their midst. In the Black Country Mr. Hanson laboured eight years, and was the means of having the chapel greatly improved, at an outlay of about £300, a considerable portion of which he raised himself; but he found it a less fruitful field than those in which he had laboured heretofore, and was therefore disposed to listen to a call from Burton-Trent, in the latter part of the year 1868. When his people were

made acquainted with the fact that he had resolved to take charge of another Church, they at once prepared a beautiful address, and subscribed over twenty pounds to purchase a gold watch and chain to present unto their beloved minister on his departure. On the second Sunday in October he commenced his stated ministry at Burton, and in one year saw a large increase in the attendance at all the services, and added seventeen to the Church. But in a little more than three years he was compelled, by failing health, to seek a climate better suited to his constitution. The church at Bingley, in Yorkshire, being in want of a pastor, and knowing Mr. Hanson well, sent him a unanimous invitation. That seemed to be the very place for him. There his health would probably be re-established, and his ministry be made a great and lasting blessing; there, too, he would be in the midst of many attached ministerial brethren, and of hundreds of old friends. Accordingly he resolved to accept the invitation after taking a short season of rest; yet it was no easy task for him to bid farewell to the people who had done so much to make him happy, and to back his efforts to extend the cause of the Redeemer. On relinquishing his connection with Burton, the friends of his own denomination in that town and many others, including a clergyman of the Church of England, met in St. George's Hall, to testify their esteem for his ministerial worth, their sympathy with him under his late affliction, their regret at his departure, and their best wishes for his future welfare. A splendid testimonial, consisting of an illuminated address, above fifty sovereigns, and presents of smaller value, were presented to him on the occasion. Great was the joy at Bingley when Mr. Hanson

took up his abode there, but that joy was mixed with trembling when his friends, who had known him in former years, looked upon his emaciated frame. Yet he was buoyant with expectation, and had he been spared to labour there is every reason to believe that the present chapel would soon have been too small for his increasing congregation. A return of illness, however, put an end to his efforts in twelve months. His Church and congregation gave him a period of repose extending over four months, and no means were left untried to facilitate his recovery; but he never preached after the first Sunday in April, 1873. From that date he gradually sank, and yet he confidently anticipated a speedy recovery, and formed plans of future usefulness, proposing, among other things, to preach from a verse in every Psalm on week evenings. His passion for making outlines, and otherwise preparing for the pulpit, was "strong in death." When he realised, a few days before his decease, that he was a dying man, he began most calmly to set his house in order. He said—"I did hope to continue with you, and to work for Jesus a little longer, but the will of the Lord be done." To one who stood by his bed, he made this touching remark—"I feel I am a poor imperfect creature, but Christ is all and in all, and His righteousness is sufficient for me." When asked what his motto for the future was, and what he would like to have printed on his funeral card, he replied, "That I may win Christ and be found in Him." In a letter to his most intimate ministerial friend, he said, some time ago, "I have been thinking of my brethren in the ministry who were cut down in the prime of life and in the midst of their usefulness, and I am apprehensive that my preaching course

is nearly run. Brother, preach Christ with all your might for the night cometh when no man can work." He expired on Thursday, August 14th, 1873, in the forty-seventh year of his age, leaving a widow and four children to call him blessed. His funeral took place on the following Tuesday, when a large attendance attested the high esteem in which he was held. The Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, delivered an earnest and touching address in the Baptist Chapel, and the Rev. W. Jackson, of Willingham, Cambridge, addressed the assembly at the cemetery, dwelling fully and feelingly on the character and worth of his lamented friend. The following ministers took the devotional parts of the solemn services of the morning: the Revs. Dodsworth, Taylor, Morris, and Mee, of Bingley; W. E. Goodman, of Keighley; J. Lee, of Slack-lane; S. Dyson, of Idle, and J. P. Campbell, of Cambridge. The sad event was improved in several places, on the following Lord's day, to numerous and sorrowing congregations; Mr. Campbell preaching to that at Bingley.

Mr. Hanson had, perhaps, a wider circle of friends than most ministers, for he was not only the pastor of several churches, but six others wished him to be their stated minister. He was invited to settle at Heaton, near Bradford; Staningley, near Leeds; Swanwick, near Derby; Oswaldwistle, near Manchester, and at Bradford and Liverpool.

It is a gratifying fact that some of his spiritual sons are now engaged in preaching that Gospel which he delighted to proclaim, and in uplifting that standard which he ever raised so high. May his seed, according to the flesh, also be called to succeed their sainted parent in

the same work of faith, and labour of love, so that he may "not want a man to stand before the Lord forever."
W. J.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 10.—ST. FRANCISCO, THE CHINESE, &c.

YERBA BUENA, the original name of this famous city, has had a history of the most romantic character. In 1844 it contained about a dozen houses, and the whole site was one mass of unsightly sand mounds. In 1846 the Hudson Bay Company disposed of their property here, and left the place. And now the tide of population began to flow and in some five months seventy-eight buildings were reared. In April, 1848, began the great rush to the diggings, and now the population rapidly increased. Then appeared the *Californian Star*, a weekly newspaper, and this was followed by *The Californian*, and so the press and the city progressed together.

Some of the early lots of the City were sold for twelve dollars now worth as many thousands. The American flag was hoisted in 1846. The city underwent the most rapid and extraordinary changes, where every form of rowdyism prevailed, until a firm and efficient government was established. A City Council was chosen in August, 1847. In August, 1849, the first Protestant Church was dedicated by the Baptists, then followed the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists; afterwards the Romanists. In December most of the city was destroyed by fire. Now commenced the erection of better streets and fine buildings,

and after every conceivable change, and through the most terrible ordeals, the city grew and progressed, both in material, intellectual and religious worth, until it stands forth one of the most remarkably developed places in the world. With a population of some 150,000, of these 20,000 are Chinese, and a floating population of negroes, &c., of some eight or ten thousand. The religious provision for the spiritual welfare of the city include three large and influential Episcopal Churches, three Presbyterian, six Methodist, several Baptist and Congregationalists, three Jewish Synagogues, several Unitarian, Swedenborgian, German, Lutheran, and other places of worship. A large building belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, and the city abounds with all kinds of institutions for the moral, mental and physical well-being of its population.

California is becoming the great highway between the Eastern and Western parts of the world, and affording a direct route from Great Britain *via* New York, and thence by rail to St. Francisco, and by steamer across the Pacific to China, Japan, Polynesia, New Zealand, Australia, &c., and no one can even imagine the future of this wonderful city. It would appear that God is designing to make this city the great educational missionary college for the evangelisation of the populous empires of the East. Here are resident thousands of Chinese, docile, frugal, well conducted, and useful, doing all sorts of work, domestic, agricultural and mechanical. Most Christian Churches have set up Missionary Institutions to educate and bring to the knowledge of Christ this large class of foreign population. Many Chinese have received the Gospel, and give satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of their Christian profession.

Many are preparing for mission work in their own country, and it is probable that in a few years some hundreds of converted Chinese will be sowing the word of life to the millions of their native land. Their facility of learning is next to miraculous. Many of the China youths can learn and distinctly remember the English alphabet after one lesson. And it is no uncommon thing for these students to read clearly the first chapter of John after six lessons. So they will become readers of our Holy Scriptures, and then teachers of the Gospel in their own tongue to their benighted countrymen. So educated in art, science, mechanical skill, medicine, &c., and imbued with the saving truths of the Gospel, they will shine as Christian luminaries around the dark moral regions of China.

Surely, thus considered, St. Francisco will be one of the most important centres of spiritual light in the world. There is much talent and Christian power in the churches of this city. Several of the ministers have been highly distinguished for their learning, eloquence and devotedness to evangelical work.

Rev. Mr. Sawtelle stands alone as a large-hearted catholic Baptist. A man of considerable culture, varied talent, excellent preacher, and noble-minded Christian, he ventures to choose the free and open communion path, honoured by such names as John Bunyan, Robert Robinson, and Robert Hall of the past, and of most of our distinguished English Baptist Ministers of the present, including the popular Maclaren, of Manchester, and C. H. Spurgeon, of London. He is esteemed and beloved by all sections of the Christian Church in this city, but is tabooed by his own brethren, because in his Christian work he chooses to know no man

after the flesh, and to call no man Master but Christ. We say not a word about the right or wrong of his Church principles, but we do say that he has a perfect right to think and decide for himself, and without being subject to any ordeal of ecclesiastical authority whatever. Those holding strict communion views, and carrying them out to the full, may surely concede the same privilege to their Free Communion brethren. In all our tour we never met with any brother exhibiting more of the Master's spirit than Brother Sawtelle. Our motto is everywhere, "Grace be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

St. Francisco has a great work to do, and we rejoice to say there seems a general desire earnestly and faithfully to do it. Instead of Europeans spending years of mental toil in acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese, tongue and usages, here will be educated and trained men and women, fully versed in Western art and customs, and withal imbued with the knowledge and grace of the Lord Jesus. To us these Chinamen were deeply interesting, and we cherish the most enlarged hopes as to the future which is before them. Among them are unquestionably many low and debased, but these will favourably compare with the desperadoes collected here from all the states of the Union, and every country of Europe.

There is enough of the genuine salt of Divine grace to save the city from absolute corruption, and to lead these wanderers from afar to the fold of the Saviour. The moral responsibility of the St. Francisco Churches is immense, but the provisions of infinite mercy are fully adequate to the momentous work which providence has set before them.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

IT has been well said, "That woman lives in her affections," and it is never easy to describe the extent of her gentle influence even where it falls short of being religiously exerted—who can estimate the value of a mother? Napoleon once said to Madam Campan, "The old systems of education are good for nothing, what do young women stand in need of to be well brought up in France?" The reply of this intelligent and accomplished lady was, "Of mothers." It cannot be denied that some of the loveliest and some of the noblest and most estimable traits of the female character, as well as some of its most amiable and active virtues, adorn those who themselves would have adorned the most elevated of the social relations, but to whom the All-wise Disposer has refused the responsibilities, the joys and sorrows of a wedded life, but the queens of earth are the mothers, for they hold in their hands the destinies of millions,—“Her price is above rubies.” Maternal honours never wither, for at a mother's grave, her children rise up and call her blessed.

Milly had ever been on the best possible terms with her mother; they had been one in sorrow and in joy. In the bright sunshine of life they had been one, and one amidst its storms; when treachery and slander had done its best to blast a fair name, Milly had cheerfully gone into obscurity; and if at times she longed for the happy

scenes she had left, she carefully abstained from adding to her mother's pain by letting her see a tear.

Heaven will reveal as well as reward these heroines of the cross, and there will come a day when the silent sufferers of humanity will hear from the lips of the Great Sympathiser,—“Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me,” and in that they will find compensation on a grand scale for all the suffering and fidelity here.

The note that Milly had entrusted Edith to deliver was written in the French tongue—a medium of correspondence by which mother and daughter had frequently been enabled to hide the hardships of their lot from the too curious ears of those among whom it had been their fortune to be placed. It spoke of Milly's surprise at meeting Edith, of her suspicions and the near relationship at which she vaguely guessed, and it ended amid assurances of undying love and fidelity, by reminding her mother that she had ever faithfully kept the promise she had given her of secrecy, and solicited her help in unravelling the mystery that surrounded the voice of Edith; but in contrast with the body of the letter the signature was in Latin,—“*Vota Vita mea.*”

It will be remembered that this had been written in extreme weakness, and that Edith was an entire stranger to its contents, nor had she become at all acquainted with the fears expressed by her father as to his supposed relationship with Milly; her surprise therefore was great when, on reading it, she found her own name mentioned under such circumstances, and more so when the dying woman requested a second reading of the letter.

"Tell, Milly, I release her from all, and ask her to forgive as I do now, and as I hope to be forgiven," and with these words upon her lips she passed away, the poor troubled spirit seeming to utter a sigh of relief at its departure: her last word "forgive."

"When on the fragrant sandal tree,
The woodman's axe descends;
And she who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the weapon bends;
E'en on the edge that wrought her
death,

Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes and love to all."

Edith had never witnessed a death, and she was inexpressibly shocked, and bursting into tears she exclaimed, "Oh, I do wish poor Milly was here! What will the poor girl say when she knows of this!" And unable to control her feelings she gave a few hasty directions to the nurse, and hurrying from the place, took the first train homeward, and for a time was much saddened in heart.

There is nothing worse to bear than suspense. In the mystery surrounding it we move in fear; we hesitate to advance, and cannot recede; we long to know, and yet dread to use the means by which we might gain knowledge: we wait in hope that every hour will throw fresh light on the matter, and every fresh disappointment increases our pain.

Edith felt this position acutely, and seeking an early interview with her father, she told him the story of the letter and of the poor old lady's death, and urged him at once to put an end to all the suspense attending it, by tracing out the history of her life.

"My dear child," replied her father, "for the present we can do nothing but wait; the only person who could throw any light at all upon the subject is Milly, and in her low state, and with this sorrow upon

her head, it would be highly dangerous and cruel to trouble her about what, after all, may only be a curious coincidence. Rest quietly; and though I do not counsel you to withhold this matter from the family, yet I wish you to use the utmost caution how you speak of it: it would be better if you never mentioned it at all. I will make arrangements for her funeral, and see she is decently interred."

He was not allowed to do this, for the landlord of the house, whose interest had never for one moment flagged, undertook the mournful task, and, assisted by Charlie and the two women that had waited on her, they carried out all the necessary arrangements, and left the poor worn body in the cemetery, to wait the resurrection morn when every wrong should be redressed.

CHAPTER VIII.—RESURRECTION AND RESTITUTION.

SOMETHING had occurred to mar the peace of the tenant of No. 6. Usually calm and unmoved, he now seemed much agitated, and in spite of his attempt to conceal it, a tear trickled down his cheek, and at times his whole frame was deeply agitated, as if he was doing violence to his feelings. On returning from the grave, he proposed that the evening should be spent together, and addressing Charlie, he said: "You cannot think how I have been upset to-day. All the while the clergyman was reading the service, my mind was occupied with this thought: Will that body rise as it died, forgiving; or will it rise as I once saw it, cursing? How will it rise, if at all? Was the forgiveness a sign of weakness, and the cursing the opposite, or what? Did she really mean what she said when she died?" and then, leaning his head on his hands, he sobbed aloud, and said, "She had much to forgive."

"Did you then know her previous history?" said Charlie. "I thought your interest in her was only of recent date, and arising out of Milly's accident."

"Yes, I knew her well, and there is some restitution to be made; but we'll talk of that another day. I want to know if that poor old body will ever be raised again? Somehow I can't believe it, and yet I wish it, for I want to have a long talk with that poor old body. I do, indeed, but I've been thinking of those poor fellows blown away in that explosion, and I can't bring my mind to believe in a resurrection at all. As to dying, I have ever looked upon it as being inevitable, and consequently do not trouble at all about it. Death, as such, hath no terrors for me."

"Death is but what the haughty
brave,

The weak must bear, the wretch
must crave;

Then let life go to Him who gave.

I have not quail'd to dangers brow

When high and happy; need I
now?"

It was easy to see that his mind was ill at ease; that his connection with the unfortunate deceased was of longer date, and involving more serious matters, than at present he cared to acknowledge: that the possibility of a resurrection was a terror to him; that his conscience had only just begun to speak; that so long as the poor old lady was alive, so long he could excuse himself, and imagine that by attention to her personal wants, he could redress his wrong, and atone for a treachery that had poisoned a life.

The lamented Brighton preacher tells us in his sermon on "The Law of Christian Conscience," that "guilt is contracted by the soul, in so far as it sins against, and transgresses the law of God by doing

that which it believes to be wrong; not so much what is wrong as what *appears* to it to be wrong." Now if this statement be correct, it is very clear that the magnitude of a crime will be felt in proportion as it is seen; and nothing is so calculated to awaken that keen moral sense, and quicken that conception, as an apprehension of the judgment to come.

Charlie watched him earnestly, and in his usual kind manner; said, "My brother, your soul is ill at ease; I do not want to know the cause, though I confess my curiosity is aroused; but had we not better pray, or shall we leave you now, so that you could pray better alone. Remember the 'blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin.'"

"Do not leave me now," he said, "or in this frame of mind; much as I abhor the cowardice of the act, I may end the question at once," and he pointed to a long case that lay on a sideboard. "But I do not want to talk of prayer nor death now; what I want to know now is, Do you believe there is any future state? if so, what proofs have you? Come, let us talk about that."

Opening his well-thumbed Bible, Charlie began with proofs, first pointing him to the statement in Genesis—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" and then reminding him that this was spoken of the body only; he backed it up with the extract from Ecclesiastes—"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." He next supported his proof by a reference to the pardoned thief; to Paul's statement about the dissolving of the earthly tabernacle, and the building of a better house; to his expressed wish to depart because of a better life; to the answer given by Paul to the high priest—"That

there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust," and ended his quotation with the Saviour's words—"Marvel not at this, for the time is coming in the which all that are in the grave shall

hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

(To be Continued).

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

THE DEAD IN BUNHILL-FIELDS.

WHAT a rich harvest of Nonconformist dead lies in Bunhill-fields. There repose those great divines who sacrificed their lives as martyrs for us that we might enjoy our present civil and religious liberties. The inscription on one tombstone aptly represents the rest. "Here lies Edward Bagshaw, Minister of the Gospel.

"Who received from God,
Faith to embrace it,
Courage to defend it,
And patience to suffer for it."

What a great deal is couched in these few lines! O! for their faith, courage and patience.

GEORGE MULLER WITHOUT CARE.

I CANNOT tell you, dear reader, how happy this service in which I am engaged makes me. Instead of my being the anxious careworn man as many persons think me to be, I have no anxieties and no cares at all. Faith in God leads me to roll my burdens,—all my burdens upon God. Not only burdens concerning money, but concerning everything; for hundreds are my necessities, besides those connected with money. And in every way find God to be my helper, even as I trust in Him for everything, and pray to Him, in child-like simplicity about everything. Be encouraged, dear fellow-believer, to go this blessed way,

this happy way yourself, and you will see what peace and joy it affords.—20th REPORT.

JAMES SMITH'S EPITAPH.

IN 1867 I visited the grave of my dear old pastor, the late Rev. James Smith, at Cheltenham. It is enclosed at the wall side by railings and covered with a flat stone. On it is incised, "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. James Smith, late minister of Cambray Chapel, who departed this life on the 15th December, 1862, aged 60 years." "He being dead yet liveth." No eulogium can be greater than these expressive words. By his sermons in living hearts, and by his numerous little books he will speak for generations to come.—H. W.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

A CERTAIN young man was sentenced to the South Carolina Penitentiary for four years. He then publicly stated that his downward course began with disobedience to his parents; that he thought he knew as much of the world as his father did, and needed not his aid or advice; but that as soon as he turned his back upon his home, then temptations came upon him, *like a drove of hyenas*, and hurried him on to ruin. Mark this case, young people, and pay heed to the admonitions of godly parents. If you do not, your temptations will prove your destruction.

Reviews.

A Freehold Villa for Nothing; or, How I became my own Landlord without Capital. By J. MARVELL, (Kempster and Co., 9 and 10, Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street.)

RENT is the crushing burden of London working men, and it is as clear as day, if a man will connect himself with a sound building society, and pay the amount of his rent regularly, he will in fifteen years be his own landlord and have a house of his own. This excellent volume clearly exhibits the way of doing it, and gives instructions how to construct a freehold villa. We commend this reliable work to all our readers.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Sword and Trowel. Thoroughly good, but not equal to past numbers.

The Christian Armour. Every paper excellent.

Ragged School Union Magazine is even better than usual.

The Hive is worth many times its cost. We hope its circulation is equal to its merits.

The Biblical Museum (Part XXXIII.) should be taken by every Sunday-school teacher and Bible class scholar, who has not got the work in the completed volumes. All our friends say, there is no commentary like it.

Old Jonathan shows no signs of weakness or decay, but holds on his course with unabated cheerfulness and vigour.

The Appeal. Always adapted for usefulness.

The Baptist must have fallen in love with the General Baptists, for among its sermon producers we have Dr. Burns, Rev. J. Clifford, Rev. J. Maden, Rev. W. Stevenson, and some of them repeated. As a Christian newspaper it is unquestionably worth much more than its cost, and we hope

it will find its way into every church and Sunday-school of the denomination in the United Kingdom. We trust, while it is faithful to Baptist truths, it will be ever permeated with Christian catholic love.

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel is very much improved and admirably fitted for its special work.

Ecce Homo. A Sermon by Rev. E. Paxton Hood, on Doré's Gospel in the Canvas, of Christ leaving the Prætorium. (Longley, 29, Farringdon Street. 1d.). An admirable illustration of the great picture, and worthy of a place in this cheap and good series of discourses.

The Recent Religious Movements in Norway, &c. By Alex. Duff, LL.D., Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland. An address to cheer all Christians who take an interest in the spread of evangelical truth in the northern kingdom of Europe, by one of the most extraordinary of living missionaries.

Ebenezer. A Motto and a Memorial. Words of loving Counsel to Saint or Sinner. By a Devonshire Local Preacher. (Elliot Stock.) A well-printed square pamphlet of 32 pages, written by an earnest labourer in the Gospel vineyard, and full of plain, wholesome food, suited to the new year or natal occasions.

The Baptist Magazine is a good number, but contains a keen critique on Good Templarism, which will not fail to excite attention and lead to some controversy. No institution in our day should shirk investigation—"a fair field and no favour" is all that they can rightly demand.

The Interpreter (Part IX.) is equal to the previous ones, and exhibits the same vigorous, terse exhibition of those truths, and adapted for the instruction and comfort of Christian households. It has our renewed cordial commendation.

Royal Diadem. Service of Song for Sunday-schools. By Rev. Robert Lowry and W. Howard Doane. New York and Chicago. (London: Sampson Low and Co.) Both the hymns

and music have been prepared expressly for this volume. It will form a valuable addition to our Sunday-school psalmody. It has our cordial approval.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

MR. H. MARSDEN, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church, Mansfield, Notts.

Rev. J. Green, formerly of Stogumber, has been chosen pastor of the church at Broughton.

Mr. G. Monk, of Langley, Essex, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the church at Thetford, Norfolk.

Rev. John Macdonald, Falkirk, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Arbroath, where a neat chapel has been recently erected.

Rev. E. Walters, late of Bristol College, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Fishergate, Preston.

Rev. James Cave, after a short pastorate, has resigned his charge at King's-heath, Birmingham. Mr. Cave's health has rendered this step necessary; but it is hoped that a few months' rest will restore his failing health.

Rev. W. Corden Jones, general secretary of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, has undertaken the oversight of the Baptist Church, Barnes, S.W.

Rev. J. Mathews, of Ryeford, Herefordshire, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church and congregation worshipping at West Haddon to become their pastor.

Rev. James Walker, of Armley, has accepted the invitation of the church at Congleton.

Rev. J. Watts has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist chapel, Long Buckby.

Rev. W. Sharman, of Coningsby, has accepted an unanimous invitation from the church at Lineholme, Yorks.

Rev. W. Underwood, D.D., has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church at Castle Donington.

Mr. J. Raymond, of the Pastors' College, after supplying at the East-street Church, St. Neot's, Hunts, for the past fourteen months, has accepted the pastorate.

EAST LISLEY, BERKS.—Mr. W. H. Elliott, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church, East Ilesley, Berks.

The Rev. J. Sage, of Wendover, Bucks, has accepted the invitation of the church at Brandon, Suffolk.

Rev. J. Hedges, of Barrowden, Rutland, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Spratton, Northamptonshire.

Rev. E. Compton, after nearly eight years' labour, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Broughton, Winchester, and has accepted the call of the church worshipping at St. Benedict-square, Lincoln.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. GEORGE ROGERS, principal of the Pastors' College, having completed the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day, has been presented by the former and present students with a gold watch, in token of the esteem in which he is held by them; Mrs. Rogers being at the same time presented with a silver urn. Mr. Rogers,

in acknowledging the gifts, said, "Dr. McAll one day advised me to get married, saying that it was a good counteraction to hard study. That same evening I made my selection, and have never regretted it. Our life has been bright, though we have had many struggles, and evening has come on smoothly." Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Olney and Ward, and the Revs. A. W. Kinney (of America), D. Gracey, and D. Sheen, each speaking of the affection and admiration in which Mr. Rogers is held.

Rev. E. S. Ladbroke, of Edenbridge, on his return from his wedding tour, was presented, at a harvest thanksgiving meeting, with a purse containing twenty-eight sovereigns.

Rev. G. T. Edgley, on the occasion of his departure for Swindon, has been presented by his friends at Berkeley-road Chapel, Chalk Farm, with an address, a purse of gold, and an album containing portraits of most of the members; Mrs. Edgley at the same time receiving a sewing-machine, and each of the children a handsome copy of the Bible.

NEW CHAPELS.

HARLESTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—For fifty years the Baptists have had a cause in this village. The old place has become unfitted for worship, and the friends have determined to erect a suitable and convenient edifice. On the 12th of August the foundation stone of a new chapel was laid by W. Atkins, Esq., J.P., of Northampton. A public tea was provided in a field, after which a religious service was held. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Jarmin, W. H. Payne, J. Robinson, N. J. Causton, A. Smith; Messrs A. Varley (of London), Mason, and Clarke. The chapel is to seat about 850. The cost is expected to be £250. The proceeds of the day were £25.

HERTS.—A beautiful and commodious chapel has just been erected at Markyate-street, capable of seating

500 people. The opening services were held on Tuesday, September 9th, when the Rev. F. Tucker, of Camdentown, preached. At the tea meeting addresses were given by Revs. A. Gray, J. Genders, J. Tuckwell, T. Watts, H. Fosten, and H. Dunnington. On the following Sunday, two sermons were preached to large congregations by the Rev. D. Gracey. The entire cost of the chapel and schoolroom (now being erected) is £900. Of this sum more than £600 has been raised, and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has promised £50 towards the building fund. The Rev. H. W. Taylor is the pastor of the church.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Efforts are being made to establish another Baptist church here. A few friends have formed themselves into a committee, hired the Town-hall, and engaged the services of students from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College with the view, in dependence upon the blessing of God, of establishing an open communion Baptist church. Since the movement has been commenced the congregations have been most encouraging.

WILLINGHAM.—A large number of people having no sympathy with doctrinal or practical Antinomianism have rallied around Mr. Jackson in this place, two of whom have engaged to give £500 towards a new chapel.

LOWER NORWOOD.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon having taken the Mission Hall, in Hamilton-road, with the intention of raising a Baptist cause in the neighbourhood, services are conducted every Lord's-day by the Rev. R. P. Javan, of the Pastor's College.

BRADFORD.—The series of services in connection with opening of Sion Jubilee Chapel and Schools was commenced on Tuesday, August 19, when a prayer-meeting, presided over by Rev. J. P. Chown, was held in the new chapel. The following gentlemen took part in the proceedings. Rev. J. P. Chown, Mr. T. Aked, Mr. W. Stead, Mr. J. Cooke, and Mr. Clayton. The new chapel and schools, the first stone of which was laid on the 1st August, 1871,

have been erected, as most of our readers will know, by the congregation of Baptists worshipping at Sion Chapel, Bridge-street, and are intended to be a sort of memorial or jubilee commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the old Sion Chapel. The chapel has been erected from designs by Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, on a site in Peckover Walks, the principal front being to Harris-street. The site altogether contains 3,000 feet of land, and was purchased at a cost of more than £3,000. The style of architecture is of pure Italian, and presents a handsome frontage to Harris-street and Leeds-road, massive in its character, without any excessive ornamentation. The interior of the chapel has been most carefully designed in order that the whole of the congregation may be able to see and hear without any obstruction. The schoolroom and classrooms are a very important feature in the new building, and form educational premises such as do not exist in any chapel yet erected in Bradford. On Wednesday the services were continued, when sermons were preached by Rev. J. P. Chown, the pastor, and Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown. The congregations on both occasions were large, and the attendance of many members of other churches was a gratifying proof of the cordial interest taken in the completion of the new undertaking. In the afternoon a luncheon took place in the schoolroom adjoining the new chapel. There was a very large number of persons present, the company being composed to a great extent of ladies. Rev. J. P. Chown presided. In the evening the chapel was crowded in every part. After the sermon by Rev. H. S. Brown, Rev. J. P. Chown addressed the congregation in a few pointed remarks as to the cost of the building, and the necessity the congregation was under to ask for help. The site and the block of building, of which the chapel was the chief, had cost £18,000.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services, in connection with the settlement of Rev. Thomas Henson, late of Harlington, as pastor of the Lower Baptist Church, Chesham, Bucks, were held on the 9th of September. Rev. James Harcourt preached a sermon in the afternoon, which was succeeded by a social tea, and a public meeting in the evening. The Rev. William Payne, twenty-five years pastor of the church (before his affliction), presided and spoke in laudation of the past history of Non-conformity in the town, in which a Baptist church had existed since 1712—the offshoot of one at Berkhamstead, which dates from 1676. Mr. Hawkes, a deacon, narrated the circumstances which led to their invitation of Mr. Henson, and Mr. Henson those which led him to Chesham; and kindly feelings were expressed on behalf of the church and its new pastor by Mr. Harcourt, who counselled the making of the church a "Sunny Side" one; by the Rev. G. Phillips, Rev. W. B. Hobbling, Rev. G. Bainton, and the Rev. Mr. Perrett. A liberal collection was made on behalf of the removal expenses of Mr. Henson, and the renovation of the chapel.

DOLAN AND RHAYADER, RADNORSHIRE.—Interesting services were held at Dolan in connection with the recognition of Mr. E. T. Davies, of Llangollen College, as pastor of the above churches, on Monday and Tuesday, the 8th and 9th of September. Rev. H. Jones, M.A. president of the North Wales College, preached on Monday evening. On Tuesday Rev. D. Davies, the late pastor, delivered an address on the Nature of the Christian Church. The recognition prayer was delivered by Rev. J. Jones, Bock. Rev. H. Jones, M.A., delivered the charge to the pastor, Rev. J. Jones gave the charge to the church, and Rev. J. W. Nicholas preached to the congregation.

Special meetings have just been held in Bristol in connection with the recognition of the Rev. J. G. Greenhough as pastor of Cothan-grove Chapel. The Rev. Dr. Gotch, presi-

dent of the College in the city, occupied the chair at a public meeting held, and addresses were given by the chairman, the newly elected pastor, the Revs. J. Penny, Dr. Green, of Rawden College, U. R. Thomas, J. R. Wood, W. W. Jubb, and others, Mr. Greenhough comes from the Black Country, where his ministry was most deservedly esteemed.

MELTHAM, YORKSHIRE.—Mr. James Alderson, of the College, Bury, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church on Tuesday, September 9. In the afternoon the usual questions were asked by the Rev. H. Dunn, of Milnsbridge; the Rev. H. Dowson, principal of the College, gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. W. Alderson, of London, addressed the congregation and church. A large number of friends sat down to tea. A public meeting was held in the evening, Josiah Bury, Esq., Lockwood, in the chair, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Stock, J. Hanson, T. Bury, H. Dunn, W. Alderson, J. Stead, and G. Walker, Esq.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WESTBOURNE.—The anniversary was held on Tuesday, August 16th. T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, preached in the afternoon, after which the chapel was well filled with friends who sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, over which Mr. S. Spurgeon, of Havant, presided. Messrs. T. W. Medhurst, T. Sainsbury, E. Davenport, Kilpin, Wilson, and Warn, gave addresses. A large gathering of friends was present from Portsmouth.

SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—On Thursday evening, Sept. 11, the Rev. James Marryat made a public statement in the Downs Chapel, Clapton, of his reasons for seceding from the Establishment, and for joining the Baptist Denomination. He was afterwards baptized by the Rev. T. Vincent Tymes.

The annual soirée of the young people attending the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, Moor-street, St. Giles,

was held on Wednesday evening, August 27th, when a large company assembled, under the presidency of the Rev. G. W. McCree. The hall was neatly carpeted, and made as much like a pleasant room as possible. The refreshments consisted of cakes, biscuits, fruit, ices, lemonade, &c. During the evening there were speeches by the Rev. T. W. Handford, Mr. B. Pask, and the deacons of the church—Messrs. D. Reymond and J. Clark.

Rev. S. H. Booth, the minister of Upper Holloway Chapel, has been compelled to resign the secretariat of the London Baptist Association, which he has honourably and gratuitously held during the last few years, through failing health. The Rev. John Clifford, of Praed-street Chapel, Paddington, has been appointed honorary secretary *pro tem*.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, MIDDLESBOROUGH.—The above church, having for many years past had to worship in hired rooms, have occasion now to rejoice in that they have been enabled to erect a lecture hall and school-room in Boundary-road, where they will continue to worship, until enabled to erect the chapel (plans of which have been drawn), upon the ground in front of the lecture hall. The first services in connection with the opening, was held on Wednesday, August 6th, when two sermons were preached by Rev. E. Parker, and on following Sunday by Rev. J. Harper. On Monday, August 11th, there was a public tea, followed by a meeting presided over by Rev. W. H. Ainsworth, pastor of the Church, who gave a brief outline of the history of the Church. Able and appropriate addresses were also given by Revs. J. Harper of Harsforth, and R. A. Watson, and R. Nichols. The congregations were good and meetings in every way successful.

PARK ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, RYDE, ISLE OF WHITE.—We have just held a bazaar in the Town Hall, Ryde; the proceeds amount to £90. To this must be added a donation of £25 by Robert Patrick, Esq., making a total

of £115. Our pastor, Rev. J. Harrison, has also collected £125 during the last six months, and this enables us to pay off all our pressing debts, and leaves a small sum towards finishing and furnishing our school-room.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, ULVERSTON.—We are happy to state that our new chapel is now free of debt, costing nearly £1,200, and the cause not being in existence three years, is, we think, a fact which speaks for the voluntary system, and pleads for a fuller trial than some are disposed to give it. We are bound in gratitude to mention one name—though many have done well, this one exceeds them all; viz., N. Caine, Esq., of Broughton-in-Furness. He came nobly to our help at commencing, and did not leave us when desirous of bringing the top stone with shouting of grace unto it. At opening service we were left with about £100, and Mr. Caine threw down a challenge,—if we raised £50 debt should be cleared, and now today with great rejoicings and praise to God, we worship in his sanctuary without the dark cloud surrounding the battlements of our Zion.

PARENTS AND EDUCATION.—Mr. John Groom, of Hampstead, has issued a circular calling attention to a suggestion made at the Mildmay Conference, in reference to Christian parents, which it is hoped will, with God's blessing, meet an acknowledged want in many of our churches. While one cannot be too thankful for the increased efforts now being put forth for the religious instruction of children in our day and Sunday-schools, it is yet felt, especially by the teachers themselves, that at present far too little attention is given to the parents—to those who are the first and most influential of all teachers—for the purpose of awakening them to a deeper sense of their solemn responsibilities, and for their enlightenment in the duties connected with the parental relationship. That the need of increased labours in this direction is very great, is but too obvious. "I have long felt," remarks the Earl of

Shaftesbury, "that, until the fathers and mothers are better men and women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the mothers, more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done." As a very important means of meeting this great want of our times, it has been thought desirable to bring the subject under the immediate notice of every faithful minister of Christ's Gospel, submitting for their consideration the desirableness of their preaching, every two or three months, a sermon specially addressed to parents, and occasionally urging on them the great importance of using the family institution for Christ. The suggestion has commended itself to a number of earnest and experienced workers in the Lord's vineyard, and it is hoped that, ere long, it will meet with very general approval.

BAPTISMS.

- Barrow-in-Furness.*—August 15, at Dalton Chapel (kindly lent), Three, by Henry D. Brown.
- Beulah, Dowlais.*—August 17, One, by M. H. Jones, Neyland.
- Bradford.*—August 31, at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Sixteen, by J. P. Chown.
- Bradford, Ebenezer Chapel.*—Six, by Mr. Edmondson.
- Bury St. Edmunds.*—September 4, Three, by M. S. Ridley.
- Caerleon, Monmouthshire.*—Sept. 7, One, by D. Bevan Jones.
- Dover.*—August 10, at York-street Hall, Five, by J. F. Frewin.
- Downham Market.*—August 24, Four, by John Wilson.
- Festiniog, Zoar.*—August 17, Nine, by Hugh Jones, A.M.
- Foulsham, Norfolk.*—Sept. 14, One, by H. Ebben, from Enfield.
- Furnace, Inverary.*—Sept. 4, One, by D. Macfarlane, Tobermory.
- Great Marlton.*—August 17, Two, by G. W. Cross.
- Hamsterley, Co. of Durham.*—August 31, Three, by J. P. Beel.
- Hay, Breconshire.*—Sept. 7, Two, by J. Cole.
- Highbidge, Somerset.*—August 10, Two, by T. Hangar.
- Hull, Yorkshire.*—Sept. 4, at the Chapel, South-street (kindly lent for the occasion), Five, by Mr. Thomas Macdonald, pastor of the

A SOUL-STIRRING MEDITATION.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Without Christ."—Ephesians ii. 12.

WE shall have two things to consider this evening—the *misery of our past estate*, and the *great deliverance which God has wrought for us*.

I. As for the *misery of our past estate*, be it known unto you that, in common with the rest of mankind, believers were once without Christ. No tongue can tell the depth of wretchedness that lies in those two words. There is no poverty like it, no want like it, and for those who die so, there is no ruin like that it will bring. Without Christ! If this be the description of some of you, we need not talk to you about the fires of hell; let this be enough to startle you, that you are in such a desperate state as to be without Christ. Oh, what terrible evils lie clustering thick within these two words!

The man who is without Christ *is without any of those spiritual blessings which only Christ can bestow*. Christ is the life of the believer, but the man who is without Christ is dead in trespasses and sins. There he lies; let us stand and weep over his corpse. It is decent and clean, and well laid out, but life is absent, and life being absent, there is no knowledge, no feeling, no power. What can we do? Shall we take the word of God and preach to this dead sinner? We are bidden to do so, and therefore we will attempt it; but so long as he is without Christ no result will follow, any more than when Elisha's servant laid the staff upon the child—there was no noise, nor sound, nor hearing. As long as that sinner is without Christ we may give him ordinances, if we dare; we may pray for him, we may keep him under the sound of the ministry, but everything will be in vain. Till Thou, O Quickening Spirit, come to that sinner, he will still be dead in trespasses and sins. Till Jesus is revealed to him there can be no life.

So, too, Christ is the light of the world. *Light is the gift of Christ*. "In Him was light, and the light was the light of men." Men sit in darkness until Jesus appears. The gloom is thick and dense; not sun, nor moon, nor star appeareth, and there can be no light to illumine the understanding, the affections, the conscience. Man has no power to get light. He may strike the damp match of reason, but it will not yield him a clear flame. The candle of superstition, with its tiny glare, will but expose the darkness in which he is wrapped. Rise, morning star! Come, Jesus, come! Thou art the sun of righteousness; and healing is beneath Thy wings. Without Christ there is no light of true spiritual knowledge, no light of true spiritual enjoyment, no light in which the brightness of truth can be seen, or the warmth of fellowship proved. The soul, like the men of Naphtali, sits in darkness, and seeth no light.

Without Christ *there is no peace*. See that poor soul hunted by the dogs of hell. It flies swift as the wind, but faster far do the hunters pursue. It seeks a covert yonder in the pleasures of the world, but the baying of the

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hell-hounds affright it in the festive haunts. It seeks to toil up the mountain of good works, but its legs are all too weak to bear it beyond the oppressor's rule. It doubles; it changes its tack; it goes from right to left, but the hell-dogs are too swift of foot, and too strong of wind to lose their prey, and till Jesus Christ shall open His bosom for that poor hunted thing to hide itself within, it shall have no peace.

Without Christ *there is no rest*. The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, and only Jesus can say to that sea—"Peace, be still."

Without Christ *there is no safety*. The vessel must fly before the gale, or it has no anchor on board; it may dash upon the rocks, for it has no chart, and no pilot. Come what may, it is given up to the mercy of wind and waves. Safety it cannot know without Christ. But let Christ come on board that soul, and it may laugh at all the storms of earth, and e'en the whirlwinds which the Prince of the Power of the air may raise need not confound it, but without Christ there is no safety for it.

Without Christ, again, *there is no hope*. Sitting wrecked upon this desert rock, the lone soul looks far away, but marks nothing that can give it joy. If, perchance, it fancies that a sail is in the distance, it is soon undeceived. The poor soul is thirsty, and around it flows only a sea of brine, soon to change to an ocean of fire. It looks upward, and there is an angry God—downward, and there are yawning gulfs—on the right hand, and there are accusing sounds—on the left-hand, and there are tempting fiends. It is all lost! lost! lost! without Christ, utterly lost, and until Christ comes not a single beam of hope can make glad that anxious eye.

Without Christ, beloved, remember that *all the religious acts of men are vanity*. What are they but mere air-bags, having nothing in them whatever that God can accept? There is the semblance of worship, the altar, the victim, the wood laid in order, and the votaries bow the knee, or prostrate their bodies, but Christ alone can send the fire of heaven's acceptance. Without Christ the offering, like that of Cain's, shall lie upon the stones, but it shall never rise in fragrant smoke, accepted by the God of heaven. Without Christ your church-goings are a form of slavery, your chapel-meetings a bondage. Without Christ your prayers are but empty wind, your repentances are wasted tears, your alms-givings and your good deeds are but a coating of thin veneer to hide your base iniquities. Your professions are white-washed sepulchres fair to look upon, but inwardly full of rottenness. Without Christ your religion is dead, corrupt, a stench, a nuisance before God—a thing of abhorrence, for where there is no Christ there is no life in any devotion, nothing in it for God to see that can possibly please Him. And this, mark you, is a true description, not of some, but of all who are without Christ. You moral people without Christ, you are lost as much as the immoral. You rich and respectable people, without Christ, you will be as surely damned as the prostitute that walks the streets at midnight. Without Christ, though you should heap up your charitable donations, endow your almshouses and hospitals, yea, though you should give your bodies to be burned, no merit would be imputed to you. All these things would profit you nothing. Without Christ, e'en if you might be raised on the wings of flaming zeal, or pursue your eager course with the enthusiasm of a martyr, you shall yet prove to be but the slave of your own passion, and the victim of your own folly. Unsanctified and unblest you must, then, be shut out of heaven, and banished from the presence of

God. Without Christ you are destitute of every benefit which He and He alone can bestow.

Without Christ, implies of course, that you are without the benefit of *all those gracious offices of Christ, which are so necessary to the sons of men*, you have no true *prophet*. You may pin your faith to the sleeve of man, and be deceived. You may be orthodox in your creed, but unless you have Christ in your heart, you have no hope of glory. Without Christ truth itself will prove a terror to you. Like Balaam, your eyes may be open while your life is alienated. Without Christ that very *cross* which does save some will become to you as a *gallows* upon which your soul shall die. Without Christ you have no *priest* to atone or to intercede on your behalf. There is no fountain in which you can wash away your guilt; no passover blood which you can sprinkle on your lintel to turn aside the destroying angel; no smoking altar of incense for you, no smiling God sitting between the cherubim. Without Christ you are an alien from everything which the priesthood can procure for your welfare. Without Christ you have no shepherd to tend, no King to help you; you cannot call in the day of trouble upon one who is strong to deliver. The angels of God, who are the standing army of King Jesus, are your enemies and not your friends. Without Christ Providence is working your ill and not your good. Without Christ you have no *advocate* to plead your cause in heaven; you have no representative to stand up yonder and represent you, and prepare a place for you. Without Christ you are as sheep without a shepherd; without Christ you are a body without a head; without Christ you are miserable orphans without a father, and your widowed soul is without a husband. Without Christ you are without a *Saviour*; how will you do? what will become of you when you find out the value of salvation at the last pinch, the dreary point of despair? and without a *friend* in heaven, you must needs be if you are without Christ. To sum up all, you are without anything that can make life blessed, or death happy. Without Christ, though you be rich as Cæsar, and famous as Alexander, and wise as Socrates, yet are you naked and poor and miserable, for you lack Him by whom are all things, and for whom are all things, and who is Himself all in all.

Surely this might be enough to arouse the conscience of the most heedless? But ah! without any of the blessings which Christ brings, and to miss all the good offices which Christ fills—this is only to linger on the side issues! The imminent peril is to be *without Christ Himself*. Do you see, there, the Saviour in human form—God made flesh dwelling among us? He loves His people, and came to earth to wipe out an iniquity which had stained them most vilely, and to work out a righteousness which should cover them most gloriously, but without Christ that living Saviour is nothing to you. Do you see Him led away as a sheep to the slaughter, fastened to the cruel wood,—bleeding, dying? Without Christ you are without the virtue of that great sacrifice; you are without the merit of that atoning blood. Do you see Him lying in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, asleep in death? That sleep is a burial of all the sins of His people, but without Christ your sins are not atoned for; your transgressions are yet unburied; they walk the earth; they shall go before you to judgment; they shall clamour for your condemnation; they shall drag you down without hope. Without Christ, remember, you have no share in His

resurrection. Bursting the bonds of death, you too shall rise, but not to newness of life, nor yet to glory, for shame and everlasting contempt shall be your portion if you be without Christ. See Him as He mounts on high; He rides in His triumphal car through the streets of heaven; He scatters gifts for men, but without Christ there are none of those gifts for you. There are no blessings for those who are without Christ. He sits on that exalted throne, and pleads and reigns for ever, but without Christ you have no part in His intercession, and you shall have no share in His glory. He is coming. Hark, the trumpet rings! My ear prophetic seems to catch the strain! He comes, surrounded by majestic pomp, and all His saints shall reign with Him, but without Christ you can have no part nor lot in all that splendour. He goes back to His Father, and surrenders His kingdom, and His people are for ever safe with Him. Without Christ there shall be none to wipe away the tears from your eyes, no one to lead you to the fountain of living waters, no hand to give you a palm-branch, no smile to make your immortality blessed. Oh! my dear hearers, I cannot tell you what unutterable abysses of wretchedness and misery are comprised here within the fulness of the meaning of these dreadful words—without Christ.

At this present hour, if you are without Christ, you lack the very essence of good, by reason of which your choicest privileges are an empty boast instead of a substantial boon. Without Christ, *all the ordinances and means of grace are nothing worth*. Even this precious Book, that might be weighed with diamonds, and he that was wise would choose the Book and leave the precious stones—even this sacred volume is of no benefit to you. You may have Bibles in your houses, as I trust you all have, but what is the Bible but a dead letter without Christ? Ah! I would you could all say what a poor woman once said, "I have Christ here," as she put her hand on the Bible, "and I have Christ here," as she put her hand on her heart, "and I have Christ there," as she raised up her eyes towards heaven; but if you have not Christ in the heart you will not find Christ in the Book, for He is discovered there in His sweetness and His blessedness, and His excellence, only by those who know Him, and love Him in their hearts. Do not get the idea that a certain quantity of Bible-reading, and particular times spent in repeating prayers, and regular attendance at a place of worship, and the systematic contribution of a guinea or so to the support of public worship and private charities will ensure the salvation of your souls. No, you must be born again. And that you cannot be; for it is not possible that you could have been born again if you are still living without Christ. To have Christ, is the indispensable condition of entering heaven. If you have Him, though compassed about with a thousand infirmities, you shall yet see the brightness of the eternal glory; but if you have not Christ; alas for all your toil, and the wearisome slavery of your religion, you can but weave a righteousness of your own, which shall disappoint your hope, and incur the displeasure of God.

And without Christ, dear friends, there comes the solemn reflection *that ere long ye shall perish*. Of that I do not like to talk, but I would like you to think of it. Without Christ, you may live, young man—though, mark, you shall miss the richest joys of life. Without Christ you may live, hale, strong man, in middle age—though mark, without

Him, you shall miss the greatest support amidst your troubles. Without Christ you may live, old man, and lean upon your staff, content with the earth into which you are so soon to drop, though mark you, you shall lose the sweetest consolation which your weakness could have found. But remember man, thou art soon to die. It matters not how strong thou art; death is stronger than thou, and he will pull thee down, even as the stag hound drags down his victim, and then "how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan," without Christ? How wilt thou do when the eyes begin to close, without Christ? How wilt thou do, sinner, when the death-rattle is in thy throat, without Christ? When they prop thee up with pillows, when they stand weeping round thine expiring form, when the pulse grows faint and few, when thou hast to lift the veil, and stand disembodied before the dreadful eyes of an angry God, how wilt thou do without Christ? And when the judgment-trump shall wake thee from thy slumber in the tomb, and body and soul shall stand together at that last and dread assize, in the midst of that tremendous crowd, sinner, how wilt thou do without Christ? When the reapers come forth to gather in the harvest of God, and the sickles are red with blood, and the vintage is cast into the wine-press of His wrath, and it is trodden until the blood runs forth up to the horse's girdles—how wilt thou do then, I conjure thee, without Christ? Oh! sinner, I pray thee let these words sound in thine ears till they ring into thy heart. I would like you to think of them to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. Without Christ! I would like to make thee think of dying, of being judged, of being condemned, without Christ! May God in His mercy enable thee to see thy state, and fly to Him who is able to save, even unto the uttermost, all them that come unto God by Him. Christ is to be had for the asking. Christ is to be had for the receiving. Stretch out thy withered hand and take Him; trust Him, and He will be thine evermore, and thou shalt be with Him where He is, in an eternity of joy.

II. Having thus reviewed the misery of our past estate, let us endeavour, with the little time we have left, to excite the thankfulness of God's people for what the Lord has done for them.

We are not without Christ now, but, let me ask you, who are believers, where you would have been now without Christ? As for some of you, you might, indeed you would have been, to-night in the ale-house or gin-palace. You would have been with the boisterous crew that make merriment on the Lord's Day; you know you would, for "such were some of you." You might have been even worse; you might have been in the harlot's house; you might have been violating the laws of man as well as the laws of God, "for even such" were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified. Where might you not have been without Christ? You might have been in hell; you might have been shut out for ever from all mercy, condemned to eternal banishment from the presence of God. I think the Indian's picture is a very fair one of where we should have been without Christ. When asked what Christ had done for him, he picked up a worm, put it on the ground, and made a ring of straw and wood round it, which he set alight. As the wood began to glow the poor worm began to twist and wriggle in agony, whereupon he stooped down, took it gently up with his finger, and said—"That is what Jesus did for me; I was surrounded, without power to help myself, by a ring of dreadful fire that must have been

my ruin, but His pierced hand lifted me out of the burning." Think of that, Christians, and as your hearts melt, come to His table, and praise Him that you are not now without Christ.

Then think *what His blood has done for you*. Take only one thing out of a thousand. It has put away your many, many sins. You were without Christ, and your sins stood like yonder mountain, whose black and rugged cliff threaten the very skies. There fell a drop of Jesu's blood upon it, and it all vanished in a moment. The sins of all your days had gone in an instant by the application of the precious blood! Oh! bless Jehovah's name that you can now say—

" Now freed from sin I walk at large,
My Saviour's blood my full discharge,
Content at His dear feet I lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay."

Bethink you, too, now that you have Christ, of *the way in which He came* and made you partaker of Himself. Oh! how long He stood in the cold, knocking at the door of your heart. You would not have Him; you despised Him; you resisted Him; you kicked against Him; you did, as it were, spit in His face, and put Him to open shame to be rid of Him. Yet He would have you, and so, overcoming all your objections, and overlooking all your unworthiness, at length He rescued you and avouched you to be His own.

Consider, beloved, what might have been your case had He left you to your own free agency. You might have had His blood on your head in aggravation of your guilt. Instead of that you have got His blood applied to your heart, in token of your pardon. You know right well what a difference *that* makes. Oh! that was a dreadful cry in the streets of Jerusalem, "His blood be on us and our children," and Jerusalem's streets flowing with gore witnessed how terrible a thing it is to have Christ's blood visited on His enemies. But beloved, you have that precious blood for the cleansing of your conscience. It has sealed your acceptance, and you can, therefore, rejoice in the ransom He has paid, and the remission you have received with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

And I would not have you forget the *vast expense which it cost to procure this priceless boon*. Christ could not have been yours had He lived in heaven. He must come down to earth, and even then He could not be fully yours till He had bled and died. Oh! the dreadful portals through which Christ had to pass before He could find His way to you! He finds you now right easily, but before He could come to you He must Himself pass through the grave! Think of *that*, and be astonished!

And *why are you not left to be without Christ?* I suppose there are some persons whose minds naturally incline towards the doctrines of free will. I can only say that mine inclines as naturally towards the doctrines of sovereign grace. I cannot understand the reason why I am saved, except upon the ground that God would have it so. I cannot, if I look ever so earnestly, discover any kind of reason in myself why I should be a partaker of Divine grace. If I am not to-night without Christ, it is only because Christ Jesus would have His will with me, and that will was that I should be with Him where He is, and should share His glory. I can put the crown nowhere

but upon the head of Him whose mighty grace has saved me from going down into the pit.

Beloved, let us mention one thing more out of the thousand things which we must leave unsaid. *Remember what you have got to-night now that you have got Christ.* No, no, no, do not be telling me what you have not got. You have not got a certain income, you say ; you have not got a competence ; you have not got wealth ; you have not got friends ; you have not got a comfortable house. No, but you have got your Saviour ; you have got Christ, and what does that mean ? " He that spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him, also, freely give us all things ? " The man who has got Christ has got everything. There are all things in one in Christ Jesus, and if you once get Him you are rich to all the intents of bliss. What, have Christ Jesus, and be discontented ? Have Christ and murmur ? Beloved, let me chide you gently, and pray you to lay aside that evil habit. If you have Christ, then you have God the Father to be your protector, and God the Spirit to be your comforter. You have present things working together for your good, and future things to unravel your happier portion ; you have angels to be your servants both on earth and in heaven. You have all the wheels of Providence revolving for your benefit ; you have the stores of the field in league with you ; you have your daily trials sanctified to your benefit ; and you have your earthly joys hinged from their doors and hallowed with a blessing ; your gains and your losses are alike profitable to you ; your additions and your diminutions shall alike swell the tide of your soul's satisfaction ; you have more than any other creatures can boast as their portion ; you have more than all the world beside could yield to regale your pure taste, and ravish your happy spirits. And now, will you not be glad ? I would have you come to this feasting-table this evening saying within yourselves, " Since I am not without Christ, but Jesus Christ is mine, I do rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice."

And oh, dear Christian friends, if you have lost your evidences, go to Christ to find them all. Do not go striking your matches to light your candles, but go direct to the sun and get your light from his full orb. You who are doubting, desponding, and cast down, do not get furraging up the mouldy bread of yesterday, but go and get the manna which falls fresh today at the feet of the cross. Now, you have been wandering and back-sliding, do not stay away from Jesus because of your unworthiness, but let your very sins impel you to come the faster to your Saviour's feet. Come, ye sinners ; come, ye saints ; come, ye who dare not say that ye are His people ; come, you whose faith is but as a grain of mustard seed ; come, you who have not any faith at all ; come now to Jesus, who says, " Whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely."

May God grant that some who feel that they are without Christ because they have no enjoyment, nor any sense of communion with Him, may now take hold of His name, His covenant, His promises with a lively faith, may more, may they find Him to the rapture of their souls, and He shall have all the praise. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

BY REV. C. CHAPMAN.

"There was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald."—Rev. iv. 3.

THE annals of history record no event so awful and destructive as the Flood's "reign of terror." The master-minds, in imagination and description fail to sketch the horrors of those forty days, when "the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered, and every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven." That "ocean of death," though world wide, was nevertheless bounded. The sand line of mercy stayed its waves from overwhelming Noah. He was an eye witness of, but not a sufferer in, the calamity. A thousand fell at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand, but it did not come nigh him; only with his eyes did he behold and see the reward of the wicked. His life thus redeemed from destruction was crowned afresh with loving kindness and tender mercies, when God set His bow in the cloud as the token of an everlasting covenant between Himself and every living creature. Instead of flinging His bow aside ready for future service, God beneficently mirrored it on the cloud-curtains of His tent as a sign of peace. Scripture and science have co-jointly made us conversant with this iris; one in revealing its mission, the other in explaining its phenomenon. Encircling the throne of God, is another rainbow, in sight like unto an emerald. The

history and mission of this celestial bow are only partially known. The sacred writer merely mentions the fact, and the scientist is silent concerning its phenomenon. It is only by the combined aid of revelation and analogy that its history can in any degree be tracked, and its mission discovered; for the records of the eternal past are as fragmentary and disconnected as the hieroglyphics of Egypt. The bow seen by Noah indicated a cessation of wrath, was the token of a covenant, and offered a pledge of safety to man. Similar facts are discoverable as being betokened by the bow John beheld.

I. The celestial bow indicates a cessation of wrath.

The throne scene of heaven is an unrivalled display of majesty, honour, and glory, blending with love, peace, and joy. There in the midst of the throne sits the Lamb, beside Him are elders seated, nearer than angels stand a multitude once lower than they, but now the sons of God; round about the throne are grouped the angels, those winged messengers of light; and to complete the scene, God's love beaming on mercy's ever-falling drops, throws a rainbow round about the throne. In celestial ceremonials the groupings of this scene is a modern innovation. That throne was the lonely seat of Deity before angels "awoke the echoes of eternity" with their thrilling sanctus of "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts." In the fragmentary records of that period between, when in unapproached glory the Triune One dwelt alone, and when the rainbow was reflected in the sea of glass, mention is made of wrath, and grace is recorded to have superabounded where wrath did

abound. From those records we glean that the withering blasts of God's wrath first smote those angels who in an hour of presumptuous folly sought to wrest from the grasp of God His golden sceptre, and thereby moved Him to anger. The wrath of that hour abides. They who then rebelled are "reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the Great Day." As mercy beams in no bow on that primeval wrath-cloud, changing it into a cloud of grace, further research is needed in order to discover mercy being remembered in the midst of wrath. Continuing the research, we discover that scarcely had creation's anthem died away in the distant echo, ere cherubim with flaming sword flew in haste to be fiery sentinels at Eden's gate, and Jehovah bent His bow, made ready His arrows, and aimed to smite man—the latest work of His hands. And smitten even to death must man have been, had no eye pitied, and no one stood in the awful breach. Judged by the passion of the cross-enduring One, heinous was the sin of man, and terrible the meted-out wrath. Its gloom turned light into darkness. Its fierceness extorted the cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Its cup bowed in death "the man of sorrow," but not before He had handed it back to mankind transformed into a cup of blessing, and with life's latest breath, cried, "It is finished." That expiring cry became the world's rallying cry. Man soon learnt that wrath due to him had been borne by another, that the sufferer of Calvary was the propitiation for sin; that He who endured the cross wrought an atonement which appeased the wrath of God, and opened up a way of reconciliation. At the cessation of that wrath a new era dawned, ushering in the reign of

grace, and displaying mercy remembered in the midst of wrath. Then mercy and truth met. Then "righteousness pulled aside the window curtains," and smilingly looked down from heaven, and beheld with joy truth bud in the earth, and the mountains bring peace to the people. Then even stern justice viewed with complacent delight a rainbow like a girdle of love bedeck the throne as God and man met, and were reconciled in Christ.

II. The celestial bow is the token of a covenant.

Through His passion Christ substitutionarily endured the wrath of God, and vicariously atoned for the wrong of sin, thereby obtaining the numerous blessings of grace. In order that these blessings might be everlastingly retained, God, by a covenant, secured them in perpetuity to the heirs of salvation. And "this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days saith the Lord: I will put My laws into their minds and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to Me a people. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness and their sins; and their iniquities will I remember no more." In this covenant lies the ground of every saint's hope, the assurance of pardon, and the guarantee of aid; whatever is implied in the term grace from conviction of sin, unto reception into glory is made sure, secure, and unalterable by this covenant. Says God, "This is as the waters of Noah unto Me, for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My

peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee." The token of this covenant is the rainbow round about the throne, which was the witness of its agreement, and given as the pledge of its fulfilment.

III. This covenant, with its rainbow token, is of vast importance to man. It indicates the reign of grace, and thus assures safety in approaching unto God.

It is well for man that the emerald bow bedecks the eternal throne. Had that throne—prototype of Sinai's awful majesty—retained its primeval glory it would have been a fiery terror to man, alarming him more than the memorable mount did when it burned with fire and moved at the presence of God. The awful majesty of Justice is now blended with the milder glory of Grace. He who "Looks like a lamb that has been slain And wears His priesthood still,"

sits upon the throne of Deity, pledging safety, and offering blessing to all who draw nigh. The rainbow near the throne is mercy's ensign. Grace reigns and blessings abound.

1. Sinners amid safety approach unto God for pardon, for His throne is a mercy seat.

No withering wrath waits to smite, no flaming sword aims to repulse the seeking sinner. The sprinkled blood between the cherubim bespeaks reconciliation. Where justice once demanded the law's dread sentence to be enforced in swift judgment, there reigns the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Whence a voice sternly said, "Smite the guilty creature man," thence the voice of love and mercy cries "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And with this voice, are heard other voices, for the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come." With

the mercy-seat in view, and the atoning blood displayed, and a Mediator making intercession, no man need fear to approach. The bow of vengeance that could, and would have smitten, bedecks the throne, and the quiver is arrowless.

2. Saints safely draw near to God, seeking supplies of grace, for His throne is a throne of grace.

As the sinner needs a mercy-seat where pardoning blessings can be obtained, so the saint requires a throne of grace where his spiritual desires and wants may be satisfied. He who prepared a mercy-seat for seeking sinners, hath provided a throne of grace for waiting saints. Where reconciliation was effected, thither saints resort for supplies of grace. The remembrance of inconsistencies, and the consciousness of imperfection might cause them to flee rather than draw near. And flee they doubtless would, were it not that *there* is met an high priest touched with the feelings of their infirmities, and has been tempted in all points, even as they. This emboldens them to come unto the throne of grace to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

3. Saints with safety approach unto God, when to them His throne becomes the throne of exceeding glory.

The mercy-seat so familiar to the soldier of the cross, appears a throne of glory to him who is more than conqueror. The throne of grace ever possesses a glory surpassing the sun in its noonday brightness, but to us of necessity the glory is veiled. Mortal eye could not gaze on such a blaze of glory, before which angels veil their faces. Those absent from the body are called to stand near this glory seat. On earth their departure sorrows many hearts, their destiny causes concern, and their absence leads to the inquiry,

are they safe and happy? With the rainbow round about the throne can they be otherwise than safe? With Christ in the midst of the throne, and they standing near, gazing on His face, and realizing the beatific vision, which was their highest ideal of bliss in this life, can they be otherwise than happy? Soon we shall be called into the unseen. As we think of our departure, our chief concern is, shall we *then* be safe and happy? Assuredly we shall be if we are Christ's. Our position will be within the circle of the bow of grace, near to Him

"Whom absent we love,
Whom not having seen we adore."

With the bow as the attesting witness of the covenant in sight, there can be no doubt as to our safety and happiness near to that throne, before which angels bow, and devils quail. But if we are not Christ's, we have cause to fear lest the passing hour should bring a message from God, summoning us into His more immediate presence. In our present state we are strangers to the covenant, and as such liable to wrath and not mercy, shame and not glory, woe and not joy. But this need not be. If there be compliance with one condition of the covenant of grace, it will yet be well with you. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Secure these blessings of grace, and God's throne will another aspect wear. Your eyes will catch the gleam of the rainbow, whilst your heart will be filled with the gushing streams of grace.

If such be the mission of the emerald bow have we not cause to say, "Thanks be unto God for His bow tokens, for that seen by Noah, and for that beheld by John." These are tokens which deal with the life that now is, and the life that is to

come. One assuring man of the immunity from the flood of the earthly house of this tabernacle, the other ensuring the safety of the house not made with hands, so that it falls not when rains descend, floods come, and winds blow.

Histon, Camb.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

NO. 11. — VISIT TO THE FAR-FAMED YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

HAVING heard of this wonderful valley from several friends who had visited it, I had set my mind on not leaving California before I had seen it for myself. And, therefore, on Wednesday, August 7th, I left San Francisco by afternoon train for Lathrop Station, and thence by another line to Merced, where I stayed all night, and next morning by stage to Courterville, through a most romantic region, and then on the following day by stage again to the summit of the mountain overhanging this romantic valley. Here we stayed all night, very much against our will, having expected to reach the end of our journey that night. Next morning we descended the very precipitous, zig-zag course, and reached our desired hotel (Mr. Hutchins,) in safety. Mr. Hutchins we found just the man represented by Dr. F. R. Lees, and we got a nice clean bedroom, and began to prepare for the survey of the grandeur around us. We give an account of the various scenes in the words of an article we supplied to be annexed to Mr. Thos. Cook's account of his voyage round the world, * and well worthy of a

* Published at their Office, Fleet-street. 1s. 6d.

perusal by all who take an interest in the tourist developments of our times.

“THE MAGNIFICENT YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

“This unrivalled region for the last few years has been attracting visitors from every part of the world and, at present, stands out in its natural grandeur above every spot that has arrested the attention of travellers. For a considerable time it was so remote from the world’s highways, and so difficult to reach it, that but few persons found their way into it; but now, through the completion of the Union and Central Pacific Railway, and the establishment of coach stages, it is not at all difficult of access. The name of the valley is derived from the Grizzly Bear, and undoubtedly it was the retired home of Bruin and his cubs until it was discovered some 23 years ago. Terrible depredations had been perpetrated by the native Indians on Californian settlers in this region, and at last Colonel James D. Savage was instructed to pursue, until he overtook these ferocious children of nature, and taught them some respect for human property and life. This he effectually accomplished, and in his pursuit came on this marvellous region of magnificent grandeur. Afterwards, Mr. J. M. Hutchins, an Englishman, with the first company of American visitors, gazed on this sublime valley, and here Mr. Hutchins raised his standard, erected a most respectable hotel, and told the civilized world what was in store for them, if they would pay it a visit. Since then Mr. Hutchins has written a first-class volume, giving an account of its discovery, and exhausting the whole subject by well-written articles, including a full and minute account of its geological formations

and natural scenery, with some 104 first-class illustrations. A more handsome volume than this noble quarto cannot possibly grace the table of the naturalist, or the library of a monarch. All visitors to the Yosemite should possess it, and carefully peruse it; it is attainable from respectable booksellers, both in San Francisco and all other large cities, and is published by A. Roman & Co., New York, and can be had in London through any of the American publishing houses. All we can do in this brief chapter is to call attention to its three-fold marvels and the various ways of access to it.

“The fame of the Valley of the Yosemite has now become world wide. Its towering cliffs, waterfalls like cataracts from the clouds, and the gigantic vegetation surrounding it, have no comparison in the world. In sublimity of grandeur and enchanting beauty, it surpasses expression, and must be viewed to be appreciated. Several eminent writers have attempted descriptions, but all have despaired in giving expression to the awe-inspiring feeling which fills the beholder of the mighty chasm. Bierstadt has painted it, and Watkins has photographed it, and these, as all writers say, give the nearest idea of the majesty of the scene to that of being present at the reality. As to the faithful, the admonition to ‘see Mecca and die,’ so to the traveller—‘see Yosemite the last of earth.’

“It is difficult to find comparisons to give an impression of the grandeur of the scenery or of the lofty precipices surrounding. If the reader crosses the Continent on the Pacific Railroad, let him imagine, when on the loftiest mountain pass, which the skilful engineering and the costly labour of years has enabled him to reach, that it be cleft in twain to the level of the sea, and from the base he can look up 4,000 feet to the summi,

of El Captain, or 6,000 feet to the glistening crown of the South Dome. If from New England, let him reflect that its loftiest peak—Mount Washington, the pride of all its people—raises its head only to the height that does one of these rocks at a single bound. But the grandest scenery of the world cannot be described. Days and weeks are requisite to satisfy the visitor. He will worship at the feet of El Captain, who raises his proud front 4,000 feet into the sky, or will attempt a kiss of the Bridal Veil, as it waves in the wind a misty gauze, hanging from Phono's brow, 940 feet, to where it trails away in a

sparkling stream in the meadow below. Farther in the East he will find the Yosemite, a fall of 2,600 feet, nine times the height of Niagara, and by far the highest waterfall known. Keeping directly up the valley, where the main branch of the Merced comes in, he will see the Vernal Fall of 300 feet, and by an ascent over the rocks, which long ladders enable him to reach, he will reach the Nevada Fall, of 700 feet in height, which, by many, is regarded as the grandest of all. Over this flows the whole volume of the Merced river, usually a stream of 60 feet in width and several in depth.

HEIGHT OF YOSEMITE WATERFALLS.

INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.	American Name.	Height above Valley Feet.
Po-ho-no	Spirit of the Evil Wind	Bridal Veil	940
Yosemite	Large Grizzly Bear		2,634
First Fall, 1,600 feet; Second Fall, 434 feet; Third Fall, 600 feet.			
Pi-wy-ack	Wide Water	Vernal.....	350
Yo-wi-ye		Nevada	700
To-lool-we-ack		South Fork.....	600
To-coy-æ	Shade to Indian baby basket...	Royal Arch Fall...	1,800
Loya		Sentinel Fall	3,200

HEIGHT OF YOSEMITE MOUNTAINS.

Tis-sa-ack	Goddess of the Valley	South Dome	6,000
		Cloud's Rest	6,450
To-coy-æ	Shade to Indian baby basket...	North Dome	3,725
Hunto.....	The Watching Eye	Round Tower.....	2,400
Mah-ta	Martyr Mountain.....	Cap of Liberty ...	4,600
		Mt. Starr King ...	5,600
Tu-tock-a-nu-la	Great Chief of the Valley	The Captain	3,100
Wah-wah-le-na.....		Three Graces.....	3,750
Pom-pom-pa-sus	Falling Rocks	Three Brothers ...	4,300
Poo-see-nah Chuck-la...	Large Acorn Cache	Cathedral Rock...	2,400
		Sentinel Dome ...	4,500
Loya		Sentinel Rock ...	3,270

“The Yosemite Valley is 4,000 feet above the sea. Its general course is north-easterly and south-westerly. The main Merced River runs through it. In many places the walls of the Valley are nearly vertical. The mountains surround-

ing it will average about 4,000 feet in height.

“The third class of natural wonders are the groves of big trees. There are ten groves of these big trees, but we first indicate those of the Mariposa Grove. One of these, “Satan’s

"Spear," has a circumference of 78 ft.; "The Grizzled Giant," stretched on the ground 264 feet in height, while a considerable portion of its crown has been burned away. In the Calaveras Grove, there is the Mother of the Forest, 320 feet high and 90 feet in circumference; the bark is two feet thick. One tree, felled in 1853, took five men twenty-five days to effect it. On the stump of another tree, there is a house of several rooms, and a bowling alley of considerable length; it is supposed to be 1300 years old. Through another tree, three persons on horseback can ride abreast; another requires seventeen horsemen to engirdle it; but they must be seen, as no description can do justice to them."

Here we spent a Sunday, and had three services in the hotels of Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Black. Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York, preached in the forenoon and I in the afternoon; and Rev. Mr. Fowler in the evening. A day of holy worship in God's great temple never to be forgotten.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

BY REV. G. SEAR.

THE world is full of beauty. As I stand at the foot of the mountain, and view its cloud-capped summit rising in majestic grandeur towards the skies, I cry, "How marvellous are thy works, Oh, Lord God Almighty," or as from some elevated spot I view the fertile vale covered with wavy corn, on the grassy mead well stocked with flocks and herds, I feel that "the earth is filled with the goodness of God." The barren mountains and the fertile vale are both full of interest; but there is one spot, one scene, more dear to me than all beside. That spot is my

father's house. I may be poor, my father one of the humblest toilers among the busy throng. His house stands in a crowded alley in the lowest part of the city. It is small and inconvenient; it has very little sunshine or pure air; its windows open upon bare walls, or similar dwellings on the opposite side. Within, the furniture is old and shaky, and the provisions upon the table are of the commonest kind. Why, then, should I have any love for such a place? It is my father's house. The only place on earth I call my home. My father lives there. There I first saw the light, and recognized a mother's smile. There only can I enter with perfect freedom. I never ask if I may enter there. I never knock at my father's door. I share all the provisions that house affords. Many may despise it as being low, mean, inconvenient, but then it is not their father's house. That makes the difference. It is the only spot on earth in which I enjoy the full privilege of sonship. The only place I call my home.

Or my father may be a farmer, and live in the old manor house, with its ivy-covered walls, and the trelliced verandah over the door, the well-stocked orchard and the fruitful garden. As I wander among the busy hum of the city, or breathe the refreshing breeze on the seashore, my thoughts return to the old manor house. It is my father's house. What hallowed associations cling round it as closely as the ivy to its walls. Here I am a stranger. If I wish to enter a house I must knock or ring. I only enter as a favour; but there I am at home. The dog never barks at my approach. The servants do my bidding. The labourer on the farm recognizes me as his master's son, I walk through the fields without any fear of being

considered a trespasser. It is my home.

Or my father may be a nobleman; yonder stands the grand old hall, the family mansion for many generations past. There my paternal ancestors have lived and died. There hangs the armour worn by them in the middle ages. The walls are covered with trophies won in the battle-field while fighting for their country, or defending the ancestral home.

I walk through its noble park and well-kept grounds unquestioned. The servants stand aside when I approach. The peasant lifts his hat and bows as I pass. I possess authority and influence in all parts of the estate. Yet I am not the proprietor, but it is my father's house, and these are my father's possessions, and, as his son, I enjoy these rights and privileges.

But, as a Christian, I have a better inheritance than the humble cottage, the manor house, or the ancestral hall. My father is the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. In His house are many mansions,

one of which is fitted up for me. I am an adopted son, but joint heir with the only begotten of the father. I am at present a minor, but shall soon enter into full possession. The servants recognize me, for "He hath given His angels charge concerning me." I enjoy the privileges of sonship. I have freedom of access into my father's presence. I enjoy communion and fellowship with Him, and daily receive supplies from His table. Wherever I wander I am always within my Father's possessions, and within sight of my Father's house. His watchful eye is ever over me. What blessings I receive in virtue of my sonship. As I meditate upon them, and looking upward, I often sing—

Yonder is my Father's house,
Heaven is my home,
Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is
my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Halstead, Essex.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

THE conversation was carried on far into the night, long after the women had taken their departure to their respective homes; and what was the result of that long deliberation, will be best seen in the action taken by the tenant of No. 6—after much prayer and deep thought; but as we have no wish to introduce the

criminal monstrosity phase, that combination of the morally detestable, with the psychologically impossible, or to picture to our readers that refined but successful villain, which unhappily the region of pride will always furnish, a short description of his career, motives, and actions, must suffice. He had early in life been grievously wronged by a member of Milly's family, in which he occupied a prominent position; it was, indeed, a grievous wrong, such as men seldom forgive and never forget. Stung with this, he had cultivated, with diabolical

exactness, a spirit of cruelty and revenge, while still entertaining his master's confidence and regard. When the family, owing to adverse circumstances, broke up, he retired to brood over some fresh schemes of wrong; when by that merciful interposition of Providence, which connected him with Charlie, and by the strange and almost miraculous tracing of his former career by the Nemesis that inevitably follows wrong-doing, he was led to think of restitution to the wronged.

There is nothing so surely taught in this life as that sin will inevitably entail shame.

"To turn the balances of heaven
Surpasses mortal power;
For every white there is a black,
For every sweet a sour.
For every up there is a down,
For every folly shame,
And retribution follows guilt;
As burning follows flame.
If wrong you do, if false you play
In summer among the flowers;
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers."

We said merciful interposition of Providence. Was it so? Are we going to admit that the shame and sickness attending the discovery of the pocket-book—the fearful sufferings and acute physical and mental pain borne by innocent Milly—the death of the poor old woman uncheered by her daughter's smile, and untended by her daughter's hand—the pain of mind associated with an unsatisfied curiosity—is it possible for us to believe that these persons, all of them, were so near to each other for years, jostling each other's lives in a thousand ways, needing but a smile or a word as the missing link by which all things might have been explained; in short, are we going to connect God with the finding of that pocket-book, and connect Him with it in mercy.

It is the old story of Abraham's knife, and the questions that naturally rise out of it. Why all this extremity of trial? Why thus does God try the faith of His people? Why does He surround them with a hedge of adverse circumstances, and make their life a struggle and a warfare? Well; why is the athlete subjected to a regimen of diet and exercises, restricted by a very despotism of regularity, but that when the trial of skill or strength comes, his thews may be like brass or iron? Why do the fierce flames hiss and gather about the bar of gold, and play upon the surface of the silver in the refiner's fire? Why yes; why, if not to purge, to strengthen, to refine? "God's children here are at school, and sorrow is a queer teacher, and it is that reluctant education that fits them either for work in this world or for glory in the next;" and what a school it is. The Midian wilderness for Moses, the hold of Engedi for David, the desert pit and the Egyptian prison for Joseph, the den of lions for Daniel, Patmos for John, Nero and Satan's buffetings for Paul; and this is what is called God's blessed baptism of honour, for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

On the morning of the meeting described, and under the influence of the feelings produced, a lawyer was sent for, and a deed executed by which the whole of the property owned by the tenant of No. 6, was set apart for Milly's benefit, and a secret charge was given to Charlie to undertake a mission to the merchant, the nature of which must be reserved for our concluding chapter.

CHAPTER IX.—*Conclusion.*

MILLY'S RECOVERY.

How sweet it is, after a lingering illness, to be able to look God's fair

world in the face again, and to feel that we are recovering strength before we go hence and be no more seen. How glorious it all seems again; and how all our own love for it comes back once more with the renewal of health; for when under kindly imposed silence we lay near the eternal world, driven in on our own thought, with nothing to disturb us save perhaps the moan of some fellow-sufferer, how very little, if any, we think of this world's demands. *What a horrid gourmand is pain too.* How insensible it renders us to every other interest. How it forces us on ourselves. How tyrannical we become under its influence, and how imperative and unreasonable are our demands; but when all this has passed, and we get out in the free air again, with foot on sod, and the brow facing the sky, we feel that while we can and do look up loving and trusting, we can also look round lovingly and unselfishly. Then we wanted all the world to wait on us; now we are ready to do something for the world—to wait upon it as far as our renewed strength will permit. Yes, and how doubly precious seems our Saviour because of His known and felt sympathy with us in our weakness and sorrow; and so with a gladness that gives strength to our verdict, we return it; that it is sometimes good that we were afflicted, not as the sacred writer renders it, "For before I was afflicted I went astray," but that afterwards it yields

the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. Of all the joys that earth can grant, there is none like that of getting out again—it means so much.

So felt Milly when the Sabbath before her departure from the hospital, she sat reading in the nurse's room, the experience of one who like herself had long known the fierce sharp pangs of affliction, but who had after a protracted trial written the words, "*By Divine Grace unhurt.*"

"Unhurt because besprinkled with the blood.

Then hallelujah to Thy covenant God,

And hallelujah to the bleeding lamb,
And hallelujah to the Comforter.

Let the creation groan, let this weak flesh

Shrink back appalled by fierce conflicting pain;

My happy soul shall sing of triumph still,

Nor would I cease with gratitude to think

Of friends whose fervent prayers for me uprising,

Procure divine support and sweetest aid."

The morning came, when, in the company of the merchant and Edith, she took her farewell of the kind friends that had ministered to her in her need. And away from the grimy, smoky Babylon of bricks, to the beautiful breezy Surrey hills, the days of her mourning ended.

To be Concluded in our next.

Striking Thoughts, Facts, and Figures.

SERVITUDE NOT SERVILITY.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD often gave this advice to young ministers—"Be servant-like but not servile."

A UNIVERSAL CONQUEROR.

I ENDEAVOUR to take things as I find them. I fight with my own heart, from which I am most in-

commended; and when I can get the victory there, I am an universal conqueror. C. WINTERS.

A CLUSTER OF CORNELIUS WINTERS' SAYINGS.

THOUGH the Lord's way is hid from us, our way is not hid from Him.

We have an unchanging world before us, and an unchangeable God with us.

I would not only be found in the Lord's work, but I would also do it in His way.

The more dangerous the way, the more cautious the traveller.

I want to be different from what I am, much as I differ from what I was.

Let us rest in Jesus now, and we shall rest with Him soon.

Much may be done, as in the building of Solomon's temple, without the noise of axes and hammers.

Seclusion from the world prepares

us for communion with God, and communion with God prepares us for intercourse with the world.

It is a great matter to be able to distinguish between waiting and loitering.

The Lord is all to us, and does all for us, that He may have the glory of all from us.

Every place is alike to him who goes nowhere without God.

STANDING BY TO THE LAST.

WHEN *The London* was about to "go down," the captain was asked to get into the boat and be saved if it were possible. But what was his noble reply? "No, I will stand by the ship to the last;" and he did, and went down with her. Thus should we stand to the last by the ship of Christ's Church. It is a grand thing for a man to be able to say, "Amid all storms, I have stood by Christ and His cause to the last." For such, however, there is no sinking.

Reviews.

The Pretensions of Ultramontaniam. by H. GALLOWAY GILL, King's College, London. (The London Co-operative Printing and Stationery Co. Limited).

THE author of this volume has devoted considerable time and attention to ecclesiastical subjects. His remarkable sketch of "The Society of Jesus; its History, Works, and Fellow-workmen," has attracted the attention of many in high places. In the volume before us, Mr. Gill has endeavoured to furnish an interesting sketch of a great theological controversy; and to trace the hypothesis of Papal Infallibility from its earliest beginnings in the sixteenth century. The syllabus,—The New Dogma about Mary, Papal Infallibility, and its consequences, &c., are separately treated.

The work of the Ultramontane Bishops in council is thoroughly unmasked. Sketches of remarkable speeches both for and against the definition of Infallibility are given; so that the reader becomes familiar with the views of such men as Strossmayer, Cullen, Monsignor Darboy, MacHale, Manning, and Clifford. The names of the Bishops are arranged in order, according as the vote was taken; and the Official Decree, proclaiming the Dogma, is given in the original Latin. We heartily commend the volume as a valuable and painstaking contribution to theological literature.

The Lost Kiss and other Papers, in Prose and Verse. By F. GAVIN, (Longley, 29, Farringdon Street). THIS is a beautiful little volume, and well adapted as a gift book to the

young. The verses are quite up to the average, and all the papers are adapted both to interest and improve the reader. We cordially recommend it.

Gems of Song. By G. T. CONGREVE, with music, Tonic Sol-fa. (Elliot Stock, 1s.).

THIS handsome collection of Songs and Music, containing 206 Hymns and 165 Melodies, well got up, and thoroughly bound in cloth, is surely a great prize for 1s. It ought to sell by hundreds of thousands.

The Juvenile Temperance Catechism. By Rev. DAWSON BURNS, M.A., F.S.S. (Curtice & Co., 12, Catherine Street, Strand, 1d).

A MANUAL of reliable knowledge for all young people on every phase of the Temperance movement. Clearly written and just suited to the children of the Bands of Hope, juvenile Templars, &c., &c.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Lord's Supper. The Exposition, with Portrait. By Rev. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D. (Longley). We cannot think of a better or cheaper publication on this subject, and cordially commend it to our readers.

Baptism; or, What Saith Scripture? A Poem. By David P. HENDY, of Bishop Stortford. (Elliot Stock, 2d.). Many will be pleased with these simple and expressive verses on this subject, who would not read any lengthy prose arguments on the question.

Good Templarism Examined, &c., &c. By Andrew Bowden, Bacup. 8th Thousand. (Yates and Alexander, 1d). At present we cannot enter on this much controverted question, and however willing to do so, our limited space prevents it.

The Voice of Scripture. On the Worship of God in Public. By Spencer Murch. 2nd edition abridged, 6d. Very deserving of an attentive perusal.

The Interpreter. Part 10. This excellent family devotional help has reached half way towards its completion, and in its unique character maintains all the excellent specialities of the former parts.

The Baptist Magazine contains several highly valuable papers, and is a good substantial number.

The Sword and Trowel replete with useful papers.

Ragged School Union Magazine. An efficient number, and giving an affecting memorandum of four devoted friends, J. S. Wyon, Sir J. Anson, T. Bobarts, and F. Dean.

The Biblical Museum. Part XXXIV. The special Commentary for our Bible Classes and Sunday-school Teachers as well as for general Christian readers.

The Christian Armour. Bright, and adapted for both aggression and defence.

The Hive. Conducted with singular ability.

Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society. Faithful in its holy work.

The 20th Annual Report of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union. A document of telling interest.

The Appeal. A capital halfpenny's worth.

The Gardener's Magazine, conducted by Shirley Hibbard, Esq., F.R.H.S. A perfect cyclopædia of knowledge and information in all nursery, floral and kindred topics.

The Baptist is now a fixed institution, and we trust will continue to extend its influence far and wide. Hope all Baptists will heartily support it.

Old Jonathan. True to Protestant faith, and to evangelical and experimental religion.

Mechanics' Large Hall Pulpit, Nottingham. The Unalterable Writing. A Sermon. By E. J. Silverton. An earnest telling discourse.

Five Tracts of the Baptist Tract Society. (Send for List to Elliot Stock).

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. ALFRED BIRD has resigned the pastorate of the church at Dalston Junction.

Rev. G. W. McCree, who for the last twenty-five years has laboured for the spiritual and moral well being of St. Giles's, is about to leave the sphere which he has so long occupied, he having accepted the pastorate of the chapel, Borough-road, Southwark.

Mr. J. Phillips, of Pontypool, has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Hephzibah, Erwood and Rama, Breconshire.

Rev. W. G. Hailstone has resigned the pastorate of the church at Appledore, Devon, and accepted an invitation from the church at Brixham.

Rev. F. W. Walters has resigned his ministry at Harborne Chapel, Birmingham.

Mr. J. Wilkins, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church recently formed at Maidenhead.

Rev. S. H. Booth has just resigned the pastorate of Upper Holloway Chapel, which he has held for nearly six years, and is likely to accept a call to the church, Roehampton, Surrey.

Mr. W. Morlais Davies, of Brecon College, has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation meeting at the Tabernacle Chapel, Abergillery, Monmouthshire.

BIRMINGHAM.—Rev. G. Jarman, of Blisworth, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church meeting at Circus Chapel.

KNIGHTON—COXALL.—Mr. J. Gay has received an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Knighton, Radnor, and has resigned his charge at Coxall, Salop.

The Rev. H. Dunnington having resigned the pastorate of the church at Redbourn, Herts, has accepted the invitation of the church at Newhaven, Sussex.

BURES ST. MARY.—Mr. J. Kemp, of

the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Bures St. Mary, Suffolk.

Rev. J. G. Pike has resigned the pastorate of the church in Commercial-road, E., in order to proceed as missionary for the General Baptists to Orissa.

RECOGNITIONS.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. T. Edgley as pastor of the church at Swindon, were held on Wednesday, October 1st. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Rogers. At the evening meeting addresses were given by the Revs. D. Russell and A. J. Towell.

Rev. J. Harrison was publicly recognized as pastor of the church at Park-road, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Thursday, October 2nd. After a sermon by the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., there were tea and public meetings. At the latter addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. H. Cooke, J. Davies, R. Y. Roberts, and J. Clifford.

Rev. S. T. Williams was recognized as pastor of the Warwick-street Church, Leamington, at services held on the 28th and 29th of September. Sermons were preached by Rev. G. Rogers. L. Stowe, Esq., presided at the public meeting, and a history of the church was given by Mr. Anderson. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Rogers, the Rev. F. Thomas, Mr. Kirwin, and Mr. J. S. Bruce.

Rev. J. Sage, late of Wendover, Bucks, was recognized on the 8th of October, as pastor of the church at Brandon, Suffolk.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. H. Hook, were held at Park-street, Thaxted, Essex, on the 7th of October, when Revs. George Rogers, S. H. Hawkes, J. C. Rook, D. Grigsby, and J. Webb, took part in the services.

The recognition of Rev. T. G. Atkin-

son (formerly of New Southgate), as minister of Campsbourne Chapel, Hornsey, took place on the 1st of October. The church had been formally constituted on the previous Wednesday, under the presidency of Rev. S. H. Booth, and at the same time, Rev. T. G. Atkinson was unanimously elected as the pastor. The meeting of the 1st was in public celebration of these auspicious events, and was largely attended by friends from neighbouring churches. The Rev. T. Hill presided; and the various proceedings were sustained by Revs. W. L. Brown, Dr. Culross, J. H. Barnard, David Gracey, Frank Smith, and J. Pugh.

Encouraging services have just been held in connection with the resignation of Rev. W. Garwood, and the recognition of Mr. N. Dobson (of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College), as pastor of the church at Deal. On Lord's-day, September 14th, discourses were delivered by Rev. G. Rogers. On Monday afternoon the Ordination Service was held. At the close of the service over 200 persons sat down to tea in the adjoining school-room. The public meeting in the evening was presided over by the retiring pastor; and Mr. Wellden, in the name of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Garwood with a handsome timepiece and an electro-plated inkstand and gold pencil-case. Mr. Garwood having thanked his many friends, the meeting was addressed by Revs. B. C. Etherbridge, J. Drew, Linington, R. Hobson, W. Sampson, and W. Filley.

CONGLETON.—On Monday afternoon, October 6th, the recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. James Walker, late of Armley, were held in the chapel in Park-street. There was a tea-meeting in the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by R. Pedley, Esq. After the chairman's address, the pastor read a letter of congratulation from the resident Wesleyan ministers, who, on account of pressing engagements,

could not attend. The meeting was addressed by Revs. Joseph Moore, J. C. Storey, R. P. Cooke, and the newly-elected pastor.

THRAPSTON.—Services in connection with the settlement of Mr. James Seager, of Rawdon College, as pastor, took place in the chapel on the 8th October. Rev. T. J. Bristow, Mr. W. Abbott, senior deacon, J. B. Myers, of Kettering, W. Kitchen, Dr. Green, president of Rawdon College, took part in the proceedings. A public tea took place in the British School-room at five o'clock, followed by a pleasant evening meeting.

PRESENTATIONS.

On Thursday, the 2nd of October, there was a large and enthusiastic gathering in the school-room attached to Christ Church, Southport, composed of members of the Church of England and the various denominations, to present a testimonial of £1,300 to Rev. A. M. Stalker, who has been upwards of twelve years minister of the Baptist Chapel, Houghton-street, and who had lately retired. The subscriptions had been received from those who belonged to the different sections of the Christian Church resident not only in England, but also in Scotland and Ireland. Speeches were made on the occasion of the presentation by Rev. Dr. Clarke, Mr. Waterhouse, Rev. J. L. Rentoul, M.A., Mr. Fairchild, Admiral Barton, Alderman Bookroyd, Mr. Stead, the Rev. J. Chater, and others.

NEW CHAPELS.

On the 8th of October a new chapel was opened in the village of Great Blakenham, about five miles from Ipswich. The foundation-stone was laid on the 4th of August last, and the building has now reached its completion. The opening services commenced with a devotional meeting at half-past nine, and was followed by the usual services at eleven, when Rev. S. Collins preached, and at three, when Rev. C. Hill preached, to crowded congregations. In the evening a pub-

lic meeting was held, presided over by W. Houghton, Esq., of Ipswich, to whose munificent liberality and personal interest in the matter the erection of the chapel may be mainly attributed. The chairman remarked on the history of the Baptist denomination in the county of Suffolk during the last hundred years. Messrs. Pook, Woodgate, Hill, Whorlow, Mowling, and H. Tarrant, Esq., of London, sustained the interest of the meeting with profitable and practical addresses. The collections and cards amounted together to upwards of £50, leaving a debt of less than that sum remaining on the chapel. The meeting closed with a hymn of thankful praise, and with prayer offered by Mr. Field.

The new Baptist chapel in Paris has been opened with a series of services, which commenced on Saturday evening, September 13, with a prayer-meeting, conducted by the French brethren themselves. This was followed on Sunday morning by an English service, at which about sixty English and Americans, with a few of the French pastors and others, attended. The introductory exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. F. Tyers, and an excellent discourse was delivered by Dr. E. B. Underhill. The preacher in the afternoon was Pastor Lepoids, and nearly 800 persons were present, including many Roman Catholics. In the evening Pastor Robinson preached. On Monday afternoon an English meeting was held, under the presidency of the Rev. T. Baron Hart, and addresses were given by Dr. Underhill, Rev. Mr. Pearce, Pastors Dez and Cadot, and Messrs. James Benham and Larkey. In the evening there was a service, at which three men and three women were baptized. Large numbers were present, and eager curiosity was shown to witness the rite so new to many. The final service took place on Tuesday evening, under the presidency of Mr. James Benham, of London, and was a mixed one—English and French. Amongst the speakers were the Revs. T. W.

Handford, of Bloomsbury, T. Baron Hart, and E. H. Jackson; Messrs. Noel (nephew of the late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel), Martin, Wilkin, and the chairman. The exact address of the chapel is No. 48, Rue de Lille, close to the Rue de Bac. It may be reached in five minutes from the Rue de Rivoli, through the Tuileries' Gardens, and across the Pont Royal.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon took part, on the 30th of September, in the opening services of the new East-street Chapel, St. Neot's, Hunts. At one o'clock he opened a bazaar, and at three o'clock, and again in the evening, he preached in the Wesleyan chapel to overflowing congregations. Tea was provided in the Corn Exchange, of which about 600 partook. The proceeds of the day, including collections, tea, and bazaar, amounted to £136 8s. On Sabbath last two sermons were preached in the new chapel by Rev. G. Rogers. The total cost of the building will be about £950, of which sum £730 has been raised, and Mr. Spurgeon, beside giving a donation of £50, has further promised ten per cent. upon all monies raised. Mr. J. Raymond is the minister of the church.

A new chapel was opened in the pleasant village of Sutton, Surrey, on the 17th of September. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Brock, and in the evening there was a public meeting, presided over by J. P. Bacon, Esq., and addressed successively by the Revs. S. H. Booth, C. Kirtland, W. A. Essory, A. Mursell, J. A. Spurgeon, and the pastor, the Rev. J. M. Bergin. From the statement given by Mr. B. Colls, it appears that the total cost of land, including the site for a much larger chapel, intended hereafter to be erected, would be about £2,250. Out of this amount a sum of about £1,500 had been paid or promised, leaving a balance of £800. The chapel will seat 250 persons.

A small chapel, which has for some time past been closed, was re-opened on Wednesday last, 17th Sept., as a Baptist chapel, in connection with

Stepney Chapel, Lynn. In the afternoon the Rev. A. T. Osborne preached, and in the evening a public meeting was held in a barn, when addresses were given by the Revs. Osborne and Fayers, and Messrs. Kerkham, Baker, Sellick, and Hall.

BATTERSEA.—The opening services of the Livingstone-road Baptist Chapel were held on Wednesday, October 8th, when Mr. Walderson preached in the morning and afternoon. Mrs. H. Clark laid a memorial stone of the opening day in the afternoon. At five o'clock a tea-meeting was held. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. C. Wilson. Addresses were given by Mr. Alderson, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Cornwall, Mr. Kevan, and Mr. Mitchell. The collecting-cards and the day's collections made up the handsome sum of £94 4s. 2d.

SURBITON CHAPEL.—A social tea and public meeting was held at the temporary meeting place, the Good Templars' Hall, Surbiton Hill, on Thursday evening, 25th Sept., for the purpose of raising funds for the chapel which it is proposed to erect at a cost of £2,000. The particulars were read by Mr. Ealing, which were that a lady (who wishes her name may not transpire), has most generously presented a piece of land in a capital situation for the site of the chapel, and when we state that the movement has the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, it will seem hard indeed if the promoters of it, with their own energy and earnestness, do not go on and prosper. After tea, which was exceedingly well patronized, the building was crowded to hear the speeches that were set down to follow. H. Bidgood, Esq., took the chair, and was supported on the platform by Rev. H. Bayby, J. E. Ferrin, W. W. Robinson, D. Honour, J. W. Thomas, and G. D. Cox, of Pastor's College, Newington, most of whom took part in the meeting. A collection was then made, at the close of which Mr. Cox announced that there was £2 15s. 4½d. Besides this Mr. T. H. Bryant had given £1, the chairman had that night promised £10,

another friend had sent in a promise of 5s., and another a promise of £5, and to lay the foundation-stone, this making a total of £19 Os. 4½d. Mr. Cox added that he thought they might manage to "stretch it to £20." In point of fact Mr. Cox was able to announce at the close of the meeting that a total of £26 5s. 4½d. had been collected.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARK CHAPEL, BOSTON-ROAD, BRENTFORD.—The new school-rooms will be opened Tuesday, November 11th, by a tea and public meeting. The editor returns his thanks to the friends who have kindly responded to his appeal. £150 is still required to open the building free from debt. Contributions will be thankfully received by Rev. W. A. Blake, The Butts, Brentford.

HARLOW. — THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, POTTER-STREET.—On Monday, Sept. 28th, a social meeting was held in the school-room, the superintendent and teachers of the Sunday-school having invited the mothers of the children to meet them, in order to show their sympathy and interest with each other in the work of spiritual instruction. After the tea, which was provided gratuitously through the kindness of friends, a meeting was held under the presidency of the Rev. J. Billington, minister. Earnest practical addresses were delivered by the indefatigable superintendent, Mr. W. Wilson, the Rev. W. H. Picken, Matching Tye, and other friends. The proceedings of the evening were enlivened by the singing of some cheering Sunday-school pieces.

LONDON: OLD KENT-ROAD.—On Wednesday, October 1st, a tea and public meeting took place on behalf of the building and alteration fund, the chapel being crowded at each meeting. Pastor C. F. Styles occupied the chair, and announced during the evening that they had up to the present received about £30 towards the above object. A building committee was then formed, and it was determined that an appeal be made for further help.

LONDON: WESTMINSTER.—The half-yearly meetings in connection with

Romney-street, have just been held. A sermon was preached by Rev. J. T. Wigner, and on the Tuesday, after tea (which was given by the ladies), a public meeting took place. Addresses were given by Dr. Battye, chairman, and Revs. V. J. Charlesworth, J. V. Davis, B.A., G. Hearson, and J. S. Morris, the pastor.

MARYPORT.—The anniversary services of the Baptist Chapel have just closed. Three sermons were preached on Sunday, October 5, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, and on the Tuesday a tea festival was held, when about 200 sat down. A public meeting followed in the chapel, and was addressed by the Revs. J. Cochrane, Fletcher, Adcock, Craig, and Saul. Mr. Kirkbride took the chair. The proceeds, including donations, will enable the deacons to liquidate £40 of the debt incurred in the recent alterations.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting was held at Battersea Chapel, York-road, the Rev. J. M. Soule's, on Tuesday, October 7th. There was the usual devotional service in the morning at eleven o'clock, conducted by the president, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, when the Rev. J. Dunlop, of New Barnet, read an interesting paper on "The Pastor in the Pulpit." In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the pastors and delegates met for business. J. Harvey, Esq., gave an address on "Deacons and Delegates in their relation to the Churches and to the Work of the Association." The most noticeable feature of the proceedings was the presentation, by the Rev. Dr. Landels, on behalf of the association, of a memorial to the retiring hon. secretary, the Rev. S. H. Booth, of which the following is the substance:—"It is with unfeigned and deep regret that we have received your letter informing us of your intention to withdraw on account of the state of your health from the secretaryship of the London Baptist Association. While the reason of your retirement leaves us no alternative but to accept your resignation, we cannot do so without assuring you of our high appreciation of your most kind and

valuable services, the efficiency of which has only been equalled by the cordiality with which they have been rendered. For the work you have done so ably and cheerfully, although at so much cost to yourself, the Association owes you a deep and lasting debt of gratitude, and the kindness of your spirit, the uniform courtesy and urbanity of your manner, combined with your Christian fidelity, have endeared you to us all." The Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., 22, Alpha-road, N.W., was elected secretary *pro tem*. In the evening, at seven o'clock, a public meeting was held, the vice-president, the Rev. D. Jones, taking the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, the president, F. Tucker, B.A., and G. D. Evans.

MR. SPURGEON'S COLLEGE.—On Tuesday, October 13th, the first stone was laid. The proceedings commenced at seven o'clock in the morning with a prayer meeting, and Mr. Spurgeon remained in attendance during the day receiving subscriptions. The ceremonial laying of the stone commenced at four o'clock, on a triangular piece of ground immediately in the rear of the Tabernacle, upon which the proposed college is to stand. Two-thirds of the sum necessary for the building have already been subscribed—a lady having given £3,000 for a hall, to serve as a memorial of her late husband, and another friend £1,000. The students of the college have hitherto been educated in the rooms under the Tabernacle, but the rise of high buildings everywhere around has made them so dark as to require gas-light in the daytime, besides which the demands of the schools and meetings have rendered the erection of a separate building absolutely necessary. At four o'clock the whole of the open space upon which the building is to be erected was densely crowded, and at the upper end had been placed the usual apparatus for laying a "first stone." On the platform stood Mr. Spurgeon, surrounded by the elders of his congregation; in front was the dense and attentive crowd, and from every aperture of the

unfinished building now rising all round the Tabernacle, human heads could be seen peering out and evincing the greatest interest in the proceedings. After a prayer by Rev. J. Spurgeon, Mr. Spurgeon took the trowel in hand, but, previous to using it for masonic purpose, he craved the attention of the auditory for a few moments. He had, he said, been favoured with many happy days, but never with one so happy as that upon which they were then assembled. From seven o'clock in the morning he had been engaged receiving subscriptions for the new college, and so active had been the sympathy of his visitors that he believed every one of them would have incurred the whole charge of the building had his or her ability been equal to their will. Mr. Spurgeon proceeded to deposit the coins and newspapers in the cavity in which the stone was to rest, and the stone having been touched by Mr. Spurgeon's trowel, was slowly lowered into its place. The proceedings terminated with a hymn, and the people all adjourned to the Tabernacle for a tea meeting, to be held in promotion of the building of the college.

BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—The autumnal session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland commenced on October 14th, at Nottingham. A preliminary service took place in the Derby-road Chapel; Rev. J. Clifford was the preacher. A missionary conference was held in Broad-street Chapel, under the presidency of Alderman Vickers, of Nottingham. A paper was read by the Rev. C. B. Lewis, and a valedictory address was delivered by Dr. Culross, of Highbury, to Messrs. G. Pearce, A. McKenna, and H. Pestonji, three missionaries who are about to return to India. In the evening there was a public missionary meeting in the hall of the Mechanics' Institution, when the chair was occupied by Alderman Barran, of Leeds; and Dr. Broek, of London, Revs. J. C. Page and W. Sampson, from India, and Rev. E. C. Pike, of Birmingham, were the speakers. On the 15th, the session was

held in Stoney-street Chapel, when Mr. E. B. Underhill, LL.D., the president, delivered an address, followed by a paper on "Sunday School Education," by Rev. R. Evans, of Burnley. After a resolution was moved by Dr. Green, of Rawdon College, the "Report of the Educational Board" was presented by the Rev. S. Green, of London. In the evening a public meeting, presided over by Mr. J. S. Wright, of Birmingham, was held in the Mechanics' Hall, when Dr. Landels delivered an address on "The Evils of Ritualism;" Rev. C. Williams spoke on "The State Church," and Rev. Hugh S. Brown on "The American Churches." On Thursday, the second session of the Union was held in George-street Chapel, when Revs. G. Short, T. Goadby, D. Macgregor, and Dr. Price were the speakers, the subjects being "The Increase of Spiritual Life in the Churches," "The Spiritual Condition of the Masses," and "The Duty of the Churches with regard to Ritualism and Scepticism." An evening meeting was held in the Mechanics' Large Hall, which was again crowded. Mr. J. P. Bacon, London, presided, and addresses on "The Deepening of the Spiritual Life" were delivered by the Revs. W. Walters, W. T. Roscovear, T. C. Page, and R. P. Macmaster. On Friday morning, the Mayor of Nottingham, Mr. W. Foster, entertained the delegates at breakfast.

CLANFIELD.—Very interesting harvest thanksgiving services were held here on Thursday, October 2nd. The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, preached two sermons. Over three hundred persons sat down to a free tea between the services, which were held in a large shed, which had been very tastefully decorated with wheat, flowers, and scriptural mottoes for the occasion.

A new Sunday school, and lecture-room in connection with the church, Hook Norton, Oxon, was opened by a bazaar and public meeting on the 23rd of September, by W. Mewburn, Esq., of Wykham-park. The meeting was presided over by H. F. Wilkins, Esq.,

of Chipping Norton. The Rev. R. Bray stated that the outlay would be £300; and £225 had been raised already. The bazaar realized £79, which, with a donation from Mr. Mewburn, will be sufficient to meet the entire cost of the building.

A meeting was held in Penge Tabernacle on the 30th September, in connection with the purchase of the freehold, now happily accomplished, after twelve months' hard work, by the friends. The amount required—£800—has been procured, of which £70 was collected by the pastor. Mr. W. J. Powell presided, and the meeting was addressed by Revs. W. Usher, and J. Collins (pastor), and by Messrs. Clapp, Cayford, and Charlton.

SOUTHSEA.—At St. Paul's-square Chapel, Southsea, a public meeting has just been held on behalf of colportage work in Hampshire. Rev. T. W. Medhurst presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. T. Collier, W. Emery, J. Hunt Cooke, and Mr. Algar, the colporteur employed by the Southern Association of Churches.

OXFORD.—Commercial-road Chapel has recently under gone a thorough renovation. Great improvements have been effected, and new school accommodation has been provided. The friends have just held a bazaar to meet the cost of alterations.

GLASCOED, NEAR PONTYPOOL.—The Chapel, which was much too small to accommodate the increasing congregation, has been recently considerably enlarged and improved. The reopening services were held on Sunday, September 28th, when Rev. J. Lewis, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. W. Morgan in the afternoon. The attendance at each service was large. Upwards of £25 was collected. On Monday, the 29th, a tea-meeting was held. At the subsequent public meeting the chair was taken by E. H. Davies, Esq., and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Richards, J. Lewis, W. Morgan, D. Davis, and the pastor, J. Tucker.

The opening services of the new

school-room at Castle-street Chapel, Calne, were held on Tuesday, September 30th. In the afternoon, a sermon was preached by G. T. Edgley, and in the evening there was a large congregation to hear Rev. C. J. Bird, M.A., late of West Fordington, Dorchester, where he was vicar. The building was opened free from debt. The old school-room is now fitted with folding partitions, which divide the room into separate spaces, isolating the classes from each other, and aiding the work of the teachers by lessening the noise and the consequent distraction.

FAKENHAM, NORFOLK.—The Thirty-second Annual Service of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His special goodness during the harvest was held on Wednesday, September 10th. The tea was attended by 230 persons; this number was largely increased at the evening meeting, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. Freeman Goshawk, Sharpley, Bell, and Keemish. The pastor, the Rev. J. K. Chappelle, presided. The choir, under the superintendence of Miss Roberts, rendered efficient service. This was considered the most successful meeting of the kind ever held in the place.

BESSEMS' GREEN.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services. Two sermons were preached on Sunday, October 12th, 1878, by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. On Monday, the 13th, the Rev. W. Mummery, of Eynsford, preached; at five o'clock a public tea was provided, followed by a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Aldis, W. Mummery, F. M. Cockerton, S. Constable, J. Jackson, C. Pollard, and the pastor, W. H. Tredray. J. M. Reynolds, Esq., presided.

BAPTISMS.

Aquilon, Falmouth—September 21, Two, by J. Jones.

Ashford, Kent.—October 2, at the Assembly Rooms, Four, by William Clark.

- Barrow-in-Furness*.—Oct. 21, One, by H. D. Brown, at Dalton Chapel.
- Birmingham*.—October 1, Seven, at the Circus Chapel, Bradford-street (kindly lent for the occasion), by S. W. Martin.
- Blaenavon*.—Sept. 28, at the English Chapel, Twenty-two, by W. Bees.
- Bowden, Cheshire*.—Sept. 24, at the Downs Chapel, One, and on Sept. 28, Three, by H. J. Betts.
- Branderburgh, N.B.*—Sept. 21, Five, by George Whittles; One, by George Whittet.
- Bridgend*.—Oct. 5, at Hope Chapel, Fourteen, by T. Cola.
- Bristol*.—Oct. 2, at Thursell-street Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), for the temporary chapel, Air Balloon-hill, St. George, Gloucestershire, Five, by W. Poole.
- Buckland Newton, Dorset*.—Oct. 5, Five, by John Davis.
- Bures, St. Mary*.—Sept. 21, Three, by J. Kemp.
- Burslem and Newcastle*.—Aug. 31, One; Sept. 14th, One; Oct. 12, Two, by Henry C. Field.
- Bury St. Edmunds*.—October 2, One, by M. S. Radley.
- Bushey New Town, Herts.*—Sept. 28, Two, by W. H. Rolls.
- Caerwent*.—Oct. 8, One, by W. R. Saunders.
- Carmarthen*.—Oct. 5, at the English Church, Two, by Evan Thomas.
- Carmel, Sirhowy*.—Oct. 5, One, by Robert Roberts.
- Chalford, Gloucestershire*.—Oct. 5, Five, at Chalford Coppice, by D. R. Morgan.
- Chester, Hamilton-place*.—Sept. 30, Two, by P. Price.
- Cloughfold, Lancashire*.—Sept. 26, Two, by A. J. Parry.
- Coalville*.—Oct. 5, Seven, by C. T. Johnson.
- Deal*.—Oct. 1, at Zion Chapel, Three, by N. Dobson.
- Derby, Agard-street*.—Oct. 12, Two, by H. A. Blount.
- Derby, St. Mary's Gate*.—Oct. 8, Seventeen, by Joseph Wilshire.
- Derbyshire, Clay-Cross*.—Oct. 7, Three, by W. Crick.
- Dowlais, Caersalem Baptist Chapel*.—Oct. 5, Fourteen (almost all from the Sunday-school), by Edward Evans.
- Downham Market*.—Oct. 12, Four, by John Wilson.
- Dublin*.—Sept. 14, at the Baptist Church, Lower Abbey-street, Three, by D. E. Evans.
- Edinburgh*.—Sept. 21, at Duncan-street-Chapel, One, by John McLellan.
- Godmanchester, Hunts*.—Oct. 3, Three, by E. B. Shepherd.
- Goetre, Pontypool*.—Sept. 28, Two, by S. Jones.
- Hirwain, Ramoth*.—Oct. 7, Three, by E. Evans.
- Jersey*.—Oct. 1, at Grove-street Chapel, St. Helder's, One, by G. Hider.
- Knighton, Radnorshire*.—Oct. 12, Twenty-three by J. Gay and J. Williams.
- Landport, Lake-road, Portsmouth*.—Sept. 29, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Leads*.—Oct. 2, at South Parade Chapel, Three, by T. Adey.
- Leighton Buzzard, Beds*.—Oct. 1, at Hockliffe-road Chapel, Six, by J. C. Wells (all from the Sunday-school—four scholars and two teachers).
- Lincoln*.—Oct. 1, at St. Benedict's-square Chapel, Four, by E. Compton.
- Liverpool*.—Sept. 28, at Soho-street Chapel, Four, by Eli E. Walter.
- Lochgilphhead*.—Sept. 24, One, by George A. Young.
- Louth, Northgate*.—Sept. 30, Five, by G. Parkes.
- Maldon, Essex*.—Sept. 21, Two, by J. Stockdale.
- Metropolitan District—*
East London Tabernacle.—Oct. 2, Eighteen, by A. G. Brown.
Enfield Highway, N.—Oct. 5, at Totteridge-road Chapel, Six, by J. Manning.
Lower Norwood, Surrey.—Sept. 24, at Gipsy-hill Chapel, Three, by George Pung.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Sept. 29, Fifteen, by J. T. Wigner; Oct. 2, Fourteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.
St. John's Wood.—Sept. 18, 6, at Abbey-road Chapel, by W. Stott.
- Minchinhampton*.—Oct. 1, One; Oct. 2, Four, by H. A. James (one of the candidates being his mother).
- Morley*.—Oct. 1, Three, by J. Wolfenden.
- Moss Side*.—Oct. 12, Four, by A. Chenery.
- Nantwich*.—Sept. 21, Two, by R. P. Cook.
- Nantyglo*.—Sept. 23, at the English Chapel, Three, by J. Berryman.
- Neath, English Church*.—Sept. 28, Two; Oct. 5, Two, by A. F. Mills.
- New Barnet*.—Sept. 28, Four, by J. Dunlop.
- Neyland*.—Sept. 21, One, by M. H. Jones.
- Newport, Monmouthshire*.—Sept. 24, at the Albert Hall, One, by J. P. Thomas.
- Ogden, near Rochdale*.—Sept. 28, Four, by A. E. Greening.
- Orkney Isles: Eday*.—Sept. 14, One. *Westray*.—Sept. 21, Two, by George Macdonald.
- Penarth*.—Sept. 21, at the English Chapel, Two, by B. Thomas.
- Penzance*.—Sept. 8, at Clarence-street Chapel, Four; Oct. 1, Eight, by Isaiah Birt, B.A.
- Portsmouth, Southsea*.—Oct. 5, Two, by James Eames.

Preston.—Sept. 21, at the Pole-street Chapel, Seventeen, by Joseph Harvey, of Bury (the number embraced one teacher and thirteen scholars from the Sunday-school).

Quorndon.—Oct. 5, Four, by W. J. Staynes.

Ramsay, Huntingdonshire.—Oct. 3, Three, by S. H. Firks.

Reading, Providence Chapel.—Oct. 5, Two, by W. F. Edgerton.

Reading.—Sept. 28, at King's-road Chapel, Sixteen, by W. Anderson.

Rickmansworth.—Sept. 28, Two, by A. Greer.

Salford.—Sept. 28, at Great George-street, Seven, by D. Rhys Jenkins.

Studley, Warwickshire.—Sept. 23, One (from the Sunday-school), by Wm. Piggott.

Stakeley, Hunts.—Oct. 3, Three, by E. B. Shepherd.

Swansea.—Oct. 1, at the Mount Pleasant Chapel, Seven, by J. Owen.

Swansea.—Sept. 24, at St. Helen's Chapel, Two, by D. T. Phillips. Sept. 22, at Music Hall Church, Six, by D. Davis.

Toddington, Beds.—Sept. 30, One, by J. W. Genders.

Waltham Abbey, Essex.—Sept. 28, Five, by B. Williamson.

Widcombe, Bath.—Sept. 7, Six, Sept. 17, Two, by J. Huntley.

Wisbeck, Cambridgeshire.—Sept. 28, at Ely-place Church, Nine, by W. E. Winks.

York.—Sept. 28, Eight, and Sept. 30, Nine, at Priory-street Chapel, by F. B. Meyer, B.A.

RECENT DEATHS.

The death is recorded of the Rev. W. C. Ibberson, at Culworth, near Banbury, in the sixty-second year of his age. Mr. Ibberson commenced his ministry in 1848 at Emsworth, a village in Hampshire, and in 1854 became a pastor of the Baptist church, Weston-by-Weedon, in Northamptonshire. Two years after, through failing health, he resigned the pastorate, and since then has only been able to preach occasionally in and around the village where he has died.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 20th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A. Friend, Scotland	20 0 0	Mrs. Taylor	0 1 4	Mrs. Dodwell	0 10 0
H. E. G.	11 0 0	A Friend	2 0 0	A Friend, Cambridge	0 5 0
Mr. G. Kingierlee ...	0 10 0	Mr. D. Macpherson	0 7 0	Mrs. Bickmore	20 0 0
A Sermon Reader,		D 56599	5 0 0	Sale of Jewellery ...	1 10 0
Northampton	0 2 6	The Misses Drans-		A Friend from Suf-	
Dr. Simpson	10 0 6	field	4 4 0	folk	5 0 0
Miss Leigh	0 5 0	Mr. T. Kennard ...	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Pledge	1 10 0
Mr. W. Jones	0 10 0	Mrs. Matthews ...	0 10 0	A Sermon Reader ...	0 10 0
W. Tregare	0 10 0	Mrs. Varley	2 2 0	Mr. Grant	1 0 0
Mr. John Leo	2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Thos.		Mr. J. Porteus	1 0 0
Per Mr. J. T. Dunn:—		C. Page	4 0 0	Mr. Clark	20 0 0
Miss Ling 0 5 0		Mrs. Rathbone Tay-		The Misses Clark ...	5 0 0
Mr. Savory 0 1 0		lor	2 10 0	John Ploughman ...	0 7 6
	0 6 0	Mrs. Evans	0 10 0	Weekly Offerings at	
A Friend, per Mr.		Mr. W. Thomas ...	0 12 6	Metropolitan Ta-	
Simpson, Annsan ...	5 0 6	Mr. H. Thompson ...	10 0 0	bernacle—Sept. 21	16 14 2
Mr. James Richards	0 6 6	Mr. Gardiner	1 6 0	" " " "	28 40 0 3
A Widow	0 10 0	Mr. B. Venables ...	8 3 0	" " " "	Oct. 5 32 2 3
J. G. P.	0 5 0	Miss Maxwell	0 10 0	" " " "	" 12 30 2 9
Mr. W. J. Wilkes ...	5 0 0	Mr. W. Staple	0 10 0	" " " "	" 19 60 4 6
A Widow's Thank-		A Friend in Africa,			
offering, A. K.	5 0 0	per Rev. G. Rogers	5 0 0		
Mrs. Panaluna	1 0 0				
					£340 16 9

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I have a message from God unto thee."—Judges iii. 20.

CAN there be a person here present to whom God has never sent a message? Possibly the question may startle you. The very thought of the great invisible God sending such a message seems to you strange and unlikely. To me it is far more surprising that any one should imagine He has never done so. Is He your Creator? And has He who made you launched you forth on the tempestuous sea of life to drift in solitude without compass or guide? We know that He has made you immortal, and is it possible that during that short life which is a preface to eternity, upon which that never-ending period depends—is it possible that He has left you without any sort of communication? Does it seem likely? You call Him "Father," because He is the author of your being; can He be your Father and yet have no concern for your well-being; never have spoken to you; never have sent a message from His great throne to your hearts? How improbable this sounds. Is not the question open to another solution? The truth of the matter, methinks, is that you have been deaf to God's messages; He has often desired to correspond with you, nay, He has sent some communications to you, but you have resented and rejected them? Is it not likely that He has often spoken when you have not heard, and that He has drawn near to you, and called to you when you would not listen to Him? I think, from the analogy of nature, this looks like a correct statement of the case. It cannot be that God has left the world; it must be that the world has left God. It is not possible that God has ceased to speak to the soul. Surely the soul has ceased to hearken to God; to acknowledge His messages; or to reply to them. I believe, my dear hearers, and I especially address my remarks this evening to those of you who have not yet received Christ by faith and love into your hearts—I believe that the most of you, although still without God and without Christ, have had many messages from Him. Let me remind you of some of them. Then, let me admonish you that the Gospel itself is a distinct and direct message to you. And finally, let us occupy a few minutes in endeavouring to consider how we ought to treat that message.

I.—That you have not been without messages from God, I am quite sure.

This Bible is in the house of every Englishman. You can scarcely find a cot so poor that it does not now contain a copy of the Word of God. If your Bible could speak to you,—or rather, if you would listen to what it does say to you,—you would hear in the chamber where that Bible lies, the words, "I have a message from God for thee." Do but open it; look down its pages; let your eye glance along its sacred verses, and I think it would not be long before it would have communion with your spirit, and this would be its voice, "I have a message from God for thee." Sure I am that each one of you would read some verse that is personally applicable to yourself, perhaps more applicable to you than to any other man. There is some one special

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nook in Scripture which was prepared specially for you; there is an arrow there that was intended for your heart; some oil and wine fitted to assuage your pain and heal your wounds. Whether your case be that of carelessness or of despondency that Book says, "I have a message from God for thee." Shall I chide the indifference which neglects the Book? Shall I rebuke the levity which had rather turn to any novel, or to any frivolous magazine, than to this momentous volume, which appeals to you as with the voice of God? Scarcely need I do so. Each man must be conscious that it is the height of guilt to alight the King's proclamation, and pursue the common and ordinary things of every-day life as if no Royal mandate had been issued. How much more when it is the voice of Him that speaketh from heaven! Your unread Bibles shall rise up in judgment to condemn you. Attempt to alight from the railway car while the train is in motion you are liable to a penalty of forty shillings. Do not say you are ignorant of the law. It was posted in the carriage that conveyed you. The angel of Time might surely write with his finger upon the dust of your Bibles the sentence of your condemnation. Beware, ye who refuse to listen to Moses and the Prophets. If ye will not hear them, ye would not be converted though one should rise from the dead and admonish you of your peril.

Other messengers you have had. Some of them have come to you in golden type; their words have been sweet as honey. I should call them a bountiful Providence. I know not what you would call them. Perhaps a vein of luck. Have you been favoured with success in business? A prosperous wind has filled your sails. In your families you have had welcome mercies. Children have been given you. Those children have been restored from beds of sickness when your heart has been sick with anxiety. In your own health of body you have not been strangers to God's choice favours. Moreover, you have had times of gladness and of merry-making. Your hearts have held their festivals; the streets of Mansoul were illuminated, the houses decked with fair colours, and the streets of your mind strewn with flowers. On those days did not these mercies seem to say, as they came trooping along down the streets of your soul, "We have a message from the Lord for thee?" Oh, if you would but listen, each one of these parental gifts would have said, "My son, give me thy heart." Surely such mercies should have been like the bonds of love and the cords of a man to have drawn you. Ought not the kindness and compassion extended to you in Providence to have led you to say, "How can I grieve such a God? How can I provoke Him to anger? Does He not deal with me generously, and lavish His treasures at my feet? How shall I forget him? I will celebrate His favour with sacrifices of thanksgiving; I will bind my offerings to the horns of the altar."

Other messengers have come to you draped in black; their garments have been rent, sack-cloth has been about their loins, and ashes on their heads. They have spoken in hoarse notes, but solemn tones, and though they have not led you to repentance, their admonitions have stilled your pulse, chilled your blood, and constrained you to pause and think. That sickness—fever, or ague, cholera, or diphtheria—which prostrated your strength, disqualified you for your daily labour, or your ordinary business, and summoned you in the quiet of your chamber to look back upon the past and look forward to the future. Can you forget the season when life trembled in the scale, and the physician knew not which way it would turn;

that hour, that silent hour, when they trod the room with gentle footsteps, and the nurse closed not her eyes through all the still hours of the night; then the noisy watch uttered the only sound that broke the silence of that room. Do you not remember it? Those diseases that laid hold of your vitals said, "We have a message from God for thee." And some of you have escaped from manifold perils by sea and by land, from shipwreck and from fire; you have been preserved in accidents and catastrophes in which others have died. All these strange, these terrible things, spoke to you in righteousness when you were careless and unconcerned; they had a message from God for you. Oh, deaf ears that will not listen when God speaks to you in such solemn tones, and strikes you while He speaks that He may compel you to listen!

Another dark messenger has come to you. Death has bereaved you of friends and comrades. Those with whom you were most familiar have been suddenly called away. Have you not been startled by the news that a neighbour or acquaintance with whom you chatted a day or two ago is dead? "Dead!" you said. "Why he was in my shop only a few days ago! Dead! Why he seemed to be in good health, strong in body, vigorous in mind, full of plans and projects; I should have thought of any man being dead sooner than he!" Do not you recollect the time when you heard the bell toll for a near relative, and when you stood over the open grave? Ah, then, when the dust fell upon the coffin-lid, and the words were uttered, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," each of those thundering morsels said, "I have a message from God for thee." Walk the cemetery, and, while every grave tells of our common mortality, how some graves speak to us of the precarious tenure by which our frail life is held. In all, what a warning-message we may hear. Turn over the list of the friends of your youth, the companions of your hale manhood, and you who have grown grey, call to remembrance the names of those old acquaintances of yours who have passed from this land of shadows to the bar of God; let the ghosts of the departed start up before you and pass in solemn procession before your eyes; then, let each one say, with all the pathos of their final exit, "I have a message from God for thee." Among them all is there one who learned aught of vice or scoffing from you, young man? Is there a soul among the lost that you first led astray? Man, you who have blasphemed, are there some now ruing their bitter doom whose ruin you helped to precipitate? Oh, thou base deceiver, are there those whom thou didst delude? Are there those whom thou didst ensnare who have gone their way before thee to feel the terrible remorse, and are waiting for the grim time when they shall look on thee with eyes of fire, and curse thee because thou didst lure them on to their eternal destruction? Those ghosts, of all others, must be the most startling, and their fingers of fire must point the most fearfully, and make one feel that they have indeed a message from God to us from the place of torment. Let the remembrance of them make you pause and think and turn from your sins to the living and true God.

But though these messages have too often been unheard, the Lord, who desireth not the death of a sinner, hath sent to us by other and equally useful messengers. Oh! in what kind ways has He been pleased to select the persons who should bring the tidings to us. The first messenger that some of us had was that fond woman, upon whose breast in infancy we hung. We should never breathe the word "mother" without grateful

emotions. How can we forget that tearful eye when she warned us to escape from the wrath to come. We thought her lips right eloquent; others might not think so, but they certainly were eloquent to us. How can we ever forget when she bowed her knee, and with her arms about our neck, prayed for us: "Oh! that my son might live before Thee." Nor can her frown be effaced from our memory, that solemn, loving frown when she rebuked our budding iniquities; and her smiles have never faded from our recollection, the beaming of her countenance when she rejoiced to see some good thing in us towards the Lord God of Israel. Mothers often become potent messengers from God, and I think each Christian mother should ask herself in secret whether the Lord hath not a message to give through her to her sons and to her daughters. And did you despise that messenger? Had you the hardihood to reject God when He spoke in this way, when He selected one so near and so dear, who could speak so well, and could talk to that tender instinct, which respects and hallows a mother's love? Could it be? Ah! thus it has been up till now with some of you. God has spoken with other messengers to you. Was it your sister? Did she not write a note to you, because her timidity would scarcely let her speak? Or perhaps it was a friend. It may have been that young man you ridiculed and called fanatical; but you know how soon you shook off the impressions which those pointed remarks of his seemed to make upon you at the time. Or possibly it was a tract that met your eyes; or a book like Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, or Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted*, or Alleine's *Alarm*. Through these printed appeals God spoke to you. Yet, again, it might have been through some preacher of the Gospel. God's ministers have been God's messengers to many thousands of immortal souls. Within this house of prayer, sometimes, there are many who hardly know how to keep their seats when we try to ply the conscience with all the arguments of the truth, and seek to move torpid souls by some of the thunderbolts of the Almighty. Oh, how many men here, have been rebuked and rebuked, times without number, but still they go on in their old sins. Take heed, take heed, men, for if ye refuse God when He speaketh by His servants, and by His Providence, and by your friends, He will one day speak to you by a bony preacher, who will deliver His message so that you must hear Him. You know where my text comes. "Ehud said, I have a message from God for thee." It was a dagger which found its way to Eglon's heart, and he fell dead. So shall death deliver his message to you. "I have a message from God unto thee," He will say, and ere you shall have time to answer you shall find that this was the message: "Because I the Lord will do this, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel; Thus saith the Lord, cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Oh! may you hear the other messengers of God before He sends this last most potent one, from whom ye cannot turn away.

II. I have thus sought to refresh your memory, by reminding you of the many warnings you have received. The intent of them all has been to arouse your conscience. But now, in the second place, we admonish you that the Gospel of the grace of God is in itself a message from God to you.

Oh, how passing strange are the reasons, the extraordinary reasons, why many people attend our churches and chapels! Some people go merely because everybody else goes. Others go because—well, perhaps it helps their business a bit! Some go when they happen to have fashionable

clothes, in which they like to make an appearance. Ask the large majority of men and women what they go for. Even the best of people, were they to be candid, would tell you that they suppose it is the right thing to do; it is their duty. But how few go with the idea that God will speak to them there, and that the Gospel preached there will be a message from God to their souls!—And, I am afraid, there are some ministers who hardly think that the Gospel is intended to come personally home to the people. They talk as I read of one the other day, who said, that when he preached to sinners he did not like to look the congregation in the face, for fear they should think he meant to be personal; so he looked up at the ventilator, because there was no fear then of any individual catching his eye. Oh! that fear of man has been the ruin of many ministers. They never dared to preach right at the people. We have heard of sermons being preached before this and that honourable company; but preaching sermons before people is not God's way; we must preach sermons at the people, directly to them, to show that it is not the waving of a sword in the air like a juggler's sport, but it is the getting of the sword right into the conscience and the heart. This, I take it, is the true mission of every minister of Christ. It is said of Whitefield, that if you were the farthest away from him in a throng, where you could but hear the sound of his voice, you felt persuaded that he meant to speak to you; and of Rowland Hill it is said, that if you got into Surrey Chapel you could not hide in a corner there, if you did manage to get into a back seat, or were squeezed tight into the windows, you would still feel persuaded that Mr. Hill was addressing you, and that he had singled you out for his expostulations, as though no one else were present. Surely this is the perfection of preaching. Should it not be our aim to find men out, and make them feel that at the present moment they are themselves addressed; that there is a message from God to the soul. Now, my friend, the Gospel is a distinct message directed to you. I know it speaks to your neighbour and tells him that he is fallen. That is for him, not for you to think of. Your portion is that which singles you out and tells you that you were in Adam when he sinned; that you fell in him, and that as the result your nature is corrupt, you are born in sin and prone to commit sin; there is no good thing in your natural disposition; whatever seems good in your own eyes, or the eyes of others, is so tainted by the inherent vice of your own depravity, that it cannot be acceptable in the sight of God. When we preach to sinners, never think that we mean the riff-raff in the streets. The Gospel, which saves a sinner, is a message from God to you. Think of your own sins and the haughtiness of your own heart. I have heard of a woman who affected to believe that she was a sinner, and her minister, convinced that she did not know what she meant, thus exposed her folly. He said to her, "Well, if you are a sinner, of course you have broken God's law; let us read the ten commandments, and see which you have broken." So turning to the decalogue he began to read: "Thou shalt have none other God before me;" "Did you ever break that?" "Oh, no; not that she knew of." He proceeded, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," and so on; "Did you ever break that?" "Never, sir," said she. Then "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." "Oh, dear no; she had been very particular on that point; she did not know that she had ever offended in that respect in her life." "Remember the seventh day to keep it

holy." "Oh," said she, "I never do any work on a Sunday; everybody knows how particular I am about that." "Honour thy father and thy mother." "Yes," she replied, "she had been quite perfect in this matter; you might ask her friends if she had not been." "Thou shalt not kill." "Kill anybody!" She wondered how the minister could ask her that." Of course, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," must be passed without a question. "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Much of a gossip though she was, she protested she never did backbite anybody in all her life. And as to the idea of coveting, well, she might sometimes have wished that she was a little better off, but she never wanted any of anybody else's goods, she only wanted a little more of her own. So it turned out as the minister suspected, that she really was not a sinner at all in her own estimation. It is marvellous how people who indulge in general confessions of sin attempt to exculpate themselves of each and every particular offence. Whatever the indictment is, they plead "Not Guilty." But the condemnation which the Gospel pronounces upon all who have transgressed the law is a message from God to you. Oh! I would have those of you that have not fled to Christ feel and realise the terrors of the law. How stern its precepts! How dreadful its penalties! How Divine its sanctity! And remember it is a message from God to you. Where is the possibility of escape from the justice it metes out, the judgment it pronounces? Methinks I see the fire; the pile of Tophet; the burning wood and the much smoke; the breath of the Lord doth kindle it. Methinks I hear the cry of spirits lost without hope; mark the worm that never dies, and witness the agonies of conscience never appeased, while the remembrance of opportunities haunts them, and the wrath of God stirs the fire that never shall be quenched. Of that appalling spectacle I might speak at length to you, but I will not. Oh, my dear hearers, I would have you remember that this is a message from God to you. As sure as you live, except you repent, the everlasting burning must be your portion for ever. You must make your bed in hell, if you continue in unbelief. Do, I pray you, forget your neighbour for awhile. Think not of anything that is applicable to the person sitting next to you. To you, to your own self is the thunder of God's threatening sent. "If ye repent not ye shall all likewise perish." If ye turn not from the error of your ways, God will not turn from His righteous indignation. Your destruction slumbereth not, though ye be never so drowsy. His wrath will burn like coals of juniper, for ever and for ever it will abide on you.

But the Gospel tells of a substitute. It informs you that Jesus came and suffered in the place of the sinner. It says that He died for those who trust Him. It assures you that whosoever believes on Him shall not perish but have everlasting life. Have you no anxiety that the Gospel should be a message from God to you. It will be of no use to you that Jesus died unless He died for you. If He took your sin and carried your sorrow it is all well, but though He should have died for all mankind except you, by that omission you would perish. We know that He died for believers. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." The vital question is, "Do I believe in Jesus? Have I unfeignedly trusted in Him? Do I depend now upon His finished work? Having no other refuge do I trust in Jesus, sink or swim? Do I commit myself to the tide, relying on His merits, expecting thereby to be borne on safe to the haven of His glory?"

If so, then there is evidence that He died for me. I am free from condemnation, He paid my debts; I am clear from the charges of the law, for He bore my punishment; I am acquitted by His mediation, therefore being justified freely I may go on my way rejoicing. But of what use is the Gospel unless it thus becomes a message from God for me? Oh, the delight, dear friends, of those who recognise the promise of God as a message of love to them! Hundreds of times did I hear the Gospel preached; I heard of pardon, full and free; I heard of a righteousness complete, that wrapped the sinner from head to foot; I heard of full deliverance from the penal sentence of the law; I heard of adoption, of communion with Christ, of the sanctification which [the Spirit gives, but what were all these privileges to me when I had no interest in them. It was as though one should take up the title-deed of an estate and begin reading it in a social party by way of interesting them. What more dull—what more heavy reading? How the words are multiplied! How those lawyers do seek to say the same thing over twenty times, till no flesh living can endure them. Ah! but, my friend, if that title deed refers to an estate which has been bequeathed to you, all those words delight you; their repetition seems to clench your title. You like to have the thing made out in proper legal form. Your eyes sparkle over that little sketch in the corner. You take notice of the stamps, and you are specially taken up with the signatures. Matters that would be of no interest at all under other circumstances seem to be exceedingly precious to you viewed in the light of your heirship. It is just so with regard to the Word of God. When we come to read the Book and know that it confers blessings on us, our joy is full to overflowing. To us the message is sent. By us the message is received. The complete salvation it announces is ours. We are wholly saved from every peril, through Jesus' blood. We are delivered from sin. We are endowed with a righteousness, not of our own performing, but of His imputing. Thereby we are adorned—

“With the Saviour's garments on
Holy as the Holy One.”

With what ineffable joy does this message from God make glad our spirit!

Be sure of this, my friends, let our case be what it may, the Gospel preached is a message from God to our souls. The hypocrite cannot long attend upon the means of grace without finding that its doctrines are very heart-searching. They pierce his thoughts; they hold a candle up to him, and if he would but look they would expose his desperate condition. The formalists, the men who delight in ceremonies, cannot long frequent God's hallowed courts, where His true ministers proclaim His name without perceiving that there is a message from God to them. The most careless spirit will find in the word a looking-glass held up to his face in which he can see a reflection of himself. There have been divers messages like circulars from God to us, but the Gospel, faithfully preached, is a private and personal communication.

A minister once sent his deacon to attend a certain anniversary service. The discourse turned upon Diotrephes, who loved the pre-eminence. That deacon's character was aptly described. He did not, however, agree with the preacher. He was himself a Diotrephes, though he failed to detect his own portrait; or at least, with apparent indifference, he asked a friend of his if he supposed there were such persons existing as those

who had been described in the discourse? "I cannot think," said he, "who the preacher could have been aiming at?" So his friend said, "Well, I think he must have been intending you and me." No better answer could have been given. I like each hearer to make the application to himself.

But Mrs. Jones thinks sometimes that Mrs. Brown must have felt very queer in one part of the sermon; and Mrs. Brown thinks that if Mrs. Smith had looked at home she must have known that what was said was meant for her, whereas the real truth was that it suited all three of them, and there was something meant for each as well as for all. Take heed to yourselves, my beloved. Be like the young lad, who when he was asked why he attended so earnestly, said, "Because I am in hopes that one of these days the truth I hear will be blessed to my own salvation."

Brethren, if you were thirsty you would not stand by the rippling brook and think how it flowed on to the river, and the river onward to the sea. You would not let your meditations be wandering to the meadows which it made verdant, or the mills which it turned, or the cities which employed it in mercantile industry. No, you would just stoop down and drink, and then meditate on those grand uses it served afterwards. When there is a cry for bread in the streets it is of no use telling the people that there is a large stock of corn in the Baltic, and that there has been a fine crop of wheat in the United States. Each man wants bread in his own hands, and bread in his own mouth. It is amazing how personal people become when the thing has anything to do with money. I never knew a man short of cash who was relieved by the intelligence that there were millions of bullion in the Bank. A little in his pocket cheered him more than the much that had accumulated at the fountain head. How is it that people are not personal with religion? Why are they not looking to get every man a full share in the capital it represents? How is it they do not turn every thing that comes in their way to good account when the Gospel is preached? Why, when tidings are published, do they not say, "Lord, is this a message from God to me?"

III. Now to close, my last point is this—If there be such a message as this from God to us, how should we treat it?

Let the minister entertain this question. He ought to deliver it very earnestly. God's message is not to be preached with marble lips; it must not drop from an ivory tongue. It ought to be spoken very affectionately. God's message is not to be announced unkindly. Not that the kindling of human passion should stir us. Rather let the Divine flame of God-like affection burn within our souls. It should be proclaimed very boldly. It is not for the minister of God to smooth the stones, or pare down any of the angles of the Gospel. He should be tender as a lamb, but yet bold as a lion. It is as much as his soul is worth to keep back a single word. He may have to answer for the blood of souls if he trims in the slightest particular. The withholding of any part of a discourse which should have been delivered, should he refrain himself lest he offend any one, may bring down upon him a condemnation that he knows not how to escape, and he may have throughout eternity to bewail that he had God's message and did not deliver it. I always feel quite easy in my own conscience if I have preached what I believe to be the truth. If you send a servant to the door you give him a message. If the person at the door should be angry, the

servant would say, "It is of no use being angry with me; you must be angry with my master, for I have given you the message just as he gave it to me." And if they should be angry with him, he would say, "I would much rather that the stranger at the door should be angry with me for telling the message than that my master should be angry with me for keeping it back, for to my own master I stand or fall." I think the minister of God, if he has preached faithfully, may say, "Well, I have delivered only what my Master told me; if you are angry with me you must remember that you ought to be angry with my Master, for it was my Master's message, and it is better for you to be angry with me than for my Master to be angry with me." Baxter said, "I never rebuke myself for not having used fine flowery language when I am preaching, but I have rebuked myself full often for want of earnestness in what I have delivered." So we each of us must humble ourselves before the Lord on account of our coldness in this matter. Yet we must not handle the Lord's message deceitfully, but go on boldly to deliver the message which God has given us, remembering that we only have to give an account to Him. There lives not a man under the cope of heaven that should be so free from the fear of his fellow-creatures as God's minister. To him, prince or peasant, peer or beggar must be alike. To him kings have no crowns, and queens no thrones. He speaks to men as men, going into all the world and preaching the Gospel to every creature, and being God's ambassador to men, he must go right on and speak as he gets utterances from his Lord.

Yes, but if this be God's message the minister has not only to think how he should treat it, but you have to think how you should treat it, and I have to ask those who are unconverted what they mean to do with it. What do you mean to do with God's message? Of all the bad things to do, do not do this one—do not say, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee." Do not say that. Better to say—"I despise the message, and I will not obey it." Talk not like the procrastinators, for procrastinators are the most hardened of men. To promise they will do it quiets men's consciences, whereas, if they deliberately said, "I will not," perhaps conscience might be aroused, and they might be led to do it. No, say either the one thing or the other. If it were possible for you to meet an angel on your way home—the thing will not occur—but if you could meet an angel, and he should stop you, and should say, "Now, man, not a step further until you have given me an answer; God commands you to believe in Jesus Christ; He tells you to trust Him with your soul; will you or not?" Suppose yourself placed in the same position as King Antiochus. When the Roman ambassador met him and asked him whether it was to be peace or war, he said he must have time to consider. The ambassador with his sword drew a circle in the sand. "Give an answer," he said, "before you move out of that circle, or if you step out of it your answer is war." I think there is such a phase in a man's life, when he must give an answer. I know what that answer will be unless God the Holy Ghost makes you give the right one, but you must give it one way or the other, and if the man saith, "No, I will give no answer," yet if he stop beyond that appointed hour, it is war between him and God for ever, and the sword shall never be sheathed, nor go back into its scabbard. He hath thrown down the gauntlet, by refusing to give a decisive pledge of obedience. The Lord hath declared eternal war against him; peace shall not be made for

ever. Before you go farther, which shall it be? Do you say, "I love my sins; I love the world; I love its pleasures; I love my own righteousness; I will not trust Christ?" That shows your depravity; look at the consequences and tremble! But if from the depths of your soul you say, "God be merciful to me a sinner; I would be saved!" then trust Christ and you are saved now. Believe on Him; believe on Him now, and you are now forgiven. Oh, may the Saviour of His own grace give us your salvation as a seal to our ministry, and to Him shall be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A TOUR FROM LONDON TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1872.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

No. 12. — RETURN BY CHICAGO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, &c., TO LIVERPOOL.

HAVING seen the wonders of the far-famed Yose-mite, I returned by way of Merced, and *via* Lathrop, Sacramento, on the Pacific Rail, with my face towards the East. I spent a Sunday in the Utah territory, in Cache County, with an old Scotch servant, and on the Tuesday reached Ogden, where I stayed all night, and then entered on the long ride to Chicago, which I reached on Saturday afternoon. With our dear Freewill Baptist friends I spent another Sunday, preaching forenoon and evening, and enjoyed the day much. The services were well attended, and several English people came to shake hands, some of whom had only recently arrived in Chicago. I regretted to find that the worthy minister I left here had been compelled to return east, on account of failing health. On Monday afternoon I took the train to Buffalo, where a Freewill Baptist ministerial convocation was to take place on the Wednesday and Thursday. I had the happiness to be the guest of Rev. A. Dick, a warm-hearted Scotchman, and a most kind and hospitable reception I had. Mr. Dick is a man

of great theological knowledge, excellent preacher, successful inventor by which he holds some remunerative patents. His house was a home of great comfort, his amiable wife and daughters contributing much to one's perfect ease and enjoyment. Rev. Mr. Beugless, from Burlington, New Jersey, and his wife, were also his guests, and Brother Landon, from Canada, so we had English, American, and Canadian in our little happy party. The public services were of great interest. Mr. Beugless delivered a most elaborate ecclesiastical discourse. I preached on the Wednesday evening. Public addresses on the extension of Christ's cause at home and abroad were delivered. Several brethren spoke with great efficiency, among whom were Rev. Dr. Ball, of the *Baptist Union Paper*; Rev. President Graham, Mr. Cameron, of New York; and others. To me it was a thoroughly good and profitable season. On the Friday afternoon I left Buffalo for Addison, where a son of one of our beloved Paddington friends, and member of our Church, resided, who had in early life left England, and chosen the United States as his home; and who, by integrity, talent, and persistent effort had obtained a status of considerable eminence. My worthy friend, Mr. E. Johnson, had called upon me in New York, and he who, when a little boy, had resided with

us, now was to be my most worthy and respected host. I seldom have known a more charming happy family than his; and I had the pleasure to preach in the Presbyterian church, where they worshipped, both forenoon and evening on the Lord's-day, and lectured in the same place on temperance, on the Monday evening, to a crowded house. The minister was a man of genuine kindness, and of considerable intellectual power. On the Tuesday forenoon I left for Binghampton and Albany, but the train being several hours late, I had to remain till midnight at Binghampton before I could proceed to Albany. On the platform a gentleman addressed me by name, who turned out to be a rev. brother who had left London to labour in this part of New York State. I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing my friends in Albany by the irregularity of the trains, so just passed on to Springfield, for I resolved to visit the lovely State of Connecticut. On my way I stayed at Hartford on the Wednesday and Thursday, and went down to Middletown to see the Wesleyan University, which did me the honour of conferring D.D. in 1846. A beautiful place is Middletown, and the university buildings, library, &c., worthy of that flourishing denomination. On Friday I left by rail for New York, and had a kind and hearty greeting from my nephew and his wife on my arrival.

The weather, which had been pleasant and cool, became suddenly oppressive again, and on the following Sunday the heat rose nearly to a hundred in the shade, which made three services somewhat exhaustive. I preached in the forenoon for our Freewill Baptist people, addressed a large Sunday-school mission gathering in the afternoon, and then preached for the Episcopal Metho-

dist in Brooklyn in the evening. On the following Thursday I gave a temperance lecture in Dr. Hiscox's church, and this finished my trans-Atlantic labours.

Among the recreative seasons I enjoyed was a pic-nic to a charming bay, where a most delightful day was spent, and in which I saw our good New York friends in all their high enthusiastic jollity and fun and good humour. I had a notice and invitation to their pic-nic again this year, at the same place, but home duties prevented my acceptance of it!

On the Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14th, I took my place in that first-class steamer in which I had gone out, the *Adriatic*, and with quite a number of relatives and friends on board to bid adieu. We steamed out towards the wide Atlantic, with home, church, and friends as powerful attractions for the accomplishment of the return voyage.

As on going out, I had the privilege of preaching on both Sundays we were at sea, and on each occasion had much reason to be gratified with the devout attention paid to the religious services.

Our passage was on the whole favourable, and putting on during the day my "Amynterion" appliances against sea-sickness, I was entirely free from all stomachic disturbances, and reached Liverpool in comfort and good health.

We were just in time to escape the equinoctial gales; for the day after our arrival a series of storms were encountered on this side the Atlantic and in the English Channel, in which several vessels were wrecked. We were landed in Liverpool by about two o'clock on the Tuesday, and the same evening I got into my own home in Paddington, having had nineteen weeks' tour, without any inconvenience or

suffering, and without one failure of any engagement I had made for preaching or lecturing during those many thousands of miles' travel in the United States.

I left the shores of that country with increased admiration for many American institutions, with deepened love to my beloved ministerial friends, and with several new-formed and dear friends, whose memories will be ever most fragrant and refreshing. I sincerely wish our Christian Churches in Britain were as entirely severed from intoxicating drink usages as our Churches in the States are; that we had the same earnest self-denial among our ministers; and that our prayer-meetings could imitate them in their singular earnest, spirited, and most edifying spirit and influence. And, on the other hand, I should rejoice if the American Baptist Churches would allow all their brethren to judge for themselves as to the principles of communion, whether they should be denominational or Christian, and cease to persecute with such intolerant bitterness the best ministers in their association, whose only failings confessedly are, that they adopt the views and follow in the wake of John Bunyan, Robert Hall, Baptist Noel, C. H. Spurgeon, and nine-tenths of all the Baptist ministers of this country. I think a more abiding pastoral relationship would advance the best interests of our Freewill Baptist Churches. I do not think a yearly call is advantageous either to ministers and people; but perhaps I am not well able to judge, having served one congregation for upwards of thirty-eight years.

I had the invitation and offer of all expenses being paid, if I would attend the great gathering of the Evangelical Alliance this year; but, after nineteen weeks' absence in

1872, it would have been rather presumptuous to have sought from my congregation several weeks to cross and re-cross the Atlantic so soon again. But it is my great joy to be constantly receiving the kind epistles of American friends and religious and other journals from New York, Dover, St. Francisco, &c., &c.; and our *Morning Star* and *Baptist Union* I eagerly look for every week. Whether I shall ever see our brethren in the States again or not I cannot tell, but beyond the river the saints of all lands shall meet to part no more.

GROWTH.

WHEREVER there is life there is growth. Throughout nature we see that where growth ceases decay commences. The moment anything desists from growing it begins to die. Man, physically considered, is subject to the operation of this law. If we look to man we see a gradual advance toward maturity: then what is apparently, but only apparently, a brief intermediate period; and then the certain, though perhaps slow, decline.

When we leave the consideration of man's material nature, and look to that which distinguishes and ennobles it, we see something different; we find that he is still, to a certain extent, subject to the same law of growth, while in many respects he transcends it.

Man is subject to the law of growth, mentally, morally, spiritually, as well as physically. But mental, moral, spiritual growth, may be distinguished from physical growth in several particulars. To all physical, material development there is, as we have seen, a positively assigned limit, which cannot be transgressed; and the moment

that limit is reached, decay, decline commences. But to mental, moral, spiritual growth you can assign no such limit. Man contemplates an endless career; he is to grow, his faculties are to expand for ever; he will never have fulfilled his destiny, he will never have reached the end of his course.

Another difference to which we may refer, is this. In our material growth, our physical growth, the process goes on regularly, uninterrupted, apart from any effort which we can or do put forth. We might expect this to be the case with the unconscious plant, the unintelligent animal; it is not less truly the case with ourselves. We grow whether we think of it or not—grow when we are asleep and when we are awake. But in mental and moral growth we must put forth conscious, and, oftentimes, strenuous effort,—we must make diligent use of all appointed and appropriate means. This is equally true of spiritual growth; as some one has wisely, though quaintly said, “No man ever yet became a saint in his sleep.”

Before considering any of the ideas suggested by the analogy of growth, there is another distinction between the growth we are now contemplating, and bodily growth, which needs to be pointed out. In bodily growth there is the assimilation of what is external to ourselves—there is the appropriation of foreign material. The assimilated material becomes part of our bodily structure—is taken into close alliance—but still remains external to our true selves.

“This frame, compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will;
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes,—I call it mine,
not me.

New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains;
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And, from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.”

But it is not so with mental, moral, spiritual growth. We have indeed to assimilate what is external to us, but in such a way that what is assimilated becomes veritably a part of ourselves. Do we gain a new idea? do we become possessed of a new truth? that becomes in some real sense a part of ourselves; it can be wrested from us by no creature power. This may be affirmed yet more emphatically of all moral and spiritual attainments; the issue of all such is the growth, the strengthening of ourselves.

If we turn to God's Word, we shall find many references to moral and spiritual growth, as an imperative duty, and an essential condition of spiritual life; and however inadequately we may discharge the duty, however imperfectly we may realise the condition, there are probably but few of us who would question the force and urgency of the obligation. However slow and inharmonious may be the development of our moral and spiritual natures, we have all of us an abiding and irrepressible conviction *that we ought to grow*. We feel that if we are not growing there is something wrong with us.

It is our constant and sorrowful confession that we have not attained; and when we speak of non-attainment, we do not merely mean that we have not attained to “perfect manhood,”—to “the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,”—but we mean that we have fallen sadly, and terribly short of that which, in the diligent employment

of Divinely appointed means, and prayerful dependence on God's promised help, we might have attained unto. Let us, then, that our sense of responsibility in this matter may be quickened, look at the duty of Christian progress, as exhibited in this passage, under the figure of *growth*.—From the *Mystery of the Burning Bush*. By T. M. MORRIS, Ipswich. London: E. Stock, Pater-noster-row.

THE MANHOOD OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. JAMES EAMES.

"The full corn in the ear."—Mark iv. 28.

THERE is natural progress when the corn seed is cast into the ground. The first thing that presents itself to the eye is the blade or spire, an omen of coming fruit. In due time there is another spectacle in accordance with a well-known law of vegetation—it is the ear. This is not the end. A further scene is presented to our view—the ear is filled with the "full corn in the ear," making it ready for the sickle, and housing in the husbandman's garner. The great end contemplated in sowing is now, by the blessing of God, effected. Hail, farmer! not in vain was labour employed to embed the precious seed, for sowing time is succeeded by reaping time. Truly as it has been said, "The soil is for the seed, the seed for the blade, the blade for the ear, the ear for the corn, and all for man and for God."

"How awful is the thought of the wonders underground,

Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent dark profound!

How each thing is upward tending by necessity decreed,

And the world's support depending on the shooting of a seed."

You will remember that our blessed Lord used this striking and beautiful simile to show the necessity of making spiritual progress in the kingdom of grace. He said, "So is the kingdom of God." We must have time to grow, but grow we must. The acorn does not produce an oak-tree strong enough to "fight the wind," and gain the mastery in a week. Still the acorn is alive, and acts according to the principle that "where there is life, there will be growth." When converted to God, we become "alive from the dead;" no longer do we sleep the awful slumber of spiritual death. By exercising Gospel faith in Jesus Christ, our souls are quickened, and we are made new creatures. And is it not possible for us to rise from the infancy and childhood to its manhood state? Scripture answers in the affirmative. Bear in mind the following passages: "But grow in grace." "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, Godliness; and to Godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Speaking of the people of God, the prophet Hosea says:—"They that dwell under His shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." From the passages quoted, it is wise and safe to believe that the advancement of faith is progressive, and that its maturity is obtainable. To rise from childhood to manhood is natural. To ascend from weak to strong faith, and to go from strength to strength—nothing less ought to satisfy the

believer. One of the Puritans remarks: "That is but a wooden leg that grows not; no more is that any more but a wooden faith, a counterfeit faith, that grows not." The manhood, or higher degree of faith, embraces a great hold on the person and work of Jesus Christ—the yea and the amen promises recorded in the sacred Word and glorious life which God hath engaged to give His people in the land of their rest. In a word, the Christian who has passed a state of transition from youth to adoles-

cence in a spiritual sense, is increasingly anxious to look to the things which are not seen, because they are eternal. And what is the result? A life of inactivity? No. It makes a man diligent in promoting the glory of God, the prosperity of his own soul, the conversion of the unsaved, and the general well being of all. Oh, let us strive, in God's strength, to lay claim to the encomium, "Our faith doth grow exceedingly."

Southsea.

Tales and Sketches.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY THE REV. J. C. WELLS,

Author of "Let other People Alone," "The Emigrants," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

It may be naturally supposed that there had been some explanation between Milly and the merchant prior to her leaving the hospital, and that everything had been satisfactorily arranged. His suspicions had proved correct in this interposition of Providence which bordered on the miraculous, and in which evident tokens of Divine wisdom were apparent. He had found the only child of a long lost and deeply mourned sister. At one of these interviews, Edith had learnt with the utmost astonishment the relationship that existed between them. The mystery of the voice was now cleared up. She had heard it in her childhood, and hence the utterance of Milly on first hearing Edith, and that of the poor old lady who in her dying hour caught the well-remembered family tone.

Milly was still in total ignorance of what had been done by the tenant of No. 6. Of him, she declared she literally knew nothing; having, as she expressed it, always too much sorrow of her own to interest herself in other people's affairs; and believing as she did that he was simply a dealer in old curiosities, she had never for one moment imagined that he could be in any way interested in her family matters.

The merchant could afford no information, and it was decided that as soon as Milly should have recovered strength they should pay the old place a visit. This was anticipated by Charlie's arrival, in fulfilment of the promise made after the funeral. He brought news of the utmost importance; told how, under the striving of the Holy Spirit, the tenant of No. 6 had been led to make the fullest restitution for his wrong; how he had bound him to secrecy, and how he had sold all his effects, and took his departure from England, after entrusting him with a letter, which he delivered to the

merchant, but which he had requested might be kept sealed for a month. How firmly and fully he believed in his conversion by sovereign grace. And so out of all this sorrow God was working good—out of darkness evolving light.

All the joy belonging to conversion is not monopolised by the angels, for though there is joy in their presence at the conversion of a sinner, there is also joy in the hearts of men; and forgetting for a while all other matters, the happy party gave thanks to God for a repentant sinner. For although the letter must remain unopened, sufficient had been revealed in his actions to disclose the villainy and subsequent remorse of the tenant of No. 6.

The month soon passed over, and the contents of the letter necessitated a journey to the house of Old Ben, at Houndsditch, Milly's former master, and, accompanied by the merchant, Milly once more trod the well-known streets, where in her sorrow she had known the pangs of hunger and felt the blows of an adverse position. It was evening, but the star of Jewish commerce had not set. The Hebrews were still doing business. There was a group of characters to be seen in the faint rays of a shop lamp discoursing evidently on a matter of barter. Their graphic attitudes, their nervous ardour, their flashing features, told all the deep philosophy of trade was in full operation, as with nasalized vehemency a little man spoke forth the strong convictions of his soul and stated out the genius of his proofs, his lifted fist and pointed finger giving index to his thoughts.

A taller man, with beard of bushy grey, seemed the chief trader of the three. A man of broad, bold features, commerce living in his very soul, seemed dubious, gave convulsive shivers, and turned away. An-

other came, with eagle eyes, to pierce the pale of conversation, grasping the news. His zeal rewarded, soon he formed debate, and offering assent to what his fellow said, rendered out his opposition loudly. Jews were passing each other quickly, with a smile, a professional nod, or a watchword, crowding into a few short, sharp words, the doings of the day. Jewesses, whose dark, expressive countenances seemed particularly reflective of the excellent beauty of that lovely Sarah whose charms stirred the admiration of the old world, stood at their shop doors, and held intercourse with the next door Naomi, or chatted at length with friendly Rachel. Others held in their arms the little beauties that were to be the bargain driving people of the next half century, and tossed their little Ruths and Solomons; while, further on, a dozen Jew boys were racing about a dark, untidy square, and one who seemed to be a fugitive nearly caused our friends, Milly and the merchant, to stumble, as he, in his eagerness to escape a soleless wellington, reeled against them.

One always feels an indefinable dread and shrinking whenever compelled to pass through the place where the dispersed Hebrews have found a refuge. Is it that the cry "Crucify Him, Crucify Him," is brought to living remembrance, and the awful accompaniments of the crucifixion, the convulsed earth and pallid sun; the scattered people, the mere fragments of a nation bearing on their countenances the prolonged shadow of that guilty day; all, all combine to spread no superstitious cloud, but a thick reverential shada, felt the most by hearts the truest to Emmanuel, Christ the Lord.

Some such thoughts as these were passing through the mind of the merchant as he threaded his way,

guided by Milly, to the house of Old Ben the Jew. They were admitted, and after a long conversation left, bearing with themselves some papers of importance which had been pledged by the tenant of No. 6, and which they now redeemed.

Our limited space precludes the possibility of exposing this nefarious transaction, and what boots it to tell of rascality when our main object is to uphold the direct action of eternal providence, or what the Duke of Argyll fitly and tersely describes as the "Eternal rule of right," while explaining by actual experience *the ways of God to man*.

Milly found herself in possession of several thousand pounds. Her uncle had with strict honesty set apart property which had belonged to her, and which could only have descended to his own dear Edith in the event of Milly's death being known—all this she had. Happiness, too, was hers, and in the society of her aunt and cousins she tried to forget the past; but she had lost in those sad hours of watchful waiting that which no wealth could purchase, no love could restore. It soon became evident to all that the springs of life were sapped—that the fearful hemorrhage was shortening her time, and the hectic flush and bloodless lip proclaimed that soon the weary heart would be at rest.

Who that has ever seen Guido's portrait of "Beatrice di Cenci," in the Palazzo Barberini, is likely to forget it; the mild sunny expression of her eyes as she appears to follow you everywhere—the tender, gentle winsomeness, as if the wildness of some fearfully distracting thought, some fierce and terrible temptation, some hypochondria had been struggled

with and overcome, making the radiance of a celestial hope to transcend the dissolution of earthly helplessness, and tinting with Divine beauty every feature. So looked Milly as she drew nearer her eternal home; so heavenly, so pure, that she was a living attestation to the truth of the Divine Word, "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." For Heaven she longed, it was a place to her of rest—the eternal world came nearer every day.

"Oh, why, when the spirit is parting
for home,
And watching and waiting the call to
receive,

Oh, why, in this desert of sin do we
roam,
Bowed down with a sorrow none e'er
can relieve?

Oh, why, but that faithfulness, wis-
dom and love
Have marked out each step of our in-
tricate way,

And the sharp prickly thorns of the
wilderness prove
But a contrast to flowers that shall
never decay.

And the pain and affliction that
harass us now,
Forgotten will be in the home of the
blest.

No care for the future will wrinkle
the brow;
All trouble will cease and the weary
find rest."

In Kensal Green Cemetery there may be seen a well-kept grave, and on its headstone, amid some exquisite carving, a stone book. Some of the spectators have admired it, thinking it a Bible. Those who were more intimately acquainted with the tenants of the tomb see it means a pocket-book, and underneath it lie Milly and her mother.

Reviews.

The Mystery of the Burning Bush, and other Sermons. By T. M. MORRIS, Ipswich. (Elliot Stock).

THIS handsome volume of Sermons is by a true workman in the Saviour's vineyard, whose pulpit productions cannot fail to be a blessing to those who are favoured with his ministry. Popular in style, evangelical in spirit, and rich in varied illustrations, besides abounding with telling appeals to the understanding and the heart, whether heard or read, they must be edifying to the great majority of evangelical Christians. It is admirably got up, with excellent type, toned good paper, and superior cloth binding. We have no doubt it will be widely read, and meet with the appreciation it so richly deserves. A portion of one of the excellent Sermons will be found in our present number.

Types and Emblems; being a Collection of Sermons preached on Sunday and Thursday Evenings, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Alabaster and Passmore.

THIS is a charming little volume. It contains a selection of sixteen sermons not to be found in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. A better specimen in smaller compass of the preacher's style it would be difficult to obtain. His racy, piquant manner of expressing himself is well illustrated in *John Ploughman's Letters*; but here we have, in a book of about the same size, his naive simplicity in the use of metaphor. Those of our readers who invest three shillings in a copy for themselves, will most likely buy a few more copies for presents to their friends at the approaching Christmas.

The Lost Rose. By the Author of "First and Last," &c., &c. (Elliot Stock, 6d.)

A VERY interesting story, with several moral and religious lessons clearly

rising out of it. It will be a nice book for children and young people generally, and mothers' readings in particular.

The Way of the Children of Jesus. (Deptford, 26, High-street.);

A WELL-ARRANGED pamphlet of 16 pages, exhibiting in a strikingly pointed form the principles and leading phases of the Christian life. Surely it ought to have a London publisher.

Who are against us? or, Opposition to the Temperance Movement, and how to meet it. By Rev. J. H. MORGAN. (Elliot Stock, 4d.)

WORTHY of a careful perusal by all, whether Temperance members or not. The question cannot be ignored, and it is one surely deserving of grave consideration.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

Biblical Museum, Part XXXV. We have already exhausted all fair and reasonable expressions of our high appreciation of this unique and excellent Commentary on the New Testament Scriptures. We hope it is getting into all our Sunday-schools as well as Christian homes.

The Hive. One of the best helps to Sunday-school Teachers ever provided, and one of the cheapest. A month's available material for a penny!

The Appeal. An excellent half-penny magazine for the people, especially as a Tract for circulation.

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel. Well edited, and full of good things for our soldiers.

The Baptist Magazine. A good number, somewhat ponderous. The paper by Mr. Watson, of Edinburgh, is a good sample of the best kind of Scotch expository preaching.

Christian Armour. Well sustained, intellectual, evangelical, and practical.

Ragged School Union Magazine. Better and more interesting than usual.

Sword and Trowel. Bright, telling, and vigorous.

The Baptist. Every week's paper worth several times the cost, and exhibiting tact and power.

Bible and the Prisoners. Detailing the good work done among our criminal population.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack.
John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. We wish every home in the kingdom would introduce one or both of these telling Almanacks, and thus obtain

the wisdom they supply during the whole of 1874.

Old Jonathan Almanack for 1874, just issued by Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge, is especially deserving of attention. It is well illustrated, and contains, in addition to the usual almanack matter, a good selection of texts, and much that is interesting and useful, forming altogether a very attractive broadsheet, which will be found well adapted for localisation.

The Gardener's Magazine. Edited by Shirley Hibberd, Esq. Thoroughly good, and exhaustive on every subject on which it treats.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

RETFORT, NOTTS.—After three years of labour, Rev. J. J. Dalton has resigned his pastorate, and is now open to supply vacant pulpits.

ROTHERHAM.—Rev. Henry Bonner, of Rawdon College, has accepted the invitation of the Baptist Church here, to the pastorate.

WEST BROMWICH, HARTLEPOOL.—Rev. Fred. K. Newton, late pastor of the church at West Bromwich, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at Hartlepool.

WOLSHINGHAM, NORTHAMPTON.—Rev. J. Spanswick, of Wolsingham, has accepted the pastorate of the church, Princes-street, Northampton.

Rev. Edward Leach, having received an urgent call to the pastorate of Berkeley-road Chapel, near Haverstock-hill, has accepted the same, and in consequence, has resigned the pastorate of the Church, Addleston.

BROMPTON.—Rev. J. Upton Davis, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of Onslow Chapel, Brompton, and accepted a call to the Baptist Church, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand.

Rev. J. Howard, of Hounslow, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Pinner.

The church meeting at Greyhound-lane chapel, Streatham, has invited

Mr. J. L. Keys to become their pastor. A very eligible site for a chapel has been purchased, and a temporary iron room is about to be erected upon part of the ground.

Rev. W. Jones, Brynhyfryd, Ebbw Vale, has accepted the call of Cwmifor and Llandilo Churches.

RECOGNITIONS.

Mr. Edward Richard Broome, late of Rawdon College, was ordained on the 4th of November, as pastor of the church at Milton, Northampton. Revs. J. T. Marriott, who was pastor of the church for forty-eight years, J. T. Brown, Dr. Green, of Rawdon College, J. Fry, J. P. Campbell and T. Howe took part in the services.

Rev. W. Corden Jones was recognised on the 4th of November, as pastor of the church in Stanton-road, Barnes. Mr. W. Olney presided, and addresses were given by the Revs. S. M. Honan, J. Stubbs, and J. O. Fellowes, and Mr. H. O. Meyers. Rev. J. Whittaker, of Richmond, also took part in the service.

Mr. William Thomas, of Kenfig-hill, was ordained to the work of the ministry on the 29th of October at Cyr Cribwr, Glamorganshire. After imposition of hands by the ministers present, accompanied by the ordina-

tion prayer, offered by the Rev. Mr. Davies, the pastor of the church, an address to the young minister was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hughes.

Rev. J. Hulme has been ordained pastor of the church at Chesterfield. The Rev. William Best, B.A., offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. S. Green, D.D., delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Revs. C. Larom and C. Barrans, also took part in the services. After a public tea, the service was continued in the evening, when the Rev. W. Best gave the charge to the church, and the congregation was addressed by the Rev. Giles Hester. The Rev. A. Rollinson conducted the devotional part of the service.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. S. Booth at Granard Chapel, Roehampton, were held on Tuesday, Nov. 18, when the Rev. A. McLaren preached in the afternoon. A public meeting was held in the evening, the Hon. S. R. Lush presiding. The Revs. S. H. Booth, J. Culross, D.D., B. Davies, LL.D., D. Jones, B.A., W. Landels, D.D., and S. Manning, LL.D., took part in the proceedings of the day.

PRESENTATIONS.

BOTHEBYTHE.—Rev. J. Butterfield, on relinquishing his charge was presented by his friends with a substantial money testimonial of their esteem for him. Mr. Butterfield's address is 272, Portobello-road, Notting-hill. he is open to supply any vacant chapel in or near London.

The Rev. J. Lemm, pastor of Bath-road Chapel, Chippenham, has been presented with a purse of gold and silver, an inkstand and writing case, an album, and a collection of books as tokens of esteem from his church and congregation on reaching the sixth year of his pastorate.

On the occasion of the Rev. F. H. Newton leaving West Bromwich at the close of a three years' pastorate, the ladies of the church and congregation presented Mrs. Newton with a

tea and coffee service. Mr. Newton has accepted a call to Hartlepool.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel, called the Trinity Baptist Chapel has recently been opened at Haslingden, Lancashire. The chapel is a handsome stone building in the Italian style of architecture, and has been erected at a cost of £6,000, of which £4,000 has been raised by the friends, Mr. Robinson Hindle having given £1,500. Rev. Peter Prout is the minister; and the opening sermon was preached by Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, who, in alluding to the disestablishment question in the course of his sermon, said that the tendency of the age was against State connection with religion, and he expected before long the Church of England branch of the Christian Church would return to its primitive condition.

BELGRAVE, NEAR LEICESTER.—The memorial stone of a Union church was laid on Tuesday, Nov. 4, by Richard Harris, Esq. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. P. Mursell, T. Stevenson, W. Evans, T. Wilshere and J. Wood; and Messrs. H. Lancaster, S. Vicars, Geo. Baines, and others. Rev. H. E. Von Sturmer read suitable passages of Scripture, and the Rev. A. Mackennal offered the dedicatory prayer. In the evening about two hundred assembled for tea in the Belvoir-street school-room, Leicester, lent kindly for the occasion, after which a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. W. Shaw, J. Morley Wright, and others. The total proceeds of the day (including promises) amounted to about £195. The building is to be of red-pressed bricks, with Bath stone dressings, after the design of Mr. Jas. Tait, architect, Leicester. It will seat five hundred, and the total cost (including site) will be about £3,500, half of which amount has been already paid or promised.

TRINITY CHURCH, GUNNERSBURY.—The opening services took place on

Thursday, November 20th. Rev. James Culross, M.A., D.D., preached at 3.30, and the Rev. R. K. Brewer, Ph.D. at 7 p.m. On Sunday, November 23, Rev. W. Frith, minister of the church, preached morning and evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOUTHWELL.—The thirty-fourth anniversary was celebrated on October 19th and 20th, by re-opening. The chapel had been closed seven weeks for repairs. On Lord's-day, October 19th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Phillips, and on the Monday 130 friends took tea together. After tea a public meeting was held, when a statement was made by Mr. Clements as to the circumstances which led to the undertaking, the cost of the work (£43), the amount of contributions received, and the appropriateness of the presence of the Rev. J. Phillips at the re-opening, he having been pastor at the time of its original opening in 1839. Addresses were subsequently delivered by the Revs. H. Platten, J. Phillips, and J. Hind.

The chapel, Howard-street, North Shields, having been closed for several weeks for cleaning and painting, has been re-opened. Sermons have been preached by Revs. J. E. Cracknell, W. Hanson, W. Skerry, and T. Pipe, the pastor. These services were brought to a close by a large tea-meeting in the Albion Assembly Rooms, on Thursday, October 16th. After the tea there was a public meeting held in the chapel, presided over by Alderman Hedley, when suitable addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers.

Services in connection with the sixth anniversary of the Baptist Tabernacle, Enfield Town, N., of which the Rev. G. W. White is minister, were held on November 5th, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. A. G. Brown.

Enon Chapel, Sunderland, was re-opened after enlargement on the 6th of November, when the Rev. J. P. Chown preached in the afternoon to a large congregation. In the evening

there was a tea-meeting in the Victoria Hall, at which a thousand sat down. After tea, Mr. Chown preached to 2,000 people. On Sunday, the Revs. James Mursell and W. Hanson were the preachers. The old chapel seated 230, the enlarged one seats 700, besides having school-room and vestries for 200 scholars. The cost of the enlargement has been £1,400, towards which £950 has been collected, including a donation of £50 from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Baptist chapel at East Dereham was re-opened after repairs on the 2nd of November, when sermons were preached in the morning and afternoon by Rev. J. L. Whitley, a former pastor of the church, and in the evening by Rev. T. A. Wheeler. On Monday, a conference was held, under the presidency of Mr. Wheeler, of the ministers and delegates of the churches in the Western division of Norfolk. In the evening the Rev. G. Gould preached, the Rev. Dr. Brock taking part in the service. On Tuesday afternoon Dr. Brock preached, and after the sermon there was a tea-meeting. In the evening Dr. Brock lectured in the Corn Hall on "Bunyan and his Times." On Sunday, the 9th, the pastor of the church, Rev. W. Freeman, preached in the renovated chapel, and at the close of the services it was intimated that no collections were required, as the entire cost of repairing the chapel and school-rooms (amounting to about £100) were provided for.

LANDFORD, PORTSMOUTH.—The fourth anniversary of the settlement of the pastor were held at Lake-road chapel, on Sunday, Oct. 12th, when Rev. G. Rogers preached. In the afternoon, the pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, preached a special sermon to the young. On Tuesday evening, October 14th, the anniversary tea-meeting was held, when 600 persons partook of tea, the trays being given by the ladies of the congregation. After tea, the spacious chapel was crowded, and a grand juvenile concert was given by the members of Lake-road Chapel Band of

Hope choir, assisted by other friends. Rev. T. W. Medhurst presided. Mr. W. E. Green ably conducted the concert. The whole proceeds of the anniversary services were devoted to the liquidation of the chapel debt.

CORNWALL AUXILIARY BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual services in connection with our Foreign Missions in the Cornwall churches was held during the month of October. The Revs. Professor Hormardji Pestonji, a converted Parsee, who is about to engage in mission work at Poonah, Southern India, and T. W. Medhurst, of Landport, were the deputation from the parent society. They preached and addressed public meetings at Truro, Helston, Redruth, Penzance, Falmouth, St. Austell, Hayle, and Pewquay. At all the places visited the congregations were larger, and the collections in excess of former years. At Truro, Redruth, and Hayle, our brethren greatly need extended accommodation, and are deserving of liberal aid from all who desire the extension of our denomination, while all the churches, without exception, are rejoicing over signs of a spiritual revival. Very earnestly we commend our Cornwall churches to the prayers and sympathy of our readers. Their isolated position requires from us all the generous aid we can render.

BRENTFORD.—The opening of the new school-rooms in connection with Park Chapel, Brentford, took place on Tuesday, November 11th. A large number of friends sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, Henry Tarrant, Esq., presiding. Rev. W. A. Blake made a statement of the funds. The building will cost somewhat over £500, towards which £360 had been received. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. S. Stanion, J. O. Fellowes, W. Frith, S. Haymes, J. Smith, W. P. Griffith, Esq., and Messrs. Brown and Collier. At the tea-meeting, Mr. Collier, on behalf of the friends connected with the chapel presented the pastor with an easy chair and table for his vestry.

RHYDYFELIN, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The annual services were held on Lord's day, 26th of the last month. The brethren, C. Griffiths and J. Williams, officiated on the occasion to large and attentive congregations. Three services were held, and three collections were made, all very good. This is the first chapel built by the Baptists in the county. It stands in the valley of the river Severn, on a brook side.

NEW WELLS.—The annual services were held in the above chapel on Monday, the 27th of last month, at 2 and 6 p.m. The sermons were delivered by the brethren C. Griffiths and J. Williams. The devotional parts were conducted by J. Nicholas Caernos and E. Goodwin. Collections in aid of the cause at home were made at the close of each service.

WOOD GREEN CHAPEL.—At a meeting of the church and congregation held on November 2nd, it was resolved unanimously,—"To erect a new chapel to seat not fewer than five hundred persons at a cost of about £2,500 (exclusive of the ground). On the following Lord's day the anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. D. Gracey, of New Southgate. On Tuesday, the 11th, a tea and public meeting was held, when the pastor, the Rev. J. Pugh, presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. R. Wallace, J. Dunlop, T. G. Atkinson, H. E. Stone, A. J. Towell, and F. M. Smith. The pastor and friends were heartily congratulated on the growing success of the work. The various branches of church work had been helped during the year. The chapel was entirely out of debt, and about £200 had been raised for all purposes. It was announced that the building fund would open the same evening, and as the result £170 was handed in in money and promises. Aid from friends outside would be most thankfully received. The present chapel is an iron one, seating only 150 persons.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery.—Oct. 26, at the English Chapel, Seven, by L. Jones.
Audlem.—Oct. 12, Two, by R. P. Cook.
Aylsham, Norfolk.—Oct. 30, Five, by J. Howes.
Bampton, Devonshire.—Oct. 17, Two, by J. Rothery.
Bassaleg, Bethel.—Nov. 9, Two, by J. Morgan.
Bassaleg, Bethesda.—Oct. 19, Two, by J. Thomas.
Bedminster.—Oct. 31, at Philip-street, Eight, by W. Morris.
Bethel, Breconshire.—Aug. 24, Two, by J. L. Evans.
Birmingham, Cannon-street Chapel.—Sept. 28, Nine, by J. B. Blackmore.
Blaenauon.—Oct. 26, at the English Chapel, Six, by W. Rees.
Botdrom, Cheshire.—Nov. 9, at the Downs Chapel, One, by H. J. Betts.
Broadford, Island of Skye.—Sep. 27, Seven; Oct. 5, Four, by Wm. McFarlane, of Johermory.
Bromley.—Nov. 2, at Yorkshire-street Chapel, Seven, by R. Evans.
Burnley.—Oct. 19, at Ebenezer Chapel, Burnley-lane, Five, by G. Needham.
Calfaria, *Clydach*, Swansea Valley.—Oct. 19, Eight, by H. C. Howells.
Carmarthen.—Nov. 2, at the English Church, Nine, by Evan Thomas.
Carmel, Aberdare.—Oct. 19, Eight (seven from the Sunday-school), by Thomas Jones.
Carmel, Sirhowy.—Nov. 2, Two, by Robert Roberts.
Chatham.—Oct. 26, at Enon Chapel, Three, by W. F. Edgerton, for the Church at Stoke, near Rochester.
Cheltenham.—Oct. 26, Nine, by W. Julian.
Cinderford.—Nov. 2, Twelve, by C. Griffiths.
Coate, Oxon.—May 25, Nine; Aug. 3, Five; Oct. 19, One, by R. Arthur.
Cotne, Lancashire.—Oct. 30, Six, by J. Bury.
Crickhowell.—Nov. 9, Six, by G. George.
Devonport.—Oct. 28, at Morice-square Chapel, Three, by E. A. Tydeman.
Dowlais.—Oct. 26, at the Tabernacle English Chapel, Seven, by A. Humphreys.
Dumfries.—Oct. 28, One, by G. Anderson.
Ebbw Vale.—Oct. 13, One, at Victoria Chapel, by D. O. Edwards.
Ebbw Vale, Victoria.—Nov. 2, at Caersalem Chapel, One, by D. O. Edwards.
Ezezer, Bartholomew-street.—Nov. 9, Seven, by C. F. Cooper.
Gambleside, near Burnley.—Nov. 2, Three, by the pastor.
Gorton.—Oct. 12, at Wellington-street Chapel, Seven, by W. B. Vasey.
Hetton, Cornwall.—Oct. 30, Four, by F. G. Masters.
Highbidge, Somerset.—Nov. 16, Three, by T. Hanger.
High Wycombe, Zion Chapel.—Oct. 1, Four; Oct. 29, Three, by Mr. T. Chivers, pastor.
Hyde, Cheshire.—Nov. 2, Two, by G. Hughes.

Liverpool.—Oct. 26, at Soho-street Chapel, Five, by Eli E. Walter.
Llandudno.—One (female aged 80), by J. Spintner James.
Lochgiphead.—Nov. 2, One, by G. A. Young.
Maeserhelem, Radnorshire.—Nov. 1, Five, by D. Davies.
Measham, Derbyshire.—Nov. 2, Three, by G. Barker.
Melton Mowbray.—Nov. 9, Four, by J. Tansley.
Meopham, Kent.—Nov. 2, Four, by W. K. Dexter.
Metropolitan District.—
Barking-road, E.—Oct. 26, at Zion Chapel, Three, by R. H. Gillespie.
Battersea.—October 26, at Livingstone-road Chapel, Three, by S. Stiles.
Bromley-by-Bow, E.—Oct. 22, Fourteen, by W. J. Lambourne.
Chiswick Chapel, W.—Nov. 2, Three, by John Stubbs.
Enfield Town, N.—Oct. 26, Three, by G. W. White.
Highbidge.—Oct. 22, Two, by J. H. Barnard.
Horton-street.—Oct. 26, at Kensington Tabernacle, Four, by J. Hawes.
Lambeth.—Oct. 26, at Upton Chapel, Barkham-road, Three, by John Roberts.
Little Aisle-street, Whitechapel.—Oct. 26, Two, by C. Masterson.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Oct. 30, Twenty-one, by J. A. Spurgeon.
Penge Tabernacle, S.—Oct. 26, Three, by J. Collins.
St. John's Wood.—Oct. 16, at Abbey-road Chapel, Ten, by W. Stott.
Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—Oct. 30, Six; Nov. 2, Two, by J. O. Fellowes.
Middlesborough.—Oct. 12, for the Welsh Church, Ten, by R. Evans.
Middlesbrough.—Oct. 13, at the First Church, One, by W. Hainsworth.
Moriah Risca, Mon.—Nov. 2, in Ebbw River, Thirteen, by J. Morgan.
Moughbrey, Montgomeryshire.—Oct. 12, Two, by D. Davies.
Nantwich.—Oct. 26, Two, by Richard Pedley.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Rye-hill Chapel.—Oct. 5, Fifteen; Oct. 26, Fifteen; Nov. 2, Eleven; Nov. 16, Thirteen, by Wm. R. Skerry.
Newport, Isle of Wight.—Nov. 3, Three, for the Church at Cowes, by G. Sparkes, pastor.
Newton Abbot, Devon.—Oct. 30, Two; Nov. 9, Two, by John Field.
Ogden, Lancashire.—Oct. 26, Eight, by A. E. Greening.
Osset.—Nov. 2, Four, by Eli Dyson.
Pembre, Carmarthenshire.—Oct. 5, Seven, by W. E. Watkins.
Penzance, Clarence-street.—Oct. 29, Four, by Isaiah Birt, B.A.
Pontypool.—Oct. 12, One, at Trosnant Chapel, by D. Oliver Edwards.
Richmond, Surrey.—Oct. 26, One, by J. Whitaker.
Rickmansworth.—Nov. 2, Two; 5, One, by C. Evans.
Salford.—Oct. 26, Four, by D. Rhys Jenkins.
Sheffield, Townhead-street.—Oct. 26, Nine, by B. Green.

Soar, Breconshire.—Aug. 31, Thirteen; Oct. 26, Seven, by J. L. Evans.
 Southampton.—Oct. 26, at Carlton Chapel, Seven, by E. Osborna.
 South Shields.—Oct. 29, Twelve, at the Tabernacle, by J. E. Cracknell.
 Stanwick, Northampton.—Nov. 2, One, by T. J. Bristow.
 Stratford-on-Avon.—Nov. 5, Two, by Edmund Morley.
 Suedincoke.—Nov. 2, Six, by J. Greenwood.
 Swindon.—Oct. 29, Six, by G. T. Edgley.
 Talgarth, Breconshire.—Oct. 26, Five, by D. Lewis.
 Torquay, Upton Vale.—Nov. 2, Five, by E. Edwards.
 Ulverston.—Oct. 22, Five; 26, Five, by T. Laidner.
 Welshpool.—Oct. 22, Five, by Jabez Jenkins.
 Wem, Salop.—Oct. 15, Two, by Hugh Hughes.
 Whitebrook, Mon.—Oct. 19, Two, by H. Whately.
 Whitstable.—Oct. 14, Two, by G. Stanley.
 Wulken, near Coventry.—Nov. 2, Two, by R. Morris.
 Wollaston, Zion Chapel.—Sept. 28, Three, by Mr. J. Field, of Ecton.
 Ystalvera, Soar.—One, by C. Williams.
 Ystalvera, Caersalem.—Eight, by J. Evans.

churches of the metropolis, died on Saturday last at his residence on St. John's-hill, Battersea-rise, after a few days' illness. On Saturday, November 8th, he had attained the 69th year of his age. Educated for the ministry at Stepney College, he became pastor of the ancient church at Battersea in 1837, and devoted to it the service of his long and useful life. His connection with the parish in which he laboured was made more intimate, and no doubt more influential in many respects, by his marriage to a member of one of its oldest families, that of the Trittens, the bankers, who for many years resided there, and were earnestly devoted to the promotion of the Baptist cause. Mr. Soule was a kind friend to the poor, and a faithful pastor. Recently, on the erection of a handsome new chapel, he contributed to the building fund the amount of his ministerial stipend for four years. His remains were deposited in the Battersea Cemetery, November 15th. It is supposed that near 2000 persons were present.

RECENT DEATHS.

The REV. ISRAEL MAY SOULE, the highly respected minister of Battersea Chapel, one of the historical Baptist

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from October 21st to November 18th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
C. B.	0 2 6	Mr. W. Day	5 0 0	Mrs. Lewis	1 0 0
Mrs. Ellis	0 10 0	Mr. H. B. Frearson ...	5 0 0	Mr. W. Ladbroke ...	1 0 0
A Friend	1 0 0	First Fruits, H. W. ...	0 10 0	A Friend, per Mr. F.	
Mr. F. Howard ...	1 1 0	Miss Robertson ...	25 0 0	R. B. Phillips ...	3 15 0
Mr. Dennant ...	0 1 0	Mrs. Bloom	1 0 0	Mrs. Osborn	0 2 0
Friends, per Mr. G.		Miss Thompson ...	0 8 0	Weekly Offerings at	
Aubrey	1 2 0	J. C. (John Plough-		Metropolitan Ta-	
Friends, per Mr. H.		man's Almanac) ...	20 0 0	bernacle—Oct. 26	41 16 7
Williams	0 10 0	Mr. C. Critchton ...	0 10 0	" " Nov. 2	28 0 9
Te Hay	0 10 0	A Reader of Sermons,		" " "	9 37 1 2
Durweston Chimney		Stirling	0 10 0	" " "	16 29 5 5
and His Boy ...	0 5 8	Mrs. Fitzgerald ...	1 10 0		
Mr. G. Selwright ...	0 6 0	Mrs. Hinton	1 0 0		
					£207 17 1

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

To our Readers.

We are glad to be able to announce that we have made arrangements for making our Magazine during the coming year truly interesting. Among other articles will appear a series of papers on "The Sorrows and Joys of a Baptist Minister," and Papers on "Preachers and Preaching."