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A table of contents for *The Baptist Messenger* can be found here:

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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AND

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES

FOR THE YEAR 1899.



LONDON

61, PATERNOSTER ROW E C

TO OUR READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—FAREWELL WORDS.

DEAR FRIENDS.—After a service of over 40 years as Editor of the *Baptist Messenger*, we have reached, by the help of our Heavenly Father, far beyond four-score years, and increasing infirmities have brought us to the parting of the ways. Our constant object has been to direct those who were inquiring for the *Good Old Way* and to tell out the old, old story of *Jesus and His Love*. In Christ Jesus we bid our friends adieu, and pray for all, God be by Thee.

W. A. BLAKE,

6, Orchard Road,

Brentford,

Middlesex.

CONTENTS.

<p>ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE - 75</p> <p>A PEEP IN RUSSIAN CHURCHES - - - 148</p> <p>ANENT THE REVISED VERSION 243</p> <p>A MORAL CONTRAST - - 296</p> <p>BAPTISMS, 23, 51, 80, 108, 136, 164, 192, 220, 248, 276, 304</p> <p>BY CROOKED PATHS, 12, 37, 65, 93, 122, 150, 176, 203, 316</p> <p>BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, 98, 232, 261, 286</p> <p>CH'EN MAI - - - 186</p> <p>CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE 21, 50, 78, 106, 134, 190, 217, 246, 273, 301</p> <p>DIVINE SUFFICIENCY - - 207</p> <p>ENOUGH AND TO SPARE - 126</p> <p>FEED MY LAMBS - - - 214</p> <p>GLEANINGS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, Christmas Bells - - - 11 The Story of the Cross - 19 What - - - - 41 How God uses Little Things - - - - 41</p>	<p>The Power of the old Bible - - - - 68</p> <p>Trust in God- - - 129</p> <p>Giants - - - - 130</p> <p>Two Classes - - - 131</p> <p>Dark Light - - - 158</p> <p>The Bible - - - - 202</p> <p>Metropolitan Tabernacle 270</p> <p>HINTS FOR TEACHERS AND WORKERS - 102, 244, 289</p> <p>LOVE AND OBEDIENCE - 322</p> <p>MISCELLANEOUS, 23, 51, 107, 134, 164, 191</p> <p>NEW CHAPELS, 22, 50, 79, 106, 218, 274, 247, 303</p> <p>PRESENTATIONS - 22, 51, 107, 164</p> <p>POETRY, 17, 19, 64, 98, 121, 154, 157, 185, 212, 231, 265, 271, 294, 315</p> <p>REVIEWS, 20, 48, 77, 105, 133, 162, 189, 216, 245, 272, 300, 327</p> <p>RECENT DEATHS, 51, 135, 192, 219, 275</p> <p>RECOGNITIONS, 21, 50, 79, 106, 134, 164, 191, 218, 246, 274, 302</p>
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CONTENTS.—Continued.

SERMONS BY THE LATE C H		SPURS FROM SPURGEON, 42, 99.	
SPURGEON—		155, 211, 266, 325	
A Divine Challenge -	1	THE LOVE OF JESUS TO	
The Sons of God -	25	SICK ONE - - -	17
Constraining Love -	53	THE OPEN FACE- - -	45
All Sufficiency Magnified	81	THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH -	69
Importance of small		THE RITUALISTIC ALTAR -	182
things in Religion -	109	THE MANIFESTATION OF	
A Home Question -	137	GOD'S LOVE- - -	236
A Blast of the Trumpet		THE DEARTH OF CONVERSION	241
against False Peace -	165	THE CHURCH OF THE BIBLE	290
Christ's First and Last		THE IMPORTANCE OF TRAIN-	
Subject - - -	193	ING OUR CHILDREN IN	
Full Redemption - -	221	BAPTIST PRINCIPLES -	269
Let us Pray - - -	249	THE PREACHER'S SAVIOUR -	292
A Sense of Pardoned		WHY AM I A CHRISTIAN -	72
Sins - - - -	277		
The Jeer of Sarcasm and			
The Retort of Piety -	305		

A Divine Challenge.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me."—
Exodus, viii., 1.

ON two or three former occasions I have endeavoured to insist upon the fact, that God always puts a distinction between Israel and Egypt. He constantly speaks of the Israelites as "my people;" of the Egyptians, he speaks to Pharaoh as being "thy people." There is a continual and eternal distinction observed in the Word of God between the chosen seed of promise and the world—the children of the Wicked One. The great object of God's interference with Egypt, was not the blessing of Egypt at large, but the gathering out of his Israel from the midst of the Egyptians. Beloved, I have the conviction that this is just what God is doing with the world now. Perhaps, for many a year to come, God will gather out his elect from the nations of the earth as he gathered his Israel from the midst of the Egyptians. You and I may not live to see that universal reign, of which we so joyously sang this morning; but the wheat will be gathered into the garner, sheaf by sheaf, if not ear by ear. The tares will be left to ripen here, perhaps, until the great and terrible day of the Lord come. At any rate, looking at the signs of the times, we do not see any considerable progress made in the evangelization of the world. Egypt is Egypt still, the world is the world still, and as worldly as it ever was, and God's purpose seems to be, through the ministry which he now exercises, to bring his chosen ones out. In fact, the Word which Jehovah is now speaking to the entire world with the solemn authority of an imperial mandate, is this—"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me."

It will be necessary in addressing you this evening, to recall to your minds the position which the Israelites held in Egypt, as it is a type of the position of all the Lord's people before the Most High God, with a high hand and an outstretched arm brings them out of their bondage. The people of the Lord are slaves. Though their names are in his book, yet they are slaves, engaged like Israel of old in labours that savour more of earthly than of heavenly things; brick-makers, building houses not for themselves, for they find no city to dwell in; but toiling and labouring here as unwilling servants, thinking perhaps, they shall receive goodly wages, but they receive no wages, except the whip upon their shoulders. Every man in his unrenewed

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state is a slave; even God's people are slaves as well as others, till they hear the trumpet of jubilee, and at the Word and by the power of God are brought forth out of the place of their slavery. We are slaves, let us remember; slaves to a power which we never can overcome by our own unassisted strength. If all the inhabitants of Goshen—the Israelites I mean—had concerted measures to rebel against Pharaoh, and had said, "We will be free;" in but a few hours, the tremendous power of that great monarch of Egypt would have crushed out the last spark of hope. With his terrible army, his horses, and his chariots, the rabblement of Israel would soon have been given to the dogs. They had no hope in the world of ever delivering themselves by their own power. No more have we, beloved. By nature we are slaves to him who is infinitely our superior, namely, to Satan and all his hosts of sin. We may seek sometimes to snap the fetter when a hectic flush of health comes over the cheek; but oh, we may make the fetters grind into our flesh, we cannot snap them. We may even sometimes think that we are free, and talk of liberty, but our walk is a walk within a prison, and our apparent liberty is but a deeper delusion of slavery. Men may bid us be free, but they cannot make us so: they may use the best means they can, by education, by training, by persuasion, but these fetters are not to be filed by any instruments so weak. God's ministers may continually exhort us to snap our fetters; but alas! it is not in our power to do what, nevertheless, it is their duty to command us to do. We are such slaves, that unless a mightier than ourselves, and a mightier than Satan shall come out to our assistance, we must continue in the land of bondage, in the house of our sin and of our trouble. Nor, again, can we ever hope to redeem ourselves with money. If the children of Israel had given up all they had, they were so poor they could not have ransomed their own bodies. Those poor brick-makers could not buy themselves from their masters; the least thought of such a thing would have brought down the whip with tenfold fury upon their poor bleeding shoulders. And so you and I may think we can buy our freedom by our good works, but the result of all our offers of purchase-money will be to make us feel the whip the more. You may go and toil, and think you have gathered together something that can be acceptable in the sight of our taskmaster, but when you have done all, he will tell you that you are an unprofitable servant, command you to yet sterner labours, make you feel yet viler during your prison-house, for you cannot by such means escape. Really, apart from God, the view of humanity which is given in the most deplorable picture that even despondency itself could paint. Ah! men talk about some remnants of good that are left in humanity, some sparklings of divine fire, and the like, but the Bible does not say so. It expresses, in its solemn words, the meaning of that hymn, which begins—

"How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load;
The heart unblest can never rise,
To happiness and God."

The slavery of Israel in Egypt was hopeless slavery; they could not get free unless God interfered and worked miracles on their behalf.

And the slavery of the sinner to his sin is equally hopeless; he could never be free, unless a mind that is infinitely greater than he can ever command shall come to his assistance and help. What a blessed circumstance it is, then, for those poor chosen children of God, who are still in bondage, that the Lord has power to say, and then power to carry out what he has said:—"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me."

Having thus introduced my subject, by showing you the helpless condition of God's people by nature, and the utter impossibility of their ever getting free by themselves, let me just observe, that to-day God is saying—saying in his own decree—saying by providence—and saying through the lips of his faithful ministers, that emancipating sentence which of old made Pharaoh relax his grasp, and caused the land of Egypt to lose its captive ones—"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me."

I shall dwell upon this emancipating sentence to-night, as God shall give me strength, just in this way. I shall first notice the *fullness* of the sentence; then the *rightness* of the sentence; next the *repetition* of it; and finally, the *Omnipotence* which is concealed in it.

I. First, then, THE FULLNESS OF THE SENTENCE. "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." I don't doubt but what there are some of God's people here to-night, who have not any idea they are his people. Perhaps they are slaves to drunkenness, bond-slaves to every evil passion, yet, being bought by the blood of Christ, their names are in his book, and they must, and they shall be saved. They think, perhaps, that they never can be; it may even happen that they have not any desire to be; but Israel shall come out of Egypt, even though Israel may love the flesh-pots, the garlic and the cucumber; Israel shall be delivered by might and by power, even though Israel himself may blindly imagine that he is at peace, and at ease in the enemy's land; that is to say, God will have his own people. Though they are content in their sin, though they have no will towards him, yet he will come and make them discontented with their sins; he will turn their wills; change the bias of their hearts; and they who once despised God, shall, with free consent, against their natural inclination, be led captives at the wheels of his sovereign grace. God not only saves those who are willing to be saved, but those who are *unwilling* to be saved, he can make willing in the day of his power. There have been many instances of that in this house of prayer. Men have come in here merely from curiosity, to laugh, to make jests and fun, but God has had his time, and when that time has come—"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go free"—they have gone free; they have been saved; their fetters which they were unconsciously wearing before, having begun to grate upon their soul, to eat their flesh, and then they have sought mercy, and their fetters have fallen off, they have gone free. Well, then, though I have run away from what I was going to say, I come again to this point—the fullness of the divine sentence, "Let my people go free." If you notice, it does not say, "Let them have *partial* liberty. Let them have two or three days' rest from their toil." No; but, "Let them go free," free altogether. God's demand is not that his people should have some little liberty,

some little rest in their sin, no, but that they should go right out of Egypt, and that they should go through the wilderness to Canaan. The demand was not made to Pharaoh, "Make their tasks less heavy; make the whip less cruel; put kinder taskmasters over them." No, but "Let them go free." Christ did not come into the world merely to make hell less hot, or sin less damnable, or our lusts less mighty; but to put all these things far away from his people, and work out a full and complete deliverance. Peradventure Pharaoh might have said at length, "Well, they shall have kind masters; their tasks shall be shortened; they shall have the straw given them, with which to make their bricks." Ay, but devil, this will not do! Thou mayst consent to it, but God never will. Christ does not come to make people less sinful, but to make them leave off sin altogether—not to make them less miserable, but to put their miseries right away, and give them joy and peace in believing in him. The deliverance must be complete, or else there shall be no deliverance at all.

Again, you will mark, it says, "Let my people go." It says nothing about their coming back again. Once gone, they are gone for ever. Pharaoh thought he would let them go two or three days' journey, yet they never went back to Egypt again; they went through the wilderness forty years to the Promised Land, and no Egyptian could ever drive them back. Egypt went forth with all its chivalry to overtake them, but they perished in the sea, and Israel went through as on dry land, and was blessed of God. That sentence which said of me, "Let my child go free," gave me eternal liberty; not liberty for yesterday, and to-day, and to-morrow, but liberty for ever and for ever. You know when the negro slavers run away from the Southern States, and get to the North they are free, but still the man-hunter will soon be on their track, and they may be taken back again to their masters. Yes, but you and I are like the slave when he gets to Canada. When he sets his foot on British soil and breathes the English air, that moment he is free. Once ferried o'er the stream that parts the land of slaves from the land of freedom, he stands on soil that cannot be stained by the slaves foot; he breathes an air that never was received into lungs that were in bondage yet. He is free; and so is it with us. We go not into slave states where the devil has got a fugitive law to hunt us up again, but into states where we are wholly free. There is not a fetter left; we have not a chain upon our wrist with half of it filed away, but we are free—the freemen of God, and Satan has no claim, no right, nay, no power, ever to enslave us again. "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." It is a large demand, because it is a demand that requires entire liberty, and that liberty perpetual too. But, methinks, I hear our say, "Well, I have not yet entered into the fulness of that sentence." No, brother, nor have I yet, into the *fulness* of it, though I have into some of the *sweetness* of it. You must know that this emancipation is often gradual in our own experience, though it is effectual and instantaneous in God's mind. Time was—and let me speak to you to whom I can speak, whose experience will tally with what I utter—time was when you were born slaves to hardness of heart. You despised God; religion was a toil to you, in fact you never exercised your mind on

will with it. Well, there came a time when the Lord said, "Let my people go free," and you began to think, your heart began to melt, you groaned under the burden of sin, you began to cry to God; you were delivered then from the hardness of your heart, and were free. But still sin tormented you; your guilt went with you every day, like your own shadow; and like a grim chamberlain, with fingers bloody red, it drew your curtains every night, and put its finger upon your eyelid, as if to crush darkness into your very heart; but the day came when, standing at the foot of the cross, you saw your sins atoned for, "numbered on the scape-goats head of old;" you felt the burden roll from your back, you were free—free from your past sins, and you could rejoice in that most glorious liberty. But, then, after a season, you went out into the world, and you felt that "when you would do good, evil was present with you." How to *will* you found, but to *do* you found not. Well, you have had partial deliverance from that, as one evil passion has been overcome and a virtue has been learned; you have achieved a triumph over one bad habit, and a victory over another evil temper. The sentence has been going on, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go;" and remember the day is coming when you shall lay a-dying. Yes, but you shall then begin to live; there shall be heard a voice speaking by your death pillow and saying, "Loose him and let him go." You will understand what that means, and in a moment, loosed from every fetter, like Lazarus when the napkin was taken from his head, and the grave-clothes from his feet, you start up perfectly free; there shall not be a shadow of bondage about you. You shall fly to heaven, and walk its free and happy streets, and never more shall you say, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I say, therefore, we don't know in all its fulness the meaning of this passage experimentally; still it is all ours, and we ought to receive it all by faith, as being our precious boon. God has said to sin, to Satan, to death, to hell, to doubts, to fears, to evil habits, and even to the grave itself, "Let my people go, that they may serve me."

II. So much then for the fulness of the demand; I shall now notice, in the second place, the RIGHTNESS OF IT. The Lord had a perfect right to say to Pharaoh, "Let my people go free." Tyrannical despot! what right had he to enslave a free nation? They came down there by the invitation of his predecessor. Did not Pharaoh invite Jacob and his family to come down to the land of Goshen? It was never in the stipulation that they should be made slaves. It was a violation of a national compact, for Pharaoh to exact toll from free-born Israelites. Had they been brave and strong enough, they ought to have resisted the encroachment of his tyranny. They were not Pharaoh's people; Pharaoh never chose them, he had never brought them where they were. He had not fought with them and overcome them. They were not captives in war, nor did they dwell in a territory which was the spoil of fair conflict. They were guests, honoured guests, invited to come and to dwell in a land which they themselves enriched and blessed by their representative Joseph. It was not right then that they should be in bondage; there was no right on Pharaoh's part. The right lay exclusively with God. You notice

the rightness of the demand concentrated in that little word my—"Let *my* people go free. Let thine own people kiss thy feet if they will; make them dig canals and build pyramids if you like, for I interfere not with them; but *my* people—let *them* go free. Thou hast no right to their unpaid toil. They have no right to endure this cruel servitude. Let my people go free.

Do you see the parallel in our case? The Word of God is his own heavenly mandate. The voice of justice, and pity, and mercy, cries to death, and hell, and sin, "Let my people go free—Satan, keep thine own if thou wilt, but let *my* people go free, for *they* are *mine*. This people have I created for myself; they shall show forth my praise. Let my people go free, for I have bought them with my precious blood. Thou hast not bought them, nor hast thou made them: thou hast no right to them; let my people go free." All this is our comfort about poor sinners, and we hope that some of them, though they don't know it, are God's people. You must not imagine when you hear a man swear, or when he is going on in sin—you must not write his name down in the black book, and say, 'I am quite sure that man will go to the devil.' No; it may be that God ordains to save that man, and one of these days you will meet him lifting up his voice in prayer, outstripping you, perhaps, in the heavenly race, and serving his Master better than you have done. Jesus Christ takes many to his bosom, whose company we should have shunned when they were in their evil state. Sovereign mercy can dash into the prize ring and make captives. Free grace can go into the gutter and bring up a jewel. Divine love can rake a dunghill and find a diamond. There is no spot where grace cannot and will not go. This we say is our great hope when we have a congregation before us—not a hope that they will be willing, that they will be attentive in themselves, that they will give heed to what we say, but our hope is this—"Doubtless God has much people in this city, and God having brought some of these within the sound of his Word, we have a hope that many are his chosen ones, and God will have them. I trust we never entertain a doubt but that God will have his own, and that Christ will say, as we preached to you this morning, "Not a hoof shall be left behind." "They shall be mine," says the Lord—"they are mine now, and they shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels." Lost though God's elect be, they never belonged to Satan yet. They were lost, but that does not say they belong to the finder. A thing may be lost, but it is mine still when I have lost it; that is to say, I have a right to it, and any man finding it, and appropriating it, has no right to do so. If I leave a piece of land having a right to it, and another shall take possession for a time, yet if I hold the title deeds, I will have him ousted, and take my property. The Lord has got the title deeds of some of you, though the devil has got possession of you. Satan rules you with a rod of iron, and makes you his captives and willing servants, but my Master is a match for your master. There has been a great duel fought between life and death for you, and life has won the victory, and free grace claims the prize, and that prize free grace will have; and your poor guilty soul shall yet be set as a signet on Jehovah's hand, and shall yet glitter as a jewel in Jehovah's crown. Oh, how I delight to talk about

this omnipotence of grace—of that grace that does not tarry for the sons of men, that does not stop, but rides on in triumph, and leads captivity itself captive. Oh, what a joy it is to think that we have not to wait on man, that it does not rest with man whether he should belong to Christ or not. If Christ has bought that man, if the Father has ordained him to be Christ's, then Christ's that man shall be. Rampart yourselves about with prejudices, but Christ shall scale your ramparts. Pile up your walls, bring up the big stones of your iniquity, but Christ shall yet take your citadel and make you a captive. Plunge into the mire if you will, but the strong arm can bring you out and wash you clean. I see you curl your lips and say, "I shall never be a Methodist. I shall never make a profession of religion." I don't know, sir. Many have said the same as you are saying, and yet they have been brought down, and if Christ will, he can bring you down yet, sir. There is not strength enough in sin to overcome his grace. When he puts forth his arm, down you fall. Let him but once strike and you may stand and rebel, but victory is his. You may will to be damned, but if he wills to save you, his will will be more than a match for your will, you and will come crouching down to his feet, saying, "Lord, I will that thou save me." Then methinks he will say this, "How is it you were not willing just now? How is this that you are willing now?" "O, Lord, thou hast made me willing, and unto thee be all the glory for ever and for ever." So then we need not say more. I think, about the rightness of this sentence of God. They are his people, they are his blood-bought people. He created them for himself, and it is neither more nor less than right that God should say, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me."

III. Let me now call your attention to THE REPETITION OF THIS SENTENCE. I have just read carefully through these first chapters of Exodus, and I am not quite sure how many times this phrase occurs, but some five or six times I know it is repeated. The first time, Moses said, "Thus said Jehovah, the Lord God of Israel, let my people go, that they may feast before me in the wilderness." The second time, he says, "Let my people go, that they may serve me." Some five or six times Moses went unto Pharaoh. The first time he said it, Pharaoh laughed in his face. "You are idle," he said, "you are idle. You don't like your brick-making. You want to go and serve your God to get an idle holiday. Go to your tasks, the taskmasters had need make the toil a little more rigorous. What business have you with religion? Go on with your bricks." Now, that is how the worldling taunts you, when for the first time that sentence comes into his head. "Your religion," he says, "your religion! Go to your shop, take down your shutters on a Sunday, and see whether you can't earn an honest living. Go on with your bricks. What business have you to talk about feasting before God in the wilderness? It is all romance." And, you know, we hear worldlings say to us poor Christians, we don't know what real life is. Of course we don't—"real life." Well, when putrid carrion is the representation of real life, we may be pretty contented with our ignorance. Vain show! vain disquietude! vain acquisition! such was the Psalmist's picture. That is the real life of the world, but we want a better life than that—a life more true and

real too, though the world despises it. Brick-making, brick-making, brick-making—that is Pharaoh's joy, and so it is with the sinner before he is renewed—money-making, dirt-making, heaping together to himself bricks that he may build for himself a fortune. Oh! don't these fellows turn round and look with supreme contempt on us poor fellows, that we should think that eternity is better than time; that God is better than the devil; that holiness is better than sin; that the pleasures of heaven are better than the poor pomps and vanities of this world. Such simpletons as these will look down and say, "Poor fellow, he does not know better." They, forsooth, are the rational men, the intellectual men, they are, in fact, the king Pharaoh. That is the first thing, Pharaoh gives a laugh, a hoarse laugh, "Let my people go free?" Ay, but there will come a blow in thy face that will make thee laugh after another fashion by-and-bye. Thou with others shalt join in weeping, and crying, and tears, and thou with all thy chivalry shall sink into the waters, like lead shall you go down, and the Red Sea shall swallow you up.

Moses goes to Pharaoh yet again, and says, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." And at the time the haughty monarch says, "He will let some go; at another time he will let them all go, but they are to leave their cattle behind." He will hold on to something; if he cannot have the whole he will have a part. It is wonderful how content the devil is if he can but nibble at a man's heart. It does not matter about swallowing it whole; only let him nibble and he will be content. Let him but bite at the fag ends and be satisfied, for he is wise enough to know that if a serpent has but an inch of bare flesh to sting, he will poison the whole. When Satan cannot get a great sin in he will let a little one in, like the thief who goes and finds shutters all coated with iron and bolted inside. At last he sees a little window in a chamber. He cannot get in, so he puts a little boy in that he may go round and open the back door. So the devil has always his little sins to carry about with him to go and open back doors for him, and we let one in and say, "O, it is only a little one." Ay, but how that little one becomes the ruin of the entire man. Let us take care that the devil does not get a foothold, for if he gets but a foothold, he will get his whole body in, and we shall be overcome. Observe now, as Pharaoh would not give up the people, the sentence had to be repeated again, and again, and again, until at last God would bear it no longer, but brought down on him one tremendous blow. He smote the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength, and then he led forth his people like sheep by the hands of Moses and Aaron. In like manner, friends and brethren, this sentence of God has to be repeated many times in your experience and mine, "Thus, saith the Lord, let my people go free," and if you are not quite free yet, don't despair; God will repeat that sentence till at the last you shall be brought forth with silver and gold, and there shall not be a feeble thought in all your soul; you shall go forth with gladness and with joy; you shall enter into Canaan at last, up yonder where his throne is glittering now in glorious light, that angel eyes cannot bear. It is no wonder then, if it is to be repeated in our experience, that the Church of Christ must keep on repeating it in the world as God's

message. Go, missionary, to India, and say to Juggernaut, and Kalee, and Brahma, and Vishnu, "Thus, saith the Lord, let my people go free." Go, ye servants of the Lord, to China, speak to the followers of Confucius, and say, "Thus, saith the Lord, let my people go free." Go ye to the gates of the harlot city, even Rome, and say, "Thus, saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." Think not though you die that your message will die with you. 'Tis for Moses to say, "Thus saith the Lord," and if he be driven from Pharaoh's sight, the "Thus saith the Lord" still stands, though his servant fall. Yes, brothers and sisters, the whole Church must keep on throughout every age, crying, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people-go." We must continue to send our missionaries to lands like Madagascar, where the people of God are speared by hundreds, and they must say to the haughty queen, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go." We must still send our Livingstones and our Moffats through all the wastes of Africa—

" Through her fertile plains,
Where superstition reigns,
And binds the man in chains."

And they must continue to say, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go." Our brethren must continue in the theatres and in the streets, in the highway and in the bye-way, crying out, not in so many words, but still in fact, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me"; and it will be a happy time for the Church when every minister feels that he is sent of God, and when he speaks as Moses did, conscious of divine authority, looks sin, and evil, and error in the face, and cries, "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go." When we are called to enter a protest against an error, we shall sometimes be disappointed, because people don't see with us. Very well, very well; but when we have entered the protest we have done all. It was not meant to convince the Egyptians, but it was meant to constrain them—"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go." When there is a pretended Church of Christ, wherein error is preached, the Christian minister is bound faithfully to point out the error, confident that God's people will hear the warning voice and come out of Babylon, and as for the rest, they must remain where they are, for the mandate is to those whom it concerns; those in whom the Lord hath an interest, the people who are his "portion" to go.

IV. Now, my last point, which must, as time and strength alike fail me, be brief, is this—THE OMNIPOTENCE OF THE COMMAND—"Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me." "They shall never go," says Pharaoh, and his counsellors say, "Yea, so be it, O king, they shall never depart out of this land." "By my father I swear, says the king of Egypt, "they shall be my slaves for ever." "Back, back, ye sons of the Hebrew shepherds, to your bricks and to your clay. Dare not to stand before Pharaoh's son and dictate to him. I swear by my father's bones again, ye shall never go free." Behold the rivers of Egypt run with blood! There is no fish in Egypt to be found through all the land, and the Egyptians loathe to drink of the waters of the river which they once worshipped, for it is full of blood. Now, come these two troublesome men in once more before Pharaoh

—“Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, let my people go, that they may serve me.” The king pauses a minute: his haughty soul relents. “Ye may serve God in the land.” saith he, “but ye shall not go out of the land. Ye may have a three days’ rest and serve your God.” “No,” says Moses, “we cannot serve God in the land of your abominations, and we should be an abomination to you as well as you to us. We must go.” Then the king tells them to begone; they may go. He holds a council of wise men, and they determine while they have breath left, they will never lose their claim upon those slaves who have so long served them and built such mighty cities. Yes, Pharaoh, but God is mightier than thou. Open wide thy gates thou hundred-gated Thebes and send out thy myriads of armed men swarming like locusts on a summer’s day. Come up ye mighty hosts of Zoar, and ye troop of populous No. Come up like swarms of frogs from old Nile; come up against them and they shall break you, ye shall be as potter’s vessels before them, for his redeemed must and shall go free! And now I stand to-night to many among yourselves in the position of Amram’s son of old, and it is my business, and of all God’s ministers, to cry to Satan, to sin, to Rome, to Mahomedism, to idolatry, to every evil—“Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me.” We hear the hoarse laughter; we hearken to the cry of the kings of the earth as they stand up and the rulers take counsel together. Do you see the priests with their treacherous devices—the son of Belial now plotting in the dark to destroy us? Ay, but ye may go on to be broken in pieces; ye may go onward like the sea, but the rocks stands fast and shall break you into spray, and send you back, and ye shall know that there is a God who is greater than you all. Just as all Israel came forth, despite of the power of Satan, of evil men, of false priests and false prophets. “Thus saith the Lord, let my people go,” and go they must and shall.

And now, my dear hearers, have you ever heard the voice of God speaking in your hearts, “Let my people go?” There are some here to-night that have never been made free—nay what is worse than that, they think they are free while they are slaves to sin. Ye think ye are free, but this is the worst part of your slavery. You dream that you are saved while you are standing over the mouth of hell, and this is the worst part of your danger, that you think you are saved. Ah poor souls, poor souls; in your gilded slaveries going to the ale-house and the tavern, to the seat of the scornful, drinking down sin as the ox drinketh down water, the thoughts starts within me—“Well there will be an end to all that, and what will they do when the end shall come?” When your hairs grow grey and your bodies become feeble, when you are drawing near the grave, what will your worldly pleasures do for you then? There was a young man died not long ago of extreme old age. I am not contradicting myself—that young man died of extreme old age some time ago at the age of twenty-six. He had sinned himself into the grave and into hell by a course of debauchery and sin. Perhaps you are not such a fast sinner as that, but you are taking in the poison by slower degrees. But what will you do when the poison begins to work, when sin begins to pull out the core of your spirit, when the froth has been swept from your cup, and you have drunk the

first sweetness on the cup, and began to taste its dregs; aye, when you are dying you will want to set that cup down, but there will be an evil hand that will thrust it to your mouth, and say, "No, no, you have drunk the sweets, and now you must drink the bitters." Though there is damnation in every drop, yet to the dregs must you drink that cup which you have begun to drink now. Oh, for God's sake dash it to the ground: have done with it. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." There is hope yet; there is mercy yet. Sin is a Pharaoh, but God is Jehovah. Your sins are hard; you cannot overcome them of yourself, but God can. He can overcome them for you. There is hope yet; let that hope arouse you to action. Say to your soul to-night, "I am not in hell, though I might have been. I am still on praying ground and pleading terms, and now, God helping me, I will begin to think." And when you begin to think you will begin to be blessed. There are more souls lost by thoughtlessness than anything else. If you want to go to heaven there are a great many things to think of; if you want to go to hell it is the easiest thing in the world. You can go and swear and drink as you like; it is only a little trifling matter of neglect to destroy your soul. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" Well, then, if you begin to think, let me propose to you just this. The way of salvation is mapped out before your eyes to-night. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. To believe is trust. Trust him who hangs upon the tree and you are saved. Just as you are, guilty, helpless, weak and ruined, give up your soul to Christ. Ah, while I am thus advising you, I think I hear the voice behind me saying, "My servant, thou art speaking according to my will and pleasure, for I too am saying in the heart of thy hearers, 'Go free; I too am crying to their enemies, 'Thus saith the Lord, let my people go.'" Be it so, good Lord, and may my voice be but as thy voice. Rise ye slaves of Satan, and be free; break your bonds asunder and be delivered. Jesus comes to rescue you. His arm is strong and his heart is tender. Trust him and be free. Oh, may God grant you grace that you may be free now and find him, whom to find is to find everlasting life.

Christmas Bells.

CHRISTMAS bells rang out the peace of nations! We want on our standards less of the lion and eagle, and more of the dove. Let all the cannon be dismounted, and the war-horses change their gorgeous comparisons for plough harness. Let us have fewer bullets and more bread. Life is too precious to dash it out against the brick casements. The first "Peace Society" was born in the clouds, and its resolution was passed unanimously by angelic voices,—“Peace on earth, goodwill to men.”—*Talmage*.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER I.—“NOW BREAKS THE STORM IN ANGER.”

THE wind had been in the East for a day or two. Perhaps that in part accounted for Mr. Jabez Winter's irritation. But not altogether, for besides that horrible wind, the fog, which had cast its sombre mantle over the city, had with rude audacity crept into Mr. Winter's private room. What business had the fog in the great publisher's office? Who had let it in? The office-boy hadn't, or said he hadn't, for Mr. Winter had just been angrily interrogating him upon the point. No window had been open that morning; and the poor lad declared, trembling the while at his master's angry tone and threatening look, that he had been most careful to keep all the doors closed that communicated with Mr. Winter's room.

Well, there the fog was; and it did not seem in a hurry to depart either. As the publisher moved about his office, the unwelcome intruder seemed to follow him like a horrible spectre. When presently he went to his safe, the fog went too; and before the rich man's hands were laid upon the books and MSS. reposing within those iron walls, its damp, shadowy clutch was upon them. As he sat himself down at his desk, ready to begin his morning's work, his ubiquitous visitant seemed to

stand on both sides of him, and look over his shoulders and grin in his face.

And what made it more annoying, was the fact that this fog was before its time. For years past, it had been Mr. Winter's regular custom, as soon as November came, to move into some pretty Surrey village, not so far from the City as to prevent his keeping in touch with the concerns of his business, yet far enough away to be out of the reach of the fog-giant. But here it was, in the middle of October, half choking him with its sulphurous breath. It was on record, of course, that the fog, not usually due until the eleventh month, had put in an earlier appearance; but the remembrance of that fact, even if it occurred to him, did not appease the irritation of Mr. Winter. The east wind, which had been blowing for several days past, had been paying unfriendly visits to his rheumatic centres, and now, adding insult to injury, here was the November fog come in October. Bah! it was enough to make a saint angry; and Mr. Winter was no saint.

But if it hadn't been for that treacherous wind and that trying fog, we should have no story to tell. They are the cause, innocent or otherwise, of these chronicles

being written. Years afterwards, Mr. Winter used to say he did not know whether to be glad, or sorry, that the damp fog crowded his office on that October morning and that the wind blew so bitterly; but if you ask me, I think he was more glad than sorry. For the joy that came to him in his old age was the joy that issues out of sore and bitter travail. And such joy is always richer, sweeter, for the pains which accompany its birth.

The firm of which Mr. Winter was the sole surviving partner, was well known in the City; and for that matter, was as well known in the pokiest, most out-of-the-way village in the kingdom; for wherever books could go, there the names of the great publishers, Shilling, Weekes, and Winter, had gone. Nobody knew anything about Shilling; but the old man who served in the capacity of porter by day and caretaker by night, was reputed to have known the firm when a Mr. Anthony Weekes was in the business. But that was far away back in the days when Mr. Jabez Winter's father sat in the office afterwards occupied by his son. For years now, the large enterprises of the firm had been entirely regulated and managed by one man; and the business had not lost, but rather gained immensely in reputation and popularity under his autocratic rule. Latterly, it is true, Mr. Winter had been in the habit of consulting his confidential clerk upon any new undertakings, and for some time no new book had gone forth bearing the imprint of the firm, which had not first been submitted to the censorship of George Varley. But though Mr. Winter consulted with his clerk, and also got his opinion

upon the manuscripts which came into the hands of the firm, he was always careful not to allow Varley to know the extent to which he was influenced by the young man's decision on its merits, as to whether a work should be published, or be returned to its author.

On this particular morning in October, when wind and fog had combined to put him in a very angry mood, Mr. Winter is expecting to have from his clerk a report on a MS. which overnight Varley had taken away with him to read. He has not long to wait. There is a knock at the door, and in answer to the "Come in" of the publisher, George Varley enters.

"Good morning, sir. I hope you are well?"

"Eh? Oh! I am all right. Only this keen wind is finding out my old bones; and this fog—why, I can hardly see you, Varley, for this horrible fog. Come and sit down here. Well, have you had time to read this, eh?" putting his hand upon the bulky package which Varley had quietly laid upon the table as he passed to the chair offered him.

"Yes, sir; I have read it." Varley rarely says more than he is asked for; and this characteristic in the young man is generally appreciated by Mr. Winter. But this morning this sharp, brief answer angers him.

"Yes, yes; of course you've read it. Why, you took it away to read, didn't you?" he growled, forgetting, in his irritation, the question he had just asked. "What I want to know is, what do you think of it?"

"I don't like it, sir."

Mr. Winter put off his glasses and glared at his clerk. Indeed, Varley, catching his look, thought

he had never seen so much anger expressed in a face before. For a moment the publisher did not speak, and then, quietly, but with strange emphasis:

"You don't like it, eh? Pray what's the matter with it, that it does not suit your critical taste? Why it's a book that will take the reading world by storm, and completely revolutionize religious thought."

"You asked me to read, sir, and tell you what I thought of it, and I have done so. The book is most brilliantly written, and there are passages in it that compelled me to linger over them, so powerfully is the thought expressed. But still I do not like the book, sir."

"Parrot! Come, come, explain yourself. You say the book is brilliantly written, and yet in the same breath you declare you don't like it. What is it you mean?"

Varley felt very uncomfortable. He could see plainly enough—it showed in both face and tone—that Mr. Winter was thoroughly annoyed at his frank and determined expression of dislike to the work he had spent half the night in carefully reading. And he somehow felt—perhaps the impression came to him from the strangely eager look with which he was being regarded—that there was special interest attaching to the MS., the merits of which they were discussing.

"May I ask the name of the writer, sir?" he said presently.

"The writer? Oh! the writer is quite unknown—a woman. It is the first work from her pen, and to my mind will establish her reputation as a clever and critical essayist," and for a moment a rare smile lightened Mr. Winter's face.

"I don't doubt that, sir. It is most powerfully written. I am very

sorry that the ability of the writer should parade itself in such a theme. You ask me why I dislike the book," he went on hurriedly, as he caught the angry light that flashed from Mr. Winter's eyes. "I will tell you. It is an attempt to undermine, in a subtle and dangerous manner, the foundations of that faith which my father preached, and in which he and my mother died. I do not wonder that the writer, being a woman, conceals her identity under a masculine *nom-de-plume*. No true woman would care to have her name quoted in the same breath with those of Tom Paine and Voltaire. To publish that book, clever, brilliant, powerful as it is, would be to rob many a young man of that hope in God which has been left him as a blessed heritage by pious, praying parents. The writer has carefully veiled her attack, and the very tone of innocent inquiry which she assumes—for I am confident it is only assumed—makes her work one of the most skilful of modern assaults on Christianity I have ever read."

Varley had never before ventured to express himself so vigorously. His words and manner were fired with an earnestness which very rarely manifested itself before Mr. Winter.

"I think, Mr. Varley, you would make a better preacher than publisher," and Mr. Winter said this with accents that betokened extreme contempt. "As for your opinion, I thank you for it, sir, but since I have already promised to issue the book, I do not see that it will avail much. I am not like you, in the leading-strings of a worn-out faith, and have no hesitation in undertaking the publication of a book intended to warn

the young men of to-day against a system which turns women into whining babies and makes a man a maudlin."

"Stop, sir," exclaimed Varley, in tones vibrating with emotion. He had risen suddenly from his seat at the last words of his master, and stood, transfigured by his passion, passing his hands nervously through his hair. "You are speaking against my mother and my father. I cannot hear you say a word that will imply that they were not what I shall always believe they were, sincere, good and noble. I am confident that their faith in Jesus Christ never lowered them. My father was not less a man because he was a Christian, and my mother was no less womanly because of her faith. I cannot listen to a word that would suggest doubt as to their nobility of heart and character."

Mr. Winter listened, astonished at the daring of this speech. Never before had he been addressed in this fashion.

"Mr. Varley," he said presently, leaning across the table which stood between them, his brow furrowed deep by his anger, "you may go now. I will send to you in the course of an hour or so." And then he turned to his books and papers, and the young man knew he was dismissed from the great man's presence.

CHAPTER II.

"A COLD FACE AND A HAUGHTY."

Let me tell you about George Varley. He is a couple of years off thirty yet, but he has seen much sorrow. Some five years back, just when he was closing a successful career at Cambridge,

his father, a Congregational minister in a popular East-coast town, died in the midst of his usefulness. A fever broke out and raged in the old part of the town; and Varley's father, fashionable preacher though he was, attracting to his ministry the best people of the place, was a true friend to the poor in all their times of need. And on this occasion he visited faithfully and continuously in the fever-stricken district, until he himself was laid aside. Mrs. Varley was the loving and tender nurse of her husband, heroically sacrificing herself to his need. From the fever, to which he eventually succumbed, she escaped; but the death of her dear one was more than her weakened health could bear; and after a few short months, she too passed through the ever-swinging doors of Death into the Eternal Presence.

The loss of his parents came as a heavy blow to George Varley. Passionately fond of his mother, reverencing his father, upon whose wise and sympathetic counsel he was learning to depend more and more, and whose godly life was exerting a mighty formative influence upon his developing character, Varley felt completely broken down under this double bereavement. Practically he was left alone in the world. Of relations he had none near enough of kin to take any keen interest in his future.

What shape was his life to take? The dream of his youth had been of authorship. Not the drudgery of journalism, but the rising into sudden all-glorious fame as one of the great makers of the world's literature. But now he felt that this was at an end. His path might lead to fame, but it would not be the flowery way

which he had dreamed: it could only be by hard steady climbing that he could hope to reach success. Through the shadows of his vale of tears he saw this dimly; and his heart glowed with earnest purpose and lofty aspiration.

A few months after his mother's death, he closed his course at Cambridge and stood upon the threshold of life's great wilderness. By the kindness of some of his father's friends he had been introduced to Mr. Winter, of Shilling, Weekes, and Winter; and had accepted the post that was offered him. It was not the position he had sought or expected he would gain, but it seemed to be the only opening that showed itself, and after all it might become a stepping stone to something higher.

He entered with interest into the affairs of the firm, and Mr. Winter was not long in discovering that in his new clerk he had a *rara avis*—a young man whose judgment was sound and clear; and who was willing to spend himself and be spent in forwarding his master's interests. Never had Mr. Winter and his clerk found themselves opposed to each other until this October morning. Certainly there never had been any open revolt between them. Generally speaking there had been mutual agreement in all matters upon which the younger man had been invited to confer with his master. The quarrel now, so sudden and sharp, seemed inexplicable after the several years of faithful service which had been rendered. That there was some hidden reason for Mr. Winter's angry resentment of his expressed opinion, Varley felt confident. But what could that reason be? Was it the theme of

the book, or its undoubted literary ability that made Mr. Winter so bent on publishing it? Or could it be for the sake of the writer? Who was she? The publisher had refrained from mentioning her name. It mattered not; whoever she might be, this her first work singled her out to occupy a prominent place amongst women-writers; and if the book were issued, her name could not be kept secret long.

From this reverie, in which the past mingled with the present, while through all there ran a wonderment as to what the upshot of that scene upstairs could be, George Varley was awakened by hearing steps approach the door of his room. To the knock, he responded by hastily throwing open the door; and there framed in the opening stood Mr. Winter's daughter.

Cecilia Winter was not beautiful. Indeed her face was only redeemed from the commonplace by a noble brow, and the large dark eyes which looked out beneath it. She was in her three-and-twentieth year, but looked, being tall and well-built, somewhat older. Only once before had Varley seen her, and now he looked upon her astonished. The large eyes were full of fire and about her lips there rested the same contemptuous smile that he had before seen that morning.

For a moment she stood without speaking, her eyes shooting their arrows of fire at the man before her. At last came the words:

"My father wished me to give you this," and into his hand she put a sealed note, and then passed out of his sight along the dimly-lighted passage, while he stood wondering.

As Varley turned away from the door, his hand was passed quickly over his brow. He was in evident perplexity. For a few minutes he paced up and down his room, and then he stopped abruptly. A sudden gleam of light broke through the shadow that had hung upon his face.

"I have it! Yes, that must be the reason for it all. She is the writer of that book. Yes, yes; and that accounts for this too," he said, as he tore open the note that in the excitement of the discovery, he had crumpled in his hand.

The note was brief, written upon the firm's memorandum form.

"I shall not want your further services. You may leave the office at once or stay until the end of the day, as you please. The enclosed cheque covers six month's salary from date.

"JABEZ WINTER."

* * * * *

Within half-an-hour George Varley was hurrying homewards; and the question which kept forcing itself upon his thought was: what would Irene say of it all? How would she regard this sudden collapse of all his hopes?

(To be Continued).

The Love of Jesus to a Sick One.

HOW full of pain that aching brow;
But I, thy Lord, am near thee now.
No other hand can give release,
No other love can whisper peace,
No other heart thy griefs can bear,
Then let Me, loved one, take thy care.
Thy way is all marked out by Me,
From purposes of love to thee;

A way of suffering it is true,
But nothing else would do for you.
I knew if you would love Me much,
My plan of training must be such.
The deeper sorrows which I send,
Bring sweeter blessings in the end.
The child of My peculiar love
May weep on earth—shall sing above.

Now lean thy head upon My breast,
Thou weary one; I'll give thee rest.
I feel thy sighs—I see thy fears—
I know thy wish—I note thy tears:
Nothing can ever thee befall
Without My knowing, ord'ring all;
Only this love I seek in thee—
This wish: "Thy will be done in Me."

Who, then, can be Saved?

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."—Mark xvi. 16.

FOR knowledge of the way of salvation we can have no words of greater authority than those of the Lord Jesus Christ. He cannot be charged with ignorance, or with indifference, or with narrowness, or with any other disqualification. You are therefore urged to look away from human authorities and to own Jesus as your Saviour, your Teacher, and your Lord.

The following suggestions may be helpful to earnest inquirers who are seeking to know the truth on subjects connected with the soul's salvation:—

I.

If thou believest thou wilt give proof of it by obedience.—Rom. x. 10.

Baptism is part of the obedience of faith.—Matt. iii. 15.

Therefore the believer should be baptized.—Acts ii. 41; Acts viii. 12; Acts xvi. 33, 34.

II.

Faith which does not lead to obedience is not Christian faith.

Obedience which is not prompted by faith is not Christian obedience.

Therefore if baptism do not spring from faith it is not an act of Christian obedience.

III.

Baptism without faith in Jesus Christ is not Christian baptism.

Baptism of itself has no power to impart faith or any grace to the soul.

Baptism without faith is therefore a form without power.

IV.

One person is not saved because another person believes.

One person is not to be baptised because another person believes.

The person to be baptised is the person who believes; and

"He that believeth *and* is baptised *shall be saved*."

V.

He that believeth not, though he may have been baptised, is not saved.—John iii. 18.

He that is baptised because another person believes has not received Christian baptism.

He that has been baptised because he believes in Jesus, has received Christian baptism.—Rom. iii. 3-5, Acts xix. 4-5.

READER.—Is your faith such as leads to loving obedience? If so, it is CHRISTIAN faith.

Are your works such as spring from your faith in Jesus Christ? If so, they are CHRISTIAN Works.

To him who would fulfil all righteousness as an evidence of faith baptism is an important part of the obedience of faith.—Rom. x. 10; Matt. iii. 15.—W. WHALE, Brisbane.

When I Have Time.

WHEN I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time!

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time!

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content—
When you had time

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear—
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

The Story of the Cross.

A NATIVE of Madras was asked what led to his conversion? He replied, "It was the story of the Cross. When I read in the Gospel the story of the cross, I sat down and wept three days."

Who of us has been so affected by this story of the cross as to shed tears over it? Our very familiarity with the old, old story, makes us indifferent to its power and beauty. People listen to the account with untouched hearts and unblanched faces.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."—Lam. I. 12.

Reviews.

A Good Start. A Book for young men and women. By C. H. Spurgeon. Prefatory Note by Sir George Williams. (Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings). With likeness of the Author and also of Sir George Williams.

Thirty-four chapters on subjects of paramount importance to young men, from the pen and heart of one who never spoke in vain. It will prove a most acceptable New Year's present to the class to whom it is addressed, and will also have considerable interest for young women, as it contains articles on Esther, Sarah, The Queen of Sheba, Lydia, The Story of an Eccentric Woman, and an address for young men and women after twenty-five.

Part XII C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Chapters No. 47. Enters on Mr. Spurgeon's first printed works. On the first pages we are told: "Soon after I was settled in London, the editor of *The Baptist Messenger*—then recently started—asked me to write some articles for his magazine; so I wrote a brief exposition of Psalms 84 and 86, which was published in 1854, under the title of 'The Valley of Weeping.' The following month the next verse furnished me with a sequel, which appeared in the October number under the heading 'Onward and Heavenward.' Month by month I contributed short Meditations to the pages of *The Messenger*, until my other work absorbed all my time and strength, and from then up to the present, one of my sermons, has regularly occupied the first page of each issue of the little magazine.

Part 38 of *The Treasury of David* has come to hand, continuing the valuable comments up to the 136th Psalm. We have also received the welcome Penny Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack, and the John Ploughman Sheet Almanack, with beautiful pictures of the interior and exterior of the Spurgeon Memorial Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

The Quiver for December is not only up to its usual average of excellent matter, but will be valued for the many illustrations given of eminent poets, statesmen and ministers of the past and present periods. The January Number will contain a most striking article entitled, "The Queen's Wish."

The Baptist Magazine has for its Frontispiece, Sir John Barran, Bart., and leader by Rev. James Stuart. It contains Literary Reviews and Supplement.

We have much pleasure at this season to call attention to the serials of the Religious Tract Society believing, as we do, that they have considerable power in supplying the homes of the people with sound, interesting literature and so counteracting the pernicious cheap literature—"The Penny Dreadfuls of the day." *The Sunday at Home* leads with a beautiful hymn-anthem for soprano, bass, and chorus: "The Sheep that was Lost," and is full of information of three busy places, Halifax, Bradford, and Leeds. The December number of *The Leisure Hour* is full of nice pictures and good reading on subjects of interest: The Port of London, Poets on their Travels, &c. *The Girls' Own*, besides

its very clear and excellent pictures, is full of reading and information which must prove of service to all young girls in the home. *Friendly Greetings* are tracts for all readers, and *The Cottager and Artisan* is published in volume form for 1s. 6d. with coloured picture covers. The December part of *The Boys' Own* with its striking frontispiece, "Still as Death," and contents which make it just the book for the boys in the new year, and *The Little Dots, Child's Companion, &c.*, make up a treasure of serials suitable for all places and all people, while the Christmas special number of *The Boys' Own*, and "Winter Sweet," the extra Christmas number of the *The Girls' Own Paper* and supplement numbers: "Self or Friends"

and "The Little Exile," "The Story of an English Girl in a German Home" will be welcome presents for the new year.

OUR MAGAZINES.

The Sword and Trowel. On the Pastor's Page, by Thomas Spurgeon, continues "The Talk on How a Holiday yields Illustration." *The Irish Baptist* has two worthy leaders by Dr. Cunningham Giekie, "Christmas at Bethlehem," and a Christmas morning meditation by Dr. Joseph Parker.

"How the Angels see us," will be noticed next month.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. Price, from Westbury Leigh, to North Currey and Stoke St. Gregory.

Rev. W. A. Benton, from Regent's-park College, to the Rev. Thomas Fisk at Kidderminster, and will superintend the work at Milton Hall.

Rev. C. Crabbe, from Pastor's College, to East London, South Africa.

Rev. T. Walton, to Pole-street Church, Preston.

Rev. T. Thomas, from Cardiff University College, to Penuel Chapel, near Bridgend, Glam.

Rev. F. Todd, from Gosberton to Swanwick.

Rev. Edward Matthews, from Richmond to Gunnersbury.

Rev. Jacob Samuel, from Regent's-park College to Sutcliffe Church, Olney.

Rev. H. Lenton Staines, A.T.S.,

late senior student at Regent's-park College, to Vale, Lancashire.

Rev. D. C. Chapman, from Yalding, Kent, to Turf Church, Nether-ton.

Rev. W. Hughes, from Oldham to Soham.

Rev. R. Tallontire, from Hulme United Methodist Free Church, Manchester, to Sunnyside Baptist Church, Rossendale Valley.

Rev. Abel Parry, D.D., has consented to take charge of the Welsh Church, Moorfields, London.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. W. Nield has been recognised as pastor of Beulah Church, Hollinwood.

Rev. John Davis has been recognised as pastor of Tabernacle Church, Brentwood. Revs. E. G. Gange, J. S. Poulton, J. M. Steven, A. W. Holden, T. Heywood, H. A. Fletcher,

J. W. Veevers and Mr. Booth Harris took part.

Rev. Charles V. Pike has been recognised as pastor of Union Chapel, Ampthill. Rev. G. D. Cooper gave the charge to the pastor, and Dr. Brown addressed the church. Revs. J. R. Andrews, J. Palmer, and H. C. Field took part.

Rev. R. D. de Russett, B.A., of Regent's-park College, has been appointed student-pastor of the new church at Stevenage for the ensuing year.

Rev. W. Hogan, of Bristol College, has been recognised as pastor of Corn Exchange Church, Gloucester. At the public meeting Rev. W. J. Henderson delivered an address on "The Church"; Rev. H. Knee on "Some Attainable Ideals," and Rev. R. G. Fairbairn on "The Nonconformist Ministry." Revs. G. M. Sraith, W. J. Porter, S. T. Comer, S. Hipwood and J. Morrison took part. Seventeen new members have been received into the church by baptism.

Rev. C. Thomas has been recognised as pastor of Station-hill Church, Chippenham. Revs. J. Lloyd Williams, J. M. Rees and W. H. J. Page took part.

Rev. A. Vaughan Thomas has been ordained as assistant to Rev. J. Thomas in the pastorate of Myrtle-street Church, Liverpool. Revs. Dr. Morris and J. Thomas took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. William Fisk has, in consequence of ill-health, resigned the pastorate at Rickmansworth. A year ago the chapel was renovated, new seats and rostrum taking the place of the old, at a cost of over £300. This sum has been cleared, and the church is now free from debt of any kind. At a farewell meeting Mr. Fisk was presented with a gold watch suitably inscribed.

Rev. E. A. Parry, an address from Rhondda Union, on resigning the pastorate at Wattstown.

Mr. A. S. Milns, a book from Horn-

castle Church, in recognition of six years' services as organist.

Rev. E. E. Smith, a purse of gold from Zion Church, Bradford-on-Avon, on completing eight years' ministry.

Rev. J. McNeil, a silver tea service and copper tea urn from Southgate Church, Denholme.

Mr. H. E. Perkins, a metronome and book from Astwood Bank Church, in recognition of services as organist.

Mr. T. C. Fyson, a silver inkstand from New-street Church, St. Neots, and an address and book from the Snuday-school teachers.

Mr. T. M. Miller, books and a gold fountain pen, in recognition of ten years' services, on leaving the town.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel has been erected at Butterleigh as an outcome of services conducted by workers from Tiverton Church. At the opening services on Saturday and Sunday, Revs. S. Vincent, T. Webster, J. F. Toone, and the Mayor of Tiverton (Alderman J. Thorne) took part. The building seats 100, and has cost £280, towards which £120 has been raised.

The foundation-stone of a new chapel in Slade-lane, Longsight, Manchester, was laid on Saturday by Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, on behalf of the Extension Committee of the Union, which, with the Manchester District Association, has promised £1,500 towards the building fund. The new buildings, which will include a lecture-hall, to serve as a temporary schoolroom, will be lighted by electricity, and cost £3,700. Speaking at a subsequent meeting, Rev. J. E. Roberts presiding, Mr. Williams said that since 1851, when he began his ministry in North Lancashire, the six churches then existing in Manchester and Salford had increased their membership from 839 to 1,719, or more than double.

A new chapel has been erected in Forster-street, Warrington, for the congregation worshipping in West-street. The building will seat 400, and has cost £800, of which £300 is

in hand. Opening services were held on Saturday, Mr. Hixon Irving, of Leamington, preaching.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The students of Regent's-park College are about to erect a tablet to the Memory of the Baptist missionaries who have died in the Congo district. W. H. Doke, died February 14, 1883; T. J. Comber, June 27, 1887; P. E. Comber, February 17, 1892; F. R. Oram, February 17, 1894; W. P. Balforn, February 19, 1894; Philip Davies, December 4, 1895; W. H. White, July 4, 1897.

Rev. D. R. Morgan has resigned the pastorate of Tabernacle Church, Chalford, which he has held for twenty-seven years, and under medical advice intends to take a year's complete rest, during which no successor will be appointed, in the hope that Mr. Morgan will then resume his ministry.

The church at loose, near Maidstone, has celebrated the extinction of its building debt and the twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. W. Archer. Revs. J. Whitaker, G. Walker and T. S. Jones took part in the meetings.

WALES.

Rev. D. Davies, Llandrindno, has been re-elected President of the Vale of Conway and Festiniog Union. Attention was called to the support given by the churches in North Wales to the Bible Translation Society (seventy-seven out of ninety making no response to appeals for financial aid), and Rev. J. Roberts was chosen to visit them. Papers on 'Suggestions for Popularising the Week-Night Services,' by Rev. H. O. Hughes and on 'Our Duty towards Our Young People in View of the Assertions and Attacks made by Roman Catholics in Our Country,' by Rev. W. Hughes, were ordered to be printed.

AFRICA.

The Government of the Congo Free State has granted to the Baptist Missionary Society an extension of land at the Bopoto and Yakusu stations; the contracts have been signed by the Governor-General, and ratified by the King of the Belgians. A new pier having been completed at Matadi, there are now two piers at which the ocean steamers can discharge their cargoes.

INDIA.

Rev. J. W. Gilbert, B.Sc., of Serampore, who went to India about two years ago, has passed his final examination, and has been appointed a missionary of the B.M.S.

BAPTISMS.

- Aldershot*.—November 20, Two, by F. Kemp
Belfast, Antrim-road.—November 27, Three, by C. S. Donald.
Burlton, Shrivensham.—November 24, Two, by R. W. Mansfield
Bangor, Penrallt-road.—November 9, Fours, by W. R. Saunders
Beulah, Montgomeryshire.—November 9, Two, by T. D. Jones
Blaengarw.—November 11, Seven, by J. H. Lamb
Broadstairs.—December 7, Two, by T. Davies
Carmarthen (English).—November 13, Two, by A. F. Mills
Caresw, Montgomeryshire.—November 27, Four, by R. Davies
Clayton, near Bradford.—November 27, Four, by J. Horn
Colne, Lancashire.—November 27, Six, by S. Kent
Castle Hall, Taffswell.—November 20, Two, by R. A. James
Dunfermline.—November 20, Seven, by J. T. Hagen
Dundee, Ward-road.—November 13, One, by D. Clark
Hay.—November 20, Seven; 27, Five, by T. Walton
Holyhead (English).—November 27, Two, by C. Evans
Harrow.—November 10, Four, by W. Dyson
Holyhead, New Park-street.—November 6, Three; 10, Six, by C. Evans

Kingsbridge, Devon.—October 30, Five, by W. T. Adey.
Lydney, Gloucester.—November 27, Three, by E. Davis.
Mills Hill, Lancashire.—November 27, Two, by F. Oliver.
Motherwell.—November 13, One; 27, Three, by J. Burns.
Merthyr Tydvil, Ebenezer.—November 13, Two, by D. S. Williams.
Old Cumnock, N.B.—November 13, Three, by A. Black.
Pembroke Dock.—November 27, One, by R. C. Roberts.
Pontypidd, Temple.—November 6, Eight, by H. G. James.
Pentre, Rhondda (Zion).—November 13, Six, by G. Morris.
Quorndon, Leicestershire.—November 16, Eight, by W. J. Tomkins.
Ryde, I.W.—November 27, Six, by F. W. Walter.
Risca, Mon., Bethany.—November 20, Eleven, by T. Thomas.
Saiford, St. George-street.—November 27, Six, by J. J. Haigreaves.
South Woodford—One, by F. D. Robbins.
St. Peter's Thanet, Salem.—November 20, Four, by J. T. Castle.
Thornaby-on-Tees.—November 27, Seven, by A. E. Carter.
Tredegar, Bethel.—November 6, Twelve, by D. P. Davies.

Treherbert, Bethany.—November 6, Nine, by J. Williams.
Twynnyrdyn, Near Cardiff.—November 6, Two, by W. Morris.
Tonyandy, Bethel.—November 20, Two, by D. Davies.
Tonbridge, High-street.—October 30, Two, by J. H. Blake.
Wick, N.B.—November 21, One, by J. Elder.
Westbury, Leigh.—October 30, Four, by W. Price.
West Hartlepool.—November 13, Six, by A. W. Curwood.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Bermondsey, Abbey-street, S.E.—November 20, Two, by A. V. G. Chandler.
Poplar, Bromley Tabernacle, E.—November 20, Thirteen, by A. Tildsley.
Woolwich Tabernacle, S.E.—November 13, Eight, by F. Penny.
Kingston-on-Thames, Bunyan Tabernacle.—November 27, Fourteen, by J. O. Stalberg.
Tottenham, West Green.—November 27, Thirteen, by J. Edmonds.
Westbourne Grove, W.—November 27, Two, by G. Freeman.
South Woodford, E.—November 13, Two, by F. D. Robbins.

FEARFUL NOISES.



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The Sons of God.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.”
—Romans viii., 16-17.

MY brethren, what a contrast there is between the present and future estate of the child of God! The believer is here the brother to the worm; in heaven he shall be next of kin to the angels. Here he is covered with the sweat and dust which he acquired by Adam's fall; there his brow shall be bright with the immortality which is conferred upon him by the resurrection of Christ. Here the heir of heaven is unknown; he is in disguise, full often clad in the habiliments of poverty, but there his princely character shall be discerned and acknowledged, he shall be waited upon by angels, and shall share in the admiration which the universe shall pour upon the glorified Redeemer. Well said our poet just now,

“It doth not yet appear, how great we must be made.”

I think I need not remind you of your condition here below; you are too conversant with it, being hourly fretted with troubles, vexed with your own infirmities, with the temptations of Satan, and with all the allurements of this world. You are quite conscious that this is not your rest. There are too many thorns in your nest, to permit you to hope for an abiding city below the skies. I say, it is utterly needless for me to refresh your memories about your present condition, but I feel it will be a good and profitable work if I remind you that there are high privileges of which you are possessors even now; there are divine joys which even this day you may taste. The wilderness has its manna; the desert is gladdened with water from the rock. God hath not forsaken us; the tokens of his goodness are with us, and we may rejoice in full many a gracious boon which is ours this very day. I shall direct your joyous attention to one precious jewel in your treasury, namely, your adoption into the family of God.

There are four things of which I shall speak this morning. First, *a special privilege*: second, *a special proof of it*, the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit; then thirdly, *a special privilege*, that of heirship; and fourthly, the practical part of the sermon, and the conclusion shall be *a special manner of life demanded of such persons*.

I. First, then, my brethren, a SPECIAL PRIVILEGE mentioned in the text. “*We are the children of God.*” And here I am met upon the very

threshold by the opposition of certain modern theologians, who hold that sonship is not the special and peculiar privilege of believers. The newly-discovered negative theology, which, I fear, has done some damage to the Baptist denomination, and a very large amount of injury to the Independent body—the new heresy is, to a large degree, founded upon the fiction of the Universal Fatherhood of God. The old divines, the Puritans, the Reformers, are now, in these last days, to be superseded by men whose teaching flatly contradicts all that we have received of our forefathers. Our old ministers have all represented God as being *to his people* a father, to the rest of the world a judge. This is styled by our new philosophers an old cumbersome scheme of theology, and it is proposed that it be swept away—a proposition which will never be carried out while the earth remaineth, or while God endureth. But, at any rate, certain knight-errants have set themselves to do battle with windmills, and really believe that they shall actually destroy from the face of the earth that which is a fundamental and abiding distinction, without which the Scriptures are not to be understood. We are told by modern false prophets that God in everything acts to all men as a father, even when he casts them into the lake of fire, and sends upon them all the plagues that are written in his book. All these terrible things in righteousness, the awful proofs of holy vengeance in the judge of all the earth, are successfully neutralized in their arousing effect, by being quietly written among the loving acts and words of the Universal Father. It is dreamed that this is an age when men do not need to be thundered at; when everybody is become so tender-hearted that there is no need for the sword to be held “in terrorum” over mortals, but that everything is to be conducted in a new and refined manner; God the Universal Father, and all men universal sons. Now I must confess there is something very pretty about this theory, something so fascinating that I do not wonder that some of the ablest minds have been wooed and won by it. I, for my part, take only one objection to it, which is that it is perfectly untrue and utterly unfounded, having not the slightest shadow of a pretence of being proved by the Word of God. Scripture everywhere represents the chosen people of the Lord, under their visible character of believers, penitents, and spiritual men, as being “the children of God,” and to none but such is that holy title given. It speaks of the regenerate, of a special class of men as having claim to be God’s children. Now, as there is nothing like Scripture, let me read you a few texts, Romans viii. 14.—“As many are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.” Surely no one is so daring as to say that all men are led by the Spirit of God; yet may it readily enough be inferred from our text that those who are not led by the Spirit of God are not the sons of God; but that they and they alone who are led, guided and inspired by the Holy Spirit, are the sons of God. A passage from Galatians iii. 26.—“For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus,” declaring as it seems to me, and rightly enough, that all believers, all who have faith in Christ are the children of God, and that they become actually and manifestly so by faith in Christ Jesus, and implying that those who have no faith in Christ Jesus are not God’s sons, and that any pretence which they could make to that relationship would be but arrogance

and presumption. And hear you this, John i., 12.—“To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.” How could they have been the sons of God before, for “to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name, who were born *not of blood*”—then they were not made the sons of God by mere creation—“nor of the will of the flesh,” that is to say, not by any efforts of their own, “but of God.” If any text can be more conclusive than this against universal sonship, I must confess I know of none; and unless these words mean nothing at all, they do mean just this, that believers are sons of God and none besides. But listen to another word of the Lord in the first epistle of John, iii. 10.—“In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.” Here are two sorts of children, therefore all are not the children of God. Can it be supposed that those who are the children of the devil are nevertheless the children of God? I must confess my reason revolts against such a supposition, and though I think I might exercise a little imagination, yet I could not make my imagination sufficiently an acrobat to conceive of a man being at the same time a child of the devil, and yet a real child of God. Hear another, 2 Corinthians, vi. 17.—“Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” Is not that “coming out” necessary to sonship, and were they his sons, were they his daughters, had they any claim or right to call him Father, until they came out from the midst of a wicked world, and were separate? If so, why doth God promise them what they have already. But again, Matthew, v., 9.—“Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.” A fine title indeed if it belongs to every man! Where is the blessedness of the title, for they might be lovers of strife, and yet according to modern theologians they might still be the sons of God. Let us mark a yet more positive passage, Romans, ix. 8.—“The children of the flesh, these are not the children of God.” What then is to be said to this, “These are not the children of God.” If any man will contradict that flatly—well, be it so. I have no argument with which to convince the man who denies so strong and clear a witness. Listen to the divine apostle John, where in one of his epistles he is carried away in the rhapsody of devout admiration. “Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.” And then he goes on giving a description of those who are the sons of God, which could not mean any but those who by a living faith in Christ Jesus have cast their souls once for all on him. As far as I can guess the main text on which these people build the doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood, is that quotation which the apostle Paul took from a heathen poet—“As certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.” The apostle endorses that sentiment by quoting it, and against that endorsement we can of course have no contention; but the word there used for “offspring,” expresses no idea of Fatherhood in the majestic sense of the term, it is a word that might

be used as appropriately for the young of animals, the young of any other creature, it has not about it the human sympathies which belong to a father and a son. I know, besides this, nothing could support this new theory. Possibly they fancy that creation is a paternal act, that all created things are sons. This is too absurd to need an answer, for if so, horses and cows, rats and mice, snakes and flies are children of God, for they are surely creatures as well as we. Taking away this corner-stone, this fancy theology tumbles to the ground, and that theory which seemed to be as tall as Babel, and threatened to make as much confusion, may right soon be demolished, if you will batter it with the Word of God. The fact is, brethren, that the relationship of a son of God belongs only to those who are "predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, according to the good pleasure of the Father's will:" Ephesians i. 5. The more you search the Bible, the more sure will you be that sonship is the special privilege of the chosen people of God and of none beside.

Having thus, as far as I can, established my point, that the privilege of our text is a special one, let me dwell upon it for a moment and remark that, as a special one, it is an act of pure un-mistakeable grace. No man has any *right* to be a son of God. If we are born into his family it is a miracle of mercy. It is one of the ever-blessed exhibitions of the infinite love of God which without any cause in us, has set itself upon us. If thou art this day an heir of heaven, remember, man, thou wast once the slave of hell. Once thou didst wallow in the mire, and if thou shouldst adopt a swine to be thy child, thou couldst not then have performed an act of greater compassion than when God adopted thee. And if an angel could exalt a gnat to equal dignity with himself, yet would not the boon be such an-one as that which God hath conferred on thee. He hath taken thee from the dunghill, and he hath set thee among princes. Thou hast lain among the pots, but he hath made thee as a dove whose wings are covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. Remember that this is grace, and grace alone. When thou regardest thine adoption, remember the house of thy natural parentage,—look back to the hole of the pit whence thou art digged, and the miry clay whence thou wast drawn. Boast not, if thou art in the true olive. Thou art not there, because of thine original, thou art but a graft; thou art a scion from an evil tree, and the Divine Spirit hath changed thy nature, for thou wast once nothing but a branch of the vine of Gomorrah. Ever let humility bow thee to the very earth while thine adoption lifts thee up to the third heaven.

Consider again, I pray you, what a dignity God hath conferred upon you—even upon *you* in making you his son. The tall archangel before the throne is not called God's son, he is one of the most favoured of his servants, but not his child. I tell thee, thou poor brother in Christ, there is a dignity about thee that even angels may well envy. Thou in thy poverty art as a sparkling jewel in the darkness of the mine. Thou in the midst of thy sickness and infirmity art girt about with robes of glory, which make the spirits in heaven look down upon the earth with awe. Thou movest about this world as a prince among the crowd. The blood of heaven runs in thy veins; thou art one of the blood royal of eternity—a son of God, descendant of the King of kings.

Speak of pedigrees, the glories of heraldy—thou hast more than heraldy could ever give thee, or all the pomp of ancestry could ever bestow.

II. And now I press forward to notice that in order that we may know whether we are partakers of this high—this royal relationship of children of God, the text furnishes us with a SPECIAL PROOF—"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." You will notice here, my beloved, that there are two witnesses in court—two who are ready to prove our filiation to the eternal God. The first witness is *our spirit*; the second witness is *The Spirit*, the eternal Spirit of God, who beareth witness with our spirit. It is as if a poor man were called into court to prove his right to some piece of land which was disputed. He standeth up and beareth his own faithful testimony; but some great one of the land—some nobleman who lives near—rises, stands in the witness box, and confirms his witness. So is it with our text. The plain, simple spirit of the humble-minded Christian cries, "I am God's child." The glorious Spirit, one with God, attests the truth of the testimony, and beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

Let us notice in the first place, how it is that *our spirit* is able to bear witness; and as this is a matter of experience, I can only appeal to those who are the true children of God; for no others are competent to give testimony. Our spirit bears witness that we are the children of God, when it feels a filial love to God. When bowing before his throne we can boldly say "Abba Father,"—"Thou art my Father," then our spirit concludes that we are sons, for thus it argues, "I feel to thee as a child feelth to its parent, and it could not be that I should have the feeling of a son if I had not the rights of a son—if I were not a child thou wouldst never have given to me that filial affection which now dares to call thee "Father."

Sometimes, too, the spirit feels that God is its Father not only by love but by trust. The rod has been upon our back and we have smarted very sore, but in the darkest hour we have been able to say, "The time is in my Father's hands; I cannot murmur; I would not repine; I feel it is but right that I should suffer, otherwise my Father would never have made me suffer." He surely doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men for nought; and when in these dark gloomy times we have looked up to a Father's face, and have said, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee; thy blows shall not drive thee from me; they shall but make me say, 'Show me wherefore thou contendest with me, and purge me from my sin.'" Then our spirit beareth witness that we are the children of God.

And are there not times with you, my dear friends, when your hearts feel that they would be emptied and void, unless God were in them. You have perhaps received an increase to your wealth, and after the first flush of pleasure which was but natural, you have said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity; this is not my joy." You have had many mercies in your family, but you have felt that in them all there was a lack of something which could satisfy your heart, and you have felt that that something was God. My God, thou art my all in all—the circle where my passions move, the centre of my soul. Now these longings—these pantings for something more than this world can give

you—were but the evidences of a child-like spirit, which was panting after its Father's presence. You feel you must have your Father, or else the gifts of his providence are nothing to you. That is, *your spirit* beareth witness that you are the child of God. But there are times when the heir of heaven is as sure that he is God's child as he is sure he is his own father's son. No doubt can make him question. The evil one may whisper, "If thou be the son of God." But he says, "Get thee hence, Satan, I know I am the son of God." A man might as well try to dispute him out of the fact of his existence, as out of that equally sure fact that he has been born again, and that by gracious adoption he has been taken into the family of God. This is our spirit witnessing that we are born of God.

But the text, you see, furnishes us with a higher witness than this. God that cannot lie, in the person of the Holy Ghost, graciously condescendeth to say "Amen", to the testimony of our conscience. And whereas our experience sometimes leads our spirit to conclude that we are born of God, there are happy times when the eternal Spirit from off the throne, descends and fills our heart, and then we have the two witnesses bearing witness with each other, that we are children of God. Perhaps you ask me, how is this. I was reading a passage by Dr. Chalmers the other day, in which he says, that his own experience did not lead him to believe that the Holy Spirit ever gave any witness of our being the children of God, apart from the written Word of God, and his ordinary workings in our hearts. Now, I am not sure that the doctor is perfectly right. As far as his own experience went I dare say he was right, but there may be some far inferior to the doctor in genius, who nevertheless were superior in nearness of fellowship with God, and who could therefore go a little farther than the eloquent divine. Now, I do believe with him this morning, that the chief witness of God the Holy Spirit lies in this—the Holy Spirit has written this book which contains an account of what a Christian should be, and of the feelings which believers in Christ must have. I have certain experiences and feelings; turning to the Word, I find similar experiences and feelings recorded; and so I prove that I am right, and the Spirit bears witness with my spirit that I am born of God. Suppose you have been enabled to believe in Jesus Christ for your salvation; that faith has produced love to Christ; that love to Christ has led you to work for Christ; you come to the Bible, and you find that this was just the very thing which was felt by early believers; and then you say, "Good Lord, I am thy son, because what I feel is what thou hast said by the lips of thy servant must be felt by those who are thy children." So the Spirit confirms the witness of my spirit that I am born of God.

But again, everything that is good in a Christian you know to be the work of God the Holy Ghost. When at any time then the Holy Spirit comforts you—sheds a sweet calm over your disturbed spirit; when at any period he instructs you, opens to you a mystery you did not understand before; when at some special period he inspires you with an unwonted affection, an unusual faith in Christ; when you experience a hatred of sin, a faith in Jesus, a death to the world, and a life to God, these are the works of the Spirit. Now the Spirit never did work effectually in any but the children of God; and inasmuch as the Spir

works in you, he doth by that very working give his own infallible testimony to the fact that you are a child of God. If you had not been a child he would have left you where you were in your natural state; but inasmuch as he hath wrought in you to will and to do of his own good pleasure, he hath put his stamp on you as being one of the family of the Most High. But I think I must go a little further than this. I do believe that there is a supernatural way in which, apart from means, the Spirit of God communicates with the spirit of man. My own little experience leads me to believe that, apart from the Word of God, there are immediate dealings with the conscience and soul of man by the Holy Spirit, without any instrumentality, without even the agency of the truth. I believe that the Spirit of God sometimes comes into a mysterious and marvellous contact with the spirit of man, and that at times the Spirit speaketh in the heart of man by a voice not audible to the ear, but perfectly audible to the spirit which is the subject of it. He assures and consoles directly, by coming into immediate contact with the heart. It becomes our business then to take the Spirit's witness through his Word, and through his works, but I would seek to have immediate, actual, undivided fellowship with the Holy Ghost, who by his divine Spirit, should work in my spirit and convince me that I am a child of God.

Now let me ask my congregation, do any of you know that you are God's children? Say not, "In my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, and a child of God." There are not many in England, I think, who believe those words. There may be a few who do, but it has never been my misfortune to meet with them. Every one knows that it is a disgrace to a matchless prayer-book, that such words should be permitted to stand there—words so infamously untrue that by their gross untruthfulness they cease to have the destructive effect which more cunning language might have produced, because the conscience of man revolts against the idea that the sprinkling of drops of water upon the infant's brow can ever make it a member of Christ, and a child of God. But I ask you, does your spirit say to-day "I am God's child." Do you feel the longings, the loves, the confidences of a child? If not, tremble, for there are but two vast families in this world. They are the family of God, and the family of Satan—their character how different—their end, how strangely divided! But let me say again to thee, hast thou ever felt that the Holy Ghost has borne witness with thy spirit in his word, and in his work, in thee; and in that secret whisper has he ever said to thee, "Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee." I conjure thee, give no sleep to thine eyes, no slumber to thine eyelids, till by this divine mysterious agency thou art new made, new born, and new begotten, and so admitted not only nominally, but really into the living family of the living God.

III. I shall now pass on to my third point. If it be settled in our mind by the true witness—the spirit within us, and the Spirit of God,—that we are God's children, what a NOBLE PRIVILEGE now appears to our view. "HEIRS OF GOD, and joint heirs with Christ." It does not always follow in human reasoning "if children, then heirs," because in our families but one is the heir. There is but one that can claim the heir's rights, and the heir's title. It is not so in the family of God.

Man as a necessary piece of political policy, may give to the heir that which surely he can have no more real right to in the sight of God, than the rest of the family—may give him all the inheritance, while his brethren, equally true born, may go without; but it is not so in the family of God. All God's children are heirs, however numerous the family, and he that shall be born of God last, shall be as much his heir as he who was born first. Abel, the protomartyr, entering alone into heaven, shall not have a more secure title to the inheritance than he who, last of woman born, shall trust in Christ, and then ascend into his glory. In heaven's logic it is true, "if children, then heirs."

And see what it is that we are heirs of. The apostle opens with the grandest part of the inheritance first—*heirs of God*—heirs not of God's gifts, and God's works, but heirs of God himself. It was said of king Cyrus, that he was a prince of so amiable a disposition, that when at any time he sat down to meat, if there were aught that pleased his appetite, he would order it to be taken away and given to his friends with this message, "King Cyrus found that this food pleased his palate, and he thought his friend should feed upon that which he enjoyed himself." This was thought to be a singular instance of his affability, and his kindness to his courtiers. But our God doeth more than this, he doth not send merely bread from his table, as in the day when man did eat angel's food: he doth not give us merely to drink the wines on the lees well refined—the rich wines of heaven—but he gives himself—*himself* to us. And the believer is to be the heir, I say, not merely of God's works, not simply of God's gifts, but of God himself. Talk we of his omnipotence?—his Allmightiness is ours. Speak we of his omniscience?—all his wisdom is engaged in our behalf. Do we say that he is love?—that love belongs to us. Can we glory that he is full of immutability, and changes not?—that eternal unchangeableness is engaged for the defence of the people of God. All the attributes of divinity are the property of God's children—their inheritance entailed upon them. Nay, he himself is ours. Oh what riches! If we could say this morning, that all the stars belong to us; if we could turn the telescope to the most remote of the fixed stars, and then could say with the pride of possession, so natural to man, "That star, a thousand-times bigger than the sun, is mine. I am the king of that inheritance, and without me doth not a dog move his tongue." If we could then sweep the telescope along the milky way, and see the millions upon millions of stars that lie clustered together there, and could cry, "All these are mine," yet these possessions were but a speck compared with that which is in the text. Heir of God! He to whom all these things are but as nothing, gives himself up to be the inheritance of his people.

Note yet a little further concerning the special privilege of heirship—we are *joint heirs with Christ*. That is, whatever Christ possesses, as heir of all things, belongs to us. Splendid must be the inheritance of Jesus Christ. Is he not very God of very God, Jehovah's only begotten Son, Most High and glorious, though he bowed himself to the grave and became the Servant of servants, yet God over all, blessed for ever. Amen.

Oh! what angelic tongue shall hymn his glory? What fiery lips

shall ever speak of his possessions, of his riches,—the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus. But beloved, all that belongs to Christ belongs to Christ's people. It is as when a man doth marry. His possessions shall be shared by his spouse; and when Christ took his Church unto himself he endowed her with all his goods, both temporal and eternal. He gives to us his raiments, and thus we stand arrayed. His righteousness becomes our beauty. He gave to us his person, it has become our meat and our drink; we eat his flesh and drink his blood. He gave to us his inmost heart; he loved us even to the death. He gave to us his crown; he gave to us his throne; for "to him that overcometh will I give to sit upon my throne, even as I have overcome, and have sat down with my Father upon his throne." He gave to us his heaven, for "where I am, there shall my people be." He gave to us the fulness of his joy, for "my joy shall be in you, that your joy may be full." I repeat it, there is nothing in the highest heaven which Christ has reserved unto himself, "for all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

I cannot stay longer on that point, except just to notice, that we must never quarrel with this divine arrangement. "Oh," say you, "we never shall." Stay, stay, brother; I have known you do so already, for when all that is Christ's belongs to you, do ye forget that Christ once had a cross, and that belongs to you? Christ once wore a thorny crown, and if you are to have all that he has, you must bear the thorny crown too? Have you forgotten that he had shame and spitting, the reproach, the rebuke of men, and that he conceived all those to be greater riches than all the treasures of this world? Come, I know as you look down the inventory, you are apt to look a little askance on that cross, and you think, "Well, the crown is glorious, but I love not the spittle, I care not to be despised and rejected of men." Oh! you are quarrelling with this divine arrangement, you are beginning to differ with this blessed policy of God. Why, one would have thought you would rejoice to take your Master for better or for worse, and to be partaker with him, not only in his glories but in his sufferings. So it must be, "If so be that we suffer with him that we also may be glorified together." Is there a place into which your Master went that you would be ashamed to enter? If so, methinks your heart is not in a right state. Would you refuse to go with him to the garden of his agony? Believer, would you be ashamed to stand and be accused as he was, and have false witness born against you? And would you blush to sit side-by-side with him, and be made nothing of as he was? Oh, when you start aside at a little jest, let your conscience prick you, and say, "Am I not a joint heir with Christ, and am I about to quarrel with the legacy? Did he not say, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world?" And oh, would you be ashamed to die for Christ; methinks if you are what you should be, you will glory in tribulations also, and count it sweet to suffer for Christ. I know the world turns this into ridicule and says, "That the hypocrite loves persecution;" no, not the hypocrite, but the true believer; he feels that though the suffering must ever be painful, yet for Christ's sake, it becomes so glorious that the pain is all forgotten.

Come, believer, will you be partaker with Christ to-day in the battle, and then divide this spoil with him? Come, will you wade with him through the deep waters, and then at last climb up the topless hills with him? Are you prepared now to be despised and rejected of men that you may at last ascend up on high, leading captivity captive? The inheritance cannot be divided: if you will have the glory, you must have the shame. He that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Come, men, put your face against all weathers; be ready to come up hill, with the snow blowing in your face, be ready to march on when the tempest howls, and the lightnings flash over head, and the snow becomes knee-deep; nay, be ready to go into the crevasse with him, and perish, if need be. Who quarrels with this sacred regulation? Certainly no true child of God; he would not have it altered, even if he might.

IV. And now I come to my last point, upon which briefly but I hope interestingly. The SPECIAL CONDUCT naturally expected from those who are partakers of the peculiar privileges of being the children of God. In the golden age of Rome, if a man were tempted to dishonesty, he would stand upright, look the tempter in the face and say to him, "I am a Roman." He thought that a sufficient reason why he should neither lie nor cheat. It ought to be a ten times more than sufficient answer to every temptation, for a man to be able to say, "I am a son of God; shall such a man as I yield to sin?" I have been astonished in looking through old Roman history at the wonderful prodigies of integrity and valour which were produced by idolatry, or rather, which were produced by patriotism, and that principle which ruled the Romans, namely, love of fame. And I say it this morning, it is a shameful thing that ever idolatry should be allowed to breed better men than some who profess Christianity. And I think I may stand firmly while I argue here, that if a Roman, a worshipper of Jupiter or Saturn, become great or glorious, a son of God ought to be nobler far. Look ye, sirs, at Brutus; he has established a republic, he has put down tyranny, he sits upon the judgment seat; his two sons are brought before him, they have been traitors to the commonwealth. What will the father do? He is a man of a loving heart and loves his sons, but there they stand. Will he execute justice as a judge, or will he prefer his family to his country? He covers his face for a moment with his hands, and then looking down upon his sons, and finding that the testimony is complete against them, he says, "Lictors, do your work." They bare their backs, the rod scourgeth them. "Complete the sentence, lictors;" and their heads are smitten off in the father's presence. Stern justice swayed his spirit, and no other feeling could for a single moment make him turn aside. Christian men, do you feel this with regard to your sins. When you have been sitting on the judgment bench, there has been some favourite sin brought up, and you have, oh, let me blush to say it, you have wished to spare it, it was so near your heart, you have wished to let it live, whereas should you not as the son of God have said, "If my eye offend me, I will pluck it out and cast it from me, if my right hand offend me, I will cut it off, rather than I should in anything offend my God." Brutus slays his sons.

but some Christians would spare their sins. Look again at that noble youth, Mutius Scævola. He goes into the tent of King Pyrrhus with the intention to put him to death, because he is an enemy of his country; he slays the wrong man; Pyrrhus orders him to be taken captive. A pan of hot coals is blazing in the tent; Scævola puts out his right hand and holds it; it crackles in the flame; the young man flinches not, though his fingers drop away. "There are 400 youths," says he, "in Rome as brave as I am, and that will bear fire as well; and, tyrant," he says, "you will surely die." Yet here are Christian men, who, if they are a little sneered at, or snubbed, or get the cold shoulder for Christ's sake, are half ashamed of their profession, and would go and hide it. And if they are not like Peter — tempted to curse and swear to escape the blessed imputation — they would turn the conversation, that they might not suffer for Christ. Oh for 400 Scævolas, 400 men who for Christ's sake would burn not their right hands, but their bodies, if, indeed, Christ's name might be glorified, and sin might be stabbed to the heart. Or, read you that old legend of Curtius, the Roman knight. A great gulf had opened in the Forum, perhaps caused by an earthquake, and the auspices had said that the chasm could never be filled up, except the most precious thing in Rome could be cast into it. Curtius puts on his helmet and his armour, mounts his horse, and leaps into the cleft, which is said to have filled at once, because courage, valour, and patriotism were the best things in Rome. I wonder how many Christians there are who would leap like that into the cleft. Why, I see you, sirs, if there is a new and perilous work to be done for Christ, you like to be in the rear rank this time; if there were something honourable, so that you might ride on with your well-caparisoned steeds in the midst of the dainty ranks ye would do it; but to leap into certain annihilation for Christ sake—Oh! heroism, where is it fled—whither has it gone. Thou Church of God, surely it must survive in thee; for to whom should it more belong to die and sacrifice all, than to those who are the sons of God. Look ye again at Camillus. Camillus had been banished from Rome by false accusations. He was ill-treated, abused, and slandered, and went away to retirement. Suddenly the Goths, the old enemies of Rome, fell upon the city. They surrounded it; they were about to sack it, and Camillus was the only man who could deliver it. Some would have said within themselves, "Let the caitiff nation be cut off. The city has turned me out; let it rue the day that it ever drove me away." But no, Camillus gathers together his body of followers, falls upon the Goths, routs them, and enters in triumph into Rome though he was an exile. Oh Christian, this should ever be your spirit, only in a higher degree. When the Church rejects you, casts you out, annoys, despises you, still be ready to defend her; and when you have an ill name even in the lips of God's people, still stand up for the common cause of Zion, the city of our solemnities. Or look you at Cincinnatus. He is chosen Dictator, but as soon as ever his dictatorship is over he retires to his little farm of three acres, and goes to his plough; and when he is wanted to be absolute monarch of Rome, he is found at his plough upon his three acres of land and

his little cottage. He served his country, not for himself, but for his country's sake, and can it be that you will not be poor yet honest for Christ's sake! Will you descend to the tricks of trade to win money? Ah, then, the Roman eclipses the Christian. Will you not be satisfied to serve God though you lose by it; to stand up and be thought an arrant fool, because you will not learn the wisdom of this world; to be esteemed a mad fanatic, because you cannot swim with the current. Can you not do it? Can you not do it? Then again I say to you, "Tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in Askelon, then has a heathen eclipsed a Christian." May the sons of God be greater than the sons of Romulus. One other instance let me give you. You have heard of Regulus the Roman general; he was taken prisoner by Carthaginians, who anxiously wished for peace. They told him to go home to Rome and see if he could not make peace. But his reply was, "No, I trust they will always be at war with you, for Carthage must be destroyed if Rome is to prosper." They compelled him, however, to go, exacting from him the promise, that if the Romans did not make peace he would come back, and if he came back they would put him to death in the most horrid manner that ever cruelty could invent. Regulus returns to Rome; he stands up in the senate and conjures them never to make peace in Carthage, but to burn the city and utterly destroy it. As soon as his oration is done, he bids farewell to his wife and children, and tells them that he is going back to Carthage, and, of course, they tell him that he need not keep faith with an enemy. I imagine that he said, "I promised to go back, and though it is to pangs indescribable, I will return." His wife clings to his shoulder, his children seek to dissuade him; they attend him to the waters' edge; he sails for Cathage; his death was too horrible to be described. Never martyr suffered more for Christ, than that man suffered for his word's sake. And shall a Christian man break his promise? shall a son of God be less true than a Roman or a heathen? Shall it be, I say, that integrity shall be found in heathen lands and not be found here? No. May you be holy, harmless, sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. I used this argument; I thought it might be a new one; I am sure it is a forcible one. You cannot imagine, surely, that God is to allow heathens to eclipse his children. Oh! never let it be so. So live, so act, ye sons of God, that the world may say of you, "Yes, these men bring forth the fruits of God; they are like their Father; they honour his name; they are indeed filled with his grace, for their every word is as true as his oath; their every act is sincere and upright; their heart is kind, their spirit is gentle; they are firm, but yet they are generous; they are strict in their integrity, but they are loving in their souls; they are men who, like God, are full of love, but like him are severely just. They are sternly holy; they are, like him, ready to forgive, but they can by no means tolerate iniquity, nor bear that sin should live in their presence." God bless you, ye sons of God, and may those of you who are strangers to him be convinced and converted by this sermon, and seek that grace by which alone you can have your prayer fulfilled:

"With them numbered may we be.
Now and through eternity."

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER III.—IRENE MEREDITH.

“IRENE, when is it Dr. Munroe returns?”

“I'm sure I don't know, mamma. Why? I thought he intended being away for a month or six weeks,” answered Irene Meredith, as she moved away from her harp, and came and seated herself on an ottoman beside her mother's couch. She was a very pretty girl, with regular features, laughing brown eyes, and wavy hair that matched the eyes in colour and seemed to laugh also.

“Well, I shall be glad when he does get back. Dr. Petworth doesn't understand me. To-day when he called, he quite wearied me asking question after question about my symptoms; and I am sure he knows no more about my real state of health than—this fan,” and Mrs. Meredith began, wearily, to stir the jewelled bits of ivory she held in her hand.

She went on, in tones peevishly accentuated, “Dr. Munroe ought not to have gone away to leave me to the tender mercies of a young fellow barely out of his teens. It stands to reason he cannot have had much experience when his brass-plate hasn't been up long enough to have been touched by a winter's snow. I can't think why Dr. Munroe hadn't more respect for his

patients than to engage such a young assistant.”

Mrs. Meredith felt that she had cause to complain. Old Dr. Munroe, with his genial manner, punctuated by those quaint courtesies, which were the marks of a gentleman in the days of our fathers, had always been most attentive to Mrs. Meredith; and for her now to be passed over to the care of a young fellow like Dr. Petworth, who, however skilful he might be, was only a doctor and not the friend the other was, seemed to the fretful invalid, to be a just ground for complaint.

“I don't think Dr. Petworth is so young, mamma,” returned the girl softly. “Rob says he cannot be under thirty, for he was a fifth year's man when Rob went to Cambridge. And then he was at St. Thomas's for I don't know how many years.”

“He looks young at any rate,” said Mrs. Meredith, with a flicker of spirit. “It is bad enough when a man is really younger than he appears, but it is a positive sin for him to look a boy of nineteen when he is actually thirty, especially if he be a doctor; one has no confidence in him.”

“Dr. Munroe assured you mamma, that Dr. Petworth was a qualified physician, and Rob is for ever singing his praise,

declaring that at St. Thomas's it is prophesied that Dr Petworth will make a distinguished name for himself."

Mrs. Meredith shot a quick glance at her daughter and then said:

"Has Dr. Petworth engaged you as his special pleader, Irene?"

The girl's face suffused with crimson at the question, but it was the only sign she gave that she had heard her mother's remark.

It was a very dainty room where these two, mother and daughter, were chatting,—an ideal lady's room: elegant without being stiff, luxurious without being crowded. It was a room furnished in a style that suggested wealth and refinement. But it was the refinement and not the wealth, that first impressed itself upon you.

For some time there was silence. Mrs. Meredith was vexed with herself for having allowed her mouth to frame that last speech, and so had no wish to continue the topic.

The afternoon was waning into night, and the fog outside only deepened the darkness that was slowly filling the room.

Presently, in caressing accents: "Will you stir the fire Irene? How dark it is getting! I think we might have the gas lit. You had better ring, child. Then come and arrange my cushions for me. My head is very bad this afternoon."

"By the way," she went on, "I invited Dr. Petworth to come in and have dinner with us to-night. I thought it would please Rob," she added, as if such an act of courtesy to the young doctor she had been criticising, needed some justification.

"Oh! that will be nice, mamma. And George is coming too, Rob said," responded Miss Irene; and her manner told her delight even more than her words. "But," she went on again, while a concerned look came into her eyes as they rested fondly on her mother, "will you be able to bear having company to night, mamma?"

"I don't call George Varley company, child. And as for Dr. Petworth, I shall leave his entertainment in your hands and Rob's. Besides," continued Mrs. Meredith, "I shall be better presently. You might have some tea brought in, Irene. Perhaps a cup of tea will work the wonder."

"Of course. How stupid of me not to think of it before," exclaimed Irene, as she jumped up to obey her mother. "And I am afraid I did not help to charm away the pain by my playing this afternoon. Why didn't you stop me, dear?" she asked as she stooped over her mother and kissed her.

Mrs. Meredith was a widow, and had been such for nine years. The death of her husband had come as a shock to her; and ever since, she had been practically an invalid, or at any rate fancied herself one. Fortunately, when Thomas Meredith died, he left his widow with sufficient means to gratify her fancy to her heart's content. An income of several thousands, a splendidly appointed house on Clapham Common, together with a pretty country residence in Worcestershire, were hers as long as she lived, and then passed to her children. Unfortunately for the villagers of Harding, Mrs. Meredith preferred London to the country. Now and then she

would spend a week or two in the summer at Harding Court, but not longer. She had to consider her children, she would have told you if you had asked why she lived so much in London. Rob studying medicine at St. Thomas's, and Irene with her music, demanded that she should make the sacrifice, and live in town. But between you and me, Mrs. Meredith enjoyed the excitement of town-life and was always wearied when she was at Harding Court.

It may seem a strange thing to you that George Varley, the whilom clerk in a publishing house, should have the *entree* of such a house. The reason was simple enough. When Varley was at Cambridge, he had befriended the young freshman, Robert Meredith, whose love of fun and gaiety (with plenty of money to gratify it) had threatened to get him into a bad set. Then, when later, Varley had successfully captained his college eight until it stood at the head of the river, and pulled stroke in the 'Varsity boat the year it beat the dark blue by nearly a length and a half, Rob Meredith's enthusiasm for his friend knew no bounds. Varley was invited to Harding Court for a summer vacation; and both Mrs. Meredith and Irene, then only a school girl, not quite sixteen, grew to like him; while Meredith learned that his friend was not only a splendid athlete and a brilliant student, but a man of strong character and sterling worth.

After that, a vacation rarely came round of which Varley did not spend a portion with the Merediths either in London, or at the Court. And when he was

called to pass through the deep shadows of his great sorrow, and his double loss threatened to crush and sour his manhood, Mrs. Meredith acted a mother's part. She planned a voyage to Australia for Rob, and begged Varley to accompany him, tactfully arranging that the burden of the expense should be borne by her full purse.

It was during that time, too, when his life was drinking such deep draughts at sorrow's fountain, that Varley found the tender sympathy of Irene Meredith so sweet and precious; and gradually there grew up in his heart a true love for the young girl, and the fond hope was cherished that some day he might call her wife. This love had never been spoken, and he imagined none knew his secret. But Rob had guessed it; and though many times tempted to rally his friend about it, he had hitherto refrained. To Rob it seemed the finest thing in the world that his darling sister should marry his dearest friend.

CHAPTER IV.

WHERE CAN HE BE?

George Varley did not make his appearance at Mrs. Meredith's dinner table that night. It was very strange; and stranger still that no word came from him, excusing or explaining his absence. Mrs. Meredith had never before had to complain of his lack of courtesy; but to-night, for some reason she could not define, she thought it a most unkind thing that Varley should have failed her; while Rob was quite unhappy about his friend's non-appearance.

In the waiting-time before dinner, he had stood on the hearth-rug in the drawing-room, watching his sister and Dr. Petworth, as they turned over some photographs and discussed Norway as a holiday resort; and then again after dinner, he saw them together so much, that he grew quite angry with the absent man. Why hadn't Varley turned up? What business had he to leave Irene to the attentions of Petworth? What had kept him away?

I have noticed, and I dare say you have, that when a man is annoyed, he finds a great deal of pleasure in asking questions to which there is no answer; and that he generally manages to get some sort of comfort from abusing an absentee.

But the evening, which seemed interminably long to Robert Meredith, wore away at last; and both he and Mrs. Meredith were half glad when the time came for the young doctor to depart. Whether Miss Irene was quite as pleased I cannot say. She had said little during the evening about the unaccountable absence of Varley. The subject had been referred to frequently, but she had remained silent, and had allowed the others to conjecture this reason and that. Rob did not fail to notice this fact, and, jealous for his friend, felt angry with his sister.

When, after Mrs. Meredith had retired, Irene lifted her beautiful face up to her brother's for the "good-night" kiss,—a delightful practice which had been continued right on from childhood,—he forgot himself and allowed his feelings to shape themselves in words.

"It seems to me, Irene, you behaved very strangely, to-night."

"Why, Rob, what do you mean?

How strangely?" asked the girl, a bewildered look on her face.

"Well, I think you were a great deal too civil to Petworth this evening," the young man replied testily. "You were so jolly attentive to him all the time! I am quite sure he has gone away thinking of you as a big flirt."

It was an unkind remark to make, and he could have bitten his tongue out for uttering it, and scourged his brain for suggesting it, the moment it had escaped him.

"Rob, you have no right to say that." His sister spoke quietly, but her eyes were flashing and cheeks flushing, while her bearing was that one sore wounded. "I have only behaved with due courtesy to Dr. Petworth. Mamma told me this afternoon that she was too unwell to do much entertaining, and should leave you and me to do it. You have hardly had two words to say for yourself all the evening. Dr. Petworth has been left altogether to me, and I have simply helped him to have a nice time. I should have done the same for anyone else who happened to be mamma's guest. I certainly did not flirt with Dr. Petworth, and you wrong me by your suggestion, Rob."

There was a curious twist about the corner of her mouth, and a noticeable break in her voice, as she concluded, which frightened Rob.

"Forgive me, Sis," he said, as he put his arm around her. "I did not mean to pain you. I spoke hastily and ought not to have said what I did. I was annoyed at Varley for not turning up as he promised."

Irene had no wish to say more, but she compelled herself to ask,

"I wonder what kept him away?"

"Can't think," quickly responded her brother, glad to get so easily off dangerous ground. "I shall run across to Paternoster Row to-morrow, and find out."

His sister nodded her approval of this proposal, and then turned to leave him, only saying as she passed out of the room,

"I must run and see to mamma. Good-night."

(To be continued).

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How God uses Little Things.

A NUT once saved the life of a German Count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his Castle through the day. Before going to bed, he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which, in breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the Count, and the murderer fled.

Who wouldsay that all this was by mere accident? In God's Providence the man might have stepped just beside the nut; or the Count have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

Spurs from Spurgeon.

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...of being assembled, waiting for the Saviour with such due respect to His Holy Name that they would not think of being behind time! He who goes to see an earthly king is surely punctual; he would sooner wait an hour in the ante-room than keep the monarch waiting a moment. But what shall I say of those who seem as if it were a painful operation to join in the worship of God, and so postpone that operation to the last possible moment? That was a beautiful sight in the house of Cornelius the Centurion when he had fetched in all his kinsmen and near friends before Peter arrived, so that he could say to the Apostle, "Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to here all things that are commanded thee of God." They were all there, all ready, all waiting, all prepared to hear, and all

glad to hear. The more of such congregations there are, the more will the Spirit of God work, the more numerous will be the converts, and the more will Christ's Kingdom spread among men. I say all this because I know from observation how many there are who look upon the house of God as a place into which they may stray at any time they please. Let it not be so with you, dear friends, whenever you worship, but let it be said of you whenever Christ comes to the congregation, "THEY WERE ALL WAITING FOR HIM." "Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day drawing nigh."—Hebrews x. 24-25.

* * * *

THE CERTAIN CONVERSION OF THE WORLD AS OPPOSED TO MODERN THEORIES.

"All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and worship before Thee, O LORD; and shall glorify Thy name."—PSALM lxxxvi. 9.

David was not a believer in the theory that the world will grow worse and worse, and that the dispensation will wind up with general darkness, and idolatry. Earth's sun is to go down amid tenfold night, if some of our prophetic brethren are to be believed. Not so do we expect, but we look for a day when the dwellers in all lands shall learn righteousness, shall trust in the Saviour: shall worship Thee alone, O God, and shall glorify Thy name." The modern notion has greatly damped the zeal of the Church for Missions, and the sooner it is shown to be unscriptural the better for the cause of God. It neither consorts with prophecy, honours GOD, nor inspires the Church with ardour. Far hence be it driven.

* * * *

NOT PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

Peace will be the ultimate issue of our Lord's coming; but, at the first, the Lord Jesus comes not "to send peace on earth, but a sword." He wars against war, and contends against contention. In the act of producing the peace of heaven He arouses the rage of hell. Truth provokes opposition, purity excites enmity, and righteousness arouses all the forces of wrong.

The coming of Christ into a house is often the cause of variance between the converted and the unconverted. The more loving the Christian is, the more he may be opposed; love creates a tender zeal for the salvation of friends, and that very zeal frequently calls forth resentment. We are to expect this, and not to be put about by it when it occurs. We are to press on in confessing the Lord Jesus, come what may of it. Even if our house becomes a den of lions to us, we must stand up for our Lord. The peace-at-any-price people have no portion in Christ's kingdom.

Lord, teach us how to behave in these trying circumstances.

* * * *

THE GOD OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I do not hesitate to say that the god of a large number of professors now is not "the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob;" and the

reason I say so is this, that they often treat the Old Testament as if it were an altogether secondary volume, and speak about the imperfect ideas of God which the Hebrews had, and the imperfect revelation of God in the Old Testament. I believe that Jehovah, that very Jehovah who clave the Red Sea, and drowned the Egyptians, the terrible God of the Old Testament, is the same God Who is the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and we are to take the God-head as it is revealed, not alone in the New Testament, but in the Old Testament also. There are some who would pick and choose that part of Scripture which they like best, and construct a god for themselves out of those chosen texts. These be they who have other gods before Jehovah; and these be they who make unto themselves an image which, if it be not graven upon stone, is yet made out of their own imaginations, which they set up, and worship in the place of the One Living and True God.

* * * *

THE OLD DOCTRINE AND THE NEW.

Dear friends, you who are conversant with Church History, know how often "THE DOCTRINE OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR" has broken all the bands that wicked men tried to fasten around it. I often wondered, until I understood the supernatural reason for it, what made the French Protestants, for instance, meet together in the Desert, towards the South of France, while they were being dragooned by the king's soldiers, and while multitudes of them were being hunted to the death. How was it that, in the dead of night, in lonely places, they came together to hear the Gospel? What is there about this Gospel that seems to touch the soul of man, and that makes him quite another creature—makes him joyous instead of sad, and makes him so mighty that he dares to defy death and hell in defence of it? The reason is, because this "DOCTRINE OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR" cures the woe and misery of the soul, and brings light, comfort, happiness, and hope to it. It is made by God on purpose to touch the heart of man, and stir it to its very depths. As for *the new doctrine* that many are teaching, it has not enough in it to make even a mouse enthusiastic; it has not enough in it for them to bait a mouse-trap of their own, and the only way in which they can make any progress at all is by sneaking into our Churches, obtaining a hearing and winning attention, and then, traitors as they are, speaking against the very truth that has built our Houses of Prayer. They cannot build their own places of worship; there is nothing in their teaching that can make anybody generous, and there is nothing in it that can make anybody glad.

* * * *

THE SON OF GOD MAKES US SONS OF GOD.

This is the true sonship. That "universal Fatherhood" which is so much cried up, gives the lie to the great doctrines of Adoption and Regeneration, and is itself a lie of the first magnitude. "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN," before you can know that God is your Father in Heaven.

The Open Face.

By REV. H. STONE, St. John's Wood.

"We all with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord transformed into the same image."—2 Cor. iii, 18.

WHEN Moses stood before the Law Giver, there fell across his unveiled face a glorious light, the lustre of which remained for a season, so that he had to veil the glory of his face from the people to whom he spake. After a season the light faded.

Close communion with God imparts a lustre on the face. The open face for communion, the constant gaze, and the image that is seen fixes itself as light across the gazer's life. All that this means—likeness to our Lord is often relegated to the hour when we shall see Him as He is and be changed into His likeness.

Surely this is not the apostles thought here, rather is it a present transforming process. Now the "open face"—now the change, now the gracious operation of the Lord the spirit. These are actualities rather than analogies.

THE OPEN FACE.

By nature man's face is veiled. He hath eyes but sees not. Ears but hears not. The inability to see is but a part of that dread work of sin under which every man of woman born suffers. To man by nature there is no beauty in Jesus that they should desire Him. From His words man shrinks and deems His commandments grievous to be born. He sees not Jesus. Standing in Brussels and gazing at the paintings of the masters there I was struck with ugliness of the face of the Christ as depicted by them. One swift comment rose to my lips. "They could not have known Jesus." Who that had ever seen the moral perfectness—the sweet health of His life could ever have painted Him—ugly.

We have this fact forced home upon us among the high attitudes of merely natural attainment. How utterly is Christ misunderstood by the wise and great of this world. The veil is over their face.

When the "Lord the Spirit" convicts of sin and righteous judgment to come, and leads the penitent and humble to the feet of Jesus, the veil is removed, and the sight of Jesus in His person and His work is joy and wonder of the trusting soul. Long since have we learned these are sights the natural eye sees not, as there are voices in the soul no human lips have uttered.

Revelation lies on the threshold of the Christian life. We see ourselves. We see Jesus when the Holy Spirit unveils our eyes.

We see Him as the one sacrifice for sin, and from our hearts arise the song: "Nothing in my hand I bring."

We see Him as the One Great High Priest. With His righteousness on we draw near to God, knowing He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

We see Him as the One Appointed King, and for His kingdom we pray and toil. He is our Lord and Law Giver. To obey His command is

our aim and privilege. The eye uncovered rests on Jesus. The mystery of life is solved and perplexments die before His life and love as foam in the wave that nurses it.

It is idle to tell the soul that rests on Jesus that there is no such sight, as idle as to tell the loving child that mother's features are not fair. The love in the child meets the love in the parents, and sees that which others see not. It is in vain to call this love's blindness. It is love's sight, and by it may a common life become noble and exalted. The veil is gone and we see Jesus.

The open face is ever the unveiled face. As one gazes into the mirror and sees there the face, so the unveiled one gazes into the Scriptures and sees Jesus. He is indeed the key, the interpretation. His is the face in the pillar of fire and cloud, and the mystery of His life and death, and the forgiveness of sins, and the hope of glory, and the judgment to come are explained. His is the voice in the flaming bush, and explains the strange and wondrous scene.

"Earth seeks to fling veils on the open face, and our weak hearts oft help. It is not easy to maintain the open face."

Thin and gauzy are the veils the world holds to cover our eyes from Jesus. The deceitfulness of riches in a fertile loom, and so the wheel of care and anxiety weave the darker veils. There can only be reflections as there is the open face. The veiled face receives not, and, therefore, reflects not. When the heart grows cold, it has no more welcome for the sunshine than the cold grey rock. It is the steadfast gaze, the ever upturned face that holds the lustre and the glory.

The eye mirrors that which it gazes upon. To keep faith's eye on Christ as on all and in all is the sternest strife of life. Need we remind each other of the subtle arts of Satan. The temptation to self-reliance, to self-ease, to this world's glory he has to give.

Pray let me rather move our hearts to consider some help to the ever open face.

Prayer.—The eye must surely rest on Him when the heart is moved to prayer. Are not His wounds before us, and His love around our life. How the dimness departs. How clearly do we see that He is all,

Meditation.—With silent lips, but only upturned gaze we "consider Him." We hear again His word of forgiveness. Again we quiver with delight as His promises ring through our hearts, and burst into song as we long for His return.

Reading His Word.—As men read letters from far distant ones and forgets all else—for is not their present peopled and scened with those and that of whom and which the letter speaks. Their no hands that brush more swiftly aside the cobweb veils of this world, or our own evil heart than these.

☞ Then we receive the light and that which we see is borne into us.

THE OPEN VISION.

Jesus never changes. Never goes away from the gaze of faith. And as we all with open face behold. We are transformed. Revolution follows reception. The vision of the unchanging Christ changes the one who gazes. The love of sins depart. Not all at once may be, but as some face of earth gazed at, may call up the fires of passion, so in the spiritual life a sight of Jesus quenches the evil desire, and we

long for the things which are pleasing unto Him. In our changing mood we need a Saviour who changes not. So sin is even abhorrent to Him, and he who sees the Lord knows and is made to know this. We look with doubt and fear in our soul, but as we look the Helper of the helpless, the Ever Present One, transforms our fears to faith, and His face scatters all our doubts. Tired and weary with the conflict craven thoughts come unbidden. We see Him, and oh what rest cometh. We hear Him say again, "In Me ye may have peace." "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Faith *uplook* receives a light which changes its *outlook*, but the change is not the things but in the soul of him who looks. Brethren, have we yet come to know the power which comes to the soul with open face that beholds.

Before Him the love of the world dies and the fear of man which bringeth a snare and which is the root of all hypocrises, departs. The whole being is changed and is being changed. To grow like Jesus we must behold Jesus! It is a vain and childish idea which Rome puts upon its adherents, to bow before some man-carved image of our Lord. Degrading and false as the false is ever degrading, but to the eye of faith the Lord Himself seen is the great means by which the Lord the Spirit transforms the life.

We do need to take time to sit down before our Lord. To rest from our labours in His felt His real presence. In the light of His life and love to survey our own. To learn of Him and to listen to His voice within, that ever may be heard if we will but listen.

As thus we 'beloved,' the transforming of our life unto His will be manifest. There is a shining of the face, which may be seen by others though we may be unconscious of it, who, trained in a Christian home cannot recall the faces that shone. When the light received flung its beams from the receiver, and we who gazed knew they had seen the Lord. Ah, me, the *vision fades not*.

Veils may hide our eyes, but never is Jesus hidden: and will it not be when the last veil is removed, and freed from this body of weakness and frailty we shall see Him. Dying believers have said so! With eyes bright they have clasped their hands in death and seen the unfading vision. Yes, Job was right. "These eyes shall see HIM and not another."

But one thought ere we part from so ardent a theme.

Shall not resolve follow? Resolve in His strength to keep the "open face."

Faith's eye is sensitive. The soul knows with wonderful celerity when Christ is not seen. These are the times when the dark things of our life are done. Who could go into sin with faith's eye fixed upon Jesus! Who dare! No! but when the eye is dimmed and the world has hung its veil across our vision, then the impossible becomes the real! We who do love Him grieve Him.

Start no day without the cleansed vision—the open face. Tarry till faith's eye rests on Him—and no path will be too difficult.

When pressed in the heat and turmoil of this world's strife for the bread that perisheth lift up thine eye. Pause amid the very conflict and see Him. So shall we from degree to degree, from glory to glory be changed, into the "same image."

Reviews.

Silver Tongues. For the young. By Rev. John Mitchell. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

Twenty-one Object Lessons formed on the principle of the object speaking—as what the Bell, the Flowers and the Leaf said, Rule of Gospel Teaching—and will be sure to interest and instruct the young reader or listener. It has numerous picture illustrations.

Anecdotes, Illustrations and Illuminations. By D. L. Moody. Morgan and Scott.

All who have either heard or read Mr. Moody will admit that one source of his success in preaching the Gospel of Salvation consists in his apt and telling illustrations so *homely*, so *likely*, so *instructive*, so *true*. He is himself in this very useful and evangelical book.

Love to the Uttermost. Exposition of John 13—21. By F. B. Meyer, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

All who have read Mr. Meyer's volume, "The Life and Light of Men," Exposition of John 1 to 12, will wish to read this companion volume. It is dedicated to "my dear wife, whose patient love of our home has enabled me to write so much and travel so far in His service." It contains 37 chapters, and is full of the teaching of our Lord. In the closing chapters the writer has woven together the narratives of the four Evangelists so as to give a succinct and connected account of the last hours of Our Lord's Life, and especially of His death.

Also by the same author, volume three of *Our Daily Homily*—Psalms,

Canticles. A book of gems often in short paragraphs, setting forth clearly the intention of the writer.

Expository Teachings; together with Further Divine Unfoldings in the words of the Holy Ghost Himself, In two parts. Written and compiled by Robert Brown. William Wileman, 27, Bouverie Street, E.C.

We had pleasure in calling attention to the first volume, and have equal pleasure, after a very profitable reading of this second book, to record how well the writer has kept to his title—"In the words of the Holy Ghost." What is Truth. The Pharisee and the Publican, the Man who is Blessed. This address to children and young people on The Earthly House of this Tabernacle. Indeed the whole is so full of Bible teaching that we can scarcely conceive of a believer's reading without profit.

The Biblical Museum; A complete commentary on the Holy Scripture, Illustrative. Notes on an original plan. Thousands of volumes have been sold at 3s. 6d. each. The work is well known and world-wide, and is suitable for all who teach the Word of God. Mr. Stock is doing immense service to all by issuing this valuable work in shilling volumes. Send to 62, Paternoster Row, for a specimen volume.

The Father's Hand. Hints from Life and Service. By Rev. Adam Phillips, M.A., Free Church, Longfanyan. A. H. Stockwell & Co., 17, Paternoster Row.

The author says the aim of this book is to comfort and, if it may be,

to help in guiding such as are seeking to live by faith and service. It is only hints that it pretends to offer. If any of them should prove either comforting or useful, the author will have a large reward. These hints are most comforting and stimulating, and are dealt with in thirteen soul-helping chapters. God's work. Its slowness, swiftness, stillness, secrecy, simplicity, steadiness, specificness, surprises, stupendousness, seriousness, singularity, suggestiveness, and success.

As the Angels see us, by Stanley Hope. A very good, healthful, six-penny booklet by the same publisher. *What a Young Woman ought to know*.

by Miss Mary Wood Allen, M.D., and Sylvanus Small, D.D., Philadelphia, Toronto, Canada, and 145, Fleet Street, London.

This is a very valuable book, and we do not hesitate to advise every young woman who reads this notice to obtain a copy, and guardians of the young women, whoever they may be, by presenting a copy to daughters or friends will be putting them in possession of a treasure of good things. It is so full that it is in vain for us to make extracts or sum up its contents.

In His Steps. What would Jesus do.

Charles M. Sheldon. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., Warwick House, Salisbury Square. Discourses delivered in 1896. Printed as a series in a Chicago paper.

Its reception was such that it was produced in book form, and such was the demand that it was issued in paper covers so as to reach all readers. It has been welcomed by the Y.M.C.A., the Endeavour, and other Societies, and we have pleasure in informing our readers that the volume may be had of Ward, Lock and Co. for the sum of one shilling. Readers obtain a copy.

Echoes from the Old Evangel, by F. Harper, M.A., Rector of Hinton Waldrist, Faringdon. John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

These echoes give no uncertain sound. They come from the Cross. It is the music of the Old Gospel. We are full of joy when we find amidst so much mist, corruption and heresy to have the right ring from the Rector, one among many who feels it all his business here to cry "Behold the Lamb." Reader you will do well to obtain a copy of "Echoes from the Old Evangel."

The Baptist Hand-Book, 1899, published under the directions of the Council of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

An increasing valuable yearly. *The Freeman* says:—"The number of those in communion with Baptist Churches throughout the world is stated to be 5,136,215. Probably but a fraction of those who know that Baptism is by immersion and on a profession of Faith were all Christians to act up to their belief, the Baptists would form the largest Denomination in the world."

Part 39 of *The Treasury of David*, by C. H. Spurgeon; also part 13 of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, the latter carrying the reader through the history of the Surrey Music Hall events and the Fast Day Service at the Crystal Palace. The basement of the new Tabernacle has been opened for public worship, and the *Sword and Trowel* presents its readers with a fine art view of the interior of the Metropolitan Tabernacle before the fire. (Passmore and Alabaster.)

The January *Quiver* is very good in its article and likenesses of celebrities in connection with great anniversaries. Also some Reminiscences of Parliament, by Dean Farrer, as Chaplain to the Speaker.

The Treasury of Religious Thoughts (American) for January contains several illustrated pages on John Bunyan's History.

Great Thoughts for January, besides a mass of literary gems, gives portraits and sketches of Benjamin West, Lewis Carroll, Chas. Dickens,

the Tsar of Russia, Mrs. Jack Johnson (of the Society of Women Journalists), and others of celebrity and renown.

A *Souvenir* of the late Bishop Walsham How. Fifth thousand. 4d. net. Elliot Stock.

The Converted Shepherd Boy. A sketch of the life of James Rennie, colporteur. Fortieth thousand. We are glad that this penny sketch of our friend has had so many thousands of readers. Morgan and Scott.

We welcome heartily the *Bible Societies' Reporter*, also the *Gleanings for the Young*, with their improved covers and enlarged sheets.

With the *Girl's Own Paper* is issued (No. 15) monthly supplement, "When My Ship Comes Home," by Sarah Doudney, author of "A Cluster of Roses," &c. The enlarged series for January of the *Child's Com-*

panion and *Our Little Dots* contain each a charming coloured picture for the little ones. The Tract Magazine (*Light in the Home*) celebrates its three quarters of a century with this New Year. The first number was issued on January 1st, 1824.

The *Sunday at Home* and *The Leisure Hour* are full of the best reading, and our joy as we read the *Cottager* and *Artizan*, *The Friendly Greetings*, and last, though by no means least, the *Boys' Own*, is to know how much the Religious Tract Society contributes to counteract the pernicious literature of our times.

We add a word for the issue of our annual volume, and venture for it to say that no January volume gives more of valuable sermons. Gospel articles and general Denominational news than the *Baptist Messenger*. We ask our readers to help us in increasing our circulation.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Rev. C. W. Screech, from Regent's Park College, to Zion Chapel, Battle.

Rev. F. G. Smith, from Crayford, to Centenary Church, March.

Rev. J. N. Smith, from Llanfihangel, to Willoughby and Broughton churches.

Rev. H. C. Mander, from Rawdon College, to Trinity Church, Maryport.

Rev. Bagg, from Bangor College, to Glasbury and Penycheol churches.

Rev. J. P. Newman, from Burnley, to Cradleigh Heath.

Rev. T. M. Chance, from Cardiff College, to High Street, Merthyr.

Rev. T. S. Burros, from Driffield, to Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell.

Rev. George Wilson, from Sunder-

land, to Barrow-on-Soar, Loughborough.

Rev. James Black, from Ilford, to Walsingham, Durham.

Rev. S. J. Hennan, from Hawkhurst, to Yalding Church, Maidstone.

Rev. S. A. McCracken, from Hendon, to Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road.

RECOGNITIONS.

Mr. H. C. Nutter, of Harley College, has been recognised as student-pastor of Epping Church. At a welcome meeting, Rev. Silas Mead, Principal of Harley College, and Mr. Attwood delivered addresses.

NEW CHAPELS:

SCOTLAND.

A hall for the congregation at Gourock, of which Rev. W. J. Evans

is pastor, has been built at a cost of £1,000. Dr. D. Macgregor, Dunoon, conducted the first service.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. J. C. Jones, who has completed fifty years' pastorate at Spalding, was presented at a social meeting with a silver tea and coffee service, silver tray, a purse with £50 and an illuminated address. Revs. S. Yates, T. Barrass and W. Evans delivered fraternal addresses. Mr. Jones, in responding, said in one year he baptized 122 persons.

Rev. J. Bailey, a purse with £26 5s. from Maryport Church; Rev. J. H. Feek, a purse with £40 from Broadstreet Church, Pershore, on the completion of twenty-five years' pastorate; Rev. J. P. Tetley, an illuminated address and a purse with £100 from Silver-street Church, Taunton, on completing twenty-five years' pastorate; Rev. Walter Wynn, a purse of gold from the church at Earby; Mr. J. R. Birkenshaw, a Bible from the church at Earby; Rev. D. Macgregor, a marble timepiece from the students of the Theological College, Dunoon; Rev. James Salisbury, of Derby, £24 from friends at Hugglescote, amongst whom he formerly laboured for many years; Miss Pannel, a davenport from Chelmsford Church, in recognition of twenty years' services in the Sunday-school; Rev. S. J. Henman, a marble timepiece and photograph from Hawkhurst Church, on leaving for Yalding; Rev. C. Hobbs, pastor of Union Church, High Wycombe, books from Mr. D. Clarke, as a memento of Mr. Clarke's mayoralty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. HENRY WATTS.

Since our last issue, in which we recorded our indebtedness for the many years' contributions to our papers, &c., that we accepted his resignation with regret; we counted on his occasional valuable help. He has passed away to the better land—died at Grantham, aged 67. Also Rev. J. L. Keys, for 25 years the

valued literary secretary to C. H. Spurgeon. We had a knowledge of Mr. Keys from his boyhood days. Many of our readers will associate his memory with the very instructive little volume "Sermons in Stones."

Mr. J. Manton Smith, evangelist, who has been suffering for two months with a gangrened foot, has been compelled to submit to amputation of the leg to the knee. The operation was successfully performed, but it will be some months before he will be in a condition to resume work. Revs. V. J. Charlesworth and W. Y. Fullerton have issued an appeal for contributions from sympathisers.

WALES.

There are ten periodicals issued in connection with the Baptist Church in Wales, only one of which—*The Baptist Record*—is in the English language.

BAPTISMS.

- Belfast*, Antrim-road.—December 25, Three, by C. S. Donald.
Chipping Norton, Oxon.—December 19, Six, by E. Y. Lovell.
Cheltenham, Cambrey Chapel.—December 22, Four, by A. B. Phillips.
Cefn Mawr Tabernacle.—December 18, Two, by R. E. Williams.
Chatham.—December 25, Five, by F. E. Blackaby.
Clayton-le-Moors.—December 25, Nine, by S. Caldwell.
Carariff, Hope.—December 25, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.
Esken.—January 1, Two, by T. G. Head.
Earby.—December, 31, Twelve, by W. Wynn.
Hull, George street.—December 25, Five, by J. E. Shephard.
Holyhead (English Baptist).—December 18, One; 29, One, by G. Evans.
Hawick, N.B.—December 25, Five by W. Kemp.
Hay.—December 25, Two, by T. Walton.
Hawick, N.B.—January 8, Three, by W. Kemp.
Heywood, Rochdale-road.—December 25, One, by D. T. Patterson.
Leamington, Warwick-street.—December 25, Two, by A. Phillips.

- Largs, Fife.*—January 1, One, by W. Pulford.
Liantarnam, Mon.—January 1, Five, by W. E. Robinson.
Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle.—December 25, Three, by A. E. Greening.
Melbourn, Cambs., Zion Chapel.—December 25, Two, by R. A. Belsham.
Merthyr Vale.—December 25, Two, by H. P. Jones.
Neath, Orchard-place.—January, 1, Seventeen, by E. Rowe Evans.
Newport, Mon., Duckpool-road.—December 25, Four, by A. T. Jones
Newport, Mon., East Usk-road.—December 25, One, by A. Furnell.
Nottingham, Woodboro'-road.—December 29, Five, by J. Gay.
Old Basford, Queensberry-street.—January 1, Two, by E. P. Thorpe.
Oswestry.—January 1, Six, by M. M. Thomson.
Paignton, Devon.—December 25, Two, by W. F. Price.
Portobello, Edinburgh.—January 1, Four, by Capt. A. McGill, R.A.
Pole Moor, Hivdersfield.—January, 1 Four, by T. Ihrs.
Risca, Moriah.—December 25, Four, by J. O. Jenkins.
Rochdale, Milnrow-road.—December 25, Eight, by D. O. Davies.
Scape Goat Hill.—January 1, Nine, by S. J. Robins.
Sheffield, Cemetery-road.—December 25, Two, by E. Carrington.
South Leith, N.B.—January 1, Two, by D. Tait.
Southport Tabernacle.—December 29, Eight, by T. Edwards.
Stockport.—December 25, Three, by W. H. Thomas.
Treherbert, Bethany.—January 1, Four, by J. L. Williams.
Velsndre, Radnorshire.—January 1, Three, by W. G. Mansfield.
West Vale, Halifax.—January 1, Ten, by D. R. Lewis.
Wymondham, Norfolk.—December 25, Five, by W. Higgins.

LONDON DISTRICT.

- East Dulwich, S.E.*—January 4, Seven, by E. A. Tydeman.
Highgate, Southwood-road.—December 25, Two, by J. H. Barnard.
New Cross-road Zion.—December 25, Three, by Thos. Jones.
Penge.—December 28, Two, by J. W. Boud.
Westbourne Grove, Chapel W.—December 29, One, by G. Freeman
Westminster, Romney-street, S.W.—December 25, Eight, by G. Davies.

GREATEST LUXURY.


"I never felt so well in all my life as I have since using Aerial Medication two years ago, it cured me of catarrh, poly-pus in right ear and quite restored my hearing, after being very deaf 14 years, Miss PRATTLE, Witbridge, Hailey Witney, Oxford."

FREE.

To prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication is a positive cure for deafness, catarrh, throat and lung diseases, I will, for a short time, send medicines for three months' treatment, free. For symptom form and particulars, address—J. H. MOORE M.D. (U.S.A.), Dept.—H. 9, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

Constraining Love.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"O love the Lord all ye his saints."—Psalms xxxi. 23.

LOVE Jehovah—so the text runs. God the Father demands your love, and he deserves the warmest affection of your hearts. He has chosen you from before the foundation of the world. He has given his Son that he might redeem you with his precious blood. He has taken you into his family by divine adoption. He has "begotten you again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." It is to him that you address your prayers; it is he who grants you your requests. 'Tis he who glorified his Son Jesus, receiving him into the heavens as your representative; and he will glorify him yet again by gathering you together with all his people into the mansions provided for the blessed. "O love the Lord all ye his saints." Love the Son! 'Tis he whose delights were with the sons of men of old, he who entered into suretyship and covenant engagement on the behalf of his elect. 'Tis he who with his precious blood has ransomed our souls and delivered them "from going down into the pit." He is our mediator through whom we pray, and our intercessor who prays for us. 'He is our head, our husband, our king. He it is, even Jesus, who took our nature, and wears a body like our own. 'Tis he who imparts to us his mind now, and promises that hereafter we shall bear his likeness in glory. "Oh love the Lord all ye his saints." Love the Holy Spirit! He hath been revealed to us, and is known by us as "the Comforter." How endearing!

"He in our hearts of sin and woe
Hath bidden streams of grace arise,
Which unto endless glory flow."

He has quickened us when we were dead in sins; he has given us the grace of repentance and faith; he has sanctified us, and kept and preserved us up till now. He has taken of the things of Christ and has showed them unto us; he has dwelt in our poor hearts; he has been our comforter, our instructor, and our daily teacher; 'tis he who convinced us of sin when as yet we perceived not its malignity; and 'tis he who inspires our hearts and souls with the supernatural will and disposition of living to God. It is of the Holy Spirit we are born again and made partakers of the new creation. It is by the same Spirit we are ultimately to be changed into the image of our Lord from glory to glory. "Oh love the Lord all ye his saints." If a blind world sees no beauty in its God, and therefore does not love him, yet oh ye saints, love your God. If the enemies of the Most High set up other

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gods, and bow down before them, if they turn aside into crooked ways, and go a whoring after their false gods, yet, oh ye saints of his, stand fast and turn to your Jehovah, and love him ever more. Do not merely serve him, but love him. O house of Israel! be not his slaves; serve not your God as the heathen serve their gods, out of terror and fear, but "love the Lord all ye saints." Be not as the subjects of Pharoah, flogged to their work with the whip, but be ye the dutiful children of your loving Father. Serve him, I say, and rejoice before him. Let love sweeten all your services; give him all your hearts; make him the object still supreme of all your heart's desire. Ever live to him as you live by him.

I shall have to ask your patience this evening, while I take a liberty with my text. It is this; I mean to confine its exhortation to one person of the Divine Trinity. It have already accepted it in its comprehensiveness, "Oh love *Jehovah* all ye his saints." To-night, I propose to use it as a consonant with such an occasion as the present, when we shall celebrate the supper of our Lord;—"Oh love the Lord *Jesus* all ye his saints;" and I shall endeavour, as the Holy Ghost shall enable me, first of all to *stir you up to love Jesus, by showing how meet and befitting it is that you should do so*; and then I shall seek to show the excellencies of loving *Jesus*; how profitable it will be to your spirit, if your heart is wholly inflamed with love to him.

I. First, then, my beloved, let one sentiment animate every mind, and one emotion fill every heart. "Oh love the Lord all ye his saints." I feel in beginning to exhort you to love Christ, that love is a stream which must flow spontaneously, a fountain that must bubble up of its own accord. When grace makes a man love Christ, it doth not do it by force, for love is a wine that cannot be trodden out of the grapes with pressure; it must freely distil. The heart cannot be forced to love. 'Tis true it can be constrained by love, but by no other constraint. Moses, with all the thunders that gave extraordinary sanction to his mission, never could make a heart love God. There is nothing but love that can create love, and love itself comes like droppings from the honeycomb. The only pressure it will deign to endure is the pressure of love. "Draw me," says love, "I will run after thee; drive me and I cannot but resist—my desire cannot even stir, much less can I run after thee with fervent attachment. My heart melted while my beloved spoke, because he was my beloved. Because he loved me, and spake right lovingly, my heart melted; had he been angry with me, had he spoken with coarse words my soul might have melted with fear, but it never could have been dissolved with love." Love, I say, is the only pressure which may be used to produce love, and yet, methinks, I may "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance," for it may so happen that while I strike some few sparks they may touch the inflammable passion of your new-born spirits; the breath of the Spirit may fan them, and nurture them, till the love of your heart will seem as if it had received new fire.

Oh love! let me bring some of thy delicious sweets. Let me reason with the tenderest logic of the heart. "Love the Lord *Jesus* all ye his saints," because his Father loves him. It must always be right for us to love whom God loves. Now the Father hath much love, but his

pre-eminent love is for his only-begotten Son. One with the Father from before all worlds, one in essence, as well as in dwelling-place and attribute, our Jesus was ever so dear to his Father's heart, that no tongue can tell, nor even heart conceive, how deep the well-spring whence love flowed from the Father to the Son. "The Father hath loved the Son, and given all things into his hand." He hath loved him, not only because of the unity of their nature, and because of their being one God, but the Father's love has flowed out to Christ as the Mediator. He has loved him for his obedience which he perfected, for the sufferings which he endured, for the ransom which he paid, for the battle which he fought, for the victory which he won. There was one eye that always followed Christ more closely than any other; there was one heart that always understood his pains, and one face that was always filled with celestial delight, when Jesus Christ overcame his enemies. "He who spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all." When he had delivered him up methinks his bowels yearned for him, his heart followed him, and his soul loved him, as he saw him rising superior to every enemy he stooped to meet, victorious in every conflict he deigned to wage, bearing every cross he condescended to undergo, and casting every load away from him when he had borne it the predestined time. The Father, I say, hath loved the Son, because of the great things he had done, and therefore hath he delivered all things into his hand. And, oh heavenly Father! dost thou love the Lord Jesus, and shall my heart refuse to love him? Am I thy child, and shall not the object of my Father's love be the darling of my heart? What thou delightest in shall be my delight; where thou seest beauty, mine eye shall gaze with rapture; and where thy heart finds solace, there shall my heart find unceasing repose and ineffable joy. Doth Christ lie in thy bosom—he shall lie in mine; is his name engraven on thy heart—oh let it be engraven on mine also; dost thou love him—love him so that thou couldst not love him more—be it my privilege to love him thus with all the force and vehemence of my ransomed renovated nature, giving up all my spirit to be devoured by that consecrated fire of love to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Again, may I not stir you up my brethren, to love Jesus Christ, by reminding you how the angels love him? They have ever loved him since they have known him. It is true they are but the creatures of yesterday compared with him; he is the Everlasting Father; he is the Eternal One, and they, excellent in strength though they be, are but created ones, yet, oh how they have loved him! It was their greatest pleasure to fly at his will ere he descended from heaven to earth. He had but to speak and it was done. His angels were spirits, and his ministers were flames of fire to do his will. Whatever had been the service he demanded of them, they would have thought it their highest heaven to have performed his will. And when he left the shrine of the blessed to come to earth and to suffer, ye know my brethren how they followed him along his starry road, how they would not leave him till the last parting moment, and then their songs pursued him down to earth, while they chanted "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." You know however afterwards they watched over him, how they came to him in the desert after his

great battle with the enemy, and ministered to him. You know how he was seen of angels all along his pilgrimage, how in the garden there appeared unto him an angel strengthening him. You understand how around the bloody tree they pressed in strong desire to see a God in agonies, and wondered what it all could mean, until he said—"It is finished." They visited his tomb; an angel descended from heaven to roll the stone away from the door of the sepulchre; yea, more, angels formed his escort when he ascended up to the realms of heaven. Well have we been taught to sing—

"They brought his chariot from on high,
To bear him to his throne:
Clapped their triumphant wings and cried,
The glorious work is done."

You know how now they bow before him, casting their crowns at his feet, and how they join the everlasting song of "Glory, and honour, and majesty, and power, and dominion, and might be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Do the angels love him—the angels that have never tasted of his flesh, that never needed to be washed in his blood, and shall not my heart love him? Spirits, spirits, spotless ones! do we cry, "Worthy the Lamb"—my heart shall echo back your notes in louder strains—

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus,"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Stand back ye angels! give to man the first place in love; ye may adore, but ye cannot love as we love, for he is our brother, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. "He took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." He is ours more than he is yours; he is man, he was never angel; he is our brother and kinsman, our next in blood. Jesus, our souls must love thee; we cannot permit even angels to be our rivals here; we will be jealous even of them. We press nearer to thy throne than even they can do."

On each of these themes I am compelled to be short, though there were indeed room enough for expansion. "Oh love the Lord all ye his saints," because your brothers that are caught up to the third heaven love him. And here let us seek to bring this theme home to each one of us. How many dear friends and kinsfolk according to the flesh we have up yonder, where the clouds float not, and winters are not known, where tears trickle from no eyes, and furrows mar no brows! Up yonder we have friends; how often do we speak of them as lost, but how foolish we are; they were never more truly found. Is that mariner lost who has escaped from a shipwrecked vessel and stands upon the rock? No, no; they need not our pity; they might rather commiserate us, if there could be such a thing. We are struggling in the surf to reach the shore as they have done. And oh, my brethren, methinks that whatever they do above should be sufficient example for us to do the like here below. And now, hark, hark how they sing before the throne! Methinks among those glad voices

I can distinguish some of friends, of fellow-labourers here below, of parents, of husbands, of wives, of children, that here worshipped with us, but have now gone up yonder to the higher seats of the divine synagogue, to sing in nobler strains than we can do. Hark how they sing, and what their theme—

“ Jesus, the Lord their hearts employ
Jesus, my love, they sing,
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds lead from every string.”

And oh, how they love him! Methinks I see them; they have no tears, but joy may moisten their eyes as they looked at that dear face, and as they talk to one another with their hearts burning; burning with fiercer fire and clearer flame than those favoured disciples who went to Emmaus with the Lord. They say to one another, “ How glorious he is, and we are like him.” Methinks I hear their sweet conversation as they count the crowns upon his brow; as they bow down and adore; as they stand up and admire, and then, transported with delight, fly into his arms again. With him in paradise continually, in sweet communion with him,—oh, how they love! We are such cold creatures; like icebergs are our hearts, but theirs are like flames of fire. Oh, shall it not be enough to stir us up to love the Saviour, when we think how they love him who have crossed the Jordan, and have gone before.

But, come, we will take another argument. Surely I need not say to you, let us love the Lord Jesus, because everything that could possibly enamour our souls and constrain our love is to be found in him. There is a thing called beauty which wins upon the hearts of men. Strong Samson is weak as a child before its enchantment. Mighty men, not a few, have bowed before it, and paid it homage: but if you want beauty, look into the face of Jesus; that marred visage hath more loveliness in it than in all the smiles of Cleopatra, or of the fabled maidens of days of yore. There is no beauty anywhere but in Christ. O sun, thou art not fair, when once compared with him. Ye stars, ye are not bright, if ye set side-by-side with his eyes, that burn like lamps of fire. O fair world, and grand creation of a glorious God, thou art but a dim and dusky blot compared with the splendours of his face. When you shall see Christ, my brethren, you will be compelled to say that you never knew what loveliness was before. When the clouds are swept away, when the curtains that hide him from your view are drawn aside, you will find that not anything you have seen will stand a moment's comparison with him. You will be ready to break out “ O, black sun, black moon, dark stars, as compared with my lovely Lord Jesus.” I say, my brethren, if you want one to love fairer than the children of men, who shall always be worthy of your love, and always show to the eyes of others, that there was a sufficient reason for your giving up your heart to him. Love Jesus, for there ne'er was such beauty in the world as there is in him.

Does wisdom win the love of men? Is he not wise—wiser than all the sons of men? Doth strength win love? Do martial triumphs, prowess, and renown subdue the heart? Daughters of Jerusalem,

would ye love a hero? Go forth and meet King Jesus as he returns red from the battle-field, glorious in triumph. Do men sometimes give their love because they at first are led to reverence the character, and then afterwards to esteem the person? Oh, think of the matchless character of Christ Jesus! Were there ever such perfections as meet in him? He hath not the excellency of one man, but of all men, without the faults of any. He is not merely the Rose of Sharon, but he is the Lily of the Valley. He may not only be compared at one time to the citron among the trees of the wood, but anon he is the goodly cedar. All types of beauty fail, and "apples of gold in pictures of silver," lose their force when we come to treat of him. We must coin new words before we can describe the excellencies of Christ. In fact, we must have done with tongues, and go into that land where spirits utter their thoughts without the motion of lip or the expiration of breath, ere we shall be able to express the surpassing beauty, the unuttered excellency of the glorious character of Christ. Oh, love him then, ye people of God; love him; look into his face, and see if ye can help it; look, I say, at his character, and see if ye can resist it. But I tell you, if ye love him not, it is because ye do not know him.

" His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth *must* love him too."

It were impossible to know Christ, and yet not have the heart affected by him; you must be overpowered by his charms. One look of his eyes, one touch of his hand, shall ravish your heart. Once be able to see his face, and let him but dart a glance at you, your two hearts must be united. Is thy soul to thee like a river rippling in its bed alone; and is Christ yonder, like another river gloriously flowing towards the sea? Pray the Lord to bend the stream of thy love till it falls into the river of his love, and then you shall be as two streams, whose banks were once divisions, but both are now melted into one. You can then say with the apostle. "For me to live is Christ," I run in the same channel; "and for me to die were gain." I shall be lost in the ocean, swallowed up in boundless and eternal love." "Oh love the Lord all ye his saints."

Yet once more, and this perhaps shall be the best argument I can give the one which, after all, has the most effect upon us. We love him—why? Because the Father loved him? Oh no; we are too gross for that. Do we love him because the angels love him? We are not wise enough for that. Do we love him because the redeemed love him? I fear, my brethren, we are still too carnal for that. Do we love him because of his own excellencies? I trow not, at first: that is an after attainment of grace. We love him, *because he first loved us*. Come, then, love him, Oh ye saints, because he first loved you.

Here is a theme before me which almost imposes silence on my tongue. There are some themes which make one wish that some teacher more able would accept the responsibility of explaining them, because we are afraid of marring their symmetry while we grapple with their details. The picture stretches out as it were before my mind's eye with dazzling glory, but I cannot sketch it so that others

can see all its grandeur. Christ's love to us we sometimes guess at, but, ah, it is so far beyond our thoughts, our reasonings, our praises, and our apprehension too, in the sweetest moments of our spiritual ecstasy,—who can tell it? "Oh, how he loved us!" When Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, the Jews exclaimed with surprise—"Behold how he loved him." Verily ye might say the like with deeper emphasis. There was nothing in you to make him love you, but he left heaven's throne for you. As he came down 'the celestial hills, methinks the angels said "Oh, how he loved them." When he lay in the manger an infant, they gathered round and said, "Oh how he loves." But when they saw him sweating in the garden, when he was put into the crucible, and began to be melted in the furnace, then indeed, the spirits above began to know how much he loved us. Oh Jesus! when I see thee mocked and spit upon—when I see thy dear cheeks become a reservoir for all the filth and spittle of unholy mouths—when I see thy back rent with knotted whips—when I beheld thy honour and thy life both trailing in the dust—when I see thee charged with madness, with treason, with blasphemy—when I beheld thy hands and thy feet pierced, thy body stripped naked and exposed—when I see thee hanging on the cross between earth and heaven, in torments dire and excruciating—when I hear thee cry "I thirst," and see the vinegar thrust to thy lips—when I hear thy direful cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," my spirit is compelled to say, "O how he loves!" He could die, but he could not cease to love; he could be rent in pieces, but he could not be rent away from his people; he could be buried in the grave, but his love could not be buried; it must live, it must exist, it cannot be sundered from his chosen.

Think, too, my brethren, how much he must have loved you when you were going on in sin. You used to call his ministers hypocrites—his people fools; his Sabbaths were idle days with you; his book, his precious book, was unread; you never sought his grace. Sometimes, perhaps, you used to curse him, perhaps persecute him in his children, and yet he loved you. And when his Spirit came after you, you tried to quench it; you would not attend the place where the arrow had first stuck in your conscience; you went to the theatre, you tried to quench the Spirit, but his love would not be mastered by you; he had resolved to have you, and the bridegroom would win your heart. Oh how he loved you, when he received you all black and filthy to his bosom, gave you the kiss of his lips, and saluted you as his own fair spouse. Since then bethink you, how he has watched over you in sickness, how he has carried you in his bosom when the road was rough, how he has covered you with his wings, and nurtured you with his feathers. Think, I beseech you, how he seems to have moved heaven and earth to bless you; how he has always had a ready ear to hear your prayer, and a swift foot to run to your immediate help. Remember this, above all things—how ill you have requited all his love. You have served him but little, given him the fag ends, you have brought him no sweet cane, neither have you filled him with the fat of your sacrifices. You have given him no bullocks out of your fold, no he-goats out of your flock. You have offered to him the blind

and the maimed ; you have given him sacrifice, but have you requited him according to his kindness to you ? He bled for you ; have you resisted unto bloodstriving against sin ? He gave his whole self for you ; have you given your whole being up to him ? There was not a single nerve in his body which did not thrill with love to you ; there was not a drop of blood which had not in its red fluid your name. Surely his body, whole and sole, was all yours—his humanity and his Godhead too ; and are you all his, and can you say—no, I will not ask you, you cannot say—that you have made a dedication to him, as truly as he made for you. Oh, love him then, because of his love to you. I am sure you don't know how much he loved, because if you did it would break your heart to think you love him so little. Sweet Master, if thou wert here to-night to tell thy people how thou lovest them, thou wouldst break their hearts. I am a poor spokesman for thee, Jesus ! Would that thou wouldst speak thyself. Come hither—nay, thou art here ; thou art wherever two or three are met together. Come hither to thy people then, and wrap them in thy crimson vest, and tell them all thy name ! Speak unto them and say, “ I have loved thee with an everlasting love.” Shed thy love in their hearts. May they have an infinite consciousness of thy infinite, thy boundless, thy fathomless, thy endless love to them, and then thy work is done ; there will be no need for thy poor servant to cry, “ Oh love the Lord all ye his saints,” for they will love thee to the full.

II. In the second part of my subject I am now to show you some of THE EXCELLENCIES OF LOVING JESUS.

“ Oh love the Lord all ye his saints.” There are many excellencies which flow from love. Love is an ointment that giveth forth a sweet smell : but better than that, it is an ointment which healeth wounds, that giveth health unto the marrow of the bones. Love hath a wondrous power. It may seem but little in itself, but it makes men giants. He who bathes in the stream of love, becomes invulnerable, nay, he becomes omnipotent. Wherein he doth not love he is weak ; but so far as he loveth is he strong beyond all thought of weakness. Brethren, one of the first things which love to Christ will do for you, is, it will make you bear suffering for Christ with joyousness. Remember the martyr Lambert, one of the earliest of the martyrs burnt for Christ sake, by the Papists. He was treated as badly as any could have been, for when tied to the stake, the fagots were green, and the fire exceedingly slow, and he burnt away by slow degrees, feet and legs being consumed, while yet life was in the body ; and that poor soul, when the fire was just about to take away life, though he had been hours burning, was seen to lift up such poor hands as he had—black and charred things—and clap them as best he could, and say, out of that poor black face, that looked like a cinder in the flame, “ None but Jesus ; none but Jesus.” With that he rode in his chariot of fire up to Christ. Perhaps you have to endure some cruel mockings at times. It may be that to serve Christ becomes arduous work for you. Love him, and you cannot tell how easy it will be to suffer for him. In fact, the more you have to suffer for him the more happy you will be. You will count it all joy ; nay, you will rejoice in that day, and leap for joy when you are allowed to suffer for the name of

him who suffered so much for you. As sure as ever you flinch at the little fire which these mild and gentle days can afford you; as sure as ever you start back at the faint rebukes which the world gives you now, you may infer that you don't love your Master as you ought; for when you love him, then will you feel that anything and everything that the world can do, can never move you from him.

"The cords that bind around my heart,
Tortures and racks may rend them off,
But they can never, never part
The hold I have on Christ my Lord."

Love will not only make suffering easy, but further, it will make service joyous. Oh, don't you know in the Church how much shrinking there is from labour for Christ. Why is it in any Church that there are found brethren who are always for getting others to work, and not wishing to do it themselves. It is lack of love, my brethren; for as soon as ever we love we shall be wanting to do something for Christ. When we love each other, what things we think of in order to give pleasure. With what solicitude does the wife think what she could do to bring the smile upon the husband's face; and how will the loving husband think of some means by which he can show his love to his wife. It is so with parents and with children. Have not you seen the mother sitting up night after night without any sleep, and yet she was not weary? Oh, she was very, very weary, but she did not know it; her love would not let her feel it. Have you not seen the tender spouse watching over her husband at the brink of death, never taking her eyes from him, forgetting to eat bread, thinking of nothing but him? She sleeps as she sits in that chair. It is hardly for a moment. Did he start? She wakes. Was not the fever heavy on him? She is ever awake, and all the while she still holds on, though her eyes are red with sleeplessness. She says she could do it, and she certainly could do it too, night after night, and never fly. And so, do but get your heart full of love to Christ, and it is wondrous what you can do for him. Nothing you can do for him will be too much. See how the Moravians served their Master. There was an island in the West Indies, upon which some of the Moravians came to land, and they wanted to preach the gospel to the blacks. They asked what would be the condition upon which they would be allowed to land. The cruel terms were these—that they must themselves become slaves. Two of those Moravian brethren became slaves; they bent their back to the lash that they might toil by day, in order to have the opportunity by night of preaching the gospel to their poor black companions in captivity. You will remember too, that when there was found somewhere in Africa a place where there were lepers confined, persons whose limbs had rotted away with foul disease, two Moravians were found to go in there, and though they knew they could not come out alive, and that they must soon be the subjects of leprosy themselves, and die by slow degrees. They were ready enough, and willing enough to do it all. The love of the Moravians, brethren, seemed to me to be one of the chiefest examples of what the love of every Christian should be. There should never be any choice nor stopping. Does Jesus want me here? Can he make

better use of me better dead than alive? Let me die. Will he be more honoured in my poverty than in my wealth? Let me be poor. Will he be more glorified by my toil than by my rest, or by my sickness than by my health? Then be it so. As he surrendered all to the Father, so will I surrender all to him. As the Father gave all into his hands, so will I give all into his hands to be his for ever and ever. Love to Jesus will make all service for him to be joyous.

Again, love to Christ will make obedience sweet. "Love makes our willing feet in swift obedience move." What things we will do for those we love that we would not do for anybody else. So for Christ we will do many things, because we love him, without consulting our feelings, or considering whether any benefit is to accrue, or whether as some say, it will be of any use. Be it absolutely a command, or more gently, a counsel: "whatsoever he saith unto you do it." Sometimes when I think of many good brethren and sisters here that knew it to be their duty to be baptized in his name, and come to his table and celebrate his ordinance in remembrance of him, and they don't do it, though Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," I don't know what to say for them; I must let them speak for themselves. I sometimes think, surely if they loved their master better, they would count obedience a pleasure. I think they would say, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments," and they would be ready at once to run in the Lord's way, without making exceptions to any of his commandments.

Still more, my brethren, love for Christ will make communion very sweet. How pleasant it is to talk to those we love. Give us a good friend, and you have given us a very great boon. A rainy day indoors with a good companion is very happy; but the best landscape on a sunny day, in the society of those for whom we have no affection, is but a poor thing. Let me be with Christ in the meanest place, rather than with the sinner in his high places. Luther used to say, "I would rather fall with Christ than stand with Cæsar;" and might you not say you would rather be with Christ in poverty than with anybody else in all the glory and grandeur of this world? Once love Christ, and you will never be content to be far away from him. You will say with the spouse, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet unto my taste." Friend, how long is it since you had fellowship with Christ? Ask the question round brethren. Each man, and each woman, answer it. You are a believer, your faith is in Christ; how long is it since you have seen your Master? How long since you have talked with him? How long since he has spoken to you? Pass that question round again, I say, and let every man answer it. I am afraid there be some Christians who have not communion with Christ by the month together, nay I fear by the year together. Oh, what Christians must you be. Where is that wife's love who never wishes for a husband's smile all through the year? Where there much affection between two friends who could live in the same house and not speak? Oh, brothers and sisters, let us examine ourselves, and begin to doubt if we can be happy without fellowship with Christ. Christ is so precious to a believer, that

the believer and Christ should be like two turtle doves, that cannot live unless they are in each other's company. Of the turtle dove it is said, that when its mate is gone you can never make the turtle consort with another, bring all the doves you will. It is a lonely dove, and will not be consoled; there it sits, and pines and coos itself to death, mourning for its mate. The only way to kill a Christian would be to take Christ from him. You might bring him the other things, and yet never find another name, never another to whom his heart would be knit. Nay, if you took up all the saints that have been buried, you could never find one that the believer could consort with as he has consorted with Christ, and held fellowship with him. Let us all be like the dove then, and cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart.

I think there is no need to say any more on this point, or add another syllable, except it be just this one—love to Christ will make trust easy. I say love to Christ will make trust easy. You have heard that oft-told story of the wife on board ship who saw her husband cool and calm when the wind was blowing hurricanes and the masts were creaking. She asked how it was, and the husband, reaching a sword, ran upon her, put it to her very breast, and the wife didn't start for a minute. "Wife," said he, "how is it you are not afraid? this sword is sharp." "Oh," saith she, "but it is in my husband hand." "Well," said he, "and though the wind is terrible, it is in my Father's haads." Love can trust under any circumstances. It is wonderful how some men have betrayed into trust. You could not excuse them at first; they have put their hand and become security for another, because they really loved the person so much that they could not think it possible he could deceive them; and we must not be too severe because we don't know the circumstances between the two in these cases. We love because we cannot help it: we trust where we love. How the child trusts the mother. The mother has lost her way; she is on a bleak hill; the snow is falling, and she cannot find the track. The path is covered, and there may be a wolf in the distance, and the mother may hear it, but the infant does not start; it sleeps on her breast, and if it wakes it toys with the mother's cheek, and whilst she is full of alarm, it knows no fear because it loves. And see how the child will spring into your arms, though he is on some height, and if he should fall he would hurt himself. "I will catch you child," and it is done; he springs. And so, where there is love there will be trust. Do you find it hard to believe Christ? Love him better, and it will be easy. Do you find it hard to think that all things will work together for your good? Love him, and you will be sure of it; you will be quite sure of it. "It cannot be," say you, "that my sweet Lord Jesus will ever do me an ill turn; I love him so well, and he loves me so well. Let him smite me, and I will kiss his hand; I am sure that he means it in love, it is but a love pat upon a child. Even when he frowns at me I will still believe that he has a smiling face, only he conceals it to make better known the purpose of his grace. Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. I will say he did it, I will trust in him.

Thus, brethren, I think I have given you ample reasons for loving

Christ. As for those of you who have never trusted in him, I cannot say to you love him; trust him first, and you shall love him afterwards. Give your soul up into his hands. I charge you by the living God, have done with your self-righteousness, and flee to Christ who has bled on the cross, and when you have been washed in his blood, and robed in his righteousness, then shall you love him. O Jesus, O Jesus, come forth and win men's hearts to-night! Thou heavenly lover, our sweet Master, come we beseech thee! When I tell thy story, men will not love thee; nay, should I tell it with tears in my eyes they would not believe me. Come, tell it thyself to them; on their way home break their hearts in love to thee. May they to-night fulfil the verse we have often sung in thy honour—

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

Jesus! bring the wanderers home. Reclaim thy lost sheep! May there be joy on earth, and joy in heaven, over sinners whom thou hast found, sinners whom thou didst come to seek and to save. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." The Lord add his blessing for Jesu's sake.

"Fear thou not."

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee,
In the darkness and the light,
In the storm, and in the sunshine,
Gently leading thee aright."
Briefly face the hidden future,
Firmly to His promise cling;
Naught of evil can befall thee,
Sheltering beneath His wing.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee,
With thee, knowing all thy need;
Heeding all thy heart's deep yearning,
As for guidance thou dost plead."
If we claim His precious promise,
Then have we no cause to fear;
Mid the tempest's wildest billows,
He our barque will safely steer.

By and bye, in heaven's own sunlight,
When we see Him face to face,
We shall sing of grace abounding,
Of His deep, unchanging love
That hath led us all our journey,
To our "Father's house" above.

JOHN BURNHAM.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER IV—(continued).

WHERE CAN HE BE?

THE next day Robert Meredith found his way to the offices of the publishing house of Messrs. Shilling, Weekes and Winter, and to his amazement learned that Varley had left the employ of the firm the previous day.

This news not only surprised him, but it made the absence of his friend the night before even more inexplicable. What was the reason for his not keeping his engagement? And what could be the cause of Varley's dismissal from his employment? These questions kept Rob's brain busy during the time it took him to get to Bloomsbury, where, in the neighbourhood of the Museum, George Varley had his chambers.

His journey was in vain, however. No one there knew of the whereabouts of the man he was seeking. The landlady declared that Mr. Varley had gone out the previous afternoon without saying where he was going. She had certainly expected him back last night.

"I hope as he arn't come to any 'arm that I do," she added in doleful tones. "e always paid regular, and never stinted like some gentlemen I've had."

"Perhaps he's had to go into the country on business," was the reply Meredith gave to this eulogium. He felt more anxious than he would allow the woman to see. The questions he had been asking himself that morning, seem now to have assumed grave proportions and were fraught with meaning.

"If Mr. Varley should return in the course of a day, will you please tell him I called, and ask him to come and see me at once," he added, handing his card to the woman. "Good morning."

Robert Meredith walked away in strange wonderment. Along Oxford Street, down Regent Street, away for home in some half-unconscious fashion he went with the shadow of a great fear resting upon him. If it were not that it was the year of grace 188-- and such things could not possibly be, he might have thought his friend had been spirited away by the press-gang, or carried off to some lone castle by a jealous foe or seized by highway men, who had first robbed and then killed him, casting his body into the silent waters of the river, so strange was his disappearance.

CHAPTER V.

"THE PASSING OF THE SHADOW."

Nearly a week went by, and no news of the lost man. Every effort was made to discover Varley's whereabouts, but the officials at Scotland Yard, with whom Robert Meredith had communicated, had been obliged to admit that it was "a case of mysterious disappearance" which completely baffled them. They were unable to come across any trace of George Varley's movements from the moment he left his rooms on the afternoon he was expected at the Merediths'.

Of course an account of his disappearance, together with a description of him was published in several of the papers; but, relegated, as such items generally are, to some out-of-the-way corner, it probably escaped the notice of nine out of every ten of their readers. At any rate, nothing came of this effort to secure information concerning Varley.

To Mrs. Meredith these days of search were full of dreadful suspense. George Varley had become to her as a second son; and the uncertainty in regard to him thoroughly prostrated her. The hours dragged so slowly by that a whole year seemed to be crowded into a single day. Every post was looked for with painful expectancy; and as the days passed and no communication came from him, Mrs. Meredith began to harbour the fear that Varley had in some way met with his death. So frequently did she express this foreboding that Irene also began to think that it might be so.

But Rob would not entertain this gloomy thought. He was full of hope that sooner or later Var-

ley would re-appear. Nevertheless, his friend's strange disappearance, and stranger silence, caused him more uneasiness than he liked to manifest before his mother, or even admit to Irene.

Once, indeed, his hopefulness deserted him, and he nearly despaired. It was one evening when he was returning home after a day's disappointing search through the hospitals. Crossing Waterloo Bridge, he paused to look down at the river as it went gliding onwards to the sea, the Embankment lights stripping the dark waters with their quivering reflections. Could it be, he asked himself, that Varley had committed suicide? And the murmur of the river, as it swept beneath the arches of the bridge, seemed, to his excited brain, to mock him for his fears. Peering into the blackness of the waters, his heart grew chill, and he shuddered at the suggestion that came from the river, as from hell itself.

But it was only for a moment that he allowed the thought to trouble him. He put it away with a strong hand, counting it treason against his friend to give it place in his heart. Besides, when Rob came to look at the matter quietly, he could think of no cause in the circumstances of Varley that would be likely to prompt him to such a mad act. The simple fact that he had been dismissed from his position at Messrs. Shilling & Co.'s was in itself nothing. And Varley was certainly not in financial difficulties, at least Robert Meredith could not think so, for he knew how careful and scrupulous in all money matters Varley was. No; the more Rob thought of it, the more assured was he that George

Varley had not made away with himself. And so, with Hope singing her sweet song in his heart, he turned away from peering into the dark, silent stream, and set his face towards home. His friend was not dead, of that he was confident; and there was also a "something" which seemed to tell him that an explanation of all the present miserable uncertainty would soon be forthcoming.

When Robert Meredith entered the breakfast-room the next morning, he found his sister there before him.

"Rob, here is a letter for you, dated from Leatherhead," was her greeting, uttered with a concerned air. "We do not know anyone there, do we? Open it quickly; it may contain news of George."

Her tone had gathered eagerness, almost supplication, in her last words; and her face, which had grown so pale during these anxious days, was flushed with a sudden colour.

Rob had the letter open even before she had finished speaking. His brow creased for a moment, and then a glad light flashed into his face.

"Hurrah! You're right, sis. It does. Varley's found!"

Rob's voice had a ring in it that had not been heard for four or five days.

"Oh! Rob, tell me—where is he? What has happened to him?"

"There's the letter, sis. It does not say much. Poor fellow! I'm off to him at once," and thrusting the letter into Irene's hand, he hastened from the room.

The letter, written on crested paper, was brief enough.

Westbray Hall, Leatherhead,
Sunday Evening.

Dear Sir,

Mr. George Varley has been at my house, lying in an unconscious state until an hour ago, since last Tuesday.

He bids me ask you to come at once. Little hope of recovery. Particulars when you arrive. My carriage will meet the morning trains.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR SWANSON.

When her brother returned, Miss Meredith was standing for support against the mantelpiece, her face whiter than the lovely chrysanthemums that she had but a while ago put in the vases which surmounted the marble shelf.

"I had better take the note with me," he began. "You tell the mother about it. I shall just catch the 9.25 if there is a hansom on the stand. Why, sis, what's the matter," he continued, seeing her pale face, and noticing the staggering way in which she crossed the room towards him. "Are you ill?"

"Oh! Rob, do you think he will die?" she gasped.

"No, that he won't; that is, not if he can help it," said Rob, with a confident note in his voice that reassured Irene. "George will live as long as he can live, you may be sure of that. He is not the fellow to give up without a struggle."

"But it says, 'little hope of his recovery,'" Irene replied meekly.

"Oh, that may mean little or nothing. I take no notice of that—the opinion of some country doctor whose practice depends upon a careful advertising of himself. He probably has given it out that the case is serious, and then he will bring him round, and people will talk of the wonderful

skill of Dr. So-and-So. At any rate I'm going down to see; and if I find the case a bad one I shall telegraph for Dr. Broadbent. By the way, do you know who this is?" he went on, as he picked up the letter and looked at it again. "This is Sir Arthur Swanson. He's a big man, rich, and M.P. for some place in Lincolnshire—no;

it's Yorkshire, I believe. I can't think how Varley comes to be at his place. Suppose I shall know when I get there. If I'm not able to get back to-night, sis, tell the mother I will wire."

And before Irene could reply to this torrent of words her brother had gone.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF THE OLD BIBLE.

A VIRGINIAN who was the Chairman of a noted infidel club, was once travelling on horseback, having with him bank bills of great value. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon "lost" through taking a wrong road. The darkness came on quickly and how to escape from the danger he knew not. At last he espied a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he came to a cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman who said her husband was out hunting, but would she was sure willingly give him shelter for the night. The gentleman tied up his horse and entered the cabin with mingled feelings of thankfulness and doubt. Here he was with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He seemed much fatigued and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pocket, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon earth. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. What was to be done?

At length, the backwoodsman rose, and reaching to a wooden shelf, he took down an old book, and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of Holy Scripture before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the sceptic's mind! He had now confidence in the Bible. He felt *safe*. He felt that the man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer! He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of this eventful journey to prove the folly of infidelity.

THE Gospel of God is a message to me. It tells me that I am a sinner, but also tells me of salvation. It awakens me to a sense of my insecurity and danger. It speaks of judgment, but shows God can be just.

The Hope of the Church.

BY PASTOR G. R. Y. FEARN, Orpington.

MINE is a happy theme—"The hope of the Church." Much is said in the Word of God on the subject before us. THE HOPE, WHICH THE HOLY SPIRIT, BY THE WORD, SETS BEFORE US, IS THE COMING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the full train of spiritual blessings which He will bring. Well do I remember a sentence in a letter sent me by our esteemed friend, Pastor H. E. Stone, when I decided to enter the Baptist ministry:—"These are the times when the free and full declarations of the Gospel are needed *with* the warnings and the 'coming.'" No otherwise did the apostle write to Timothy (1 Tim. i. 1; 2 Tim. iv. 1, 2), and Titus (ii. 11-15). To the latter he declared that "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED HOPE, and the glorious APPEARING of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

When our Divine Lord had made His disciples sad at heart by reciting to them the story of His approaching death and departure, He at once cheered them with the hope of His coming again. "Let not your hearts be troubled. . . . In My Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I WILL COME AGAIN, and receive you unto Myself."—John xiv. 1-3.

Many believers have thought that this meant at death. But death is not our hope. Death cannot possibly, in the very nature of things, be the object of hope to any true and spirit-taught believer. "Death" is ours already (1 Cor. iii. 22), by the purchase of the Lord Jesus. It is a conquered enemy, and not the object of our hope.—Romans viii. 24, 25.

Says the Apostle, writing to the Church at Corinth—"Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and WE (*i.e.* living ones) shall be changed. For this corruptible (*i.e.* the dead ones) must put on incorruption, and this mortal (*i.e.* the living ones) must put on immortality" (1 Cor. xv. 51-53). So that there is something more sure even than death, and that is the coming of our Lord for His ransomed Church.

At Thessalonica, where the Christians had "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to WAIT FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN" (1 Thess. i. 9, 10), certain of the Church had "fallen asleep" (*i.e.* had died), and their fellow-members were filled with sorrow and surprise, for they had not conceived the possibility of any of the redeemed passing away. They looked only for His coming, and drew

inferences which exposed them to danger. No Christian has a right to say "*I shall not die,*" but he is quite justified in saying, "*I may not die, but may remain unto the coming of the Lord.*" The need then, as now, was to maintain the truth. Hence the fresh light vouchsafed to the Lord's people in 1 Thess. iv. 13-18, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others which have NO HOPE. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which ARE ALIVE AND REMAIN UNTO THE COMING OF THE LORD, shall not go before them which are asleep. For the LORD HIMSELF shall descend from heaven with a shout (*i.e.* word of command), with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then *we which are alive and remain* shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

It is important to note that "the general resurrection" is absolutely foreign to this part of God's Word as to all other Scripture. It is unquestionably a fact that death is in no way the believer's hope, but Christ's personal coming as the Conqueror of death for us all, whether sleeping or waking, that we may be changed into His glorious image even in the body!

Let us look at another portion of the Word—Acts i., 11, and see the angelic message, which confirms our belief in the personal second advent of the Saviour. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." The very same Jesus that died on the tree "for us men and for our salvation"; the same Jesus Who rose from the dead, according to the Scripture, and was seen of the apostles, "to whom He showed Himself alive after His passion"; this same blessed Jesus and not another, shall come again and receive us unto Himself.

The Apostle tells the saints at Philippi (Ch. iii., 20, 21), that they are not to be occupied so much with the thought of going to heaven, for the truth is that albeit our citizenship is there, we are to look for our Saviour's coming FROM thence, "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." This will be the crowning act of the Lord Jesus, and the consummation of the Grace of God. This is the "grace which is to be brought to us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." (1 Peter, i., 13).

John, the beloved disciple, like all the other writers in the New Testament, mentions the Church's hope. The language used in the Epistle is very striking—"Every man that hath THIS HOPE set on Him purifieth Himself, even as He is pure." Throughout the New Testament the word "HOPE" is always used by the Divine Spirit to refer to the second coming of the Lord. God never leads a believer to say, "I hope I am saved," for the salvation of the soul is spoken of as a present reality—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." "We have passed from death unto life."

Wherever salvation is spoken of as future it refers to the body—"the redemption of our body." Rom. viii., 23. Let us "hope to the end" (Peter i., 13). The "end" will bring the Personal object of our

hope, and that inheritance for which we now hope and groan (Rom. viii., 23). When He comes He will bring this to us; it will not be ours, except by faith, until He come. All is bound up in a blessed Person—"the Person of Christ." We have faith in a Person. We love a Person. We hope for a Person—"the Son of God from heaven."

It is Peter who refers to our "living hope." 1 Peter i., 3.

"O Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,

The sky, not the grave, is our goal,

Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!

Blessed HOPE! blessed rest of my soul!"

The last message sent to us by our dear Master Himself is found in the Apocalypse. Over and over again He promises to "come quickly." In the last chapter in the Bible the promise is three times repeated.

(1) vv. 6, 7. "These sayings are faithful and true: . . . Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book."

Here we have an especial blessing for the *obedient* servants of Christ.

(2) v. 12. "And, behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give every man" (every Christian, of course) "according as His work shall be."

Here it is a reward (and *how* He recompenses, a "city for a talent!") "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" for a "light affliction," meekly borne for His sake!) for the faithful *worker*.

(3) v. 20. "He which testifieth these things saith, 'Surely I come quickly.'" Here is the hope of His *waiting* people.

Shall we not reply—"Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus?" "The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come.' May we learn more deeply what is this cry of the Spirit and the Bride—"Come, Lord Jesus!"

The Holy Spirit leads the heart to desire the coming of Jesus. He knows how patiently Jesus is waiting for the Father's command to rise up from the "Father's throne," and to step into His chariot of air, and command the Body (for "He is Head over all things to the Church, which is His Body." Eph. i., 22, 23) to rise up on the wings of the cloud to meet Him in the air."

What joy for the church which He purchased with His own blood! But what terrors for those "who know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Is this the hope—that Christ the Lord will come,

In all the glory of His royal right,

Redeemer and Avenger, taking home

His saints, and crushing the usurper's might?

This is the hope."

Dr. Leask.

Cannot we sing with Dr. Bonar:—

"We thank Thee for the hope,

So glad, and sure, and clear,

It holds the drooping spirit up

Till the long dawn appear,

Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it cheer

Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here!"

Why am I a Christian ?

BY THE REV. C. RUDGE.

A SHORT time since a boy in a London Board School was asked by the master to give a definition of faith. The scholar answered, "I think that it means believing something without any particular reason." Unfortunately, this view of Divinely inspired faith is not confined to schoolboys. A great many people seem to have an idea, more or less vague, that faith, and especially Christian faith, is opposed to reason. In other words, that Christians have no "particular reason" for believing and teaching the truths which they profess.

But faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is, and ever must be, the highest exercise of reason, for it is the outcome of yielding to the highest evidence; and in every renewed life it becomes the turning point from human folly to Divine wisdom. As a matter of fact, we are never asked by God's Word to yield an unreasoning submission to the Divine claims. From the very first we are commanded to love God with all our *mind*, or understanding, as well as with all our heart, or emotion. That is, we must first see something lovable in the Divine nature before our love can be captivated and centred upon One whom it is impossible for us to see. Now, God becomes lovable to every true believer, when seen in the character and revelation of Jesus Christ, who was "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person." And moreover, through his perfect merits we are made acceptable to God; we receive the "free gift" of justification, and the believer thenceforth enters upon a path of progress which is as the "shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

A Christian then, is one whose faith is resting on Christ as the only ground of acceptance with God, as our Lord Himself plainly tells us, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." When we truly and fully accept Christ as our Saviour, our thought and feeling are brought under his control, and although there may be much imperfection, as the unripe fruit is imperfect, yet the tendency and ultimate destiny of the Christian character is the full-orbed completeness of the Divine model. This then, is the New Testament idea of a Christian, or follower of Christ, and we are now prepared to answer the question, "Why am I a Christian?" If we were looking at this inquiry purely from the Divine side our answer would be brief and easy; but the Holy Spirit always works along the line and through the laws of our thought and feeling, and the Spirit's influence is opposed to the idea that we believe "without any particular reason." We are even commanded to be "ready to give to every man a reason of the hope that is within us."

But the evidences upon which the Christian rests his faith are manifold, and some are influenced by one set of evidences and some by another, but all are led to the central point of faith in the Lord Jesus as the only Divine Saviour.

In this brief paper we can only mention two of these "reasons" of our faith, but perhaps these will be sufficient to answer the question, "Why am I a Christian?" The evidences to which we refer are, I. *Man's spiritual necessity*, and II. *Christ's spiritual remedy*. Here are two great facts known to us by direct observation and personal experience, and admitted by all who have a right to speak. But simple as these two propositions may appear, they form the twofold arch that spans the gulf between God and man. In and through Christ we find God the exact counterpart to ourselves: His fulness fits our emptiness; His provision satisfies our hunger. And so generally, the emptiness of man yearns after God, and the fulness of God flows down to man.

At the commencement of the Christian career we may know little of the eternal buttresses that support the bridge. We simply trust, and finding it sufficiently strong to bear us and all the infinite interests of the soul, we pass over into the assurance of our acceptance with God through the merits of Christ. If at this point the young believer were asked to give a reason of the hope he entertains, he might simply reply, "God says the believer shall be saved, and hitherto my experience corresponds with His Word."

But increasing knowledge brings with it a richer spiritual life and an increasing sense of assurance. Each succeeding evidence makes the preceding one more conclusive, and we learn by degrees how eternally firm and broad are the foundations on which rest the Christian's hope.

But it may now be asked what is the special human necessity which it is asserted has been met and satisfied by the Gospel of Christ? To this we may answer briefly, that in our own inner life, we are conscious of the presence of a judge which we sometimes call conscience, and from whose voice of authority there is no appeal. It is equally true that by this judge we stand convicted of sin. We may resolve to throw it off and renew our life, but the attempt will only reveal the helplessness of our condition. In vain we struggle against the forces of evil within and around us. Sin weakens our moral nature and is inevitably followed by moral bondage. But the flaming torch lighted by conscience flashes its revealing light not only into the dark background of sin, but also into the dark foreground of judgment. Sin and punishment are linked to each other. Here then is a twofold necessity, we need to be delivered from the guilt as well as from the bondage of sin. Somebody must satisfy the claims of justice and at the same time impart a moral power to save us from the spiritual bondage into which our sin has brought us.

Man sins against God and then fears him, and out of this fear arises the craving for a mediator. No doubt it is possible by human methods to quiet conscience for a time, but the delusion soon departs and the old fears return. Confession, restitution, penance, and even sacrifice all fail to meet the case. In the history of the human race few things

are so remarkable as the fact of sacrifice. It has always been universally felt that the innocent must atone for the transgressor. But,—

“ Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.”

These sacrifices were universal as well as Jewish, but they utterly failed to accomplish the end in view. The introduction of human sacrifices shows that man was not satisfied; but even human blood failed to quench the fire which sin had kindled in the human soul. All ended in despair. Man remained a transgressor of the law, exposed to punishment and oppressed with sorrow.

Now it is for us to show that Christ exactly meets us at every point of our need. He comes to the believer with pardon, peace and life, and at the same time bestows a moral power that breaks the fetters of sin and sets us free to live and work for God.

Here a multitude of evidences may be produced to prove that we are not overstating the case, but we desire to keep within the bounds of individual experience and use only those facts to which every believer can testify. In every age and land the true followers of Christ have found that all the nameless ills of mortal life have been powerless to rob them of the peace and joy of fellowship with Christ. Even the tears of sorrow are distilled into joy infinitely superior to anything the world can produce. There is no real happiness within the reach of man except that which is found in seeking this treasure, or in drawing upon it after it is secured.

The peace which Christ gives to him that believeth, and which the world can neither supply nor supplant, is as profound as the fathomless depths of space; and the everlasting blessedness of which that peace is but the foraste, as is as steadfast and sure as the eternal throne of God. Christ alone can give full satisfaction to the limitless cravings of man's spirit. But in him the sinner finds rest as calm as the unruffled waters of the sleeping lake, and sweet as the hush of nature on a summer's eve.

We have now, as far as our space would allow, endeavoured to show the human need and divine provision, which apart from any other evidence, would be sufficient to justify our faith in Christ, and answer the question. “Why am I a Christian?”

In conclusion, one may ask, ‘how is it that so many deliberately neglect the Gospel of Christ?’ I would answer without the slightest hesitation, that in the vast majority of cases it is moral perversity. It is not that they find something better, or that they have any doubt as to the Divine origin of Christianity. The poet has well expressed it in the following lines:—

“ If now thou question *why* this beauteous spring
Is still a lonely and neglected thing?
’Tis thus—because, reflected in the stream;
Each one exactly as he is, must seem;
’Tis thus the sacred stream doth health convey,
And thus it is they turn in haste away.”

"All Things are Possible;"

OR, THE POWER OF FAITH.

By Rev. D. THOMPSON.

IN days of old men believed in the existence of the Philosopher Stone, which had the power to turn all baser metals into gold. Many spent their lives in search of it. There is, in truth, no such stone; but there is a power within our reach that can convert all the baser metals of our nature into spiritual gold. *There is no imposition here.* It has been tested by tens of millions, and is open to the experience of all. Let men but try it, and they are certain of substantial bliss. The true Philosopher Stone is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The secret of its power is revealed in the words, "LORD, I BELIEVE!" Simple trust in the power and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the sufficiency of His work, transforms our character, and puts us in possession of untold riches. "*All things are possible to him that believeth.*" Faith

"Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, it shall be done."

Through faith the sinner becomes a saint; the weak strong; the ignorant knowing; the poor rich; the unloving are made loving; the heir of wrath becomes the heir of glory.

Some persons are surprised at the place faith occupies in the economy of grace. They seem to think that *working* would have been more effective than *believing*. This is a mistake. Belief is the mightiest influence in the world as well as in the Church. What makes the merchant freight his vessel with costly goods for a foreign shore? Faith that he will have a profitable return. What makes the man of business stock his warehouse or his shop? Faith that he will sell his goods and receive his money with interest. What induces a person to give a bill of credit to a customer? Faith that that customer will be honest and pay the debt. What causes the farmer to break up the ground and sow the seed? Faith that he will have a harvest. What makes the servant diligent in business? Faith that he will receive his wages. Scarcely a transaction in life but has to do with faith. It is as the spring to the watch, as the pivot to the wheel, as heat to the engine. There is nothing like it for building society, and giving impetus to all agencies. Powerful in things material, faith is more powerful in things spiritual. It secures every Divine good the soul requires; and removes every mountain that stands in the way of heavenly attainments. Oh, then, reader, "only believe," and all things are possible to you. A *grain* of faith is saving, and glorifies.

A visit by faith to Calvary will make the penitential tears flow. "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." (Zachariah xiii., 10.)

When we place ourselves beneath the Cross of Christ, and realize in some degree the answer to the petition contained in the lines—

"Come let us stand beneath the Cross ;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified,"

we experience the saving power of God. Christ, our trust and confidence, gives every needed good. His salvation is altogether perfect, and saves from every spiritual evil. Every curse lies dead at the foot of the Cross, and there is the possession of the fulness of God.

It is faith that gives satisfying joy. No earthly source can give true and abiding happiness. Solid, satisfying and enduring joy is only to be found in God our Saviour, and becomes ours by believing. The promises of the Gospel are fitted to give us joy in all seasons and circumstances.

Strong in faith, there is heroic Christian service. Consistency, devotion, self-sacrifice—a life harmonious, brave, and triumphant. In ancient history there is a story of a valiant captain whose banner was almost always first in the fight, and whose sword was dreaded by his enemies; for it was the herald of slaughter and victory. His king once asked to see the sword. He took it, quietly examined it, and sent it back with the message: "I see nothing wonderful in the sword. I cannot see why any man should be afraid of it." The captain sent the reply: "Your Majesty has been pleased to examine the sword; but I did not send the arm that wielded it. If you had examined that, and the heart that guided the arm, you would have understood the mystery." So it is the faith of the Christian, wielding the sword of the Spirit, that makes willing and strong for duty, and gives him victory in conflict.

"Only believe," and you will be triumphant in death. At the solemn moment of dying there will be the sensible presence and support of God. A soldier in terrible agony lay dying at the hospital. A visitor asked him, "What Church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean of what persuasion are you?" "Persuasion?" said the dying man, as he looked heavenward, his eyes beaming with love to the Saviour, "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 me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus. Thus Christ was in the soldier the hope of glory. He looked by faith into the opened heaven, and death was given to him.

Dear reader, have you the Gospel stone? Do you know in whom you have believed? Cling to the Cross and say, "I die with Christ; I live with Christ; henceforth let no man trouble me."

"Jesus how glorious is Thy grace,
When in Thy Name we trust;
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just."

Reviews.

Our Daily Homily. By Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

Volume 4, from Isaiah to Malachi.

A valuable book for the hand and the heart. Precious truths in brief, a Bible commentary for busy folk, and full of useful tendring for every reader of God's Holy Word.

The Higher Criticisms: The greatest Apostacy of the Age, with notable examples and criticisms of several Scottish Theological Professors. By D. K. Paton. Marshall Bros., Paternoster Row.

We are right glad to receive this larger edition completing the issue of the twenty-second thousand. The first edition had our good word and best wishes for a wide circulation, and we repeat. *Higher Criticism has done nothing for Sceptics or Christians but produce doubt and unbelief.*

Life of King Alfred the Great. By J. Hunt Cooke. S. H. Burrows and Co., Furnival Street, Holborn.

In this condensed form, it is likely this history of England's great hero will be re-read, and probably by multitudes of young people who have not read with retentive memory the longer history.

By the same Author *Job.* An appreciative paper read at a meeting of the Baptist Board, and published by request of the members present. It is a most valuable paper. The request for publication was a wise one. Our regret is that it is too brief.

The Queen's Daughters in India, by Elizabeth W. Andrew and Katharine C. Bushnell, with prefactory Letters by Mrs. Josephine E. Butler and Mr. Henry J. Wilson, M.P. Morgan and Scott.

These ladies and Mr. Wilson have called attention to a state of things which to many will seem incredible,

but, alas! too true. It makes us blush. It makes us sad.

A new and easy catechism for use in Baptist schools and families. In three sections. 1st. Evangelical Doctrines. 2nd. Free Church Principles. 3rd. Christian Ordinances. By Edward W. Tarbox, Hon. Secretary of the Home Counties Baptist Association, Guildford. Printed for W. Tarbox. We have always said that when the Sunday School Union compromised on the subject many years ago it was a call to Baptists to have their own catechism. We have to express our thanks to Mr. Tarbox, He has produced the best Catechism for our Sunday Schools that has come under our notice. It is *up to date.* There is no compromise here.

The Treasury of Religious Thought (American) has a Timely Leader illustrated on Luther and his work. The *Quiver* February contains a thrilling story of recent facts, entitled, "Facing Death for Christ," based on an interview with the Rev. C. H. Goodman, who has been surprisingly spared to tell the West African story. *Great Thoughts* for February contains Dean Farrar's Oration on Temperance, also a Talk on the Peace Question with Mr. W. T. Stead; also a condensed account of the career of the veteran preacher, Rev. Newman Hall. *Helping Words* contains two views of life, by Rev. J. G. Greenbough. M.A.

We have received from Passmore and Alabaster part 40 of the *Treasury of David*, and part 14 of *C. H. Spurgeon's Auto-Biography*, and the January part 525 of the *Metropolitan Pulpit*, containing five sermons by C. H. Spurgeon. We are also grateful to know that the late Pastor lives not only in his publications, but also in the hearts of the people, as witnessed in the enthusiastic crowds

who visited the section of the new building on the occasion of the widow being present for some hours to receive contributions towards the New Building Fund. The amount at the close of the day was over £6,000. The whole of the proceedings were stirring, cheering, and sometimes touching. John Wesley is reported to have said he did not believe a man was converted unless his pockets was also. It was evident the voices, hearts and pockets were all combined in this day's history and the reverend C. H. Spurgeon, the dead yet speaketh. We wish the cause God-speed.

The Sunday at Home of the Religious Tract Society has a most valuable article on "The Hope of Immortality," with a likeness of the Bishop of Calcutta. *The Leisure Hour* gives its readers a frontispiece of John Ruskin. Also an illustrated article on "Ruskin's Life of Eighty Years," by S. G. Green, D.D. *The Girls' Own Paper* is more than an average number, the pages containing "Self-Cultifre," by Lily Watson. "Blushing and Nervousness," by the rev. Doctor, and part 4 on "The Moody Girl" are specially good. *The Boys' Own* for February contains large coloured

plate, and commences two new serial stories of thrilling interest. The supplement to the *Girls' Own Up-to-date Maidens*, *The Friendly Greetings*, *Child's Companion*, *Little Dots*, *Cot-tager and Artisan*, and *Light in the Home* to hand, and have our best wishes.

Baptist Magazine, *The Irish Baptist Sword and Trowel*, each full of good reading and Denominational information, "Life and Light," by R. E. Sears, "Newness of Life," "The Bible Societies Registers and Gleanings," are in our sincere esteem. All Sunday School teachers, mothers and fathers, and all who have the care of children should not fail to obtain a copy of the pamphlet by Samuel Smith, Esq., M.P., "What Ritualists Teach the Young," "An Infallible Prescription for Happiness," by Rev. J. Mountain, compiler of Hymns of Consecration and Faith. This is a most ingenious and striking way of putting many sound religious and moral truths before the readers. It speaks much for the Doctor's knowledge and skill. To be had of the Author, St. John's Road, Tonbridge Wells. One shilling. Address post free.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Rev. J. Haydon, from Pastors' College to Bracknell Church, near Reading.

Rev. J. Hazelton, from Wattisham to St. Neot's Church.

Rev. Frank Burnett, from Pastors' College to Fakenham, Norfolk.

Rev. E. Ashton, from Gorsley to Leigh.

Rev. Victor E. Thurston, from Shifnal to Ryeford, Ross.

Rev. W. Howell Williams, from Nantwich to Albany-road Church, Cardiff.

Rev. T. Dearlove, from New Chapel, Horwich, to Garstang-road Church, Preston.

Rev. T. W. Chance, B.A., from Cardiff College to High-st. Church, Merthyr Tydvil.

Rev. H. O. Mackey, from Falmouth to Liverpool Toxteth Tabernacle.

Rev. A. F. Giddings, from Baptist College, Manchester, to Irwell-terrace Church, Bacup.

Rev. C. Rigby, from Staincliffe to Sandhurst, Kent.

Rev. T. T. Minchin, from Faversham to Rayleigh.

Rev. F. W. Reynolds, from Redruth to the Fritelstock group of churches, North Devon.

Rev. W. C. Bryan, of Union

Church, Hunstanton, to Rickmansworth.

Rev. E. G. Thomas, from Morlais Chapel, Merthyr, to Stanwell-road Chapel, Penarth.

Rev. Caleb Joshua, from Salem Chapel, Landore, Swansea, to Pearl-street, Roath, Cardiff.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. E. Beecher has been recognised as pastor of Derby-road Church, Croydon. Revs. J. Box, E. Marsh, F. C. Holden, H. T. Chilvers, and H. Dadswell took part.

Rev. W. G. Scroggie has been recognised as pastor of Leytonstone-road Church. Professor McCaig occupied the pulpit on Sunday.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. V. Thurston as pastor have been held at Ryeford. On Sunday the new pastor preached special sermons, and on Monday at a public meeting, Rev. J. Meredith read several testimonies to Mr. Thurston's past work, especially at Shifnal, where last he ministered. On behalf of the churches of the County Association, he also extended a hearty welcome. Mr. J. T. Southall, J.P., who presided, and others, also delivered congratulatory addresses.

Rev. C. T. Johnson has been recognised as pastor at Daventry. Rev. C. B. Sawday, J. E. Martin, G. H. Harris, and A. S. D. Farr took part.

Rev. H. B. Davies, of Aberystwyth College, has been ordained as co-pastor with Rev. D. Davies at Llandudno.

Mr. R. H. Coats, M.A., B.D. has been welcomed at a social meeting to the pastorate of Hamstead-road Church, Birmingham, but will not commence his ministerial work until the middle of April, as he has gone to Berlin to complete his studies before his ordination.

NEW CHAPELS.

ST. JOHN'S FREE BAPTIST,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The proceedings were entered upon by a special thanksgiving service

being held early in the afternoon in St. John's-road Free Baptist Church, which is at present the locale of Rev. J. Mountain's flock. At the conclusion the congregation adjourned to Grosvenor Mount.

After prayer by Rev. W. Harrison (Wesleyan), two verses of a new hymn, which, with music, had been composed by Rev. J. Mountain, were sung.

The laying of the first stone was proceeded with. This was the pastor's. Mr. Stephens (Brighton) declared the stone "well and truly laid."

The deacons' stone was laid by Mr. F. E. Smith (Sheffield). On behalf of the church and congregation Mr. E. R. Beecroft (Tunbridge Wells) laid the next stone. The Sunday school stone was laid by Mr. Frank Wadham (London), and Mrs. Mountain laid the Christain Endeavour stone. Several other stones were also laid. After the proceedings books as mementoes of the event were presented to the ladies and gentlemen who had taken a prominent part.

Mr. J. Horton Stephens, J.P., presided over a crowded meeting at the Town Hall in the evening, when addresses were delivered by Revs. J. H. Blake, J. P. Clarke, M.A., J. Mountain (pastor), A. W. Payne (assistant pastor), Messrs. F. E. Smith, E. R. Beecroft, H. M. Caley, G. Pickett, J. Tunbridge, J. Feed, Reeve, Verrall, and Marshall. An interesting part of the proceedings was the presentation to Mr. Henry Elwig, jun., one of the deacons, of a handsome knee writing case, and to Mrs. Elwig, of an arm chair and beautiful vase, on the occasion of their marriage. The gifts were presented by the pastor (Rev. J. Mountain) and the assistant pastor (Rev. A. W. Payne) in suitable terms. They were acknowledged by Mr. Elwig.

The contributions throughout the day amounted to £263, bringing the total fund to about £1,763. Thus

roughly, £1,200 remains to be raised in order to open the lecture hall and school-rooms in April next free from debt.

Plans of a new chapel to be erected in Bury-road, Haslingden, on the same site as the old chapel, have been prepared by Mr. G. Baines, F.R.I.B.A., of London, at an estimated cost of £4,000, towards which £2,400 has been raised. Previous to the old buildings being pulled down, early in March, an old scholars' and friends' reunion has been arranged to take place on the last Saturday in February. Former members of Ebenezer Church or Sunday school are invited to send their names to the secretary, Mr. F. Hamer, 53, Wells-street, Haslingden.

BAPTISMS.

Aldershot Tabernacle.—January 29, One, by F. G. Kemp.
Beeston, Nether-street.—February 5, Three, by T. W. Hart.



WONDERFUL CHANGE.

"Friends are surprised to see it. Although 63 years old my hearing was fully restored over a year ago by the use of Aerial Medication, after having been very deaf six years. The stopper-up feeling, continual roaring, phlegm, and sore throat have also disappeared."—GEO. N. TAYLOR, 25, Carisbrook St., Harpuhey, Manchester.

FREE.

To prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication is a positive cure for deafness, catarrh, throat and lung diseases, I will, for a short time, send medicines for three months' treatment, free. For symptom form and particulars, address—J. H. MOORE M.D. (U.S.A.), Dept.—H. 9, Bloomsbury, [London, W.C.

Briton Ferry, Jerusalem English.—January 18, Two, by R. Powell.
Bishop's Stortford.—January 26, Two, by W. Walker.
Bleddfa, Radnor.—January 2, Three, by W. D. Young
Dolau, Llanfihangel, Radnor.—January 15, One, by W. Young.
Derby, Junction-street.—January 22, Eleven, by P. A. Hudgell.
Esher.—January 29, Three, by T. G. Head.
Glasgow, Cambridge-street.—January 15, Five, by E. Last.
Hull, Beverley-road.—January 15, Five, by J. S. Griffiths.
Hawick, N.B.—January 15, One; February 5, One, by J. W. Kemp.
Huddersfield, Elland Edge.—February 5, by T. R. Lewis
Jersery, Vauxhall.—January 26, Six; February 5, Five, by W. Bonser.
Kingston-on-Thames, Bunyan Tabernacle, Norbiton.—January 29, Two, by I. O. Stalberg.
King's Sutton, near Banbury.—January 29, Eleven, by J. Churchill.
Merthyr Tydvil, Ebenezer.—January 15, Two, by I. S. Williams.
Maesteg, Glam., Hope.—January 26, One, by T. Roberts.
Melbourn, Cambs., Zion.—January 29, Three, by R. A. Belsham.
Mills Hills (Lancs).—January 22, Four, by F. Oliver.
Norwich, Orford Hill.—January 22, Five, by W. Gill.
Pinner.—January 29, Seven, by J. S. Bruce.
Penbroke.—January 15, Eleven; 18, Three, by E. Thomas.
Ramsgate, Cavendish.—January 29, Three, by T. Hancock.
Rugby.—January 22, Two, by J. Young.
Sholing.—January 22, One, by J. Grinnell.
Teignmouth.—January 29, Three, by S. J. Thorpe.
Waltham Cross.—January 22, One, by T. Douglass.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Brentford, North Road.—January 29, Three, by R. Mutimer.
Blackheath, S.E.—January 29, Five, by W. L. Mackenzie.
Camberwell, S.E., Mansion House Mission.—January 30, Three by G. W. Linnear.
Harringay, N.—January 29, Four, by G. T. Edgley.
Fulham, Dawes-road.—January 22, Sixteen, by J. H. Grant.
Catford Hill, S.E.—January 29, Nine, by N. Vanstone.
King's Cross, N.—January 29, Seven, by D. H. Moore.
South Bermondsey.—January 25, Four, by T. E. Howe.
Westbourne Grove, W.—January 29, Five by G. Freeman.
Westminster.—January 22, Two, by G. Davies.
Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle, E.—January 22, Fourteen, by A. Tildsley.
Leyton, Vicarage-road.—January 23, Two, by G. T. Bailey.

All-Sufficiency Magnified.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Philippians iv 13.

THE former part of the sentence would be a piece of impudent daring without the latter part to interpret it. There have been some men who, puffed up with vanity, have in their hearts said, "I can do all things." Their destruction has been sure, and near at hand. Nebuchadnezzar walks through the midst of the great city; he sees its stupendous tower threading the clouds; he marks the majestic and colossal size of every erection, and he says in his heart, "Behold this great Babylon which I have builded. 'I can do all things.'" A few hours and he can do nothing except that in which the beast excels him; he eats grass like the oxen, until his hair has grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. See, too, the Persian potentate; he leads a million of men against Grecia, he wields a power which he believes to be omnipotent; he lashes the sea, casts chains upon the wave, and bids it be his slave. Ah, foolish pantomime.—"I can do all things!" His hosts melt away, the bravery of Grecia is too much for him; he returns to his country in dishonour. Or, if you will take a modern instance of a man who was born to rule and govern, and found his way upwards from the lowest ranks to the highest point of empire, call to mind Napoleon. He stands like a rock in the midst of angry billows; the nations dash against him and break themselves; he himself puts out the sun of Austria, and bids the star of Prussia set; he dares to declare war against all the nations of the earth, and believes that he himself shall be a very Briarius with a hundred hands attacking at once a hundred antagonists. "I can do all things," he might have written upon his banners. It was the very note which his eagles screamed amid the battle. He marches to Russia; he defies the elements; he marches across the snow and sees the palace of the ancient monarchy in flames. No doubt as he looks at the blazing Kremlin, he thinks, "I can do all things." But thou shalt come back to thy country alone; thou shalt strew the frozen plains with men; thou shalt be utterly wasted and destroyed. Inasmuch as thou hast said, "*I propose and dispose too*," lo! Jehovah disposes of thee, and puts thee from thy seat, seeing thou hast arrogated to thyself omnipotence among men. And what shall we say to our apostle, little in stature, stammering in speech, his personal presence weak, and his speech contemptible, when he comes forward and boasts, "I can do all things?" O impudent presumption! What canst thou do, Paul? The leader of a hated sect, all of them doomed by an imperial edict to death! Thou, thou, who dardest to teach the absurd dogma that a crucified man is able to save souls, that he is actually king in heaven and virtually king in earth! Thou sayest, "I can do all things."

What! has Gamaliel taught thee such an art of eloquence, that thou canst baffle all that oppose thee! What! have thy sufferings given thee so stern a courage that thou art not to be turned away from the opinions which thou hast so tenaciously held? Is it in thyself thou reliest? No, "I can do all things," saith he, "through Christ which strengtheneth me." Looking boldly around him, he turns the eye his faith humbly towards his God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and dares to say, not impiously, nor arrogantly, yet with devout reverence and dauntless courage, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

My brethren, when Paul said these words, he meant them. Indeed, he had to a great measure already proved the strength, of which he now asserts the promise. Have you never thought how varied were the trials, and how innumerable the achievements of the apostle Paul? Called by grace in a sudden and miraculous manner, immediately—not consulting with flesh and blood—he essays to preach the gospel he has newly received. Anon, he retires a little while, that he may more fully understand the Word of God; when from the desert of Arabia, where he has girded his loins and strengthened himself by meditation and personal mortification, he comes out, not taking counsel with the apostles, nor asking their guidance or their approbation; but at once, with singular courage, proclaiming the name of Jesus, and protesting that he himself also is an apostle of Christ. You will remember that after this, he undertook many difficult things; he withstood Peter to the face—no easy task with a man so bold and so excellent as Peter was; but Peter might be a time-server: Paul never. Paul rebukes Peter even to the face. And then mark his own achievements, as he describes them himself, "In labours more abundant, in stripes above measure;" "in prisons more frequent, in death oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings, in cold and nakedness. Beside these things that are without, that which cometh upon daily, the care of all the churches." Ah! bravely spoken, beloved Paul. Thine was no empty boast. Thou hast indeed, in thy life, preached a sermon upon the text, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

And now, my dear friends, looking up to Christ which strengtheneth me, I shall endeavour to speak of my text under three heads. First, *the measure of it*; secondly, *the manner of it*; and thirdly, *the message of*

I. AS FOR THE MEASURE OF IT. It is exceeding broad; for it says, "I can do all things." We cannot, of course, mention "all things," this morning, for the subject is illimitable in its extent, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

But let me notice that Paul here meant that he could *endure all trials*. It matters not what suffering his persecutors might put upon him; he

felt that he was quite able through divine grace to bear it; and no doubt though Paul had seen the inside of almost every Roman prison, yet he had never been known to quake in any of them; though he understood well the devices which Nero had invented to put torment upon Christians; though he had heard doubtless in his cell of those who were smeared with pitch and set on fire in Nero's gardens to light his festivities; though he had heard of Nero's racks and chains and hot pincers, yet he felt persuaded that rack and pincers, and boiling pitch, would not be strong enough to break his faith. "I can endure *all things*," he says, "for Christ's sake." He daily expected that he might be led out to die, and the daily expectation of death is more bitter than death itself; for what is death? It is but a pang, and it is over. But the daily expectation of it is fearful. If a man fears death, he feels a thousand deaths in fearing one. But Paul could say, "I did daily;" and yet he was still steadfast and immovable in the hourly expectation of a painful departure. He was ready to be offered up, and made a sacrifice for his Master's cause. Every child of God by faith may say, "I can suffer all things." What though to-day we be afraid of a little pain? Though perhaps the slightest shooting pang alarms us, yet I do not doubt, if days of martyrdom should return, the martyr-spirit would return with martyrs' trials; and if once more Smithfield's fires needed victims, there would be victims found innumerable—holocausts of martyrs would be offered up before the shrine of truth. Let us be of good courage under any temptation or suffering we may be called to bear for Christ's sake; for we can suffer it all through Christ who strengtheneth us.

Then Paul meant also that he could *perform all duties*. Was he called to preach? He was sufficient for it, through the strength of Christ; was he called to rule and govern in the churches—to be, as it were, a travelling over-looker and bishop of the flock? He felt that he was well qualified for any duty which might be laid upon him, because of the strength which Christ would surely give. And you, too, my dear brother, if you are called this day to some duty which is new to you, be not behind the apostle, but say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I have seen the good man disappointed in his best hopes, because he hath not won the battle in the first charge, laying down his arms and saying, "I feel that I can do no good in this world; I have tried, but defeat awaits me: perhaps it were better that I should be still and do no more." I have seen the same man too for a while lie down and faint, because, said he, "I have sown much, but I have reaped little; I have strewed the seed by handfuls, but I have gathered only here and there an ear of precious grain." O be not a craven: play the man. Christ puts his hand upon thy loins to-day and he saith, "Up and be doing;" and do thou reply, "Yea, Lord, I *will* be doing, for I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I am persuaded there is no work to which a Christian can be called for which he will not be found well qualified. If his master should appoint him to a throne, he would rule well; or should he bid him play the menial part he would make the best of servants: in all places and in all duties the Christian is always strong enough, if he Lord his God be with him. Without Christ he can do nothing, but

with Christ he can do all things.

This is also true of the Christian's inward *struggles with his corruptions*. Paul I know once said, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." But Paul did not stay there; his music was not all in a minor key; right quickly he mounts the higher chords, and sings, "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I may be addressing some Christians who have naturally a very violent temper, and you say you cannot curb it. "You can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." I may be speaking to another who has felt a peculiar weakness of disposition, a proneness to be timid, and yielding. My brother, you shall not disown your Lord, for through Christ that strengtheneth thee, the dove can play the eagle, and thou who art timid as a lamb can be mighty and courageous as a lion: There is no weakness or evil propensity which the Christian cannot overcome. Do not come to me and say, "I have striven to overcome my natural slothfulness, but I have not been able to do it." I do avow, brother, that if Christ hath strengthened you, you can do it. I don't believe there exists anywhere under heaven a more lazy man than myself naturally; I would scarce stir if I had my will; but if there be a man under heaven who works more than I do, I wish him well through his labours. I have to struggle with my sloth, but through Christ who strengtheneth me, I overcome it. Do not say thou hast a physical incapacity for strong effort; my brother, thou hast not; thou canst do all things through Christ who strengtheneth thee. A brave heart can master even a sluggish liver. Often do I find brethren who say, "I hope I am not too timid or too rash in my temper, or that I am not idle; but I find myself inconstant, I cannot persevere in anything." My dear brother, thou canst. You can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth you. Do not sit down and excuse yourself by saying, "Another man can do this, but I cannot; the fact is, I was made with this fault, it was in the mould originally, and it cannot be got rid of; I must make the best I can of it." You can get rid of it, brother: there is not a Hittite or a Jebusite in all Canaan that you cannot drive out. You can do nothing of yourself, but Christ being with you, you can make their high walls fall flat even as the walls of Jericho. You can go upon the tottering walls and slay the sons of Anak, and although they be strong men, who like the giants had six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand, you shall be more than a match for them all: There is no corruption, no evil propensity, no failing that you cannot overcome, through Christ which strengtheneth you. And there is no temptation to sin from without which you cannot also overcome through Christ which strengtheneth you. Sitting one day this week with a poor aged woman who was sick, she remarked that oftentimes she was tempted by Satan; and sometimes she said, "I am a little afraid, but I do not let other people know, lest they should think that Christ's disciples are not a match for Satan. Why, sir," said she, "he is a chained enemy, is he not? He cannot come one link nearer to me than Christ lets him; or when he roars never so loudly I am not afraid with any great fear of him, for I know it is only roaring—he cannot devour the people of God." Now, whenever Satan comes to you with a temptation, or when

your companions, or your business, or your circumstances suggest a sin, you are not timidly to say, "I must yield to this; I am not strong enough to stand against this temptation." You are not in yourself, understand that; I do not deny your own personal weakness; but through Christ that strengtheneth you, you are strong enough for all the temptations that may possibly come upon you. You may play the Joseph against lust; you need not play the David; you may stand steadfast against sin—you need not to be overtaken like Noah—you need not be thrown down to your shame, like Lot. You *may* be kept by God, and you *shall* be. Only lay hold on that Divine strength, and if the world, the flesh, and the devil, should beleaguer and besiege you day after day, you shall stand not only a siege as long as the siege of old Troy, but seventy years of siege shall you be able to stand, and at last to drive your enemies away in confusion, and make yourselves rich upon their spoils. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Though I despair of explaining the measure of my text, so as to classify even the tenth part of all things, let me make one further attempt. I have no doubt the apostle specially meant that he found himself able to serve God in every state. "I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." Some Christians are called to sudden changes, and I have marked many of them who have been ruined by their changes. I have seen the poor man exceedingly spiritual-minded; I have seen him full of faith with regard to Divine Providence, and living a happy life upon the bounty of his God, though he had but little. I have seen that man acquire wealth, and I have marked that he was more penurious; that he was, in fact, more straitened than he was before; he had less trust in God, less liberality of soul. While he was a poor man he was a prince in a peasant's garb; when he became rich, he was poor in a bad sense—mean in heart with means in hand. But this need not be. Christ strengthening him, a Christian is ready for all places. If my Master were to call me this day from addressing this assembly to sweep a street-crossing, I know not that I should feel very contented with my lot for awhile; but I do not doubt that I could do it through Christ that strengtheneth me. And you, who may have to follow some very humble occupation, you have had grace enough to follow it, and to be happy in it, and to honour Christ in it. I tell you, if you were called to be a king, you might seek the strength of Christ, and say in this position too, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." You ought to have no choice as to what you shall be. The day when you gave yourself up to Christ, you gave yourself up wholly to him, to be his soldier, and soldiers must not be choosers; if they are called to lie in the trenches, if they are bidden to advance under a galling fire, they must do it. And so must you, feeling that whether he bid you do one thing or another, in all states and in all circles, you can do what God will have you do, for through him you can do all things.

To conclude upon this point, let me remind you that you can do all things with respect to all worlds. You are here in this world, and can

do all things in respect to this world. You can enlighten it; you can play the Jonah in the midst of this modern Nineveh; your own single voice may be the means of creating a spiritual revival. You can do all things for your fellow-men. You may be the means of uplifting the most degraded to the highest point of spiritual life; you can doubtless, by resisting temptation, by casting down high looks, by defying wrath, by enduring sufferings; you can walk through this world as a greater than Alexander, looking upon it all as being yours, for your Lord is the monarch of it. "You can do all things." Then may you look beyond this world into the world of spirits. You may see the dark gate of death; you may behold that iron gate, and hear it creaking on its awful hinges: but you may say, "I can pass through that; Jesus can meet me; he can strengthen me, and my soul shall stretch her wings in haste, fly fearless through death's iron gate, nor fear the terror as she passes through. I can go into the world of spirits, Christ being with me, and never fear. And then look beneath you. There is hell, with it all its demons, your sworn enemy. They have leagued and banded together for your destruction. Walk through their ranks, and as they bite their iron bonds in agony and despair, say to them as you look in their face, "I can do all things:" and if loosed for a moment Diabolus should meet you in the field, and Apollyon should stride across the way, and say, "I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt come no further, here will I spill your soul,"—up at him! Strike him right and left, with this for thy battle-cry, "I can do all things," and in a little while he will spread his dragon wings and fly away. Then mount up to heaven. From the lowest depths of hell ascend to heaven; bow your knee before the eternal throne; you have a message; you have desires to express and wants to be fulfilled, and as you bend your knee, say, "O God, in prayer I can prevail with thee; let me wonder to tell it; I can overcome heaven itself by humble, faithful prayer." So you see in all worlds—this world of flesh and blood, and the world of spirits, in heaven and earth and hell—everywhere the believer can say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

II. Thus have I discussed the first part of our subject—the measure; I shall now talk for awhile upon THE MANNER.

How is it that Christ doth strengthen his people? None of us can explain the mysterious operations of the Holy Spirit; we can only explain one effect by another. I do not pretend to be able to show how Christ communicates strength to his people by the mysterious inflowings of the Spirit's energy; let me rather show what the Spirit does, and how these acts of the Spirit which he works for Christ tend to strengthen the soul for "all things."

There is no doubt whatever that Jesus Christ makes his people strong by strengthening their faith. It is remarkable that very many poor timid and doubting Christians during the time of Mary's persecution were afraid when they were arrested that they should never bear the fire; but a singular circumstance is, that these generally behaved the most bravely, and played the man in the midst of the fire with the most notable constancy. It seems that God gives faith equal to the emergency, and weak faith can suddenly sprout, and swell, and grow,

till it comes to be great faith under the pressure of a great trial. Oh! there is nothing that braces a man's nerves like the cold winter's blast; and so, doubtless, the very effect of persecution through the agency of the Spirit going with it, is to make the feeble strong.

Together with this faith it often happens that the Holy Spirit also gives a singular firmness of mind—I might almost call it a celestial obstinacy of spirit. Let me remind you of some of the sayings of the martyrs, which I have jotted down in my readings. When John Ardley was brought before Bishop Bonner, Bonner taunted him, saying, "You will not be able to bear the fire; that will convert you; the faggots will be sharp preachers to you." Said Ardley, "I am not afraid to try it; and I tell thee, Bishop, if I had as many lives as I have hairs on my head, I would give them all up sooner than I would give up Christ." That same wicked wretch held the hand of poor John Tomkins over a candle, finger by finger, saying to him, "I'll give thee a taste of the fire before thou shalt come there;" and as the finger cracked and spurted forth, Tomkins smiled, and even laughed in his tormentor's face, being ready to suffer as much in every member as his fingers then endured. Jerome tells the story of a poor Christian woman, who being on the rack, cried out to her tormentors as they straitened the rack and pulled her bones asunder, "Do your worst; for I would sooner die than lie." It was bravely said. Short, pithy words; but what a glorious utterance! what a comment! what a thrilling argument to prove our text! Verily, Christians *can* do all things through Christ who strengtheneth them.

And not only does he thus give a sort of sacred tenacity and obstinacy of spirit combined with faith; but often Christians anticipate the joys of heaven, just when their pangs are greatest. Look at old Ignatius. He is brought into the Roman circus, and after facing the taunts of the emperor and the jeers of the multitude, the lions are let loose upon him, and he thrusts his arm into a lion's mouth, poor aged man as he is, and when the bones were cracking, he said, "Now I begin to be a Christian." Begin to be a Christian: as if he had never come near to his Master till the time when he came to die. And there was Gordus, a martyr of Christ, who said when they were putting him to death, "I pray you do not spare any torments, for it will be a loss to me hereafter if you do; therefore inflict as many as you can." What but the singular joy of God poured down from heaven—what but some singular vials of intense bliss could have made these men almost sport with their anguish? It was remarked by early Christians in England, that when persecution broke out in Luther's days, John and Henry, two Augustine monks,—the first who were put to death for Christ in Germany—died singing. And Mr. Rogers, the first put to death in England for Christ, died singing too—as if the noble army of martyrs marched to battle with music in advance. Why, who would charge in battle with groans and cries? Do not they always sound the clarion as they rush to battle, "Sound the trumpet, and beat the drums, now the conquering hero comes," indeed—comes face to face with death, face to face with pain; and surely they who lead the van in the midst of such heroes should sing as they come to the fires. When good John Bradford, our London martyr, was told by his keeper, that he was to

be burned on the morrow, he took off his cap and said, "I heartily thank my God;" and when John Noyes, another martyr, was just about to be burned, he took up a faggot, and kissed it, and said, "Blessed be God that he has thought me worthy of such high honour as this;" and it is said of Rowland Taylor, that when he came to the fire he actually, as I think Fox says in his *Monuments*, "fetched a frisk," by which he means, he began to dance when he came to the flames, at the prospect of the high honour of suffering for Christ.

But in order to enable his people to do all things, Christ also quickens the mental faculties. It is astonishing what power the Holy Spirit can bestow upon the mind of men. You will have remarked, I do not doubt, in the controversies which the ancient confessors of the faith have had with heretics and persecuting kings and bishops, the singular way in which poor illiterate persons have been able to refute their opponents. Jane Bouchier, our glorious Baptist martyr, the maid of Kent, when she was brought before Cranmer and Ridley, was able to non plus them entirely; of course we believe part of her power lay in the goodness of the subject, for if there be a possibility of proving infant baptism by any text in the Bible, I am sure I am not aware of the existence of it; Popish tradition might confirm the innovation, but the Bible knows no more of it than the baptism of bells and the consecration of horses. But, however, she answered them all with a singular power—far beyond what could have been expected of a countrywoman. It was a singular instance of God's providential judgment that Cranmer and Ridley, two bishops of the Church who condemned this Baptist to die, said when they signed the death-warrant, that burning was an easy death, and they had themselves to try it in after days; and that maid told them so. She said, "I am as true a servant of Christ as any of you; and if you put your poor sister to death, take care lest God should let loose the wolf of Rome on you, and you have to suffer for God too." How the faculties were quickened, to make each confessor seize every opportunity to avail himself of every mistake of his opponent, and lay hold of texts of Scripture, which were as swords to cut in pieces those who dared to oppose them, is really a matter for admiration.

Added to this, no doubt, also, much of the power to do all things lies in the fact that, the Spirit of God enables the Christian to overcome himself. He can lose all things, because he is already prepared to do it; he can suffer all things, because he does not value his body as the worldling does; he can be brave for Christ, because he has learned to fear God, and therefore has no reason to fear man. A healthy body can endure much more fatigue, and can work much more powerfully than a sick body. Now, Christ puts the man into a healthy state, and he is prepared for long injuries, for hard duties, and for stern privations. Put a certain number of men in a shipwreck; the weak and feeble shall die, those who are strong and healthy, who have not by voluptuousness become delicate, shall brave the cold and rigours of the elements, and shall live. So with the quickened yet feeble professor; he shall soon give way under trial; but the mature Christian, the strong temperate man, can endure fatigues, can perform wonders, can achieve prodigies, because his body is well disciplined, and he has

not permitted its humours to overcome the powers of the soul.

But observe, that our text does not say, "I can do all things through Christ, which *has* strengthened me;" it is not past, but present strength that we want. Some think that because they were converted fifty years ago, they can do without daily supplies of grace. Now the manna that was eaten by the Israelites when they came out of Egypt must be renewed every day, or else they must starve. So it is not your old experiences, but your daily experiences; not your old drinkings at the well of life, but your daily refreshings from the presence of God that can make you strong to do all things.

III. But I come now to the third part of my discourse, which is THE MESSAGE OF THE TEXT. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Three distinct forms of the message: first, a message of encouragement to those of you who are doing something for Christ, but who begin to feel painfully your own inability. Cease not from God's work because you are unable to perform it of yourself. Let it teach you to cease from yourself, but not from your work. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," but cease not to serve your God; but the rather in Christ's strength do it with greater vigour than before. Remember Zerubbabel. A difficulty is in his path, like a great mountain; but he cries, "Who art thou, great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." If we did but believe ourselves great things, we should do great things. Our age is the age of little-nesses, because there is always a clamour to put down any gigantic idea. Every one praises the man who has taken up the idea and carried it out successfully; but at the first he has none to stand by him. All the achievements in the world, both political and religious, at any time, have been begun by men who thought themselves called to perform them, and believed it possible that they should be accomplished. A parliament of wise-acres would sit upon any new idea—sit upon it indeed—yes, until they had destroyed it utterly. They would sit as a coroner's inquest, and if it were not dead they would at least put it to death while they were deliberating thereon. The man who shall ever do anything is the man who says, "This is a right thing; I am called to do it; I *will* do it. Now then, stand up all of you—my friends or my foes, whichever you will; it is all the same; I have God to help me, and it must and shall be done." Such are the men that write their records in the annals of posterity; such the men justly called great, and they are only great because they believed they could be great—believed that the exploits could be done. Applying this to spiritual things, only believe, young man, that God can make something of you; be resolved that you will do something somehow for Christ, and you will do it. But do not go drivelling through this world, saying, "I was born little," of course you were, but were you meant to be little, and with the feebleness of a child all your days do little or nothing? Think so, and you will be little as long as you live, and you will die little, and never achieve anything great. Just send up a thought of aspiration, oh thou of little faith. Think of your dignity in Christ—not of the dignity of your manhood, but the dignity of your degenerated manhood, and say,

"Can I do all things, and yet am I to shrink first at this, then at that, and then at the other?" Be as David, who, when Saul said, "Thou art not able to fight with this Goliath," replied, "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them;" and he put his stone into the sling and ran cheerfully and joyously, so Goliath fell; and he returned with the bloody dripping head. You know his brothers said at first, "Because of thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart, to see the battle art thou come." All our elder brethren say that to us if we begin anything. They always say it is the naughtiness of our heart and our pride. Well, we don't answer them; we bring them Goliath's head, and request them to say whether that is the effect of our pride and the naughtiness of our heart. We wish to know whether it would not be a blessed naughtiness that should have slain this naughty Philistine. So do you my dear brothers and sisters. If you are called to any work, go straight at it, writing this upon your escutcheon, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me; and I will do what God has called me to do, whether I am blessed or whether I am left alone."

A second lesson is this—Take heed, however, that you get Christ's strength. You can do nothing without that. Spiritually in the things of Christ you are not able to accomplish even the meanest thing without him. Go not forth to thy work therefore till thou hast first prayed. That effort which is begun without prayer will end without praise. That battle which commences without holy reliance upon God, shall certainly end in a terrible rout. Many men might be Christian victors, if they had known how to use the all prevailing weapon of prayer; but forgetting this they have gone to the fight and they have been worsted right easily. O be sure Christian that you get Christ's strength. Vain is eloquence, vain are gifts of genius, vain is ability, vain are wisdom and learning; all these things may be serviceable when consecrated by the power of God, but apart from the strength of Christ they shall all fail you. If you lean upon them they shall all deceive you. You shall be weak and contemptible, however rich or however great you may be in these things, if you lack the all-sufficient strength.

Finally, the last message that I have is this: Paul says, in the name of all Christians, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I say, not in Paul's name only, but in the name of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, How is it that some of you are doing nothing? If you could do nothing you might be excused for not attempting it; but if you put in the slightest pretence to my text, you must allow my right to put this question to you. You say, "I can do all things;" in the name of reason I ask why are you doing nothing? Look what multitudes of Christians there are in the world; do you believe if they were all what they profess to be, and all to work for Christ, there would long be the degrading poverty, the ignorance, the heathenism, which is to be found in this city? What cannot one individual accomplish? What could be done therefore by the tens of thousands of our churches? Ah professors! you will have much to answer for with regard to the souls of your fellow-men. You are sent by God's providence to be as lights in this world; but you are rather dark lanterns than lights. How often are you in company, and you

never avail yourself of an opportunity of saying a word for Christ? How many times are you thrown in such a position that you have an excellent opportunity for rebuking sin, or for teaching holiness, and how seldom do you accomplish it? An old author named Stuckley, writing upon this subject, said, "There were some professed Christians who were not so good as Balaam's ass; for Balaam's ass once rebuked the mad prophet for his sin; but there were some Christians who never rebuked any one all their lives long. They let sin go on under their very eyes, and yet they did not point to it; they saw sinners dropping into hell, and they stretched not out their hands to pluck them as brands from the burning; they walked in the midst of the blind, but they would not lead them; they stood in the midst of the deaf, but they would not hear for them; they were where misery was rife, but their mercy would not work upon the misery; they were sent to be saviours of men, but by their negligence they became men's destroyers. "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the language of Cain. Cain hath many children even at this day. Ye *are* your brother's keeper. If you have grace in your heart, you are called to do good to others. Take care lest your garments be stained and sprinkled with the blood of your fellow-men. Mind, Christians, mind, lest that village in which you have found a quiet retreat from the care of business, should rise up in judgment against you, to condemn you, because, having means and opportunity, you use the village for rest, but never seek to do any good in it. Take care, masters and mistresses, lest your servants's souls be required of you at the last great day. "I worked for my master; he paid me my wages, but he had no respect to his greater Master, and never spoke to me, though he heard me swear, and saw me going on in my sins." Mind, I speak, sirs, to some of you. I would I could thrust a thorn into the seat where you are now sitting, and make you spring for a moment to the dignity of a thought of your responsibilities. Why, sirs, what has God made you for? What has he sent you here for? Did he make stars that should not shine, and suns that should give no light, and moons that should not cheer the darkness? Hath he made rivers that shall not be filled with water, and mountains that shall not stay the clouds? Hath he made even the forests which shall not give a habitation to the birds; or hath he made the prairie which shall not feed the wild flocks? And hath he made thee for nothing? Why, man, the nettle in the corner of the churchyard hath its uses, and the spider on the wall serves her Maker; and thou, a man in the image of God, a blood-bought man, a man who is in the path and track to heaven, a man regenerated, twice created, art thou made for nothing at all but to buy and to sell, to eat and to drink, to wake and to sleep, to laugh and to weep, to live to thyself? Small is that man who holds himself within his ribs; little is that man's soul who live within himself; ay, so little that he shall never be fit to be a composer with the angels, and never fit to stand before Jehovah's throne.

I am glad to see so large a proportion of men here. As I always have a very great preponderance of men—therefore, I suppose I am warranted in appealing to you,—are there not here those who might be speakers for God, who might be useful in his service? The

Missionary Societies needs you, young men. Will you deny yourselves for Christ? The ministry needs you—young men who have talents and ability. Christ needs you to preach his Word. Will you not give yourselves to him? Tradesmen! Merchants! God needs you, to alter the strain of business and reverse the maxims of the present day—to cast a healthier tone into our commerce. Will you hold yourselves back? The Sabbath-school needs you; a thousand agencies require you. Oh! if there is a man here to-day that is going home to his house, and when he gets there will say this afternoon—"Thank God I have nothing to do;" and if to-morrow when you come home from your business, you say, "Thank God I have no connection with any church; I have nothing to do with the religious world; I leave that to other people; I never trouble myself about that,"—you need not trouble yourself about going to heaven; you need not trouble yourself about being where Christ is, at least until you can learn that more devoted lesson. "The love of Christ constraineth me; I must do something for him; Lord, show me what thou wouldst have me to do, and I will begin this very day, for I feel that through thee, Christ strengthening me, I can do all things."

God grant the sinner power to believe on Christ—power to repent power to be saved; for Christ strengthening him, even the poor lost sinner, "can do all things,"—things impossible to fallen nature can he do, by the enabling of the Spirit and the power of Christ resting on him.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S RECORD—1831—1881.

At fourteen he was at work at a carpenter's bench.

At sixteen he was a boatman on the Ohio canal.

At eighteen he was studying in the Chester, Ohio, Seminary.

At twenty-one he was teaching in one of Ohio's common schools, pushing forward with his own studies at the same time.

At twenty-three he entered Williams College.

At twenty-six he graduated from Williams with the highest honours of his class.

At twenty-seven he was tutor at Hiram College, Ohio.

At twenty-eight he was principal of Hiram College.

At twenty-nine he was a member of the Ohio Senate—the youngest member of that body.

At thirty-one he was Colonel of the 42nd Ohio Regiment.

At thirty-one he was placed in command of a brigade, routed the rebels under Humphrey Marshall, helped General Buell in his fight at Pittsburg Landing, played a prominent part in the siege of Corinth, and in the notable battle of Chickamauga, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

At thirty-three he was in Congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.

At forty-eight, having been continued in Congress since he was thirty-three, he was elected to the United States Senate.

At forty-nine he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

At fifty he was elected President, and, July 2nd, 1881, was shot by Guiteau, and received wounds from the effects of which he ultimately died.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXPLANATION AND SOMETHING MORE.

A COUPLE of hours later, Robert Meredith was seated in the library of Westbray Hall. It was a large apartment, so far as actual measurement goes; but it did not appear unduly so. Besides the usual furnishings of a gentleman's "own room," several cabinets stood here and there about the floor, behind the glass fronts of which could be seen costly and varied collections of antiquarian and artistic curiosities, while to right and left of the fireplace, and on the wall opposite there were ranged high book-cases crowded with volumes, a glance at which suggested an extensive reading. Sir Arthur Swanson was evidently a lover of books, the teeming shelves told that; and also a great traveller, the cabinets of *bric-a-brac* witnessing to journeys in many lands.

Glancing across at the man seated in the armchair on the other side of the glowing fire, Robert Meredith thought he had never seen one of his sex with a more attractive face. It was not so much that it was handsome, as good. The deep-set eyes that looked out so kindly from under the bushy eyebrows disarmed the shyness of the most timid; while

the high forehead, crowned with snow-white hair, the gracious manner and the cheery voice, made Sir Arthur Swanson a man beloved by all who knew him.

These two, the old man and the young, had been chatting freely about George Varley. Rob had not seen his friend as yet, for the doctor had strictly forbidden every one the sick room until he had seen his patient again; and the young man, much as he fretted under the embargo, was wise enough to submit to it. The next best thing to seeing his friend was to talk about him; and so, with a sympathetic listener in Sir Arthur, Rob had been telling the why and the wherefore of the strong love and affection that had grown up between the sick man and himself. If George Varley had been an unseen auditor of the generous eulogy to which his host was listening, he would have learnt that he had not yet sounded the depths of Robert Meredith's friendship; and if Rob had only known how he was winning his way to the kind heart of the man before him, by his warm commendation of his friend, he might not have spoken so freely.

"He's the finest fellow that

ever breathed!" he exclaimed presently, in a tone that seemed to say that he knew of no higher encomium that could be uttered than this.

Sir Arthur, leaning back in his chair, looked with twinkling eyes at the young man, while he said, in an appreciative tone,

"You are loving and true friends, I can see."

For a moment Rob was abashed, for it suddenly occurred to him that he had been speaking with a freedom which was hardly becoming, seeing that his listener had been an entire stranger to him less than an hour ago.

"You do not know what George Varley has done for me, Sir Arthur. He has, more than once, been my good angel. But you must please pardon me," he went on, in a changed voice. "I have been monopolising the conversation. I should like to hear how my friend came to be under your roof."

"Well, it is rather a singular story," began Sir Arthur, and paused. "I don't smoke myself," he went on, parenthetically; "but I generally keep a box of cigars for my friends. I daresay you indulge. If so, you will find a very good brand in that small cabinet at your right hand. Yes, that's it. You may smoke to your heart's content in this room, or in the billiard-room; but woe betide you, if my little girl catches you attempting it anywhere else about the premises. She will be shocked enough if she discovers you smoking anywhere; but I wouldn't give much for your peace of mind if she find you at it out of bounds."

Meredith did not quite know how to take these remarks. His host had spoken them in a bantering tone, and with a good-

humoured smile upon his face. They might mean much or nothing. At any rate, he would be better able to gauge their meaning after he had seen the lady of the house.

"I was returning from a brief sitting of the House last Tuesday," the old gentleman went on presently; "and while waiting for my train at Waterloo, whether I slipped or was not noticing where I was going, I cannot say, but I fell on to the metals just as the train was backing up alongside of the platform. Your friend, passing at the moment, seeing my danger, jumped down and had lifted me on to the platform again before I had recovered from the shock of the fall; but he was not able to get back himself before the train was on him. It was a great mercy he was not crushed to death. For a moment those who saw his peril thought that he must be killed. But the Lord was good and averted the danger, how, I cannot say, for it was all done so quickly that I, who was somewhat shaken by my tumble, did not see Mr. Varley until some minutes afterwards. He did not seem to have been hurt; and it was not until we had got away from Waterloo,—we were travelling in the same carriage,—that I noticed that he had received a blow on the side of the head. Before we had got to Clapham Junction he had fainted; and, knowing neither his name nor destination, I thought I would take him on with me, thinking that he would be all right again in a few hours, and then could resume his journey."

There was a pause. Meredith broke it with a question.

"And he did not recover consciousness until Sunday?"

"No, not until the afternoon of Sunday. My carriage was waiting for me at Leatherhead, and just leaving word at my doctor's,—a very able man, and one in whom I have every confidence,—I came on home as quickly as possible. When Dr. Roper arrived he ordered Mr. Varley to bed, and expressed grave fears as to what might be the consequences of the blow he had received."

"Has Dr. Roper seen him since he regained consciousness?" was the question Rob put it.

"Yes. He called late last night; but Mr. Varley had relapsed into unconsciousness again, and from that state he has not since recovered. I have told you," Sir Arthur went on, "what the doctor dreads, and I am a sharer in your anxiety for your friend. I can never forget what I owe to him, and what he risked for me." The voice broke a little with these last words.

Meredith was about to make some hopeful remark, when the door of the room opened, and a young girl, scarcely twenty, entered.

"My dear, allow me to introduce Mr. Meredith, Mr. Varley's friend, to you," and as the young lady advanced into the room, Sir Arthur Swanson rose and went to meet her, and putting his arm upon her shoulder, brought her forward for the introduction.

"This is the mistress of West-bray Hall, Mr. Meredith. Of her anathemas if you are caught smoking at random in this house, I have already bidden you beware," he continued in a laughing way.

"Oh, Mr. Meredith, do tell me what grandpa has been saying about me. He is such a dreadful tease, you don't know!"

The witchery of her manner, and the mischievous laughter in her eyes, caused the young man's pulse to quicken, while all the blood in him felt as if it were leaping into his face.

"I can assure you, Mr. Meredith, that this young lady has, right up from babyhood, ruled supreme in this house," put in the courtly gentleman, as he smiled back at the girl standing at his side.

"Well, you always let me, you know you did!"

For answer Sir Arthur Swanson bent down and kissed the pretty, pouting lips.

Robert Meredith, describing the scene afterwards used to say that he "stood like a goose watching these two, the old man and the maid, making love to each other." At any rate he had nothing to say for himself. All he could do was to stand there, wondering at the vision of loveliness that had come so suddenly into the horizon of his life.

"I came to see if Mr. Meredith would like to have something to eat, grandpa," she said. Then, turning to the young man, continued, "I expect in your anxiety to get here this morning, you came away without breakfast. I have ordered Foster to have a little lunch put in the breakfast-room for you, Mr. Meredith."

She was addressing him, and those wonderful eyes were looking straight into his!

"Ha,—thank you; I don't feel hungry at all, thank you," he managed to get out, wishing she would go away while he recovered himself. He had never felt so stupid in his life.

"I will bring Mr. Meredith in, my dear," he heard Sir Arthur say; but the voice was if heard

in a dream. And then the vision melted away and he was left alone with the baronet.

CHAPTER VII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. Sir Arthur Swanson took his guest round the park and to the stables, where Rob found some horses that delighted him. Then they wandered away, talking the while, to a high point on the Baronet's estate, a peak called by the singular name of "No man's Rock,"—just a scraggy piece of table-land surmounted by some fir trees. From this height a most magnificent stretch of Surrey vale and hill could be seen. It was a view which justified the rhapsodies which the young man expended upon it.

Then after dinner there was music. Rob could sing, and sing well; while Miss Swanson was a proficient pianist. But the instrument which the young lady favoured most was the violin; and on this to Meredith's accompaniment, she played with a skill which made Rob marvel.

It was not until the next morning that Robert Meredith saw George Varley, and he found his friend still delirious. Inflammation of the brain had set in, and Rob knew that it would be weeks, perhaps months, before Varley would be himself again. But when he suggested to Sir Arthur that he would arrange for his removal either to his mother's house at Clapham, or to the hospital at Leatherhead, that gentleman would not hear of it.

"I will not have him removed on any account," he said emphatically. "He received the

injury, which has brought on such a serious illness, in my behalf, and I should think myself an ingrate indeed did I not take upon myself the care of him. No, no, I will not hear of it."

And so Rob left it. He was quite satisfied that Varley would receive all due care and nursing at Westbray Hall. Besides, with George under Sir Arthur Swanson's hospitable roof would there not be an open door for himself? Indeed, before he drove away that morning the Baronet had invited him to return on the Saturday and stay over Sunday; and as he mounted to his place in the handsome dog-cart, beside the liveried servant, Miss Swanson had called out her good-bye and the hope that they would see him again on Saturday. And with this sweet encouragement to return, Robert Meredith went his way.

Among the many items of interest which Miss Meredith had to communicate to her brother upon his arrival at home, was the story of the visit of a lady to Mrs. Meredith to enquire about George Varley.

"Who do you think it was, Rob?" asked Irene, with an air of mystery; "but there, you will never guess, so I'll tell you. It was Miss Winter! She told mamma that she had seen the notice you put in the paper about George being missing; and as no announcement of his being found had appeared she thought she would come and inquire. Your address, you know, Rob, was attached to the advertisement. Mamma says she is very nice, and seemed very much relieved to know that we had heard some tidings about George."

"Did she say why George had

left her father's employ?"

"No; but mamma gathered from references Miss Winter made to her father, that he was anxious to learn what had become of him; and was already missing the critical help which George had been rendering him."

"What is Miss Winter like?" Rob asked presently, when he had given himself time to think over the last remark of his sister.

"I did not see her," replied Irene, "but mamma says she is tall and elegant-looking, 'stately' mamma says she is."

"Yes, and as proud as she is tall," was the young man's response.

"Why, Rob, have you seen her? Do you know her?" said Irene, opening her eyes wide in amazement.

"Yes, I have seen both Miss Winter and her father; and this morning for the first time."

Rob made an exasperating little pause here, while he coolly lighted a cigar—one he had brought away with him from Westbray Hall.

"Oh, Rob, it is too bad of you! Tell me at once where, and all about it, or—I'll shake you," and Miss Meredith put her hands upon her stalwart brother's shoulders and proceeded to put her threat into execution without more ado.

"Tell me where the mater is first," was all the notice Meredith took of his sister's excitement.

"I've told you once. She has gone in the brougham to the city."

"To see her dressmaker, I suppose," laughed Rob. "I say, Sis, how could you resist the temptation to go too?"

"Because I expected you would be back this morning, and I wanted to hear about George," was the reply he received to his

banter. "Now tell me when you saw Miss Winter and what you think of her," she persisted.

"Well, it happened that I travelled up from Leatherhead this morning with the young lady and her father."

"But how did you know them? You've never seen either of them before, have you, Rob?"

"What a little question-box you are, Irene! No, I have never seen either of them before; but the old fellow pulled out of his pocket a bundle of letters, while we were coming up, and two or three fell to the floor. I helped him to pick them up, and in doing so my eye caught the address on one. They were private letters, evidently, for the one I saw bore not the address of the firm, but his own name right full,—'Jabez Winter, Esq.' There can only be one Jabez Winter in the world, surely. As I looked at him, I thought the surname just suited to him. Such a white-haired head, ice-cold face, and freezing manner he had!"

"Did you tell him who you were, where you had been, and for what?"

"There you are again, asking half a dozen questions at once!" teased the young man. "No, I did not inform the old gentleman of my identity or connection with George. I simply amused myself watching him and his daughter over the top of my paper. I should say she is fearfully proud. She carries her head that way, and her speech suggests it too."

"Why, Rob," returned Irene, "mamma liked her very much, and thought her most affable. I wished, when I heard inamma's description of her, that I had been at home. But Miss Winter promised to call again to inquire

how George is, and I hope I shall be at home to receive her," she concluded.

"May I be out when she does

come again, that's all," and with this inelegant and ungracious speech, the young man went away.

(To be continued.)

"Behold the Lamb of God."

John 1, 29.

BEHOLD the Lamb! God's only Son
A sacrifice was made;
That sinners mercy might obtain—
On Him their sin was laid.

Behold the Lamb! O what a scene
Of love and agony,
Was there displayed, when Jesus bled
And died on calvary.

Behold the Lamb! Who knew no sin
But was made sin for thee,
That thou might'st have thine washed away
And from its curse be free.

Behold the Lamb! how great His love!
His precious blood was shed;
From sin's desert to rescue thee
He suffer'd in thy stead.

Behold the Lamb! exalted now
At God His Father's side,
Pleading for all who come to Him
And in His grace confide.

Behold the Lamb! on Him believe
On Him alone rely
For pardon, peace and happiness
And bliss beyond the sky.

J. DORE.

OF ONE KIN.

Of all Christian graces urged upon the attention of the Church of Christ brotherly kindness should stand first and foremost. It is a bond which is based upon the fact that we are all of one common stock. We are *kinned*, and therefore should be *kind*, for that is the true origin of the word. It is no small argument but a conclusive one against the morality of war, that instead of strengthening it tends to destroy the beautiful bond of brotherhood which should exist amongst nations and amongst mine.

Spurs from Spurgeon.

Selected by T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

THE INCIPIENCY OF "BREThERENISM."

"Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ."—1 COR. i. 12.

THERE were four parties in that one Church which ought to have been knit together in unbroken harmony. This is only one instance of what has happened hundreds of times since. These Corinthians had a great many *speaking brethren* among them, and they held services in which it was open to anybody to speak as he felt inclined. What was the result of it? This Christian *liberty* of theirs, by-and-by, tended to mischief. They became divided into *factions*, they did not practice discipline as they ought to have done, and therefore this community at Corinth is a *beacon* to all other Churches, *warning* them not to carry on their worship in a similar style. It is a very curious thing that some people have taken these Corinthians as an example, instead of a *warning*; and having copied their methods *the very same result has followed*, till there is no section of the Church of Christ that has become such a *scandal*, through its *divisions* and its *intestine quarrels*, as that which has *imitated* the Corinthians in their mode of worship. I suppose that, while human nature is what it is, the same *causes* will produce the same *results* to the very end of the chapter.

* * * *

NOTA BENE.

He that falls into sin is a man;
 He that boasts of sin is a devil;
 He that grieves over sin is a Christian;
 He that forgives sin is God.
 He that forsakes the truth of God, forsakes the God of Truth.

* * * *

MERCY'S FORERUNNER.

Prayer is the forerunner of mercy. Turn to *sacred history*, and you will find that scarcely ever did a great mercy come to this world unheralded by supplication. You have found this true *in your own personal experience*. God has given you many an unsolicited favour, but still great prayer has always been the prelude of great mercy with you. When you first found peace through the blood of the cross, you had been praying much, and earnestly interceding with God that He would remove your doubts, and deliver you from your distresses. Your assurance was the result of prayer. When at any time you had high and rapturous joys, you have been obliged to look upon them as answers to your prayers. When you have had great deliverances out of sore troubles, and mighty helps in great dangers, you have been able to say, "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

THE BLESSING'S SHADOW.

Prayer is always the preface to blessing. It goes before the blessing as *the blessing's shadow*. When the sunlight of God's mercies rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain. Or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, He Himself shines behind them, and He casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are much in prayer, our pleadings are *the shadows of mercy*. Prayer is thus connected with the blessing to show us the value of it. If we had the blessings without asking for them, we should think them common things; but prayer makes our mercies more precious than diamonds. The things we ask for are precious, but we do not realise their preciousness until we have sought for them earnestly.

* * * *

PRAY FOR MISSIONS.

In order that *Missionary work* should be reformed, revived, and carried on with energy and with hope of success, there should be a revival of intense and earnest prayer, and anxious sympathy with the *Missionary work*. The power of prayer can never be overrated. They who cannot serve God by preaching need not regret it if they can be mighty in prayer. The true strength of the Church lies there. This is the sinew which moves the arm of Omnipotence. If a man can but pray, he can do anything. He that knows how to overcome the Lord in prayer has heaven and earth at his disposal. There is nothing, man, which thou canst not accomplish if thou canst but prevail with God in prayer. Now I will not say that we ought to have our Prayer Meetings for Missionary objects more largely attended—everybody knows this, but does everybody try to attend? But I will say this, which is more likely to be forgotten, that it were well if we had settled private seasons of devotion, each of us, especially to intercede with God for the conversion of the heathen. It will be a notable day when our Church Members say, "Not only will we attend the prayer meetings for this object, but we will, each one, as before the Lord, make it a matter of conscience that there shall be at least one hour in the week sacredly hedged around and spent in *private prayer for the Missionary work*." Beneath the banyan tree you will not stand, surrounded by black faces, and telling of Krishnu's Christ; but in your own little room, by the old arm-chair, you will as surely be bringing down showers of blessings upon the heathen by importunate intreaties. Here our old men and our matrons, as well as our young men and maidens, may unite. If it be so, that the entire Church shall send one impassioned, continuous, prevalent cry to God, "O Lord God, make bare Thine arm for Christ and for His truth!" Verily, verily, I say unto you, He shall avenge you speedily, though He bear long with you. Your prayers shall come up unto the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, and He will reveal the glory of His power.

* * * *

THE WORK OF LOVE.

If you are saved yourself, be on the watch for the souls of others. Your own heart will not prosper unless it is filled with intense concern to

bless your fellow-men. The life of your soul lies in faith; *its health lies in love*. He who does not pine to lead others to Jesus has never been under the *spell of love himself*. Get to the work of the Lord—the *work of love*. Begin at home. Visit next your neighbours. Enlighten the village, or the street in which you live. Scatter the Word of the Lord wherever your hand can reach.

* * * *

"I CAN BE SAVED WITHOUT BAPTISM."

If it were a matter in which your soul was concerned, so that you could not be saved without it, you say you would attend to it. Would you? What wretched selfishness that would be! Is this all that you are to live for, that you may be saved? Are you really worth saving, such a miserable creature as you are? You seem to me to be too poor a thing to be worth redeeming. If you are what you should be, you are believing in Christ, and you are saved, and now you should say, "What can I do to show my gratitude to Him who has redeemed me?" Let your heart expand, let your spirit be enlarged; and if there is anything, little or great, which Jesus Christ commands as a proof of your love to Him, be you delighted to *do it immediately*. Surely, you should sometimes wish that He would give you something very hard to do, some very difficult enterprise, by which you could let it be seen that you do love Him. You might even envy those who have died for Him at the stake. Oh, it must have been grand thus to have proved one's love to our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! But He says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments;" and this is one of His commandments, that each believer should be baptized "into the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

* * * *

THE LORD'S SUPPER, NOT THE MASS.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and break it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take eat; this is My body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it; for this is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—MATT. xxvi. 26-28.

How simple was the whole ceremony. Christ could not have meant that the bread was His body, for His body was reclining by the table; but He intended that broken bread to represent His body which was about to be broken on the cross. Then followed the second memorial, the cup, filled with the fruit of the vine," of which Christ said, "Drink ye all of it."

There is no trace here of any altar or priest; there is nothing about the elevation or adoration of the host; there is no resemblance between the Lord's Supper and the Romish mass. Let us keep strictly to the letter and spirit of God's Word in everything; for, if one adds a little, another will add more, and if one alters one point, and another alters another point, there is no telling how far we shall get from the truth.

Go into any Romish church, and watch the priest's performance before the altar, and see whether there is the least likeness between that mummary and this divinely-appointed ordinance. I can hardly imagine two things which are so widely apart. How did the Lord's

Supper ever grow into the mass? It must have taken long years of moss and ivy and lichen and all kinds of living things to overgrow the original, natural column which the Saviour set up, and to turn it into that mingle mangle of which the Romanists and the Ritualists think so much. The only safe rule is to *keep close to the Scripture in everything*; for, (as I have just before said,) if you add a little, somebody will add more; and if you alter one thing, the next person will alter another, and, by-and-by, you will not know what the original was. I have seen a peasant, in Italy, wearing a coat of which I believe neither man nor angel could tell which was the material of which it was originally made, for it had been patched so often; and, in like manner, if we did not know what was the original of the mass, it would be impossible for us now to tell, for it has been so patched and mended that it is not at all like the original. Let us, beloved, keep strictly to the teaching of God's Word, lest we err from the truth as many others have done.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN FRIENDS.

ONE day you will be pleased with a friend and the next day be disappointed with him. It will be so to the end, and you must make up your mind to it and not quarrel unless for very grave cause. Your friend you have found out is not quite perfect. Nor are you, and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and variety in human nature; and you will be unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

Hints for Teachers and Workers.

THE DEAD QUICKENED.

"You hath He quickened, who were dead."—Eph ii. 1.)

INTRODUCTION.—The great Apostle to the Gentiles here beautifully demonstrates the infinite power of the Spirit of God in His great mercy shewn to the Ephesian converts. We may notice three things to bring home some practical applications.

- I. *A reminder of the past.* "Who were dead." Dead in trespasses and sins; without hope and God. Alien strangers.
- II. *A description of the present.* "Hath He quickened." Newness of life, new creatures changed, begotten again to spiritual life.
- III. *An implication of duty.* To live the life of the Spirit. Those of the world have not the Spirit of Christ. They mind carnal things. The god of this world hath blinded their eyes. Christ is ready to receive all that seek Him, no matter what our nationality or our sinfulness. Remember this, that we indeed cannot be happy until we have peace with God. May we pray that He may give us pardon, and grant us peace and His Holy Spirit.

The Way to Heaven.

By HENRY COUSENS, Leyton, Essex.

THE only reliable information obtainable, concerning this supremely important subject, is to be found in the Divine Scriptures. The Law of our being which we are under, to our Almighty Creator, may be read in substance marvellously condensed, in Matthew 22, Chapter 37 to 40 verses, and in the 7th Chapter, 11 and 12 verses.

This super excellent teaching, it is submitted, bears *the impress of God*, the Omniscient, Omnipotent, Lord Supreme; in Whom we live, move, and have our being—dependent on Him for every breath we draw, and *responsible* to Him for our conduct, after we reach the age and conditions of responsibility; all which He determines; as is His Divine right to do—and without variableness *does* in perfect equity.

It is presumed that few persons who are *sane*, and possess an ordinary measure of common sense, will question the all-round benefits that would result to the world at large, in proportion as increasing millions of our fellow men and women came under the powerful influence of Divine Law, as above so condensely cited; the amelioration of their condition need hardly be attempted to be enumerated, and if such were attempted, who is competent to define them, in the variety of their ramifications?

That sin is the transgression of Divine Law, no *wise* person will deny; neither *can* finite minds fathom the depths of *its heinousness* in the estimation of the Infinite.

Vast numbers of persons will *admit the fact* that we are *all sinners*; without probably ever having *considered what it really means*; they may be *alive* to the consequences of breaking the law of their country, or the ordinary laws of respectable society, and yet remain *careless* about their manifold offences against the law of their Almighty Creator; from Whom nothing can be hidden. Hence they go on and on from day to day, as though there was no Divine Law unto which they were *amenable*, and that they were at liberty to act as they choose.

Those who are foolish enough to reject the authority of Divine Law of course do so at *their own risk*, but it is a very fearful and terrible risk; and in view of *death, which is certain* "a leap in the dark" is a very poor condition to die in—all such are most sincerely and earnestly recommended to search the precious Bible for information, which is *priceless*.

It is there clearly asserted that our circumstances *are bad*; through the introduction of sin into this world, we need not waste our time in arguments concerning *why* sin was *permitted* to enter it; our limited capacities are not sufficient to *guage the depths of infinite wisdom*. If ever so learned a philosopher got into a very deep ditch of thick mud, it need not occupy him a moment's enquiry *how he got in*; but rather if there was any *possible way or means by which he might get out*.

We have to do with facts; our case as sinners is undescribably dangerous, and nothing less than a Divine remedy can possibly avail us; and *this is only* to be found in the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. It is so clearly disclosed in the Divine Scriptures that the

following *very few* quotations therefrom may well serve to direct any who are really desirous to know *The Way to Heaven*: John, Chapter 3, verse 16; John, chapter 6, verse 47; I Timothy, verse 15, chapter 1; Acts, chapter 4, verse 12; Isaiah chapter 55, verses 6 and 7; Psalm 145 verses 18 and 19; Psalm 111, verse 10.

From just these *few citations*, we have indicated the way to Heaven, and on further readings it is very plainly defined and amplified in the same Divine records. Surely it can be only *reasonable* we should attend to instructions which are so mercifully given for our superlative welfare, the blessings of which not only cover our best interests through the present life, but extend *in perpetuity* into the world to come.

The great *realities* of death, and our destined existence in a future state of being *demand* the very best consideration we can give them; the former none but an idiot will question, the latter some sceptics may possibly dare even to deny; and shape their course of conduct accordingly, but it must be admitted that in the case of their realising that they were utterly mistaken, when the writ of summons arrives, to appear before their Almighty Maker, which must be momentarily and irresistibly obeyed; the consequences will be *tremendous*—should it reach them while *still* in a state of unbelief and impenitence.

Some of the attractions of Heaven to practical believers in the Lord Jesus Christ whose *hearts are already there*, lie, in the entire absence of sin, perfect freedom from pain, suffering, or inconvenience of any kind; and the unalloyed realisation of fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore; when *they depart* it will be to be "with Christ which is far better."

Apart from all Denominationalism, Sectarianism, or any ism of human admixture; The Way to Heaven on Divine authority may be concisely stated as marked out by personal repentance toward God, and practical faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

To summarise tersely, it is confidently asserted, *that no penitent sinner* in this world *who sincerely solicits Divine mercy, the forgiveness of sin, and everlasting salvation, through the mediation and merits of the great Lord Jesus Christ the only Redeemer, shall be refused or rejected*, notwithstanding the deep consciousness such may have of unworthiness, to the very utmost of character, for badness and wickedness.

The writer fails to perceive how any reasonable person can EXPECT to reach Heaven who *never* concern themselves about the way leading thereto.

All persistent objections to the Divine Law and its equitable sentences, will prove utterly useless, once pronounced by Him Who said "Let there be light and there was light"—execution will surely follow.

The writer cannot see how so many Godly ministers can reconcile their procedure as a rule of "*preaching to saints only*," with our blessed Lord's commission to preach the Gospel to *every creature*. Of course he never expects to hear of the conversion of a sinner through such preachings, because it is *unscriptural* and *wrong* to IGNORE a very considerable part of the teachings of Christ, and of His Apostles and Prophets. If this short article should be read by any of the *preachers to saints only*, it may do them a power of good, and others too, under the Lord's blessing. May it be even so. Amen.

Reviews.

Valiant for the Truth being the autobiography of John Matthias Weyland, author of *The Man with the Book*, edited by G. Holden Pike, with an Introduction by the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row. It is nearly impossible to read this stirring life story without exclaiming, "See what God hath wrought!" The agent was no ordinary man, but his achievements could not have been reached by himself alone. God was with him and he with God. The reader will be conducted through some of the most touching and interesting scenes of low life and poverty life and crime life in London, and will find in the volumes illustrations of the power of the Gospel to reclaim the most fallen man and women, and also the outcome of the work of one sincere earnest life devoted to the Master's service. The book is beautifully got up, and it contains good illustrations.

Faith in the Unbroken Apostolic Successions and its Natural Consequences, by A. J. Written, in letters to his friend. Elliott Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. A most timely work. All should read these ten letters. They expose the Ritualistic errors of the age. The first letter is described as not traditious, but the Word of God. The Church is based on the Word of God, and not the Word of God on the Church.

Preachers of the age series. "Messages to the Multitude," by Charles Hadden Spurgeon. Sampson Low, Marston and Company, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street. This work contains some of the writer's latest discourses, and as the Rev. James A. Spurgeon says in the preface, the chief part of it passed under the author's own revision, and he took much interest in it during the closing weeks of his life, and it is amongst the last of his literary productions. For the sum

of sixpence have our sermons selected at Mentone, and two unpublished addresses delivered on memorable occasions.

We have received number 41 of the *Treasury of David*, now being issued in shilling parts so as to place this great work by C. H. Spurgeon within the reach of all, and part 15 of volume two of the Autobiography. Also the February monthly part of the *Metropolitan Pulpit*, containing four sermons and expositions of Scripture with each sermon, by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Great Thoughts for March is a very excellent number. It has a good frontispiece. The Beggar of Bethnal Green and likenesses of Sir Thomas Brown, the Rev. Charles Garrett, Rowland Hill. Rembrandt and his mother accompanied with good literary descriptions. *Helping Words* is well illustrated, and has a good article by the Rev. J. E. Friar on "Hot House Piety." The *Prize Reciter*, edited by Joseph Malins, is also a very useful monthly. A. W. Hall, Hutton-street, Whitefriars.

The *Quiver* for March is very full of interest. The "Pictorial Sermons," "The Real East," "London" (illustrated), and the serial, "For the Sake of Her Child," by Scott Graham, makes a bright magazine. Cassell and Company.

The Religious Tract Society's *Girls' Own*, has reached its 1,000th number, and is enriched with a beautiful frontispiece (coloured). A sacrifice of varieties. Also a portrait gallery of over a hundred contributors. The *Cottage and Artisan*, the *Child's Companion*, *Little Dots*, and *Light in the Home*, are good average numbers.

The British and Foreign Bible Society celebrated its fifty-ninth anniversary on March 7th, 1899.

The *Baptist Magazine* has a very

sound and timely paper from the Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A., "Our Nonconformist Heritage," a message to our young people. *The Sword and Trowel* contains on the Pastor's page all about the reception by Thomas Spurgeon. *The Irish Baptist* leads off with "Spiritual Excise Men," by W. T. Moore, M.A.

In memoriam. Mrs. Louisa Mutimer. A funeral sermon by Pastor Ebenezer Marsh, preached in the Baptist Chapel, Old Brentford. Our bereaved brother, Pastor Mutimer,

has our prayers and sympathies for himself and his dear motherless children. We have received the reports of the Baptist Missionary Society, Cardiff Auxiliary. It is full of life and liberality, and the Secretary, Pastor T. W. Medhurst, has given some startling figures about the heathen world. The supplement to the January number of the Nyawa Mission may be had on application to the Secretary, Rev. Alfred Walker, Shoreham, Kent. We also wish our Brother Sears life and light even unto success.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Rev. J. H. McKeracher, from Camp-road, Leeds, to Rawtenstall.

Rev. R. D. Darby, from Hornsey-rise, to Leigh Church, Lancashire.

Mr. D. J. Evans, from Regent's-park College, to Kings Lyan.

Rev. A. E. Ashton, from Gorsley, to Westbury Leigh.

Rev. G. R. Horn, from Boutport-street, Barnstaple, to Lake-road, Portsmouth.

Rev. S. Beall-Stocker, who has for the past six months had the oversight of Charsfield Church, has accepted the permanent pastorate.

Rev. E. J. Crofts, A.T.S., from Alcester, to Wood-street Church, Bilston.

Rev. J. B. Anderson, from Dunoon College, to Kirkby Stephen and Winton.

Rev. C. Grenville Hutchison, A.T.S., from Regent's-park College, to Queen-street Church, Woolwich.

RECOGNITIONS.

Mr. H. C. Mander, of Rawdon College, Leeds, has been ordained pastor of Trinity Church, Maryport. Principal V. Tymms delivered the charge to the pastor. Revs. F. Thompson, H. C. Bailey (former

pastor), J. H. Brocksbank, A. Greer, J. M'OWan, J. Duff, and J. Burton took part.

Rev. J. T. Figg, formerly of Mitcham, has been recognised as pastor of Abbey-street Church, South-wark.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel, seating 700, has been opened at London-road, Lowestoft. Rev. S. Vincent, T. M. Morris and J. Miller Hamilton (pastor) took part in the dedication service. The old chapel was built nearly half a century ago, Sir Morton Peto being a generous helper in its erection. It was found inadequate to present requirements. At the public gathering, Mr. G. W. MacAlpine, J.P., of Accrington, presided, and the financial statement showed that the outlay, exclusive of the site, had been £3,000, of which about £1,000 remained to be raised.

Rev. H. C. Wagnell, who left Abingdon-street Church, Blackpool, has commenced services at the Opera House under the name of 'Blackpool Baptist Mission.'

Attercliffe Church, Sheffield, has been reopened after renovation at a cost of £650, the whole of which has

been raised. †

The dwelling-house and land adjoining St. Albans Church (Rev. W. Wileman) has been purchased for £450, with a view to the enlargement of the chapel.

A plot of land situate at the rear of the Board schools has been purchased by Sarden Church, Clithero, as the site for a new place of worship.

PRESENTATIONS.

Mr. MacFarlan Davies, a dining-room clock from the Young Men's Bible Class, Newbury, Miss Whiting, a satchel and travelling-bag from Edwin-street, Nottingham, in recognition of three years' services as deaconess, Rev. J. Griffiths, an illuminated address and purse of gold from Llanidloes Church, on leaving for Towyn. Mrs. Griffiths, a silver urn, Rev. J. H. Thomas, a purse of gold, illuminated address and book from Wrexham Church, on leaving for Bedford. Mrs. Thomas, a silver cake basket, Alderman Harrison, J.P., an easy-chair, pair of gold spectacles and umbrella from Osmaston-road Sunday-schools and Women's Bible-class, Derby, on completing fifty years' work in the schools. Rev. G. Wilson, a purse of gold from Enon Church, Sunderland, Mrs. Wilson, a biscuit-box from the ladies' committee, Mr. Charles J. Le Quesne, an address and a silver-cased fountain-pen from Vauxhall Sunday-schools, Jersey. Rev. J. Tyrrel, a purse with £7 16s. from Woodford Church, Thrapston, Rev. James Daw a marble clock, gold spectacles and an easy chair from Ebenezer Church, Magham Down, Hailsham, in recognition of eighteen years' ministry. Mrs. S. J. Thorpe, a silver-mounted Russian leather purse from the Mothers' Meeting, Teignmouth, Miss Duthie, £50 from the church at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, on leaving the town, and a dressing-case from the Young People's Christian Guild.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In addition to the announcements

already made as to the anniversaries in April, the Bible Translation Society has arranged to hold its annual meeting on Monday, the 24th. Mr. Robinson Souttar, M.P., will take the chair, and the speakers will be Revs. G. H. Rouse, D.D., of Calcutta, E. S. Summers, B.A., of Serampore, and George Hill, M.A., of Nottingham. The Zenana Society has completed its programme for the Breakfast Meeting on Wednesday, the 26th of April. Mr. E. P. Collier, J.P., of Reading, will take the chair, and addresses are expected from Rev. Benwell Bird, of Plymouth, Mrs. Moir Duncan, from China, and Miss Dyson, from Calcutta.

The church for many years worshipping at St. Ann's-road, has removed to Durand-gardens, Russell-street, North Brixton. Services will be commenced there on Sunday. The buildings have hitherto been used as a mission station and Sunday schools by Brixton Independent Church (Rev. Bernard Snell), who have handed over the lease to the Baptists nine months before its expiration. Over £200 has been spent in repairs, &c., and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are granting a further lease of twenty-one years from Michaelmas. An additional place of worship is thus afforded to residents in this crowded district. All services are rendered voluntarily, and all seats are free.

Rev. S. Needham purposes closing his ministry at Grafton-street, Northampton, on May 27th, when he will have completed fourteen years' work. He leaves the church free from debt and its organisations in good working order.

At East London Tabernacle, Burdett-road (Rev. Sydney J. Jones), on the annual "thankoffering day," £318 13s. 5d. was contributed. This was made up of gifts from 650 donors, of one penny upwards. Last year the total amount received was £279 5s. 6d., and the number of gifts 558. The meetings for prayer

and praise which were held throughout the day were well attended.

A public tea and meeting also celebrated the event on Thursday, 26th. Mr. F. L. Edwards (Loughton) presided. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. C. H. Horner (Barnes) W. Edwards, T. G. Pollard, and the deacons. Earnest tribute was paid to the Pastor's work. This year being the Centenary of the church a new organ is in course of construction, and will be opened in October to mark the event. Donations from old members and friends will be gratefully acknowledged by the Pastor.

The Deaconesses' Home and Mis-

sion held its annual meeting in Bloomsbury Chapel. Several of the Sisters gave accounts of their work. The chief speaker was Dr. Clifford, who dwelt upon the needs of the mission, and bore high testimony to the devotedness of the workers. Mr. W. R. Rickett was unable, as announced, to occupy the chair. Rev. J. H. Shakespeare was present.

The Welsh Baptists are arranging to elect a representative committee to consider what steps should be taken by the denomination in reference to a closer union with other denominations in connection with the Free Church Federation

BAPTISMS.

Briton Ferry, Jerusalem English.—February 12, One, by R. Powell.
Caersws, Montgomeryshire.—February 19, Three, by R. Davies.
Carmarthen, English.—February 12, Seven, by A. Mills.
Colne, East Parade.—February 26, Seven, by S. Kent.
Dundee, Ward-road.—February 12, Two, by D. Clark.
Derby, Osmaston-road.—February 26, Seven, by G. Howard-James. March 5th, Five, by Rev. W. A. Richards.
Dundee, Maxwelltown.—February 19, Five, by J. Dick.
Dartford.—February 21st, Four, by C. T. Johnson.
Great Ellingham, Norfolk.—February 19, Three, by R. Hewitt.
Hawick, N.B.—February 26, One; by J. W. Kemp.
Haddenham, Bucks.—February 13, One, by J. Edwards.
Harlington, W.—February 12, Two, by W. E. Edgeron.
Hart Weston, Hants.—March 5, Two, by W. E. Davies.
Leeds, Hunslet.—February 26, Six, by A. E. Greening.
Leeds, Burley-road.—February
Liverpool, Waterloo.—February 26, Three, by T. Adamson.
Leamington, Spa, Clarendon street.—March 1, One, by F. Johnson.
Llathdy, Radnor.—March 5, Two, by D. Davies.
Motherwell, N.B.—February 19, Two, by J. Burns.
Neath, Orchard-place.—February 26, Five, by E. Rowe Evans.
Nantwich.—February 26, Three, by W. H. Williams.
Newport, Mon., East Usk-road.—January 29, Two, by A. Purnell.

Newport, Mon., Duckpool-road.—February 26, Seven, by
Maesyrhelem, Radnor.—February 19, Two, by D. Davies.
Manchester, Coupland-street.—February 26, Two, by D. Ross.
Manchester, Higher Openshaw.—March 5, Three, by L. M. Thomas.
Masboro', Zion Chapel.—March 5, One by C. Clayton.
Newton Abbot.—February 26, Eight, March 2, Five, by S. Lyne.
New Tredegar and Trefil, United Church.—At Saron Welsh Chapel, February
Pound-aloes, Radnor, February 12, One, by D. Davies.
Penge Tabernacle.—March 1, Three, by J. W. Boud.
Ramsbottom.—February 26, Six, by E. M. Andrews.
Risca, Mon., Bethany.—March 5, Five, by T. Thomas.
Skegness, St. Paul's.—February 26, One, by Geo. Goodchild.
Worcester.—February 26, Two, by J. Bell Johnson, M.A.
Treherbert, Bethany.—March 2, Two, by J. Williams.
West Hartlepool, Durham.—February 12, Two, by A. W. Curwood.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Bromley-road, S.E.—February 26, Seven, by W. Davies.
New Cross-road.—February 26, Two, by T. Jones.
South-street, Greenwich, S.E.—March 2, Thirteen, by F. Smith.
Stratford Grove, E.—February 26, Five, by W. H. Stevens.
West Green, N.—February 26, Five, by J. Edmonds.
Westbourne Grove, W.—February 27, Two by G. Freeman.

Importance of Small Things in Religion.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Lord our God made a breach upon us for that we sought him not after the due order."—1 Chronicles xv. 13.

LET me explain the events of which a summary is to be found in 2 Samuel vi., and 1 Chronicles xiii. and xv. The ark of the covenant was a kind of chest made of shittim wood, and lined within and without with gold. Within this ark were preserved the tables of stone, which were received from heaven by Moses when he was upon the mount. There also lay the golden pot that had the manna, and Aaron's rod that budded. Upon the lid of it were represented cherubic figures of angels; and between the wings of the cherubim, when the ark was at rest, there was seen that miraculously bright light, called the Shekinah, which was the token of the presence of the Most High God. The lid of the ark, as you will remember, was called the mercy-seat. The whole ark was one of the most sacred things in the symbolic worship of the Jews; because if they understood aright, it was to them the expression of God's dwelling with them, for where that ark was, God specially rested. Its lid being called the mercy-seat, was the representation of Jesus Christ who is our ark—the ark of the covenant in which God dwelt among men, and he is our mercy-seat by whom we have access to our Father, God. You will remember that after this ark was made in the wilderness, it was carefully kept in the secret place of the tabernacle, into which no man ever entered, except the high priest once in the year; and, then, not without blood. With his censer smoking, he made a thick cloud of incense, and then sprinkling the blood upon the mercy-seat, he ventured near to it—but not without blood. That ark when it was removed was covered over, so that no human eye should ever see it; and it was carried by golden staves upon the shoulders of the Levites. It was by the presence of this ark that Jordan was driven back, and an easy passage was made for the children of Israel, when they entered into Canaan. The ark was in an evil day captured by the Philistines. But when they took it away into their country, wherever the ark went, it smote the Philistines with pestilence, until they were compelled to bring it back, for they cried, "Send away the ark of the God of Israel, and let it go again to his own place, that it slay us not and our people: for there was a deadly destruction throughout all the city; the hand of God was very heavy there." Placing the terrible captive upon a new cart, they left

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the oxen to bear it as they pleased, and by divine providence the ark was carried to Beth-Shemesh. The men of Beth-shemesh struck with an evil curiosity, lifted up the lid and looked therein, and there fell many thousands of them dead for the impious presumption. The ark was then removed to Kirjath-jearim, and taken into the house of Abinadab, where it was preserved till the days of David, who desired to bring it up to the tabernacle which he had erected for it on the top of Mount Zion. The messengers hastened through all the land carrying the royal message, "Come up, ye tribes of Israel, and ye sons of Judah, gather yourselves together, and bring up the ark of the covenant of your God with music and with joy." They came from every city, from the remotest ends of Judea, and from the borders of Egypt. But forgetful of the divine law, they took up the ark and put it on a new car or chariot which they had made for it. They thought, doubtless, it was too heavy for the priests to carry so many miles; or else, forgetful altogether of the divine law, they imitated the example of the Philistines. It is an evil hour for the people of God, when they set up their own judgment, and fail to yield implicit obedience to divine law. The ark is dragged along by the oxen; but as there are no roads in the East, but only here and there a cart rut, the cart shakes, and the ark totters. Just when they come to the threshing floor of Chidon, there is a peculiarly boggy place in the road, and the car is almost upset; the ark is about to fall in the mire, so Uzzah thinks, and he puts out his hand, touches the ark to stop it, is rent in pieces, and falls a mangled corpse. The procession stops. They begin to weep; they cast dust into the air; the king himself is angry, angry with his God. He thinks he is dealing hardly with them; and the ark is taken into Obed-edom's house, and all their joy is suspended.

You have before you now the picture. I shall want you to look at it, first, *in detail*, to bring out certain truths which I think it teaches to us; and then, I shall want you to regard the picture *as a whole*, to run your eye along the whole length of the canvass, and see the fulness of its meaning.

I. First, then, we shall take THE PICTURE IN ITS DETAIL.

1. The first observation I make upon it is this, that *God's judgment of sin must differ exceedingly from ours*. Who among us when he has read this narrative has not thought that Uzzah was treated hardly? What! was he not actuated with a proper motive! He could not bear the idea that the ark should fall into the mire, and therefore he put out his hand. Why, to our mode of thinking, it seemed to be but a small offence, and the motive so excellent that it might almost be justified. I am sure there is a disposition in us to excuse Uzzah, and to think that this judgment which came upon him was not deserved. Let me remark here, that I am not sure Uzzah suffered any eternal punishment as the result of it. Perhaps, he was a gracious man; and God, may smite even his own children with death as a chastisement, and yet their souls may be saved eternally. We have nothing to look at except what God did with him in this world. He struck him dead in this world for touching the ark. Verily, my brethren, the Lord *seeth* not as man seeth. We cannot readily perceive the evil, but

there was sin or else he would not have punished it. He is too good, too just to smite any man more severely than he deserves. God never exaggerates our sins. He looks at them as they are. And what think you, my hearers, if the mere sin of touching the ark brought death upon the man, what would our sins have brought on us if God had "laid justice to the line and righteousness to the plummet?" Why, we have all of us done ten thousand times worse than Uzzah. Nay, some of you are living in the commission of sin to this very day. You have never repented of your sins, but you love your evil ways; and, though warned many times (not like Uzzah, who was taken away with a stroke), though warned many times, you still persevere in your iniquities. Oh, must not God's patience be pressed down under your sins? Must he not have become as Amos hath it, like a cart that is full of sheaves, the axles whereof are ready to break? and then you sink and sink for ever into the pit of eternal wrath. It seems strange that Eve's taking the apple should be the ruin of the entire world, that the mere violation of a sacred tree should bring death into the world, with all its train of woe. But this arises from the fact that we do not know how black a thing sin is. The least sin is so great an evil, so excessively black an abomination, that God were just if he smote us all to hell the moment we had thought an idle thought, or had uttered a single wrong word. Sin is an immeasurable evil. Man cannot weigh it. It is a gulf without a bottom. It is a desperate evil, the desperateness of which we shall never know, unless, as God forbid, we should ever come to feel its terror in the pit of hell.

I think this lesson lies upon the very surface of the narrative, that we do not know how bad a thing sin is; for if the mere act of touching the ark brought death on Uzzah, what a desperate evil sin must be!

2. But, again, we learn, in the second place, from this narrative—that *all changes from the written revelation of God are wrong*. There has sprung up in the Church of Christ an idea that there are many things taught in the Bible which are not essential; that we may alter them just a little to suit our convenience: that provided we are right in the fundamentals, the other things are of no concern and of no value whatever. Now, look at our picture, and let your mistake for ever be driven away. It did seem to the people of Israel but a very indifferent matter whether the ark was carried on men's shoulders, or whether it was dragged upon a cart. Why, they said, "It cannot matter. It is true God has told us that it is to be borne by the Levites, but what does that signify as long as it is carried? It will be all right. We will do the thing, and if we alter the mode, it will not signify very materially." Yes, but it did signify, for it was through this alteration which they made in God's law that the ark first began to shake, and to totter, and then Uzzah was tempted to put forth his hand and touch it. So that the death of Uzzah was the punishment upon the whole people for having neglected to observe the minute laws of God in every particular. My brethren, when Moses built the tabernacle, he was not left to build it after his own whim and taste. Every tache and every loop, every board and every fillet, everything was marked down in the divine plan, and Moses must build everything according to the pattern which he had seen in the Mount. Now, *this* is the

pattern for a Christian—*this book of God* which lies before me. The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is our only rule of practice. And ye think, do ye, that ye may alter some few things, that ye may change them to suit the climate, or to indulge your own ideas of taste or convenience? You fancy, that doctrine for instance, is not of much sublime importance—that if a man does but preach the fundamentals, he may preach any other things he likes, and yet all will be well—that ceremonies, that Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, for instance, are to be cut, and hacked and fashioned, to suit modern fancies, and that they are not to be retained in their integrity according to apostolic rule and precedent? But this know, that the slightest violation of the divine law will bring judgments upon the Church, and has brought judgments, and is even at this day withholding God's hand from blessing us. For within a few years we might see all the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, if we would but carry God's ark as God would have it carried, instead of marring the gospel by human inventions, and leaving the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I am not going this morning to enter into particulars, but just to lay down the general fact, that whatever God has commanded is important and that I have no right whatever to alter anything—no, not the least thing, but to take the word just as it stands, just as God has revealed it to me, to be my rule of faith and practice. Ay, but there are some of you who never read your Bibles. You have a second-hand religion which you have borrowed from other people; you do not come to this Book to drink at the fountain head. Your grandmother thought so and so, and you think the same; your great grandfather went to church or to chapel, and that is your reason for going; but you have not come to God's word to submit your judgment to it. The reason why there are so many sects nowadays is just this. If we all come straightway to the Bible, we should come far nearer together than we are now. It is not likely we should all see eye to eye. You cannot make a dozen watches all tick to the same time, much less make a dozen men all think the same thoughts. But, still, if we should all bow our thoughts to that one written Word, and would own no authority but the Bible, the Church could not be divided, could not be cut in pieces as she now is. We come together when we come to the Word of God. But I am always answered when I talk about these things, "Well, but they are not essential." *Who told you they were not?* "Now," saith one, we'll admit that the baptism of infants is not in the Bible, but it is not an essential thing; we may practise it, and no harm will come of it." No, sirs; you have no right to alter a word of God's command; you have no right to turn aside in any respect, or in any manner. God's doctrines are to be preached as God delivers them, and his ordinances are to be practised after his own mode and law. Woe worth the day when God's ark is put upon the chariot and dragged by oxen, instead of being carried upon the shoulders of men, who read God's Word, and take it as it stands, and then follow out what God commands them, and will not be led by the sleeve or by the nose by any man or set of men.

Forget not this lesson brethren, for it is of the greatest importance to the Church.

3. Now, there is a third thing; and that is, that whenever the practices of Christians differ from Scripture they are sure to incur inconvenience. When the ark was carried on the shoulders of men, it did not matter whether it went up-hill or down-hill, rugged road or smooth, there was the ark carried in state like the litter of a king. But once put it on the cart—although they thought it would look better—then it went jolting here and jolting there, and threatening constantly to tumble into the mire. Whenever we alter one word of Scripture, we shall get ourselves into trouble. We may not see it at first, but we surely shall find it out by-and-bye. A minister, for instance, thinks, "Well, now, I must not preach all the doctrines of the Gospel, it would not suit my people; there is a great deacon sitting in the green pew in the corner, there is the squire of the parish, he would not like it if I were to be too severe on him." Ah, my friend, alter one word, and you have fallen into a snare, you have entered a labyrinth, and God help you to find your way out again, for you will never be able to get through it alone. Stand to God's Word and you stand safely. Alter one dot of the *i*, one cross of the *t*, and you are nowhere at all; you are in an enemy's country, and you cannot defend yourself. When we have got Scripture to back us up we defy the world; but when we have nothing but our own whims, or the work of some great preacher, or the decree of a council, or the tradition of the Fathers, we are lost: we are trying to weave a rope of sand, we are building a house of cards, that must totter to the ground. The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible is the religion of Christ's Church. And until we come back to that the Church will have to suffer. She will not carry the ark up to the hill of Zion; she will not see his kingdom come, or his will done in earth as it is in heaven, till she has done with those bullocks and that new cart, and goes back to the New Testament plan of keeping consistently to the truth as it is in Jesus, and contending earnestly for the faith.

4. Furthermore, another thing lies upon the surface of this passage; namely, that *one innovation upon sacred writ leads to another*. A little error leads to a great one. Nobody ever intended that Uzzah should touch that ark. They had not a thought when they lifted it up and put it on the car that it would lead to poor Uzzah's death, and that he would commit the sin of violating the ark, else surely they would have kept to the Scriptural plan. So there are some of you, my dear brethren in Christ, who are not quite right in your views of Scripture. Well, perhaps you think the same of me. We will speak of somebody else then. There is a man in the world, whose views are not quite in consistency with Scripture. He says, "Well, it does not matter; it is a little thing, a very little thing." Yes, but that little wrong thing leads to a great wrong thing. The sinner's path is down hill, and when you take one step in violation of Scripture precept, your next step is not only easy, but seems even to be forced upon you. Doubt election, you will soon doubt perseverance, and you may soon come to deny redemption. Where did the errors of the church of Rome come from? Were they all born in a day? No, they came by slow degrees. It happened thus:—I will trace but one error, against which as a denomination we always bear our protest, and I only take that as a specimen

of the whole. Among the early Christians, it was the practice to baptize those who believed in Christ Jesus, by immersing them in the water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Well, the first wrong doctrine that started up, was the idea that perhaps there was some efficacy in the water. Next, it followed that when a man was dying who had never been baptized he would perhaps profess faith in Christ, and ask that he might be baptized; but as he was dying they could not lift him from his bed, they therefore adopted sprinkling as being an easier method by which they might satisfy the conscience by the application of water. That done, there was but a step to the taking of little children into the church—children unconscious infants, who were received as being members of Christ's body; and thus infant sprinkling was adopted. The error came in by slow degrees—not all at once. It would have been too glaring for the church to receive, if it had shown its head at one time with all its horns upon it. But it entered slowly and gradually, till it came to be inducted into the church. I do not know an error which causes the damnation of more souls than that at the present time. There are thousands of people who firmly believe that they shall go to heaven because they were sprinkled in infancy, have been confirmed, and have taken the Sacrament. Sacramental efficacy and baptismal regeneration, all spring from the first error of infant baptism. Had they kept to the Scripture, had the church always required faith before baptism, that error could not have sprung up. It must have died before the light of the truth, it could not have breathed, it could not have had a foothold in the Christian church. But one error must lead to another.—you never need doubt that. If you tamper with one truth of Scripture, he that tempts you to meddle with one, will tempt you to tamper with another; and there will be no end to it, till, at last, you will want a new Bible, a new Testament, and a new God. There is no telling where you will end when you have begun. I am speaking very pointedly and very plainly this morning, on a subject which very seldom comes in my way. But I must be clear in my language when I do speak about it, for I do not often make allusions to this truth. Judge me as I judge others. You tell me, if I make one step in error, you do not know how far I may go. I believe you. Believe me also when I say the same. Let us both go to Scripture, let us stand only by this. I like your Prayer Book well enough, but not so well as my Bible. I respect your Church decrees, but not so as I venerate this Book. I believe what you minister says, so far as it is consistent with this Book. Believe me so far, but not one inch further. Have done with me when I have done with my Master. Think no more of any man you hear, when he goes from the Scripture, and when he errs, than you would think of Satan himself; except this, pity him for his errors, but pin not your faith to his sleeve. Scripture, Scripture only, is the model doctrine, the model practice, the model experience of a Christian: and whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.

5. Having now dwelt upon these points, I will take one more, and then I will leave this looking at the picture in detail. It strikes me that on the very surface of this passage there is a *refutation of a very common error*, that if we do a thing from a right motive God accepts

it, even though it is a wrong thing. The common error of the time is this, "Well," says one, "I have no doubt that if a man is a good Mahomedan, and keeps up to what he knows, he will go to heaven." "Ah," says another, "and if he is a good Roman Catholic, and if he keeps up to what he knows, he is safe." "Ay," says another, "we must not judge one another harshly; no doubt those who bow before Juggernaut, if they live up to what they know they will be saved." Do you take in the devil-worshippers and the snake-worshippers too? You must let them all in. You have opened your door wide enough to let them all come in. And the Thugs who are going about India cutting men's throats—they do it as a matter of principle, it is a part of their religion, they consider it to be right—do you think they will go to heaven because they have done what they thought is right? "No," says one, "I will not go that length." Yes, but if the principle is right in one case it is right in the other, A principle will go the whole way, it will stretch in any direction, and be as applicable to one as to another. But it is all deception and falsehood. God has revealed to us the one true religion, and other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid. We are responsible to God for our faith; we are bound to believe what he tells us to believe; and our judgment is as much bound to submit to God's law as any other power of our being. When we come before God, it will be no excuse for us to say, "My Lord, I did wrong, but I thought I was doing right." "Yes, but I gave you my law, but you did not read it; or, if you read it, you read it so carelessly that you did not understand it, and then you did wrong, and you tell me you did it with a right motive. Ay, but it is of no avail whatever." Just as in Uzzah's case, did it not seem the highest thing in the world to put out his hand to prevent the ark from slipping off? Who could blame the man? But God had commanded that no unpriestly hand should ever touch it, and inasmuch as he did touch it, though it was with a right motive, yet Uzzah must die. God will have his laws kept. Besides, my dear brethren, I am not sure about the rightness of your motives after all. The State has issued a proclamation, it is engraven, according to the old Roman fashion, in brass. A man goes up with his file, and he begins working away upon the brass; erases here, and amends there. Says he, "I did that with a right motive; I didn't think the law a good one, I thought it was too old-fashioned for these times, and so I thought I would alter it a little, and make it better for the people." Ah, how many have there been who have said, "The old puritanic principle are too rough for these times; we'll alter them, we'll tone them down a little." What are you at, sir? Who art thou that darest to touch a single letter of God's Book which God has hedged about with thunder, in that tremendous sentence, wherein he has written, "Whosoever shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and whosoever shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city." It becomes an awful thing when we come to think of it, for men not to form a right and proper judgment about God's Word; for man to leave a single point in it uncanvassed, a single mandate unstudied, lest we should lead others astray, while we

ourselves are acting in disobedience to God. The fact is, there is one way to heaven, and there are not fifty ways; there is one gate to heaven, and there are not even two gates. Christ is the way. Trusting in Jesus is the path to Paradise. He that believeth not in Jesus must be damned. The religion of Christ is intolerant; not that it ever touches man in his flesh and blood, even if he rejects it; but it does not allow of a second method of salvation. It demands your full obedience, your child-like faith, or else it threatens you with the direst penalty, if you refuse to yield to it. That idea of free-thinking, and the like, and the right of man to think as he likes, has no countenance in Scripture. We are bound to believe what God tells us; as he tells it to us; bound not to alter a single word, but to take the Bible as it is, or else deny it, and take the consequence.

All this seems to me to lay in the picture which we have before us of the death of Uzzah.

II. But leaving these points, which I thought to be very necessary for the warning of all Christians—for judging with charity, we cannot believe that the errors which prevail among us, can have sprung up from attention to the Word—they must have sprung up from the idea, that the little things of Christ were of no importance whatever. I now come to the second point, which is to LOOK AT THE PICTURE AS A WHOLE. Here I have two pictures; one for the people of God, the other for the ungodly. I shall dwell but briefly upon the first, and at length on the second.

Brethren in Jesus, despite our mistakes—and we are mistaken in some things, God forgive us—despite our mistakes, we are one in Jesus. Yet, though one in Christ Jesus, we should not think our errors to be unimportant, but should every one of us on his knees seek divine teaching, that we may be purged from every false way, and that we may be led in the way of divine obedience, even unto the end. I am sure my brethren in Jesus, that the one object of your life, as I can say it is the object of mine, is the bringing about the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We want to bring up the ark from its obscurity, into the place of glory. Every time we bend our knee, there is one prayer we never can forget:—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Now, for eighteen hundred and sixty years, the Church of Christ has been seeking to bring the kingdom of Christ on earth. Has it come? has it come? Yes blessed be God it has in its measure. Here in this land, and across the Atlantic, and in other nations, there are found many who love and serve our Master. But have we had full fruit for the eighteen hundred and sixty years of labour? I think not. Two hundred years after the death of Christ, I think I may say, the religion of Jesus was almost as powerful in numbers upon the face of the earth as it is now. And all the time between—God forbid that I should say it has been wasted—has, nevertheless, been a period of going back, rather than advancing—of retreat, rather than rushing victory. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Was there not that in the religion of Christ, which would push its enemies to the very ends of the earth? Let but Paul stand up in Rome, and though after awhile, his head is severed from his body, yet the very empire of the seven hills is made

to totter while he speaks. Let others of the Apostles pass the pillars of Hercules, and come to Britain, and the Druid loses his power; those who bow before bloody gods that delight in human sacrifice renounce their idolatries, and churches are founded throughout England, Ireland and Scotland. They have but to enter a country, and that country yields. It is true the martyrs bleed, and the apostles die, and the confessors are burned, but the truth lives and conquers and overcomes. Within two or three centuries the name of Jesus is better known than that of any man, and his religion has greater power than any other on the face of the earth. And here are we, now, sending out our missionaries everywhere, and what is the success? Thank God for what it is: it is an excellent reward for all our labour, and far more than we deserve. But there is not the power in our missionaries that there was in the apostles. Our victories of the church have not been like the victories of the olden times. Why is this? My theory to account for it is this. In the first place, the absence of the Holy Spirit in a great measure from us. But if you come to the root of it to know the reason, my fuller other answer is this:—the church has forsaken her original purity, and, therefore, she has lost her power. If once we had done with everything erroneous, if by the unanimous will of the entire body of Christ, every evil ceremony, every ceremony not ordained of Scripture were lopped off and done with; if every doctrine were rejected which is not sustained by Holy Writ; if the church were pure and clean, her path would be onward, triumphant, victorious. She would set her feet on Brahma, and crush Vishnu beneath her feet. She would say to the moon of Mahomet, "Set for ever!" She would dash from his throne the Pope; she would rend up false religions by the roots; she would sit as empress of the earth, and Christ, her husband, would reign with her, and the tabernacles of God would be among men. But we are not pure; we are not clean; we cannot bring up the ark of God. Blessed be God, it still abides in Obed-Edom's house. True religion is to be found in the hearts of God's people, and in some churches the truth is still served; but till the whole church shall come forth clear as the moon, fair as the sun, she will never be terrible as an army with banners.

This may seem to you to be of little consequence, but it really is a matter of life and death. I would plead with every Christian—think it over, my dear brother. When some of us preach Calvinism, and some Arminianism, we cannot both be right; it is of no use trying to think we can be—"Yes," and "no," cannot be both true. When some of us hold a Christian free of all authority but Christ, and others hold a state church; we cannot both be right anyhow. We may be both right in the grand things, but we cannot be right in everything, one or other of us must be wrong. When some sprinkle the infant, and others baptize the believer, we cannot both be right; it is idle for us to think so. Christ has not made a nondescript religion, that will hold all sorts of people in it, and yet all shall be alike obedient. Truth does not vacillate like the pendulum which shakes backwards and forwards. It is not like the comet, which is here, there, and everywhere. One must be right, the other wrong. It is not for me to pronounce who is right, or who is wrong. I am not infallible. It is for me to judge of Scripture, as in

the sight of God for myself. I beg you do the same. Do not think any error to be an unimportant one; but try the spirits, prove whether these things are so. I am quite sure that the best way to promote union is to promote truth. It will not do for us to be all united together by yielding to one another's mistakes. We are to be united heartily; I hope we are. We are to love each other in Christ; but we are not to be so united that we are not able to see each other's faults, and especially not able to see our own. No, purge the house of God, and then shall grand and blessed times dawn on us.

And now, having done with that subject, I turn to those of you who are not converted, but who are longing to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ preached. I think what I have already said to be important, but this last part of the service is *all-important*. My dear hearer, I will suppose that in your heart there is an anxious desire to be saved, but you do not understand the plan of salvation: I grieve for you; for if you do not understand it, even though you seek Christ, you will make many mistakes, and you will suffer much inconvenience. It was a right thing in David to wish to bring up the ark, but perhaps he was ignorant of the way to bring it, and see what inconvenience he had to suffer: the ark was jolted, the oxen shook it. Now if you are not clear as to the plan of salvation, you will have many joltings, much shaking, many doubts, many fears. Let me ask and entreat you, then, to search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Christ; and let me beg you to endeavour, by God's help, ever to keep in your mind a clear view of the fact, that you are to be saved, if saved at all, by trusting in Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ alone. The plan of salvation is, "Trust in Jesus." Make mistakes about other things, you will suffer inconvenience; but make a mistake here, and it will be fatal to you. Methinks I hear some man saying, "Sir, I have longed to be saved, but I am still uneasy and troubled in my mind; I think if I were to do good works, and then to save myself by them, I might trust in Christ." Stand back, Uzzah, stand back; thou art about to touch the ark of God; beware, lest thou shouldst die while thou art doing it: other mistakes will make you uneasy; that mistake will be fatal to you. Touch the atonement of Jesus Christ, and there is no salvation if you touch it with a legal hand, seeking to add to it your own self-righteousness.

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

He wants no help from you; leave him to do it all; take him as he is, and go to him just as you are; do not seek to bring anything, but go as you are, and you will be saved. Seek to help Christ, and saved you cannot be. Until you have done with that thought, you must abide in your sorrow, and in your death. No mixing with Jesus; he never came to be a make-weight. Christ must be all, and you must be nothing at all. If you attempt to patch his perfect robe, that robe shall never cover your nakedness. It is begemmed with jewels; put one paste jewel of yours upon it, and it is not yours. You must have a whole Christ, and nothing but Christ. You know the old proverb, "Betwixt the two stools he came to the ground." When a man hopes

to reply partly on Christ, and partly on himself, he will come to the ground with a vengeance. Rest on Jesus simply, and you are saved; rest on Christ and self, and you are like Uzzah, you have touched the ark, you have sought to mingle man's works with God's works, man's merits with Christ's merits; and tremble, lest the wrath of God should come forth against you, and destroy you.

But after all, my dear friends, you have no merits. Christ freely offers himself to you, if you will take him for nothing. You thought to buy him with your merits. Why you have no merits. Shall I tell you a little parable which shall show you your position. There was a rich man who had a generous heart, and once upon a time he resolved to give a large estate to a poor neighbour; so he sent for him, and said, "My friend, I am willing to give you a large estate for nothing." The man felt grateful and retired home, but as he lay in his bed he thought, "I should like that estate, but I should not like to be beholden to anybody for it; I think I will pay for it." So he set out the next morning with a heavy bag on his back, and when he came to the rich man's door and the friend came out, he said, "Sir, I value your estate very highly; you promised to let me have it for nothing, but I do not want to be obliged to you, so I have brought a bag all full of gold to buy it with." The rich man said, "I never offered to sell it to you; I said I would give it to you; but come, let us look at your bag of gold." So the poor man opened wide the mouth of the sack; he blushed and stammered, and said, "Oh sir, be not angry with me; now I come to look at it it is nothing but a bag of silver." The friend said, "Look at it again." He looked again and blushed, and cried, "Let not my lord be angry, but I find it is nothing but a bag of copper." "Look once more," said he. He looked once more into it, and he fell down on his knees, and said, "Forgive me, forgive me; I find, sir, it is a bag of filth. You see I have brought you a bag of filth with which to buy your rich estate." You know the meaning of that parable, do you not? You have brought to God what you thought were good works, golden works; look at them you will see them pale before you, and you will say, "My Lord, they are not so good as I thought they were, they are only silver works after all." Look at them again, and they will become dirty, brown, copper works. "Oh!" say you, "they are not worth more than a farthing now." Look again, and you will see that your prayers, your tears, your good works, are nothing better than filth after all. They are only another form of sin, another shape of iniquity. Oh! sinner, take Christ as he is; take him now, just as thou art. The gospel is just this--trust Christ and you are saved. Rely on what he did, and you are delivered. Just leave off trusting to any ceremonies, to any doctrines, to any forms, to any works, but rely on Jesus and you are saved. "Well," says one, "but if I go on in sin." You cannot go on in sin after you have relied on Jesus; that will stop you, nothing else can; but faith will. "No," says another, "but I have nothing in the world; no reason why I should be saved, I have no good thing." Just so, I know you have not; but still you are told to trust Jesus whether you have any good thing or not. Methinks I hear some say, "I must not trust Jesus, I have no right to do it." But, my dear friend, you are commanded to do it. "God commandeth all

men everywhere to repent." This is the commandment, that ye believe on Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Is not this the ver gospel—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?" Now what God commands me to do I have a right to do; it cannot be wrong for me to do what God tells me to do. The minister, who tells a man he has his right found in his own *sense of need*, makes the sinner look to himself: but if he tells him, "Feel or not feel," God has commanded you to believe"; that makes the sinner turn to Christ and Christ only, this turns his eye from himself to the Saviour.

To conclude, I will tell you a little anecdote which I have often told before; it brings to your mind more clearly than any other means, your right to believe in Christ. I am speaking to those who say, "I have no right to trust Christ." But if Christ commands you to do it, and if moreover he tells you, "you are condemned already because you do not believe," you certainly have a right to believe. Sitting one day in Court with a Judge, interesting myself with some trials that were going on, there was wanted a witness. I am not clear about his name, but I think it was Brown. So it was said from the Bench that Brown was wanted next. The usher down in the Court cried out, "Brown!" Some one nearer the door cried, "Brown!" and I could hear them calling out in the street two or three times, "Brown! Brown! Brown!" The Court was very crowded. By-and-bye there came in at the Court door with a great deal of difficulty, a little, ugly, mean-looking creature. He came pushing and elbowing his way. There was a fine tall gentleman standing in the Court, looking on. He did not like to be pushed about, and he said in a very peremptory manner, "*Who are you?*" "Brown," said the man, "I am Brown." "Well," but said the other, "Who is Brown?" "Nobody," said he, "only I was told to come." It was wonderful how everybody made way for Brown, because he was told to come. They just cleared a lane for him, and I do not suppose for my lord and duke they would have made room—they were so tightly packed; but Brown must come in anyhow, because he was wanted. It did not matter how poor he looked, how ragged, how greasy, how dirty, Brown was wanted and he had a right to come. So now, God commands you to trust Christ. But you say, "There is a great big sin standing up." And he says, "Who are you?" You say, "A poor sinner." "And what is a poor sinner?" says he. "Nothing at all," you say, "but Jesus Christ told me to trust in him. If he is wrong I leave the blame with him, I will not keep back from him." He says, "Leap into my arms." I am at the top of a burning house, he cries, "leap, and I will catch you." Then down I go. Dashed to pieces, or saved; I have no other way of salvation—down I go into his arms. I am sinking, the floods are ready to swallow me up. Christ says, "Lay hold of that rope." It looks a frail rope, but I lay hold of it. Sink or swim I will not lay hold of anything else, but that and that alone, and I am safe. Do *that*, poor sinner, whoever you may be, if you have not entered a place of worship for the last six months, trust Christ now. Now, I beseech you, while the accepted hour is here, may God the Holy Spirit enable you to trust Christ; and though you have come in here covered with sin, you may go out with your sin washed away,

peace and joy in your heart, because the Spirit of God has sweetly led you to trust Jesus and you are saved.

May God now add his blessing, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Lord, Gather Out.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

"The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend."—*Matt. xviii. 41.*

LORD send thine Angel *now*, and in the kingdom of my soul,
Thy kingdom, gather out the things that own not Thy control.
Nay, send not not angels: come Thyself, and with a gentle eye
Condemn, and with Thy hand remove, all that deserves to die.

Come in the kingdom of my mind, Thy kingdom, God of thought,
And gather out the poison weeds, that I in vain have sought.
I oftentimes esteem them flow'rs, and water, where perchance
Weeds, only weeds, though high and tall, meet thy discerning glance.

Come in the hot-house of my heart, and if upon some shelf,
There is some plant that pleases not, great Gardener, Thyself
Remove the fair intruder. Thou wilt do it in kind love:
I would not keep the choicest flower, Thy wisdom would remove.

Come in my life, offensive things I fear are often there.
Lord gather out, yea, gather all in fond and holy care:
For where once weed Thou dost remove, Thou wilt in mercy place,
To fill and more than fill the gaps, a thousand flowers of grace.

NAPOLEON AND FAITH.

The first Napoleon was reviewing his troops in Paris, when he let fall the reins of his horse on the animal's neck, and the startled animal instantly galloped away. Out of the ranks leaped a *private* soldier, caught the reins, and stopped the horse. "Much obliged, *Captain*," said Napoleon. The man immediately believed his chief, and said, "Of what regiment, Sire?" Napoleon, delighted with his trust, said "Of my Guards," and rode away. At once the private laid down his gun, and made for the staff-officers. They resented his approach; but he quoted his authority, and that sufficed. God's own word is our authority for enjoying all the blessings faith in Him brings; and it is enough.

A good man cares not for the reproof of evil men.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was quite true that Mr. Winter had soon learned to miss the "critical help," as Irene Meredith had called it, which George Varley had been rendering him in his business for the last two or three years. How much he had come to lean on the young man, and depend upon him for the management and oversight of the large undertakings of the firm, the publisher was entirely unconscious of, until he was left without the aid and help that had been so efficiently given him. And when a few days after Varley's dismissal he was making his plans for his usual sojourn in the country the loss he had brought upon himself was forced even more prominently upon his notice. Ever since George Varley had been with him, Mr. Winter had been able to trust him with the responsible management of the business during those seasons when advancing years and winter's fogs and frost combined to drive him into the country. But what was he to do this winter, with no Varley to leave in charge?

One evening after dinner he ventured to discuss the matter with his daughter, as they sat together in the handsomely fur-

nished library of their home at Chelsea. He was not given to consulting with her about things which had to do with his business; but this was a point which bore upon the question of their going away.

Miss Winter listened to his statement of the case and heard all his objections, and then said very quietly,

"It is no use your saying it is impossible for you to get away just yet, father. You will have to go, or these fogs will throw you a helpless invalid on my hands; and then what about the business? No, you must get out of London at once; and away from the fog, you will keep well, I trust, and be able to run up to the city when your presence is actually indispensable."

She spoke with emphasis. Like her father, Miss Winter was quick in coming to a decision about things, and when she had arrived at it, she was rarely moved from it. Upon this question of going into the country she had made up her mind, and she was determined to carry out her purpose.

"But Cecilia, who is there to leave in charge? Macintosh is quite unfit to take Varley's place.

He is a good servant and understands the ways of the business thoroughly; but he wants leading. He could manage very well, only he does not think so, and won't trust himself to try."

Miss Winter looked across at her father for a moment before speaking. They were expressive eyes which dwelt so fondly upon the wrinkled face and furrowed brow before her. Proud, she might be; but there was a depth of affection in her nature of which her friends had never dreamed.

"Father, I've settled it!" she exclaimed presently. "We will take that cottage we were talking about yesterday, and go there next week. You shall stay there cosily tucked away from the reach of the fogs, and I will come up to town every day, and with the help of Macintosh manage the business. That is my plan and you must not say anything against it, father."

"My dear Cecilia, it is quite impossible. I never heard of such a thing. Ugh! It is quite ridiculous. Why what would people think. Fancy your going up to Paternoster Row while I am lazily resting in the country! Why child, how should I get on without you all day to accompany me in my walks and to read to me when I am tired? Besides, do you imagine that all those young fellows will submit to be managed by a girl? If Macintosh cannot manage them, do you think you can?"

The colour flushed into the cheeks and the eyes flashed with angry light as Miss Winter replied,

"I will make them take their orders from me, and do my bidding even as they do your's, father."

Mr. Winter pushed back his chair from the table at which he had been writing, and went to the fire where he stood for a moment in silence. His daughter rose too, and came and stood by his side, her arm entwined in his.

"It is no use, father, saying anything," she said in softened tones. "I have made up my mind to the experiment. As you say, Macintosh only wants someone to lead him and share the responsibility, and I mean to be that one. No, no," she went on hurriedly as she saw her father making ready to expostulate with her,—his impatient gesture showed that he had much against her plan,—"say nothing about it, father dear. Consider it settled. I am going to have my way in this. You shall be the commander-in-chief, whose place you know is not the actual spot where the fight is going on, but somewhere out of danger from whence he can safely view the battle and issue his orders to the generals in the field. I am going to be the general in the field, and you shall give me your orders every day and I will carry them out. Now I want to know about that cottage at Box Hill. How far is it from Dorking, or is Leatherhead the nearer station? We have never stayed in just that part of Surrey before. I am very glad; it will be new scenery for us." And so chatting, she led his thoughts away from the problems of business, and smoothed out the frowns upon his brow.

She had her way. The next week they had established themselves with just a few servants in a beautifully situated house that nestles at the foot of the famous Surrey height called Box Hill. Mr. Winter had taken the place

for six months, and the prospect pleased them both. The house, small enough to be called a cottage, stood in ample grounds, some part of which went clambering up the hill. A thick plantation of firs partially hid the residence from the gaze of those who passed along the main road that connected Dorking and Leatherhead, and went winding through lovely Surrey until it reached the great city itself.

And so it came to pass that Mr. Winter and his daughter took up their abode within a couple of miles of Westbray Hall, where, all unknown to them, George Varley lay in the stern grip of brain fever.

This fact was discovered to Miss Winter when she went for that first call of inquiry upon Mrs. Meredith. Of Sir Arthur Swanson she had heard her father speak many times, for the baronet had published some very valuable contributions to the history of travel, through the firm of Messrs. Shilling, Weekes, and Winter. Indeed, she had met him on one occasion at the house of Lord L——, the renowned littérateur. But it seemed a strange and surprising thing to come down into his neighbourhood—the Westbray estate touched the property they were renting on one side,—and make the discovery that in some unaccountable way her father's dismissed clerk was domiciled under his roof.

That first visit to Mrs. Meredith had not been made without a considerable amount of trepidation, for she feared lest it should annoy her father. She knew he had been very angry with Varley for his criticism of her book, as, indeed, she had been herself. But her own anger had soon

cooled away, while her father's had grown intenser, not so much against Varley, as against himself for having dismissed the young man on such slight provocation. And she was not at all sure what he would say if he got to know that she had made any inquiries about Varley. She had noticed the account of his disappearance and it had greatly disturbed her. The last glimpse she had had of him on that morning when in her suddenly aroused anger had she handed him her father's note of dismissal, was not at all reassuring. She remembered the look of amazed surprise,—it might have been horror,—which she saw upon his face. What mad thing had he done with himself? Was she in any way, directly or indirectly, accountable for his disappearance? It was this anxiety which had prompted her to make inquiry concerning Varley at the house of Mrs. Meredith. But to her father she said nothing of her visit.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HISTORY OF AN AWAKENING.

Mr. Winter was a very much misunderstood man. Even his friends did not give a just estimate of his character, for they rarely saw the warmer side of his nature. It was only at home in the company of his daughter that he unobtrusive, and lost that stern look and rough manner which made men call him a hard man. It was a wonderful influence which Miss Winter had upon her father. In her presence he was transfigured! Right up from babyhood it had been the same; she softened him as nothing, or nobody else could do. And this strange sweet power had grown with her years. Often

eyes would fill with tears as he looked at her, for he saw in her a charm which others did not see. Others looked at the tall and stately girl—a girl in years but a woman in ways,—and said she was cold and haughty. But her father saw her mother in his child—the young wife he had taken to himself after he had lived so long unwed that people were beginning to call him “a bachelor, old and crusty,”—the wife that had so soon passed away out of his life, leaving him sad and lonely again except for the babe she had left behind her.

It was when these gentle memories came flooding into Mr. Winter's mind that he became what so few thought him to be, a man of heart. Indeed it was only when alone with his daughter that he allowed Memory to bring her softening influences to bear upon him. No other one saw the better side of the old man. The world only saw the stern, hard man of business. It said he was a proud man, a cast-iron sort of man, a man with no heart. But then the world only saw the outside of him the mere shell of the true man. It judged him by what he revealed to it: if he did not show his heart it could not be blamed for thinking that he had none.

This is true of us all. We must not find fault with the world's judgment of us, nor say hard things about its estimate of our character, if we only let it see the outside shell. If the heart does not show itself through eyes that are filled with tears at the sight of the world's suffering, if the heart does not prompt the tongue to speak kind words sometimes, if it does not lend swiftness to our feet in running to the relief of distress, if it does not put a mantle

of tender grace over all our life, why then we may not complain if the world writes hard things against us. For after all the world judges by the outside of things and men.

Mr. Winter had lived his life very much apart from the fashionable world to which, if he had wished to enter within its portals, his wealth would have been an “open sesame.” Now and again, since Miss Winter had come home from the expensive school where she had been ever since she had been able to go to school, he had accepted invitations to the houses of one or two people of literary and scientific fame, whose friendship he had gained through the operations of his business; but these occasions were very rare. He was quite content with the society of his daughter; and she in her turn was equally delighted to be the chosen companion of her father. And if the influence of the girl upon her father was great, the influence of Mr. Winter upon the thought and heart of his child was equally so, and, alas! as dangerous as it was powerful.

There had been a time when Jabez Winter had sat at a mother's knee and drank in the story of the mightiest love that the world has ever known. And later, the gracious, Christ-filled life of his young wife had made many appeals to his higher and better nature. But her death had come as a sore and heavy blow to him; and instead of seeking comfort at the hands of the great Consoler of broken hearts, he had allowed his bitter repining to sour his whole manhood, and the mystery of the Providence to drive him into the mazes of scepticism.

(To be continued.)

“Enough and to Spare.”

By REV. D. THOMPSON.

“ENOUGH and to spare” are words in the “Parable of the Prodigal Son.” They are used by the Prodigal Son, and have to do with the rich provision of his father’s house. He had asked for his “portion of goods.” When received, he broke off the restraints of home, separated himself, and went into a far country. A spendthrift and rake, he is reduced to penury and want. Misery and straits lead to reflection and penitence. We read,—“And when he came to himself he said, ‘How many hired servants of my Father’s house have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger? I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants.’” (Luke xx., 17—19). Thus, the son is brought to a right mind. He thinks of home—of the condition of his Father’s servants in contrast with his own, and resolves to return. Yea, he goes back, and receives a warm welcome; and there is feasting and music in the house. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. (Luke xv., 10).

“Enough and to spare,” is written on God’s works and ways. Space with its length and breadth, height and depth, defy figures. The azure and the sidereal heavens, with their planets and suns, their firmaments of systems—the nebulae resolved by the far gaze of the telescope—and far beyond the commingling of the lights of untold worlds—countless as the piles of sand, speak of plentitude. Narrowing our gaze to things on earth; how endless the illustrations of God’s mind in the animal and vegetable and mineral kingdom. What rich variety and beauty—not two things alike; yet each complete and wonderful. All God’s works praise Him, and His saints bless Him!

Dr. Chalmers eloquently writes of the extent of the universe. “The telescope led me to see a system in every star; the microscope leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe—with the whole burden of its people and its countries—is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity: the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread on; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament.”

If in the material world there is such “enough and to spare”—such

a display of magnificence and variety—what can we say of the *spiritual*—that world having only a breath to separate us, and to which we are so allied by our spirit? True, the Invisible is full of mystery, and Divine words are few; still, sufficient is said to quicken curiosity, and give thought and conception. The Bible speaks of “an innumerable company of angels.” (Heb. xii., 22); it says that “the chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels.” (Psalm lxxviii., 17); and that amongst them are seraphs and cherubs, angels and arch-angels—“dominions, principalities, and powers,”—ranks and orders, intelligence and purity, happiness and strength. And, too, there are “the redeemed from among men,”—the happy spirits of all ages and nations. Besides, think of the overwhelming redundancy of glory—the infinite, the infinite “enough and to spare” of Spirit Land.

Providence in its wisdom and goodness, variety and use, minuteness and universality, also make manifest the truth that there is “enough and to spare.” Everything has its providence. The sunshine brightens up the sombre side of the hill, makes the laugh the smooth surface of the silent lake, falls upon the castle of the king and the hut of the beggar, ripens the fruit and grain, and gives the flower its fragrance; making evident that there is “enough and to spare.” God sends down the rain; and the rain rejoices man; cattle and birds drink and are refreshed; yet there is “enough and to spare.” From His bountiful hand come the fish of the river, the lake, and sea; food for man and beast; blessings physical and temporal; truly “enough and to spare.” Every person in the family of man is the subject of a particular providence—so minute that the hairs of the head are numbered.

“The mind of a pious workman was much occupied with the works and ways of God, which appeared to him full of inscrutable mysteries. One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions. He could understand nothing of their movement. He was informed, however, that all their motion was connected with the centre, where was a chest, which was kept shut. Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. The reply was, however, “*The master keeps the key.*” The words came to him like a flash of light. Here was a word for himself. They seemed to be a whisper to his mind about higher things. There was a solution of all his perplexing doubts—“*The Master keeps the key.*” He governs and directs. It is enough. What need I more?”

Thank God there is “enough and to spare” for every sinner in the blessings of the Gospel. Room at the Gospel Supper; provision for every want. Knowledge for ignorance, pardon for guilt, purity for pollution, strength for weakness, joy for sorrow, life for death. In Jesus there is everything we need. His love is unspeakable; His riches are unsearchable; He has treasures of wisdom and knowledge; in Him all fulness dwells; He is the All and in all. Oh! how good; can you conceive His goodness? Number your seconds, you cannot; yet they come far short of the blessings of His grace. The thought of His unspeakableness comes over the soul like a mighty wave. Good

to the body—protecting and preserving it; making all its springs of action work for good. Good to the soul—what a price He paid for its redemption—His own precious blood. Good in every period of life and all through time.

If there is “enough and to spare” for every human experience on earth—in the amplitudes of Creation, in the goodnesses of Providence, and in the provisions of Grace, surely there will be unspeakableness in the glory of heaven. “In My Father’s house are many mansions” (John xiv. 2). There is no sounding the depths of these words. Think on the courtly legions of angelic hosts, on the redeemed which no man can number; and, remember that each have untold knowledge, immaculate holiness, boundless happiness—an overflowing bliss that cannot be conceived. “Enough and to spare” in the many mansions prepared by Jesus.” Ample range, endless variety, ceaseless delight, oceans of love to swim in. The fulness of the Three-One God filling every part of the nature!

A pious writer of the past century says in his diary:—“How melancholy is it that one at my time of life should have no brighter views, no better uptakings of the heavenly state! But no science can assist me here; history knows nothing of the reign of Christ and His saints, of the golden age of glory; geography cannot describe the new earth, nor astronomy the new heavens wherein dwelleth righteousness; and philosophy soars not to spiritual things. This happy state is the object of nothing but faith; and let my faith concerning it soar as high and fly as wide as possible, still it will fall so vastly short of the heavenly bliss, that when I arrive there I shall cry out, ‘Eye never saw, ear never heard, and the heart of man never conceived aright of the heavenly glory.’ What wonder rise around me! what glories blaze before me! what mysteries open in my view!”

Thus, amplitude, infinity, “enough and to spare,” we marked on all God’s marks and ways. He Himself, in His Person and Work, in His perfection and character, have an *all*-sufficiency and variety that are past finding out; and His Books of Creation, Providence, and Grace have leaves and illustrations that speak unexplored wisdom, boundless goodness and unutterable affluence. Sooner to count the number of leaves in the forest or the blades of grass that carpet the earth or the piles of sand that build up the world, or the drops of water which make the ocean, or the pencils of light that issue from the sun, than set limits to the doings and goings of our Father in heaven! There is no exhaustion in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the Glory Land before. “Enough and to spare” shine in the sun, twinkle in the stars, and have lustre in the moon—is of universal manifestation and experience.

Nowhere and in no time are there deficiency, scarcity, or want. Specially, *believingly* fronting the cross, we see in Christ Jesus a goodness and grace that give endless plenitude—the “fulness of Him who filleth all and in all.” Ah! in every ray of the cross, we see “enough and to spare” for any and every sinner, and for any and every saint; all that is rich, sublime, holy, delightful, perfect, awful, and magnificent; and all that has an unending endurance.

Reader, there is “enough and to spare” for you. Arise, sinner, go

home to thy Father. He has a boundless loving heart, and runs to meet you. The fatted calf is killed, and the table furnished with untold blessings; and there are music rejoicings! On your sky, all through life, you may read the words—*experience* their goodness—“Enough and to spare.”

BEECHWOOD, APPLETON.

Trust in God.

NOTHING is more becoming or natural in children than entire confidence in the promise and care of a parent. A father stands in a child's mind as the embodiment of courage and power, the mother, of love and goodness. The feeling of trust is perfect. No anxiety on their part, while father has the charge. There is a certainty that all is well. Neither sickness nor trouble diminishes this trust. It grows stronger then. Danger drives the little one to the parent's arms, and there is a sense of security which is felt nowhere else. Now, “as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.” God has said that He is “a father of the fatherless,” and He promises to be our Father, if we will be his children. Will a father let his child perish if he is able to save him? If he asks for bread, will he give him a stone? And can we not confide in our heavenly Father's promises, and trust in His ability to care for us? “Yes,” says one professing Christianity; “we can trust in Him.” There is no difficulty in trusting in the Lord for food, when our granaries and store-houses are well filled; for health, when sickness comes not near our dwelling; or for prosperity, when the waves of adversity are all quiet. But let misfortune come. Can we trust Him then? Can we when all seems to go wrong? We can rest quietly in the hands of God when in health; can we when sick? What is confidence in God good for, if we have it only when we could get along very well without it, and it leaves us when we most need it? Patience, when there is nothing to bear; courage when there is no danger; hope when everything is within our reach,—what are all these worth? But such is the trust that some people have in God; and when trial and adversity comes, it will be found worthless. We need a trust that will take hold on God in every trying hour, and hold on through whatever may come. Consider that as uncertain which is felt in time of joy and prosperity. Look upon that only as genuine trust in God that does not fail in hours of darkness, when every earthly resource is cut off. If it fails not in time of trial, we may feel that we have something on which we can depend, and have confidence to say, in the language of inspiration, “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall all the fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and will joy in the God of my salvation.”

Giants.

"There were giants in the earth in those days."

THESE words often come into my mind when I visit some of the Lord's hidden ones, and find that there are giants in faith now. May I give you an example?

I called yesterday upon a family, of which the father, who has been a guard and signaller on the Great Western Railway, is now laid by through an affection of the spine and brain, which has disabled him from all work for more than two years. The club-money is reduced to one-half, owing to the length of time he has been ill. A small allowance from the parish, added to this, enables him just to live.

On my return from the country I expressed my regret that I had omitted to send him any assistance. He replied, in his usual cheerful way, "Thank God for it! I am very glad you did not. It has taught me some deep truths. God is not tied up to any person to help me." He then recounted how one week both his club payments were due, and new shoes were absolutely needed for his boy. "We had, of course, no more than just what was needed coming in. But the Lord knew all about it. And the secretary of the club came round and said they did not know how I was circumstanced, but if it would be useful, they would gladly give me £1. Praise the Lord," he added, "He never fails His people!"

Yesterday I inquired of his wife how they were getting on.

She replied, "Well, sometimes we have a piece, and sometimes we have not."

"A piece of meat you mean."

"No," she said; "sometimes we have hardly a piece of anything; and coals are so dear, that when we get a quarter of a hundredweight, or seven pounds, which is all we can have sometimes, there never seems any to put on to make a fire. I am glad you have come, for I want to consult you about something. A woman upstairs is going to have in a ton, and she is so kind as to offer me half of it, which I may pay for by working it out in washing for her. It would be such a comfort; but my husband won't hear of it."

He now spoke, and asked, "Is God true, or is He not? Are we to trust Him or not? I consider it nothing less than sin to go and complain before the world, and to run into debt, for which I can find no warrant in the Word. If it should please the Lord to leave us without fire, or without bread, His glory is of far more consequence than our life; and I will not incur debt, though I should starve. You would offer the security of your health in payment, and you may be sick or die to-morrow. No," he said; "I can thank the kind woman, but I look upon it as nothing less than a snare of the enemy, and I thank God He has enabled me to see it, and to keep clear of it. Praise God, I am never troubled about these things. He makes me full of joy with his countenance."

I felt truly humbled by the side of this giant in faith. We knelt for prayer, but the good man could do little but praise the Lord. O shame upon us Christians, who have all and abound, and yet praise Him so little! The Lord increase our faith!

Two Classes.

HOWEVER much we choose to divide mankind into races, religions, stations, or attainments, God recognizes only two classes. All that men cling to, and hold most dear, counts before His eyes as but little worth, just the small dust in His scales. The Scriptures define each class very minutely and conclusively, giving the character, condition, and end of each, viz. :--

CLASS I.

THE LOST SINNER.

DEAD in trespasses and sins ;
—by nature children of wrath.—
Eph. ii. 1-3.

All have sinned.—Rom. iii. 23.

Shall not see life ; but the
wrath of God abideth on him.—
John iii. 36.

The wicked shall be turned into
hell.—Psalm ix. 17.

CLASS II.

THE SAVED SINNER.

Christ hath redeemed us from
the curse of the law.—Gal. iii. 13.

We have redemption through
His blood, the forgiveness of sins.
—Eph. i. 7.

Washed us from our sins in His
own blood.—Rev. i. 5.

Justified by faith, we have
peace with God.—Rom. v. 1.

Purged from sin.—Heb. i. 3.

Purged conscience.—Heb. ix. 14.

Eternal life.—Rom. vi. 23.

Garibaldi's Search.

ONE evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. At once the brave, but tender-hearted soldier turned to his staff, and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. An expedition was instantly organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off, full of zeal, to hunt the fugitive. But the search was in vain, no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed, fast asleep. He was surprised at this for the General was always up before anyone else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in an half-an-hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant waked him. The General rubbed his eyes, and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The General had kept up the search through the night, until he had found it. Even so doth the Good Shepherd, who came to seek and to save men, still go in search of His lost sheep. Though others tire, yet on He goes, with love-fired quest, until He finds them, and nestles them in the bosom of his infinite helpfulness.

Prayer Answered.

Answer to sincere and believing prayer may be delayed in its coming, but it never fails to come.

IT always has to be taken into account that when a child asks a parent for anything, the assumption is that the form the answer takes must be decided by the superior wisdom of the parent. We properly teach our children to ask us freely for everything they think they want. But with equal care we teach them that they do not always really know their true wants, and so they must let us judge which of their requests can be answered just as they present them. True, parents never fail to answer their children's prayers. But the answer very often is giving them or doing for them what they did *not* ask. We are but children of the Heavenly Father, who knows our need, and always answers us *in His own way*.

Frederick W. Robertson used to say, that never a prayer went up to God from a sincere heart but it was sure to come back some time, somewhere, purified by having passed through the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few years ago, in the sun-land of the south-west, I stopped with a family from New England who had not been long in their new home in that frontier village. After tea, the good lady asked me to look at the photograph of her brother. "Before that brother was born," said she, "my mother gave him to God to be a minister, moved thereto, she felt, by the Holy Spirit. After his birth she took him and gave him to God, in the presence of all the people, and she always called him her boy-minister. But he grew up so strangely wild, so careless and wicked, that father and the rest of us often laughed at mother, for my brother was really the worst in the family. He grew to young manhood; the whirlwind of war swept him away from us; he came back bronzed and strong, untouched by harm of sword and bullet; but oh! so wicked, and, worst of all, an open scoffer at things sacred or holy. Then father and the rest looked sad, but mother never gave up. She said, often: "I gave him to God to be a minister. God has heard my prayer. He will answer."

"Two years went on. Mother lay down on a sick bed to die. My brother, strangely enough, was unmoved. The last word mother said, as we took her hand in parting that summer afternoon, when the angels were coming for her, was: "Watch for God's answer. My boy will be converted. I gave him to God. God will give him back to me. He will be a minister. Then she died without seeing any answer to her prayer, but in the faith that has comforted and sustained so many. Within three months my brother was on his knees crying to God for mercy. Less than a year after he was studying for the ministry. He is now preaching at the First Congregational Church in —, mentioning a certain city in Wisconsin. 'Need I tell you that my brother believes in prayer, and that I do?'"

Reviews.

The Christian Pictorial. A religious illustrated weekly. Edited by the Rev. David Davies. Vol. 12, Sept. 1898—Feb. 1899. London, 21, Fournival Street.

This half-yearly volume, like its predecessors, is a thoroughly unique work, and its articles, information, pictures and the whole get-up of the work is very commendable. One of its excellencies is the continued pictorial Pilgrim's Progress for the young.

Part 12 of the *Treasury of David*, by C. H. Spurgeon. This part completes the seventh volume of this incomparable work on the Psalms of David. Cloth cases supplied at 1s. each. All back parts in stock.

Part 16 of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, by his wife and private secretary, completes the second volume. Handsome cloth gilt cases supplied at 2s. each nett. *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, containing sermons by C. H. Spurgeon. Part 527, four sermons. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Great Thoughts for April is full of gems. We mention the likenesses of Joseph Arch, M.P., Emily Lady Tennyson, our own John Foster, and other celebrities.

The Prize Reciter is very helpful for young people's meetings. *Helping Words* contains an article on "Self-Pity," by Rev. Benjamin J. Gibbons, of Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, with a good likeness of the writer. *Great Thoughts* Office, Hutton Street. E.C.

The Religious Tract Societies publications. *The Sunday at Home* is interesting by the special papers of the Rev. A. R. Buckland on "The Centenary of the Church Missionary Society." *The Leisure Hour* will be read with interest by Wesleyans and others. "A Slander upon John Wesley," by Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave, K.C. *The Boys Own Paper* is full of instructive as well as amusing and useful matter, and is illustrated by a fine coloured plate. "The Blood Trail," by J. F. Nettleship; also two tinted plates. The monthly supplement to *The Girls' Own Paper*, No. 18, "Only a Show Girl," is a good story, by Eglanton Thorne. *The Little Dots*, *The Child's Companion*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, and *Light in the Home* are at hand. Good instructive numbers.

Volume 5 *Our Daily Homily*, by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., from Matthew to Revelations. We advise our young friends and Sunday School teachers, and all who superintend Bible classes to possess this invaluable series of condensed Scripture expositions from Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

One of The Two. By Charles M. Sheldon. The angel is the demon. A well-told story, but we wish the great doctrine of Reformation by the Spirit, and the Atonement by Jesus Christ had more prominence given them. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferris, London. We have also received services of song with readings from the popular story of "In His Steps," by T. Mitchell, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

The *Quiver* Easter number leads with illustrated page of the centenary of the Church Missionary Society. Some famous Easter hymns, illustrated by Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., also our great anniversaries in April, illustrated. It is a bright and informing number.

The Bible Society's Registrar and Society's Gleanings for the Young

are full of information of the progress of the institution. The Sunday Closing reports deserve well of all who love and value the Lord's Day. The *Sword and Trowel* has a review of Mr. Sheldon's books by Hugh D. Brown, M.A. We wish prosperity to the City Mission, the Brazilian Baptist, and in His name the organ of the Ragged School Union,

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Rev. David Tait will commence his ministry at Camberwell New-road, London, on April 6th.

Rev. H. F. Gower intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone, E.

Rev. Thomas T. Burrows, formerly of Sussex-street, Brighton, has commenced his ministry at Cottage-green Church, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Rsv. E. R. Hern preached his farewell sermon at Barnstaple. A farewell tea was held on the Friday evening, and a purse of gold presented to the retiring pastor.

Rev. James Seager has been recognised as pastor of the Danford Church, Doncaster. Mr. Seager was once pastor of the Church at Manchester.

RECOGNITIONS.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. F. Burnett took place at Fakenham on March 22nd, presided over by Judge Willis, Q.C. The speakers were: Alderman Green, Rev. Rev. R. Lay-

zell, J. Way, J. T. Clarke, H. G. Wilkinson, and the pastor.

Rev. J. J. Griffiths has recently closed his ministry at Bridgemoth, and received many tokens of goodwill, including a gold watch from the Church and congregation, a purse of money from the Branch Church at Chorley; gifts of books from the Christian Endeavour, and also from the local postmen and telegraph employés.

Rev. W. H. Williams has taken farewell of Nantwich and removed to Cardiff. A presentation was made to Mr. Williams of three volumes of Hastings' Bible Dictionary.

Recognition services were held at Rayleigh in connection with the settlement of Rev. Thos. T. Minchin. The services were of a most interesting and successful character.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON, BLOOMSBURY.—The Year Book records a membership of 623, and of Sunday scholars 750. The celebrations of the jubilee of the Church. Receipts for all purposes £3,301 11s. 7d., and cheering evidence of the blessing attending the ministry of the present pastor.

ORPINGTON.—Reopening after enlargement, March 23. Sermon preached by Rev. David Davies, of Brighton. Evening meeting presided over by Mr. B. G. Greenwood. One hundred and fifty seats have been added to the chapel. A large porch giving two entrances to the building, a well arranged vestry to seat 120 persons, and a new pastor's vestry has been erected at a total cost of £1,400, towards which £1,150 has been received.

SOUTHAMPTON, CARLTON.—This church was formed by the late C. H. Spurgeon, 1860. Dr. James Spurgeon was the first pastor, March 20. Rev. R. T. Jones Miller preached a memorial sermon in reference to the sudden death of Dr. James Spurgeon, giving a brief outline of his career from the age of fourteen.

BIRMINGHAM, MOSLEY.—In connection with the anniversary services it was reported that the membership had trebled, and during the evening meeting the Pastor, Rev. R. Gray, was presented by Councillor Skinner with a life assurance value of £325, and Mr. E. Antony Lee presented him with a gold watch and 70 handsome volumes, and many expressions of the congregation's love and esteem.

BANGOR ENGLISH BAPTIST.—A social meeting has been held to celebrate the total extinction of the debt on the chapel, which was opened 23 years ago. Mr. W. O. Roberts presented the Freehold site on which the chapel is built, and has been treasurer of the church 26 years. Mr. R. Beck, the treasurer of Bangor College, has been secretary of the Church and Sunday School over 23 years. Presentations were made to Mr. Roberts and Mr. Beck. It was also decided to increase the stipend of the Pastor, W. R. Saunders, who has had the oversight of the church 21 years.

CHEAM.—The fifty-eighth anniversary of the opening of the chapel by

the late C. H. Spurgeon, was celebrated on March 31st. The secretary presented an encouraging report on the improvement which had taken place in spiritual life of the church and its work.

TWICKENHAM.—The church of which the Rev. S. Jones is pastor has resolved upon the building of a new chapel and school-rooms estimated to cost £4,000, and are seeking to raise £1,000 during the present year.

The celebration of the first year of pastorate Archibald G. Brown, presided over by Mr. Herbert Marnham, and addresses by the Revs. Cuffs, Williams, Hirst, and Mr. R. Pinney. During the year 121 have joined the church.

Opening meetings have been held in connection with an Iron Chapel erected at Hayden Park, near Wimbledon.

The foundation stones were laid of a new chapel at Kensal Rise.

Since our last issue friends will have been informed of the sudden death of Dr. James Spurgeon. His loss will be felt in many ways, and particularly by the Baptist Union. We have the deepest sympathy with the widow and family.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery, Ebenezer—March 19, Five, by J. C. Hughes, B.D. (one formerly a Romanist).

Banbury—March 26, Four, by S. Jones.

Blackwood, Mon., Mount Pleasant—March 26, Three, by H. J. Harris.

Caersws, Montgomeryshire—March 17, One by R. Davies.

Cheltenham, Cambray—March 26, Twelve, by A. B. Phillips.

Ilfracombe—March 26, Eight, by T. Philpott.

- Kington*—March 26, Two, by Walter B. Nichols.
- Leamington, Spa, Warwick-street*—March 26, Seven, by A. Phillips.
- Leicester, Providence, Newark Street*—March 26, Two, by A. E. Realf.
- Liverpool, Tue-Brook*—March 19, Three' March 21, Seven, by J. C. Eldcr.
- Preston, Pole-street*—March 26, Seven, by the Pastor, T. Walton
- Quorn, Leicestershire*—March 22, Eight, by Rev. Geo. Wilson, in the absence, through illness, of the Pastor, W. J Tomkins
- South Leith, N.B.*—March 24, Five, by D. Tait.
- Stockport, Greek-street*—March 23, One, by W. Hy. Thomas.
- Willenhall, Tichfield-street* March 26, Three, by I. H. Heath.
- Abercynon, Mount Zion (English Baptist)*—April 2, Two (One Professor Jones, a Congregational preacher), by E. Robinson.
- Barry, Mount Pleasant*—March 26, Two, by C. Ton Evans.
- Beckington, near Bath*—March 30, Six, by D. J. H. Carter.
- Birmingham, Christ Church, Six Ways, Aston*—March 29, Five, by Isaac L. Near
- Blacnauon, Horeb*—March 30, Twelve, by D. E. Hughes.
- Bradfield, St. George, Suffolk*—March 31, Four, by William Dixon.
- Broadstairs*—March 29, Three, by Thos. Davies.
- Dundee, Ward-road*—April 2, Three, by David Clark.
- Hail Weston*—April 2, Four, by W. F. Davies.
- Hawick, N.B.*—March 26, Two, by Jos. W. Kemp.
- Knighton*—April 2, One, by Pastor W. Williams.
- Leeds, North Street*—March 25, Twenty-two, by F. W. Walker Pugh.
- Llantarnaw, Mon.*—March 26, Eleven, by W. E. Robinson.
- Middleton Chauey*—April 2, One, by C. Saville.
- Newbury*—March 26, Seven, by G. I. Knight.
- Vclindoe, Radnorshire*—April 2, One, by W. G. Mansfield.
- Whitchurch, Glam. (Bethel, English)*—March 26, Eleven, by Principal Edwards, D.D.
- Beeston, Notts*—April 9, Three, by S. W. Twigg.
- Berwick-on-Tweed*—March 26, Two, by O. Lamb Harvey,
- Caerwys, Flintshire*—April 9, Six, by Edwin Jones.
- Crawley, Sussex*—April 6, Two; April 9, Two, by J. McAuslane.
- Erwood, Hephzibah*—April 9, Morgan.
- Horsham, Sussex*—March 19, Two, by J. McAuslane (Crawley), for C. H. Clapp.
- Maesyberilan, Breconshire*—April 9, Thirteen by H. Jones.
- Manchester, Higher Openshaw*—March 29, Eight (from Crossley Hall), by H. Mowbray.
- Pentre, Zion*—April 2, Two, by G. Morris.
- Tonbridge*—March 26, Three, by J. H. Blake.
- Treherbert, Bethany*—March 31, Two, by J. L. Williams.
- Westbury, Wilts (Providence)*—April 9, Eight, by F. C. Shelland.

LONDON DISTRICT.

- Enfield Town, N.*—March 23, Nine, by George W. White.
- Enfield Highway, N.*—March 26, Seven, by Archibald W. Welch.
- Grafton-square, Clapham, S.W.*—March 26, Six, by T. Hanger.
- Leyton, Vicarage-road*—March 27, Three, by G. T. Bailey.
- Westbourne-grove, W.*—March 30, One, by Geo. Freeman.
- Camberwell-road, S.E.*—April 1, Nine, by G. W. Linnecar.
- New Cross-road*—April 3, One, by T. Jones.
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A Home Question.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"But are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?"—2 Chron. xxviii. 10.

THIS was a home stroke. When the children of Israel had blood-thirsty thoughts towards their brethren of Judah, the prophet very earnestly dissuaded them. "Why deal ye so sternly with your brethren who are in your power, simply because they have sinned. Smite them not too furiously, for are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" How remarkably pertinent is such a question to different nations, to different sects, to different classes among men. We are too apt to look upon the sins of other nations and forget our own. Placed as we imagine ourselves to be in a pre-eminence in the midst of the peoples of the earth—we are continually criticising the acts of other tribes and nations. We look across the flood and we see that grand Republic, with the black stain of slavery upon its fair hand, and we cry out against it with all our might. We look across the channel, and we see a nation that we are continually charging with being volatile and frivolous. We cast our eyes to other peoples of the earth, and we see crimes in them, all which we very readily condemn with iron tongue. It will always be well for the pride of Great Britain if she will question herself thus: Is there not with thee, oh mistress of the seas—is there not with thee a sin against the Lord our God? Are we immaculate? Is our nation spotless? We have no slaves at home or abroad, but have we none who are oppressed and down-trodden? Are there none concerning whom it may be said, that the hire of the labourer which is kept back crieth out against them? Have we not drunkenness in our midst? Are we not in fact among the very chief of sinners, because as a nation we have received more Scripture light, and more Divine favour than any other people among the race of men? God hath dealt so well with us, that our crimes assume a monstrous shape and vivid colour when they are viewed in the light of his countenance. Oh Britain, weep for thy sons and daughters, and bemoan their iniquity before the Lord, lest like Capernaum they sink to hell amid the full flood of privileges disregarded. Instead of lifting up your hand to point at the faults of others, point at your own. Let us be content to sweep our own streets, to cleanse our own cities and make our own streams pure. Let our reformation begin at home, for we cannot hope that our remonstrances against the sin of other nations can be powerful, unless we have cleansed ourselves.

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How applicable, too, is this question to the different sects, especially among Christians. How apt we all are to be plucking the mote from the eye of others. How very earnestly does the Dissenter exclaim against the sins of the Church of England, and certainly they are neither few nor small. How anxiously does the man in the Church of England, who happens to have an uncharitable bias, observe the strifes and divisions that exist among the Dissenting bodies; and as for all the different denominations, how continually will they be pointing to unscriptural traits in the order of other churches, and how constantly do they forget their own infirmities. I hold that every Christian man is bound to give his honest testimony to every truth he believes. We must not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, because we may be charged with sectarianism. Every great man has been called a Sectarian in his time, and every true man who stands up for the whole that God teaches, will necessarily incur that censure. But let every Christian remember that our business is to deal first with ourselves. Let each denomination acknowledge its own faults, and confess its own iniquities. I am not ashamed of the denomination to which I belong, sprung, as we are, direct from the loins of Christ, having never passed through the turbid stream of Romanism, and having an origin apart from all dissent or Protestantism, because we have existed before all other sects, but I am equally clear as to our innumerable faults. Indeed, the sins and faults of our denomination may well go up against us to heaven, and withhold the dew of God's grace that we prosper not. I believe it to be the same with every other class of Christians, and I would that whenever we are prone to rebuke our fellows too severely, we would pause and ask ourselves this question: "Are there not with us, even with us, sins against the Lord our God?"

The like question may be continually reiterated in the ears of the different classes into which our commonwealth is divided. You see continually plastered on the walls—"Sermons to the Working Classes." The working classes might return the compliment by papering the walls with "Sermons to the Wealthy Classes," for if there be any that need preaching to, it is the rich. If there be any men, or any class of men, among whom the gospel has its stronghold, it is just that order and class of persons who may be fairly ranked among the working classes. I do not believe in the intense need of the working classes for evangelization any more than any other class among men. All class-preaching is, I take it, fundamentally wrong. We preach the gospel to every creature, and the Christian minister knows nothing of rich or poor, of young man or old man. The gospel is to be preached every day to everybody. No doubt the intention is good, but I think the shape which it takes is calculated to raise up party prejudices, and to arouse class feelings. We stand up, and we say to all the classes, "Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" What if the poor man has his tavern and his house of drunkenness—what are the drinking-parties of the rich? What! is there no covered and concealed drunkenness hidden under the shadows of night? What if the poor have a place where they meet for licentiousness? Is there no such licentiousness among the aristocracy? Do they not cast off those whom they have de-

bauched, and help to feed the stream of harlotry with the refuse of their lusts? Ah, my brethren, it is not for the Christian minister to set one rank of men against another. We are alike guilty from the highest to the lowest. We have sins to confess and acknowledge, and the prophet of God must go through streets of this modern Nineveh, and he must demand that king as well as commoner should repent. We have the same gospel for all. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?"

But if the question be pertinent to nations, to sects, to classes, depend upon it, it is equally so to individuals. It is the nature of truth, like the crystal, that subdivide it as you may, every minute atom of it shall assume the same shape. Break up the truth from nations to sects, or from nations to classes, and it still holds true; subdivide it, dash it into atoms of individuality, and the same question is pertinent to each. "Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?"

I propose this morning, God helping me, to preach a very plain, faithful, and honest sermon; praying that it may come home to some of your hearts. You will find no smoothness about my speech, but the very reverse. My sword may have a very mean hilt, but I do trust it shall have a very keen edge, and that it shall cut sharp, piercing to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow. I shall first of all, put a *home question*, secondly, I shall make a *common sense enquiry*, and ere I have done, I shall give you a *little good advice*.

I. First, then, I put a HOME QUESTION. Let me single out the persons and put the questions to them.

Doubtless I have here this morning, the *moralist*, the man who hates the very name of drunkenness. As for profanity, if he saw the seat of the scorner, he would pass by it at the remotest distance possible. He is a man whose hands are clean of all dishonesty. As far as he knows himself, he can say that he is upright in business, that he is kind to his neighbours, that in everything he endeavours to keep the moral law. My friend has no religion perhaps, but still he has the outward form of morality. Bring anywhere between the wind and his nobility, the harlot, and oh, how disgusted he is! Let him but see one evening the drunkard rolling in the streets, and no language can be too severe. As for the thief, he condemns him, and condemns him rightly too. But one part of his condemnation arises from the fact that he feels himself without any guilt or accusation in this matter. He is innocent and therefore he feels that he may throw the first stone. My dear friend, I am glad to see you here this morning. I wish that all men were as moral as you are. I wish that all hated sin as much as you do; but still I have a question to ask of you, which perhaps you may not like, for you good moral people are very fond of your own righteousness. Let me ask you the question, "Is there not with you, even with you, some sin against the Lord your God?" Can you not remember any overt deed of wrong? Do you dare to tell me that you have never, never once broken a command of God? Well, let it stand

so, but have you never said an idle *word*, and have you never read that for every idle word that man shall speak the Lord shall bring him into judgment? Has your tongue always been as clean of every evil thing as God's law requires it should be? What! have you the matchless effrontery to say that? Do you think so well of yourself that you will declare that nothing has ever come out of your mouth but that which is good? Come then a little deeper, how about your thoughts? Remember, the thought of evil is sin. Have you never thought an evil thought, never desired an evil thing? Oh, man, I will not compliment you thus; take down the ten commandments, read through the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and read it through prayerfully, and I think you will be compelled to say as you read each commandment through, "Lord have mercy upon me, for though I thought my life was good, I now discover that with me, even with me, there is sin against God." I do not condemn you for finding fault with the drunkard or the harlot, but I condemn you for this, that unless you are without fault yourself, you ought not to take up the first stone. You, too, live in a glass house, why throw stones at others? I wish you would turn your attention to yourself. Physician heal thyself; builder build thine own wall; husbandman plough thine own field and trim thine own vines. What signifieth it to thee if other men are worse than thyself, will that save thee? Look to thyself, I pray thee, or else thy morality shall be but the white winding sheet of thy dead soul. For men may be as truly damned in morality as in immorality. Morality is good enough for what it is, but for the salvation of souls it is not sufficient. There must be a living faith in a dying Saviour, there must be the Spirit of God indwelling in the soul, or else you can never mount to heaven. Oh remember, one sin will sink your soul lower than the lowest hell. Repent therefore, O moralist, and no longer rebuke others, but rebuke thyself.

I now turn to another individual, a very common personage, *the accuser* of the brethren. I fear I have not a few here of that sort. I know I have some, but I fear they may be more than I think. Do you not know the man who whenever he can say a nasty thing of a Christian will do it, who, whatever a Christian man may do will make mischief of it, who is inclined at all times to be turning that which is good into evil—a man described by Spenser in his picture of Envy in the "Færie Queene." Envy, who always did chaw between his dripping lips a toad, but "inwardly he chawed his own maw," eating his own heart, spitting on every one's good thing, imagining that every creature was as foul and as loathsome as himself? I have seen the dirty, mangy wretch, himself abominable as hell, and daring to insinuate that all others were as deceitful, and vile, and filthy as himself. This is when the evil has come to its full grown state. Such persons then become the most loathsome creatures in all society, and the most despicable. Who is there that respects the wretch who has no respect for others; whose only life is to pull other men's characters to pieces, and whose death would be sure to follow the universal reign of truth and goodness. I have seen, however, this disease before it has broken out and assumed its basest shape. I have seen men, and women too—let me lay a stress on that second word, for there is a stress some-

times needed there, though I would not be too severe—men and women who seem to have a propensity rather to observe that which is evil in another than that which is good. Now, I will put this home question. My friend, it is all very well for you to have those eyes so sharp, and to wear those magnifying glasses for other people, but “are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?” What about your own life? I will tell you something about it. Whatever you think of other people is true of yourself—that is an invariable rule. We always measure other people’s corn with our own bushel, and if you think you find other people’s corn very gritty, the dirt was originally in your own. Depend upon it, that your judgment of others will be God’s judgment of you, for with what measure you mete the same shall be measured to you again. Now, what good have you ever got in your life by finding fault with other people? I will tell you all the good you have got. You have often been found fault with by others, you have been hated, you have been distrusted, you have lost many loves you might have received, you have sundered yourself from kind associations, and if you continue in your present course, you will be like the dreary iceberg that floats in the sea, always to be dreaded and avoided, chilling the atmosphere for miles around, and threatening destruction to the unwary mariner who happens to come into its neighbourhood. Nay, more, if your calumnies have been directed against a servant of God, you have brought upon your head the most awful doom that can ever fall on man. “He that toucheth my people toucheth the apple of mine eye,” saith God. You have thrust your finger into the eye of God, and what shall be the doom which you shall receive? Tremble, sinner, there is nothing that brings a man’s wrath into his face like finding fault with his children. He will stand many an insult, but once touch his children and his spirit boils with indignation. And so touch the children of God, find fault with them, and verily, verily, I say unto you, it were better for you that a millstone were about your neck, and that you were cast into the depths of the sea, “Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?” I am afraid none will take this second passage home, and the person who applies it to himself will be very angry. My dear friend, excuse me for saying that is a matter which I shall not at all regret, for if you will but be angry with yourself, you may be as angry as you please with me.

And now for the third class. I have here the man who says, “Well, I have not been touched in either of those things. I hope I am something more than moral. I am *religious* also. You never see me absent from my place of worship. I am as punctual as a chronometer whenever the doors are open. I add to my morality that which is better still. I attend to ceremonies; there is not one which I have not observed. I have endeavoured as far as I can to carry out every precept of the Christian ritual. I feel indignant with men who break the Sabbath; I feel angry with those who have no reverent regard for God’s house.” My dear friend, I do not condemn you for those feelings; but permit me to put to you a question. “Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?” The preacher stands here this morning to make a personal confession. It not unfrequently

happens that in condemning others he condemns himself: and while that is a painful thing to him as a man, it is always a hopeful sign to him as a minister, because surely that which compels contrition and repentance in your pastor, may possibly be profitable to you, to bring you also to repentance. There are, however, some outwardly religious people, who, when this question is put to them, imagine that certainly they have no sins whatever. Ah, my dear hearers, "if ye say that ye have no sin, ye deceive yourselves, and the truth is not in you." But if you answer this question sorrowfully, saying, "Alas, alas, I am not what I would be; I pray God to sanctify me wholly, spirit, soul, and body," then I think there is a sign of life within. But if on the contrary, you reply, "No, I have no sin, I am perfect, I am complete through my ceremonial righteousness;" ah, my dear hearer, you know not what spirit you are of. Though you have attended to the outward form, what is that unless you have received the spiritual grace? though you have been constant at the place of worship, let me ask you, what is that unless you have brought your heart with you? Have you always heard as you would desire to hear if the sermon should be your last? Have you always prayed as you would desire to pray if you knew that rising from your knees you would have to lie down in your grave? Oh no, my brethren, we are too cold, too lukewarm, too chilled in your affections; we must mourn before God that with us, even with us, there are sins against the Lord our God.

But again, I have to speak to a character of a very common kind. There is a man here who says, "Well, sir, I make no profession of religion—do not think of doing such a thing. I hate hypocrisy of all things in the world. It is true, sir, I commit a great many faults, and am often very loose, but then you know everybody knows me; they can see my character at once. I never cheat anybody, I would not be a cant, to go up to a place of worship and then go on as some people do afterwards; I would not be taking the sacrament one day and then be grinding the poor on the morrow. No, sir, I am as *honest* as possible, and I have no doubt that when I stand before Almighty God I shall have as good a time of it as some of these professing Christians." Well, my friend, I like honesty; there is something an Englishman always likes in an honest speech; but do you know I am inclined to think that there is a little hypocrisy about you. I think you are not quite so honest as you seem to be; for if I were to put some home and very pointed questions to you, I should not be surprised if you were to get very angry. Have you not heard of the monk who said what a miserable sinner he was, and some one said, "Aye, that you are, there is no mistake about it." Then the monk grew wrath, and demanded in a passion, "What do you know against me? I will not be insulted by you." And probably if I were to take you at your word, and say to you, "Yes, that is just the fact, you are as bad a fellow as you can be," you would say, "I will not be insulted even by a minister; go along with you, sir, what do you know about me?" Your honesty is merely worn as a mask. Your conscience is uneasy, and this is a pat on the back for it, a sort of lullaby to send it to sleep. But suppose you are honest, let me ask you what there is to boast of in your honesty. A man bounces into the prisoner's box before the Court, and says,

"My Lord Mayor, here I am as honest a man as can be; I am no hypocrite; I do not plead 'Not guilty;' for I am in the habit of stealing and committing larceny, felony, highway robbery, and burglary." Now, is he not an honest man? Yes, with this little exception, that by his own confession he is a rogue. So is it with you, sir; you say you are honest, and yet on your own confession that very honesty which you plead is but a confession of your own abominable wickedness. And you imagine that when you stand before God, if you tell him, "Lord, I never professed to love thee, I never pretended to serve thee," God will accept *your impudence* as honesty—that he will look upon your presumption as sincerity! Why, sir, you cannot mean what you say; you must have deceived yourself most terribly if you do. Your honesty in avowing yourself to be a slave of Satan! Your effrontery in declaring that you are steeped up to the very throat in sin, is this to be an apology for your sin? Oh! man, be wiser. But I put now this question to you. You say that you are no hypocrite, and that you hate hypocrisy. Then I ask you, "Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" What if you are no hypocrite—yet you are profane, and you curse God to his face; what if you are not a deceiver, yet are you not a drunkard, and a companion of adulterers? Ah! sir, there are sins in your heart, and loathsome ones too; your hardened acknowledgment that you are a sinner is of no value; that drunken braggadocio honesty of which you talk is of no value whatever. Get rid, I beseech you, of any hope or confidence that you may place in it.

And now if I have omitted one class, if there be one into whose heart the question has not penetrated, let me go round personally. I cannot do so literally; but let this finger range you all, and let this eye look into every face. "Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" Answer it not for others, but for thyself, my hearer; give a reply from the depth of thine own consciousness, and sitting in this hall, remember thine own sin, and make the silent confession of sin before God. And oh may he fulfil that promise—"He that confesseth his sin and forsaketh it shall find mercy."

II. Now I come to the second point, A COMMON SENSE QUESTION. They say that common sense is worth all the other senses put together; and methinks if men could but use common sense aright, it might be a fine thing for them in matters of religion. You know what Young says—"All men think all men mortal but themselves." We believe that all men will die, but somehow or other, we fancy we shall live. Now the question I shall put reminds me of that sentence. It is this, "Who are you that you think you shall escape the punishment of sin?" When the first question was put, you were compelled to confess that you had some guilt; who are you that God should let you off, and not punish you? who are you that you should stand clear of the sins that you have committed? All men think all men guilty but themselves. They think all men deserve to be punished; but every man has such a good excuse for his own iniquity, that he thinks surely at the last day he may hope to creep away without the curse. Now I put this common sense question: What is there about you that your sins should not be punished as well as the sins of any other man?

Who has given you an exemption? What is there about you that you should walk about this earth and fancy your sins are nothing at all, and that other persons sins are so tremendous? What fine gentleman are you that you fancy your pedigree to be so distinguished, that because the blood of counts, and dukes, and earls, and princes, and kings may happen to stain your veins, therefore you shall stand clear? Of course the sins of the lower classes are dreadful—oh, so dreadful—but what is there about yours my lord, that yours are so trivial? Surely if the poor man is to be punished, the equal law which stands for all, and which heaven will carry out, will not exempt *you*. Let me remind you, that so far from exempting, it may perhaps give you a double penalty, because your sin has led others into sin, and the prominence of your position has been the means of spreading the pestilence of crime amongst others. I say to you, sir, however great you may be, what can there be in that roll of honour that you receive among men that can in the least degree move the Lord your God? How he sniffs at this princely blood; he knows that you were all made of earth as Adam was, and that you all sprung from that gardener, that dishonest gardener, who of old lost his situation, because he would steal his Master's fruit. A pretty pedigree if you trace it up to its root! Oh, sir, there is nothing in it whatever. I beseech you, remember your sins must be punished as well as those of the vagrant, pauper, criminal.

But make way for yonder gentleman; he imagines he is not to be punished because of his respectability. He has been such an honest tradesman; has he not been at the corner of the street since eighteen hundred and two? Whoever heard that he failed and run through the court? Is he not respected by everybody? Well, sir, and what do you think your respectability has to do with it? You have sinned sir, and you will be punished as surely as anybody else. Every iniquity shall have its just recompense of reward. It will be in vain for you to plead your paltry respectability when you come up before the throne of God. You may wear all the stars and all the garters that man was ever befooled with; you may come before God and think that you can wear all the coronets, or all the glittering marks of respectability that ever man dreamt of; but these are nothing. The fire shall try every man's *work* of what sort it is, and if thy works be found evil, those works must be punished, unless thou happily hast found a substitute through whom thy sins can be put away.

What excuses men make on earth. I wish they would always make their excuses believing themselves standing before the judgment-seat. My very honest friend, over there, who said he got drunk, and he did not mind saying that he was not a cant and a hypocrite. Ah! my friend, you will not be likely to say that when the world is in a blaze, when the pillars of earth are reeling, and the stars are falling like untimely figs, then you will find that excuse shrivelled up like a scroll. Will you not be afraid to come before God, you mere moralist, and tell him you have kept his law? You, even now, know you have not, and you shall know it better then, when your conscience has been quickened. And you, formalist, you may condemn others because you attend to every outward ceremony, but the day of judgment will make

you feel that ceremonies are less than nothing ; and you will be compelled then to cry, " Rocks hide me ; mountains on me fall, to hide me from the face of that Lamb whom I despised while I trusted in the outward form and the empty ceremony." Oh, my hearer, whoever you may be, if you have not been born again, if your faith is not fixed on Christ alone, you have no excuse whatever for your sin. You not only are guilty, be you who you may, but you are so guilty that you shall surely be punished for your trespasses. God will not give any exemption to you. Ah, Mr. Accuser, you turn king's evidence on earth, and so hope to escape the bar of man, but there are no king's evidences at the bar of God. You may accuse the church then ; you shall but the more swiftly be condemned. You may rail against your fellow men at the last great day ; your words of railing shall but be a witness against you. Oh, my dear hearer, if you are not in Christ, I would that I could so preach that you would begin to tremble. If Christ is not in you, your state is such that nothing but the Lord's mercy keeps you out of hell a single moment. The wrath of God has gone out against you, you are condemned already because you have not believed in Christ. I want, if I can, to draw this bow, not at a venture, but in such a way that the arrow will go home directly to the heart. " Repent and be converted, every one of you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Ye have sins, repent of them, I beseech you ; bewail yourselves before God. May his Spirit give you a mind for repentance, and make you humble on account of sin ; and then remember there is mercy for the contrite ; there is pardon for the penitent. But to the man who hugs his sin, or seeks to cloak it, there is no pardon, no mercy, but the wrath of God abideth on him, and the sword of divine justice shall soon be plunged into his heart.

III. I come now, in conclusion, to give a LITTLE ADVICE ; it shall be threefold.

My first advice is, *leave other people alone* with regard to finding fault. My dear sir, if you have been busying yourself with the faults of others be so good as to cease from that occupation. I know a loathsome fly that can only live on the foulest food ; I will not compare you to it, but if you ever want a resemblance, there is yourself to the life. You remind me, when I hear you talk against others, of those poor creatures dressed in rags with a bag on their backs, who go through the streets picking up every stale bone and every piece of offal they can find ; with this exception, that their calling is honourable and they may possibly live by it, but yours is dishonourable, it is of no service to you or to any one else. There never perhaps was an age when men's characters were less safe than now. The best man that breathes beneath the sun may live to find some putrid wretch standing up to accuse him of crimes of which he never dreamed. I beseech you all, if you hear ought against any man, do not believe it till you see it. Liars nowadays are rife as wasps in summer. Hold off those black hands, thou devilish traducer ! O slanderer, have done with thy filthy work ; rake no more in the kennel, lest thou be sent to rake in the blazing kennel of hell, there to find out the faults of others which like serpents shall be set to bite thine own bosom and suck thy soul's blood throughout eternity. Take heed, slanderer, for there are hot coals of

juniper and fiery irons awaiting the false tongue that lifteth up liftes against God and his people.

After that first piece of advice let me give another. *Treat yourselves, my dear friends, as you have been accustomed to treat others.* We get another man's character and tie it up to the halberds, and out with our great whip and begin to lay it on with all our force, and after the flogging, we wash the poor creature with a kind of briny pretence at excusing his sins. After that again we throw him back upon the bed of spikes of our own supposition that he is a great deal worse than we have made him out to be. Ah, just serve thyself so. Tie thyself up to the halberds man, and lay on the whip; do not spare him. When you have got yourself tied up, hit hard, sir; it is a great rascal you are whipping. Never mind his flesh creeping, he deserves it all. Never mind, though the white bones start from the raw red bleeding back—lay it on. Now then, a heavy blow! kill him if you can, the sooner he is dead the better; for when he is once killed as to all idea of righteousness in himself, then he will begin to lead a new life and be a new creature in Christ Jesus. Do not be afraid of whipping him, but when the cat-o'-nine-tails is heavy with clots of gore, rub the brine into his back, make it tingle. Tell him that his sins deserve the wrath of hell. Make him feel that it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of our God for he is a consuming fire. Then throw him down on the bed of spikes and make him sleep there if he can. Roll him on the spikes, and tell him that bad as he is, he is worse by nature than by practice. Make him feel that the leprosy lies deep within. Give him no rest. Treat him as cruelly as he could treat another. 'Twould be only his deserts. But who is this that I am telling you to treat so? *Yourself, my hearer, yourself.* Be as severe as you can, but let the culprit be yourself. Put on the wig, and sit upon the judgment-seat. Read the king's commission. There is such a commission for you to be a judge. It says—Judge thyself—though it says judge not others. Put on, I say, your robes; sit up there lord chief justice of the *Isle of man*, and then bring up the culprit. Make him stand at the bar. Accuse him; plead against him; condemn him. Say: "Take him away, jailor." Find out the hardest punishment you can discover in the statute book, and believe that he deserves it all. Be as severe as ever you can on your self, even to the putting on the black cap, and reading the sentence of death. When you have done this, you will be in a hopeful way for life, for he that condemns himself God absolves. He that stands self-convicted, may look to Christ hanging on the cross, and see himself hanging there, and see his sins for ever put away by the sacrifice of Jesus on the tree.

The third piece of counsel with which I am about to close, is this: My dear hearer, with you there are sins, and God must in justice punish you as well as others. I do beseech you *look to the eternal interests of your own souls.* I have hard work to plead this last point. May God the Holy Spirit take it in hand, and it will be done to purpose; but if he do not do it, all I can say will fall with lifeless dulness upon your ear. As well preach to the dead in the grave as to the unawakened sinner, but yet I am commanded to preach to the dead, and therefore I do preach to the dead this morning. My dear hearer,

look to thine own soul's salvation. These are happy times. We are living just now in a period when the grace of God is manifesting itself in a singular manner. There is more prayer in London now than there has been in the last ten years; and I believe more outpouring of the Holy Spirit than some of us have ever known. Oh! I beseech you, look well for this auspicious gale. Now the wind is blowing, up with thy sail; when the tide is coming in full, launch thy boat, and oh may God the Spirit bear thee on towards life and happiness! But I beseech thee, make thy first object in life thy own salvation. What is thy shop compared with thy soul? Nay, what is thy body, thine eyes, thy senses, thy reason, compared with thine immortal soul? Let this word ring in thine ears, Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! And oh! I beseech thee, look well to thyself, lest eternity should become to thee a sea without a shore, where fiery billows shall for ever toss thy wretched soul. Eternity! Eternity! And must I climb thy toplesteeps and never find a summit? Must I plough thy pathless waters and never find a haven? 'Tis even so. Then grant me, God, that I may climb in eternity the mount of bliss, and not the hill of woe; and may I sail across the sea of happiness and joy, and not across the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone! Look to yourself, sir. This is a day of good tidings for many, may it be a day of good tidings for you! I beseech you, give up thinking about men at large, about the world, and nations; what have you to do with politics? Let your politics be the politics of your own soul. Attend those other things by-and-bye, but now give yourself the favour of your own thoughts. Begin at home. I do fear there are more lost through this, than almost through any other cause, next to procrastination—thinking about others and forgetting about self. I wish I could put you to-day, in some respects, like those who are in the chapel penitentiary, where every man sees the minister during service, but no man sees another. My dear hearer, do recollect that what I have said I mean you, not for for other people. Take it home; and to-day, I beseech you, go to your chamber, and may God compel you, by his grace to make a confession of your own sins. Seek a Saviour for yourself, and oh may you find him for yourself! and then begin to seek him for others. If this were a day of famine, would you be content to hear me say, "There is bread in abundance stored away in the Tower—there is a great quantity of food there?" No, you would say, "Let me go and get some of this bread for myself." You would go home, and the cries of your wife and children would compel you to arouse. You would say, "I hear there is bread, I must get it, for I cannot bear to see my wife and children starving." Oh! sinner, hear the cry of thy poor starving soul, hear I beseech thee, the cry of thy poor body. Thy body does not wish to be cast into fire, and thy soul shrinketh from the thought of everlasting torment. Here, then, thine own flesh and blood when it cries to thee. Let thine own nature speak; the voice of nature that dreads pain, and torment, and wrath to come; and when it speaks, listen to it, and come; come, I pray you, to penitence and to faith.

"Come, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds,
This is the glorious gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds."

May God the Holy Spirit draw you, or drive you, whichever he pleases, so that you may be brought to life, and peace, and happiness, and salvation, through the precious blood.

A Peep in Russian Churches.

IT was Saturday afternoon when I arrived in St. Peterburg. The Russian Sunday begins at six o'clock. After refreshment, my host suggested that I might like to see a Russian Greek Church service. There could have been no better suggestion, so far as I was concerned. I knew a little of Roman Catholic services, but of the Greek Church I was totally ignorant. There was no single sign in the streets that Sunday had commenced. All the shops were open. The traffic was the same as on any other day. Greek and Roman Church, as in many other things, are much the same in the way Sunday is kept, though the Greek seems to have secularised it more than the Roman.

We soon arrived at the church selected for my visit, and with keen curiosity on my part, we entered. The first thing that strikes a stranger is the absolute bareness of the interior. No comfortable pews, no orderly chairs. Everybody stands, and the floor is of stone. This is the same in all the churches, and in the larger buildings the effect is, to say the least, chilling. Even the Emperor has to stand, and at some services he has to stand for a couple of hours at a time. As in Anglican Churches, the main entrance is opposite the chancel. And as do the Roman and Anglican, so the Greek Church bestows much care upon the chancel. As you look around the building, your eye is attracted by numerous pictures of saints—sometimes tawdy, sometimes expensive, and even decorated with precious stones.

On the occasion of my visit, the great nave of the church was packed with men and women, all of the poorer class. Many of the men had left their teams and trollies outside. Others had entered while on their way to work. All were in rough working clothes. No one stayed for long. There was a constant coming and going. All assumed the appearance of great reverence. The transept seemed to be used for devotions of a more private and personal character. I only saw a few persons in it, and they were all worshipping before pictures. I saw them kissing the pictures; praying to the saints they represented; lying full length in front of them, and knocking their foreheads on the stone floor. They have great faith in candles. Candles thick and candles thin were burning everywhere, and the chancel was a blaze with them. It is a very pious act to present a candle. Everybody in the chancel seemed to be presenting candles—all of one type, very long, and very slender. They were received at the chance by two officials. When we arrived, they had large bundles

under their arms. It was impossible for more than a very few to get near enough to present the candles personally. But that did not matter. A man at the back would tap the man in front of him on the shoulder with the candle he wished to offer. The man in front would take the candle and tap the shoulder of the man in front of him. He would take it and repeat the operation. So at last the gift would reach the chancel, and be tucked with scores more under the arm of an official. A man tapped my shoulder and I took the candle, and did to one in front what the man behind had done to me. I hope the poor fellow who offered that particular candle did not lose any grace because a heretic handed it.

There seemed to be two priests responsible for the service. They were dressed in stiff "cloth of silver," though I expect there was very little silver in it. The robes were very long, and stuck up high behind their heads, which were adorned with some ecclesiastical gear I am unable to name. The men wore long beards and heavy moustaches—and had very fine voices. The service is recited in a language the people do not understand. They recognise the names of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, and bow the head when they hear them. All the time, the sickening odour of incense filled the building.

Every church has a "Holy of Holies." There is a great deal of secrecy about it, and yet there is nothing to conceal. I went into the one at St. Isaacs. It was quite empty and bare, with the exception of a stand, upon which was a gold model of the cathedral under a glass shade. It was lighted by a very beautiful stained glass window. No woman is allowed in the "Holy of Holies." Of this I had proof. An English lady accompanied my hostess and myself to the church connected with a monastery just outside the city. A monk was reciting the service to himself in a voice that would have made two thousand people hear him. After showing us a few things, a man asked my hostess, in Russian, if the gentleman would like to see the "Holy of Holies." Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he led the way, and I followed. He did not notice that the second English lady followed also. She was just inside when he turned to shut the door, and pushed her back with a roughness which was something more than lack of ceremony. I was told that, had she actually entered, the place would have been washed and fumigated.

I visited other churches, but saw nothing suitable to relate in this paper. One cannot help forming the conviction that there is little to choose between the Greek and the Roman Church. It would be difficult to say which is the more ignorant, mechanical, superstitious. One has no difficulty in feeling unerringly thankful for an open Bible and a spiritual religion.

HARRY COLLINGS,
Clipston.

Have you talked to God to-day?
Are you walking in His way?
Are your hopes of Glory bright?
DEATH MAY CHILL YOUR HEART TO-NIGHT.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER IX.—THE HISTORY OF AN AWAKENING.—*Continued.*

IT was under these influences that Cecilia Winter came, when, at the age of nineteen, she left school and entered upon the care and control of her father's house. And it was not long before she, too, set wilful Unbelief upon the throne which should have been yielded to loving Faith. The book she had written, and which had been submitted to the judgment of George Varley whose frankly expressed opinion, had so incensed Mr. Winter that he had in his anger summarily dismissed him, had been prepared under the tutelage of her father, although every page bore the impress of her own original and well-balanced mind. It was undoubtedly cleverly written and betrayed an amount of research and inquiry that seemed far beyond the capacity of her years. Was it any wonder that her father took pleasure in the first product of his daughter's brain, showing as it did such remarkable ability and literary excellence? He saw wonderful possibilities in it, and as the subject of it was quite to his mind, he simply revelled in anticipating the stir its publication would arouse. One of the last acts he had performed before retiring into the country and putting his business "under new management" as he laughingly

put it, was to send the MSS. to his printers.

Miss Winter did not know this. It is true she had written her book for publication; but since hearing the criticism George Varley had passed upon it, the substance of which her father had indignantly repeated to her, she had not looked so favourably upon its issue, at any rate upon its issue under the cover of anonymity. She felt that the position she had taken in her book in regard to the supernatural, if the true and logical one, was not one of which she had need to be ashamed. She had no doubt of her own sincerity and the impregnability of the conclusions to which she had come: why then the need of secrecy? And yet she had to confess to herself that she was unwilling to take up publicly the attitude of attack upon Christianity to which the book committed her.

It was this uncertainty as to whether she should publish anonymously or otherwise that made her hope that her father would do nothing to forward the issue of the work until the point was settled to her satisfaction. Miss Winter made no mention of the matter which was troubling her to her father, for she felt that it was a point which had to do with herself most of all and ought to be decided

by her; and as Mr. Winter had not informed his daughter of the step he had taken in regard to the MSS., she imagined that nothing was being done.

Judge then of the young lady's indignant surprise at reading in a certain well known literary journal some two or three weeks after their removal into the country, the announcement that "it was the intention of the firm of Messrs. Shilling, Weekes, and Winter, to issue early in the Spring a large batch of new works, among which will be included a treatise entitled 'Some Phases of Honest Doubt.' The writer," so the journal went on to say, "is publishing anonymously, but, having been privileged to read the work in its manuscript form, we believe we should not be far wrong in suggesting his identity with an eminent scientist who has more than once before startled us by the learning and the acuteness with which he has stated the case against belief in the supernatural."

When Miss Winter read this item she acted at once. Calling one of the office messengers, she dispatched a request to the printers for the return of the MSS in their possession. They had not commenced work upon it she discovered; and she was determined that they should not until she sanctioned it.

That evening as she sat with her father over their dinner discussing the business of the day, and consulting him as to what she should do in sundry matters that had arisen, she introduced the incident which had caused her so much annoyance. She knew well enough that her father would resent her interference; but she was determined to have her way.

"By the way, father," she remarked quietly, and with the appearance of indifference, "I discovered that my MS. had been sent to the printers. As I thought you could not have intended this, I have recalled it. There are one or two points in it that I wish to re-examine before it gets as far as the composing-room."

She furtively watched her father's face as she spoke, and noted the flash of anger that crossed it.

"What do you mean, Cecilia? I put the matter in hand because I intend that the book shall make its appearance with our early Spring publications."

"Yes, so I gathered by a notice in the *Publisher* to-day. But you forgot to mention the matter to me, father. If you had done so I should have been spared the annoyance of reading what I did this morning, and you the displeasure you feel at my action."

She spoke in determined tones, and her father began to feel that he had as strong a will as his own opposed to him. These two had never come to a position exactly like this before. Hitherto the daughter had submitted in all things to her father's judgment; but to-day she had become conscious that there are some things in which we must act independently and alone. It was the moment of awakening to Cecilia Winter. Her sense of the responsibilities of life was aroused. This event, trivial as it may seem to you and me, was one of the most important that had yet happened in the life of this young girl. To her it opened a vista along which she saw clearly similar crises in the coming years in which she would have to stand alone—problems in the solution of which she would

have to struggle apart from any human helper.

Mr. Winter saw that it was useless to try and combat his daughter's determination, and so allowed the discussion to drop quietly. He had no doubt about having his own way sooner or later; and was willing to wait for the triumph which he knew would be his daughter's when at last the book so full of promise should be sent forth on its mission.

CHAPTER X. CONFIDENCES.

There were many long, dark days before George Varley began to mend. Sometimes it seemed that it would be impossible for him to recover; and once, after the fever had reached its height and it appeared that all would be well, he had a relapse that caused the utmost anxiety to the doctor and compelled him to ask for a consultation. But the young man's splendid constitution stood him in good stead; and eventually the constant attention of the doctor, the careful watchings of the two trained nurses Sir Arthur Swanson had insisted on engaging, and the anxious solicitations of the baronet and Miss Swanson had its reward.

After the worst was over, he soon began to regain strength and gather force.

It was early in his days of convalescence that Robert Meredith had his first long talk with his friend. Sitting together in the room where Varley had lain so patiently for several weeks, they chatted about matters full of interest to them both. It was surprising what a lot they had to tell each other! I daresay you know what it is to have a first

meeting after a long absence from some dear friend, or, as in the case of these two, after a long illness; how your tongues do go to be sure! And what joy to be able once more to speak face to face with freedom and without restraint.

George Varley had such a lot of questions to ask,—some of which he had asked many times since he began to get better,—about Irene, Mrs. Meredith, about the friends with whom he was staying.

And Rob,—ah! he had much to tell also. If there was any restraint on either side it was on his. He had things to say, which while he wanted to declare them, he yet shrank from uttering, even into the ear of his most intimate friend. Are there not times when it is a pain to speak and yet a greater pain to remain silent?—some confidences we long to impart, and yet hardly durst begin?

I think George Varley guessed that his friend had secrets he was longing to reveal, for Bob's manner suggested it.

"Miss Swanson was sitting with me a little yesterday afternoon," the invalid remarked presently, "—she has several times helped me to relieve the tedium of these weary days,—and she was telling me about her Sunday afternoon class, and"—with hesitancy and a keen look into Rob's face,— "something about you, Rob. What is it, lad? Have you become a Christian?"

For a moment or two the other made no reply to this pointed question. He turned away his face from his friend and looked out through the West window across the beautiful lawns with their strange devices of flower-beds, away beyond the magnificent stretch of undulating park with

here and there a cluster of giant trees standing gaunt and weird-like, over the quaint village of Mickleham half hidden in the midst of trees, until his eyes rested on the range of hills whose backs seemed to rest against the sky itself.

Then presently he said, without withdrawing his gaze from the charming landscape-picture that the window framed,

"I don't know whether I am a Christian, George, but I do want to be one."

"Ay! Rob, and I wish I could help you, that I do," sighed George Varley; and for a moment his eyes filled with tears. "But I don't know much about it myself. It would be a case of the 'blind leading the blind,' wouldn't it? I believe in God as a supreme Being and accept the Bible as a revelation of Himself, and I think I can say truthfully, that I believe in Jesus Christ, and in a certain way accept the principles of the Christian religion. My dear mother,"—and again the eyes were suffused with tears,—“used to make me learn my Catechism regularly (they pretty generally adopted that form of instructing the child-mind when I went to Sunday school), and what I learned then and in that way has stuck to me. I have not forgotten it. I don't say I believe all I learned then from my little leather covered edition of the 'Congregational Catechism' with its well-thumbed pages, but much of it I do. But a man may accept all the teaching of the Bible and believe in Jesus Christ in a way, without being a Christian, if I remember my father's preaching correctly. And from what Miss Swanson said to me, I expect you have got to know the difference, which I cannot explain, and yet recognise.

By the way, Rob, I hope that little Sunbeam wasn't revealing any secret, was she?"

"No, George. I intended to tell you about it to-day if you were able to bear me talking," was Meredith's reply. "Indeed, I am glad Miss Swanson did speak to you about me. It makes my way easier. I don't know why it is a hard thing to talk to you, George, about these things, but it is. But I'd sooner tell you than mother or Irene. Miss Swanson was saying only this morning that I should find it hard to mention it to them, but she advised me to do so at the earliest opportunity."

"And what is this 'it,' Rob? Do you mean that you are 'converted,' to use a word that seems to have dropped out of the preacher's vocabulary in these days?"

"I suppose that's what it amounts to," rejoined Robert Meredith. "I shouldn't have applied the term to myself, but I believe—I know—I have turned round, faced about: isn't that the meaning of the word, George?"

"Yes, that's it. And I am right glad to hear you say so."

"Do you know what struck me first about Miss Swanson and Sir Arthur? That they counted life as more than a shuttlecock to be played with. It seemed to me that both of them regarded it as a sacred trust of which they were but stewards."

"I have thought the same thing, Rob. Sir Arthur has often spent a half hour with me since I began to mend; and even when I was still too weak to speak or even have anyone speak to me, I used to look at him as he sat near my bedside, and there was always something about him that suggested a beautiful character and a holy life."

"I can tell you, George, that those two are true Christians. None of the ordinary sort, such as I have been too familiar with all my life. They are both of them real; and from what I know of the New Testament style of Christian, I should say that they are as near perfect as it is possible for them to be down here."

"I go with you there, Rob. I am sure that they are both of them what my father used to call 'out and out' sort of Christians. I have seen more of Sir Arthur

than I have of Miss Swanson, but I should say that she is as true and real as he is."

"She is, indeed. She is a splendid girl," returned Meredith with an emphasis that caused his friend's eyes to twinkle as he said with a smile,

"I guess you have another secret to tell me, Rob, haven't you?"

The other abashed by this sudden assault was silent.

(To be continued.)

Four Prayers.

TEACH me to *live*, O God, teach me to live,
 According to the rule which Thou hast given;
 Warning, reproof, direction I receive
 From thence, to help me on my way to heaven.
 Father, I give my life to Him whom Thou didst give;
 Do Thou for His sake teach me how I ought to live!

Teach me to *work*, O God! teach me to work;
 This is no time nor place for ease and rest;
 And there is happiness for these who who work
 Such as ne'er enters in the idler's breast.
 Father, I'm Thine alone; take Thou head, hands, and heart;
 All to Thy work alone I'll gladly set apart.

Teach me to *speak*, O God; teach me to speak,
 Wisely and well, with tact, as best becomes
 One who has faults and failings, yet doth seek
 Oft to light up dark hearts with heavenly beams,
 Fain would I learn, O Lord; and for that grace I plead
 Like Thee to speak the word, suited to every need.

Teach me to *learn*, O God! teach me to learn
 All that I need, in order thus to live;—
 Courage, faith, firmness, gentleness in turn,
 Just as I need, do Thou be pleased to give:—
 And that I may not fail in aught to which I turn,
 Teach me, O God, for Christ's sake, all I need to learn.

Spurs From Spurgeon.

Selected by T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

TIME AND PLACE OF DEATH ORDAINED.

CERTAINLY we must die somewhere or other, and we shall not die one single minute before the ordained period. I am a sufficient believer in predestination to feel sure that every bullet has its billet, and that no death can befall the man whom God ordains to live. God hath appointed all things, and His people are safe everywhere, whether they live or die. "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob"; nor divination against Israel; the powers of darkness cannot harm us though they put forth all their craft and power. The Lord has declared that he who hath made God his refuge shall abide beneath His shadow, and therefore we may go where duty calls us without trembling, and we may die when God bids our spirit return without the slightest fear. We ask no immunity from death. Why should we be absolved from it? It is better to die than to live full often, inasmuch as it is better to be in heaven than to remain in banishment below.

* * *

"MAY SUDDEN DEATH TO YOU BE SUDDEN GLORY?"

It may happen with some of us, that in the same sudden manner as others have died, so shall we. In America, a brother, while preaching the Word, laid down his body and his charge at once. Dr. Beaumont, while proclaiming the Gospel of Christ, closed his eyes in death. I remember the death of a minister in this country, who had just given out the verse—

"Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode:
I'd leave Thy earthly courts and flee
Up to Thy house, my God,"

when it pleased God to grant him the desire of his heart, and he appeared before the King in His beauty. Why, then, may not such a sudden death as that happen to you and to me?

* * *

ROWLAND HILL.

The majority of persons who know anything of Mr. Hill, associate his name with humour in the pulpit. Few judge *him* for using that

faculty; but it is gravely questioned whether anyone now living may do so without sin. It is taken for granted that wit is wicked, and humour sinful; dulness, of course, is holy, and solemn stupidity is full of grace. We confess we have our doubts about both propositions. If *dulness* were a Divine power, the world would have been converted by now, for the pulpit has never been without a superabundant supply of it, and if *mother wit* be indeed a contraband commodity in the ministry it is no small marvel that many of those who possessed it have taken highest rank for usefulness. MR. HILL was humourous, but he was a great deal more, and those who know his life work will not remember him as exemplifying one single quality, but as a great, good, child-like man in whom nothing was repressed, but the whole of his redeemed nature allowed to have harmonious play. Take him for all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again. In him was no guile. He loved his Lord and the souls of men, and he threw all his might into the pursuit of doing good. Surely no man was ever more unselfish, or less self-conscious. Men called him *eccentric* because they themselves were out of centre; he with his great heart, calm soul, wise mind, and loving nature had learned to wait upon his Lord, and so had found the right centre and true orbit for his being. At first the press had its sneers for him, but it could not lessen the respect in which he was held and in due time it turned round and joined in the chorus of his praise. His riper years were full of honour, and, like his younger days, full of fruit unto God.

* * *

DO NOT LISTEN TO SATAN.

If thou listenest to the devil, God will not listen to thee. If thou refusest to hear *God's commands*, HE will surely refuse to *hear thy prayers*. An imperfect petition God will hear for Christ's sake, but not one which is wilfully mis-written by a traitor's hand. Nothing hinders prayer like iniquity harboured in the breast.

* * *

GLORY TO GOD.

To give glory to God is but to restore to Him His Own. It is our glory to be able to give God glory; and all our true glory should be ascribed unto God, for it is His glory.

* * *

WORSHIP GOD ONLY.

The honour of God should be our *subject*, and to honour Him be our *object* when we sing. "ALL WORSHIP BE TO GOD ONLY," should be the motto of all true believers. The mean, nature, and person of God are worthy of the highest honour.

* * *

TO MY DEAR MOTHER.

Many, very many, happy returns of this your birthday. In this instance my wish will certainly be realised, for in Heaven you are sure

to have an eternity of happy days. May you in your coming years live beneath the sweet smiles of the God of peace; may joy and singing attend your footsteps to a blissful haven of rest and tranquility. Your birthday will now be doubly memorable, for on the 3rd of May the boy for whom you have so often prayed, the boy of hopes and fears, your firstborn, will join the visible Church of the Redeemed on earth, and will bind himself doubly to the Lord his God, by open profession. You, my mother, have been the great means in God's hand of rendering me what I hope I am. Your kind warning Sabbath evening addresses were too deeply settled on my heart to be forgotten; you, by God's blessing, prepared the way for the preached Word, and for that holy book, "The Rise and Progress." If I have any courage, if I feel prepared to follow my Saviour not only *into the water*, but, should He call me, even *into the fire*, I love you as the preacher to my heart of such courage, as my praying, watching mother. Impossible I think it is that I should ever cease to love you, or you to love me, yet not near so impossible as that the Lord our Father should cease to love either of us, be we ever so doubtful of it, or ever so disobedient. I hope you may one day have cause to rejoice, should you see me, the unworthy instrument of God preaching to others—yet have I vowed for ever in the strength of my only Strength, in the name of my Beloved, to devote myself for ever to His cause. Do not you think it would be a bad beginning were I, knowing it to be my duty to be baptized, to shrink from it? If you are now as happy as I am, I can wish no more than that you may continue so. I am the happiest creature, I think, upon this globe. I hope you have enjoyed your visit, and that it will help much to establish your health.—I am sure that I remain,

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

Newmarket, May 1st, 1850.

* * *

BELIEVER'S BAPTISM.

Here, O ye faithful, see,
Your Lord baptized in woe,
Immersed in seas of agony,
Which all His soul o'erflow.

Here we behold the grave
Which held our buried Head;
We claim a burial in the wave
Because with Jesus dead.

Here, too, we see Him rise,
And live no more to die;
And one with thou by sacred ties
We rise to live on high.

Dark Light.

By T. ARTHUR LINDLEY, Author of "Divided Unity," &c.

"Now ye say, 'We see,' therefore your sins remaineth."—John ix. 41.

SO Christ concludes His argument, establishing a well-proven charge and leaving the haughty Pharisees in hopeless condemnation. Hopeless, in so much that they have not the slightest ground for justification of the position occupied.

The case introduced we proceed. What is the charge? Why was it made? How is it proved?

The indictment is the rejection of Christ—the most terrible crime a man can commit; for they that reject Him reject God also. Christ is God in visible form, but the Two are inseparable. "I and My Father are one."

Jesus Christ came with a mission, and that mission was the proclamation of salvation to all mankind—an enlightening of our minds to the truth that we all are by *nature*, and most of us probably by our actions also, sinners. He comes expressly for the purpose of diffusing His precious wisdom—which is far beyond the value of rubies, or pearls, or gold; and is greatly to be desired above all things; and yet these Pharisees reject Him! Yes, when He would have broken to them the Bread of Life by His counsel they refused to acknowledge Him. And they, too, who professed to have light! Didn't it shine!

Just so, but how is their certain guilt arrived at? They were religious?

Oh, yes; they were religious. *Very*. But religion doesn't of a necessity mean Christianity. One may at same time be very religious and yet a long way off Christ.

Religion, though usually accepted as the worship of God, is, in itself, merely a system of faith—the worship of a thing held sacred. The *heathen* hold many things sacred, and look upon them as being capable of bestowing enumerable benefits, and reverence them accordingly. Supposing a man became inspired with the idea that the town pump was divine, and worshipped it, that worship would, in a sense, be a kind of religion—not one; however, likely to lead him to heaven.

Were they required to confess Christ?

All men are. Apart from the gifts He is waiting to award His true followers, we owe Him an obligation—we are not our own. We are of God's creating—of His keeping; and without Him we have neither life nor being. From this standpoint alone, then, that we are His handiwork, every man has a right to acknowledge God—and we may do so by confessing Christ.

The Pharisees would not own Jesus either one way or the other. For their religion, they professed to be followers of Moses; while, as

a man, they declared they knew nothing of Him. All the time, though, they were claiming to have understanding—to be leaders of the people!

Very well, as clear light most certainly revealed our Saviour, their rejection of Him made them sinners; and such they must remain until they repent. As there is no evidence of a movement in that direction, our Lord is perfectly justified in making use of His concluding observation—“Therefore your sin remaineth.”

Nevertheless, in condemning them, Christ does not pass sentence—that will follow, as will its execution, unless the enemy throw down their arms and ally themselves to the only true Flag. His purpose is to set before men their error, and show them the means of escape; with a living example of what exalted life is.

Jesus Christ charges them with sinfulness in order that He may vividly bring before them their pitiable condition. But He did not fabricate it or make a false one. The guilt was there—so the charge is honest; and Christ, making use of it, is merely taking advantage of what is—a good practice too, when used with discretion—and turning it to good account. Many men are much sooner awakened by the bank *having* failed, than by idle conjectures respecting its standing. Many of us would be much sooner aroused on discovering that the house *was* on fire, than by the calm information that we lived amidst inflammable material. So, in the spiritual life, we are more likely to take immediate action if we find ourselves actually on the road to ruin, than if simply told that there is such a thing as ruin. Further, by convincing them of their sin, He would be the likelier to cause them, if they made any attempt to extricate themselves, to search more diligently for their error. Every prisoner knows that his liberty depends on his breaking his bonds. And once free, reasonable people, smarting from the yoke of captivity, but escaped into the pure air of freedom, as a rule are careful to remain unfettered.

Much of the evil under which we lie to-day is due to ignorance of the nature of the chain that binds us, combined with the idea that even if we knew it, we are powerless to dissolve it. A false conclusion.

Well, so far, so good. How is the charge proved?

By their own law. By the Word. By Christ's power.

Abraham believed in the Saviour to come, and it was counted to him for righteousness. The advent of this Saviour of the world is foretold, and referred to in various ways, in the Old Testament. The law of *Moses*, as regards its ceremonies, was not given as permanent—it was perfectly right for what it was intended, and quite just to observe it during the period for which it was made; but to look upon it as a settled thing was—and is—absurd.

Thus we fix the thin end of the wedge proof. For, allowing that it is sometimes easier to understand an event as to come, than as having occurred, still it remained, that the law which the Pharisees *did* recognise, prophecied the Messiah. And here He is, and they reject Him—choosing to remain under the shadow of darkness rather than to come into the clear light by a faithful acknowledgment of their Lord and Master.

Do we not sometimes fold the clouds of doubt about us? And to

serve our own ends? Perhaps because being frank would make some demand against us which we don't intend to answer; or because we might have to undergo some humiliation to which our pride objects?

Again, in addition to what the Pharisees looked upon as their religious law, the Word of God, generally, proclaims the Son. God and the Word are one—the Bible is the Word in literary form—Christ is It in the flesh. That the Word should rise in Its incarnation is a promise of the great I AM. Of this they were fully aware, and yet the presence of this Man—of much the same habits and appearance, in some respects, as other men; but differing in certain marked features, seems to have failed in bringing them to connect Him with the subject of prophecy.

It may have been that they did not wish to see? If so, that explains all; for it is said "There's none so blind as they that won't see."

Is it not possible that *we* miss much of the divine truth through heedlessness? Rejecting facts for no better reason than that we cannot prove them—forgetting that there is evidence which is above proof? The sun shines—of that we are all satisfied; but it would take some of us a long time to work out its logical proof on paper.

Still further, Christ most evidently proclaims Himself in His actions. No man ever performed such wondrous works as He. At His simple command the dead awake, the deaf hear, the sick are healed; and the storm is calmed. This was the most damning piece of evidence against unbelievers in our Saviour's day—and the handiwork of God, displayed in the creation, is the strongest condemnation of them to-day.

Possibly, the individuals to whom Jesus spoke on this occasion might not be familiar with some of His miracles, but it is hard to conceive that they were ignorant of them all. At any rate, this they did know, that He had opened the blind man's eyes.

To attach any idea to the Healer or the cure was preposterous. Evil minded people are not usually noted for spreading kindness and virtue broadcast.

Christ did in each direction what He told them plainly He had come to do—in restoring temporal sight to the blind, He opened His spiritual eyes also. Thus, he that saw not was made able to see. On the other hand, these pompous Pharisees, professing to have (and, perhaps, to be), the light of lights—light which they kept burning by means of outside show and vain glory, were thrown into confusion when they beheld the great Physician quietly going about doing good, and without any bombast—and not seeking any return. So they that pretended to see became blind; but not admitting it, and as a natural consequence arising therefrom, making no effort to see, their sin remained.

Now when we come to think of it, that sin in the sight of God not only means committing acts of evil, but the missing of the mark which He has placed for us to come up to, also, we shall at once see that our *personal* responsibility goes much further than we had at first imagined. What God requires of us is that we yield ourselves with Christian resignation to His will—that we forsake the world—that is, the worldly state, by living in a manner which will enable us to calmly look forward to the next appearance of our Saviour.

To rise to this we must throw to the winds all pleasures that do but feed our lusts, and make us worse for the having. We must be careful to conduct our business without letting it be true that we take advantage of anyone. And our service of praise must be a simple adoration of heart-felt thanksgiving—free from formality whatsoever. Otherwise, it is possible we are missing the mark.

And, THE MISSING OF THE MARK! What is its final result?

Outside the kingdom of God *for ever!* Instead of all that is beautiful, pleasures that never sicken, and happiness that increases as we go—and all of them eternal—instead of these, if we miss God's mark, we have but one long run of everlasting darkness and misery. The only feature in which the two opposites are alike is that neither of them have an end. And woe unto that man who shall find the gate of heaven closed against him at the last great day.

Should we be asked the question, the likeliest plan to reduce the number of those in danger of falling into this unfortunate experience is to give them a light. The kindest act to a self-made prisoner is to shew him the way out. There may be plenty willing and wanting to see—great multitudes aching to drop their fetters. Help them. Don't merely tell them there *is* the faculty of sight, or that there *is* a way of escape. Give them the sight if you can. Lift them to freedom if you are able.

That assistance can only be given by telling them of Jesus. The message is, that He died for *all*; and that He is waiting to receive *all* who will come.

All who give up those things which are against His holy will—all *those* who take up their cross and follow Him, and live as He commands, shall have everlasting life. None who come to Him trusting in faith will be cast out. And all those who acknowledge the Divine goodness as did this blind man when he had received his sight, and like him plead, "Lord, I believe" shall forthwith see. They shall not walk in darkness, but have the Light of life.

May we each one of us treat Christ's invitation in a manner that will let us truthfully say—

"I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

ALWAYS JUDGE KINDLY.

The little I have seen of the world, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take up the history of one heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggle and temptation it has passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I could fain leave the erring soul of my fellow men with Him from whose hands it came.—LONGFELLOW.

Reviews.

The Gospel in Baptism. Rev. F. Augustus Jones. Thomas H. Hopkins, 16, Gray's Inn Road.

We sometimes say it is difficult to write anything new on baptism, and the best book to read on the subject is the New Testament. This work contains 18 chapters in which the subject is dealt with on the principle of *What Saith the Scripture*, and we believe this volume will be helpful to all who read with a desire to know and do the Lord's will.

The Bible and the Prayer Book Compared and Contrasted. William Marshall. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

We are glad that a second edition has been reached, and we hope for an increased demand. It lays the axe at the root of the evil. It is to be deplored that through all the controversy between the Bishops and the Clergy. The question is—*What does the Prayer Book teach? Never What Saith the Scripture.* For many years a portion of the Clergy have been calling for a revised Prayer Book, but they have called in vain. The writer is on the right lines and we wish for the work a large circulation.

The Christian Minister. His aims and methods. Lectures on Pastoral theology at the four Scottish Universities Sessions '97 to '99. James Robertson, D.D., author of "Our Lord's Teaching," &c. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 21, Paternoster-square. The aim and means are dealt with very clearly in the first chapter. Also the primary qualification for the ministry, and the primary condition of power in it. The sermon and the work upon it is very effective Public worship, Sacraments, Young Communicants, Mission Weeks, and

Visiting are treated with a devout master mind. The work should find a place in every minister's study.

Also by the same publishers. *Andrew Melville*, by William Morison. One of the famous Scot's series. Strong binding, 1/6. The life is full of historic interest and is well written.

Gospel Seed for Busy Sowers. Materials for Preachers, Evangelists, Sabbath School Teachers, and Lay Workers. Compiled by J. Ellis, editor of the *Tool Basket*. With introductory note by Mark Guy Pearse. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster-buildings. Crowded with hints, thoughts suggestions, and sermon outlines. Christian workers order this shilling book.

Seed Time and Harvest. A tale of the Punjab. By A. D. Second edition. Christian Literature Society for India, Adam-street, Strand, W.C. A most interesting story, showing how truth wins its way in the hearts of idolaters.

A Dead Man's Diary. By Coulsan Kernahan. And *God and the Ant*, by the same writer. Ward, Lock and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C. New and cheap edition, the former at sixpence, the latter one penny. Full of surprises, highly imaginative and in a style that commands the attention of the reader.

The Gospel Magazine for May is a special Toplady number, containing several likenesses of Augustus Toplady, the writer of "Rock of Ages Cleft for me." W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

The Pilgrims Progress unabridged, with one hundred illustrations. E. Marlborough and Co., 51, Old Bailey.

This is a marvellous penny edition. The pictures are little gems. It should sell by hundreds of thousands.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, part 17. The first number of the third volume. It increases in interest.

The Sword and Trowel for May gives a summary of the contents of the volume.

Part 527 of the *Metropolitan Pulpit* contains four sermons by the late C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Religious Tract Societies' Publications to hand. *Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *Friendly Greetings*, *Light in the Home*, *The Child's Companion*, *Our Little Dots*, and *The Boys' Own Paper*. The Society commenced at seven o'clock in the morning of May 9th, 1799. The Society's magazines are only one section of its immense work. *The Tract Magazine* and the *Child's Companion* were commenced 1st January, 1824, and *The Leisure Hour* in 1852, the Prince Consort taking several copies. *The Sunday at Home*

dates from 1854, *The Cottager and Artisan* 1861, and *The Boys' Own Paper* 1878. We trust this year will be one of great blessing to the Society.

The Quiver. Cassell and Company. May number leads off with the *May Queen of the Whitelands*, a beautiful frontispiece, and several illustrations, and a new story by Ethel F. Heddle. Also a sermon to young men, by the Rev. E. A. Stuart, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater. It is a very bright May number.

Great Thoughts. Is a very interesting monthly part, and contains "A Talk with the Rev. C. M. Sheldon about Sunday Newspapers and Christian Theatres. An excellent story by Alan St. Aubyn. In the face of the work and in a supplement, "In His Steps, or What would Jesus do?"

The Prize Reciter and Helping Words are to hand. Hutton Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

The Bible Society's Register and *The Gleanings* are to hand. The annual meeting will take place at Exeter Hall on May 3rd, at 11 a.m.

Denominational Intelligence.

Our London Annual Meetings were of a most enthusiastic, encouraging, and devotional character. Dr. J. Clifford was unanimously appointed President of the Baptist Union, and Pastor William Cuff Vice-President. The Presidential Address, prepared by the late Dr. J. Spurgeon, was read by the Rev. — Owen with considerable emotion. The Annual Morning Sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., "To every one that thirsteth." The Foreign Missionary Society closes the year free of debt, and

among items of news and business we have pleasure in recording the Zenana Society.

Thank God, good work is being done by 34 Societies, with over 700 agents all told, to reach 145,000,000, over 200,000 a-piece. But at least 130,000,000 of India's women can never yet have heard of the Woman's Friend.

The capital of the Baptist Building Fund is now £58,836 7s. 4d., an increase for the year of £1,144 5s. 3d. The income for the year amounted to £1,478 11s. 10d.

The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare announced that the total amount of the Baptist Union Centenary Fund was £32,507, and at a dinner given by W. R. Rickett, Esq., subscriptions were made amounting to £12,373. At the suggestion of the Vice-President the whole of the assembly rose and sang the Doxology: The Union also voted £200 a year to Dr. Booth, the late secretary. The whole of the meetings were of an united, cheering, and devout character.

RECOGNITIONS.

The ordination of Mr. R. H. Coats, Hamstead Church, Birmingham.

Rev. D. Davies has accepted a call at Fishguard.

Recognition services by Rev. E. G. Thomas, Stanwell-road, Penarth.

Mr. Thomas Cousins has accepted the pastorate at Slough.

Rev. Alfred Dickenson accepted the Pastorate at Redruth.

Rev. J. H. Thomas accepted the Pastorate of Mill Street Church, Bedford.

Rev. J. Burrows recognised as Pastor at Crayford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Pastor's College commenced the Conference with prayer, and Principal McCaig read a paper. The preacher's visitor, Rev. F. W. White conducted the final service, Pastor T. Spurgeon presiding at the Communion. 1,000 students have been educated at the college, 674 being now engaged as pastors or other Christian work.

SOUTHSEA.—Memorial stones have been laid of the new Immanuel Church.

BROADSTAIRS.—Memorial stones have been laid of the new School Chapel.

CEFN MAWR.—The first sod of the new chapel has been cut, the building to cost £2,000.

WORHTING.—The coming of age of the Baptist Church has been celebrated. A. W. Leighton Barker, Pastor.

WOOD GREEN.—A cheque was presented to the Pastor and Mrs. Haines on the entire clearance of the chapel debt, and as expressive of the esteem and affection of the choir and congregation.

BAPTISMS.

Crawley—Right, I McAnslane.

Derby, Junction-street—Ten, Phillip A. Hodge.

Woodwich—Twenty, John Wilson.

Fulham—Four, J. H. Grant.

IRELAND.

Dublin, Harcourt-street—March 29th, Four, April 12th, Nine, by Hugh D. Brown, M.A.

Ballymena—April 11th, One, by Thos. Whiteside.

Brannoxton—March 29, Two, by J. W. Pearce.

Lisnagleer—March 29, Five (for Gortmeron); April 9, Two, by J. G. C. Irvine.

Londonderry—March 18, One, by E. T. Mateer.

Lurgan—March 26, One; April 22, One, by F. E. Bury, B.A.

Tandragee—April 16, One, by J. Taylor; April 2, One; April 9, One, by T. Moore-Smith.

Belfast, Antrim-road—April 23, Two, by C. S. Donald.

A Blast of the Trumpet against False Peace.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Peace, peace, when there is no peace.”—Jeremiah vi., 14.

MINISTERS are fearfully guilty if they intentionally build up men in a false peace. I cannot imagine any man more greatly guilty of blood than he who plays jackal to the lion of hell, by pandering to the depraved tastes of vain, rebellious man. The physician who should pamper a man in his disease, who should feed his cancer, or inject continual poison into the system, while at the same time he promised sound health and long life—such a physician would not be one half so hideous a monster of cruelty as the professed minister of Christ who should bid his people take comfort, when, instead thereof, he ought to be crying, “Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion: be troubled, ye careless ones.” The pilot who should pretend to steer a ship towards its proper haven, but who should meanwhile occupy himself below with boring holes in her keel that she might sink, would not be a worse traitor than the man who takes the helm of a church, and professes to be steering it towards Christ, while all the while he is running it by diluting the truth as it is in Jesus, concealing unpalatable truths, and lulling men into security with soft and flattering words. In the great day when Jehovah shall launch his thunderbolts, methinks he will reserve one more dread and terrible than the rest, for some arch-traitor to the cross of Christ, who has not only destroyed himself, but led others into hell.

The motive with these false prophets is an abominable one. Jeremiah tells us it was an evil covetousness. They preached smooth things because the people would have it so; because they thus brought grist to their own mill, and glory to their own names. These who professed to be the precious sons of God, comparable to fine gold, shall be esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter.

But, my dear hearers, it is a lamentable fact, that without any hireling-shepherd to cry, “Peace, peace, when there is no peace,” men will cry that for themselves. They need not the syren song to entice them to the rocks of presumption and rash confidence. There is a tendency in their own hearts to put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter—to think well of their evil estate and foster themselves in proud conceit. No man is ever too severe with himself. We hold the scales of justice

with a very unsteady hand when our character is in the balance. We are too ready to say, "I am rich and increased in goods," when at the same time we are naked, and poor, and miserable. Let men alone, let no deluder seek to deceive them, hush for ever every false and tempting voice, they will themselves, impelled by their own pride, run to an evil conceit, and make themselves at ease, though God himself is in arms against them.

It is no uncommon thing with me to meet with people who say, "Well, I am happy enough. My conscience never troubles me. I believe if I were to die I should go to heaven as well as anybody else." I know that those men are living in the commission of glaring acts of sin, and I am sure they could not prove their innocence even before the bar of man; yet will these men look you in the face and tell you that they are not at all disturbed at the prospect of dying. They laugh at death as though it were but a scene in a comedy, and joke at the grave as if they could leap in and out of it at their pleasure. Well, gentlemen, I will take you at your word, though I don't believe you. I will suppose you have this peace, and I will endeavour to account for it on certain grounds which may render it somewhat more difficult for you to remain in it. I do pray that God the Holy Spirit may destroy these foundations, and pull up these bulwarks of yours, and make you feel uneasy in your consciences and troubled in your minds; for unease is the road to ease, and disquiet in the soul is the road to the true quiet.

1. The first person I shall have to deal with this morning, is the man who has peace because he spends his life in a ceaseless round of gaiety and frivolity. You have scarcely come from one place of amusement before you enter another. You are always planning some excursion, and dividing the day between one entertainment and another. You know that you are never happy except you are in what you call gay society, where the frivolous conversation will prevent you from hearing the voice of your conscience. In the morning you will be asleep while God's sun is shining, but at night you will be spending precious time in some place of foolish, if not lascivious mirth. Like Saul, the deserted king, you have an unquiet spirit, and therefore you call for music, and it hath its charms, doubtless, charms not only to soothe the stubborn breast, but to still a stubborn conscience for awhile, but while its notes are carrying you upwards towards heaven, in some grand composition of a master author, I beseech you never to forget that your sins are carrying you down to hell. If the harp should fail you, then you call for Nabal's feast. There shall be a sheep shearing, and you shall be drunken with wine, until your souls become as stolid as a stone. And then you wonder that you have peace. What wonder! Surely any man would have peace when his heart has become as hard as a stone. You sear your consciences, and then marvel that they feel not. Perhaps too, when both wine and the viol fail you, you will call for the dance, and the daughter of Herodias shall please Herod, even though John the Baptist's head should pay its deadly price. Well, well, if you go from one of these scenes to another, I am at no loss to solve the riddle that there should be with you, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

And now sit for your portraits, and I will paint you to the life. A company of idolators are gathered together around an hideous image. There sits the blood-delighting Moloch. He is heated hot. The fire blazes in his brazen centre, and a child is about to be put into his arms to be burnt to ashes. The mother and father are present when the offspring of their own loins is to be immolated. The little one shrieks with terror; its little body begins to consume in this desperate heat. Will not the parents hear the cry of their own flesh, and listen to the wailings of the fruit of their own bowels? Ah, no, the priests of Moloch will prevent the appeal of nature! Sounding their drums and blowing their trumpets with all their might they drown the cries of this poor immolated victim. It is what you are doing! Your soul is the victim to Satan! It is being destroyed now; and if you would but listen to its cries, if you would give yourself a little quiet, you might hear your poor soul shrieking, "*Oh! do not destroy me: put not away from me the hope of mercy; damn me not; send me not down to hell.*" These are shrieks that might penetrate your spirit, and startle you into wisdom. But no, you beat your drums, and sound your trumpets, and you have your dance and your merriment, that the noise of your poor soul may be hushed. Ah, sirs! there will be a day when you will have to hear your spirit speak. When your cups are empty, and not a drop of water can be given to your burning tongue—when your music has ceased, and the doleful "*Miserere*" of wailing souls shall be your Black Sanctus,—when you shall be launched for ever into a place where merriment and mirth are strangers—then you will *hear* the cries of your soul, but hear too late. Then shall each voice be as a dagger sticking in your souls. When your conscience shall cry "*Remember, thou hadst thy day of mercy; thou hadst thy day of the proclamation of the gospel, but thou didst reject it,*" then thou wilt wish, but wish in vain, for thunders to come and drown that still small voice, which shall be more terrible in thy ears than even the rumbling of the earthquake or the fury of the storm. Oh that ye would be wise and not fritter away your souls for gaiety. Poor sirs, poor sirs! There are nobler things for souls to do than to kill time—a soul immortal spending all its powers on these frivolities. Well might Young say of it, it resembles ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather or to drown a fly. These things are beneath you; they do no honour to you. Oh that you would begin to live! Be wise, men, I beseech you; open your eyes and look about you. Be not for ever madmen. Dance not for ever on this precipice, but stop and think. O Spirit of the living God! stay thou the frivolous, and dart a burning thought into his soul that will not let him rest until he has tasted the solid joy, the lasting pleasure which none but Zion's children know.

2. Well, now I turn to another class of men. Finding that amusement at last has lost all its zest, having drained the cup of worldly pleasure till they find first satiety, and then disgust lying at the bottom they want some stronger stimulus, and Satan who has drugged them once, has stronger opiates than mere merriment for the man who chooses to use them. If the frivolity of this world will not suffice to rock a soul to sleep, he hath a yet more hellish cradle for the soul. He will take you up to his own breast, and bid you suck therefrom his own

devilish and Satanic nature, that you may then be still and calm. I mean that he will lead you to imbibe infidel notions, and when this is fully accomplished, you can have "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." When I hear a man saying, "*Well, I am peaceful enough, because I am not fool enough to believe in the existence of a God, or in a world to come; I cannot imagine that this old story book of yours—this Bible—is true.*" I feel two thoughts within my soul, first, a disgust of the man for his dishonesty, and secondly, a pity for the sad disquietude that needs such dishonesty to cover it. Do not suspect the man of being honest. There are two sorts of infidels; one sort are such fools that they know they never could distinguish themselves by anything that was right, so they try and get a little fictitious glory by pretending to believe and defend a lie. There are another set of men who are unquiet in their consciences; they do not like the Bible because it does not like them; it will not let them be comfortable in their sins, it is such an uneasy book to them; they did put their heads upon it once, but it was like a pillow stuffed with thorns, so they have done with it, and they would be very glad if they could actually prove it to be untrue, which they know they cannot. I say then, I at once despise his falsehood, and pity the uneasiness of his conscience that could drive him to such a paltry shift as this, to covers his terrors from the eyes of others. The more the man brags, the more I feel he does not mean it; the louder he is in his blasphemies, the more he curses, the better he argues, the more sure I am that he is not sincere, except in his desire to stifle the groans of his uneasy spirit. Ah, you remind me with your fine arguments, of the Chinese soldiers. When they go out to battle, they carry on their arm a shield with hideous monsters depicted upon it, and making the loudest noise they can, they imagine their opponents will run away instantly, alarmed by these amazing manifestations. And, so you arm yourself with blasphemies, and come out to attack God's ministers, and think we will run away because of your sophistries. No, we smile upon them contemptuously. Once, we are told, the Chinese hung across their harbour, when the English were coming to attack them, a string of tigers' heads. They said: "These barbarians will never dare to pass these ferocious heads." So do these men hang a string of old, worn-out blasphemies and impieties, and then they imagine that conscience will not be able to attack them, and that God himself will let them live at peace. Oh, be wise, cast away these day dreams. Cease to shut thy soul out of heaven; be wise, turn thee unto God whom thou hast abused. For "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto man." He is ready to forgive you, ready to receive you, and Christ is ready to wash your blasphemy away. Now, to-day, if grace enable you, you may be an accepted child of that God whom you have hated, and pressed to the bosom of that Jehovah whose very existence you have dared to deny. God bless these words to you: if they have seemed hard, they were only meant to come home to your conscience; an affectionate heart has led me to utter them. Oh, do not this evil thing, Suck not in these infidel notions; destroy not your soul, for the sake of seeming to be wise; stop not the voice of your conscience by those arguments which you know in your inmost soul are not true, which you only repeat in order to keep up a semblance of consistency.

3. I shall come now to a third class of men. These are people not particularly addicted to gaiety, nor especially given to infidel notions; but they are a sort of folk who are careless, and determined to let well alone. Their motto is, "Let to-morrow take care for the things of itself; let us live while we live; let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." If their conscience cries out at all, they bid it lie still. When the minister disturbs them, instead of listening to what he says, and so being brought into a state of real peace, they cry, "Hush! be quiet! there is time enough yet; I will not disturb myself with these childish fears: be still, sir, and lie down." Ah! and you have been doing this for years, have you? Whenever you have heard an earnest powerful sermon, you, you have gone home and laboured to get rid of it. A tear has stolen down your cheek now and then, and you have despised your self for it. "Oh!" you say, "it is not manly for me to think of these things." There have been a few twitches at times which you could not help, but the moment after you have you heart like a flint, impenetrably hard and stony. Well, sir, I will give you a picture of yourself. There is a foolish farmer yonder in his house. It is the dead of night: the burglars are breaking in—men who will neither spare his life nor his treasure. There is a dog down below chained in the yard; it barks and barks, and howls again. "I cannot be quiet," says the farmer, "my dog makes too much noise." Another howl, and yet another yell. He creeps out of bed, gets his loaded gun, opens the window, fires it, and kills the dog. "Ah!" it is all right now," he goes to bed, lies down, and quietly rests. "No hurt will come," he says, "now; for I have made that dog quiet." Ah! but would that he could have listened to the warning of the faithful creature. Ere long he shall feel the knife, and rue his fatal folly. So you, when God is warning you—when your faithful conscience is doing its best to save you—you try to kill your only friend, while Satan and Sin are stealing up to the bedside of your slothfulness and are ready to destroy your soul for ever and ever. What should we think of the sailor at sea who should seek to kill all the stormy petrels, that there might be an end to all storms? Would you not say, "Poor foolish man! why those birds are sent by a kind providence to warn him of the tempest. Why needs he injure them? They cause not the tumult; it is the raging sea." So it is not your conscience that is guilty of the disturbance in your heart, it is your sin; and your conscience, acting true to its character, as God's index in your soul, tells you that all is wrong. Would that ye would arise, and take the warning, and fly to Jesus while the hour of mercy lasts.

To use another picture. A man sees his enemy before him. By the light of his candle he marks his insidious approach. His enemy looks fierce and black upon him, and is seeking his life. The man puts out the candle, and then exclaims, "I am now quite at peace." This is what you do. Conscience is the candle of the Lord; it shows you your enemy; you try to put it out by saying, "Peace, peace." Put the enemy out, sir! put the enemy out! God give you grace to thrust sin out! Oh may the Holy Spirit enable you to thrust your lusts out of doors! Then let the candle burn; and the more brightly its light shall shine, the better for your soul, now and hereafter. Oh! up ye sleepers,

ye gagers of conscience, what mean you? Why are you sleeping when death is hastening on, when eternity is near, when the great white throne is even now coming on the clouds of heaven, when the trumpet of the resurrection is now being set to the mouth of the archangel—why do ye sleep? why will ye slumber? Oh that the voice of Jehovah might speak and make ye wake, that ye may escape from the wrath to come!

4. A fourth set of men have a kind of peace that is the result of resolutions which they have made, but which they will never carry into effect. "Oh," saith one, "I am quite easy enough in my mind, for when I have got a little more money I shall retire from business, and then I shall begin to think about eternal things." Ah, but I would remind you that when you were an apprentice, you said you would reform when you became a journeyman; and when you were a journeyman, you used to say you would give good heed when you became a master. But hitherto these bills have never been paid when they became due. They have every one of them been dishonoured as yet; and take my word for it, this new accommodation bill will be dishonoured too. So you think to stifle conscience by what you do by-and-bye. You will find it certainly no easier to turn to God than now. Now it is impossible to you, apart from divine grace; then it shall be quite as impossible, there shall be more difficulties in the way then than even there are now. What think you is the value of these promises which you have made in the court of heaven? Will God take you word again, and again, and again, when you have broken it just as often as you have given it? Not long ago you were lying on your bed with fever, and if you lived you vowed you would repent. Have you repented? And yet you are fool enough to believe that you will repent by-and-bye; and on the strength of this promise, which is not worth a single straw, you are crying to yourself "peace, peace, when there is no peace." A man that waits for a more convenient season for thinking about the affairs of his soul, is like the countryman in Æsop's fable, who sat down by a flowing river, saying, "If this stream continues to flow as it does now for a little while it will empty itself, and then I shall walk over dry-shod." Ah, but the stream was just as deep when he had waited day after day as it was before. And so shall it be with you. No doubt you intend to cover the well when the child is drowned, and to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. These birds in the hand you are losing, because there may be some better hour, some better bird in the bush. You are thus getting a little quiet, but oh, at what a fatal cost! Paul was troublesome to you, and so you played the part of Felix, and said, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee." Ah, sir, let me tell you once for all, you live to grow worse and worse. While you are procrastinating, time is not staying, nor is Satan resting. While you are saying, "Let things abide," things are not abiding, but they are hastening on. You are ripening for the dread harvest; the sickle is being sharpened that shall cut you down, and the fire is even now blazing into which your spirit shall be cast for ever.

5. Now I turn to another class of men, who are saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." I do not doubt but that many of the

people of London enjoy peace in their hearts, because they are ignorant of the things of God. It would positively alarm many of our sober orthodox Christians, if they could once have an idea of the utter ignorance of spiritual things that reigns throughout this land. Some of us, when moving about here and there, in all classes of society, have often been led to remark, that there is less known of the truths of religion than of any science, however recondite that science may be. Take as a lamentable instance, the ordinary effusions of the secular press, and who can avoid remarking the ignorance they manifest as to true religion. Let the papers speak on politics, it is a matter they understand, and their ability is astonishing; but, once let them touch religion, and our Sabbath school children could convict them of entire ignorance. The statements they put forth are so crude, so remote from the fact, that we are led to imagine that the presentation of a four-penny testament to special correspondents, should be one of the first efforts of our societies for spreading the gospel among the heathen. Go among all ranks and classes of men, and since the day we gave up our catechism, and old Dr. Watts' and the Assemblies ceased to be used, people have not a clear idea of what is meant by the gospel of Christ. But ministers do preach more boldly than they did. But still there is in many quarters a profound ignorance as to the things of Christ. Our old Puritans—what masters they were in divinity! *They* knew the difference between the old covenant and the new; they did not mingle works and grace together. They penetrated into the recesses of gospel truth; they were always studying the Scriptures, and meditating on them both by day and night, and they shed a light upon the villages in which they preached, until you might have found in those days as profound theologians working upon stone heaps, as you can find in colleges and universities now a days. How few discern the spirituality of the law, the glory of the atonement, the perfection of justification, the beauty of sanctification, and the preciousness of real union to Christ. I do not marvel that we have a multitude of men who are mere professors and mere formalists, who are nevertheless quite as comfortable in their minds as though they were possessors of vital godliness, and really walked in the true fear of God.

I do hope, that as the gospel shall be more fully preached, that as the words of Jesus shall be better understood, that as the things of the kingdom of heaven shall be set in a clearer light, this stronghold of a false peace, namely, ignorance of gospel doctrines, shall be battered to its foundations, and the foundation-stones themselves dug up and cast away for ever. If you have a peace that is grounded on ignorance, get rid of it; ignorance is a thing, remember, that you are accountable for. You are not accountable for the exercise of your judgment to man, but you are accountable for it to God. There is no such thing as toleration of your sentiments with Jehovah; I have no right to judge you; I am your fellow-creature. No State has any right to dictate what religion I shall believe; but nevertheless, there is a true gospel, and there are thousands of false ones. God has given you judgment, use it. Search the Scriptures, and remember that if you neglect this Word of God, and remain ignorant, your sins of ignorance will be the sins of wilful ignorance, and therefore ignorance shall be no

excuse. There is the Bible, you have it in your houses; you can read it. God the Holy Spirit will instruct you in its meaning; and if you remain ignorant, charge it no more on the minister; charge it on no one but yourself, and make it no cloak for your sin.

6. I now pass to another and more dangerous form of this false peace. Alas, alas, let us weep and weep again, for there is a plague among us. There are members of our churches who are saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." It is the part of candour to admit that with all the exercise of judgment, and the most rigorous discipline, we cannot keep our churches free from hypocrisy. I have had to hear, to the very breaking of my heart, stories of men and women who have believed the doctrines of election, and other truths of the gospel, and have made them a sort of cover for the most frightful iniquity. I could, without uncharitableness, point to churches that are hot-beds of hypocrisy, because men are taught that it is the belief of a certain set of sentiments that will save them, and not warned that this is all in vain without a real living faith in Christ. And we know persons who can have their shop open on a Sunday, and then go to enjoy what they call a savoury sermon in the evening; men who mix up with drunkards, and yet say they are God's elect; men who live as others live, and yet they come before you, and with brazen impudence, tell you that they are redeemed by the blood of Christ. It is true they have had a deep experience, as they say. God save us from such a muddy experience as that! and they are not of the slightest use to either religion or morality. Oh! I do not know of a more thoroughly damnable delusion than for a man to get a conceit into his head, that he is a child of God, and yet live in sin—to talk to you about sovereign grace, while he is living in sovereign lust—to stand up and make himself the arbiter of what is truth, while he himself condemns the precept of God, and tramples the commandment under foot. Surely, the devil gloats over men of this kind. A Calvinist I am, but John Calvin never taught immoral doctrine. A more consistent expositor of Scripture than that great reformer I believe never lived, but his doctrine is not the Hyper-Calvinism of these modern times, but is as diametrically opposed to it as light to darkness. If you do not hate sin, it is all the same what doctrine you may believe. You may go to perdition as rapidly with High-Calvanistic doctrine as with any other. You are just as surely destroyed in an orthodox as in a heterodox church unless your life manifests that you have been "begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

7. I have but one other class of persons to describe, and then I shall have done when I have addressed a few solemn sentences of warning to you all. There remains yet another class of beings who surpass all these in their utter indifference to everything that might arouse them. They are men that are given up by God, justly given up. They have passed the boundary of his longsuffering. He has said, "My spirit shall no more strive with them;" "Ephraim is given unto idols, let him alone." As a judicial punishment for their impenitence, God has given them up to pride and hardness of heart. There have been such to whom there has been given a strong delusion, that they might believe a lie, that they might be damned because they received not the

gospel of Christ. Brought up by a holy mother, they perhaps learned the gospel when they were almost in the cradle. Trained by the example of a holy father, they went aside to wantonness, and brought a mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Nevertheless, conscience still pursued them. At the funeral of that mother, the young man paused and asked himself the question, "Have I killed her? have I brought her here?" He went home, was sober for a day, was tempted by a companion, and became as bad as ever. Another warning came. He was seized with sickness; he lay in the jaws of the grave; he woke up; he lived, and lived as vilely as he had lived before. Often did he hear his mother's voice—though she was in the grave, she being dead yet spoke to him. He put the Bible on the top shelf—hid it away; still, sometimes a text he had learned in infancy used to thrust itself in on his mind. One night as he was going to some haunt of vice, something arrested him, conscience seemed to say to him, "Remember all that you have learned of *her*." He stood still, bit his lip a moment, considered, weighed chances. At last he said, "I will go if I am lost." He went, and from that moment it has often been a source of wonder to him that he has never thought of his mother nor of the Bible. He hears a sermon, which he does not heed. It is all the same to him. He is never troubled. He says, "I don't know how it is; I am glad of it; I am as easy now and as frolicsome as ever a young fellow could be." Oh! I tremble to explain this quietude; but it may be—God grant I may not be a true prophet—it may be that God has thrown the reins on your neck, and said, "Let him go, let him go, I will warn him no more; he shall be filled with his own ways; he shall go the length of his chain; I will never stop him." Mark! if it be so, your damnation is as sure as if you were in the pit now. But that dread thought may well make you search yourselves, for it may be so. There is that possibility; search and look, and God grant that you may no more say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Now for these last few solemn words. I will not be guilty this morning, of speaking any smooth falsehoods to you, I would be faithful with each man, as I believe I shall have to face you all at God's great day, even though you heard me but once in your lives. Well, then, let me tell you that if you have a peace to-day which enables you to be at peace with your sins as well as with God, that peace is a false peace. Unless you hate sin of every sort, with all your heart, you are not a child of God, you are not reconciled to God by the death of his Son. You will not be perfect; I cannot expect you will live without sin; but if you are a Christian you will hate the very sin into which you have been betrayed, and hate yourself because you should have grieved your Saviour thus. But if you love sin, the love of the Father is not in you. Be you who you may, or what you may,—minister, deacon, elder, professor, or non-professor—the love of sin is utterly inconsistent with the love of Christ. Take that home, and remember it.

Another solemn thought. If you are at peace to-day through a belief that you are righteous in yourself, you are not at peace with God. If you are wrapping yourself up in your own righteousness and

saying, "I am as good as other people, I have kept God's law, and have no need for mercy," you are not at peace with God; and you will as surely be lost if you trust to your good works, as if you had trusted to your sins. There is as sure a road to perdition along the highway of morality, as down the slough of vice. Take heed that you build on nothing else but Christ; for if you do, your house will tumble about your ears, when most you need its protection.

And, yet again, my hearer, if thou art out of Christ, however profound may be thy peace, it is a false one; for out of Christ there is no true peace to the conscience, and no reconciliation to God. Ask thyself this question, "Do I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart? Is he my only trust, the simple, solitary rock of my refuge?" For if not, and dying as thou art, out of Christ, thou wilt be shut out of heaven; where God and bliss are found, thy soul can never come.

And now, finally, let me beseech you, if you are at peace in your own mind this morning, weigh your peace thus: "Will my peace stand me on a sick bed?" There are many that are peaceful enough when they are well, but when their bones begin to ache, and their flesh is sore vexed, then they find they want something more substantial than this dreamy quietness into which their souls had fallen. If a little sickness makes you shake, if the thought that your heart is affected, or that you may drop down dead in a fit on a sudden—if that startles you, then put that question of Jeremiah to yourself, "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, what wilt thou do when thou contendest with horses? and if in the land of peace wherein thou hadst trusted they have wearied thee, what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan? If sickness will make thee shake what will destruction make thee do?" Then again, put the question in another light. If your peace is good for anything, it is one that will bear you up in a dying hour. Are you ready to go home to your bed now to lie there and never rise again? For remember, that which will not stand a dying bed will never stand the day of judgment. If my hope begins to quiver, even when the skeleton hand of Death begins to touch me, how will it shake, "When God's right arm is nerved for war, and thunders clothe his cloudy ear?" If death makes me startle, what will the glory of God do? How shall I shrink into nothing, and fly away from him in despair! Then often put to thyself this question, "Will my peace last me when the heavens are in a blaze, and when the trembling universe stands to be judged?"

I do entreat you if what I have said be not an idle dream, if it be not a mere myth of my imagination; if it be true, lay it to heart, and may God enable you to prepare to meet him. Do not be wrapping yourselves up, and slumbering, and sleeping. Awake ye sleepers, awake! Oh! that I had a trumpet voice to warn you. Oh! while you are dying, while you are sinking into perdition, may I not cry to you; may not these eyes weep for you! I cannot be extravagant here; I am acquitted of being enthusiastic or fanatic on such a matter as this. Take to heart, I beseech you, the realities of eternity. Do not for ever wast your time. "Oh, turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die, O house of Israel." Listen, now, to the word of the Gospel, which is sent to you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be

saved." For "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," while the solemn sentence remains, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

The Church Prayer Meeting.

BY THE REV. G. RUDGE.

THE prayer meeting is of priceless value. It is the breath of the Church. If it be feeble all is feeble. It is absolutely essential to the very existence of the Church, to say nothing of its health, vigour, and growth. Or, suppose we change the figure and say that the prayer meeting is the spiritual pulse of the Church. Upon its beat depend health, vigour, and the very glow of life itself. In other words, the estimation in which prayer is held by the members of a Christian congregation is a sure indication of its spiritual condition.

There are many professed followers of Christ who never attend the prayer meeting from one year's end to the other. The low spiritual state of their hearts renders such meetings insipid and tedious. Such people may be well meaning and even have a spark of desire for the prosperity of the Church, but they cut the vital roots of the tree and, then profess astonishment that it bears no fruit. If we have any real desire for the salvation of others and the prosperity of the Church, we shall show it by attendance at the place where prayer is wont to be made for that object.

When the prayer meeting is well attended and enjoyed it is the truest expression of a latent spiritual force, and a faithful record of what God is doing in the hearts of his people. On the other hand, when it is neglected, poverty-stricken results will follow as surely as night follows day. The best preaching in the world will be wasted breath, and the most earnest efforts for fuller spiritual life, and richer spiritual results will all end in heart-breaking disappointment.

In the Church Prayer Meeting let us always distinguish between the *form* and *spirit* of prayer. The form without the spirit is a body without breath. There may be faultless grammar, splendid fluency, and fine sentiments, and all as cold as the moonbeams that fall glittering upon the frozen lake. On the other hand there may be the *spirit* of prayer struggling for expression from stammering lips and through broken language with deep emotion and bringing the unction of God into every humble waiting heart. Let the few who do attend, seek the Lord in this spirit, and the prayer meeting will be the most powerful meeting in connection with the Church and richest in spiritual results. In every age the triumphs of the Church have been won at its gatherings for prayers, for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

By Crooked Paths

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER XI.

"Who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of
song?"

"BUT I want to hear about all this other matter first, Rob," continued Varley presently. What has Miss Swanson to do with your becoming a Christian, for I judged from what she said that there is some connection?"

Robert Meredith turned to poke the fire and pile on some more coals before he replied.

"I'll tell you all about it," he began, and then hesitated, "only I don't know where to begin."

"Begin at the beginning," put in Varley. "Let me know what brought it about. I want to hear all the story from start to finish."

"I haven't got to the finish yet," replied Rob, gravely. "I am only just at the start. But you know what sort of a fellow I have been, and how I have been brought up. I haven't been a wild fellow; and I don't know that I could put my finger upon any part of my life and say I was utterly ashamed of it. At least I could not have done so a month ago, and even a week ago, I think I imagined that I was a little above the average young man in the matter of morality. I don't forget, George, how I was nearly selling myself to the devil when I was at Trinity, only you—"

"Say nothing about that, Rob," interrupted Varley. "Leave that bit out and go on with your story."

"Well, you know the kind of chap I was. I don't think I was goody-goody, but I certainly was not off the lines. I have known all my life a certain kind of religious influence. There has always been so far back as I can remember family worship every morning, when the mater has all the servants in and read some prayers. I think that had sort of grown into my life, so that I had come to expect it as a necessary preliminary to breakfast. I never thought there was much meaning in it, but as mother always insisted on it, I accepted it as inevitable. And of course I have always gone with the mater and Irene to church on Sunday morning; but from the time I used to go in an Eton jacket and my first top-hat, I remember I used to wonder what all the dressing up and the bowing and turning about meant. And as for the gabbling of the parson, it was a long time before I understood what he was saying, and then I only knew by carefully following him in the prayer-book. I know I used to think the sermon the greatest rubbish, and often wondered whether he believed half or any of what he was saying.

But the first Sunday I spent here was a revelation to me. At breakfast, Sir Arthur said to me,

"We do not go to church, Mr. Meredith.' I think Miss Swanson noticed my surprise, for she hastened to add,

"Like the New Testament Christians, Mr. Meredith, we have a church in our own house.'

"And then they explained that as they were so far from the nearest church of their own denomination, for as you know they are Baptists, and as Sir Arthur refuses to allow his horses to go out of the stable on Sunday, they have a service every Sunday evening which Sir Arthur conducts in the large hall. All the servants attend, those outside the house as well as those inside, and from the home-farm people came and a few from Mickleham also. I was told that I could please myself whether I attended or not. So I did please myself by making one in Sir Arthur's congregation. It was a very simple service. Miss Swanson played her violin to the accompaniment of a small organ played by one of the under-gardeners! I think that circumstance impressed me as much as anything in the whole service. I remember our host spoke some very earnest words about 'following Christ.' It was altogether a different kind of service to any I had ever seen; and I came away very much interested.

"It was that same evening that I learnt that Miss Swanson had a men's class in the afternoon, and I know I thought it awfully strange that a young lady should undertake such work. But I saw nothing of that meeting until last Sunday. I have usually spent the afternoon with a cigar and a book in the billiard-room, Sir Arthur

having the afternoon to himself. But last Sunday I came up to see you, and after you went off to sleep, I went down again intending to go to my usual resort. But as I passed through the inner hall, I heard Miss Swanson begin to sing. So I went and stood in the shadow of a statue where she could not see me, and listened. She has a splendid voice, and I have heard her sing many times, but I had never heard her sing as she sang then to those farm hands and stablemen. It was a hymn from the collection they use at the service, and commenced,

'What will you do with Jesus?'

I know that question seemed to pierce my heart; and while I listened, I kept asking myself, 'What *am* I going to do with Him?' After she had sung the hymn right through she commenced speaking, and then I learnt that the question was to be her text. She spoke of Pilate's perplexity when the Jews demanded that Barabbas should be released and not Christ: 'What then shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?' Then she went on to speak about each of us having to do with Jesus, and the importance of settling the matter at once. I can't tell you about that address, George, but its effect upon me was to send me away into the library where I knew I should find Sir Arthur, and just blurt out to him that I wanted to be saved! I can't imagine how I did it, I am amazed at myself even now. And why I expressed myself in just such terms, I don't know. I hadn't for one moment considered whether I was lost or not. All I know is that I was perfectly miserable, and went straight in to the man that I instinctively

felt could and would help me. And he did, George. He talked to me so kindly and showed me that Christ had died for me, and that He just wanted me to accept as my own the benefits of His sacrifice. I do not know enough about it yet to explain, but I can say that before I left the library all that miserable feeling had gone, and I was happy in knowing that Christ had 'loved me and given Himself for me.' And now, George, I am just trying with His help to live day by day as He would have me live. I can tell you one thing, the Bible has become a new book to me since last Sunday. I used to think of it only as a wonderful piece of literature; but now it is to me the very voice of God."

As Robert Meredith ended this long recital, to which Varley had listened with an eagerness that expressed itself upon his face, he leaned back in his chair for a moment, and then reaching forward toward the sofa whereon his friend was cushioned, took the hand that disease had made look so white and thin into his own, and said with earnestness,

"Oh, George, how I wish you were with me in this!"

CHAPTER XII.

"'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk."

It was late afternoon within a week of Christmas. Some of Sir Arthur Swanson's guests were due to arrive to-morrow; and as a consequence there were not wanting those little signs of preparations and that indescribable attitude of expectancy, that usually precede the advent of visitors.

All day Miss Swanson had been busy arranging some of the deco-

rations, with George Varley as her most assiduous helper. She had at last been compelled to gently but firmly refuse his further assistance.

"You must get on to the couch and rest, Mr. Varley," she said as she pulled a lounge forward into the circle of glowing light which the fire cast about the hearth. "Grandpa will be very angry with me if I allow you to overtax your strength. You are not as strong as you think you are; and I am sure you have done quite as much as you ought to do to-day, even if you have not done too much. No, no; you shall not do any more. I insist," she went on in her pretty imperious way, as she put her two little hands upon his arm and led him to the lounge.

"Well, I give in," laughed Varley, as he threw himself upon the pile of cushions she had deftly arranged for him. "You are stronger than I am; and besides I do feel a wee bit tired."

"You must be. I ought to have insisted on your resting hours ago."

"But I only surrender on conditions," the young man went on.

"Indeed; but do you not know sir, that it is not for the conquered to stipulate terms to the conqueror? Suppose I do not consent to your conditions?"

"The stronger should always show mercy to the weak. I want you to go and sit down on that stool, and play and sing to me, Miss Swanson."

"I hope it will not be the stool of repentance for me," she responded, as she turned to do his bidding. "If my playing should give you a bad headache, it will be."

For nearly an hour she sat in the gloaming, and played and

sang. She needed no music, for her memory was stored with some of the choicest compositions of the masters. Varley, as he lay there in the deepening gloom of the afternoon, listened with keen delight. He was no musician himself, but he loved good music and could appreciate the skill with which Miss Swanson rendered it. No word was passed between them. The player seemed to lose herself in her music, and he was quite content to listen.

Presently, however, she broke the silence with,

"If I have not already wearied you, I will sing you my favourite." And without waiting for his reply she began to sing with wonderful expression and beauty, Gounod's "I heard the voice of Jesus say." Before the song was finished, the tears were falling from the eyes of the young man, who was glad that the darkness hid his emotion from the girl. When the singing ceased new chords were struck, and Varley heard again the sweet entreaty of the voice, in "O rest in the Lord."

Then Miss Swanson rose from the instrument, and went quietly out of the room, leaving Varley alone with his thoughts, and an aching heart. Ever since Robert Meredith had told him, a week ago, his story of Divine forgiveness, the young man had been longing for the rest into which his friend had entered, and about which Miss Swanson had just been singing. There had come to him the consciousness that deep down in his heart there were longings and aspirations which he had all his life been misinterpreting. Since that little talk with his friend he had been coming more and more into the light wherein he saw that he needed

what no one less than Jesus Christ could give him. Gradually he had broken away from the old doubts and questionings which had fettered him, and had come to realise that that which his soul wearied for was the Rest-Giver Himself. "O that I knew where I might find Him," was the sigh of his sad heart.

The constant intercourse he had enjoyed during his convalescence, with Sir Arthur Swanson and the girl that had just left him, had accentuated his consciousness of his soul's deep need. There was that in their life and daily walk that testified that they had what he was wanting. Oh, to possess the secret of such a life as he saw in these two! Once that very afternoon he had been on the point of speaking to Miss Swanson about it, but he had hesitated until the opportunity was gone. And now he feared it would not present itself again for some time.

When Miss Swanson came into the room a little later with a servant to light the candles, she glanced at the invalid, and noticed with surprise that tears clung to the lashes that were closed over his eyes. What did they mean? Might she ask him?

Directly they were alone again, Varley opened his eyes, and with a suddenness that startled the girl, said,

"Miss Swanson, your life seems so full of gladness and calm, that perhaps you cannot understand the feeling of loneliness which comes over me at times. I have lost all my dear ones, and am left, practically, alone in the world."

She made no reply. While Varley had been speaking, her face had grown sad and white. For a moment she made strong efforts to restrain her emotion

Then, burying her face in her hands, she gave way to passionate weeping.

Poor Varley! He did not know what to do. Presently he rose from the couch and went and stood over the girl, gently laying his hand upon the head bowed in such sorrow before him. It was the caress a father might have given his child.

"Forgive me, Miss Swanson. I ought to have remembered that you, too, have had your sorrows. Do not give way like that. I shall never forgive myself my foolish forgetfulness," he continued, half to himself.

The girl roused herself, and stood up before him. He could see that she was struggling to master her grief.

"Mr. Varley do not distress yourself because of anything you have said," she commenced quietly. "You did not know. Oh, my life is not without its shadows! If they have not obtruded themselves upon your notice, I am glad. If to you and others my life seems full of gladness and calm, I have to thank my gracious Lord; for He it is that has taught me how to possess peace and quiet. My sorrow is great, and more than I could carry by myself, Mr. Varley. You have lost your father and mother; but it must be a comfort to you to know that they are with their Saviour. My dear mother, who died when I was too young to miss her, is also 'present with the Lord.' But my father"—the tears would come again.

"Miss Swanson, do not say any more, please," put in Varley, pained at the sight of her grief.

"—my father," she went on, not seeming to have heard, "is not dead, Mr. Varley. So far as we know he is living in South America

at the present time. But we never hear from him. He never writes home. And, Mr. Varley, my father is a gambler and a drunkard." She paused for a moment, as if to gather strength to finish. "I need not tell you what a great sorrow this is to dear grandpa and me. Were it not for our faith in the goodness of God, we should long ago have despaired. Oh, I cannot make you understand how precious the parable of the prodigal son is to me. I am confident that my dear father will find his way home again, not only to his earthly father's house, but to his heavenly Father's love, also. It is this assurance that puts a gladness into my life in spite of all my sorrow. It is the secret of my happiness. And now will you excuse me," she added, "I will run away for a few minutes; and I should be so glad to find you asleep when I return. That isn't very complimentary, is it?" And without another word she turned away and left him.

Varley threw himself upon his couch and tried to sleep. But the unexpected revelation which had just been made to him gave him so much to think about that sleep refused to come to his tired eyes. By and by he heard the soft footfall of Miss Swanson as she came into the room and crossed to the secretaire which stood in the recess of one of the windows. For some minutes he listened to the scratching of her pen, leaving her to suppose him asleep. He was about to address her, when the door opened and Sir Arthur Swanson entered. He had been away in town all day attending to his Parliamentary duties.

"Grandpa, please do not make any noise. Mr. Varley has just fallen asleep, and I do not want

him wakened," was the greeting the young girl gave him as she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Why, you little pretender, it isn't I who make the noise in this house. You are the guilty party, young lady." And the old gentleman looked down fondly into the face of his loved one.

But their whispering had been heard by Varley.

"I am not asleep Sir Arthur, so you can make as much noise as please. Indeed I shall be glad if some one will make a noise, for I have been left to myself for I don't know how long," he put in.

"Now, Mr. Varley, that is too unkind of you," retorted Miss Ida. "Grandpa, what do you think of that for gratitude. Here have I been playing and singing to him until within the last half-hour or so; and he has hardly been out of my sight all day; and you know,

don't you, grandpa, that no one can be lonely when I am about?"

"Quite impossible, my pet."

"I am afraid the way you said that is a doubtful compliment. The tone seemed to suggest that I am so noisy that no one could be quiet if they wanted to be. Grandpa, I am ashamed of you! Hark! that is dinner, and you are not dressed yet."

"You must ask cook to put dinner back for half an hour, dear. I have asked our neighbours, Mr. and Miss Winter to dine with us this evening. I travelled to town with them this morning."

"Oh, grandpa! Why didn't you send me word," said Miss Swanson, with flushed cheeks. And as she turned to pass out of the room she noticed that George Varley's usually pale face was also full of colour.

(To be continued.)

A great many foolish blunders are laid at the door of the negro preacher, many of them imaginary, but the following is good enough to be true. It is said that an old coloured man, in reading the well-known hymn which contains the line "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense," mistook "sense" for "saints," and gave this odd version, "Judge not the Lord by feeble saints." What a pity that people will judge the Lord by feeble saints! To what misconceptions and unhappy feelings it leads!

* * *

God . . . has made apostles and saints out of men and women that the world would have thrown away as rubbish. Why, the whole New Testament is just a record of that—Peter, the weak and wayward; Mary Magdalen, the defiled; Zaccheus, the worldly; Thomas, the despondent; Paul, the persecutor and blasphemer. What God could do in the first century He can do, He is doing, to-day.

* * *

I cared not, said David Brainerd, where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, if I could gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; when I was awake the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of souls, and all my hope was in God.

The Ritualistic Altar.

ONE of the grossest superstitions adopted by the Ritualistic priesthood is that of setting up in their churches an earthly altar. As those who are accustomed to attend the Established Church well know the Communion-table is placed at the east end of the church and is enclosed with rails. Towards this table rigid churchmen turn their faces from all other parts when they say the creed; they also bow before it when they come to the name of Jesus Christ, and kneel in front of the rails when they "partake of the sacrament." What Scriptural authority may be cited for calling this table a communion table, for placing it in the east, for turning towards it, bowing before it, or kneeling in front of it, we do not at present care to enquire. Suffice it for us to affirm that each image is Popish, and that like all Popish ceremonies they tend to promote a religion of formalism, our present purpose is rather to examine the system which, with a variety of popish ornaments, converts this plain table into an altar, and see what the priestly change indicates.

The Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A., now Bishop of Liverpool, affirms in one of his leaflets that "Ritualism in the Lord's Supper shows itself by an extravagant reverence for the Lord's table as if it was an altar, and by an idolatrous veneration of the bread and wine after consecration, as if Christ's body and blood were corporally present in the elements." This well known clergyman representing the Evangelical section of the English Church here repudiates the notion that—the Lord's Table should be called an altar, and in this respect the Book of Common Prayer gives him its support. That book distinctly calls it "The Lord's Table," and directs that at the communion time it should have "a fair white linen cloth upon it, and stand in the body of the church or in the chancel where morning and evening prayer are appointed to be said."

But the Ritualists go a great deal further. They speak of it as "the mass which we now offer in many places daily on our altars" as "a veritable altar on which the greatest of all sacrifices is literally offered" and devotees are exhorted adoringly "to prostrate themselves before it in the dust." The communion table being thus after the Roman Catholic fashion converted into an altar it legitimately follows that sacrifice *must* be offered upon it. A literal altar calls for a ministerial or sacrificing priest, and the sacrifice the ritualistic priests profess to offer is as in the case of the Roman Catholics, "really and substantially the body and blood together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ." But how does the bread and wine thus become changed? By the legerdemanic act of "priestly consecration." Before this consecration it is literally bread and wine, but by this priestly act

we are informed it is "converted into the bones and nerves of Christ." Thus transubstantiation is fully endorsed as part of their sacerdotal creed with all its monstrosities.

How absurd all this stuff is there is little need to show. It gives the lie to the service. Analysis proves demonstratively that after consecration the bread still remains bread, and the wine still remains wine. Left in the damp the consecrated bread will soon grow mouldy like all other bread; and whenever drunk the wine will taste like other wine. Some years ago a Belgian student at Huy demonstrated this to his own satisfaction. Being one of the pupils of the training college he received the communion with his comrades; but instead of swallowing the consecrated wafer he took it out of his mouth and pocketed it. As soon as he found the opportunity he exhibited it in the playground, telling his companions that they might see it was only bread. After a discussion as to what should be done with it he resolved to eat it with a muffin. He did so, and then supposed the affair had ended. But unfortunately for him three days afterwards a fire broke out, the origin of which could not be discovered, destroying the college, some of the scholars regarding this as a judgment for his profanity revealed what had passed, and the indignation of the priests and clerical papers was great. But other and wiser papers struck at the root of the matter by blaming the priests soundly for "forcing young men by moral and material pressure to feign sentiments and take part in rites in which they did not believe."

How different the teaching of God's Word is to this absurd theory can soon be shown. From the study of it we find that altars on which sacrifices were offered were set apart in the patriarchal age, that they formed a chief part of the Jewish ceremonial system, and that the heathen world adopted them in the celebration of its idolatrous usages. We also observe Christ and His apostles making occasional reference to the Jewish altar, and to the duties of the Jews with regard to it. But having said this much here we are forced to stop. We search the inspired Book in vain for a single passage which would prove to us that either Christ or His apostles ever set up an earthly altar, or taught Christians to do so. On the contrary, we find that after the Lord Jesus had been offered up as a sacrifice on Calvary, the apostles in the plainest and most unmistakeable language taught that all such earthly altars and literal sacrifices for sin were for ever done away with, and that to return to them was to return to the beggarly elements of Jewish bondage.

Not being able then to discover this kind of ritualistic teaching in the New Testament we turn to history, and what do we learn from that? History teaches us that to the Primitive Church and in connection with their worship such articles as earthly altars were unknown. They celebrated the Lord's Supper in a plain fashion on a common table, and never dreamt of dignifying it by the popish appellation of an altar. Centuries passed away, but in spite of increasing prevailing corruptions, Christians still know nothing about such kinds of altars. But the fourteenth century arrived, and what then? We are informed that in the year 1334 Pope Sylvester first consecrated altars, and that from that period they formed an essential part of the papal system.

Such being the case the ritualist adopt it as part of their own, set it up in their churches, and offer their sacrifice in true Romish style

But have Christians then no altar? We rejoice to know that they have. A reference to it is made in Hebrews xiii. 9-16. In these verses the inspired writer thus exhorts us, "Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines, for it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace, not with meats which have not profited them that have been occupied therein." We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle. For the bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also that He might sanctify the people with His own blood suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp bearing His reproach. For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. "*By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name.*" It is quite evident from this passage that the Christian altar is Christ Himself. "By Him" and not by some earthly altar are our sacrifices to be presented to God. It is for that purpose He has "suffered with His own blood without the gate," and as the "altar sanctifieth the gift" we may rest assured that every spiritual sacrifice we offer to God through Him will be cleansed and purified, and bring down the blessings of heaven unto our souls.

As Christ is the Christians altar so He is also the Christians sacrifice. As it has been well said, "Christ is at once the altar, the sacrifice and the Priest." The Scriptures that set this forth are very numerous. We are said to be "sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ *once for all.*" We are told that not "by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood he entered *once* into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." And to show that this one offering on the cross and one entrance into heaven is amply sufficient, we read in Hebrews ix. 25-28, "Nor yet that He should offer Himself often as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others. For then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world, but now *once* in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men *once* to die but after this the judgment, so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Thus Christ having "by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified" no other sacrificial offering for sin is needed, and therefore all these ritualistic sacrifices are both superfluous and blasphemous. They insult the Saviour by implying that His one offering was not sufficient, and they ruin souls by leading them to trust in sacrifices that God has never authorised, and that without dishonouring His own Son and His atoning work it would be impossible for him to accept.

If in reply to all this we are told that when instituting the Lord's Supper, Jesus in breaking the bread said, "This is My body," and in pouring out the wine said "This is my blood," we answer that the above great Scriptural truths show that He no more meant the words

to be taken literally than when He said, "I am the true vine," "I am the door," "I am the Good Shepherd," or "I am the Bread of Life." We may just as well assume that in a literal sense Judah was a "lion's whelp," that "all flesh is grass," that Christ's disciples were veritable "vine branches," that all Christians are "sheep," and that the seven candlesticks spoken of in Revelation were in reality "seven churches." In addition to these literal absurdities were the words not to be understood in a figurative or symbolical sense, we should be driven to accept the monstrous conclusion that as Christ in the body uttered these words in His disciples' hearing He had another body which at the same time he held and broke up in His hand, and that while the blood was flowing through his veins at one and the same time it was in the cup! From such monstrosities and profanities we gladly turn away to listen to the Saviour's interpretation of His own words. When the Jews misunderstanding this figurative language strove among themselves saying, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" Jesus corrected their gross carnal notions by saying, "*It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.*"

Let us then abide closely by this spiritual teaching. Making Christ our only altar and His one offering our only trust, let us say with the poet—

"I other priests disclaim
And laws and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do."

He shall have all the praise, for He Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

Grantham.

The late H. WATTS,
Twenty-five years contributor to the
BAPTIST MESSENGER.

Almost Saved.

So near the door—and the door stood wide!
Close to the port—but *not inside!*
Near to the fold—yet *not within!*
Almost resolved to give up sin!
Almost persuaded to count the cost!
Almost a Christian—and yet *lost!*
Saviour I come, I cry unto Thee,
Oh, let not these words be true of me:
I want to *come to a point to-day,*
Oh suffer me not to *turn away;*
Give no rest till my soul shall be
Within the Refuge! Safe in Thee.

Ch'en Mai.

IN China there is no middle class. With the exception of a few shopkeepers, there are the Mandarins and scholars of the nation and the mass of the people, who are small tenant farmers, living on their own land generation after generation, dividing and sub-dividing it, till it is with the greatest difficulty they can gain a scanty living from the cultivation of their small plot of ground. Their word for "happiness" is suggestive. "May the spirits send to every mouth a field" is the literal translation of it.

But below these, we find an immense army of unemployed. You may go to the gate of your compound at almost any hour of any day, and call . . . and there will come running up, eager to work at the smallest possible wage, a number of this class.

They make some of the most useful servants of the missionary, being taken on for odd work, and found useful and faithful, they are promoted to be house servants. To this class of the unemployed belonged Ch'en Mai.

He wandered about from village to village and fair to fair, never knowing where the next meal would come from, doing any odd bit of work that turned up.

One day, somewhere, he heard the wonderful news of "the Doctrine" of God, our Father, and His Son, our Saviour. Instead of thinking it "too good to be true," Ch'en Mai thought it "too good not to be true," and he took it in and believed it with all his heart. Now, as he still went about the villages picking up a scanty livelihood, he told his wonderful news wherever he went.

By-and-bye, into the city, began to come enquirers after truth, anxious to know more of the "Doctrine" and to be baptized. When asked where they learned of it the answer came, "Ch'en Mai told us." Now the native church supports its own pastors, but from the Mission Funds evangelists are sometimes paid to go out into the "regions beyond," and the missionaries thought here was one who had proved his talent in this direction.

So after a short time of training he was sent forth—at the modest stipend of 12s. a month. Little enough to our English ears, but a sufficiency to Ch'en Mai.

And so, once more, he travelled from village to village, and fair to fair, only now all the time about his Master's business.

One day, reaching a village about noon, he entered the inn to rest. Sitting there, were two venerable-looking men, smoking their long pipes and busily talking. Ch'en Mai sat down and listened to the conversation,

"What do you think is the last thing?" said one

"I don't know, nothing is too bad for them to do," was the answer.

"Well, they have actually given her a rope and told her to hang herself!"

Ch'en Mai here joined in, asking them to be good enough to tell him "their honourable business."

(Very rude we should think it in England, but quite the proper thing in China!)

And then they told him the whole story.

Girls in China are of little account. Many are killed soon after their birth, and those that are saved are in most cases brought up to lives of drudgery. Every girl is married, her father receiving so much for her, and in every village there is a professional "go-between" who arranges the marriages and the terms.

Some long time before, a girl from a distant village had been betrothed to a young man in this one. Years had passed, and at length the future mother-in-law needing more help in the work—a servant without a salary—decided to fetch her home, and for the marriage to take place. The son was not consulted—sons never are—they do not see their brides till after they are married to them, and have no voice in the proceedings at all.

So she came—in a grand red chair (red is the bridal colour in China) with an enormous erection on her head, enveloped in a grand red dress, and with all her belongings in red boxes; her hair pulled out by the roots to make the high square forehead that denotes the married woman.

She came—but on arriving she was found to be blind! Whether this was a recent affliction or not, one thing was clear—she must be got rid of. Etiquette forbade her being sent back, for a betrothal is as binding as a marriage, but the mother-in-law raved and stormed, "Another mouth to feed and no use!"

She must be got rid of—but how? Well, first they tried to starve her, but the neighbours were kind and managed to smuggle in bits of food. So that plan failed!

Then they left the big family knife about (there is only one, and it is too precious to be treated carelessly in a general way)

And she knew what that meant, and did try to cut her throat. But she was blind and frightened, and though she cut herself it was not a serious wound, and she still lived.

Now the climax had come. This very day they had given her a rope to hang herself, and she dared not disobey.

Ch'en Mai did not say as he might have done, "I am very sorry, it's a dreadful piece of business, I would help if I could." But he thought, and thought, "I MUST DO SOMETHING," and finally went to the go-between of the village.

"That poor girl," he said, "whom they are trying to kill—will you go to her from me, and say, 'There is a man outside, Ch'en Mai by name; he is 40 years old, poor, ugly, a widower with one child (all this would be terribly against him in her eyes), he has a place and he is a Christian; if you will come out to him he will take you and marry you and be as good to you as ever he can.'"

So the woman took the message, and the poor girl answered, "I do not mind his poverty, I am used to that, and I do not mind his ugliness, for I cannot see him, but to marry a 'number two foreign devil' I cannot."

(English Christians are called "number one foreign devils," and their Chinese converts "number two.")

"You are a fool!" said the woman, "you cannot go back home; if you stay here they will kill you, sooner or later. You cannot be treated worse, and you may fare much better. If you are wise you will try it."

So she came out to him, the mother-in-law being only too glad to get rid of her, and Ch'en Mai got a wheelbarrow (their ordinary mode of conveyance) and wheeled her to his home in the city. A mad thing to do! To saddle himself with a helpless heathen wife. Yes, a mad thing! but methinks a Christ-like one. It seemed the only thing he could do—and he did it!

That first evening in the new home when it came time for the "li pai" or worship, Ch'en Mai said "Now, wife, kneel down."

Then the dreadful fear came over her, that always comes to the heathen when we kneel to pray, a horror, as if all the spirits of evil were let loose upon them, and she cried, "Oh! I will be good, I will be good, but don't make me kneel."

And he was very tender with her, knowing that no outward form is anything if the heart is not right. So, for many days, he and the child knelt,

while she remained sitting. The goodness and patience had their effect, for one day she surprised him by slipping down on her knees by his side, and not long afterwards she became a true Christian.

He needed patience with her, for with her blindness and tiny bound feet she was little better than a helpless log. He waited on her and did everything for her, even to her hair—that wonderful erection—the despair of English women to imitate.

One day, as Ch'en Mai was walking through the City, a man accosted him. "May I borrow your light?"

Which might mean anything from "Get out of my road" to "Will you tell me the way to so and so?" This time it meant the latter, and finding the stranger was tired and a long way from his destination, Ch'en invited him home to rest, and partake of a cup of hot water, promising to see him on his way later on.

(The majority of the people in North China are the poor to drink tea, hot water is the common drink of the country—in fact men make a living, such as it is, by selling hot water).

The stranger went home with him, and was much struck to find in the blind wife his own sister.

Her family would not have troubled if she had been killed, or had made away with herself, but because she had married a Christian they had cast her off, and refused to see or hear anything of her,

The brother was touched with Ch'en Mai's goodness and the happy home, and he came again and again to see them, telling the home folk they could do as they liked, but for his part he meant to be friends. The result was that after some little time he and several of his family became Christians.

After the wife became a Christian, she longed to help Ch'en Mai in his work. She could sing, and though her singing might not sound melodious to Western ears, among her own people she was considered quite a "Parti."

Being blind was for this an advantage, as under cover of her blindness she could travel about without shocking the prejudices of her countrywomen,

So she proposed to her husband that when he went preaching he should take her on a barrow, and between the preaching she should sing.

This he did for a long time, and it met with great acceptance.

She had the gift of improvisation and used to sing to a Chinese tune a metrical version of the Catechism, the tune lending itself to question and answer. She was quick, too, at turning to account anything in the surroundings or sayings of the people. But after a time she began to feel what an added burden it was for her husband to have to wheel her long distances along the bad roads, and she conceived the heroic resolution of unbinding her feet so that she could walk.

If she had known what it would cost her, she might not have had the courage, for terrible as is the agony of the footbinding, the unbinding is as terrible. Think of the poor pinched feet and shrivelled legs, and then think of the blood trying to rush through those shrivelled veins. But she was helped through, and was able to walk quite comfortably after a few months, though, of course, her feet never regained their proper shape.

* * * * *

The above story was told me by a lady Missionary from the city in which these people lived. She knew them personally and had the story from the lips of the wife and has often enjoyed her singing and power of improvising.

It is re-told here in the hope that it may increase the interest in our Chinese brethren and sisters and incite us to give more liberally, so that the many millions who have not yet heard of Christ in that vast land may have the opportunity of doing so—for—"How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

X. Y. Z.

Reviews.

The monthlies of the Religious Tract Society are full of good useful literature. The *Sunday at Home* has some interesting reading from the pen of Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson. "A Sunday in Aitutaki." Also musings for Sunday mornings, by the Rev. George Barratt, D.D. The *Leisure Hour* continues its serials, "Cynthia," by Charles Lee, and "By Fancy Led," by Leslie Keith. The usual bright numbers of the *Boys' Own Paper* and the *Girls' Own Paper* will be especially welcome to our young people for the charming illustrated summer issues of "Sundrops," &c. *Friendly Greeting* has a very excellent picture of the Young Puritan, by James N. Lee.

Great Thoughts, the *Prize Reciter*, and *Helping Words*, Hutton Street, White friars. The former for June contains likenesses and summaries of John Henry Newman, Rev. E. H. Fox, George Fox, Henry Drummond, Dr. Blythe, Bishop of Jerusalem, and other valuable articles.

The Quiver. Cassell and Co. "The Silent Sermons," illustrated by J. A. Reid, and "The Peasant Girl Poet of Italy," by the late Canon Bell, D.D., are very good indeed.

Part 18 of C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, by Mrs. Spurgeon, in chapter 65 contains memorable services at the Tabernacle, 1861-1874. Part 529 *Metropolitan Pulpit* containing four sermons by the late C. H. Spurgeon. The sermon on second hand is specially marked with Mr. Spurgeon's best style. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

The Treasury of Religious Thought. American Publishing Company, 175,

Fleet Street, E.C. Good sermons on the Power of Conviction, by A. S. Mackay, D.D., also "Timbers and Splinters," by G. H. Hubbard, M.A. The leading "Thoughts of Sermons," "How shall we regard the Bible," "Glory in the Cross," "Resolutions," "The Voyage of Life," are fine gems.

A Gathered Lily. A brief memoir of Mary Elizabeth Barnes, who entered into rest, aged 19 years. This sweet record of God's grace and Bunyan's grace abounding to the chief of sinners, the one at threepence, the other at one penny. F. Kirby, Bouverie-street, E.C. "Counsel and Encouragement to Young Christians," by J. Newcombe Goad. A. H. Stockwell, 17, Paternoster-row. These sound advices to the young are published by the desire of many friends, and we shall be glad to know that they have a large circulation.

Handbook of the Marriage Act, 1898. By M. Roberts-Jones. And full forms of marriage and burial services in English and Welsh, by Principal Edwards, President of the Baptist College, Cardiff. Contains important matter, and should be in the hands of every minister.

A kind word for magazines and objects which have our prayers and best wishes. In His name. The Bible Societies *Monthly Reporter* and *Bible Gleanings*. Sixty-fourth report of the London City Mission, second to none in our esteem. *Life and Light*, by Robert Edward Sears. The bulletin ninth report of the National Anti-Gambling League. "Seeking and finding, or the story of Poole

Matt." A telling story. Threepence. Lucas Collins, 319, Oxford-street.

Our Own Magazine. The *Baptist* favours its readers with a striking likeness of our life-long friend, Pastor James Cattell. His history is worth recording, and carries the writer back to earliest days. *The Sword and Trowel.* Prayer Meetings—as they

were and as they should be. C. H. Spurgeon being dead yet speaks to us. O that his voice may be heard and his words heeded, *The Irish Baptist* presents us with a likeness and presidential address delivered at the annual meeting of the Baptist Union of Ireland, by Henry Havelock Graham.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Rev. G. Stanley has resigned the pastorate at Eythorne, where he has ministered since, 1880, and accepted the pastorate at Faversham.

Mr. C. E. Palmer, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Radstock.

Mr. Ernest Price, B.A., of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of Mount Zion Chapel, Graham-street, Birmingham.

Rev. H. O. Mackey has been welcomed to the pastorate of Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool.

Rev. W. Priestnall, of Leicester, has accepted the pastorate at Watchett and Williton.

Rev. S. Newnam, whose ministerial career commenced in 1849, has given notice of his intention to resign the pastorate at Yeovil at the end of June. Rev. G. H. Heynes, co-pastor will succeed him as sole pastor.

Rev. T. Woodhouse, of Stourbridge, has accepted the pastorate of West-street Church, Rochdale.

Rev. W. J. Dyer, of Primrose-hill, Huddersfield, has accepted the pastorate at Bridgnorth, which, previously to 1893, he had held for

thirteen years. He will close his present ministry at the end of June.

Rev. Benwell Bird, under medical advice, has resigned the pastorate of Mutley Church, Plymouth, a position which he has held during the last twenty-three years.

Rev. T. N. Hughes, of Leytonstone, has accepted the pastorate of Salem Church, Croydon.

Rev. W. J. Denner has resigned the pastorate at Hoxne.

Rev. D. Chinnery has accepted the pastorate of Driffield and Cranswick Churches.

Rev. J. Winsor has resigned the pastorate of Halwell Church.

Rev. H. F. Gower, of Cann Hall Church, Leytonstone, at the unanimous request of the members, has withdrawn his resignation.

Rev. R. H. Rigby has resigned the pastorate of Brearley Church, Mytholomroyd.

Rev. C. Deal, of Middleton, has accepted the pastorate of Wharf-road Church, Grantham.

The church at Gipsy-road, Lower Norwood, the pastorate of which is vacant by the resignation of Rev. W. Hobbs, has given a unanimous invitation to Rev. W. J. Avery, who has

for fifteen years assisted in the secretarial duties of the Baptist Union, and was previously assistant minister to Dr. Clifford.

Rev. E. M. Durbin, of Church, Accrington, has accepted the pastorate at Abingdon-street, Blackpool.

Rev. James Carvath, of Willingham, has accepted the pastorate at Bourne.

Mr. Walter H. Mann, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Shoreham.

Rev. John Heap, assistant to Dr. Clifford, has accepted an invitation to be co-pastor with Rev. R. Y. Roberts at Belgrave Chapel, Leicester

RECOGNITIONS.

SANDHURST.—Rev. Joseph Rigby (Staincliffe, Yorkshire) was recognised as pastor of the church here on Wednesday. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Blake (Tonbridge), from 1 Timothy iii. 5, "Take care of the Church of God." After tea a meeting was held in the chapel, being presided over by Mr. Frank East, J.P. (Tonbridge). Mr. Dodsley (church secretary) made a statement of the conduct of the church from the time of the resignation of Rev. T. G. Atkinson, in Oct. last, till the acceptance of the pastorate by Mr. Rigby. Rev. J. Rigby gave an account of his early days, his conversion, and call to the ministry. Addresses followed by Mr. E. Ballard, Rev. J. Burnham, Mr. F. Williams, and Rev. J. Langley.

BRENTFORD.—Brentford Tabernacle, Ealing Road. Recognition Services, Rev. E. Ballard Warren. A special sermon preached by the Rev. William Cuff, Vice-President of the Baptist Union.

Mr. Horace Warde, B.A., has been recognised as pastor of Duke-street Church, Richmond-on-Thames.

Rev. H. Hayler, late of Brighton, has been recognised as pastor at Lingfield. Revs. E. Mitchell, D. Smith, J. King, H. Fowler, and A. Andrews took part.

Rev. H. B. Murray has been recognised as pastor at Gunners-

bury. Rev. E. C. Gange preached. At the evening meeting Mr. John Chown, of Brondesbury, presided. Rev. J. P. Clarke, the late pastor, and a number of local ministers took part.

Rev. E. Ashton has been recognised as pastor of Leigh Church, Westbury.

Mr. S. B. Stocker has been recognised as pastor at Charsfield, Suffolk.

Rev. G. R. Hern has been recognised as pastor of Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth. Principal Henderson and Rev. R. G. Fairbairn, B.A., took part.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. R. J. La Vander has been recognised as pastor of Zion Chapel, Smarden. Its church books show a record dating back to the reign of Charles I.

Brasted Church (Rev. C. A. Ingram) has been renovated, the foundations made secure, and the ceiling match-boarded, at a cost of £70.

A new church is to be erected at Walmer, in connection with Victoria Church, Deal (Rev. N. Dobson), at an estimated cost of £2,000. Nearly £800 was promised at the meeting at which the scheme was decided upon.

The new chapel in Tenderden-street, Bury, which, together with the adjoining school, has been erected at a cost of £5,000, was opened on Thursday by Mrs. Clifford Davies, of Bury. Rev. J. H. Shakespeare preached in the evening.

Four memorial stones were laid on Thursday of Sunday schools in connection with Walgrave Chapel, Northampton, to be erected at a cost of £300. Accommodation will be provided for 250 children. Towards the cost of the new building £116 had been previously secured, and the day's proceedings amounted to £27.

At Canterbury Church the electric light is to be introduced.

Rev. J. I. Wigner was robbed on Monday, at noon, of a costly

presentation gold watch given him on his retirement from the pastorate at Lynn. He entered the booking-office at St John's, S.E., and was about to take a ticket for Beckenham. As Mr. Wigner was taking money from his pocket to pay his fare his watch was seized.

Rev. Thomas Hayden, for twenty years minister at Gillingham, Dorset, died suddenly on Thursday after attending the opening of a bazaar. He entered the ministry in 1860.

A marble tablet has been erected in the chapel at Farsley to the memory of Rev. Edward Parker, D.D., who died in February, 1898.

Six scholars of Carey Sunday schools, Reading, have been baptized and received into church fellowship during the past year.

Rev. A. D. Brown, of Splott-road Church, son of Rev. A. G. Brown, is suffering from inflammation of the spine.

The death has occurred of Mr. Silvanus Brown, one of the founders of Bunyan Church, Kingston-on-Thames, and a deacon from its formation.

Rev. William Knight has resigned the pastorate of Jireh Church, Haywards Heath. The present place of worship was built by Mr. Knight, and he has intimated his intention of presenting it to the Strict Baptist denomination.

Commercial-road Church, Hereford (Rev. J. Meredith), has been reopened after renovation and improvements at a cost of £300. The collections realised £52, making £130 raised.

On the 8th of June the Baptist Centenary Fund had reached the sum of £35,000.

BAPTISMS.

Abergavenny, near: *Tabernacle*—May 21, One, by J. D. Hamer.

Barnbury—May 21, Five, by S. Jones.

Bourton, Shrivvenham—May 17, Four, by W. Mansfield.

Chesham, Broydway Church—Ten, by R. Walker, making sixty received into fellowship this year.

Cardiff—May 28, One, by T. W. Mebhurst.

Cheltenham, Cambray—May 21, Six, by H. Phillips.

Crewkerne—May 21, Seven, by J. Cruikshank.

Dartford—May 21, One, by C. Trim Johnson.

Devonport, Pembroke-street—May 18, One, by G. H. F. Jackman.

Great Ellingham, Norfolk—May 21, Two, by R. Hewitt.

Halling, Kent—May 22, at New Brompton, Four, by T. Murray.

Hartlepool—May 18, Two; May 21, Two, by C. W. Vaughan.

Kenninghall—May 21, One, by W. C. Slaymaker.

Kirkintilloch. N.B.—May 21, Five, by C. Chrystal.

Ramsbottom—On Sunday E. M. Andrews immersed nine candidates.

Southport—Eight, by T. L. Edwards
Melbourne, Derbyshire—May 3, Six, by A. H. Coombs, B.A.

Pembroke Dock, Bush-street—May 21, One, by R. C. Roberts.

Wymondham, Norfolk—May 3, Three, by W. Higgins.

Willingham—Ten, by J. Carvath.

Risca, Moriah—June 11th, 1899, One, by J. O. Jenkins.

Risca, Moriah—March 19, Three; May 14, One, by J. O. Jenkins.

Abergavenny, Henllan—Sunday, April 2, Thirty, by J. O. Jenkins (*Risca*.)

LONDON DISTRICT.

Beckenham Church—Rev. F. C. Hughes reports thirty-five added to the church during the year by baptism.

Mansion House Mission, Camberwell, S.E.—May 21, One, by G. W. Linneear.

Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle—Five, by A. Tilsley.

King's Cross, N. Vernon-square Chapel,—Ten, by D. H. Moore.

Wimbledon—Sunday, Five, by H. E. Inman.

Christ's First and Last Subject.

—
A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.
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“From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent : for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”—Matt. iv., 17.

“And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.”—Luke xxiv., 47.

IT seems from these two texts that repentance was the first subject upon which the Redeemer dwelt, and that it was the last, which, with his departing breath, he commended to the earnestness of his disciples. He begins his mission crying, “Repent,” he ends it by saying to his successors the apostles, “Preach repentance and remission of sins among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.” This seems to me to be a very interesting fact. Jesus Christ opens his commission by preaching repentance. What then? Did he not by this act teach us how important repentance was—so important that the very first time he opens his mouth, he shall begin with, “Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Did he not feel that repentance was necessary to be preached before he preached faith in himself, because the soul must first repent of sin before it will seek a Saviour, or even care to know whether there is a Saviour at all? And did he not also indicate to us that as repentance was the opening lesson of the divine teaching, so, if we would be his disciples, we must begin by sitting on the stool of repentance, before we can possibly go upward to the higher forms of faith and of full assurance? Jesus at the first begins with repentance,—that repentance may be the Alpha; and when he concluded his divine commission with repentance, what did he say to us but this—that repentance was still of the very last importance? He preaches it with his first, he will utter it with his last breath. He knew that repentance was, to spiritual life, a sort of Alpha and Omega—it was the duty of the beginning, it was the duty of the end. He seemed to say to us, “Repentance, which I preached to you three years ago, when I first came into the world, as a public teacher, is as binding, as necessary for you who heard me then, and who then obeyed my voice, as it was at the very first instant, and it is equally needful that you who have been with me from the beginning, should not imagine that that theme is exhausted and out of date; you too must begin your ministry and conclude it with the same exhortation. It seems to me that nothing could set forth Jesus Christ’s idea of the high value of repent-

ance, more fully and effectually than the fact that he begins with it, and that he concludes with it—that he should close his life-song as a good composer must, with his first key-note, bidding his disciples still cry, "Repentance and remission of sins are preached in Jesu's name." I feel then that I need no further apology for introducing to your solemn and serious attention, the subject of saving repentance. And oh! while we are talking of it, may God the Holy Ghost breathe into all our spirits, and may we now repent before him, and now find those blessings which he hath promised to the penitent.

With regard to repentance, these four things:—first, *its origin*; secondly, *its essentials*; thirdly, *its companions*; and fourthly, *its excellencies*.

I. Repentance—ITS ORIGIN.

Now we beg to state, at the opening of this first point, that *repentance is of gospel parentage*. It was not born near Mount Sinai. It never was brought forth anywhere but upon Mount Zion. Of course, repentance is a *duty*—a natural duty—because, when man hath sinned, who is there brazen enough to say that it is not man's bounden duty to repent of having done so? But gospel repentance was never yet produced as a matter of duty. It was never brought forth in the soul by demands of law, nor indeed can the law, except as the instrument in the hand of grace, even assist the soul towards saving repentance. It is a remarkable fact that the law itself makes no provision for repentance. It says, "This do, and thou shalt live; break my command, and thou shalt die." There is nothing said about penitence; the law pronounces its deadly curse upon the man that sins but once, but it offers no way of escape, no door by which the man may be restored to favour. The barren sides of Sinai have no soil in which to nourish the lovely plant of penitence. Upon Sinai the dew of mercy never fell. And there Justice sits, with sword of flame, upon its majestic throne of rugged rock, never purposing for a moment to put up its sword into the scabbard, and to forgive the offender. Read attentively the twentieth chapter of Exodus. You have the commandments there all thundered forth with trumpet voice, but there is no pause between where Mercy with her silver voice may step in and say, "But if ye break this law, God will have mercy upon you, and will shew himself gracious if ye repent." No words of repentance, I say, were ever proclaimed by the law; no promise by it made to penitents. Repentance is a gospel grace. Christ preached it, but not Moses. Moses neither can nor will assist a soul to repent, Jesus gives pardon to those who seek it with weeping and with tears; but Moses knows of no such thing. If repentance is ever obtained by the poor sinner, it must be found at the foot of the cross, and not where the ten commandments lie shivered at Sinai's base.

And as repentance is of gospel parentage, I make a second remark, *it is also of gracious origin*. Repentance was never yet produced in any man's heart apart from the grace of God. As soon may you expect the leopard to regret the blood with which its fangs are moistened,—as soon might you expect the lion of the wood to abjure his cruel tyranny over the feeble beasts of the plain, as expect the sinner to make any confession, or offer any repentance that shall be accepted of

God, unless grace shall first renew the heart. Go and loose the bands of everlasting winter in the frozen north with your own feeble breath, and then hope to make tears of penitence bedew the cheek of the hardened sinner. Go ye and divide the earth, and pierce its bowels with an infant's finger, and then hope that your eloquent appeal, unassisted by divine grace, shall be able to penetrate the adamant heart of man. Man can sin, and he can continue in it, but to leave the hateful element is a work for which he needs a power divine. Nothing but divine grace can bid that cataract leap upward, or make the floods retrace the pathway which they have worn for themselves adown the rocks. Nothing, I say, but the power which made the world, and digged the foundations of the great deep, can ever make the heart of man a fountain of life from which the floods of repentance may gush forth. So then, soul, if thou shalt ever repent, it must be a repentance not of nature. but of grace. Nature can imitate repentance; it can even lead to a partial, practical reform; but unaided nature cannot touch the vitals and new-create the soul. Nature may make the eyes weep, but it cannot make the heart bleed. Nature can bid you amend your ways, but it cannot renew your heart. No, you must look upward, sinner; you must look upward to him who is able to save unto the uttermost. You must at his hands receive the meek and tender spirit; from his finger must come the touch that shall dissolve the rock; and from his eye must dart the flash of love and light that can scatter the darkness of your impenitence. Remember, then, at the outset, that true repentance is of gospel origin, and is not the work of the law; and on the other hand, it is of gracious origin, and is not the work of the creature.

II. But to pass forward from this first point to our second head, let us notice the ESSENTIALS of true repentance. The old divines adopted various methods of explaining penitence. Some of them said it was a precious medicine, compounded of six things; but in looking over their divisions, I have felt that I might with equal success divide repentance into four different ingredients. This precious box of ointment which must be broken over the Saviour's head before the sweet perfume of peace can ever be smelt in the soul—this precious ointment is compounded of four most rare, most costly things. God gives them to us and then gives us the compound itself mixed by the Master's hand. True repentance consists of illumination, humiliation, detestation, and transformation.

To take them one by one. The first part consists of *illumination*. Man by nature is impenitent, because he does not know himself to be guilty. There are many acts which he commits in which he sees no sin, and even in great and egregious faults, he often knows that he is not right, but he does not perceive the depth, the horrible enormity of the sin which is involved in them. Eye-salve is one of the first medicines which the Lord uses with the soul. Jesus touches the eye of the understanding, and the man becomes guilty in his own sight, as he always was guilty in the sight of God. Sins, which he thought were no sins, suddenly rise up in their true character, and acts, which he thought were perfect, now discover themselves to have been so mixed with evil motive that they were far from being acceptable with God.

The eye is no more blind, and therefore the heart is no more proud, for the seeing eye will make a humble heart. If I must paint a picture of penitence in this first stage, I should portray a man with his eyes bandaged walking through a path infested with the most venomous vipers; vipers which have formed a horrible girdle about his loins, and are hanging like bracelets from his wrists. The man is so blind that he knows not where he is, nor what it is which he fancies to be a jewelled belt upon his arm. I would then in the picture touch his eye and bid you see his horror, and his astonishment, when he discovers where he is and what he is. He looks behind him, and he sees through what broods of vipers he has walked, he looks before him, and he sees how thickly his future path is strewn with these venomous beasts. He looks about him, and in his living bosom looking out from his guilty heart, he sees the head of a vile serpent, which has twisted its coils into his very vitals. I would try, if I could, to throw into that face, horror, dismay, dread, and sorrow, a longing to escape, an anxious desire to get rid of all these things which must destroy him unless he should escape from them. And now, my dear hearers, have you ever been the subject of this divine illumination? Has God, who said to an unformed world, "Let there be light," has he said, "Let there be light" in your poor benighted soul? Have you learned that your best deeds have been vile, and that as for your sinful acts they are ten thousand times more wicked than ever you believed them to be? I will not believe that you have ever repented unless you have first received divine illumination. I cannot expect a blind eye to see the filth upon a black hand, nor can I ever believe that the understanding which has never been enlightened can detect the sin which has stained your daily life.

Next to illumination, comes *humiliation*. The soul could talk proudly once of merit, but now it dares not pronounce the word. Once it could boast itself before God, with "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," but now it stands in the distance, and smites upon its breast, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Now the haughty eye, the proud look, which God abhorreth, are cast away, and the eye, instead thereof, becomes a channel of tears—its floods are perpetual, it mourneth, it weepeth, and the soul crieth out both day and night before God, for it is vexed with itself, because it has vexed the Holy Spirit, and is grieved within itself because it has grieved the Most High. Here if I had to depict penitence, I should borrow the picture of the men of Calais before our conquering king. There they kneel, with ropes about their necks, clad in garments of sackcloth, and ashes cast about their heads, confessing that they deserve to die; but stretching out their hands they implore mercy; and one who seems the personification of the angel of mercy—or rather, of Christ Jesus, the God of mercy—stands pleading with the king to spare their lives. Sinner, thou hast never repented unless that rope has been about thy neck after a spiritual fashion. Down on thy face, sinner, down on thy face. Confess thine iniquity with shame, and with confusion of face; bow down before the God of mercy, and acknowledge that if he spare thee it will be his free mercy that shall do it: but if he destroy thee, thou shalt not have one word to say against the justice of the solemn

sentence. Such a stripping does the Holy Spirit give, when he works this repentance, that men sometimes under it sink so low as even to long for death in order to escape from the burden which soul-humiliation has cast upon them. I do not desire that you should have that terror, but I do pray that you may have no boastings left, that you may stop your mouth and feel that if now the judgment hour were set, and the judgment day were come, you must stand speechless, even though God should say, "Depart, ye cursed." Without this I say there is no genuine evangelical repentance.

The third ingredient is *detestation*. The soul must go a step further than mere sorrow; it must come to hate sin, to hate the very shadow of it, to hate the house where once sin and it were boon companions, to hate the bed of pleasure and all its glittering tapestries, yea, to hate the very garments spotted with the flesh. There is no repentance where a man can talk lightly of sin, much less where he can speak tenderly and lovingly of it. When sin cometh to thee delicately, like Agag, saying, "Surely the bitterness of death is past," if thou hast true repentance it will rise like Samuel and hew thy Agag in pieces before the Lord. As long as thou harbourest one idol in thy heart God will never dwell there. There is such a loathing of sin in the soul of the true penitent that if you were to compel him to enter its palaces he would be wretched. A penitent cannot bear himself in the house, of the profane. He feels as if the house must fall upon him. In the assembly of the wicked he would be like a dove in the midst of ravenous kites. As well may the sheep lick blood with the wolf, as well may the dove be comrade at the vulture's feast of carrion, as a penitent sinner revel in sin. Through infirmity he may slide into it, but through grace he will rise out of it and abhor even his clothes in which he has fallen into the ditch. Job ix. 31. The sinner unrepentant, like the sow, wallows in the mire; but the penitent sinner, like the swallow, may sometimes dip his wings in the limpid pool of iniquity, but he is aloft again, twittering forth with the chattering of the swallow most pitiful words of penitence, for he grieves that he should have so debased himself and sinned against his God. My hearer, if thou dost not so hate thy sins as to be ready to give them all up—if thou art not willing now to hang them on Haman's gallows a hundred and twenty cubits high—if thou canst not shake them off from thee as Paul did the viper from his hand, then, I say, thou knowest not the grace of God in truth; for if thou lovest sin thou lovest neither God nor thyself, but thou chooseth thine own damnation. God deliver thee from this wretched state of heart, and bring thee to detest thy sin.

There lacks one more ingredient yet. We have had illumination, humiliation, and detestation. There must be another thing, namely, a thorough *transformation*, for—

"Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more."

The penitent man reforms his outward life. The reform is not partial, but in heart, it is universal and complete. Infirmity may mar it, but

grace will always be striving against human infirmity, and the man will hate and abandon every false way. Tell me not, deceptive tradesman, that you have repented of your sin while lying placards are still upon your goods. Tell me not, thou who wast once a drunkard, that thou hast turned to God while yet the cup is dear to thee. Come not to me and say I have repented, thou avaricious wretch, whilst thou art yet grinding thine almost cent. per cent. out of some helpless tradesman whom thou hast taken like a spider in thy net. Come not to me and say thou art forgiven, when thou still harboureth revenge and malice against thy brother, and speaketh against thine own mother's son. Thou liest to thine own confusion. Nay, man, God will not forgive your lusts while you are still revelling in the bed of your uncleanness. And do you imagine he will forgive your drunken feasts while you are still sitting at the glutton's table? Shall he forgive your profanity when your tongue is still quivering with an oath? Think you that God shall forgive your daily transgressions when you repeat them again, and again, and again, wilfully plunging into the mire? He will wash thee, man, but he will not wash thee for the sake of permitting thee to plunge in again and defile thyself once more. "Well," do I hear you say, "I do feel that such a change as that has taken place in me." I am glad to hear it, my dear sir; but I must ask you a further question. Divine transformation is not merely in act but in the very soul; the new man not only does not sin as he used to do, but he does not want to sin as he used to do. The flesh-pots of Egypt sometimes send up a sweet smell in his nostrils, and when he passes by another man's house, where the leek, and garlic, and onion are steaming in the air, he half wishes to go back again to his Egyptian bondage, but in a moment he checks himself, saying, "The heavenly manna is better than this; the water out of the rock is sweeter than the waters of the Nile, and I cannot return to my old slavery under my old tyrant." There may be insinuations of Satan, but his soul rejects them, and agonises to cast them out. His very heart longs to be free from every sin, and if he could be perfect he would. There is not one sin he would spare. If you want to give him pleasure, you need not ask him to go to your haunt of debauchery; it would be the greatest pain to him you could imagine. It is not only his customs and manners, but his nature that is changed. You have not put new leaves on the tree, but there is a new root to it. It is not merely new branches, but there is a new trunk altogether, and new sap, and there will be new fruit as the result of this newness. A glorious transformation is wrought by a gracious God. His penitence has become so real and so complete that the man is not the man he used to be. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus. I tell you, brethren, there is no man in the world you will hate so much as your old self, and there will be nothing you will so much long to get rid of as that old man who once was dragging you down to hell, and who will try his hand at it over and over again every day you live, and who will accomplish it yet, unless that divine grace which has made you a new man shall keep you a new man even to the end.

Good Rowland Hill, in his "Village Dialogues," gives the Christian, whom he describes in the first part of the book, the name of Thomas

Newman. Ah! and every man who goes to heaven must have the name of new-man. We must not expect to enter there unless we are created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. I have thus endeavoured to explain the essentials of true repentance—illumination, humiliation, detestation, transformation. The endings of the words, though they are long words, may commend them to your attention and assist you to retain them.

III. And now let me notice, in the third place, the COMPANIONS of true repentance.

Her first companion is *faith*. There was a question once asked by the old Puritan divines—Which was first in the soul, Faith or Repentance? Some said that a man could not truly repent of sin until he believed in God, and had some sense of a Saviour's love. Others said a man could not have faith till he had repented of sin; for he must hate sin before he could trust Christ. So a good old minister who was present made the following remark: "Brethren," said he, "I don't think you can ever settle this question. It would be something like asking whether, when an infant is born, the circulation of the blood, or the beating of the pulse can be first observed?" Said he, "It seems to me that faith and repentance are simultaneous. They come at the same moment. There could be no true repentance without faith. There never was yet true faith without sincere repentance." We endorse that opinion. I believe they are like the Siamese twins; they are born together, and they could not live asunder, but must die if you attempt to separate them. Faith always walks side by side with his weeping sister, true Repentance. They are born in the same house at the same hour, and they will live in the same heart every day, and on your dying bed, while you will have faith on the one hand to draw the curtain of the next world, you will have repentance, with its tears, as it lets fall the curtain upon the world from which you are departing. You will have at the last moment to weep over your own sins, and yet you shall see through that tear the place where tears are washed away. They are so united, so married and allied together, that they can never be parted. Hast thou, then, faith in Jesus? Does thy soul look up and trust thyself in his hands? If so, then hast thou the repentance that needeth not to be repented of.

There is another sweet thing which always goes with repentance, just as Aaron went with Moses, to be spokesman for him, for you must know that Moses was slow of speech, and so is repentance. Repentance has fine eyes, but stammering lips. In fact, it usually happens that repentance speaks through her eyes and cannot speak with her lips at all, except her friend—who is a good spokesman—is near; he is called, *Mr. Confession*. This man is noted for his open breastedness. He knows something of himself, and he tells all that he knows before the throne of God. Confession keeps back no secrets. Repentance sighs over the sin—confession tells it out. Repentance feels the sin to be heavy within—confession plucks it forth and indicts it before the throne of God. Repentance is the soul in travail—confession delivers it. My heart is ready to burst, and there is a fire in my bones through repentance—confession gives the heavenly fire a vent, and

my soul flames upward before God. Repentance, alone, hath groanings which cannot be uttered—confession is the voice which expresses the groans. Now then, hast thou made confession of thy sin—not to man, but to God? If thou hast, then believe that thy repentance cometh from him, and it is a godly sorrow that needeth not to be repented of.

Holiness is evermore the bosom friend of penitence. Fair angel, clad in pure white linen, she loves good company and will never stay in a heart where repentance is a stranger. Repentance must dig the foundations, but holiness shall erect the structure, and bring forth the top-stone. Repentance is the clearing away of the rubbish of the past temple of sin; holiness builds the new temple which the Lord our God shall inherit. Repentance and desires after holiness never can be separated.

Yet once more—wherever repentance is, there cometh also with it, *Peace*. As Jesus walked upon the waters of Galilee, and said, "Peace, be still," so peace walks over the waters of repentance, and brings quiet and calm into the soul. If thou wouldst slake the thirst of thy soul, repentance must be the cup out of which thou shalt drink, and then sweet peace shall be the blessed effect. Sin is such a troublesome companion that it will always give thee heartache till thou hast turned it out by repentance, and then thy heart shall rest and be still.

Sin is the rough wind which tears through the forest, and sways every branch of the trees to and fro; but after penitence hath come into the soul the wind is hushed, and all is still, and the birds sing in the branches of the trees which just now creaked in the storm. Sweet peace repentance ever yields to the man who is the possessor of it. And now what sayest thou my hearer—to put each point personally to thee—hast thou had peace with God? if not, never rest till thou hast had it, and never believe thyself to be saved till thou feelest thyself to be reconciled. Be not content with the mere profession of the head, but ask that the peace of God which passeth all understanding, may keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.

IV. And now I come to my fourth and last point, namely, the EXCELLENCIES of repentance.

I shall somewhat surprise you, perhaps, if I say that one of the excellencies of repentance lies in its *pleasantness*. "Oh!" you say "but it is bitter!" Nay, say I, it is sweet. At least, it is bitter when it is alone, like the waters of Marah; but there is a tree called the cross, which if thou canst put into it, it will be sweet and thou wilt love to drink of it.

At a school of mutes who were both deaf and dumb, the teacher put the following question to her pupils:—"What is the sweetest emotion?" As soon as the children comprehended the question, they took their slates and wrote their answers. One girl in a moment wrote down "Joy." As soon as the teacher saw it, she expected that all would write the same, but another girl, more thoughtful, put her hand to her brow, and she wrote "Hope." Verily, the girl was not far from the mark. But the next one, when she brought up her slate, had written "Gratitude," and this child was not wrong. Another one, when she brought up her slate, had written "Love," and I am sure she was right. But there was one other who had written in large characters,—and as

she brought up her slate the tear was in her eye, showing she had written what she felt,—“Repentance is the sweetest emotion.” And I think *she* was right. Verily, in my own case, after that long drought, perhaps longer than Elisha’s three years in which the heavens poured forth no rain, when I saw but one tear of penitence coming from my hard, hard soul—it was such a joy! There have been times when you know you have done wrong, but when you could cry over it you have felt happy. As one weeps for his firstborn, so have you wept over your sin, and in that very weeping you have had your peace and your joy restored. I am a living witness that repentance is exceeding sweet when mixed with divine hope, but repentance without hope is hell. Repentance, with the cross before its eyes, is heaven itself; at least, if not heaven, it is so next door to it, that standing on the wet threshold I may see within thee pearly portals, and sing the song of the angels who rejoice within. Repentance, then, has this excellency, that it is very sweet to the soul which is made to lie beneath its shadow.

Besides this excellency, it is *specally sweet to God as well as to men*. “A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.” When St. Augustine lay a-dying, he had this verse always fixed upon the curtains, so that as often as he awoke, he might read it—“A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.” When you despise yourselves, God honours you, but as long as you honour yourselves, God despises you. A whole heart is a scentless thing; but when it is broken and bruised, is like that precious spice which was burned as holy incense in the ancient tabernacle. When the blood Jesus is sprinkled on them, even the songs of the angles, and vials full of odours sweet that smoke before the throne of the Most High, are not more agreeable to God than the sighs, and groans, and tears of the broken-hearted soul. So, then, if thou wouldst be pleasing with God, come before him with many and many a tear:

“To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.”

John Bunyan, in his “Siege of Mansoul,” when the defeated townsmen were seeking pardon, names Mr. Wet-eyes as the intercessor with the king. Mr. Wet-eyes—good Saxon word! I hope we know Mr. Wet-eyes, and have had him many times in our house, for if he cannot intercede with God, yet Mr. Wet-eyes is a great friend with the Lord Jesus Christ and Christ will undertake his case, and then we shall prevail. So have I set forth, then, some, but very few, of the excellencies of repentance.

And now, my dear hearers, have you repented of sin? Oh, impenitent soul, if thou dost not weep now, thou wilt have to weep for ever. The heart that is not broken now, must be broken for ever upon the wheel of divine vengeance. Thou must now repent, or else for ever smart for it. Turn or burn—it is the Bible’s only alternative. If thou repentest,

the gate of mercy stands wide open. Only the Spirit of God bring thee on thy knees in self-abasement, for Christ's cross stands before thee, and he who bled upon it bids thee look at him. Oh, sinner, obey the divine bidding. But, if your heart be hard, like that of the stubborn Jews in the days of Moses, take heed, lest,—

"The Lord in vengeance dressed,
Shall lift his head and swear,—
You that despised my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

At any rate, sinner, if thou wilt not repent, there is one here who will and that is myself. I repent that I could not preach to you with more earnestness this morning, and throw my whole soul more thoroughly into my pleadings with you. The Lord God, whom I serve, is my constant witness that there is nothing I desire so much as to see your hearts broken on account of sin; and nothing has gladdened my heart so much as the many many instances lately vouchsafed of the wonders God is doing in this place. There have been men who have stepped into this Hall, who had never entered a place of worship for a score years, and here the Lord has met with them, and I believe if I could speak the word, there are hundreds who would stand up now, and say "'Twas here the Lord met with me. I was the chief of sinners; the hammer struck my heart and broke it, and now it has been bound up again by the finger of divine mercy, and I tell it unto sinners, and tell it to this assembled congregation, there have been depths of mercy found that have been deeper than the depths of my iniquity." O Lord, Thine shall be the glory, world without end.

THE BIBLE.

This Book contains—the mind of God, the state of man, the way of Salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is restored, Heaven opened, and the gates of Hell disclosed. CHRIST IS ITS GRAND SUBJECT, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened at the Judgment, and be remembered for ever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labour, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER XIII.

DRAWING HIM OUT OF HIS SHELL.

IF George Varley could have avoided a meeting with Mr. Winter and his daughter, I think he would have done so. He had no wish to resume an acquaintance that had ended so awkwardly; and he feared that both the publisher and Miss Winter would feel it somewhat embarrassing to meet him at Sir Arthur Swanson's table. Indeed, he imagined that neither would be pleased to see him there; and that they were coming, unconscious that he was resident under Sir Arthur's roof.

But in this he was mistaken. Miss Winter and her father were both of them aware of the fact that he was the baronet's guest; for the girl had more than once exchanged visits with Miss Swanson, although she had not as yet seen Varley since his dismissal from her father's employ. And she wanted to see him! His bold criticism of her book, and the consequent influence it had upon her own action in withdrawing it from publication, had aroused her interest in him. It was because she wished it that Mr. Winter had accepted the baronet's invitation.

At the dinner-table the conversation drifted gradually into the hands of Sir Arthur and Mr.

Winter. The young people were content with listening to a talk that mainly had to do with the men and manners of a generation before their day. Now and then Miss Winter, and less frequently Miss Swanson, would interject a remark or ask a question. But Varley remained quiet, only speaking when appeal was made to him; and then contenting himself with the fewest words possible.

Miss Winter looked across the table more than once and wondered whether the silent man sitting opposite to her was worth the interest he had aroused. And yet she was obliged to admit to herself that the handsome face and high forehead bore upon them the signs of a forceful character and an intelligence of no mean degree. But his silence exasperated her! If he could talk, why didn't he?

After dinner, Varley tarried for a little while with Sir Arthur Swanson and Mr. Winter, and then went to his own room for a little rest before going into the drawing-room. When he entered the room he found the two gentlemen still busy with their interesting subject, while Miss Swanson and Miss Winter were entertaining each other as best they could. The young man was about to join

the gentlemen when Miss Swanson called to him.

"Mr. Varley, please come here. Miss Winter has been left to my tender mercies long enough. I want you to help entertain her."

Varley, looking at Miss Winter, caught an amused expression on her face, which puzzled him.

"I hope that you do not mean that I am so difficult to entertain, Miss Swanson," was the laughing inquiry Miss Winter turned upon her hostess.

"Oh, no; I did not mean to imply that," replied Miss Swanson, laughing in her turn. "But I do not believe in allowing the gentlemen to get together, while we are shut out of their charmed circle as if we were unfitted to join them."

"You must make all allowances for Mr. Winter and your father, Miss Swanson," put in Varley, as he drew up a chair and seated himself beside her; "they belong to a generation we do not know; and judging from what I caught of their talk, they are still busy discussing the things which made history fifty or sixty years ago. I am afraid we have not the right which age alone can give, to contribute much to such a discussion."

"And yet you were about to join them when Miss Swanson arrested your steps, Mr. Varley. How thankful you ought to be that she so mercifully spared you the pain of listening to a conversation in which you could have no interest."

Varley's eyes flashed with fire at this.

"Excuse me, Miss Winter, that is too hard an interpretation to put upon what I said," he replied. "I may not have the same right to speak of the history of a period prior to my birth in the presence

of those who have lived through that period; but if my remark suggested that I have no interest in the history of the years which ushered in the Victorian era, it suggested what was quite contrary to my true feelings. Indeed, I cannot but think that the fifty years which had the accession of our present monarch for their centre are perhaps the most interesting of any period since the days of Cromwell."

"Bah! Cromwell!" from Miss Winter with the utmost disdain.

But the young man paid no heed to the interruption.

"I do not know," he went on, "that we of a younger generation can quite appreciate the enormous changes that came to pass during the first forty or fifty years of this century. I do not wonder that men like Sir Arthur Swanson and Mr. Winter,—men who have lived through some of the most glorious of those years,—are proud at the memory of them. It is only those who are old enough to remember what the social and political condition of things was when this century was in its infancy who can fully appreciate, as it deserves, the wonderful change that has taken place. I venture to think that the period of which I speak rank side by side with the period of Cromwell, as regards the influence it has exerted on the destinies of the English people."

"Just now you seemed to suggest that it ranked after—a long way after—the Puritan period," responded Miss Winter. She was bent on getting him to talk; and for a reason which she kept to herself, she insisted upon getting the conversation round to Cromwell.

"The one made the other possible." He was rising to the

bait. "When Oliver Cromwell put his iron heel upon the neck of a kingly despotism and instituted principles of toleration and liberty in matters of religion; when he delivered his country from the thralldom of a degrading serfdom and led the nation into a liberty it had never known, he laid the foundations upon which all our after-progress has been built. Cromwell has been the maker of England's prosperity, and the author of her power."

Varley's voice had gathered force as he proceeded, and the animation of his speech had attracted the attention of the older men, who had quietly drawn their chairs nearer to the speaker. But the young man was all unconscious of their proximity. The subject was an absorbing one for him.

"There has been a good deal written during recent years in disparagement of the work of Cromwell. There are writers who call themselves patriotic Englishmen,—save the mark!—who sneer at his religious enthusiasm and call it cant, and who do not hesitate to stigmatise him as a hypocrite! But to me, it appears that whatever mistakes Cromwell may have made—and I do not hold him blameless—he was sincere in all that he did; and, judging him by the character of the times in which he lived, was both good and great."

"Do you think sincerity a sufficient excuse for actions which you admit to have been wrong in themselves, Mr. Varley?" The question came from Mr. Winter; and Varley, as he turned round to reply, caught an expression on the face of the publisher that reminded him of that last interview he had had with him. And the

reason for the question was also made clear to the young man.

For a moment he hesitated to reply, and then,

"Cromwell was, I firmly believe, a man who had taken his whole cause to God, Mr. Winter. He daily sought the guidance of the Lord in all that he did. When he did a thing, when he led a campaign, he did it under the conviction that he was doing the right thing. The sincerity of a man who has waited upon God for guidance, is a very different thing from that of the ordinary man who does a foolish action and pleads that he was sincere."

"But surely, Mr. Varley, if a man acts under the guidance of God, as you call it, no mistake is possible. Does your God make mistakes?" Mr. Winter's tone was defiant and querulous.

"Perhaps Mr. Varley will permit me to interpose." Sir Arthur Swanson spoke quietly. "I have often been confounded by that very same thought, Mr. Winter. It is a difficult point. Undoubtedly the man who does defer all to God makes some sad mistakes at times; but then so does my valet, than whom I could not wish a more faithful servant. Sometimes he misinterprets a direction I give him, or misunderstands an order. The thing he does is occasionally quite opposite from what I had intended. He thought he was right, but all the time he was wrong. Is it not like that with the Christian sometimes? We misunderstand. We do the very thing we ought not to do, and leave undone the thing we ought to have done; not wilfully, but through ignorance. But our sincerity cannot be questioned."

This sort of reasoning was quite foreign to Mr. Winter's philosophy.

He had ruled God out of his life, and was hardly disposed to listen quietly to this kind of talk.

Perhaps his daughter saw this, for she broke in upon the conversation by asking Varley whether he thought Cromwell's methods were justified.

"Yes, I do," was the unhesitating reply. "The state of things which prevailed demanded somewhat harsh treatment. He had to kill a despotism which had degraded the nation long enough; he had to institute new principles of government; and bring about a liberty of the people in matters of religion which they had never enjoyed before. These reforms could not be carried forward without coming into conflict with the king and his cavaliers; and in such a conflict one side or the other was bound to be worsted."

Miss Winter looked curiously at the young man for a moment, and then somewhat irrelevantly asked,

"Have you seen the article on Cromwell in the 'Contemporary' this month which is exciting so much attention in the newspapers, Mr. Varley?"

Perhaps only the eyes which were scanning his face so eagerly noticed the tinge of colour which crept into the pale cheeks of the young man as he replied,

"Yes, I have seen it."

"And so have I," put in Sir

Arthur. "It is an able exposition and defence of Cromwell's motives. It is the best article in the Reviews this month. The writer's analysis of the man's character is an exceedingly fine piece of work; and the entire article betrays great research."

"I thought Mr. Varley had read the article. There is a singular likeness between some of his remarks and those of the writer in the 'Contemporary.'"

Miss Winter spoke in a way that was significant. Sir Arthur and Miss Swanson both thought the speech unkind.

"Doubtless there is," replied Varley; "one always is more or less influenced by what one reads."

Miss Swanson had risen while he was speaking, and now was ready with the suggestion that they should have some music. As the others rose, Miss Winter managed to find herself by the side of Varley for a moment.

"Will you kindly give my thanks to the writer in the 'Contemporary' for his admirable article, Mr. Varley; and tell him also that I am grateful to him for his faithful criticism of my book, which you may like to know, I have decided to withdraw from publication. If I am not mistaken the writer and the critic are one and the same person."

To be continued.

At the Free Methodist Assembly at Sheffield it was decided to raise the minimum salary of ministers from £100 to £110 with furnished house, rent, and taxes paid and allowance from children's fund.

Divine Sufficiency.

BY THE REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

“My grace is sufficient for thee.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

NEVER was there a richer, grander truth communicated to any suffering believer than this which the apostle received when seeking to get rid of some painful affliction, designated by him “a thorn in the flesh.” And these words have been to many a weary pilgrim like a well of water refreshing his thirsty soul on his pilgrimage through this world to his heavenly home. They are worthy of being written in letters of gold, so valuable and precious are they, containing one of the sublimest truth that can gladden the human heart.

There are two facts the context suggests to us, which may help us to apprehend more clearly the beauty of these words.

1. That God often visits His people with trouble in order to keep them humble, and deeply conscious of their dependence on Him.

Whatever may have been the nature of this affliction of Paul he was fully convinced of it being divinely ordained and graciously designed to keep him from being spiritually elated. “Lest I should be exalted above measure,” said he, through the abundance of the revelations, “There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me; lest I should be exalted above measure.” Divine grace is here anticipating human weakness. Paul was in danger of forgetting himself, owing to the abundance of revelations given him. Some are of opinion that there was a tendency in the apostle’s nature to pride. But neither his writings nor his actions warrant such a supposition. It is evident, however, that a man who had been so highly favoured as he had been, receiving visions and revelations, caught up to the third heaven, admitted into Paradise, and hearing things not lawful for any man to utter, required some restraint to keep him from unduly exalting himself. Men accustomed to the sea tell us that when there is a good sail and a prosperous wind you must have a heavy ballast to keep the keel deep in the stream. Painful as the thorn in the flesh was, Paul felt it was divinely sent and graciously intended. He does not describe it as an affliction, but as a gift, a favour bestowed on him. “There was given unto me the thorn in the flesh.” It would be well if we looked on our trials in the same light. Nothing would have been more detrimental to Paul’s usefulness than to be elated with pride in consequence of such distinguished privileges. He, however, was but a man, subject to infirmities as other men; so God in His wisdom and

love gave Him this painful thorn in the flesh to keep him humble. It becomes us to be thankful for any suffering that will produce a disciplinary influence upon us.

Burkitt, the old commentator says, "it is better the body should smart, than that the soul should be overmuch exalted, that it is a happy thorn in the flesh which lets the pestilent and corrupt blood of spiritual pride out of the soul."

2. The second truth taught in the context is, that even prayer, which is the believer's great resort in trouble, does not always deliver him from it in the way he expects. Paul prayed earnestly for the removal of the thorn out of his flesh. "He besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from him." Trials bring us to God's throne. We are invited to call upon Him in the day of trouble, being graciously assured of deliverance. But Paul's prayer was not answered according to his expectation. The thorn was not removed, he still had to endure it. We are not to make a selfish use of prayer. We should not employ a single promise to pander to our own desires, and to seek to get rid of any trial God may deem wise to visit us with. If chastisements are essential for us—as we believe them to be—it is our duty to submit patiently to them, and endeavour to benefit by them. They may be painful to endure, but they are ordained for our good. Paul obtained no release from his sufferings. He, however, received something better. That our prayers may not be always answered in the exact form in which they are presented should not discourage, but rather encourage us. It is for our good we do not always have the definite thing for which we ask. God knows best what is suitable to us, and we may rest assured He will not send the earnest petitioner away empty, although He may not give him that which he seeks. God is able to do exceedingly abundant above all we can ask or think. There are two ways of lightening a burden—one is, that of diminishing its actual weight; the other is, increasing our strength to bear it. The latter was the way Christ dealt with Paul. "My grace," said he, "is sufficient for thee." Such procedure was much better, and appeared more satisfactory to Paul than if the affliction were removed. Now let us meditate on these words a little, for they are as precious to-day as when they were first spoken. Every word is full of meaning, suggestive of rich, comforting truths to God's people.

The word "My" directs us to the great Fountain Head of all our spiritual blessings. The word "grace" describes the nature of the stream which flows from the Fountain Head. The word "is" that it is a present blessing. The word "sufficient" indicates its abundance. The words "for thee" denotes the individual recipients of it. There is also the Divine Assurance. He hath said unto me, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

1. The great Fountain Head of all our spiritual supplies, "My grace," Jesus Christ is the August Being who gives utterance to these words. He is the Glorious Person to whom Paul prays. The words "the Lord" in the preceding verse, where the apostle says "I besought the Lord thrice," evidently refer to Christ, as is almost invariably the case in the New Testament; and a phrase in the verse of our text corroborates that idea when he speaks of "the power of

Christ resting upon me." These words consequently teach us that Jesus Christ is not only the glorious channel through which all spiritual blessings come to His people, but also is the great Source of all. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "Of His fulness have we all received, and grace for grace." He is said to be "full of grace and truth." In what is called the benediction, the apostle prays, "That the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ may be with them." "My grace," says Christ. The divinity of Christ shines forth in this assurance. It would have been the greatest presumption for any but the Divine Being to give utterance to such sentiments. Christ is the unailing source of all our spiritual strength. Whatever may be the nature of the help received in times of difficulties and sufferings, Christ is the Author of that help. Let us not stay at secondary causes, but trace all our blessings up to the great Fountain Head.

II. The supply which comes from this great source is here called *grace*, "My grace." This word "grace" has several meanings in the New Testament. Primarily, it denotes the sovereign free favour of God. It is a word invested with peculiar charm to the apostle, and which he describes by some of his choicest epithets "the exceeding riches of His grace." "The glory of His grace," &c. It is placed in his writing, as the opposite of human merit. "If salvation be of works, then it is no more grace." In our text *grace* means spiritual strength, divine support. "My grace is sufficient," *i.e.*, I will give thee strength, impart power so that thou mayest be able to bear the trial. Paul was at this time in great suffering, and grace was the best antidote for him, This assurance of spiritual support implies human weakness, Divine strength, "made perfect in weakness." Now there is no need of proving the necessity of this grace. Where should we have been to-day without it? How impotent are we of ourselves to cope with the trials and temptations of life. In our own strength we shall be defeated, like Peter was; in the hour of conflict we are sure to sink beneath the terrible waves which beat over us, unless we are upheld by Divine power. Let us ever seek this grace Christ alone gives.

III. We are further taught that the supply here promised is a present supply. "My grace is sufficient," not shall be. It is present grace that is assured us, and this we need. Experiences of the past are often very encouraging to reflect upon. It is cheering to remember the Lord's past dealings with us, the way He has led us, the deliverances He has wrought on our behalf, and the victories we have achieved through His strengthening us. But we cannot live on past experience, any more than we can live on the food we partook of last month or last year. We need continual supplies from the Divine source.

The Israelites were to eat the manna the day they gathered it, and so were taught to depend daily upon God. The grand old promise is, "As thy days thy strength shall be." Some people have a great propensity of looking into the dark, undiscovered future, and imagine many unpleasant things will happen to them. They fancy this and that trial will come upon them, and they worry themselves, and create troubles that have never existed, and never will exist, save in their fertile imaginations. We have heard some talk of presentiments they

have had, that something sad and awfully distressing was sure to come on them, and they have mournfully asked "How shall I meet it? I shall be sure to sink under it." Many a distracted wife, as she stood by the bedside of her dying husband, has pictured to herself a very gloomy future, left behind with a number of children totally unprovided for. Believing as we do in the providential care of our Heavenly Father, we are not warranted in anticipating trouble; we can safely leave the present and future in His hands, and leave all with Him. The blessing promised in the text relates to the present, "My grace is sufficient."

IV. Consider, further, the satisfaction of this supply.

This is indicated by the word sufficient. "My grace is sufficient for thee." The trial must endure, and the grace also shall endure and never fail. In order to realise the beauty and force of these words we must keep in mind Who utters them. He Who says "My grace is sufficient for thee," is intimately acquainted with the greatness of the trial. He knows how severe the affliction is, how painful to the flesh the thorn is. He hath weighed the whole, fathomed its depth, and says "My grace is sufficient for thee." What a sublime theme this is to meditate upon!—the sufficiency of Divine grace for all the trials of life,—sufficient for all the afflictions of His people—sufficient to preserve them, and to overcome at last all the powers of darkness.

V. This blessing is imparted to His people individually. "My grace is sufficient *for thee*. Let these two words "*for thee*," come home to you as though you were the only person for whom the promise was intended. The great God deals with His people individually, and this assurance is as much for each who believes on Christ as it was for the Apostle Paul, "My grace is sufficient *for thee*."

Not simply for the great apostle of the Gentiles, but for thee, my brother, for thee, my sister, weak and helpless as you may be, however heavy the burden you may be ordained to carry, His grace is sufficient for every emergency. "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." These words have been of great comfort to many of God's people in dark and trying days. They have sustained them when heart and flesh failed. Christ saith, and His words are the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

PEMBROKE DOCK.

The rebuilding of the Metropolitan Tabernacle is progressing. Some delay has been experienced through the slow deliveries of iron, all the great foundries being full of orders. It is anticipated, however, that the building will be roofed in by October and ready for occupation by the spring of next year. Some £16,000 has been subscribed, in addition to the amount received for insurance. About £6,500 will be needed to complete the structure.

Spurs from Spurgeon.

Selected by T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

"FLEE FROM IDOLATRY."

I SHOULD like to see this verse put over the top of every "sacramental" table in every "Church" in England: "*Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry.*" If this text were properly understood, every *crucifix* would be broken to pieces, and the "*altars*" themselves would be cleared away to make room for what should be there,—THE TABLE OF THE LORD; and we should have no more worship of visible things, which is idolatry. O ye who are the "dearly beloved" of God, "flee from idolatry." Keep as far from idolatry as ever you can. I remember reading of a man of God who was the Rector of a certain parish, and who had in "the Church" a very ancient and famous painted window of which he was somewhat proud. In the design there was a representation of the God-head—the Father was there, and oh, how blasphemous!—He was represented as an aged man; and, one day, this clergyman, who had seen no evil in the window, heard a rustic explaining to a companion that that was the God whom they worshipped. The Rector did not deliberate for a moment, but he threw a stone right through that part of the painted window. I suppose that was an offence against the law of *man*, but certainly it was not against the law of God. He would never have that figure replaced on any account whatever, and I think that he did well. "Dearly beloved, flee from idolatry." Put idolatry out of your sight; do not tamper with it, but hate it with a perfect hatred. In God's sight, idolatry is one of the most hateful of sins. He has said, "I the LORD thy God am a jealous God," and He will have nothing to come between us and the pure and simple worship of His Own Invisible Self.

* * * *

PERSECUTION IS WICKEDNESS.

Bigots have tried to extirpate heretics, and national churches have even forbidden unsound thinkers to remain in the country; but all attempts at securing any region from having infidels or heretics re-

siding in it have soured into persecution. Nowhere on earth can we maintain a settlement of saints alone. In many cases, the cruel treatment of the very best of men has been produced by the notion that they were erroneous teachers, and therefore ought not to be tolerated. To contend earnestly against error *by spiritual means* is right and needful, but to use carnal weapons, and other remedies of force, is absolute folly and wickedness. This world is now a field of mingled growths, and so it must be till the end come. Hasty disciplinarians have often cast out the best and retained the worst. Where evil is clear and open, we may now hasten to deal with it; but where it is questionable, we had better hold our hand till we have fuller guidance. Magistrates and churches may remove the openly wicked from their society; *the outwardly good who are inwardly worthless* they must leave; for the judging of hearts is beyond their sphere.

* * *

A COLLECT.

Give us, O Lord, faith to the full; that for us, and in us, and by us, Thou mayest be able to do "many mighty works" of grace!

* * *

WHERE IS CHRIST WHO IS KING?

O where is Christ my king?
I languish for the sight,
Fain would I fall to worshipping,
For He's my soul's delight.

Himself, Himself alone,
I seek no less, no more,
Or on His Cross, or on His throne,
I'd equally adore.

The Sages saw His Star,
But rested not content,
The way was rough, the distance far,
Yet on that way they went.

And now my thoughts discern
The sign that Christ is nigh,
With love unquenchable I burn,
To enjoy His company.

No star nor heavenly sign
My soul's desire can fill,
For Him, my Lord, my King Divine,
My soul is thirsting still.

C. H. SPURGEON, 1870.

ONLY ONE LIFE OF CHRIST.

How few—how very, very few—have come to Holy Scripture itself, and virtually listened to Jesus Himself, and then have gone away and still said, “*We do not believe.*” Unless they are really given up to hardness of heart, the result, in every case, seems to be that, when they search the Scriptures, and seek to know what Christ did and said, they are soon subdued by His sweet power, and are found sitting at His feet, believing in His Name. If anybody has not done this, and yet remains an unbeliever, I charge his unbelief upon himself as his own fault and sin. If I will not examine the evidence, I am to blame if I do not believe the truth.

Do you ask, “What evidence shall I examine?” I say again, examine the documents themselves; let Christ speak for Himself. “Had I not better read a ‘LIFE OF CHRIST’?” Listen: *there is no* “LIFE OF CHRIST” *extant but the one written by the* FOUR EVANGELISTS. All the attempts that have been made at lives of Christ, whatever value they may have, are not biographies of Christ. They are somebody’s idea of what He might have been. *We need no other* “LIFE OF CHRIST” than the four-fold one given to us in the Gospels. Those inspired Evangelists have told us all we ought to wish to know; and if you read those Books—not men’s books which have been written upon those Books—I believe that, through the blessing of God the Holy Spirit, you will yet be able to say, “Now we believe.” God grant that it may be so! It is in this way that faith is often born. Holy Scripture is the Bethlehem of Faith. There is this blessed child brought forth; and happy are they who take it, and nurse it, that it may grow.

[NOTE.—If the great preacher had been alive to-day, with what scathing words of condemnation would he have spoken of that sensational American novel, over which the religious *world* has been running wild, which professes to answer the question, “*What would Jesus do?*” The question each true Christian should ask is, “WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME TO DO?” The answer to that question “is noted in the Scripture of Truth.” It is to be found nowhere else.—T.W.M.]

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THE LORD’S DAY IS THE LORD OF DAYS.

Regard it as a right royal day. The head of seven is crowned from heaven. The day of the Lord is the lord of days.

* * *

THE TRUE SABBATH IS TO REST IN CHRIST.

His is that finished work which brings us endless rest. In Him we ease from our own works as God did from His.

* * *

NOTE WELL.

To WIN CHRIST is the greatest gain.
Too LATE is written on the gates of hell.
TRIFLING with sin is no trifling sin.

“ Feed My Lambs.”

JOHN xxi 5.

By the REV. JOHN JACKSON, Sevenoaks.

“ MANY have denied,” says Trench, “ that there is any ground for the distinction often drawn between the two commissions, ‘ Feed My Sheep ’ and ‘ Feed My Lambs,’ but to me nothing seems more natural than that by ‘ lambs ’ the Lord intended more imperfect Christians, the little children in Him ; by the ‘ sheep ’ the more advanced, the ‘ young men ’ and fathers.” In this brief paper it is intended to apply this commission, given to Peter with regard to the “ lambs,” to the Pastors of our churches in relation to the children to be found in their ordinary congregations. Nothing is here suggested as a substitute for family instruction or Sunday school teaching, but a few hints are ventured upon with a view to supplementing and aiding such efforts.

In conducting occasional Sunday services for my ministerial brethren, I have come across several methods of treatment for the children of their Sunday schools. One is the holding of separate services for them so as not to bring them into the public service at all. We omit from consideration now the subject of special Evangelistic Services for children of which there are many encouraging examples in the manifold Christian agencies of to-day, and remark that the exclusion of the Sunday school children from the ordinary public service does not, for several reasons, commend itself to our judgment. Another instance has been to take the children into the morning public service for a part of the time only, dismissing them during the singing of the hymn before sermon ! Rather than this, I prefer the separate service for them, as already mentioned. A more common method is to give the Sunday school, and all the children in the congregation, a sermonette of about ten minutes’ length in the middle of the ordinary service. Verymuch depends upon the way in which this is done, and provided that it does not mar what may be termed the unity and continuity of the entire service, many points might be urged in its favour. Avoiding sliding into a rut of slavish uniformity it seems to me that in accordance with the liberty of the Spirit of the Lord, there is yet a more excellent way, and that is to conduct the entire public service in such a bright manner as to excite the reverent and intelligent interest of all young people present, as much as possible.

I. For in the first place remember that the lambs like to feed with the sheep. In early spring this is one of the prettiest sights in the country. Most children brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as we have supposed, are disposed to take a lively interest in the public worship when—

“ At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven and learn the way.”

A little boy, well known to me, was recently taken home to God at the age of seven years and five months. For over two years he accompanied his mother to a Sunday afternoon Bible Class held in the chapel. Perhaps you will think, my reader, that this must have been dull and burdensome for so young a child, but all the members of the

class recal the interest the dear boy took in the Bible studies, how he joined in the hymns, and how his eyes brightened when some part of sacred history was referred to, with which he was already familiar, or possessed a picture of in his humble cottage at home. The last Sunday he was out at the morning service his two favourite hymns were sung, one beginning, "I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour Divine," the other was, "The Son of God goes forth to war," and when the congregation were singing the last verse—

"A noble army, men and boys,
The Matron and the Maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed,"

he secretly gave a pull at his mother's dress and looked up at her with such pleasure in his face. It may be said, "This was a special case." It may be so, still there are not a few children in whom, like Abijah the son of Jeroboam, "there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." (1 Kings xiv. 13.)

II. Remember, too, that if the lambs like to feed with the sheep, the sheep also like to feed with the lambs. It is said that the famous Dr. Guthrie during his last illness requested those about him to sing a bairn's hymn. To introduce one such into the ordinary public service is no hindrance, but a help, to the most advanced believer. True worship never has seemed to me diverted from its aim or lowered in tone by all rising and singing, for example—

"Around the throne of God in heaven, &c."

It is proverbial that Christian books well written for children are much relished by their parents and grandparents. In every sermon words should be spoken suitable to the comprehension of children—such words do not impair, but increase the efficiency of the discourse to the whole congregation. Boaz commanded his reapers to let some handfuls fall on purpose for Ruth, and her mother-in-law, Naomi, afterwards shared in her gleanings. The great kinsman loves all young gleaners, and the family and church of God are profited by what they carry home from the field of public worship.

A grazing farmer was known in the market for his extra fine sheep. When asked for the secret of it, he could only answer that he took the greatest care of them while they were *lambs*. If our children are not well cared for and nourished with sound doctrine, the number and quality of our church membership will suffer. It is estimated that one-third of the human race die in infancy—a fact largely due to ignorance and carelessness as to suitable food and cleanliness. Many who survive to be men and women bear the mark of bad nursing to the end of their days. In robustness of limb and health, others carry with them through life the blessings of good nursing. Let us therefore as Pastors, Ministers, Teachers, remember our Lord's command to "Feed the lambs," never forgetting the Chief Shepherd's claim to them. He calls them "*My lambs*." The essential qualification for any under-shepherd who would fulfil this command is, that he must *love* both the Good Shepherd and his one flock. For though we "speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, we are nothing."

Reviews.

Ritualism What it is. What it means. Its secret methods, and how to meet them. J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.A. Thos. H. Hopkins, 16, Gray's Inn-road, Holborn.

Of this complete exposure of heretical doctrine the Rev. S. Baring Gould in his *Golden Gate* says the mistake of supposing that the sacred Scriptures without note or comment in the hands of all are a sufficient guide to truth. The Bible thus used is *not useless only, but dangerous to morality and truth*. Deadly errors such as these are well *exposed in these sermons*.

Present Day Papers on Romanism. "Is there a Dearth of Conversions?" by Joseph N. Goad. A. E. Pettit and Co., 184, Seven Sisters-road, or direct from the author, 97, Almack-road, Clapton Park.

This question comes from many churches and Christian workers lamenting the condition of things. We have read this penny tract and feel sure that some of the causes of dearth are clearly stated and the threefold remedy, 1. *Instant prayer*. 2. *Preaching the Gospel*. 3. *Be filled with the Holy Spirit*, advised in Mr. Goad's address, has our most hearty commendation.

A Brief History of the Baptist Denomination from the introduction of Christianity into England in the first century. George Davies, pastor of London-road Baptist Church, Redhill. To be had of the author, price one penny. Eight closely printed pages of most interesting history. Containing facts which should be known far and wide, especially by the young members of our denomination.

Our Baby, for mothers and nurses, by Mrs. Langton Hewer (late hospital ward-sister) author of "Antiseptics." A handbook for nurses, &c., Sixth Edition, revised. John Wright and Co., London; Simpkin, Marshall and Co. We have no hesitation in giving our approval of this work—a valuable book for mothers, nurses, and indeed all who have the care of children.

The Treasury of Religious Thought, 175, Fleet-street, E.C. July is a capital number; amongst other good things a sweet instructive sermon on "Christ the Consoler," or the rest we find in Jesus, by Dr. David Grey, of Brooklyn; also an address by Dr. Phillip Stafford Moxom, on "The Place of the Christian Minister in Modern Life."

Great Thoughts, 28 to 32, Hutton-street, Whitefriars. Amidst a host of sparkling literary gems, the July monthly part brings us into touch with social reformers, poets, artists, and clergy. We have likenesses of John Richard Green, James Whitcomb Riley, J. M. W. Turner, Rev. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., Mr. Henry, and Dr. James Anthony Froud. Mr. Henry Froud's contributions on the Revised Version of the Bible will be read by all with deep interest. From the same publishers we have received the *Prize Reciter and Helping Words*.

Religious Tract Society's serials, *Sunday at Home*, *Leisure Hour*, *Friendly Greetings*, *Light in the Home*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *the Boys' Own Paper*, *Child's Companion*, and *Little Doits*, are good average numbers. We call special attention to No. 1, "The Supper of Our Lord," by H. C. G.

Moule, D.D. It is a clear, helpful paper, stating clearly the doctrine of God's Word, and exposing the errors and corruptions of the priests.

"The Holy Spirit in Christian Work" is the title of a worthy contribution to the *Baptist Magazine*, by Albert E. Taylor. *The Sword & Trowel* presents its readers with a likeness and account of the work of pastor John Gand, of Guernsey, *The Irish Baptist* leads off with contribution on the "Twentieth Century Fund" by Hugh D. Brown, M.A. *Light & Truth* by pastor Sears. We have also received tidings of the Nyassa Industrial Mission, with account of annual meetings, &c. All communications should be addressed to Rev. A. Walker, Shoreham, Kent.

Part 19 of C. H. Spurgeon's

Autobiography. Volume 3. This part carries the reader along to Chapter 49 with accounts of the Pastors' College 1861 to 1876. The illustrations are very excellent and include the likeness in earlier days of Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, Archibald Brown, C.B. Sawday, and others. The June *Metropolitan Pulpit* contains Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon, "The Dumb Singing." "Peace in Believing." "The Best Friend" and "All Hail."

The Nonconformist Musical Journal for July contains a portrait of Mr. W. Sargent, who has been a member of the Rushden Old Baptist Choir for fifty-two years. Mr. Sargent is seventy-three years of age, and is still in active attendance. It is believed that he is the oldest choir member in the Nonconformist Churches.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

In consequence of continued weakness and depression, resulting from attacks of influenza, Rev. T. Brimley has felt it necessary to resign the pastorate of the church at Brington, and will close his ministry shortly.

Crosskeys: Hope.—On Tuesday, June 27, a public meeting was held to say farewell to Rev. J. E. Collier on his leaving Crosskeys to take charge of Salem Church, Hay. Presentations were made and an address by the church.

The Rev. David Ross of Manchester has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Enon Church, Sunderland.

Rhayader.—Rev. W. E. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of Bethal Church.

Rugby: West Haddon.—Rev. J. J. Griffiths, who recently resigned the pastoral care of the church in Bridgnorth, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the churches at West Haddon and Ravensthorpe, near Rugby.

The Rev. W. F. Harris of Trinity Church, Derby, has accepted the pastorate of the Old Church Rushden. His ministry in Derby has extended over a period of fifteen and a half years.

The Rev. S. J. Robins, of Scape Goat Hill, near Huddersfield, has received a very cordial, hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Birchcliffe, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

South Leith, N.B.—Mr. Robert White, Student, Dunoon College, has received and accepted a call to the

pastorate of South Leith Church, vacant through the removal of Pastor Tait to London.

The Rev. Rowland D. Lloyd, who is senior student of Nottingham College, as pastor of Bootle Chapel Stanley Road, Liverpool.

Mr. Henry R. Cross, of Pastors' College, has received a very cordial invitation to the pastorate of Gorsley Church Hereford.

Lowestoft.—Rev. D. Bennett, B.A. is resigning the pastorate of Tonning street Church, after five years spent in reviving a cause which had been several times previously abandoned. Mr. Bennett thinks that if to his "Paul" a new pastor would maintain the part of an "Apollos," a change of ministry would at this stage be of advantage to the young church.

Walthamstow: Blackhorse Rod, —Rev. Frank John Walkey (Pastors' College, Newington, S.E.) has accepted an invitation to the pastorate.

The Rev. F. A. Jones, of Cross-street, Islington, has accepted the invitation of the committee to the pastorate of Cranbrook-road Church, Ilford.

Bristol: Kensington—Pastor Douglas Brown, son of Mr. Archibald G. Brown, has accepted the pastorate of Kensington Church, Stapleton-road, Bristol.

The Rev. Edward Moore, of Bootle has accepted the pastorate of the Meanwood-road Chapel, Leeds.

Glasgow.—The Rev. Thos. Llewellyn Edwards of the Tabernacle, Southport, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of Queen's Park Baptist Church, Glasgow

Morley, Leeds.—Rev. C. Welton brought his pastorate here, of nearly eleven years, to a close on Sunday last. He has received a testimonial in recognition of his labours.

Govan West, N.B.—Rev. Alfred Wilson, has been pastor of the church for two years, has now accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Fenton, Staffs.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. A. Davis, pastor of the Heullan and Capel-y-fîn churches, near Abergavenny. The service was presided over by Rev. D. F. Davies (Longtown)

Rev. J. S. Johns, late of Bridgend, as the pastor of Ramoth Welsh Baptist Church in Hirwain, Glam. English members of the church are about to erect for themselves a place of worship. Hitherto they have been worshipping and working with various Pædo-Baptist bodies in the town, as no provision for their needs was in existence,

Rev. J. Winsor, who has recently taken the pastorate at Croyde and Georgeham Baptist churches. Rev. E. C. Pike, of Exeter, preached. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. W. Row.

Rev. G. Roberts, Hern as pastor of Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. R. G. Fairbairn, B. A., of Cheltenham, and a public meeting was held in the evening, presided over by Mr. James H. Blake, senior deacon.

Rev. David Tait as pastor of Clarendon Chapel Camberwell New Road, London, Special sermons were preached by the pastor. At a public meeting, at which Mr. Henry Wood presided, interesting addresses were delivered by several pastors.

Rev. G. Wearham has tendered his resignation after 3½ years ministry at Lewisham, London, S.E.

Rev. J. Samuel as pastor of the church at Sutcliffe.

NEW CHAPELS.

Thursday last witnessed the laying of the foundation or memorial stone of much needed new premises for the Baptist worshipping and working at Parker-street, Barnsley. The complete scheme contemplates the erection, at a total cost of £4,000 to £5,000, of a new chapel fronting to Racecommon-road, with Sunday-school buildings at the rear; but only the latter portion of the project, involving an

outlay of probably £2,250, is to be proceeded with at present.

A new chapel, costing about £5,000 was opened last week in Tenterden-street, Bury, with school premises adjoining. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Clifford Davies, of Bury, to whom a gold key was presented.

A new and exceedingly pretty chapel has been opened in the picturesque village of Ashley. The Baptist Church was formed in the year 1817. Prior to its formation Mr. William Mursell, father of the late J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, conducted services in a cottage belonging to the late Mr. George Peckham of Hordle. Subsequently a cottage was bought at Ashley for the sum of £60, and converted into a chapel. The Church has had twelve pastors. The new chapel cost £750, of which £544 had been raised.

Memorial stones of the new particular Chapel, which is being erected at Manchester-road, Hollinwood, were laid on Saturday afternoon. The chapel will accommodate 400 persons, and will cost close upon £2,000.

On June 21st. the new Union Church at Beeston, was opened for worship by a sermon by Rev. Clifford, D.D. It is under a trust deed on union principles, and was subsequently approved by the members.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton the oldest minister in the county, died suddenly at the age of eighty years. At the funeral service held at College-street, nothing was more significant in the whole of that large and representative assembly than the number of ministers present. One and all found in him a wise counsellor and a sympathetic friend. On Lord's Day the following morning the Rev. Charles Williams (Accrington) preached from the text, Luke xii. 37. In the afternoon memorial services were held in the schools for the children. The discourse in the evening was based upon Prov. xiii. 22, "A good man

leaveth an inheritance unto his children's children."

Dr. Landels passed away at Kirkcaldy in his seventy-seventh year. He had gone to the seaside for a change some weeks ago, and was taken ill soon after his arrival. The cause of death was heart disease. As a Baptist Dr. Landels ministered first at Cupar, and from thence to Circus Chapel, Birmingham. He was a personal friend of John Angell James, and was present at the meeting at which Dr. Dale was recognised as colleague and successor in the Carr's-lane pastorate. His next charge was the new Baptist Church at Regent's Park. At that time the Marylebone district was a very good one for Nonconformity, and a congregation was gathered before the building was ready. Many distinguished men attended the chapel. Lord Justice Lush was an elder, and Baron Piggot a member. Dr. Landels removed to Edinburgh in 1883, and became Minister of Dublin-street Baptist Church, where he remained till his retirement in 1895.

On the 11th inst., there passed over to the great majority, Scotland's oldest Baptist minister, the Rev. Henry Harcus. Mr. Harcus was born in the island of Westray, Orkney, on the 10th. May, 1810, and was therefore in his 90th. year when he peacefully passed away. His faculties, except his hearing, remained almost unimpaired to the end, and he spoke cheerfully to his friends at his bedside up to the last. He was about fifty years in the ministry in Orkney and Canada. On account of partial failure of hearing and voice he retired from the ministry about thirteen years ago. His end at last came peacefully. While reading the *Baptist* on the Friday he felt a weakness creeping over him, and expressed a desire to go to bed. For the first time in his long life he had to be assisted to undress, and helped into bed. On Saturday the weakness had increased very much and he knew his time to depart was at hand. "Blessed are the Dead, who die in the Lord,"

BAPTISMS.

At Ascot Chapel—Five, by J. Tinsley.
Bishop's Stortford—June 15, Two, by W. Walker.
1 righton, Queen-square Chapel, Three, by W. H. Davies.
Bideford, North Devon—June 25, Three, by Frank Durbin
Braintree, Essex—June 18, Three, by Alfred Curtis.
Birmingham, Christ Church, Six Ways, Aston—June 28, Four, by Isaac L. Near.
Buckley, Daisy Hill—June 25, One, by O. Tidman.
Cardiff, in the Rhymney river at Bedwas Bridge, Five, by M. James
Chesham—At Broadway Chapel, Five, by R. Walker, making a total of fifty-seven this year.
Cambridge, Zion—July 2, Six, by W. Bampton Taylor.
Cheltenham, Cambray—June 18, Four, by A. B. Phillips.
Chester, Milton-street—June 13, One, by W. Povey.
Gamlingay, Cambs—June 28, Two, by W. D. Guy.
Isleham, Cambs, Pound-lane—July 2, Four (in the river Lark, at the Ferry), by J. A. Wilson.
Devizes—At New Chapel, Five, by J. Day.
East Cheam—June 20, Two; June 25, Two; by W. Wheeler.
Herefordshire—May 4, One; May 7, Nine, by S. Watkins.
Hants—Four, by Hugh A. Ellis, new church at Fareham.
Hatherleigh, Three, by H. Smart.
Hull, George-street—June 18, Three, by J. E. Shephard.
Hitchin, Walworth-road Church, Two, by R. Holme.
Holyad (English Baptist)—June 26, One, by Gomer Evans.
Leicester, Friar-lane—June 28, Three, by John Evans.
Leighton Buzzard, Hockliffe-street—June 28, Seven, by E. Chettleborough.
Leamington Spa, Clarendon—June 28, Two, by F. Johnson
Liverpool, Waterloo—June 25, Two, by T. Adamson.
Leeds, Hunslet—June 25, Three, by A. E. Greening.
Leeds, Burley-road—June 25, Four, by Fred W. Walter.
Llançyfaen, Soar—June 17, Four, by Moses Jones.
Great Missenden—June 25, Four, by W. Dorcy.
Merthyr Tydfil, Ebenezer—July 2, by D. Stephan Williams.
Pontypridd, Temple—June 18, Two, by H. G. James.
Preton, Pole-street—June 25, Two, by T. Walton.
Stanningley—July 2, Two, by G. W. Bloomfield.

Shelfaugh, Diss—July 2, Two, by A. I. Jarrett.
Southampton, East-street—The pastor (G. Whitfield Brooker) baptized sixteen believers—two men from the P.S.A., two young men from the Sunday-school, and eleven women from the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavour Society. The youngest candidate, aged thirteen years, is the daughter of Mr. J. Lush, one of the deacons. Most of these friends were brought to decision at the Free Church United Mission services, recently conducted by Mr. George Clarke.
Worcester, Sansome Walk Chapel—July 9, Ten, by J. Bell-Johnson, M.A.
Swindon Tabernacle—Twenty-two, by W. Llewellyn Williams.
Skipton, Yorkshire—June 25, Six, by W. Judge.
Speem, Bucks—June 25, Four, by W. Harrison.
St. Anstell—June 21, Four, by E. Osborne.
Treforest, Calvary—June 30, Three, by E. Lewis.

BAPTISTS IN PERSIA.

Thursday, May 11th, 1899, the day of the great Mohammedan Feast of Muharram in Persia this year, was also marked by the ordinance of believer's baptism by immersion, which took place on that day, and is the first known in North-west Persia, and probably the first there since the early days of Christianity.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle, E.—June 18, Five, by A. Tildsley.
Church-street, Edgware-road, W.—June 18, by J. Tucker.
Wood Green—July 9, Five, by W. Haines.
Haerton-road, Bermondsey, S.E.—June 21, Four, by T. E. Powe.
Penge Tabernacle—June 28, Five, by J. Wesley Boud.
Stratford-grove—June 25, Three, by W. H. Stevens.
Woolwich Tabernacle, S.E.—June 27, Twelve by J. Wilson
Twickenham—June 27, Ten, by S. Jones.
Peckham Tabernacle—June 25, Eight, by F. M. Smith.
Chiswick, Annandale-road, W.—June 22, Two, June 25, Six, by Arthur G. Edgerton.
Westbourne Grove, W.—June 25, Nine, by George Freeman.
Fulham, Dawes-road—June 25, Four, by J. H. Grant.

Full Redemption.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“ There shall not a hoof be left behind.”—Exodus x. 26.

AND Pharaoh, king of Egypt, as an absolute monarch, is permitted to go to the utmost degree of hardness of heart, and yet the Lord would show to all coming generations that his decrees *shall* stand, and he *will* do all his pleasure. God had sent his people into Egypt in the olden times, there to dwell in the land of Goshen. They had multiplied exceedingly, they had been favourably treated by succeeding kings, till at length a new king arose who knew not Joseph. He began to oppress the people. He made their lives bitter with hard bondage. In mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service of the field, did he make them to serve with rigour. Probably they were employed in building many of those mighty piles, the pyramids, which now stand upon the plains of Egypt; they worked under the whip continually, and had to make bricks without straw, the hardest possible exaction that even a tyrant could have imagined. At last the cry of the people went up to their God in heaven. He saw their affliction, he heard their cry, he knew their sorrows, and he determined, with his own bare arm, to be avenged on Pharaoh, and to bring out *all* his people. He raised up Moses, and he sent him in with this message to Pharaoh, “ Thus saith the Lord, let my people go, that they may serve me.” Pharaoh laughs at it; “ Ye are idle,” saith he, “ ye are idle, ye shall not go.” A plague at once is God’s answer to Pharaoh’s laughter; he turns their water into blood, and the fish that were in the river died. Pharaoh gives way a little, for, if he must yield, it must be by degrees. “ You shall have,” says he, “ two or three days of rest, to serve your God, but it must be in this land.” “ Nay,” says Moses, “ We cannot serve our God in this land, we must go forth into the wilderness.” Pharaoh bids them begone. Another plague, and yet another. And now Pharaoh yields thus far. “ They may go into the wilderness, but they must not go very far.” “ Nay, but,” says Moses, “ we will have no such stipulation.” Pharaoh, therefore, again deals deceitfully, again refuses, again grows angry, and waxes proud; and God smites the land with lice, with flies, with a very grievous murrain, with all manner of plagues. Then Pharaoh says, “ You may go, you may go into the wilderness; but only the strong men among you shall go; ye shall leave your wives, and your little ones,” “ Nay,” says Moses, “ we must all go, with our wives, and with our little ones, must we serve the

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Lord our God." Pharaoh again refuses; his heart is hardened; he will not yield. Moses, at the command of the Lord, then stretched forth his hand towards heaven, and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt, even darkness that might be felt. Then Pharaoh's subjects clamoured to him, "Let these men go." Pharaoh yields this, "For," he says, "You shall go, your wives, and your little ones, but you shall leave your cattle and your goods behind." "Nay," saith Moses, "We must have all or none; not a hoof shall be left behind." And you will remember, that the Lord never yielded a single point to Pharaoh, but exacted all of him, and at last buried him with his horses, and his riders, in the depth of the sea.

Now, it seems to me, that this grand quarrel of old is but a picture of God's continual contest with the powers of darkness. The mandate has gone forth: "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go that they may serve me." "No," saith Satan, "they shall not." And if he be compelled to yield one point, he still retains his hold upon another. Evil is hard in dying; it will not readily be overcome. But this is the demand of God, and to the last will he have it. "All my people"; the whole of, every one of them, and all that my people have possessed, *all* shall come out of the land of Egypt. Christ will have the whole; he will not be contented with a part, and this he vows to accomplish. "Not a hoof shall be left behind."

I use the text as an aphorism, which I hope to be enabled to illustrate. God bless it to our souls. "Not a hoof shall be left behind." Christ will have all that he has died to purchase; not a fraction of the purchased possession will he lose.

First, then, *Christ will have the whole man*—"Not a single hoof shall be left behind." In the next place, he will have *the whole church*—"Not a hoof shall be left behind." In the next place, he will have *the whole of the lost inheritance of his church*—"Not a hoof shall be left behind"; and at last, in the fourth place, he will have *the whole world* to serve him—"Not a hoof shall be left behind."

I. First, then, Christ will have **THE WHOLE MAN**. In his people whom he has purchased with his blood, he *will* reign without a rival. As for the world that lieth in the wicked one, the prince of this world shall have his power over it, until his time shall be accomplished. But as for the Lord's people whom he hath redeemed, on whom his heart is set, he will not have a single hair of their heads to be alienated from himself. "They shall be *mine*," saith the Lord, "they shall be *wholly mine*." Christ will not be part-proprietor of any man; he will not have one part of the man, and leave the other part to be devoted to Satan.

In entering upon this point, that Christ will have the whole man, I shall have to notice, that he does already possess the whole of his people in their intent and purpose, and that by-and-bye, when he hath sanctified them wholly, he will then actually possess the whole spirit, and soul, and body of the man whom he hath purchased with his precious blood. Mark then, my hearers, if you be children of God, if you be saved, you belong wholly and entirely to Christ. By this may you know this morning whether you are subjects of that old Pharaoh or whether Jehovah is the Lord your God. Are there not multitudes of men, who seem to imagine that if they save a corner in their souls

for their religion, all will be well? SATAN may reign over their thoughts and their imaginations; but if in some quiet nook there be preserved the appearance of religion, all will be right. Oh! be not deceived, men and brethren, in this, Christ never went halves in a man yet. He will have the whole of you, or he will have none of you. He will be Lord paramount, Master supreme, absolute Lord, or else he will have nothing to do with you. The whole man Christ died to purchase, and if you are not wholly given up to God, if in the intent and purpose of your souls, every thought, and wish, and power, and talent, and possession, be not devoted and consecrated to Christ, you have no reason to believe that you have been redeemed by his precious blood.

We may not select some favourite evil, and say, I will give my heart wholly up to God, but this vice is to be spared. Nay, nay, my hearers, ye are not Christ's if ye have one tampered lust, one sin which you fondly indulge. Sin you will, even though you be Christ's, but if you indulge sin, if you love it, and delight in it, if it is not to you a plague and a curse, you have no reason whatever to conclude that you belong to Christ at all. Suppose a house attacked by seven thieves. The good man of the house has arms within, and he manages to kill six of the thieves; but if one thief survive, and he permits him to range his house, he may still be robbed, perhaps still be slain. And if I have had seven evil vices, and if by the grace of God six of these have been driven out, should I yet indulge and pamper one that remaineth, I am still a lost man. I contend not for creature perfection: I believe it to be impossible for us to attain it in the present life, but I do contend for perfection in purpose, perfection in design; and if we wantonly and wilfully harbour a solitary sin, we are no friends of Jesus Christ. Not one sin, then, is to be spared. And as no sin is to be spared, so no duty is to be neglected. If I am Christ's, "I count *all His* precepts concerning *all* things to be right." We have not come yet to be Christ's-verified property, to be Christ's disenthralled people, unless we feel that in all the commandments of God we desire to walk blamelessly—not a hoof is to be left behind.

As no sin is to be spared, and no service to be shunned, so no power is to be reserved from entire consecration. Christ bought the whole man, and the whole man must be devoted to Christ; I am not to reserve for sin the freedom of my will, while I give to God my conscience, but the whole man is to be given up to Christ, he is not enlisted in Jesus Christ's army, who has not given up to Christ, head, and hands, and feet, and heart, and all. I am told that in Scotland, in the olden times, the farmers used to save one field which they did not sow, they saved that for the devil, it was called, "The gude man's croft;" so that Satan might range there, as much as he liked, and not disturb the crops elsewhere. A strange whim. Oh! how many Christians have tried to do the like in their hearts. They have had just the gude man's croft, a little corner where Satan might have his way, but, oh! this will never serve, the whole land must be tilled; every acre must be sown with the good seed, for it is all Christ's, or else it is none of it Christ's. We belong from the crown of our head to the sole of our foot to Christ, or else we do not belong to Christ at all. Man,—the entire nature must be surrendered. The demand is im-

perative; to a proverb it shall be verified; "there shall not a hoof be left behind."

Yet, forever, if no power is to be unconsecrated, how much less will Christ ever permit our heart to be divided. If we seek to serve God and mammon, God and self, God and pleasure, we do not serve God at all. When the Romans erected the statue of Christ, and put it up in their Pantheon, saying that he should be one among their gods, their homage was worthless. And when they turned their heads, first to Jupiter, then to Venus, and then to Jesus Christ, they did no honour to our Lord, they did but dishonour him. Their service was not acceptable, and so if you imagine in your heart that you can sometimes serve God, and sometimes serve self, and be your own master, you have made a mistake. Christ will have no such service as this; he will have all or nothing, or else we cannot be saved. A quaint old divine uses the following figure: "If," saith he, "a hart be caught in a trap, and it shall extricate all its limbs except one foot, it has not escaped as long as the foot is in the trap; and if a bird be taken, and if with much struggling it getteth its liberty all but one wing, yet when the fowler comes he will seize it unless that wing also become delivered." So is it with you and me. If you say, "Well, I was once bound hand and foot, but now I have broken off the chain from my hand." Yes, but if the ring of iron encircles one foot, and it is fastened down to the floor, you are still a slave. You may have fled through the chain of your drunkenness, but if you have not fled through the chain of your self-righteousness, you are still as much a bondman as ever. It is all in vain for you to fight half the battle; it is not the half but the whole that gives the victory. It is not the slaying of here and there a sin, like the stopping of here and there a leak in the ship; she must be re-keeled, or else she will sink; she must be new bottomed and new made; and so must you. All those slight amendments and improvements, good as they are in a moral aspect, are worthless as to any spiritual salvation of your soul. Remember this, thou who thinkest thou art a believer, see whether it can be said of thee, "I have wholly come out of Egypt in my heart's intent, 'not a hoof has been left behind.'"

But to proceed: what is already true in our intent and purpose shall ere long be true in reality. Tarry a little while, Christian, a few more struggles against the flesh, a little more battling and of warring against the evil powers within thee, and thou shalt put thy foot upon the neck of thy old corruptions: sin and self shall both be slain, and Jesus Christ shall reign triumphantly. What a joy it is to the Christian to believe that he shall one day be perfect. As we have worn the image of the earthly, so shall we also wear the image of the heavenly. We shall be vessels fully purged as by fire, fully sanctified and made fit for the Master's use. When we shall come up dripping from the shelving banks of Jordan, we shall have left behind us all our sins; up those celestial hills our feet shall climb, and our garments shall be whiter than any fuller can make them. Not Jesus in his transfiguration shall be more complete and perfect than we shall be in ours. The black drops of depravity will have been wrung out of our hearts; and we shall take our place among the angels, pure as they;

among the perfect spirits, the prophets, and the glorious host of martyrs, as truly sanctified, as fully redeemed, as effectually delivered from sin, as even they are. The redemption shall be complete; "not a hoof shall be left behind."

Before I leave this point, let me remark that there is one part of man seemingly the most worthless, which we sometimes think will be left behind. The poor body! it shall be put in the grave, the worms shall hold a carnival within it, and soon it shall crumble down into a few atoms of dust; but Christ who redeemed his people, bought their flesh and their bones as well as their souls, "and not a hoof shall be left behind." He will raise from the dead the very bones of his people, and as the whole host shall go marching up behind their conquering leader, he shall cry, "Of them that thou hast given me I have lost none, not a bone in my own body has been broken, and not a bone of their bodies has been left behind." The whole man, body, soul, and spirit, all consecrated, all filled with the Spirit, shall stand before the throne and clap its hands, and sing the everlasting song of glory unto God for ever and ever. "Not a hoof shall be left behind."

II. This, to proceed to the second part of our discourse, is equally true of THE WHOLE CHURCH as of the whole man—"Not a hoof shall be left behind." I never have subscribed—I think I never shall—to the doctrine of universal redemption. I believe in the limitless efficacy of the blood of Christ. I would not say, with some of the early Fathers, that a single drop of Christ's blood would have been sufficient for the redemption of the world. That seems to me to be an expression too strained, though doubtless their meaning was correct. I believe that there is efficacy enough in the blood of Christ if it be applied to the conscience to save any man and every man. But when I come to the matter of redemption it seems to me that whatever Christ's design was in dying, that design cannot be frustrated, nor by any means disappointed. When I look at the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot imagine that such an One, offering such a sacrifice, can ever be disappointed of the design of his soul. Hence I think that all whom he came on purpose to save he will save, all who were graven on the strong affections of his heart as the purchase of his blood he assuredly shall have. All that his heavenly Father gave him shall come to him. All who were included among the members of his mystic body, when he was nailed to the tree, shall be one with him in his glorious resurrection, and "not a hoof shall be left behind." I know there are some who believe in a disappointed Christ, who affect to lament concerning Christ a design not accomplished, a frustrated cross, agonies spent in vain, blood that was poured out on the ground as water that cannot be gathered up. I believe in no such thing. God createth nothing in vain, nor will I believe that Jesus Christ died on the cross in vain in any sense or in any degree whatever. Not a hoof of all his purchased flock shall be left behind.

Come, then. Methinks I see before my mind's eye the countless multitudes whom Jesus bought with blood. The day shall come when their great shepherd walking in their front shall lead behind him the entire flock, and not one shall be absent. But suppose for an instant—we take that ground to see how untenable it is—suppose for an

instant that one of those purchased ones should be absent ; of what sort shall that one be ? Suppose it to be a suffering one, one that has lain tossing on the bed of pain for many months and years, some aged disciple filled with twitchings and convulsions, who for the last few years seemed to suffer pains like those of hell though she lay on the borders of Paradise—shall she be left behind ? Such a supposition impugns *the love* of Christ. If he left any, certainly it should not be the suffering ones. If one should be cast away, certainly not that of a martyr band who for his sake endure, nor of that pilgrim band of the despised who through much tribulation inherit the kingdom of heaven. Who then shall it be ? Shall it be the strong ones that shall be lost ? Imagine it so. But how were they strong ? They were strengthened through Christ, and yet can they perish ? Such a supposition impugns *the immutability* of God. Did he gird them with strength one day and leave them helpless the next ? What ! did God pour the full vigour of his grace into a heart and then restrain that vigour, and suffer the strong one to perish ? Shall the minister of Christ whom God has greatly blessed be deserted by the faithful God, and shall the shame of his fall ring round the world and become the jest and mockery of drunkard and harlot ? God forbid ; he shall keep the strong and they shall enter into life. But suppose for a minute it should be one of our weak ones, our poor friend, Mr. Feeble Mind, or our excellent sister, Miss Despondency ; suppose these must perish. Ah ! then this would impugn *the power* of God, for then the enemy would cry, “ Aha ! Aha ! he kept the strong, but he could not keep the weak.” Ay, beloved, but there shall “ not a hoof be left behind ; ” not that poor lingering sheep, not that poor newly-born and feeble lamb ; they shall every one of them be brought in ; no, “ not a hoof shall be left behind.” But saith one, “ Perhaps it will be the erring ones among them.” Ah, but if the erring ones in the Church be lost then should all be lost, for they all err. “ But supposethere be some that specially err ? ” Well, if these were lost, it would be to impugn *the grace* of God, because then it might be said, and said with truth, “ It was of works and not of grace,” for if it be of grace then must the erring be brought back and forgiven, and even those sheep that break the hedge and leave the pasture, these must be brought in, that it may be said on earth and sung in heaven that it was of grace, free grace, and grace alone, that any were saved—that all were saved—that none are left behind.

Methinks I see the great Shepherd now, and there are all his sheep. They have been wandering. They have got into a dark glen in the mountains and a snow-storm is coming on, and he goes to seek them. There they are. The grim spirit of the tempest, the Prince of the power of the air meets him and says, “ Back, shepherd ! What dost thou here ? ” “ I have come to reclaim my own,” “ They are not thine now,” saith he, “ they have strayed into my grounds and they are mine, not thine.” “ Nay, fiend,” saith he, “ they are mine ; they have my blood-mark on them ; they were given me of my Divine Father, and I am bound by solemn obligations to keep every one of them safely.” “ Thou shalt not have them,” saith the fiend. “ I must, I will,” saith he. They fought, and the good Shepherd he overcame. He dashed

down the enemy and trod him under foot, and crushed him. Then SATAN with wily craft replied, "They are thine—thine I confess, and I will give thee some of them—the fattest of them." "Nay," saith he, "Nay, fiend, I have bought them all, and I will have them a l." And there they come, a goodly company; but he keeps back a few. "They are not all here," says the Shepherd, "and I will have all." "But," saith the fiend, "there are some of them that are speckled sheep, and some that are black and diseased; dost thou want them? Let me have a few at least." "No," saith he, "No; I must have the black ones, the speckled ones, the diseased ones: let them all come. Fiend, stand back, let them come I tell thee, or my right arm shall fell thee to the ground again." And now they all come but one, and Satan says, "Nay, but this is such a little one; this is so weak. Thou wouldst not have such a shrivelled, scabby one as this in thy bright flock, thou fair Shepherd of God." "Ay," saith he, "but sooner than lose one of them I will die again, and shed my blood once more to buy it back. Avaunt! All that my Father gave me I will have." And now methinks I see him in the last tremendous day when the sheep pass again under the hand of him that telleth them. He cries, "Of all thou hast given me, I have lost none. I have brought them all safely here, "*not a hoof is left behind.*"

III. The third point was to be this—Jesus Christ will not only have all of a man, and all the men he bought, but he will have ALL THAT EVER BELONGED TO ALL THESE MEN. That is to say, all that Adam lost, Christ will win back; all that we fell from in Adam, Christ will restore us to, and that without the diminution of a single jot or tittle. Not an inch of Paradise shall be given up, nor even a handful of its dust resigned. Christ will have all, or else he will have none—"Not a hoof shall be left behind." Very briefly let me run through a short list of all those precious things which we lost in Adam. And first, with reference to God. Christ's blood-bought ones once enjoyed in their father Adam divine likeness. "Let us make man in our own image, in our own likeness," saith God. Alas! that likeness has been defiled and debased. Like the king's superscription on the coinage, which has been worn for many a year, you cannot tell whose image and superscription it now is. Ay, but we shall have that back again. God will re-stamp his precious things; re-engrave his name upon his gems, and we shall wear the likeness of God as Adam did, when he came fresh from his Maker's hand. We have lost, too, as we know to our cost, by nature the divine favour; God loved Adam, he showed that love to him, but when Adam sinned, though God was merciful, he could not show love to one who had become a rebel; I mean—not the love of complacency—though the love of benevolence never ceased for a moment. Ay, but God delightheth in his people now in Christ. Christ hath gotten back for us the full light of God's favour. The sun shone on Adam full-orbed, and it will not shine on us with less brightness. God loved Adam very tenderly, but he loves us just as much. We have gotten back the two divine privileges of heavenly likeness and heavenly favour. But you will remember, also, Adam had the celestial boon of divine fellowship: "The Lord God walked with Adam in the garden in the cool of the day." And some of you know what it is to have that back again, for

he has walked with us, and God has talked to his people till our eyes have shone, and our hearts have been ready to break for very joy. Our poor weak body was not able to contain its overflowing bliss. Christ will get back for his people all the likeness of God, all the favour of God, and all the fellowship with God, of which Satan robbed them. Not a particle less shall they have, but I think I may venture to say even more, for God loved Adam for Adam's sake; he loves you and me for Christ's sake, and that is a better motive; a higher, a deeper, and grander consideration, than even loving a man for his own sake. Because of his only begotten and well beloved Son, he loves all his people with an infinite, unfailling affection. This is the first part of the inheritance which we lost, and which Christ will get us back.

Then again, Adam lost happiness, and we have lost it too, and we have become the heirs of sorrow, and like our Master we are acquainted with grief. Ay, but he will get us back our happiness! we have had some portion of it already. That well of living water, into which Satan cast a great stone so that it could not spring up, Christ has rolled away the stone, and now we drink the water, whereof, if a man drinks, he shall never thirst, and shall never need to go to earthly fountains to draw. Oh! courage, courage, Christian, in all thy sorrows, Christ will win thee back that glorious happiness which Adam lost for thee. Besides, you all know that in Adam we lost the right to live. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." But Christ has brought life and immortality to light by the gospel, and because he lives, we shall live also.

And yet again, Adam of old was king. Wherever he went he was king—God's crowned cherub who walked in the garden of Eden like a king in his palaces. But now, what are we? The servants of servants; toiling creatures that wipe the sweat from our face, and strain our nerves, and empty out our veins with labour. Ay, but that dignity is restored already to the people of God, for he hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus our Lord. And visibly shall that dignity come back to us, when the leopard shall lie down with the kid; when the lion shall eat straw, like the ox, and man on earth shall be lord of the creation just as he was of old. We shall have back I believe everything that Adam had, and much more. "Not a hoof shall be left behind."

And yet further, not to keep you longer, we believe that in Adam we lost sonship, but in Christ we have received the adoption. In Adam we lost safe standing; but he hath plucked us out of the miry clay, and set our feet upon a rock. In Adam we lost righteousness; but he that believeth is justified from all things. Whatever Adam lost, Christ has found, and infinitely more.

A man once wrote a book to prove the devil a fool. Certainly, when all matters shall come to their destined consummation, Satan will prove to have been a magnificent fool. Folly, magnified to the highest degree by subtlety, shall be developed in Satan. Ah! thou trailing serpent, what hast thou now after all? I saw thee but a few thousand years ago, twining around the tree of life, and hissing out thy deceptive words. Ah! how glorious was the serpent then—a winged creature, with his azure scales, Ay, and thou didst triumph over God. I heard

thee as thou didst go hissing down to thy den, I heard thee say to thy brood,—vipers in the nest as they are,—“My children, I have stained the Almighty’s works; I have turned aside his liege subjects; I have injected my poison into the heart of Eve, and Adam hath fallen too; my children let us hold a jubilee, for I have defeated God.” Ah! fiend; I think I see thee now, thy venom-bags all emptied, and thou thyself overcome, tormented, ashamed, hacked, hewed, dashed in pieces, and made a scoff throughout eternity. Ah! well, brethren, the great Goliath hath gained nothing by his vauntings; Christ and his people have really lost nothing by Satan. The victory has not simply been a capture of that which was lost, but a gaining of something more. We are in Christ more than we were before we fell. “Not a hoof shall be left behind.”

IV. I shall want your patience and your prayers while I now attempt to dwell upon my last illustration. CHRIST WILL HAVE THE WHOLE EARTH—“not a hoof shall be left behind.” God hath made this world for himself, and when he made it he looked on all his works, and he said, “They were very good.” All creation was meant to be a grand orchestra, the angels occupying the higher seats, and sounding the higher notes; while descending in the scale, the inhabitants of the divers worlds, which are perhaps countless in multitude, taking their places in the one harmonious song. In one place there was an old and almost empty spot without a singer; blessed be God, the singers have many of them taken their places already, and there are others on the way. That spot was left for men to sing in, for men who should praise God, and magnify his name always. Ay, but Satan came and took away all the singers, spoiled their voices, and ruined them, and now this world, instead of being an orchestra for God’s praise, has become an arena for evil passions, a battle field for lust and rapine, and murder and sin. But mark this, God will not be disappointed of his purpose; this ruined world shall yet sing forth his praises, and without a marring or a jarring voice, the whole of his creatures shall magnify his holy name. Satan seems to say, “Thou King of kings, take England for thyself, and America be thine, here and there thou shalt take an island, or a city, but let me have the masses of mankind; I will be lord of China’s teeming multitudes, and India shall lie within my coils.” Brethren, shall it be so? shall it be so?—are you content in your Master’s name to resign those mighty empires to the prince of darkness? Unanimously your hearts speak out your Master’s language; it must not, and it shall not be. The tramp of Christian heroes shall yet shake those nations, and the trumpet of Jubilee shall proclaim liberty to the bonded sons of Adam that are weeping there. They must—they shall belong to Christ. And now the black prince comes forward, and he proposes another thing. “Oh!” saith he, “great King, why this perpetual duel, why must thy servants fight and live, and my servants continually be defeated? Let us divide the empire.” You remember that in the olden times of England, when Canute and the Danes were fighting against the Saxons under Edmund, it was decided at last that the two kings should fight it out. The fight went on with various success, and at last, the champions having parted, it was decided that one should take one part of England, and the other the other, and so

a truce was made. And so, black fiend, thou proposeth this to the king of heaven, dost thou?—a division, shall it be; shall the fight be suspended, shall Christ have half, and Satan the other half? No, listen to the cry of that half, which we might give up: "Ye men, ye men of Israel, come hither, help! help! come ye to the help of the Lord against the mighty! Why should *we* be given up to intolerable tyranny, and devoted for ever to hell's monarch and his mighty power?" Nay, we cannot consent, thou fiend! that thou shouldst have one half. Imagine, then, that the gospel has spread in every country but one, and now Satan pleads, "No missionaries shall be sent there to disturb their unhallowed peacefulness. Let me reign there," saith he, "and I will be content."

But it must not be; Soldiers of Christ, to the battle, to the battle. All the line, all the rampart must be stormed. He must not have a single spot whereon to place his foot. Now I hear him flap his broken wings and fly into the grim north. "There are a few Esquimaux," saith he, who live in the dreary region long consecrated to my power. I will betake myself to the land of icebergs and rocks, of the wild bear and the dog, and there will I keep my last resting place." Brethren, shall it be, shall it be? Shall he reign king of the icebergs, and lord even over the frozen north? No, by heaven, and him that redeemed the earth. Out even of that region must he be dashed; as of old he fell from heaven, so must he fall from earth. And now I see the Icelanders bowing before Christ, and the vilest and most depraved of men submitting to Jehovah's sway; but Satan has one dark-souled being; the last man that is left uncovered. Ring your Sabbath bells, my brethren! Go up to your house of prayer! be happy! But I see a gloom upon your face. What means it? You reply, there is one man left unsaved; Satan has still a lodging-place in the heart of one man, surely our songs would lose their melody if that were the case. Nay, master, nay, "Not a hoof shall be left behind." Thou shalt walk through this world and meet no more with sin. There shall not be found one inhabitant of this globe who is not thy subject; not a single being who is not fully consecrated to thy will. That were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Equally may I say, it is a consummation confidently to be expected. Wait a little while, labour a little longer, and he that will come shall come and will not tarry; then shall the world, see that Christ has conquered and has taken back all his possessions. "Not a hoof shall be left behind."

And now, I have just a word or two of practical doctrine to deliver. Give me your solemn attention; On which side art thou man, woman? Art thou Christ's, or art thou Satan's? Remember, if thy soul belongs to sin, living and dying as thou art, hell's greedy maw must devour thee; for Satan saith, as Christ saith, "Not a hoof shall be left behind." The waves of the deluge of wrath, shall drown every man who is not in the ark. Not a single thorn, or tare, shall be left to grow, they must all be bound up in bundles to be burned, and cast into the fire. Answer that question then: Whose art thou? Answer now another. If thou hopest that thou art Christ's, Christ's motto with every man is "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*" He will be Cæsar in your hearts, king, emperor, or nothing at all; he will reign

entirely over you, or not at all. Are you wholly Christ's then? "Oh," saith one, "I hope so." Ay, but take care it is not mere hope, but that it is the fact; and lift up thy heart and pray, "Great God sanctify me wholly, spirit, soul and body, take full possession of all my powers, all my members, all my goods, and all my hours, all I am, and all I have, take me, and make me what thou wouldst have me to be." Is there one who says, "I fear I am not Christ's, but I wish to be?" Is that a sincere wish? I am happy, happy, thrice happy, that thou feelest thus, for thou couldst not even wish to be Christ's, unless Christ's grace had made thee wish. Oh, remember, if thou wiltest to have Christ, there is no question about Christ's willingness to have thee. Come, just as thou art, and with a full surrender, say:—

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come."

Trust Christ, and you are saved; rely on Jesus, and your sins are forgiven, and you are Christ's, and shall be Christ's in that day when he maketh up his jewels. May God bless these thoughts and meditations to each and all of us. Amen.

Rules for Daily Life.

- 1 BEGIN the day with God;
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.
- 2 Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there;
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.
- 3 Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee.
- 4 converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise:
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.
- 5 Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess:
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.
- 6 Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

By Crooked Paths

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STRAIN OF A WELL-REMEMBERED AIR.

CHRISTMAS-DAY in Paris! I daresay Christmas-day in the city of Fashion and Folly is as much enjoyed as any other day, and probably more so by the vast majority of her citizens; but to one at least in the gay capital the prospect of having to spend Christmas in Paris was painfully disappointing.

Robert Meredith had come over to Paris a few weeks before the holidays, in company with another medical student, in order to attend some special lectures in surgery at the Sorbonne; and now, just as he was about to pack up his traps and get back home again in time for the festivities of Christmas, the sudden illness of his companion was keeping him an unwilling prisoner in the French capital. He could not leave his friend to the tender mercies of the frilled and goffered *concierge* who had charge of the house in the Latin Quarter, where they had their rooms, however kind she might be; and so, until the sick man's friends could reach him, Rob constituted himself his nurse and constant attendant.

But the disappointment was a keen one for the young man. He had been looking forward, during these weeks in Paris, to spend

Christmas-tide, in company with his mother and Irene, at Sir Arthur Swanson's hospitable mansion; and for Robert Meredith there was no place on earth where he would sooner be than Westbray Hall! And now to have to forego that delight!

But Robert Meredith had been growing: I mean not physically, but spiritually. With his first surrender to Christ there had been the yielding of the whole life and will. The simple trustfulness of a child characterized his Christian life; and in his present disappointment there was the quieting assurance that his enforced stay in Paris was for some wise, though unseen, purpose: that even his frustrated hopes would in some way give glory to the Lord he loved and served. And, as best he could, he forced back all his feelings of disappointment, and bravely set himself to be as happy as possible under the circumstances.

He was not without friends in the city. During his stay he had found time, between his studies, to assist in the frequent meetings of an evangelical mission whose head-quarters were in the Rue St. Denis. Rob had discovered this Christian effort quite accident-

ally ; but since he had first become acquainted with it, hardly a day passed but he was present at one or other of the meetings that were constantly being held. His regular appearance had soon attracted the notice of the worthy Pasteur in charge, and so the young man's sympathies were early enlisted in the work, in connection with which he speedily had made many friends.

On Christmas-day morning Rob's friend was much better. Rob noted the improvement as soon as he entered the invalid's room.

"There are some letters for you, Morgan," he said as he came and stood over the bedside, "do you think you can manage to read them yourself?"

The other reached out his hands for the bundle, and said brightly,

"Yes, old fellow, thank you. I can't have you reading all my love letters, you know. Hand them over. Why I feel able to get up and go with you to that religious rioting you were telling me about yesterday."

Meredith's face darkened for a moment.

"That's rather a hard way to speak of the simple entertainment the children are to have at the mission to-night," he said. "But as it happens I am not going to leave you to-day, Morgan. I did my share yesterday in helping to prepare for the *Fete de Noel* ; to-day I am going to help you to have as merry a time as is possible, old fellow."

"No, no, Meredith, I won't allow it. I am better this morning, and shall get up presently. You shall not stay in this dismal hole. Get off with you ! Go and see that you get your money's worth of pleasure, for I believe

it is your purse that has provided the cash for the social junketings that are going forward to-day."

"I insist on it," Fred Morgan went on, as he noticed that Rob was preparing to refuse. "I tell you I am a heap better. If you don't believe I can be left, why then I will get up and go with you and so show you that I can." And with this rather mixed remark, the young man made as if he would at once carry out his threat.

And in the end he got his way.

The *Fete de Noel* was an annual feature of the work of the Mission in which Rob had become so much interested. It was eagerly anticipated by not only the children, but also by the older attachés of the Hall. Until late on Christmas Eve Rob had been assisting the other workers in making ready for the entertainment. He had helped to rear and decorate the monster Christmas tree, and in the hanging of the flags and the etceteras of the Hall's adornment. It was while the work had been going on merrily, to the accompaniment of gay laughter and pleasant chatter, and now and then the snatch of some sweet melody, that Rob had a note thrust into his hand by one of the light-hearted damsels he had noticed as one of the busiest among the workers.

"It is for you, Monsieur, from Monsieur Todd," was all she said.

It proved to be a most cordial invitation to eat his Christmas dinner with a Mr. Todd, an English merchant who had been long resident in Paris, whose acquaintance Rob had made in connection with the Mission. He had become thoroughly domiciled in the land of his adoption, and had

married a bright and vivacious Parisian, the daughter of the revered Pasteur.

Although at the time, Rob had felt that he could not leave his sick friend, he had been delighted to receive the invite as a token of that kindly feeling of which he had had many manifestations before. Now that Morgan was so much better, and insisted upon his accepting the invitation, he hesitated no longer, and was soon on his way to the house in the neighbourhood of Gare St. Lazare, where the merchant had his well-appointed flat.

The greeting was a cordial one, and Rob soon lost that feeling of home-sickness that had been on him all the morning. Madame Todd had caught the spirit of old English customs and courtesies, and did all that was possible to make him happy.

In company with his host and hostess and their two pretty children, Rob, later in the day, went to the Hall to help in the entertainment of the numerous guests. It was a pleasant gathering. The children and their elders all enjoyed the fun, and each received some useful present from the well-laden Christmas tree. Before the party broke up there was some singing, and an earnest word from one or two of the Pasteurs who were present.

It was nearly midnight when Rob turned his face homewards. The day was over, and had been well spent. He had not thought he could have enjoyed it so much. But now, as he pursued his way alone through the asphalted streets and across the squares, he could not help allowing his thoughts to flit away to the English home where he had hoped to have been that day. Across the

Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine of the Revolution had done its bloody work, over the river, with the lights along the banks gilding its dark waters, through the streets on the southern side, he thoughtfully wended his way, wondering what Divine purpose was to be accomplished by this unexpected stay in Paris.

He was not far from the Latin Quarter—that region in the south side of the city where all sorts and conditions of students find their dwellings—when his steps were suddenly arrested by the strains of a violin. They came from one of the innumerable *cafes* which, with their bright glare and open doors, stand at every corner, inviting the laggards of the night to enter.

Around this particular one there was the usual crowd of men and women of the *ouvrier* class drinking their "bock," or perhaps the hardly less deadly yellow absinthe. The night was not cold, or the idlers of the *cafe* did not mind the cold, for they were, the most of them, sitting outside on the broad side-walk, drinking and chattering away, while some of the women were dancing to the accompaniment of a violin that was being played by a man Rob could but barely see because of the crowd, who was standing just inside the open door of the *cafe*. The man he did not know; but the air he was playing—ah! he knew that well. It was one that he had heard many times played by the skillful fingers of the girl he loved. He stood and listened, until the hand-clapping of the throng told him that the playing had ceased; and then turned away with his heart filling again with the home-sickness which that well-remembered music had aroused.

Presently he stopped abruptly as a remembrance of something Ida Swanson had said about that particular melody came flashing into his mind. What was it? Ah! she had said that it was a composition of her father's, which she had learnt by hearing him play it, for the score had never been written. Then how come that strolling player to know the air? He would go back and enquire about him.

But when he found again the *cafe*, it was emptying itself into the street, and the player of the violin was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER XV.

WATCHING THE FALLING SNOW.

OUTSIDE, the snow was falling thick and fast, mantling the gardens and the park lands, and fringing with crystal beauty even the slenderest twig of the leaf-bared trees, with its pure white, until the window seemed as if it framed some fairy scene.

Sitting on the broad ledge that curved round the oriel in the library of Westbray Hall, George Varley and Irene Meredith looked out upon the feathery flakes as they danced and flirted with each other as they fell. These two were not alone in the room. Sir Arthur Swanson and some others of his guests were gathered round the glowing fire. A few were reading, some were chatting; but they were all oblivious of the presence of the two that sat apart watching the scene without. There had been very few words spoken between Varley and the girl that was seated by his side. Some spell seemed to rest upon them both.

"Irene," George Varley commenced presently, speaking, however, in low tones, "I have been

wanting this opportunity, and now it is mine I hardly dare use it."

The young girl looked up into Varley's face to see what clue it might give her to the solemnity of his manner. But the face was turned away from her, the young man's eyes were eagerly peering out of the window, trying, so it seemed, to discern the distant hills through the whirling snow-flakes.

"What do you mean, George, by your remark?" She asked the question, not because she was anxious to hear what the young man had to say, but because the silence was appalling.

"I will tell you, dear," using unconsciously a term which started the colour to the girl's cheeks. "Ever since you came I have been seeking an occasion to speak to you about it; and I was half afraid that to-morrow would come and you would be away again before I had told you. I want to tell you that I have given myself to the Lord to be His for ever more. Rob it was, that first led me to think about my soul's deep need of the cleansing blood and a righteousness not my own. And then Miss Swanson, the day before you came, sang what seemed to me to be a very message from the Saviour Himself; and before I went to sleep that night, I had surrendered myself to Him; and now I want you to know that I am resting in the joy of what He is."

Irene had heard something like this before. Her brother had told her just such a tale as this some weeks ago; and now here was George! What did it mean? These were experiences which were strange to her. She could not in the least understand them.

(To be continued.)

The Manifestation of God's Love, and its Influence.

By the REV. G. PHILLIPS.

"In this was manifested the love of God toward us."—I JOHN iv. 9.

TO know the nature and the character of the great God is all important to man. Apart from the Bible we have no correct knowledge of Him. A heathen philosopher was once asked the question, What is God? After duly considering it, he failed to give the answer. Placing that question before an inspired apostle, we have a direct answer, for John at once tells us that "God is Love."

The sacred Scriptures place us upon the sunny eminence of the true knowledge of God and His works. The inference drawn from the showers of blessing we receive, and the streams of Divine goodness that follow us in the pathway of life, must ever point to an infinite source of supply. That source is the ocean of Love in the heart of God.

The Divine love has not been confined to heaven, but has been manifested to sinful men. Let us—

I. *Illustrate the Manifestation of God's Love towards us.*

II. *Show the influence it should have upon us.*

I. *Let us illustrate the Manifestation of God's Love towards us.*

The display of God's benevolence is seen to a great extent.

I. *In Nature.* Creation in its immensity exhibits not only Almighty power and infinite wisdom, but also God's benevolence. The cloud-capped mountains, the fertile valleys, the winding streams, the waving forests, and fruitful fields, with the expansive ocean, all like a mirror, reflect the benevolent character of the Almighty. "The gushing streams and fountains murmur God is good."

Whilst the stars that bespangle the heavens are not only

"For ever singing as they shine

The hand that made them is Divine,"

but they indicate that that Divine hand is moved by a loving heart. The sterner aspects of nature, when rightly understood, lead to the same conclusion. The storms purify the atmosphere. The winter prepares for spring and summer; volcanoes may serve as safety valves, relieving the interior of the earth, and thus preventing a general

catastrophe. All the works of God are in harmony with his loving nature.

2. *In the volume of Revelation:* Our text points direct to the manifestation of God's love in the great plan of Redemption.

"All nature owns His guardian care
In Him we live and move,
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love."

Here we can only stand at the margin of the boundless ocean, and gather a few pebbles and shells. We cannot sound the depths. His love was manifested

(1). In the *value of the gift imparted to the salvation of man*. He did not send us an angel of the highest rank as an ambassador to make peace, but His well-beloved Son, His only Son, the brightness of His Father's glory and express image of his person. The Lord of Angels and of men. Contemplating the magnitude of the gift, Paul exclaims, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." A gift of inestimable value that cannot be comprehended or described. A gift that includes every other gift. "How shall he not with him freely give us all things." But destitute of Christ, whatever else might be possessed, the individual is poor indeed, poor living, poor dying, and must remain poor for ever. Surely here deep calleth unto deep. Contemplate the boundless love manifested in the infinitude of the gift imparted.

(2). *In the depth of debasement to which the Son was surrendered*. He took not on Him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham. He became bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; took upon Himself the form of a servant and humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. God spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all. He endured poverty and pain, ignominy and shame. He drank the bitter cup in the garden of Gethsemane, bore the excruciating agonies of Calvary. His few friends stand aloof from Him, His enemies are numerous and powerful. The mysterious exclamation, "My God, My God, Why hast Thou forsaken Me!" intensified the sufferings he endured on the Cross. When "He trod the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with him." He therefore bore the curse due to us, bought us with His precious blood, bowed His head and died. All nature apparently in sympathy with the suffering Saviour, as seen in the strange phenomena in that solemn crisis, which was unique in the history of the universe. The atoning death of Christ on the cross we regard not as the *cause* of God's love, but as the *effect* of God's love.

The manifestation of His infinite love in saving sinful men is in harmony with the rectitude of his moral government, through the voluntary death of His beloved Son. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have eternal life."

(3) *The Manifestation of God's Love is also seen in the character of those for whom Jesus died.*

Man was an enemy to God through sin and wicked works. Yet in due time Christ died for the ungodly. "For scarcely for a righteous

man will one die, for peradventure for the good man. some one would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." (R.V.).

Human love, strong and true, in the various relationships of life, has often been displayed, Mothers and Fathers have died in saving their children. Brave men have sacrificed their lives in saving others on sea and land, from the devouring flames, and the raging billows, and other dangers. But that the Sovereign of the universe should give his only and well beloved Son to die for rebels, that they might be saved, and made happy eternally, is a display of love so great, that all human love in its combined form, is as a dewdrop compared with the mighty ocean. The inspired words will here apply.—For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

(4) The love is seen in the blessing imparted to believers. How valuable and numerous are the blessings imparted through the merits of Christ, by the agency of the Holy Spirit. The pardon of sin, Justification, Adoption, Sanctification, Grace to help in every time of need, triumph over death, Eternal glory in heaven, including the resurrection of the body, a fulness of joy at God's right hand, and pleasures for evermore.

The grandeur and glory of heaven is only revealed to us in part, for wise reasons. It is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if he shall be manifested we shall be like him, for we shall see him even as he is." (R.V.).

(5) *God's love will appear also, if we glance at the number of the saved.*

In important measures statesmen sometimes place emphasis upon, "The greatest good, for the greatest number."

In God's plan of salvation the terms will apply in sublime form. For Christ is the propitiator for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the whole world." The blessings that come to us through God's love in Christ, meet all the requirements of our being, Body and Soul both in time and through all eternity. Prompted by curiosity, possibly the question was asked Christ, "Lord are there few that be saved?" He said, "Strive to enter in by the narrow door." That is the all important matter that should influence the mind of everyone, through the grace of God to strive to be among the saved.

Subsequently our Saviour revealed to his beloved apostle John in his Patmos seclusion, the vastness of the number of the saved. In the Apocalypse token the veil was drawn aside, John tells us, "I saw and beheld a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation, and all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb arrayed in white robes and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne and unto the Lamb." A very large portion of the human family die in a state of infancy, according to some the half of mankind thus die early, and our Saviour said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Those little ones are taken from the embrace of fond parents to the loving arms of Jesus. Like morning dewdrops they are absorbed by the sun of God's love, the tender buds are taken from earth to bloom in paradise. God is the God of variety, he has

the early snowdrop as well as the rose of summer. Countless multitudes of little children are safe in heaven. In numberless instances their early death has been sanctified to sorrowing parents, animating them to pursue the path that will lead them ultimately to join their loved ones gone before in the presence of the Saviour in heaven.

The lines by the Rev. Robert Robinson of Cambridge on a tombstone in Linton Churchyard, are interesting.

“Bold infidelity turn pale and die ;
Beneath this stone four infants ashes lie ;
Say are they lost or saved ?
If death's by sin, they sinned, for they lie here,
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear :
Reason, ah ! how depraved !
Reverse the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied,
They die for Adam sinned ; they live for Jesus died,”

Then amongst those of riper years it is pleasing to think what vast numbers have been saved during the past ages of the Patriarchs Prophets, and during the Christian dispensation. God has his hidden ones. Elijah made a mistake when he thought he only was left. God's answer to him was, “I have left for myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal.” Even in the dark ages during the Christian Era there were many faithful witnesses of the truth, sealing it with their blood. Since the Reformation what multitudes have been brought to Christ. What vast millions will yet be added to the saved, ultimately the Seventh Angel shall sound and the voice will be heard saying “The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.” From righteous Abel, the first that entered heaven, down to the last that shall be saved what an innumerable company? All the objects of God's infinite love, redeemed by the precious Blood of the Lamb, and made meet by the Holy Spirit for the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We notice

II. *The influence God's love should have upon us.*

1. *It should silence all objections as to God's character and ways.*

There are many mysteries that present themselves to thoughtful minds in God's government of the world. Man's vision is so limited, and his stay in this world so short, that he only sees a little of the evolutions of God's great plans. A thousand years with the Lord are as one day. The prosperity of the wicked and the sufferings of the righteous may not be easy at all times to understand. God said to Solomon that He would “dwell in thick darkness.”

As Paley remarks we should not suffer what we know to be disturbed by what we do not know. We know how God has manifested His love towards us. There is a sympathetic ink sometimes used in writing, which is not easily read till the writing is held opposite the fire. So the mysterious dealings of God with us are best read opposite the fire of the Cross in the light of His love. Calvary will make them all plain ; what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

2. *God's love should not be abused :*

Many might presume that as God is a God of love, that He will not punish the impenitent. God is, however, holy and just, as well as

loving and merciful. A God all mercy would be a God unjust. He is faithful to His promises and to His threatenings, for He is the God of truth, and will by "no means clear the guilty." Therefore the rebellious who live and die impenitent, and rejecting the offer of salvation through Christ, shall not escape punishment.

3. *Such display of love should influence us to love God in return :*

Love generally begets love. It is said that when Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter who died so early why everybody loved her? she answered, "I cannot tell, unless it be because I love everybody." That was the secret God has manifested His love to us in the gift of His beloved Son in a wonderful manner. Shall we not in return give Him our heart's love, and the best service of our lives?

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said it was his loss to be bereaved of his good mother when too young to remember but little of her. When he was grown up, he one day met in his father's library a bundle of letters addressed to his father. They were his mother's letters, he read them through with emotion and tears, and said, "I know my mother now." The pen may have been lost, the fingers that guided the pen had mouldered, and the warm heart that dictated the sentences had ceased to beat, but he now knew his mother, saw the affection of her heart, and his love towards his mother was intensified.

We see much of our Heavenly Father in His works in nature and providence, but in the glorious Gospel we see the boundless love of His heart. The records of the four Evangelists are letters of Divine love, and the whole New Testament is a revelation of God's loving heart towards us. Such Divine love should constrain us to render any and every service in our power to the cause of our Divine Master in return.

4. *It is the only efficient means to influence sinners to turn to God :* The manifestation of such love in the Incarnation, the wonderful life, and atoning death of God's beloved Son, when applied by the Holy Spirit finds a way to the most obdurate heart, and the Pentecost experience is repeated from age to age. All other means will prove abortive, but the "old, old story of Jesus and His love" never fails to win the sinners heart.

Archimedes once said, "Give me a lever long enough, and a prop strong enough, and I will move the world." It was a bold assertion. We rejoice that on the hill of Calvary a spot was found for the planting of the cross, and the words of our Saviour are become a glorious reality. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The attraction of Divine love from the Cross on Calvary has drawn the hearts of millions of sinners to the once crucified, but now the exalted Saviour. It will continue to draw, and ultimately transform the moral world and cause it to resemble heaven. A grand opportunity for the expression of love to our Divine Master is now afforded in "The Twentieth Century Fund." Jesus will appreciate the two mites of the poor widow, and the alabaster box, together with the large gifts of gold from the affluent. May the effort be attended with a Divine impetus, and may all who aid be filled with Divine love as their motive power. May the efforts be crowned with a bountiful harvest in the salvation of souls, and the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

NEWTOWN.

The Dearth of Conversions.

By J. NEWCOMBE GOAD

(Author of "Is there a Dearth of Conversions?")

TO discuss the existence of the dearth in question would be futile; it is a striking and serious *fact* that calls for the immediate attention of the Christian Church. Judging by appearances, the Church, in its collective capacity, is suffering an eclipse. Torpor and decay are in evidence everywhere. Revival is a rare thing, while to many of the present generation it has become historic. Just think of the alarming disproportion between the sowing and reaping, and the comparative few who come forward and confess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ! There are congregations in our great metropolis where conversions are positively unknown; others where they are not expected, and therefore seldom occur; and some where they are neither expected nor wanted—all of which things are saddening to a degree.

The question was asked recently, Are we responsible for the spiritual stagnation of the Church, and the scarcity of conversions? We think so. We have grieved the Great Head of the Church in ways too numerous to mention; we have tied the hands of the Eternal, so to speak, by our stolid and wretched unbelief. How many teachers and preachers have quitted the old paths, and picked a quarrel with the old truths! Have we any right to expect that God will own and crown the ministry of men who prefer, for instance, the conjecture of Rationalism to the simple facts of Revelation? While speculation supersedes faith in the pulpit; so long as "the consciences of people are stroked with feathers dipped in oil;" not until the utmost confidence be replaced in the supremacy, sufficiency, and *simplicity* of the Gospel of Christ, can we hope for anything approaching a widespread awakening of religious concern among the multitudes of the unsaved. "Surely," exclaims Dr. Chalmers, "it were a sight to make angels weep, when a weak and vapouring mortal, surrounded by his fellow-sinners, and hastening to the grave and the judgment along with them—finds it a dearer object to his bosom, to regale his hearers by the exhibition of himself, than to do in plain earnest the work of his Master, and urge on the business of repentance and faith by the impressive simplicities of the Gospel." O for a united, flaming, fearless testimony throughout our realm! A clear presentation of fundamental truths, unmixed and unfettered by the ephemeral ideas and whimsical theories of the human mind! And to have such a ministry backed up by praying

Churches, and encouraged by Diaconates comprised of spiritually minded men! It would suffice these last days with millennial glory, and easily surpass the shakings of 1859 and 1874 of which so much has been recently written.

But the cause of the present religious decline is not fully accounted for by a powerless and unfaithful ministry. The *people* are to blame. In many instances they have clamoured for weekly concerts, condoned questionable practices, and in several ways have made a compromise with the world. And what a sad, deceiving, peace-destroying, God-dishonouring arrangement it is! "Can you wonder that conversions are few when the Church plays the devil's fiddle, and performs a spirited hornpipe in the ears of blood-bought souls who are perishing on the very verge of the precipice of hell! Is it to be expected that revival can overtake the Church whose choir and young people prefer waltzing upon the bees-waxed floor, to the meetings for praise and prayer? . . . What blatant profanity! What unblushing inconsistency! A sin against the Lord, a stain upon the honour of His Church, a stone of stumbling to the ungodly, and a startling deviation from the paths of holiness and Christian propriety!"*

We admit, however, that in many places of worship where the truth is fully and earnestly expounded, the same paucity of conversions obtains. In such places heterodoxy is tantamount to blasphemy; worldliness is almost unknown; and such procedure as that already mentioned would be denounced in clearest and boldest tones. How can we account for the apparent fruitlessness of such a ministry, so far as definite conversion work is concerned? A man may have the tongue of Demosthenes, the tenderness of McCheyne, the persuasiveness of Baxter, the earnestness of Wesley, and the simplicity of Spurgeon; yet, unless he has the BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, coupled with the sympathy, the prayers, and the hearty co-operation of his people, he is not likely to see much, if any, result from his preaching. On the other hand, a Holy Ghost Ministry and a praying Church is bound to prosper and bear fruit. It is God's delight to use such a Church for the extension of His kingdom in the hearts of men, *While its success in winning souls is as sure as the imperishable promise of God.*

And such a state of things can exist, if only the Churches will repent of their multitudinous transgressions, put away their abominations, and in humiliation of spirit consecrate themselves thoroughly to the service of God, and to the supreme business of reclaiming the lost souls around them to the praise and glory of Jesus Christ.

Here, then, is revival not only made possible but easy! The question awaits our answer—Shall we continue in deadness, in indifference, in poverty of soul? Shall we go on with our flowery essays, and speak to dying men in a tongue almost unknown? I cannot think so. O that we could lament after precious souls like the saintly David Brainerd, "I long to be as a flame of fire," he says, "continually glowing in the

* An extract from the Author's pamphlet entitled, "Is there a Dearth of Conversions?" See review in the August issue of this Magazine.

Divine service, preaching and building up Christ's kingdom to my dying day!"

Here is the revival we need—*Power!* But while we are calling upon God for power, I am not sure that He is not calling upon us for *purity*. This is certain: If we are to be used in conversion work, we must unreservedly surrender and submit ourselves to the Divine Will. Let the Church, cleansed and Spirit-filled, rise *en masse* with its infinite resources of prayer, faith, piety, and substance; let the self-life of its members be daily crucified; let the glory of God be the one goal of all Christian effort, and the eternal salvation of undying souls our unquenchable desire; let us demonstrate to the world our passionate earnestness for the highest good of humanity, and we shall experience "showers of blessing" which shall refresh and *keep* fresh the saints in Zion, and slake the soul-thirst of innumerable thousands throughout the land.

HOMERTON, August 4th, 1899.

Anent the Revised Version.

By Rev. J. HUNT-COOKE.

THERE are many Christians, even good scholars, who prefer the old version of the Bible of A. D. 1611 to the new revised version of A. D. 1885. We should not forget, however, that the recent translation was the work of very learned and holy men, and when it differs from the old it is very valuable as a comment, or explanation, or the correction of an error. Take a few examples.

When we read the sermon on the Mount, surely it is good to know that what our Saviour taught was not so much. "Be ye therefore perfect" as "Ye therefore shall be perfect." (Matt. chap. v., verse 48). Little words sometimes make great differences, as when we find that Paul taught Timothy, not that "the love of money is *the* root of all evil," but that "the love of money is *a* root of all kinds of evil." (I. Timothy chap. vi., verse 10.) The question the Apostle asked of the imperfectly instructed disciples at Ephesus was not (Acts chap. xix verse 2) "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" but "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when he believed?" When the first translation was made, the expression "taking thought" meant "being over anxious," so that the passage (Matt. chap. vi., verse 34), has an obsolete expression. Christ did not mean that we were to take no thought, but not to be anxious for the morrow. In several cases when we find the awful word hell, the meaning is Hades or the unseen world, and the new version shows this, as in Acts chap. ii., verse 31,

where it does not state the error that our Lord ever went to the hopeless home of punishment, (as the word in Matt. chap. 10, verse 28.) Then surely it is a great gain to know concerning the Lord's Supper that of him who eats and drinks unworthily it is declared, not that he eats and drinks "damnation" to himself, an awful and deterring thought, but "judgment" which all feel to be most true.

Amongst other values is the fact that the Evangelist John was fond of using the word abide. He gives it more than forty times in his gospel, but the old translators rendered it in various ways, such as "be present," "tarry," "endure," "dwell," "continue." In giving it, as in the new version, always "abide," we often get a delicate shade of meaning which the close Bible student prizes. A truer view of the very important statement of our Lord in John vii. 17 is given as the revised version when it reads, "If any man willet to do his will he shall know of the teaching." There is considerable advantage, too, in having the names uniform. In the old version there was Jeremy and Jeremiah, Marcus and Mark, and several other dissimilarities now wisely corrected. Then here and there we have a really valuable emendation, as for example in 1 John iii. 1, where, in addition to being taught, "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us that we should be called children of God," the revised version adds on very high authority, "and such we are."

These are a few illustrations, taken almost at random. They may suffice to show that often the revisers clear away a difficulty. We need not part with our old friend, with its strong noble English. Nor should we spurn what may prove to us a new, and true, and helpful friend in the revised version. We may well be grateful to God for two such splendid books. "He hath not dealt thus with any other nation, praise ye the Lord."

Hints for Teachers and Workers.

THE FINAL REWARD.

"He shall reward every man according to his works."—Matthew xvi., 27.

INTRODUCTION: There is a day hastening on which no man can tell when—but time shall be no more—when all things material shall have passed away, and all nations shall be judged and appointed their final reward and destiny. Ah! this will be a day which will herald to one part of the assembled multitude a destiny of unending remorse and retribution; and to the other joy and inexpressible ecstasy. Notice a few thoughts—

- (I). *Christ the King and Judge.*
- (II). *The reward given to the faithful.*
- (III). *The punishment to the unfaithful.*
- (IV). *The unerring scrutiny and impartiality of the Judge.*
- (V). *The personal consideration of our deserts by the Judge.*
- (VI). *Flee Now to Christ the only Refuge ere it may be too late.*

THOMAS HEATH, Plymouth.

Reviews.

"The Heavenly Bridegroom." A poem, by Robert Thompson, author of "A Dream of Paradise." Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

The writer has the quality. He is not a mere rhymster, he is a poet; his descriptive power is unflinching. The characters, facts, or doctrines appear before the reader, and are in harmony with the sacred love song of Solomon. It consists of five Canticles—*The case of the Heavenly Lover, The Brides' Beauty and Charm, In the Furnace, Loves Communings, and In the Valley of Shadow*; followed by miscellaneous poems by various writers. Some of our readers will be glad to recognise the writer as formerly a minister in the Church of England, and afterwards Pastor of the Baptist Church at Tonbridge.

The Golden Gate; or, *The Economics of Missions*. By Geo. C. Lorimer, D.D., LL.D., of Tremont Temple. This stirring missionary address was delivered before the American Baptist Missionary Union at San Francisco, May 29th, 1899, and should be read by all interested in Christian Foreign Missions.

By Authority. *The Great Eastern Railway Company's Guide*, edited by Percy Lindley, with maps and illustrations, may be had of all booksellers and at railway stations. It is full of information, and as a Continental guide will be of great service.

The Evangelisation of the Jews in Russia. An Open Door. By Samuel Wilkinson. Mildmay Jews' Book Store, Philpot Street, E., or Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row. Above twenty pages on this most important subject, written by one well competent to give information. Everyone interested in the restoration of Israel should read this penny book.

The 55th Annual Report of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society. We have always given this Society our earnest prayers and heartiest sympathy, and ask our

readers to send to the Secretary, Mr. John Kirk, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand, for a copy of the Report. Read it, and send some substantial aid.

Great Thoughts has some good pages on "Woman; Her Charm and Power," by the Editor. "The History of Women," "Women and Christianity," "Woman and her various relations; daughters, sisters, &c." The far too brief paragraphs on three distinguished women—Mrs. Grote, Jenny Lind, and Mrs. Gaskell—will be read with pleasure.

The Quiver contains two illustrated subjects of concern to all, "The Children's Services on the Sands," "A Chat about Juvenile Offenders," by Major Arthur Griffiths.

Part 20 of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* illustrates how the hearts and purse strings are in the hands of a loving Providence. Money flowed to the treasury for the Pastor's Benevolent Purposes. This part also shows the deep yearnings of the Pastor's soul that the students might be kept faithful and consecrated to the Master's work. Part 531 (July) of *Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon* contains "God's Work in Man," "What would Jesus do?" "What will the Harvest be," &c. We see the publishers suggest suitable dates for the reading of the sermons. August *Sword and Trowel* has appended the Annual Report of the Stockwell Orphanage. The *Baptist Magazine* has a well-deserved eulogy and interesting "Life of Dr. Landels," by James Stuart. The *Irish Baptist Magazine* contains "Thoughtful Words" by R. H. Carson; a sound spiritual judgment necessary to an earnest acquaintance with Scriptural things. *The Bible Society's Monthly Reporter*, and *Bible Society's Gleanings* and Pastor Sears' *Life and Light* are received with pleasure.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Mr. G. Wearham has resigned the pastorate of Lewisham-road Church, Lewisham.

Rev. O. R. Gibbon, of Wellington, Somerset, has accepted the pastorate of Scarisbrick-street, Wigan, and will commence his ministry on Oct. 1st.

Rev. S. J. Robins, pastor of Scapegoat Hill Church, who a few weeks ago decided to remain there, has now accepted a call to Birchcliffe Church, Hebden Bridge.

Rev. F. Todd has just been recognised as pastor at Swanwick. Rev. Thomas Cutts, of Hucknall, gave an interesting address on the duties and responsibilities of the Christian ministry. Several other ministers spoke, and the pastor also took part.

Rev. R. Silby, who, until his retirement early in the present year from the pastorate of the Palin-street Church, Hyson Green, was the oldest Baptist minister, in point of length of service, in Nottingham, has received a hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate of the West Kilburn Church, Canterbury-road, London. He hopes to enter upon his duties there in the middle of September.

Rev. R. D. Lloyd, senior student of Nottingham College, who was recently called to the pastorate of Bootle Church, commenced his ministry by preaching the Sunday school anniversary sermons.

Rev. Frank Burnett, of Fakenham, has received a unanimous invitation to Camberley (Yorktown) Church, Surrey.

Rev. T. Sinclair Phillips, of Risca, Mon., has accepted a unanimous invitation to Penn-street Tabernacle, Bristol, and will commence his ministry there on the first Sunday in October.

Rev. Sidney W. Bowser, B.A., for more than eighteen years minister of Grange-road Baptist Church, Birken-

head, has accepted an invitation to become resident tutor at the Midland Baptist College, Nottingham, and is expected to enter upon his new duties about the middle of September.

Rev. Charles Pithuan, late of South Africa, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Kent and Sussex Association, together with that of the friends worshipping at the new cause in Bognor.

Rev. Rhys B. Jones, of Caersalem, Llanelly, has accepted an invitation to Salem Church, Porth, Wales.

RECOGNITIONS, &c.

Rev. W. Colin Bryan has been recognised as pastor at Rickmansworth, Revs. G. Short, B.A., and J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., were among those taking part.

On Thursday last Mrs. Pople (mother of the late Rev. George Pople, missionary to the Congo) was buried at Beckington *via* Bath, she having died on the 30th ult. The deceased lady was a most earnest worker as well as a devoted mother.

Rev. James Duncan, M.A., pastor of Baptist Church, Darlington, has died suddenly at Redcar, while on his way to the station to meet a Sunday School excursion from Darlington. Mr. Duncan entered the ministry in 1878, and had been ten years at Darlington.

Rev. Leonard Tucker, M.A., of the Calabar College, Kingston, Jamaica, was married on Thursday to Miss Edith Mary Everett, of Swaffham, Norfolk. The ceremony was performed in the Baptist chapel, with which the bride's family have long been associated. Mr. Tucker is the son of the late Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., for many years minister of Camden-road Church.

Upton Chapel, Lambeth, has suffered a severe loss by the death of Mr. William Stiff, who for many

years filled the office of deacon and treasurer. He was the son of Mr. James Stiff, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He passed away after a serious operation at his residence, The Laurels, Clapham-common. The funeral took place at Norwood Cemetery on Monday. Mr. Stiff was in his sixty-third year.

The Baptist Union of Great Britain will meet for its autumnal session this year at Leeds, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. John Clifford. The Union has only met once before in that town, when in 1878 the gatherings were held under the chairmanship of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. The union sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker.

Whilst attending service at Wellington-street Church, Luton, on Sunday evening of last week, Mrs. Harris, mother of the pastor, Rev. W. J. Harris, was seized with illness and died before she could reach her son's residence.

NEW CHAPELS, &c.

At Broadstairs a new school-chapel was opened on July 27th. Collections and promises over £70.

Wood-street Chapel, Bilston, has been reseated and renovated at a cost of £500. Of this sum £250 has been raised.

CARDIFF: LLANDAFF-ROAD.—The services were, prior to the settlement of Rev. Robert Lloyd as pastor, in May, 1898, conducted in Welsh, but they are now conducted wholly in English. At the anniversary services a gratifying report was given. The number of members had doubled. There is a debt of £800, recently contracted in raising the roof and enlarging the chapel. Last Sunday five candidates were baptized.

Sixteen memorial stones and a large number of the bricks of the new Providence Church at Oldbury were laid. Dr. J. Fergusson, of Birmingham, addressed a large gathering.

About 160 persons responded to an invitation from Mr. W. L. Hum-

frey, of Hammersmith, London, who is now in his eighty-third year, to take tea together at Countesthorpe Chapel. At the close Mr. Humfrey gave the pastor a cheque for £178 to be spent in enlarging the Sunday-schoolroom and the erection of classrooms.

Foundat stones of a new church were laid a Haslingden (Rev. M. Gledhill) recently by the Mayor of Rawtenstall, Mr. H. W. Trickett. The cost is estimated at £4,500. At the ceremony £250 was raised, this leaving about £1,400 still required.

Memorial stones of a new church have been laid in North-road, Plymouth. The building is to serve instead of Trinity Church, York-street, where it was found noisy street traffic and other causes militated against usefulness as a place of worship. £700 was obtained for the York-street site, and the estimate for the new church was £1,749.

North-street Church, Stamford (Rev. W. J. Tryon), is to be demolished, and a new place of worship and Sunday schools are to be erected at a cost of £1,588. For the purpose additional land has been secured.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Gatherings were held on the occasion of the opening for Divine worship of the lower portion of the building, which will be known as the St. John's Free Church, there were large attendances at the dedication service in the afternoon and the public meeting in the evening. The lecture hall, which will be used for the services until the church is built, forms the basement of the future building, and is approached by a flight of stone steps through a spacious vestibule. The hall is 50ft. by 34ft., and under the platform at the further end is a baptistry of glazed brick, with marble steps. A vestry and one or two classrooms are provided on either side. The exterior is of red brick, with stone facing. At the afternoon service, conducted by Rev. J. Mountain (pastor), the special preacher was Rev. F. B. Meyer, who took as his

text St. Luke ix. 31. The afternoon meeting was followed by a tea, which was served in the Baptist Tabernacle (kindly lent by the pastor and deacons). Mr. F. East, C.C., presided, and several other speakers warmly congratulated Mr. Mountain on the success so far attained.

Of £3,400 needed to build schools at Ramsgate (Cavendish Church) and open them free of debt, £2,000 has been raised.

Property with a frontage in Cecil-square, Margate, has been purchased by Ebenezer Church, and on the site a new entrance is being constructed. Memorial-stones were laid on Thursday by Miss MacNeill and Mrs. G. H. Dean.

THANET, EBENEZER.—A ceremony took place of the laying of foundation stones by Miss MacNeill, Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P. (of Sittingbourne), and others. A public meeting was held in the school-room in the evening, presided over by Rev. B. Brigg. The amount laid on stones at the afternoon ceremony was as follows: Church stone, £225 19s. 6d.; Sunday-school, £42 9s. 7d.; Christian Endeavour, £7 16s.; Men's Bible Class, £52. The evening meeting collection realised £6 16s.

SOOTLAND.—Wishaw Church (Rev. George Whittet) was re-opened on Sunday after improvements, which cost over £1,000. A new hall to seat 200 has been built.

COLEFORD.—Centenary services were held on Sunday, July 23rd. The chapel was re-opened. On Thursday, July 27th, there was a public opening of the Almshouses which Mr. Isaiah Trotter, J.P., the oldest member of the church, has handed over to the minister and deacons to act as trustees. Accommodation is provided for five women and five men, who will receive an allowance of seven shillings per week. Applicants are subject to no religious test, but, other things being equal, the preference is to be given to members of the Baptist Church. This gift has cost the donor about £10,000.

BAPTISMS.

- Brighton—July, Two, by W. H. Davis.
 Burslem—July, Two, by R. A. Burrows.
 Bishop Stortford—July, One, by W. Walker.
 Cornwall, Hayle Church—July, Two, by J. R. Cooper.
 Chatham—Six, by F. E. Blackaby.
 Clare, Suffolk—July 30, Four, by W. Tooks.
 Doncaster—Five, by J. Ferguson Portens.
 Highbridge, Somerset—On Sunday last fifteen candidates were baptized. Seven were from the Sunday-school, two being teachers and five scholars. There were mother and son, a father and his two daughters, three deacons' wives, a brother and sister, also several members of the congregation (one nearly seventy years of age). The candidates now baptized represented the largest number on record since the church was formed in 1817, although the church has been without a pastor for over five years.
 Hartlepool—July 30, Two, by C. W. Vaughan.
 Hatherleigh, Devon—July 31, One, by H. Smart.
 Hayle, Cornwall—July 23, Two, by James R. Cooper.
 Kettering, Gretton—August 3, Three, by L. Macphail.
 Lymington, Hants—July 31, Three, by J. Collins.
 Leominster—July 24, by J. Cole.
 Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle—July 30, Three, July 31, Three, by A. E. Greening.
 Leeds, Burley-road—July 3, Seven, by F. W. Walker.
 Llanelly, Greenfield—July 30, Four, by T. M. Richards.
 Llanfihangel, Crucorney—In the river near the chapel Four persons, by J. D. Hamen, all of advanced age, two being about threescore and ten.

LONDON DISTRICT.

- Hderton-road, South Bermondsey—Aug. 22 Four, by T. E. Howe.
 Blackhorse-road, Walthamstow—July 2, Three; July 30, Three, by Frank J. Walkey.
 Barking Tabernacle, E.—July 26, Two, by H. Trueman.
 Brentford Tabernacle, Ealing-road—July 30, One, by E. Ballard Warren.
 Clapham Junction, Meyrick-road—July 30, One, by R. E. Sears.
 Clarendon Chapel, S.E.—July 30, Four, by D. Tait.
 Hderton-road, South Bermondsey, S.E.—August 2, Four, by T. E. Howe.

IRELAND.

- Belfast, Shankill-road—July 2, Nine, by S. J. Reid.
 Belfast, Antrim-road—July 9, Two, by C. S. Donald.
 Dublin, Harcourt-street—July 5, Five, by H. D. Brown, M.A.
 Ballymena—July 11, One, by T. Whiteside.
 Londonderry—July 22, Four, by E. T. Mateer.
 Waterford—July 22, One, by J. H. Boyd.

“Let us Pray.”

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“But it is good for me to draw near to God.”—Psalm lxxiii., 28.

THERE are many ways by which the true believer draws near to God. The gates of the king's palace are many; and through the love of Jesus, and the rich grace of his Spirit, it is our delight to enter and approach our heavenly Father. First and foremost among these is communion, that sweet converse which man holds with God;—*our* hearts being open unto him, *his* heart being manifested to us. The outward symbol of fellowship is the sacred Supper of the Lord, at which, by means of simple emblems, we are divinely enabled to feed, after a spiritual sort, upon the flesh and blood of the Redeemer. Moreover, we draw near to God even in our sighs and tears, crying, “Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee!” And as often as we read the promise written in the Word, and are enabled to receive it and rest upon it as the very words of a Covenant God, we do really “Draw near to him.”

Nevertheless, *prayer* is the best used means of drawing near to God. It is in prayer mainly, that we draw near to God, and certainly it can be said emphatically of prayer, it is good for every man who knoweth how to practice that heavenly art, in it to draw near unto God. I shall look upon my text as being a *touchstone*, by which we may try our prayers, ay, and try ourselves too. Then I shall take the text as a *whetstone* to sharpen our desires, to make us more earnest, and more diligent in supplication, because “it is good to draw near to God”; and then, I shall have the solemn task in the last place of using it as a *tombstone*, with a direful epitaph upon it for those who do not know what it is to draw near to God; for “A prayerless soul is a Christless soul.”

I. First, then regard my text as A TOUCHSTONE.

That is not prayer of which it cannot be said that there was in it a drawing near unto God. I see one coming forward who says, “I am in the daily habit of using a form of prayer both at morning and at evening. I could not be happy if I went abroad before I had first repeated my morning prayer, nor could I rest at night without again going over the holy sentences appointed for use at eventide. Sir, my form is the very best that could possibly be written; it was compiled by a famous bishop, one who was glorified in martyrdom, and ascended to his God in a fiery chariot of flame.” My friend, I am glad to hear, if you use a form, that you use the best. So far so good. But let me

ask you a question, I am not about to condemn you for any form you may have used, but tell me now, and tell me honestly from your inmost soul, have you drawn near to God while you have been repeating those words? for if not, O solemn thought! all the prayers you have ever uttered have been an idle mockery. You have *said* prayers, but you have never prayed in your life. You might as well repeat the alphabet backwards, or the 'Abracadabra' of a wizard, as to go over the best form in the world, unless there is something more than form in it. Have you drawn near to God? Suppose that one of us should be desirous of presenting a petition to the House of Commons. We wisely ask in what manner the petition should be worded: we procure the exact phrases; and suppose that in the morning we rise and read this form, or repeat it to ourselves, and conclude with, "And your petitioners will ever pray," and the like. We do the same again at night, the same the next day, and for months we continue the practice. One day meeting some member of the House, we accost him and astonish him by saying, "Sir, I wonder I have never had an answer from the House, I have been petitioning these last six months, and the form that I used was the most accurate that could be procured." "But," says he, "how was your petition presented?" "Presented! I had not thought of that; I have repeated it." "Ay," he would say, "and you may repeat it many a long day before any good comes from it: it is not the repeating it, but the presenting of the petition, and having it pleaded by some able friend that will get you the boon you desire." And so it may be, my friend, that you have been repeating *ing* collects and prayers. But you have not laid it before the bleeding Lamb of God, and have not asked him to take it for you into the sacred place where God abideth, and there to present the petition with his own merits before his Father's throne. I will not bid thee cease from thy form; but I do beseech thee by the living God, either cease from it, or else beg the Holy Spirit to enable thee to draw near to God in it. I speak now as God's own messenger in this matter. Thy prayer has not been heard, and it neither can nor will be answered unless there be in it a true and real desire to draw near to God.

"Ah," saith another, "I am pleased to hear these remarks, for I am in the habit of offering extempore prayer every morning and evening, and at other times; besides, I like to hear you speak against the form, sir." Mark, I did not speak against the form, that is not my business upon this occasion. One class of sinners is always pleased to hear another class of sinners found fault with. You say you offer an extempore supplication. I bring your prayer to the same touchstone as the former. What is there in the form that you can extemporize, that it should be so much better than that which was composed by some holy man of God? Possibly your extempore form is not worth a farthing, and if it could be written, might be a disgrace to prayer-makers. I bring you at once to the test—have you in your prayer drawn near to God? When you have been on your knees have you thought that you were talking to the King of heaven and earth? Have you desired to come to him and tell to him your wants, and have you sought at his hands the answer to your requests? Remember, you have not prayed successfully or acceptably unless you have in prayer endeavoured to

draw near to God. Suppose now (to take a case) that I should desire some favour of a friend. I shut myself up alone, and I commence delivering an oration, pleading earnestly for the boon I need. I repeat this at night, and so on month after month. At last I meet my friend and I tell him that I have been asking a favour of him, and that he has never heard my prayer. "Nay," saith he, "I have never seen you, you never spoke to me." "Ah, but you should have heard what I said; if you had heard it surely it would have moved your heart." "Ah," saith he, "but then you did not address it to me. You wrote a letter, you tell me, in moving strains, but did you post the letter? Did you see it was delivered to me?" "No, no," you say, "I kept the letter after I had written it. I never sent it to you." Now mark, it is just the same with extempore prayer. You plead; but if you are not talking to a manifestly present God, to what effect is all your talking? If you do not seek to come near to him what have you done? You have not come up to the mercy-seat, where is his own visible presence! You have not drawn near to God, and consequently your prayers, though they be multiplied by tens of thousands, are utterly valueless to your soul's benefit. Drawing near to God is an indispensable requisite in accepted prayer.

But, now, lest I should be misunderstood as to this drawing near to God, let me attempt to describe it in its degrees; for all men cannot draw near to God with the same nearness of access. When first the life of grace begins in the soul you will draw near to God, but it will be with great fear and trembling. The soul conscious of guilt, and humbled thereby, is overawed with the solemnity of its position; I remember the first time I ever sincerely prayed in my life; but the words I used I remember not. Surely there were few enough words in that petition. I had often repeated a form. I had been in the habit of continually repeating it. At last I came really to pray; and then I saw myself standing before God, in the immediate presence of the heart-searching Jehovah, and I said within myself, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." I was full of penitence of heart because of his majesty and my sinfulness. I think the only words I could utter were something like these: "Oh!—Ah!" And the only complete sentence was, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The overwhelming splendour of his majesty, the greatness of his power, the severity of his justice, the immaculate character of his holiness, and all his dreadful grandeur—these things overpowered my soul, and I fell down in utter prostration of spirit. But there was in that a true and real drawing near to God. Oh, if some of you, when you are in your churches and chapels, did but realise that you are in God's presence. If you knew that God was there, that you were speaking to him, that in his ear you were uttering that oft-repeated confession, "We have done the things that we ought not to have done; we have left undone the things that we ought to have done"—ah, my friends, there would be then a deep humility and a solemn abasement of spirit. May God grant to us all, as often as we offer prayer of any sort, that we may truly and really draw near to him, even if it be only in this sense.

In after life, as the Christian grows in grace, although he will never forget the solemnity of his position, and never will lose that holy awe which must overshadow a gracious man, when he is in the presence of a God, who can create or destroy, yet that fear has all its terror taken out of it; it becomes a holy reverence, and no more a slavish abject dread. Then the man of God, walking amid the splendours of deity, and veiling his face like the glorious cherubim, with those twin wings, the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, will, reverent and bowed in spirit, approach the throne, and seeing there a God of love, of goodness, and of mercy, he will realize rather the covenant character of God than his absolute Deity. He will see in God rather his goodness than his greatness, and more of his love than of his majesty. Then will the soul, bowing again as reverently as before, enjoy a sacred liberty of intercession; for while humbled in the presence of the Infinite God, it is yet sustained by the divine consciousness of being in the presence of mercy and of love in infinite degree. This is a state to which men reach after they have had their sins forgiven, after they have passed from death unto life; then they come to rejoice in God, and draw near to him with confidence.

There is yet a third and higher stage, which I fear, too few among us ever arrive at; when the child of God, awed by the splendour, and delighting in the goodness of God, sees something which is more enchanting to him than either of these, namely, the fact of his relationship to God. He sees on the throne, not simply goodness, but his Father's goodness, not merely love, but love which has from all eternity been set upon *him*; love which has made *him* its darling, which has written his name upon its breast, love which for his sake did even deign to die. Then the child of God comes near to the throne; then he taketh hold of his Father's knees, and though conscious of the greatness of the God, yet is he still more alive to the loveliness of the Father, and he cries, "My Father, hear my prayer and grant me my request, for Jesu's sake." In this position it sometimes happen that the child of God may pray in such a way that others cannot understand him at all. If you had heard Martin Luther pray, some of you would have been shocked; and perhaps it would have been presumption if you had prayed as he did, because Martin Luther was God's own son, and you, alas, are destitute of sonship. He had a liberty to talk to God as another man had not. If you are not the son of God; if you have no realization of your adoption, the utmost you can do is to come into the King's court as a humble beggar. May God give you grace to get further; may you come there, not simply as a petitioner, but as the follower of the Son of God—a servant. But happy is the man who has received his full adoption, and knows himself to be a son. A king's own child may talk familiarly to his own parent, and there are love-doings and words of high and hallowed familiarity, and of close and sacred communion, between God and his own adopted child, that I could not tell you—things that are something like what Paul heard in Paradise; it is scarce lawful for a man to utter them in public, though in private he knows their sweetness. It is the happiest moment in one's life when we can go up to our Father and our God in Christ Jesus, and can know and feel of a surety that his infinite love is set on *us*, and that our love is

gone forth to him. There is a sweet embrace that is not to be excelled. No chariots of Amminadib the heavenly rapture can describe—the length, the breadth, the height of the embracing of God by the creature, and the embracing of the creature by its God. Possibly you never may attain to this effluence of grace. Nor even do I think that is absolutely necessary that your prayer should come to the second point to be prayer. It should be so, and it will, as you grow in grace. But, mark, you must draw near to God in some one of these three grades, either in a lowly sense of his majesty, or in a delightful consciousness of his goodness, or in a ravishing sense of your own relationship to him, or else your prayer is as worthless as the chaff, it is but as whispering to the wind, or the uttering of a cry to the desert air, where no ear can hear nor hand can help. Bring your prayers, then, to this touchstone, and God help you to examine them, and be honest with yourselves, for your own souls sake.

II. I have thus concluded the touchstone. I now come to the second head of the discourse, which was THE WHETSTONE, to whet your desires, to make you more anxious to be much in prayer, and to be more earnest in it. "It is good for me to draw near to God."

Now, first and foremost, let us remark that the goodness of prayer does not lie in any merit that there is in prayer itself. There is no merit whatever in prayer; and wherever the idea of the merit of prayer could come from one is at a loss to know, except that it must have come from a near relative of the Father of Lies, who resides somewhere in Italy. If a beggar should be always on your door-step, or should be always meeting you in the street, or stopping you on your journeys, and asking you to give him help, I suppose the last thing you would understand would be the merit of his prayers. You would say, "I can understand their impudence, I can allow their earnestness, I can comprehend their importunity, but as for *merit*, what merit can there be in a beggar's cry?" Remember, your prayers at the best are nothing but a beggar's cry. You still stand as beggars at the gate of mercy, asking for the dole of God's charity, for the love of Jesus. And he gives freely. But he gives, not because of your prayers, but because of Christ's blood and Christ's merit. Your prayers may be the sacred vessel in which he puts the alms of his mercy; but the merit by which the mercy comes is in the veins of Christ, and nowhere else.

But, now, let us note that it nevertheless is good, practically good for us to pray and draw near to God; and the first thing which would whet our desires in prayer is this:—*Prayer explains mysteries*. I utter that first because it is in the Psalm. Poor Asaph had been greatly troubled. He had been trying to untie that Gordian knot concerning the righteousness of a providence which permits the wicked to flourish and the godly to be tried; and because he could not untie that knot, he tried to cut it, and he cut his own fingers in the act, and became greatly troubled. He could not understand how it was that God could be just and yet give riches to the wicked while his own people were in poverty. At last Asaph understood it all, for he went into the house of his God, and there he understood their end. And he says—looking back upon his discovery of a clue to this great labyrinth—"It is good for me to draw near to God." And now, my dear hearers, if you would

understand the Word of God in its knotty points, if you would comprehend the mystery of the gospel of Christ, remember, Christ's scholars must study upon their knees. Depend upon it, that the best commentator upon the Word of God is its author, the Holy Ghost; as if you would know the meaning, you must go to him in prayer. Often when a psalm has staggered me in reading it, and I have not understood it,—if I have knelt down and tried to read it over in that position, and see if I could realise the meaning in my own heart, some one word in the text has glistened, and that one word has been the key to the whole. John Bunyan says that he never forgot the divinity he taught, because it was burnt into him when he was on his knees. If you learn it upon your knees you will never unlearn it. If I am merely convinced by reason, a better reasoner may deceive me. If I merely hold my doctrinal opinions because they seem to be correct, I may be led to think differently another day. But if God has taught them to me—he who is himself pure truth—I have not learned amiss, but I have so learned that I shall never unlearn, nor shall I forget.

Behold, believer, thou art this day in a labyrinth; whenever thou comest to a turning place, where there is a road to the right or to the left, if thou wouldst know which way to go, fall on thy knees, then go on; and when thou comest to the next turning place, on thy knees again, and so proceed again. Continue much in prayer, and neither Satan nor the world shall much deceive you. Behold before you the sacred ark of truth. But where is the key? It hangs upon the silver nail of prayer; go reach it down, unlock the casket and be rich.

A second whetstone for your prayers shall be this:—*Prayer brings deliverances.* In an old author I met with the following allegory; as I found it so I tell it to you. Once upon a time, the king of Jerusalem left his city in the custody of an eminent Captain, whose name was Zeal. He gave unto Zeal many choice warriors, to assist him in the protection of the city. Zeal was a right hearted man, one who never wearied in the day of battle, but would fight all day, and all night, even though his sword did cleave to his hand as the blood ran down his arm. But it happened upon this time, that the king of Arabia, getting unto himself exceeding great hosts and armies, surrounded the city, and prevented any introduction of food for the soldiers, or of ammunition to support the war. Driven to the last extremity, Captain Zeal called a council of war, and asked of them what course they should take. Many things were proposed, but they all failed to effect the purpose, and they came to the sad conclusion that nothing was before them but the surrender of the city, although upon the hardest terms. Zeal took the resolution of the council of war, but when he read it he could not bear it. His soul abhorred it. "Better," said he, "to be cut in pieces, than surrender. Better for us to be destroyed while we are faithful, than to give up the keys of this royal city." In his great distress, he met a friend of his, called Prayer; and Prayer said to him, "Oh! Captain, I can deliver this city." Now, Prayer was not a soldier, at least he did not look as if he was a warrior, for he wore the garments of a priest. In fact he was the king's chaplain, and was the priest of the holy city of Jerusalem. But nevertheless this Prayer was a valiant man, and wore armour beneath his robes.

"Oh, captain," said he, "give me three companions and I will deliver this city—their names must be Sincerity, Importunity, and Faith." Now these four brave men went out of the city at the dead of night; when the prospects of Jerusalem were the very blackest, they cut their way right through the hosts that surrounded the city. With many wounds and much struggling they made their escape, and travelled all that night long as quickly as they could across the plain, to reach the camp of the king of Jerusalem. When they flagged a little, Importunity would hasten them on; and when at any time they grew faint, Faith would give them a drink from his bottle, and they would recover. They came at last to the palace of the great king; the door was shut, but Importunity knocked long, and at last it was opened. Faith stepped in; Sincerity threw himself on his face before the throne of the great king; and then Prayer began to speak. He told the king of the great straits in which the beloved city was now placed, the dangers that surrounded it, and the almost certainty that all the brave warriors would be cut in pieces by the morrow. Importunity repeated again and again the wants of the city. Faith pleaded hard the royal promise and covenant. At last the king said to Captain Prayer, "Take with thee soldiers and go back; lo, I am with thee to deliver this city." At the morning light, just when the day broke—for they had returned more swiftly than could have been expected, for though the journey seemed long in going there, it was very short in coming back, in fact they seemed to have gained time on the road—they arrived early in the morning, fell upon the hosts of the king of Arabia, took him prisoner, slew his army, and divided the spoil, and then entered the gates of the city of Jerusalem in triumph. Zeal put a crown of gold upon the head of Prayer, and decreed that henceforth whenever Zeal went forth to battle, Prayer should be the standard-bearer, and should lead the van. The allegory is full of truth; let him that heareth understand. If we would have deliverance in the hour, "Let us pray." Prayer shall soon bring sweet and merciful deliverances from the throne of our faithful God. This is the second sharpening of your desires upon the whetstone.

And now a third. It was said of Faith, in that mighty chapter of the Hebrews, that Faith stopped the mouth of lions and the like. But one singular thing that Faith did, which is as great a miracle as any of them, was this: Faith obtained promises. Now the like can be said of Prayer. *Prayer obtains promises*; therefore "it is good for thee to draw near to God." We read a story in the History of England, whether true or not we cannot tell, that Queen Elizabeth gave to the Earl of Essex a ring, as a token of her favour. "When thou art in disgrace," she said, "send this ring to me. When I see it I will forgive thee, and accept thee again to favour." You know the story of that ill-fated noble, how he sent the ring by a faithless messenger, and it was never delivered; and therefore he perished at the block. Ah! God has given to each one of his people the sacred ring of promise. And he saith, "As often as thou art in need, or in sorrow, show it to me, and I will deliver thee." Take heed then, believer, that thou hast a faithful messenger. And what messenger canst thou employ so excellent as true, real, earnest prayer? But, take heed it be real

prayer; for if thy messenger miscarry, and the promise be not brought to God's eye, who knoweth, thou mayest never obtain the blessing. Draw near to God with living, loving prayer; present the promise, and thou shalt obtain the fulfilment. Many things might I say of prayer. The early fathers speak of it as if they were writing sonnets. Chrysostom preached of it as if he saw it incarnate in some heavenly form. And the choicest metaphors were gathered together to describe in rapturous phrase the power, nay, the omnipotence of prayer. Would to God that we loved prayer as our fathers did of old. It is said of James the Less, that he was so much in prayer that his knees had become hard like those of a camel. It was doubtless but a legend, but legends often are based on truths. And certain it is that Hugh Latimer, that blessed saint and martyr of our God, was accustomed to pray so earnestly in his old age, when he was in his cell, that he would often pray until he had no strength left to rise, and the prison attendants had need to lift him from his knees. Where are the men like these? Oh angel of the covenant, where canst thou find them? When the Son of Man cometh shall he find prayer on the earth? Ours are not worthy of the name of supplication. Oh that we had learned that sacred art, that we could draw near to God, and plead his promise. Watts hath put several things together in one verse. Prayer clears the sky;—

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw."

Prayer is a heaven-climber;—

"Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw."

Prayer makes even Satan quake,—

"For Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

I have thus given you three reasons why we should be diligent in prayer. Let me add yet another. Let me remark, that *prayer has a mighty power to sustain the soul in every season of its distress and sorrow*. It was in prayer the angel appeared unto the Lord and strengthened him. That angel has appeared to many of us, and we have not forgotten the strength we received when on our knees. You remember in the ancient mythology the story of him who as often as he was thrown down recovered strength because he touched mother earth. It is so with the believer. As often as he is thrown down upon his knees he recovers himself, for he touches the great source of his strength—the mercy-seat. If thou hast a burden on thy back, remember prayer, for thou shalt carry it well if thou canst pray. Once on a time Christian had upon his back a terrible burden that crushed him to the earth, so that he could not carry it; he crept along on his hands and knees. There appeared to him a fair and comely damsel, holding in her hand a wand, and she touched the burden. It was there, it was not removed; but strange to say the burden became weightless. It was there in all its outward shape and features, but without weight. That which had crushed him to the earth, had become now so light that he could leap and carry it. Beloved, do you understand this? Have you gone to God with mountains of troubles on your shoulders, unable to carry them, and have seen them, not removed, but still remaining in the same shape, but of a different weight? What you thought was an

iron cross suddenly turned out to be a wooden one, and you carried it with joy, following your Master.

I will give one other reason why we should pray, because *it is prayer that will ensure success*. Two labourers in God's harvest met each other once upon a time, and they sat down to compare notes. One was a man of sorrowful spirit, and the other joyous, for God had given him the desire of his heart. The sad brother said, "Friend, I cannot understand how it is that everything you do is sure to prosper. You scatter seed with both your hands very diligently, and it springs up, and so rapidly too, that the reaper treads upon the heels of the sower, and the sower himself again upon the heels of the next reaper. I have sown," said he, "as you have done, and I think I can say I have been just as diligent; I think too the soil has been the same, for we have laboured side by side in the same town. I hope the seed has been of the same quality, for I have found mine where you get yours—in the common granary. But alas, my seed, friend, mine never springs up. I sow it. It is as if I sowed upon the waves, I never see a harvest. Here and there a sickly blade of wheat I have discovered with great and diligent search, but I can see but little reward for all my labours." They compared notes; they looked through all the rules of husbandry, and they could not solve the mystery, why one was so successful and the other laboured in vain. At last one said to the other, "I must retire." "Wherefore?" said the other, "Why this is the time," said he, "when I must go and steep my seed." "Steep your seed?" said the other. "Yes, my brother, I always steep my seed before I sow it. I steep it till it begins to swell, and germinate, and I can almost see a green blade springing from it, and then you know it speedily grows after it is sown." "Ah," said the other, "but I understand not what you mean. How do you steep your seed, and in what mysterious mixture?" "Brother," said he, "it is a composition made of one part of the tears of agony for the souls of men, and the other part of the tears of a holy agony which wrestles with God in prayer:—this mixture if you drop your seed in it, hath a transcendent efficacy to make every grain full of life, so that it is not lost." The other rose and went on his way, and forgot not what he had learned, but he began to steep his seed too; he spent less time in his study, more time in his closet; he was less abroad, more at home; less with man, and more with God. And he went abroad and scattered his seed, and he too, saw a harvest, and the Lord was glorified in them twain. Brethren, the reason of the non-success of the ministry in these years (for compared with the days of Pentecost, I cannot call our success a success) lies in our want of prayer. If I were addressing students in the college, I think I should venture to say to them, set prayer first in your labours; let your subject be well prepared; think well of your discourse, but best of all, pray it over, study on your knees. Sabbath-school teachers, and others who in their way are labouring for Christ, let me beseech you whatever you do, go not about your work, except you have first entreated that the dew of heaven may drop on the seed you sow. Steep your seed and it shall spring up. We are demanding in our days more labourers—it is a right prayer; we are seeking that

the seed should be of the best sort, it is a right demand; but let us not forget another which is even more necessary than this, let us ask, let us plead with God, that the seed may be steeped, that men may preach agonizing for souls. There is no preaching, I am persuaded like that: for then we preach as though—

“ We ne'er might preach again,
As dying men to dying men.”

And, oh, may each of you labour after the latter fashion in your own sphere, ever taking care to commit your work to God.

I will tell you here an incident of the revival. It is one I know to be correct; it is told by a good brother who would not add a word thereunto, I am sure. It happened, not long ago, that in a school which is sustained by the Corporation of the City of London, in the north of Ireland, one of the bigger boys had been converted to God; and one day, in the midst of school, a younger youth was greatly oppressed by a sense of sin, and so overwhelmed did he become that the master plainly perceived that he could not work, and, therefore, he said to him, “ You had better go home, and plead with God in prayer in private.” He said, however, to the bigger boy, who was all rejoicing in hope, “ Go with him; take him home and pray with him.” They started together: on the road they saw an empty house; the two boys went in and there began to pray; the plaintive cry of the young one, after a little time changed into a note of joy, when, suddenly springing up, he said, “ I have found rest in Jesus; I have never felt as I do now; my sins, which are many, are all forgiven.” The proposal was to go home; but the younger lad forbade this. No, he must go and tell the master of the school that he had found Christ. So hurrying back, he rushed in and said, “ Oh! I have found the Lord Jesus Christ.” All the boys in the school, who had seen him looking sad and dull upon the form, remarked the joy that flashed from his eye, when he cried, “ I have Christ.” The effect was electric. The boys suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; the master knew not where they had gone; but looking over into the playground, he saw by the wall were a number of boys, one by one, in prayer asking for mercy. He said to the elder youth, “ Cannot you go and tell these boys the way of salvation—tell them what they must do to be saved?” He did so, and the silent prayer was suddenly changed into a loud piercing shriek; the boys in the school understood it, and, impelled by the Great Spirit, they all fell on their knees, and began to cry aloud for mercy through the blood of Christ. But, this was not all. There was a girls' schoolroom in the same building over head. The ear had been well tutored to understand what that cry meant, and soon interpreted it, and the girls too, affected by the same Spirit, fell down and began to cry aloud for the forgiveness of their sins. Here was an interruption of the school! Was ever such a thing known before in a schoolroom? Classes are all put aside, books forgotten; everything cast to the winds, while poor sinners are kneeling at the foot of the cross seeking for pardon. The cry was heard throughout the various offices attached to this large school, and it was heard also across the street, and passers-by were attracted—men of God, ministers and clergymen of the neighbourhood were brought in—the whole day was

spent in prayer, and they continued until almost midnight; but they separated with songs of joy, for that vast mass of girls and boys, men and women, who had crowded the two school-rooms, had all found the Saviour."

Our good brother, Dr. Arthur, says, that he met with a youth while travelling in Ireland, and he said to him, "Do you love the Saviour?" And he said, "I trust I do." "How did you come to love him?" "Oh," said he, "I was converted in the big school-room that night. My mother heard that there was a revival going on there, and she sent me to fetch my little brother away, she did not want him, she said, to get convinced; and I went to fetch my brother, and he was on his knees crying, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner.' I stopped, and I prayed too, and the Lord saved us both." Now to what are we to attribute this? I know many of the brethren there—the Presbyterians and others—and I do not think there is any difference or any superiority in their ministry over anything we can see or hear in London, and I think they themselves would subscribe to the truth of what I assert. The difference is this: there has been prayer there; living, hearty prayer has been offered continually, perhaps by some who did not live in Ireland. God alone knows where that revival really began. Some woman on her bed may have been exercised in her soul for that district, and may have been wrestling with God in prayer; and then the blessing has descended. And if God shall help you and help me to lay near to heart the neighbourhood in which we live, the family over which we preside, the congregation we have to address, the class we have to teach, the labourers we employ, or any of these, surely then by mighty prayer we shall bring down a great blessing from high; for prayer is never lost, preaching *may* be, but prayer *never* is. Praying breath can ne'er be spent in vain. The Lord send to all the churches of Great Britain, first of all, the power of prayer, and then shall there come conversions of multitudes of souls through the outpoured energy of the Holy One of Israel!

III. I shall have little time to close up the third point, further than to remark that while I have been preaching I do hope there have been some here who have heard for themselves. Ah, my hearers, religion is more solemn work than some men think of. I am often shocked with the brutality of what are called the lower classes of society, and with their coarse blasphemies; but there is one thing—and I speak honestly to you now, as fearing no man—there is one thing that is to me more shocking still, and that is the frivolous way in which the mass of our higher classes spend all their time. What are your morning calls but pretences for wasting your time? What are your amusements but an attempt to kill the time that hangs laboriously on your hands? And what are many of your employments but an industrious idleness, spinning and knitting away of precious hours which God knows will be few enough when you come to look back upon them from a dying bed. Oh! if you did but know what you are made for, and your high destiny, you would not waste your time in the paltry things that occupy your hands and your souls. God Almighty forgive those wasted hours which if you be Christians ought to be employed for the good of others. God forgive those moments of frivolity which ought to have been

occupied in prayer. Ah! we cannot approve of the doctrines of the Romish Church, but still sometimes we have to be abashed at their zeal. Would God that we had sisters of mercy who were merciful indeed; not dressed in some fanciful garb, but going from house to house to comfort the sick and help the needy! Would that ye all were brothers of the heart of Jesus, and all of you sisters of him, whose mother's heart was pierced with agony, when he died that we might be saved.

But now, there are some of you here, perhaps, that never prayed in your lives, toying like glittering insects, wasting your little day. Ye know not that death is near ye; and oh, if ye have never sought and have never found the Saviour; however bright those eyes, if they have never seen the wounds of Christ, if they have never looked to Christ, they shall not simply be sealed in death, but they must behold sights of fearful woe eternally. Oh may God grant you grace to pray; may he lead you home to your houses, to fall on your knees, and for the first time to cry, "Lord have mercy upon me!" Remember you have sins to confess, and if you think you have not, you are in a sad state of heart; it proves that you are dead in trespasses and sin—dead in them. Go home and ask the Lord to give you a new heart and a right spirit, and may he who dictates the prayer graciously hear; and may you, and I, and all of us, when this life has passed away and time is exchanged for eternity, stand before the throne of God at last. I have to preach continually to a congregation in which I know there are many drunkards, swearers, and the like—with these men I know how to deal, and God has given me success; but I sometimes tremble for you amiable, excellent, upright daughters, who make glad your father's house, and wives that train up your children well. Remember, if you have not the root of the matter in you—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And as we must be honest with the poor, so must we be with the rich; and as we must lay the axe to the root of the tree with the drunkard and the swearer, so must we with you. You are as much lost as they are, and shall as surely perish as they do, unless you be born again. There is but one road to heaven for you all alike. As a minister of the gospel, I know no rich men and no poor men; I know no working classes and no gentlemen; I know simply God's sinful creatures, bidden to come to Christ and find mercy through his atonement. He will not reject you. Put the black thought away. He is able to save; doubt him not. Come to him; come and welcome; God help you to come.

God Almighty bless you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHRIST'S not answering, is an answer, and says--Pray on, go on, cry on; for the Lord holdeth His door fast bolted, not to keep you out but that you may knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Rutherford.

By Crooked Paths

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STRAIN OF A WELL-REMEMBERED AIR.

"BUT, Irene, I have only told you half my story," the young man went on, after waiting for the girl to speak. "There has come with the call to Himself, another call from Him. He has laid it upon my heart to become a preacher of the glad tidings to others. Irene, do you understand? I mean to become a minister—perhaps—I hope so—a missionary. My Saviour is my Master now; and I must obey His voice."

Varley was speaking very quietly, but his voice quivered with suppressed feeling. He was putting into words what had been hitherto, only the conviction of his heart. To speak of his hope, and to speak of it to Irene, moved him to his very soul. It seemed as if it were the vowing of a vow. "Irene, will not you speak to me?" for Miss Meredith continued silent.

"I hardly know what to say to you, George," she said, forced to utterance by the mute entreaty of his face, more powerful with her than that of his voice. "I do not understand these things. I suppose there must be clergymen and missionary societies; but I do not know anything about what you term 'a call' to preach. Why

should you give up your prospects to become, perhaps, a curate for the best years of your life, with possibly, a 'living' in your old age?"

"I don't know what you mean by my prospects, Irene. Oh, perhaps you have heard," he went on, "that Sir Arthur Swanson has said some kind things about my recent articles in the *Contemporary*. I thought so," as Miss Meredith inclined her head, "he is kind enough to predict that I have a great future before me as a writer, if I persevere. I may also say, that yesterday he offered me a handsome salary to become his secretary, in which position, he hinted, I should have leisure to pursue my literary work until it should be remunerative enough to make me independent of all subsidiary helps. But I felt I must refuse his generous offer, although I did not tell him why."

"Why, George, I think you are very foolish indeed."

"You would not think me so, if you only knew the power of my Saviour's love, Irene. Oh, how I wish you—"

Miss Meredith rose abruptly from her seat as if she would leave him.

"I do not care to know what you wish, George. You have come to a strange determination; and if you desire to know what I think of it, I will tell you: I think it is quixotic in the extreme. You and Rob have learned some strange thing done here, and it seems to have turned the heads of both of you."

"Why didn't Rob return for Christmas, instead of staying in Paris," she went on quickly, "Because, forsooth, that stupid fellow, Morgan, took it into his head to be ill, and Rob, more stupid than he, determined that he could not leave him. I never heard of such a thing. Says it was a Christian duty to stay with his sick friend. I should have thought it would have been equally his duty to have come home in order to have accompanied his mother and sister on this Christmas visit. I wonder what Sir Arthur thinks of him for refusing to accept his invitation?"

"Excuse me, Irene, you are a little out there. Rob accepted Sir Arthur Swanson's invitation, as you know very well."

"Well, it only makes the case worse. He accepted it, and then declined to come, and left mother and me to pay the visit without him."

Varley had never seen Irene Meredith in this mood before. It was a revelation to him. The usually quiet girl seemed to be in a strange condition of mind.

"Irene, I can assure you that Sir Arthur Swanson, and Miss Swanson too, fully appreciate Rob's reason for absence; and you will also, by and bye. Do you think it has cost Rob nothing to stay away? I can assure you that he would far rather have been here than in Paris; and if

you fail to see he has done a truly noble thing in staying with his friend, others do not. It was only this morning Miss Swanson said—"

Again the angry girl interrupted Varley.

"I don't care what Miss Swanson said. She is another fanatic. I tell you I don't believe in all this goody-goody religion. Your talk about needing a Saviour savours of cant," and without another word, Miss Meredith turned away and left him.

For a moment she lingered in the room chatting with one and another of those who sat round the fire, and then went out.

If only George Varley could have followed and seen her after movements, he would have had the key to her strange mood. Irene Meredith went straight to her own room, and when she had shut and locked the door behind her, she threw herself into a chair and began to sob violently.

"I am perfectly miserable. I wish I had never come here and that Rob and George had never seen the place. What business had Ida Swanson to speak to me as she did this morning about my needing a Saviour? And for George to talk as he did just now. It seems as if they were in league together. I am glad I am going away to-morrow. As if I were not all right."

All this between her sobs.

Presently she went to the dressing table, and from her writing-case took up a letter. It was from her brother, and had reached her on Christmas-day morning, now two days ago. She had read it then with scant courtesy. Now she opened it to read more carefully. She knew the character of the letter, and it was one of the

indications of the mental struggle that was going on, that she should deliberately set herself to read it again.

"Oh, Sis dear, how I wish you were resting in this same Jesus, instead of struggling against Him. You need Him, Irene. You may think you are safe, but if only you would read Roms. iii., you would see that you are deceived. Jesus Himself declared (in John iii., 18) that we are condemned already if we believe not on Him. . . .

But, Irene, if you will accept His verdict concerning you, and say before Him sincerely, 'Lord Jesus, I confess that I am guilty, but Thou art a Saviour Who says, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out," and so I come and cast myself in all my utter helplessness to save myself, upon Thy saving power,' He will take you and save you in the taking, and then He will keep you. . . . It is not what we are, however respectable and good, or however wicked and evil, that makes any difference with Him. We all alike need the cleansing of His blood. . . .

This Christmastide remember that He came into the world to save you and me. He offers Himself to you now. Receive Him and you have all that God gives in Him, and that includes the forgiveness of sins."

It was a long letter, and full of earnest pleading. Irene read it through, and then taking down from a neat book-case with which her room was furnished, a Bible, began to turn to all the many passages Rob had referred her to in his letter. For a long time she occupied herself in this way, hardly noticing the growing darkness, which told of how the afternoon was speeding away.

She was aroused presently by a gentle tapping at her door.

"Are you there Miss Meredith," in the voice of Ida Swanson. "I have come to announce the arrival of your brother."

Ida was soon away downstairs, her arms around Rob's neck, bidding him welcome, and in the same breath chiding him with being so late a guest to arrive.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEVELOPEMENTS.

After dinner that evening, Robert Meredith and Miss Swanson found themselves together in the great hall of the mansion.

The beautifully carved pillars and choice statuary were buried in ivy and holly; while in the alcoves, green shrubs clustered, with here and there piles of greenhouse flowers, lending colour to the whole. Amidst it all were numerous fairy-lights, which with the huge and quaint Chinese lanterns hanging from roof and arch, added beauty and charm to the decorations.

"How pretty you have made the hall look, Miss Swanson," said the young man, as he paused to admire the effects. "But," he added gravely, "I have seen this hall look more beautiful than it does even now."

"Indeed. When was that, Mr. Meredith?" was the question coyly asked by the girl at his side.

"It was when I stood behind yonder statue and listened as you sang the Gospel to the men of your Bible-class. Miss Swanson, I can never forget that scene or that song. Every day I thank God for that afternoon."

"And I thank God too, Mr. Meredith," was all she answered.

Passing into the large conservatory which Sir Arthur Swanson

had built to accommodate some magnificent specimens of choice tropical plants, these two, all forgetful of the others, seated themselves beneath the arching fronds of a towering palm.

"We are so glad you have been able to come to us before your mother and Irene leave us, Mr. Meredith. They talk of going to-morrow; but indeed I do not see why they need. Can't you coax Mrs. Meredith to continue her stay until over the New Year? I am sure you could do so if you tried. You have powers of persuasion which are irresistible, I am sure." And as Ida Swanson said this she looked up into the young man's face in a way that made his blood go leaping through every vein in his body.

"I fear you over-state my power, Miss Swanson; but you may be sure I shall do my best to keep them here," was the reply. "I, who have only just come, am in no immediate hurry to depart again. It was a great disappointment to me that I was unable to get here in time for Christmas-day; but none of Morgan's people were able to get away until yesterday: I could not leave him until someone had arrived to take charge of him."

"I am glad you stayed with your friend, Mr. Meredith, although I—we were all of us sadly disappointed, and missed you more than I can tell," and as she said this, she stooped to pick up the flower she had dropped, trying thereby to hide the blushes that her slip had brought mantling into her cheeks.

But Rob was before her.

"May I have this rose, Miss Swanson?" he asked eagerly. "It will be the first Christmas gift I have received."

For answer Miss Swanson drew back the hand she had extended to receive the flower.

"Thank you." There was quiet emphasis in the words and upon the face of the speaker a look of great yearning. Ida Swanson catching a glimpse of it, turned away with beating heart. "Miss Swanson—Ida—may I ask you for another gift? Oh, Ida, I love you! I love you, Ida! Can you give yourself to me? I know I am not worthy; but, oh! I love you." The voice was quivering with the emotion of the feelings he could not express.

She laid her hand upon his, and, looking up into his face, said simply,

"You are worthy, more than worthy, Rob."

And then—why then he kissed her.

It was a little time later, how long after, deponent sayeth not, that Ida Swanson, remembering her duties as hostess, rose and led the way back again into the house.

"Rob, do not speak to grandpa to-night. I have never kept anything from him before; but I am sure it is better I should tell you my secret, before you speak to him."

"You a secret, darling?" asked Rob, wonderingly, as he looked down into the eyes upturned to meet his. "What is it?"

"Not to-night, Rob. It is a sad secret; and I do not want anything to mar the joy of the present. To-morrow I will tell you."

And then breaking away from him, she ran away to her own room, her heart full of joy.

The same evening, Robert Meredith and George Varley sat up late talking together.

"I think I know what her secret is, Rob; and as she says, it is a sad one. Whether I ought to tell you, or leave the telling to her, I hardly know. Perhaps she would not mind my telling you."

And Varley told the story Ida Swanson had told him about her father's dissolute life. Without interrupting, Robert Meredith listened to all Varley could tell him; but as soon as the speaker ceased, he arose from his chair and began to pace the room excitedly.

"George," he burst out presently, "I know where he is. He is in Paris; and I can find him." And then he told his friend about the violinist who had played a familiar air in the Parisian *café* on Christmas night.

The next morning, on the way to the lake where the young people made the ice ring again as they sped merrily over its glistening surface, Miss Swanson found opportunity to tell her secret. Rob made no admission that he

knew it already, neither did he say anything to her about the Paris incident. It would be better, he thought, to verify his suspicions by the finding of the strange violinist, before he raised any hope in her heart.

"Oh, Rob, there is nothing that would add more to my present happiness than the finding of my father. So long as he remains away from us, perhaps living in the greatest misery and sin, there will always be a shadow upon my life. Oh, Rob, my love, find him for me and bring him home again."

"God helping me, darling, I will." And heaven heard the young man's solemn vow.

Robert Meredith had no difficulty in gaining Sir Arthur Swanson's consent to his engagement with his grandchild. So when the New Year came in and the holiday season had come to an end, Robert Meredith went back again to his studies in Paris with a great gladness in his heart.

(To be continued.)

"Saved to Serve."

1. "SAVED to Serve," my King I gladly
Cast my being at Thy feet;
Take my spirit, soul, and body,
Make me for Thy service meet.
2. "Saved to Serve," the call for workers
Loudly echoes in my ears,
It is but for me to answer,
"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant hears."
3. "Saved to Serve," whate'er the duty,
Humble though the service be,
Nothing is too great or little
After all He did for me.
4. "Saved to Serve," what richer blessing
Can the Christian worker seek,
Than for Jesus, who redeemed him,
Just to labour and to speak.

Spurs from Spurgeon.

Selected by T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

“ Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my Home.”

A VERY dear old woman, whom I visited when she was dying, said to me, “ One thing comforts me, sir, I do not think that God will ever send me among the wicked, for I never could get on in their company. The best times I have ever had were when I could sit with a few of the Lord’s people, and hear them talk about HIM; and though I could not always be sure that I was myself a Christian, yet I was very like them, and I was very happy when I was with them. I think I shall go to my own company, sir.” Yes, dear soul, and so she did; and if we are strangers here, we are going to that company where we shall not be at all strangers. They will understand our language when we once get across the river into the King’s Own country.

* * *

“ ASHAMED OF JESUS!

In those days when God permitted His people to be fastened up to the cross, or when others were taken to the stake and burnt, and everybody hissed at them, and cast out their name as evil, and said they were the off-scouring of all things, God was “ not ashamed to be called their God.” I am almost ashamed to say what I am going to say; I really feel my very heart blush that I have to say it. I have known some professors who have been ashamed to call God their God. Is it not strange that the glorious God of heaven and earth should call a worm His Own, and take mean wretches such as we are, and say, “ I am not ashamed to be called their God,” and that some of these creatures should be so miserably cowardly that they are ashamed to be called the people of God? Oh, write His Name on your foreheads! Never be ashamed of it. Ashamed of God! Ashamed of Jesus! Ashamed of the truth! Ashamed of righteousness! I do not wonder there is such a text as this: “ The fearful”—that is the cowardly—“ and unbelieving . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.” If you really do love the Lord, come out, and show yourself on His side; and if He is not ashamed of you, and if your prayer be, “ Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,” own Him as

your Lord and Saviour now. You who are not members of any Christian church, you who have believed in Christ, or think you have, and yet have never confessed Him, you who are hiding like rats behind the wainscot, come out, and confess Christ. What are you at? How can you be "soldiers of the cross," and "followers of the Lamb" if you "fear to own His cause," and "blush to speak His name?" Come out of your hiding-places! May God the Holy Spirit draw or drive you out at once! If anything could do it, surely it should be such a blessed fact as this, that you are numbered amongst those of whom it is said that "God is not ashamed to be called their God."

* * *

BUSINESS AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

For real business at the Mercy-seat give me a home-made prayer, a prayer that comes out of the depths of your heart; not because you invented it, but because the Holy Spirit put it there. Though your words are broken, and your sentences disconnected, God will hear you. Perhaps you can pray better without words than with them. There are prayers that break the back of words; they are too heavy for any human language to carry.

* * *

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

See the spider's web, and behold in it a most suggestive picture of the hypocrite's religion.

The spider's web is meant to catch his prey. The spider fattens himself on flies, and the Pharisee has his reward. Foolish persons are easily entrapped by the loud professions of pretenders, and even the more judicious cannot always escape. Philip baptized Simon Magus, whose guileful declaration of faith was so soon exploded by the stern rebuke of Peter. Custom, reputation, praise, advancement, and other flies, are the small game which hypocrites take in their nets.

A spider's web is a marvel of skill. Look at it and admire the cunning hunter's wiles. Is not a deceiver's religion equally wonderful? How does he make so bare-faced a lie appear to be a truth? How can he make his tinsel answer so well the purpose of gold?

The spider's web comes all from the creature's own bowels. The bee gathers her wax from flowers. The spider sucks no flowers, and yet she spins out her material to any length. Even so hypocrites find their trust and hope within themselves. Their anchor was forged on their own anvil, and their cable twisted by their own hands. They lay their own foundation, and hew out the pillars of their own house, disdaining to be debtors to the sovereign grace of God.

The spider's web is very frail. It is curiously wrought, but not enduringly manufactured. It is no match for the servant's broom, or the traveller's staff. The hypocrite needs no battery of Armstrong's to blow his hope to pieces, a mere puff of wind will do it. Hypocritical cobwebs will soon come down when the besom of destruction begins its purifying work.

The spider's web is not to be endured in the house of the Lord. He will see that hypocritical cobwebs, and those who spin them, shall be destroyed for ever. O my soul, be thou resting on something better than a spider's web! Be the Lord Jesus thine eternal hiding-place.

* * *

HOW TO BEGIN THE DAY.

The first fresh hour of every morning should be dedicated to the Lord, Whose mercy gladdens it with golden light. The eye of day openeth its lids, and in so doing opens the eyes of hosts of heaven-protected slumberers; it is fitting that those eyes should first look up to the Great Father of Lights, the Fount and Source of all the good upon which the sunlight gleams. It augurs for us a day of grace when we begin betimes with God; the sanctifying influence of the season spent upon the mount operates upon each succeeding hour. Morning devotion anchors the soul so that it will not very readily drift far away from God during the day; it perfumes the heart so that it smells fragrant with piety until nightfall; it girds up the soul's garments so that it is less apt to stumble, and feeds all its powers so that it is not permitted to faint. The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armour. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.

* * *

CONVERSION OF A RITUALISTIC "PRIEST."

He told me that he owed everything to me, because I had been the means of leading him to Jesus. He said he was "only a humble Vicar of the Church of England," so I asked what his line of teaching had formerly been. "Very high," he replied. "But," I asked, "*did you pretend to forgive people's sins?*" "Yes," he answered. "Then," I enquired, "how did you get rid of the idea that you were a 'Priest'?" "Well," he said, "I sincerely believed myself to be a 'Priest' until I read one of your sermons. That convinced me of my own state as a sinner, and the *priesthood* oozed out of me directly. Now I am trusting the LORD JESUS CHRIST for salvation, and I point my congregation to HIM ALONE."

A NEGRO was asked,—“What is Free Grace? Free Grace! Free Grace! Ah! let us see. What is Free Grace! Oh! it is something for Nothing.”

May we not say it is much more than that. It is everything for nothing.

‘By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: Not of works lest any man should boast.’—*Eph* ii. 8-9.

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps which grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

The Importance of Training our Children IN Baptist Principles.

By REV. J. MOUNTAIN, Tunbridge Wells.

WHAT shall we teach our children, in this age of worldliness, formalism, superstition, and Ritualism?

Of course, we are to teach them the great fundamental truths of the Gospel; for it is only as they learn these truths that they can know Jesus Christ as their Redeemer and Saviour.

The Gospel is not *effete* or out of date. It is instinct with Divine power, and it is God's instrument by which souls are saved, through the atoning work of Christ, by the agency of the Holy Spirit.

But in order to fit our children for the conflicts and duties of their generation, we require to do more than teach them what we call "saving truth." The Apostles began with the Cross; but they did not always stay there, as to their teaching. They led their converts on further, into the whole realm of Christian truth, of which, however, the Cross was, and ever will be, the centre.

Taking into account the circumstances in which our country is now placed, our children should be taught the spirituality and self-government of the Church, and should have proved and expounded to them the numerous evils that have ever arisen, and must ever arise, from the connection of any portion of the Church with the State.

This, we Baptists hold in common with all Nonconformists. But I fear that, with few exceptions, none of the Free Churches have fully done their duty in this respect. Consequently, our young people have grown up and have been sent out into the world but very imperfectly equipped for their warfare; and they have, in many cases, fallen an easy prey to the subtle attacks made upon them by a worldly and a fashionable Christianity.

This neglect is one of the most potent causes of the perversion of some of our young people; and we share the blame alike with other denominations.

But, as Baptists, we have a special testimony to give in view of the sacerdotalism which is rampant in the State Church to-day. The figment of baptismal regeneration, with all its attendant errors, can never be fully met by those who practice infant baptism. Conversion and Believers' Baptism are two of the main points upon which we Baptists insist; and sacerdotalism dies in their presence. We have, therefore, a special work to do, special truth to teach, and special obligations to fulfil.

Such being the case, it follows that we ought to begin this work in the Sunday School and in our family circles. Truths really learnt then from God's Word, and impressed upon the heart by God's Holy Spirit, would never be effaced.

I would recommend the use of a Catechism in all our schools and family circles, which, with proof texts, should be committed to memory, so that our distinctive doctrines might be rivetted upon the mind from the earliest days.

I need not say, however, that all this should be done in much tenderness and love, seeking above all things to win the young heart to Jesus Christ. A bitter religion will repel; but a loving religion will attract.

May God help us all to be more diligent and active in training our children in the elements of Baptist Truth.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

September 20th, the birthday of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, he sat himself down at the receipt of custom in the handsome new hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to receive gifts on behalf of the work of the Church. Beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, by five or a few minutes later the total stood at £520—not a bad two hours' work. It included £250 from Mr. Thomas Olney, and £43 from Mr. William Higgs. Mr. Higgs gives a pound for each year of Mr. Spurgeon's age, by which we know he was 43 on Sept. 20th. Many of the amounts, however, are small. The complete total will not be known until Sunday, for the fund is open for a few days, and, indeed, amounts come in after the birthday celebration itself. "And how does the building fund stand?" said one Mr. James Hall, an earnest supporter of Mr. Spurgeon goes to find the exact figures. "We have received," he reports, "£15,893 in contributions, and we have a further £520 promised. But we want about £6,000 more. Our people have done nobly," he says, "all through this crisis. I do not know any church that has had so much trouble as this fire has caused us. But we are keeping well together, and we are full of hope."

Welcome Words to the Weary.

(Psalm xxxvii. 5. margin.)

WHEN thy heart is crushed with sorrow,
 Burden'd with a sense of sin,
 Fears the present, dreads the morrow,
 Neither joy nor peace within ;
 Listen to the welcome word,
 " *Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

He who sacrificed Heav'n's treasure,
 Stoop'd to death upon the tree,
 Tasted there God's dire displeasure,
 All to ransom you and me ;
 He it is who speaks the word,
 " *Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

When upon life's stormy ocean,
 Thou art toss'd and sore dismay'd
 Hear Him, o'er the waves' commotion,
 " It is I, be not afraid !"
 Listen to the welcome word,
 " *Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

Dread not thou some dark disaster,
 He will shield thee from all ill ;
 Winds and waves obey the Master,
 Silenced by His " Peace be still " ;
 His the voice that speaks the word,
 " *Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

When thy heart lies bruised and bleeding
 By the grave of dearest friend,
 Hardly yet God's purpose reading,
 Wondering where the scene will end ;
 Listen to the welcome word,
 " *Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

While His plans from us withholding,
 He will yet His wisdom prove ;
 And His purposes, unfolding,
 We shall understand above ;
 Till then heed that gracious word,
 " *Roll thy way upon the Lord.*"

Reviews.

Magazines, &c. Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row.

The Sunday at Home is a good missionary number, containing "In Careys Country," by the Rev. Fred. Hastings (illustrated); some lessons from "A Hundred Years of Missions," by the Rev. T. A. Gurney; also "A Sunday at Malna," by the Rev. Wardlow Thompson (illustrated).

The Leisure Hour contains some excellent reading on "The Peace Conference," with illustrations and well executed likenesses of Nicholas II. and other notables. *The Girls' Own Paper* is a bright number, all aglow with things of interest and usefulness. *The Boys' Own Paper*—the August part, with its fine tinted plate, with a Cornish Fishing Fleet, is as usual full up to the brim of healthy stories, amusements, and valuable information for our boys. *Friendly Greetings* has an excellent picture for its frontispiece, "The Native Café at Cairo," from the picture by J. S. Crompton. Offices, Hutton Street, Whitefriars. *Great Thoughts* for September will be read with pleasure by Wesleyans and Congregationalists. As it contains likenesses and chapters on the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, President of the Wesleyan Conference, and the Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Norwich. Also the *Helping Words* gives a likeness and an article from the pen of Dr. Barrett, "A Secret Disciple." *The Prize Reciter* is still a great help to Bands of Hope, &c.

Work and Workers in the Mission Field, published at the Wesleyan Mission House, presents us with a good likeness and description of Major Smith, who has been a worthy worker at the Mission House since January, 1878.

A Little Catechism for Little Protestants. By Stanley Martin, published at 50, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus. A good effort to preserve our children from the soul destroying errors of Popery and sacerdotalism.

Life in Light has "We sent up a signal, by our friend, J. Burnham, "In His Name," a good account of Ragged School work.

Part 21 of *C. H. Spurgeon's Biography*. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. This part contains the likeness and deserved recognition of the faithful and earnest services of our late friend, Mr. J. L. Keys. It may also be described as "The Pastor on Travel," and giving details and description of many places of great interest. Part 532 of *Metropolitan Pulpit* has a Communion sermon on "Jesus Only," one of Mr. Spurgeon's best, amongst his many best discourses.

The Quiver. Cassell and Co. September is full of information, "The Kingdom of Silence," by D. L. Woolmen, is thrillingly interesting; also "At work among the Van Dwellers," by G. W. Wilkinson. The Harvest Hymn, by Canon Teignmouth Shore, and the Lord of the Harvest (a new hymn tune) go to make up with other contributions one of the best magazines of the month.

The Baptist Magazine for September adds to its pages the Literary Review, also a timely article by the Rev. J. Edward Roberts, M.A., B.D., "An Old World Religious Revival." *The Sword and Trowel* readers will be specially impressed by the address to students by the late Pastor, "Points never to be forgotten." *The Irish Baptist Magazine* leads off with a good characteristic sermon by Archibald Brown.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

LONDON (SURBITON).—Rev. William Baxter announced to the church and congregation that he had decided to resign his pastorate at the end of the month of October, when he would have more than completed twenty-five years of his ministry in Surbiton.

Mr. Haffenden has accepted the pastorate of Union Church, Bethersden, near Ashford, Kent, which was built by his late father.

Mr. H. R. Cross, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Gorsley.

The Rev. L. Humby has resigned the pastorate of Union Church, Sheffield, in order to undertake mission work at Leicester.

LEE, S.E. Mr. John Hunt Lynn has resigned the pastorate of the church at Dacre Park, Lee. His labours there cease December 31st next.

Rev. C. H. Marsack Day has accepted the pastorate of Avenue-road Chapel, Shepherd's-bush, and will commence his ministry on the first Sunday in November.

The Rev. Burwyn Davies, pastor of York-place Church, Swansea, has accepted a call to a church at Halifax.

Rev. A. W. Oakley, A.T.S., of West Bromwich, has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate at the close of the present month. Mr. Oakley has held the pastorate for more than thirteen years, but has latterly been suffering from ill-health.

Rev. H. B. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of Atherton Church, which he has held for ten years; he

will devote himself entirely to the secretarial work of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association.

Rev. T. Napoleon Smith, of Tetbury, has accepted the pastorate of Grafton-square Church, Northampton, and will commence his ministry there October 1st.

Rev. J. M. Jones, Carey Chapel, Tondri, has received and accepted an invitation to the co-pastorate of Alma-street Church, Newport.

Rev. Duncan McCallum is retiring from the pastorate at Barnoldswick, on account of failing health.

LANCS.—Mr. R. D. Lloyd, senior student of Midland College, has entered on his ministry as pastor of the church at Bootle.

Rev. Douglas Brown, who recently accepted the pastorate of Kensington Church, is the son of Pastor Archibald G. Brown, late of the East London Tabernacle, and enters upon his new work with many encouraging tokens of success.

Rev. W. J. Potter, of the Pastors' College, who for the past three years has been pastor of the Baptist Church, at Cheam, has just tendered his resignation now that his course of study is nearing its end, proposing to conclude the ministry on October 29th. During his ministry here a Sunday-school building costing £300 has been added to the chapel.

Rev. W. E. Stephens has resigned the pastorate of the King-street Baptist Church, and has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church (Salem), Blaina, Monmouthshire.

Rev. A. W. Holden has resigned the pastorate at Hornchurch.

Rev. J. H. Bath, of Lichfield-street, Willenhall, has accepted the pastorate of Belgrave-road Tabernacle, Leicester.

The Rev. F. J. Kirby, the co-pastor of the Rev. C. Williams, Accrington, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the Barnstaple Church.

The Rev. J. Rhys Davies, of Swansea, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Tabernacle, Southport.

Rev. Frederick A. Jones has closed a pastorate of twenty-two years at Cross-street Chapel, Islington, and has been presented with a purse of sixty guineas by the members of the church and congregation. Mr. Jones becomes pastor of the new chapel in Cranbrook-road, Ilford.

WARWICK (CASTLE HILL). — A large number of the above church and congregation held a tea to meet their late pastor (Rev. H. W. Meadow), whose ministry had closed the previous Sunday. A public meeting followed, presided over by Mr. Billington. In the course of the evening he presented Rev. H. W. Meadow with a handsomely fitted Gladstone dressing-bag, and Mrs. Meadow with a workbox and jewel-case combined. The presents were subscribed for by over forty of the principal workers and friends at Castle Hill.

RECOGNITIONS.

The recognition of the Rev. Walter H. Mann as pastor of the Western-road Church at Shoreham, Sussex.

Services were held at Salem Chapel, Tongwynlas, Cardiff, in connection with the recognition of Mr. F. Durston (late of Bristol) as pastor of the above church. On Sunday morning the services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Parry (Tongwynlas), and in the afternoon and evening by Master Willie Powell (the boy preacher, of Treherbert).

WATCHET (SOM). — The recognition services of Rev. W. Priestnall were held on Sunday and Monday, August 13th and 14th.

Rev. C. Edwin Sparrow has been recognised as pastor of Hawkhurst Church.

The recognition services of the Rev. L. Macphail as pastor of Gretton, North Hants, were held on Sep. 3.

Rev. David Chinnery has been recognised as pastor at Driffield.

Rev. Edward Moore has been recognised as pastor of Meanwood-road Church, Leeds. Rev. R. C. Lemin, Rev. G. W. Bonnell and Mr. J. G. B. Mawson took part.

NEW CHAPELS, &c.

LOUGHBOROUGH. — The opening services of King-street Chapel, a branch of the Baxter-gate Church, were held. The new chapel is to cost £1,000, and will provide accommodation for 200 worshippers, and room for 240 Sunday scholars.

CHESHAM (SEER-GREEN). — The ceremony has taken place of laying the foundation stone of the new chapel which is being erected on a site purchased last year by the building committee of the Baptist Church.

Memorial stones have been laid of a new Sunday school in course of erection at Skipton in connection with the church in Otley-street (Rev. W. Judge). The cost is estimated at £800, nearly half of which has been secured.

A new chapel is to be built at West Norwood for the congregation under the pastorate of the Rev. Walter Hobbs, who recently retired from the church in Gipsy-road. The chapel will seat 400, and is estimated to cost £2,500.

HIGH WYCOMBE. — The branch chapel at Holmer-green is being enlarged. At the foundation stone laying the Rev. C. Hobbs and J. Robinson conducted the service. The collections realised £27.

A new chapel at Acton Bridge, in Mid-Cheshire, was opened with a sermon by the Rev. Chas. Williams, of Accrington.

NEW TREDEGAR.—Services were held in connection with the opening of Carmel Chapel, which is a commodious building to accommodate over 600 worshippers, and has been erected at a cost of about £2,000. Rev. W. Sanders preached the opening sermon.

The church and congregation worshipping at Sion School Chapel, Morecambe, Lancs., have decided to commence building a new chapel, which will provide seating accommodation for 600. The estimated cost is £3,000, half of which has been collected or promised.

STANFORD.—North-street Church (pastor, W. J. Tryon) is to be demolished, and a new place of worship and Sunday schools are to be erected at a cost of £1,588. For the purpose additional land has been secured.

OLDBURY.—Sixteen memorial stones and a large number of bricks of the new Providence Church were laid. Dr. J. Fergusson, of Birmingham, delivered a special address.

The appointment of delegates, ministers and laymen, to the forthcoming meetings of the Baptist Union at Leeds is unprecedentedly large, no less than some 1,500 having intimated their intention to be present. This is accounted for by the fact that Leeds is a centre of a considerable Baptist population. Many of the delegates will therefore not need accommodation, but will be able to return day by day to their own homes.

Rev. W. Whale, of Brisbane, who has been on a visit to this country, returns. While here he has occupied the pulpit at Broadmead, Bristol, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Shoreditch Tabernacle, and in many other chapels.

Forty-two members have been admitted to fellowship at the Tabernacle, Swindon (Rev. W. L. Williams), making 146 admitted since October.

The anniversary of the birthday of the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, occurred on Wednesday, Sept. 20th. Last year the amount contributed was slightly over £735.

DEATHS.

On August 3rd, Henry Tuckwell, at Berkhamstead, for fifty years of the city of Exeter, in his eighty-fifth year.

The death has occurred, at Wisbech, of Mr. George Dawburn, J.P., in his seventy-ninth year. He had served the office of mayor and alderman, and was chairman of several public undertakings and senior deacon of Hill-street Chapel.

The death has occurred of the Rev. Henry Hugh Bourn, whose ministry commenced in 1849, but who has been incapacitated by illness for twenty-five years. While pastor of the church at Windsor he officiated at the burial of a child who died of typhus fever; he caught the disease, which resulted in paralysis of the throat. His remains have been interred in the cemetery at Tunbridge Wells.

The remains of Mrs. Pople, mother of the late Rev. G. Pople, missionary to the Congo, have been interred at Beckington, Som.

Rev. R. J. Williamson, of Teddington, died on Saturday at the age of forty-one. He has been a great sufferer for several years, owing to lung trouble and bone disease, which caused him to undergo several operations, including the amputation of his right foot and right arm.

A great loss has been sustained by the denomination in Scotland by the death of Mr. Howard Bowser, J.P., which took place suddenly at Aboyne, Aberdeenshire. Mr. Bowser, who was in his seventy-sixth year, was treasurer of Adelaide-place Church, Glasgow (Rev. T. H. Martin), and a generous contributor to the funds of the denomination.

BAPTISMS.

- Bardwell*, Suffolk—August 13, Two, by G. F. Wall.
- Blackpool*—A most interesting and impressive ceremony was witnessed from the promenade. Two young men were immersed, on the confession of their faith in Christ, by H. C. Wagnell, pastor. The ordinance was administered in the presence of thousands of people.
- Beds.*—At Ridgmount, twelve candidates have been immersed by J. Palmer.
- Belper*—Two, by H. Collord.
- Bratton*, Wilts—Aug. 18, Four, by William Fry.
- Breconshire*, Chapel-y-filin—August 13th, Four, by A. Davis.
- Brighton*, Queen-street—Two, by W. H. Davies.
- Bucks*, Slough—August 3, Two, by Theo. Cousens.
- Cheltenham*, Cambray—August 27, Two, by H. A. B. Phillips.
- Cornwall*—Aug. 20, Three, by G. McFadyean.
- Chesham*, Broadway Church—Three, by R. Walker.
- Carmarthen*, Cwmdud—August 13, Four (in the river, one of them being his youngest daughter), by D. Richards.
- Dudley*, New-street—August 20, Two, by Edward Milnes.
- Durham*, Walsingham Church—Nine, by James Black, M.A.
- Devon*, Sheepwash—In the river Torridge, Two, by the pastor.
- Devon*, Uffcolme—August 13, Three (from the Sunday school) by W. Gillard.
- Glamorgan*, Zion English Baptist Chapel—July 31, Two, by D. G. Morris.
- Keighley*, Albert-Street—August 20, Four (two of whom were Wesleyans, by J. Alderson).
- Lancashire*, Nelson, Carr road—August 27, Five, by A. S. Hollinshead.
- Llandysfaen*, Soar—August 12, One, by Moses Jones.
- Lerwick*, N.B.—August 16, One, by Henry Bailey.
- Risca*, Moriah—September 3rd—One, by J. Onfel Jenkins.
- Rhymney*, Beulah—August 20, Two, by T. M. Richards.
- Kent*, Foots Cray Chapel—Four, by W. Daniel Ross, B.Sc.
- Norfolk*, Great Ellingham—August 13, One, by R. Hewitt.
- Tewkesbury*—August 27, Three, by H. J. Preece.
- Torrington*—September 3rd—Two, by G. Frankling Owen.
- West Hartlepool*—August 6, Seven, by A. W. Cunwood.
- Working*—August 27, Three, by A. W. Leighton Barker.
- Wrexham*, Chester-street—August 16, One, by Phillip A. Hudgell, of Derby.

LONDON DISTRICT.

- East Finchley*, N—August 13, Seven (including a son and daughter of the late Principal David Tracey), by John James Bristow.

- East Plumstead*, S.E.—August 13, Seven, by J. Seeley.
- Dawes-road*, Fulham—August 13, Five, by J. H. Grant.
- Blackhorse-road*, Walthamstow—August 27th, Five, by Frank J. Walker.
- Poplar and Brunswick Tabernacle*, Brunswick-road, E.—Four, by Rev. A. Tildsley.

IRELAND.

- Ballymena*—Aug. 4th, One, by T. Whiteside.
- Clough*—August 12th, One, by M. Simpson.
- Lisnaglee*—July 23rd, One, by John G. C. Irvine.
- Ballykeel*—July, Three, by J. Hodge.
- Gortmerron*—July 23, Two; August 9th, Three, by James Rainey.

It is stated that 3,785 converts have been baptised by the Rev. R. H. Conwell, D.D., during his pastorate of the Temple Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, the African traveller, says: "For one African who is influenced for good by Christianity a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade, and the Mohammedan missionaries are throwing down the gage to Christianity and declaring war upon our chief contribution to Western Africa—the gin trade. And this is the way we are teaching Ethiopia to spread out her hands unto God!"

CITY missionaries often say that an early result of a conversion to God in a slum district is personal tidiness and some attempt to make the poor home neat and clean. So is it, Mr. Milne, of Swatow, China, says with Chinese Christians. They soon begin to pay some regard to their own appearance, and also to the cleanliness of their houses. A Chinese house is usually begrimed with dirt. The Christian eye grows clearer, the Christian heart more sensitive. Dirt is first cousin to sin, and is offensive to Christian feeling. Christ brings peace and character to those who believe. He also creates in them a higher standard of living. Christian faith elevates every province of a Christian life.

A Sense of Pardoned Sin.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.”—Isaiah xxxviii. 17.

HEZEKIAH here speaks positively on a matter concerning which he had not the remotest shadow of a doubt. He had trusted his God; he had cast himself upon the merit of the promised Messiah; and as the result of that faith, assurance had been granted to him, and he now sings with unfaltering tongue, “Thou, even thou, O God, Most High and Most Just, “Thou hast cast all my sins,” great and innumerable though they be, thou hast cast them all “behind Thy back.” Oh, what a joyous thing it is to have a ray of heavenly sunlight in the soul, and to hear the very voice of God as he walks in the garden of our souls in the cool of the day, saying to us, “Son, thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee.” The whisper of that heavenly voice may raise our heart to bliss almost divine. To have the divine kiss of acceptance, to be robed in the best robe, to have the ring on the hand and the shoes on the feet, to hear the heavenly music and dancing with which the returning prodigals are welcomed to their Father’s house,—this, indeed, is a bliss worth worlds.

My dear brethren, there are some who choose to dwell to a very large degree in their ministry upon such enjoyments as these, which concern the experience of the child of God; but I fear they make it the main object of their preaching, to advance a system of frames and feelings. On the other hand, there are other brethren who constantly insist upon the doctrine of salvation by faith, and by faith alone, but almost forget to testify to the experience which is the result of faith. The brother who preaches experience, and insists upon it, is afraid lest any should possess a fictitious faith which is not the faith of God’s elect. He therefore preaches experience as a test and a touchstone by which he may try the spirits whether they be of God. On the other hand, our other brother who deals with faith, and not with experience, is afraid lest men should make a God of their feelings, and lest they should rest in their experience, and not in the cross of Christ. He is so anxious to maintain in its clearness the fact that we are saved by what Christ felt, and not by what we feel, the great truth that we are redeemed by his most precious blood, and not by any experience of our own, that perhaps he overshoots the mark, and forgets that where there is faith there will be experience, and where there is a true experience there must have been a real faith.

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Suffer me, then, just to spend one moment in trying to show how these two truths really meet—a divine experience and a single faith—necessary and joyous feelings, and a yet more necessary and unalloyed confidence in Christ. The fact is, that we are saved by faith, and not by feeling. "We walk by faith and not by sight." Yet there is as much connection between faith and hallowed feeling, as there is between the root and the flower. Faith is permanent, just as the root is ever in the ground; feeling is casual, and has its seasons. Just as the bulb does not always shoot up the green stem, far less is it always crowned with the many, many-coloured flower. Faith is the tree, the essential tree; our feelings are like the appearance of that tree during the different seasons of the year. Sometimes our soul is full of bloom and blossom, and the bees hum pleasantly, and gather honey within our hearts. It is then that our feelings bear witness to the life of our faith, just as the buds of spring bear witness to the life of the tree. Anon, our feelings gather still greater vigour, and if we come to the summer of our delights, again, perhaps, we begin to wither into the sere and yellow leaf of autumn; nay, sometimes the winter of our despondency and despair will strip away every leaf from the tree, and our poor faith stands like a blasted stem without a sign of verdure. And yet, my brethren, so long as the tree of faith is there we are saved. Whether faith blossom or not, yet should we have the gravest reason to distrust the life of our faith, if it did not sometimes blossom with joy, and often bring forth fruit unto holiness. Experience, if I may so speak, is like a sun-dial. When I wish to know the time of day with my spirit, I look upon it. But then there must be the sun shining, or else I cannot tell by my sun-dial what and where I am. Faith is a greater and a grander thing than all experience, less fickle, more stable. It is the root of grace, and these are but the flowers, the germs, the buds. Yet let us not speak against experiences; let us value them, for it is a grand thing to sit in the sunshine of God's presence, it is a noble thing to eat the grapes of Eshcol, even while we are in the wilderness. It is true there is a greater grandeur in believing heaven to be mine when I can see no evidence thereof; yet it is a sweeter thing

"To read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

I, First, then, let me speak of A SENSE OF PARDON AS GIVEN BY GOD TO THE SINNER.

We are not to wait for this sense of pardon before we come to Christ. The soul beholding itself lost, ruined, and naked, is commanded in the Word of God to trust itself, just as it is, in the hands of Christ. We must first obey, and then receive the reward. I, feeling that I am utterly undone, and that there is no reason in myself why I should be saved, cast myself at the foot of Christ's cross, and trust him with myself eternally. As the result of that, God afterwards, of his own free grace, by his Spirit, sheds abroad in my soul an infallible witness, which proves to me that I was forgiven in that very hour when I closed in with Christ, and trusted my soul in his hands.

Now, this consciousness of pardon *includes many things*, although it

is not alike comprehensive in all souls. With some uninstructed persons, who know too little of scripture, all the consciousness they enjoy is this, that sin is forgiven. They feel in their souls that every sin that ever stood on record in the book of God, has been blotted out once for all. Joined with this they are released from the terror and dread which once weighed upon their spirits. But, being ignorant and uninstructed, they are not conscious of more than this—the sum total of their joys lies here—that sin is forgiven, and that they shall not now sink into the pit of hell. If the Holy Ghost, however, is pleased to show them more at this time, they have a consciousness that God loves them. They are sure that Jehovah looks upon them as his favourites, as those to whom he has a special grace and a peculiar love. They, then, at that very moment, begin to read their title to the blessings of the covenant. They see that all things are theirs because they are Christ's, and that since there is no condemnation, there must be every blessing vouchsafed by the very act which took away the condemning sentence. It sometimes happens, to, that this sense of pardon swells till it exceeds the narrow bounds of time, till the spirit is not only sure that it is reconciled to God, and that its life is now secure; but it sees heaven itself as at a little distance, begins to realise its own indefeasible title to the inheritance of the saints in light—nay in the hour of pardon I have sometimes known the emancipated spirit by faith, walk the golden streets, and lay its finger on the strings of the glorious harp of heavenly praise. And, yet, as I have said before, it is not so in all cases, for with many uninstructed minds, the only sense of pardon they get, is a removal of terror, and an assured conviction that their sins are all forgiven them.

But, saith one. "*How does this sense of pardon come? In what manner and form?*" We answer, many men receive their consciousness of pardon in an instant. They were reading the Word of God perhaps, and some one text seemed as if it rose up from its fellows, illuminated with heavenly fire, and they saw that text printed on their own hearts. Such a one as this;—"Come now, and 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." Or, such another as this;—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." The man was doubting before, full of gloom and despondency; in a minute all is light, and life, and joy in his heart. From being heavily burdened he has suddenly become light of soul: from being black from head to foot, he comes to view himself washed completely white, and standing in the snowy garment of the Saviour's righteousness. With others this sense of pardon is of slower growth. It begins with a faint gleam of hope, another ray, and yet another, till at last the morning star arises in their souls; the light increases still, till at last the morning star of hope gives way to the sun of righteousness himself, who has risen with healing beneath his wings. I have known some obtain peace in an instant, and others have been months, if not years, before they could walk with a steady and firm footstep, and say with unquivering lip,— "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him."

This conviction is sometimes conveyed to us in the most extraordinary manner. I have known it brought home to the soul by some singular saying of a minister, by some saying so appropriate to one's own case, that we were compelled to say,—“That is not the voice of man, but the voice of God, for man could not know my heart; that sentence is surely spoken by one who tries the heart and searches the reins.” At other times some strange providence has been the singular means of giving joy and relief. The strangest story I ever remembered to have read with regard to peace given after a long season of despondency, was the case of Mrs. Honeywood. Living in puritanic times, she had been accustomed to hear the most thundering of its preachers. She became so thoroughly broken in peace with the consciousness of sin, that for, I think, some ten years, if not twenty years, the poor woman was given up to despair—she was absolutely certain that there was no hope for her. One day an eminent minister of Christ, conversing with her, told her there yet was hope, that Jesus Christ was able to save to the uttermost, them that come unto God by him. Grasping a Venice glass, that stood on the table, made of the thinnest material that can be conceived, the woman dashed it down on the ground, and said,—“I am lost, as sure as that glass is broken into a thousand pieces.” To her infinite surprise, the glass suffered no damage whatever, but remained without a crack. From that instant she believed that God had spoken to her. She opened her ears to hear the words of the minister, and peace poured into her spirit. I mention that as an extraordinary and singular instance—perhaps the like is not to be found on record anywhere else. But God has his ways and means. He will by some means, by every means, by the strangest and most miraculous means, bring his people to a sense of pardon. If they reject all other ways, he will sooner work a miracle than that his banished ones shall not be brought home.

I speak now from experience. That happy day when my soul first found a Saviour, and learned to cling to his dear feet, was a day never to be forgotten by me. An obscure child, unknown, unheard of, I sat and listened to the Word of God; and that precious text, “Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth,” led me to the cross of Christ. I can testify that the joy of that day is utterly indescribable. I could have leaped, I could have danced. There was no expression, however fanatical, which would have been out of keeping with the joy of my spirit at that hour. Many days have passed since then of Christian experience, but there has never been a day which has had that full exhilaration, that sparkling delight which that first day had. I thought I could have sprung from the seat on which I sat, and have called out with the wildest of those Methodist brethren who were present, “I am forgiven! I am forgiven! A monument of grace! A sinner saved by blood!” Concerning that day all other occurrences are dim in my remembrance. I know nothing of what was said to me, or of what happened but just this, that my spirit saw its chains broken to pieces, and that I walked an emancipated man, an heir of heaven, a forgiven one, accepted in Christ Jesus, plucked out of the miry clay, and out of the horrible pit, with my feet set upon a rock and my goings established. Men, when they are in this delighted state, are very communicative; they cannot hold themselves in. They are like John

Bunyan who wanted to tell the crows on the ploughed land about it. They speak to the very trees. They think the world is in harmony with themselves; they go forth with joy, and they are led forth with peace, the mountains and the hills break forth before them into singing, and the trees of the field do clap their hands. The birds sing, to be in tune with their hearts. The sun shines more brightly that day than he ever did before; or if the rain descends, it is but the very emblem of those showers of mercy which have made glad the spirit. On that day at least, if never before, the man becomes the world's great priest, he stands in the midst of all his fellow priests the great high priest of the world's universe. He walks in his white garments; he wears about him the bells of the music of praise; he offers the sacrifice which is acceptable to God, and his own heart is the chief offering which he presents. Oh! on that day the world seems to be a great organ, and the fingers of the pardoned man run along the keys and wake the music even to thunder, till the eternal sonnets of the ages long past dwindle into mere silence before the hallelujahs of that acclaim of praise, to which the pardoned sinner wakes the worlds.

Do I hear some friend whisper, that such feelings are fanatical. Ah! my friend, if it were so, it were a fanaticism devoutly to be sought for. But you tell us this is fanaticism, for a man to be sure that he is pardoned. But pause awhile. Will you venture to say that this book is itself fanatical, that the Bible is a book full of enthusiasm and vain conceits. Oh, no, you believe this to be a book written in sober earnest. Well, then, the feelings of a pardoned man are but the necessary and natural consequence of the truths of this book. Is there such a thing as pardon taught here? Are there not such words as these?—"Blessed is the man whose iniquity is forgiven."—"Blessed is he to whom the Lord imputeth not his iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."—"Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." Are there not words here which tell us that Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and to save that which is lost; that there is such a thing as salvation, such a thing as regeneration, such a thing as passing out of darkness into marvellous light; such a thing as being transplanted from the kingdom of darkness, and being taken into the kingdom of God's dear Son? If the Bible teaches us that there are such things, it were a libel upon that book if men were not happy when they received them. In fact, if the experience of a Christian at the time of his conversion were not singularly, nay, excessively joyful, it might be a contradiction to the teaching of this word. But, I say it, and say it boldly, all the transports that the most joyous spirit ever knew in the hour of its pardon are warranted by this Word; nay, not only warranted, but they fall short of what this book would warrant us in receiving.

"But," saith one, "I cannot understand that a man can be sure that he is pardoned." That great and excellent man, Dr. Johnson, used to hold the opinion that no man ever could know that he was pardoned; that there was no such thing as assurance of faith. Perhaps, if Dr. Johnson had studied his Bible a little more, and had had a little more of the enlightenment of the Spirit, he, too, might have come to know his own pardon. Certainly, he was no very excellent judge of theology, no more than he was of porcelain, which he once attempted to make,

and never succeeded. You say, how can a man know that he is pardoned? There is a text which says,—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; is it irrational to believe that I am saved? “He that believeth hath eternal life,” saith Christ, in John’s gospel. I believe in Christ; am I absurd in believing that I have eternal life? I find the apostle Paul speaking by the Holy Ghost, and saying,—“There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Being justified by faith we have peace with God.” If I know that my trust is fixed on Jesus only, and that I have faith in him, were it not ten thousand times more absurd for me not to be at peace, than for me to be filled with joy unspeakable. It is but taking God at his word, when the soul knows as a necessary consequence of its faith that it is saved. But, besides that, suppose that it should be true God himself, stepping as you think out of the order of nature, absolutely speaks to every individual man, and seals on their hearts the witness that they are forgiven—suppose it to be so, however hard you think the supposition to be—would it be unnatural then, that the spirit should rejoice? Now, such is just the fact, literally and positively; for the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are born of God. And I will tell you there are times with every child of God, when he could not doubt of his acceptance with Christ; when his being saved is a more palpable and sure truth than even the fact that he is in existence; when all the argument you could possibly bring could not shake him, because he has the infallible witness of the Holy Ghost that he is born of God. Have you never seen some poor servant girl accosted by a clever infidel, who begins to cut her down in all her principles, and laugh at her, and tell her she is a poor deluded thing. She answers him, bears with him, answers him again and again in her own simple style. You can see that her arguments are not conclusive or logical, but wait till she gets to the end, and you hear her say,—“Well, sir, you know a great deal more than I do, and I am not able to speak as you can; I do not wish to think as you think; but, sir, if what you have said be true, you cannot disprove what I feel *in here*; I feel that I am a child of God; I know I am, and you may as soon reason me out of the fact that what I see does exist, and what I feel has a real cause, as reason me out of this fact, which I know in my inmost soul, namely, that I have passed from death unto life, and am a child of God.” Come here, blind man! His eyes are opened; now try and convince that man he does not see. “No,” says he, “that is one thing I know. Other things I may be mistaken about, but one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” Here, bring up that sick man, who has been in bed this last fifteen years a cripple. A miracle is wrought, he is restored, and he begins to leap. Bring up our friend of the academy, and let him argue against him.—“Your leg is not in a sound state. I tell you you are not well, you are not cured; you don’t feel happy, you don’t feel restored and recruited in strength. “Oh,” says he, “I don’t care for all your arguments, nor for all the Latin phrases that you use; *I am cured*, that is a matter of consciousness with me, and I am not to be beaten out of it.” So it is with the Christian; there are times when he can say,—“I am saved, I am forgiven.” The Lord hath said to him,—“I am thy salvation,” and no reasoning, however sophistical

no argument, however omnipotent it may seem to be, can shake him, or make him renounce his confidence, "which hath great recompense of reward."

And now, my dear hearers, before I leave this point, to dwell for a few minutes on the second part of my subject, I want to ask you a question or two. Have you ever had this consciousness of pardon in your lives? "No," says one, "I never had; I wish I had; I mean to wait for it." You may wait till you are lost before you will ever have it by waiting for it. Your business is to go to Christ as you are, and trust him, and you shall have it. To sit still, and not to obey that great commandment, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," is the very way to make your damnation doubly sure. "Ay, but," saith another, "I feel I have never had it, and I don't want it." Mark this, my hearer: as God's witness I speak to you to-day, and if you reject my warning now, in that hour when you lie quivering on a dying bed, perhaps this unlit finger and these eyes may be a vision for you then. If thou shalt never have in thy soul a consciousness of pardon on this side of the grave, I fear that thou shalt come to thy grave full of sin, and after death shall be the judgment, and after the judgment the wrath to come. This which thou thinkest to be enthusiasm and fanatical is essential to thy soul's salvation. Oh, put it not from thee. Despise it not. Long for it. Cry for it. Pant after it. And the Lord God give thee yet to know that thou art his child, and that thou art passed from death unto life! God bring thee out of thy state of lethargy and slumber, and darkness, and bring thee to seek and find the Saviour, whom to know is to receive pardon in the conscience, and joy in the soul!

II. And now I shall want your patient attention while I take the second part of my subject and dwell upon it briefly. I have sometimes heard uninstructed Christians ask how it is that when a man is once pardoned he is nevertheless to ask every day that his sins may be forgiven. We teach, and we are bold to affirm it again and again, and confess the teaching, that the moment a sinner believes all his sins are put away; past, present, and to come, they are all gone so far as God the Judge is concerned: there is not left one sin against any of his people, nor shall there be. "He seeth no sin in Jacob, neither iniquity in Israel." And yet our Master tells us to bow our knee and say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." How can we ask for that we already possess? Why seek a pardon which we already enjoy? The difficulty lies in the forgetfulness of the relationship which Christians sustain to God. As a sinner I come to Christ and trust him. God is then a Judge; he takes the great book of the Court, strikes out my sins and acquits me. At the same moment, out of his great love, he adopts me into his family. Now I stand in quite a different relationship to him from what I ever did before. I am not so much his subject as his child. He is no longer to me a Judge but has become to me a Father. And now I have new rules, new laws; now I have a new discipline; now I have new treatment; now I have new obedience. I go and do wrong. What then? Does the Judge come and at once summon me before his throne? No, I have no Judge. He is a Father, and that Father brings me up before his face, and frowns on me—nay, takes the rod and begins to scourge me. He never scourged me when he was a Judge. Then, he only

threatened to use the axe : but he has buried the axe. Now that I am his child, he uses the rod upon me. If I do that which is wrong, as I am doing every day towards him as a father, I am bound to go to him as to a father on a child's knees, and say, "Our Father which art in heaven, forgive me these trespasses as I forgive them that trespass against me." As each day you and I, if we be children of God, are continually sinning, not against him as Judge, but against him as Father, it behoves us to seek daily pardon. If we do not obtain that pardon daily, at last the Father lays on the rod, as he did in Hezekiah's case. He smote Hezekiah till he was sick even to death. Hezekiah repented ; the rod was taken away ; and then Hezekiah felt in his soul "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." This was David's case. When he sinned God put him away for awhile ; took away his presence from him, and as a father was angry against his child. When David, however, repented, after he had been smitten, the Father took him again to his bosom, and David could sing once again, "Thou hast cast my sins behind thy back."

Now notice that this pardon differs from the first. The first was the pardon of a Judge : this is the pardon of a Father. The first made the rebel into a pardoned criminal, and reversed the sentence : the second receives the erring child more tenderly to a Father's breast. There are essential differences, because the pardon of the second does not relate so much to the punishment and the guilt, as it does to the root of iniquity within, and the removing of that frown which was only cast upon us in order to make us sick of self and fond of Christ. But when this sense of pardon is obtained by the Christian, it gives him a joy ; deep, and unruffled, and calm. He does not, perhaps, partake of that roaring sea of rapturous delight on which he sailed when first he was forgiven ; but his peace is like a river, and his righteousness like the waves of the sea. And this peace produces in him the most blessed and salutary effects. He becomes grateful to God for the chastisement he has received, which taught him his need of Jesus afresh. He henceforth avoids the sins which made him grieve his God. He walks more cautiously ; live nearer to God ; cultivates greater acquaintance with the Holy Spirit ; is more in prayer, more humble ; and yet the same time more confident than he was before. The joy was taken away that his holiness might be increased. Dear brothers and sisters in Christ, are you labouring this morning under desertion of soul ? Was there a time when you could read your title clear ? Have clouds and darkness beset you ? Do not doubt your Father's love for all that ; do not distrust him ; do not go creeping on your knees as you did when you first went, as one who had never received pardon. Come boldly, yet humbly, to your God. Plead his promise ; rely upon the precious blood of Christ, and look up and say, "My Father, my Father, restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit !" And you shall have back the confidence of your youth, and you shall again feel that the Holy Spirit dwells within you.

Have I a man here who declares that he is pardoned, and yet indulges in the sins which he pretends are forgiven ? Sir, you have either deceived yourself, or else you are uttering what you know is untrue. He who is forgiven hates sin. It cannot be possible that a man is pardoned while he still continues to wallow in abominable sin. "O

yes," but he says, "I am no legalist; I believe the grace of God has made me clean, though I do go on in sin." Sir, it is clear you are no legalist, but I will tell you what else you are: you are no child of God, you are no Christian; for the Christian is a man who uniformly hates sin. There never was such a strange thing as a pardoned sinner who still loved to be in rebellion against his God. "Yes," but I hear another say, "Sir, that may be true; but I do not profess to be pardoned in any such way as you speak of. I believe my sin to be so small and little, that I have no need to go seeking mercy; or if I seek it I do not expect that I shall find it here. I dare say I shall fare as well as the best when I go into another world." Poor fool! poor fool! thou art condemned already. The sentence of God has gone out against you—"Whosoever believeth not on the Son of God is condemned because he believeth not." And yet you, when your sentence is written out, and your death-knell perhaps tolling now, say your sins are little. And so you don't want to know that you are forgiven; you are content to take your chance with the rest. A chance, indeed, it is! But know, sir, I feel so differently in my heart from you in that respect, that had I a doubt at this time about my sins being forgiven, I could not give sleep to my eyes, nor slumber to my eyelids, till I was assured that I had received God's love in my heart. If at any time a doubt crosses my soul, I am the most wretched of beings. For sure, this is like light to the eyes, like friendship to the spirit, like drink to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, to know one's-self forgiven. Go out of this hall, and say, "I am walking over the mouth of hell and may slip in at any moment; I am hanging over perdition by a single hair, and into its flame may be speedily hurled, yet I do not care whether I am damned or not." Say it right out in broad English—say you are in doubt as to whether you shall go to heaven or hell—say, if you must go home to-day, and in your upper chamber lie down on your narrow bed to die—say you are not sure whether you shall see the face of your God with acceptance, and yet you are content. Speak like an honest man, and like a fool, for such language is only the raving of a madman and a fool. Oh, I beseech you, never be content until you have sought and found a Saviour. Ay, and until you are sure you have found him, do not be happy with a "perhaps," or a "perchance." I conjure you, sirs, by the solemnities of eternity, by the fires of hell, and by the joys of heaven, get your foot on a rock, and know it is there. Do not make guesswork of it; put it beyond all chance. O dying sinner! do not let it be a question with you whether thou shalt be saved or whether thou shalt be damned. O frail man! tottering on the brink of the grave, do not let it be a matter of uncertainty as to whether heaven shall receive thee, or hell engulf thee. Be sure of it one way or the other. If thou canst make thy bed in hell, if thou canst endure the everlasting burning, if thou canst suffer the anger of God when he shall rend thee in pieces like a lion, then go on in thy folly. But if thou wouldst have a portion among them that are sanctified, if thou wouldst see the face of Christ and walk the golden streets, be sure that thou art in Christ, be certain that thou art trusting him, and be not satisfied till that is put beyond all question, beyond all argument and contention.

The Lord add his blessing to my feeble words, for Jesu's sake! Amen.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER XVII.

IRENE IN A STRANGE MOOD.

WHEN Robert Meredith returned to Paris, George Varley, strong and well again, with new ambitions stirring his soul, said good-bye to Westbray Hall, and took up his abode once more in the great city. Sir Arthur Swanson had urged the young man to accept the post he had offered him; but Varley was determined to begin at once the work to which he had pledged his life and talents.

Away down in the East End, there stood a large Congregational Chapel, where ministered a man who had been the devoted friend of Varley's father. To him the young man went for advice and counsel. John Bruern was—he is dead now—a fine man. He had been called to the present charge some thirty years before, when the church had been strong and wealthy. But the years that had passed since he came, a young man fresh from college, to be minister at Little Roland Street Chapel, had witnessed the deterioration of the neighbourhood. The houses that had then sheltered some of the most successful of the city merchants, were now, either warehouses or crowded by the poor. The well-to-do had moved into the suburbs; but the man who had broken to them the

bread of life still remained to minister to a fewer and much poorer, but not less devoted people. Though many times invited to leave Little Roland Street, Mr. Bruern had always put the temptation away from him saying that the district needed him now more than ever it did.

To the son of his old friend he gave a hearty welcome; and when Varley offered to come and help him in his work he hesitated only for a moment. He was growing old and the strain of the work and fearful stress of human need which thronged around him, made the young man's offer very acceptable.

Varley threw himself heart and soul into the varied work which Mr. Bruern had initiated. During the last few years, the organisations of the church had grown to be very many; and practically, the work which is being so admirably done to-day by "Halls" and "Settlements" was being done by Mr. Bruern at Little Roland Street Chapel. Every day was filled with earnest endeavour by the old minister and his young helper. Generally the mornings were occupied with study, when George Varley under Mr. Bruern's guidance went through a course of theology; and the afternoons were spent in visiting, the even-

ings being crowded with meetings of one kind and another.

Varley had not been with Mr. Bruern long before he had to preach his first sermon. Does the preacher ever forget his first sermon? To George Varley it was a notable event in his life; and was anticipated with considerable quaking. Indeed, the young man might have been going to make his *debut* before some crowded and fashionable congregation, instead of in a half-empty chapel which had only wealth and fashion as a fading memory. The sermon was a good one. The old minister, listening to it, felt that there was standing in his place a young man who would take his position among the front-rank preachers of his generation; and some of the rough men Varley had influenced to attend the services, were heard to declare that "that yer cove hits out straight, don't 'e?"

Now and then Varley found time, or made it, to visit the Merediths. Not that Mrs. Meredith, or even Irene, had much sympathy with his present work. But he was always welcomed cordially; and to the hard-worked man, whose eyes looked upon the fearful sin and misery, in the midst of which he spent his days, until his soul was melted within him, the visits were always helpful. Sometimes he would meet Miss Swanson there, for though Irene Meredith had not taken very kindly to her brother's betrothed, her mother had grown to love the girl her son had chosen.

One evening, late in February, Varley was rather surprised to find Miss Winter seated in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room. He had heard nothing of those visits Miss Winter had paid to Mrs. Meredith's two or three months

before; and he had imagined that the publisher's daughter had met the Meredith's for the first time at Sir Arthur Swanson's during their stay there at Christmas. He was amazed to find her there on terms of intimacy.

"Rob is hoping to be back early next month, George," said Mrs. Meredith, after the exchange of the usual greetings. "He has been wandering all over the Continent lately. What for, I don't know, I am sure," in an aggrieved tone.

Varley laughed. "You might have suspected that he was looking for a wife if he hadn't met Miss Swanson," he said, laughing again. "When did you hear last from him, Mrs. Meredith?" he asked.

"This morning; and he wrote from Venice."

"I heard last week, and he was then at Berlin. I am glad we are to have him back so soon," said Varley emphatically.

"So am I," put in Irene. "What is home without a brother?" is my rendering of the old question. Really, I have hardly been anywhere since he has been away. There is no one to take me, you know. You used to serve as a brother once, George; but since you have taken so industriously to slumming, you haven't been at hand when you are wanted," and Miss Meredith laughed; but there was no pleasant sound in her voice.

"I am very sorry, Irene; but my work is so engrossing, that I have little time to spare, or I would have been over oftener."

Varley was pained at the tone of Irene's speech; it was so unlike her.

"I have been reading some very striking articles in the last few

numbers of the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Varley," began Miss Winter, and the young man was grateful to her for introducing herself into the conversation. "They are written over the initial of your name. Am I correct in thinking that they are from your pen?" Varley simply inclined his head. "Then let me ask if they are exaggerated pictures of the conditions under which the poor live?"

"They are not in the least overdrawn, Miss Winter," replied Varley, earnestly. "Indeed, it would be impossible to overstate the abject misery of the thousands of poor that throng White-chapel and other districts of this great city. In the articles I have written for the *Chronicle*, I have dealt only with facts and incidents which have come under my own notice."

"Why, George," said Mrs. Meredith, "you never told me that you were writing anything just now. I thought you were too busy preaching and—"

"Making soup," added Irene, laughing.

"I have very little time, it is true," said Varley, pleasantly, "though my days are not occupied with soup-making, Miss Tease, and I only preached my first sermon last Sunday week."

"How I should like to have heard you!" interrupted Irene, with a covert sneer. She was in a queer mood to-night.

"And he hasn't been ordained!" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith, horrified, in an aside to Miss Winter. The young man heard but took no notice—did not even remind Mrs. Meredith that a moment before she had taken it for granted that he was engaged in preaching.

"But," he went on, "I manage

to do a little writing now and then. A fellow must live, you know; and I find the editors are willing enough to pay me for my work."

"I think you are very foolish, George," commenced Mrs. Meredith, forgetting she was discussing his private concerns in the presence of a comparative stranger. "If you *will* be a clergyman, why can't you take a charge where you can be paid for your services, instead of burying yourself down in that horrible place, half-killing yourself, and all for nothing?"

"If you will insist on killing yourself, you might do it for a reasonable sum," added her daughter. But the remark jarred on Varley's sensitive nature. He liked not that his earnest endeavour should be mocked.

"Oh, I shall not starve if I can use my pen, as I am just discovering," was all he said in answer to Mrs. Meredith's little homily.

"Then I suppose the sketches Miss Winter referred to are what you would call—what would you call them?" And Irene turned to Miss Winter with the question. "Artists would call them 'pot-boilers' if they were done on canvas instead of on foolscap."

Miss Winter looked across at Varley without answering. She was somewhat astonished at the audacity of the fun Miss Meredith was having at his expense; and had no desire to join her in her sallies.

"Will you allow me to thank you for the articles, Mr. Varley," said Miss Winter, eagerly. "I am afraid I have been sadly blind to the need and stress of the poverty there is around us, 'How the other half lives' has never been a serious question with me until now. If my father and I can help you in any way, Mr.

Varley, in your work among the poor, please grant us the privilege of doing so. I mean to help in a financial way," she added, a blush stealing into her cheeks. She did not want him to forget that it was only in one way she could show her sympathy with him in his work.

And while remembering that her life was untouched by the love of Jesus, Varley could not help thinking that some new power was influencing for good her life and character. The icy coldness of her former manner was quite gone: and it would be now a libel

upon her, to think of her as proud.

When presently the young man rose to go, he said as he bade Miss Winter good-night,

"I pray it may not be long ere you are able to help the poor in other ways than by your money, Miss Winter. It is not so much that kind of help they need, as the help and sympathy of a heart filled with a love born of the love of Christ," he added, allowing his voice to sink almost to a whisper, so that only the one to whom he spake heard.

(To be continued.)

Hints for Teachers and Workers.

INTRODUCTION.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We notice that Christ takes the last Supper with His disciples. He sat down with the twelve and declared that one of them should betray Him. Then it was that they were exceedingly sorrowful, and began to question our Lord personally, "Is it I?" Jesus does not mention the name in our lesson we have read of him who should betray Him, but says, "He that dipperth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me." Judas is conscious that he is the man, for he asks Jesus, "Master, is it I?" Then our Lord says, "Thou hast said." The time spent, no doubt, was a solemn one, which, nevertheless strengthened the faith of the disciples. Yet Judas gave them, no doubt sorrowful reflection regarding their Lord and Master. The last Supper was a foretaste of the Supper which by and bye they would partake of in His heavenly kingdom. Christ gave His life that His people might enjoy His sustaining grace here below; but when they get to heaven their life will be altogether in glory.

"We bless Thee Lord, for this our food,
But more for Jesu's flesh and blood;
The manna to our spirits given,
The living bread sent down from heaven."

Practical applications and lessons.

- (1) The Lord's Supper commemorates the Passover of our sins by His death.
- (2) The Love and Union of Christ and His people.
- (3) Be true in professing Christ.
- (4) Christ knows all His faithful people.
- (5) We cannot deceive God.

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH.

The Church of the Bible.

By KEV. G. D. HOOPER, BOURNEMOUTH.

IN this day of conflict and pretentious claims, when many competing bodies pose each as the one true church on earth, we do well to ask, What is the Church of which the Bible speaks? Here we have the voice of God, not man; the Church, as all admit, founded on Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. When we remember the New Testament virtually covers the whole of the first century, that the *Revelation* and *Gospel* by John were probably written about 96 to 98 A.D., we see how completely Scripture is able to deal with the formation, growth, and history of the Church through the purest age, that of the Apostles themselves. When the Romish hierarchy claims to be "the Catholic Church," out of which there is no salvation; when the worn-out Greek communion calls itself "the Orthodox Church," as though all else were wrong; when Anglicans mimic Popery, and brand Free Churches as wicked and schismatic; or when Exclusive brethren dub these same Christian bodies "Babylon," we do well to turn away from all these would-be popes or priestlings, and ask, "What saith the Scripture?" What wins and charms our heart is not a Church of man's devising, but that of the Bible, the Holy Spirit's dwelling-place on earth. Its character must be that portrayed in Scripture. Its hope and destiny are there set out. Its every claim must be there tested. The church which cannot stand this test foregoes its claim to be the Church of the Bible.

The *first mark* of the true Church, whether the aggregate of all believers, or a local company of the larger body, is the *Headship of Christ*. God gave Him to be Head over all to the Church (Eph. i. 22, Col. i. 18). In the Revelation (chap. i.) He is seen walking in the midst of the churches, and dealing with each of the seven (ch. ii. iii.) directly. All profess in theory to hold this truth, but in practice the test is easily applied. That Headship is at once nullified if saints or angels are exalted as exercising power as with Rome. Mary, Peter, Joseph, share, if they do not supersede, the rule of Christ. Popes and councils, prelates and priests are the actual rulers in the greater part of Christendom to-day. Anyone or anything which comes between Christ and His people rules out that body from compliance with the Bible Church. Any body of believers gathering in the name of Jesus, owning Him as Head and walking by His Word, is a true Bible Church. A true Bible Church "acknowledges none but Jesus Christ as Head, and therefore exercises its right to interpret and administer His laws without restraint or control by the State." (Free Church Catechism, H. 36.)

Our next question is, *Who compose the Church?* Let Scripture answer. Note the terms employed in the epistles to the early churches. "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to the saints" (Romans i. 7.) "Unto the Church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints," &c. (1 Col. i. 2.) "To all the saints who are in Christ Jesus, with the bishops and deacons" (Phil. i. 1.) In other words, those who are redeemed by Christ, born of His Spirit, and united for fellowship in any place, form a church in God's sight. Such churches may vary in their spiritual experience, in the degree in which they apprehend truth or are loyal to their Head. But so long as they hold Christ as Head, and walk by His Word, none has the right to un-church its fellow. It is very different, however, if church membership is based on other grounds than that of living union with our risen Lord. If Hooker tells us Church and State are one, the former viewing the whole people in their religious, the latter in their political, aspect, we reply the Bible knows no such church. If others tell us the church is made up of all who are baptized, meaning all who are christened or sprinkled, whether babes or believers, converted or unconverted, we reply again the Bible knows no such church. What a comfort that a true church is not to be known by favour or consent of man, but the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and the faithful witness to its Lord.

Many other questions arise, such as—*What should be the offices held in a Bible Church?* Evangelists, pastors, teachers (Eph. iv. 11)—the bishops of Phil. i. 1 being the pastors under another title, as shown by Bishop Lightfoot and others—deacons (Acts vi., Phil. i. 1.) Probably the whole of these, certainly the former, are elsewhere termed *elders*. The whole hierarchical system as developed in episcopal churches is foreign to the New Testament.

What is the function of the Church?

- (1) To worship the tri-une God in spirit and in truth.
- (2) To witness to Jesus and His truth, and
- (3) To work as His witness in spreading the Gospel among all the nations.

In what does the power of the Church consist?

In the measure in which its members realize the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

What are the ordinances entrusted to the Church?

Baptism or the immersion of the believer in a grave of water in token of His oneness with Jesus in His death, burial, and resurrection (Rom. vi. 3-5, Col. ii. 12), and the Lord's Supper or a partaking of Bread and Wine in commemoration of our Saviour giving His body and shedding His blood that He might atone for our sins and bring us to God, that by faith we may continually feed on Him who is our life.

Is the word Church used in any other sense?

Not in the New Testament, which recognises only (1) the *whole Church of Christ* from Pentecost to the Lord's return, of which

"Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now;"

and 2) *local or visible churches*, each of which is distinct from others, independent of external control that it may be the more completely subject to Christ, such as "the churches of Galatia" (Gal. i. 2), or "the seven churches of Asia" (Rev. i. 4.)

We may add that Article XIX. of the Church of England confirms this view.

Thus we have *in the Gospel*, the promise to build the Church (Matthew xvi. 18.)

In the *Acts*, the formation or planting and growth of the Church.

In the *Epistles*, the building, teaching, and edification of the Church.

In the *pastoral Epistles*, counsels for conduct and rule in the Church.

In the *Apocalypse*, the time of trial and ultimate glory of the Church.

God give to us by grace a place among His people here, and a blessed share in the glory that shall come, when the Church is no more militant upon earth, but the Church triumphant in heaven.

The Preacher's Saviour.

By PASTOR J. CLARK.

DURING my long residence on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean, I have often been asked the question: "Did you ever hear Mr. Spurgeon?" Having been a student of his college, my answer, of course, has been, "Yes, often." Then have followed other enquiries, especially about the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power. A variety of theories have been advanced in regard to this matter. Possibly, no one distinct answer meets every requirement in full. My own feeling is that the secret of power must be looked for, not in the *man*, but in his *Master*. Christ revealed himself to him, *in* him, and *through* him, and thus souls were brought to His feet, His cross, and His throne. The following incident, reported in a recent issue, of an American paper, sheds, I think, a pleasant and beautiful light upon the character and mission of the world-famed preacher. The writer says: "A gentleman was visiting a friend who was an admirer and lover of Mr. Spurgeon. 'I have never heard him,' said the visitor,

'but I will go and see whether he deserves such praise.' On his return from morning service, his host asked, 'What do you think of him?' 'Nothing.' Seeing the look of astonishment on his friend's face, he said, "No, nothing." But at once his eyes filled with tears of joy as he added, 'All I can think of is not the preacher himself, but the *preacher's Saviour.*' Would that the same thing could be said of every preacher in the world to-day.

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell the story of a preacher who, on taking his seat in the pulpit one Sabbath, saw in front of his eyes a sheet of paper pendant from the Bible, and bearing these words :-

" SIR,
WE WOULD SEE
JESUS."

Taking the hint wisely and kindly, the minister discovered to his own good and his people's profit that his congregation wanted to see, not his own culture and scholarship, but the beauty, grace, and power of Jesus Christ, who is "the world's hope, heaven's joy, hell's terror, and eternity's song."

The preacher, in common with every man or woman born, needs a Saviour, and woe is he if he have none. The very chief of the apostles desired nothing beyond this: "That I may win Christ, and be found in Him." He bowed himself low, and lifted the Saviour high. He knew his own place, and proclaimed the Saviour's power. "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed." It is the way of the Divine Worker to fill those with His Spirit who are most empty of self. With noble self effacement, the modern preacher, whom we have already named, exclaimed, in one of his early sermons before assembled thousands: "Let my name perish; but let Christ's name last for ever."

The true object of the preacher is not to get the people to think about him, but to think about Christ: not to admire the speaker, but to adore the Saviour. They are favoured with the clearest vision and blessed with the grandest sight, who, looking towards the pulpit, Sabbath after Sabbath, see no man, but 'Jesus only.' The preacher needs a Saviour just as much as any one of his hearers. There is the same salvation for both, and it is found in the same Person—Jesus, Jesus!

The great preacher alluded to was so absorbed in the Gospel of Christ, so lost in the glory of his Master, that it was not so much Spurgeon that preached as it was Christ Himself preaching in C. H. Spurgeon.

Is that great preacher's Saviour yours? If you arise and go to Jesus, you will find as loving a welcome as C. H. Spurgeon did. None of the goodly company of the prophets, none of the holy band of the apostles, none of the noble army of martyrs can say what Jesus says: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."

Lodging by Jordan.

"And Joshua rose early in the morning . . . and came to Jordan, he and all the children of Israel, and lodged there before they passed over."—
Joshua iii. 1.

How often my thoughts turn to Thee,
My Saviour, my Master, my Friend !
For shortly my conflicts shall cease,
And my wilderness journey shall end.

There are ties that are hard, Lord, to break,
Yet they tenderly yield to Thy love ;
I have lived as a stranger on earth,
For my heart and my home are above.

No music can equal Thy voice,
All heaven is lit up with Thy smile ;
Let me lodge, ere I pass to my rest,
By the margin of Jordan awhile.

While I gaze through the gateways of gold,
With light and with glory a gleam,
The river, oft dreaded before,
Shall narrow and narrower seem.

The bed of that river is firm,
My comrades have passed on before ;
They have reached the abodes of the blest,
Where sorrow can reach them no more.

The saints in all ages of time,
The same homeward pathway have trod ;
Nor shrank they at darkness or death
Sustained by the promise of God.

Give me leave just to breathe my farewell
To the friends that yet love me below ;
Let me give them a grasp of the hand,
And a word from my Lord ere I go.

When the dawning of glory's bright day
The light of my eyes shall eclipse,
Let my soul pass away with a prayer,
And Thy name be the last on my lips.

A word from my own living Lord
Shall set me eternally free ;
Then swiftly, with rapturous awe,
I shall cross the dark river with Thee.

Three Times Saved.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

MOTHER'S darling boy was dying. Two little ones had already been taken. Her heart was broken. Must this one also leave her? It was an Indian scene. The fond mother knelt beside her boy and begged God would spare him, promising that he should be a missionary if her prayer were answered. To the astonishment of every one, the lad recovered, but only to face new dangers; for about this time the Indian mutiny broke out, in which the Sepoys murdered white men, women, and children in the most cruel manner.

One night the faithful Hindoo servant roused the household in a fright.

"Awake! arise!" said he; and hurried them up and out of the way.

Hardly knowing what they were doing, the mother seized her boy and followed the servant; and when they looked back they saw their happy home in flames.

The rebels had thought to surprise them, but God sent them warning. Still they were not safe. Disappointed at having lost their prey, the maddened blacks followed with increased wrath and fury.

Hark! their shrieks and wild yells are borne upon the startled air! They are coming!

"Away, away!" cried the faithful attendant; and with fears that they might yet be bayoneted by the merciless pursuers, they fled, until they reached an old deserted bungalow.

"Go in, go in!" said the servant. The breathless mother hesitated, as she saw the roof was off and the door gone. What defence would this be?

The servant knew its want of defence was their best defence, for the enemy would not think of attacking so undefended a house. So in they went. The place was half full of hay, in the midst of which the mother knelt, with her arms around her boy.

Did she pray? Rather, did she cease to pray? It was a time of trouble; surely she might claim the promise, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses" (Psalm cvii., 19). Oh the blessedness of having a praying mother and a prayer-answering Father!

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The rebels were coming. What if they guessed their hiding-place and fired the hay? There was no escape; they had no defence, not even a door which they could close and bar.

No defence! God was their defence. They had his promise, "I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord: and thou shalt not be given into the hand of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee: because thou hast put thy trust in Me, saith the Lord (Jer. xxxix. 17, 18).

Nearer came the rebels. They were at the door. Would they enter? The mother's heart all but ceased to beat. On they passed—two hundred of them, drunk with the blood of other victims. Once more the boy was saved through a mother's prayers.

Their trustworthy servant stayed with them; and after many hair-breadth escapes, they reached a place of lasting safety.

In after life (at eighteen) that lad experienced a yet greater salvation. At a service in a Wesleyan chapel the Holy Spirit touched his heart, and showed him that he was a sinner. He went home in much distress, and spent the night wrestling in prayer and pleading for pardon. In the morning, ere he entered the office where he worked, by God's grace the light of peace and pardon came to his soul, bringing as great relief as when his old enemies, the Sepoys, passed away. His sins, those most terrible foes, were gone. He was saved.

He looked so happy that his mates asked the reason. He was enabled to tell them, thus facing the foe at the first moment. Good fighting that! Try it, lads. When his mother sent his dinner, he returned it with the message,—

“Saved! and too happy to eat.”

Once more his mother's prayers were answered, and soon after her vows were fulfilled; her son became a missionary to the Hindoos. When I heard him tell about it, he said,—

“Now I can go to the Hindoos and say, ‘One of your people saved my life, and now I give my life to tell you about Jesus, the greater Saviour.’”

Shall not we give our lives to the Lord Jesus Christ? Ought I not to give myself to Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me? Common gratitude should prompt us to say,—

“I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!”

A Moral Contrast.

Rev. C. RUDGE, Sevenoaks.

“To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.”—Rom. viii., 6.

IN the preceding verses of this chapter, the apostle institutes a contrast between the outward character of those who live under the domination of the “flesh,” and those who are under the influence of the Spirit. The term “flesh” does not necessarily mean that which is vile: the essential difference lies in our being *in* or *out* of Christ, as this alone is sufficient to determine the carnal or spiritual character of

our life. The apostle then leads up from the outward streams to their inner spring and source, and shows that the outward contrast is the result of the opposite conditions of the inner life—the carnal and the spiritual mind.

Here then is the announcement of a simple matter of fact. It is not a question of theology, doctrine or opinion, but a fact of experience, which affects the essential character and ultimate destiny of each individual. "The kingdom of God is *within* you," and does not consist of outward ceremony or religiousness, however pretentious or imposing it may appear. It is the special function of the Divine Government to control the thoughts, feelings, and motives of the soul. It therefore follows that the spiritual condition of the heart and its attitude towards God will determine whether our life is carnal or spiritual. In the text this contrast is vividly drawn, and its issues clearly indicated: "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." We will consider:—

I.—*The opposite conditions of moral life.*—

The carnal and spiritual mind. These two states include and divide the whole world. Not a single individual is exempt from this all-embracing category of moral life. *We must be either carnal or spiritual.* It is otherwise in the life of society. Indeed, the great two-fold moral division is sometimes in danger of being buried beneath the almost countless number of artificial distinctions that are observed in social life. There stands the great social ladder; some at the top, some at the bottom, and the rest of humanity ranged at various stages between these two extreme points. This may be all very well amongst men, but before God all are divided into two classes, and only two. This is a solemn truth, but it is one that demands our most earnest and thoughtful attention. Let us look at these two classes separately.

1.—*The carnally minded.*—

Do not imagine that a man must be addicted to every kind of evil before he can be termed "carnally minded." There may be many a redeeming feature in his character, and as far as his relation to the world is concerned he may be living a pure and blameless life. But if the mind be diverted from God, the man is essentially carnal. If the earth-power occupy the throne of his being, shaping and controlling the energies of the soul, then his mind is carnal. If self-gratification be the chief concern of life, it matters not whether the objects sought are vile and degrading, or refined and elevating, the man is carnal. The fruit tree in your garden may be beautiful and clothed with luxuriant foliage, but if it is fruitless, it is useless; it has failed to answer the purpose for which it was planted. So in moral life, our attitude towards God is the first and chief question to be settled. Outward morality, however beautiful, cannot save us from a carnal mind.

A branch may be rudely torn from the parent tree, or it may be severed with the finest instrument, but in either case it will wither and die. And so in spiritual life; the vital question turns upon our union with, or separation from God. We may be "not far from the king-

dom," or we may be separated by an infinite moral gulf; but in either case we are carnally minded. Awful condition! A more terrible state cannot be described or even imagined.

2.—*The spiritually minded.*—

The spiritual is the exact opposite of the carnal mind—a perfect moral contrast. To be spiritually minded is to experience an inward revelation of the evil of sin, with a clear apprehension of the unspeakable love of God in forgiving and accepting us as His children through the atonement of Jesus Christ. A new motive is thus implanted, the inner springs are renovated and the whole being set flowing in a new channel towards God. This is something more than reformation or even morality: God is enthroned and the life is consecrated to a loving acceptance of His will and service. There is henceforth a spontaneous and positive delight in the contemplation of Divine things. The whole bent of the mind is towards God as naturally as the flowing stream runs from its mountain source to the distant sea.

Now do not let it be supposed that I am trying to picture an ideal state of mind that is altogether unfit to meet and grapple with the common-place duties of every day life. It is possible to maintain the highest spirituality of mind amid the keenest competition and the severest strain of the most exacting business life. If our religion does not make us better business men and women, if it does not enable us to perform our daily duties more efficiently and in a nobler spirit than would otherwise be possible, then it is a mockery and a sham. Who was it who said, "not slothful in business?" It was Paul, one of the most spiritually minded men the world has ever seen. Who have been amongst the bravest soldiers, the greatest statesmen, the wisest philosophers and the wisest merchants? Why, men whose minds were saturated with the influence of God's Word, and who sought the Divine approval as their supreme good.

It is, however, characteristic of the spiritual mind that while it may be temporarily swayed, like the compass needle, yet it will ever turn Godwards as the centre of attraction and natural resting place.

But this spirituality of mind can only be attained and retained by being earnestly sought, cultivated and exercised. The soul must be fed, and this can only be done by regular and systematic Bible study. It will be found exceedingly helpful to select a short portion each morning upon which the mind may dwell at intervals during the day. Then, there must be fervent and believing prayer. A prayerless professor cannot be a spiritual Christian, and a prayerless church will chill the life blood of the most earnest preaching, and deadness and barrenness will pervade every soul.

But let there be private devotion and united intercession, an earnest desire on the part of individual Christians for a deeper spirituality of mind, and the powers of darkness shall fall before the advancing and victorious Church, and God shall be glorified in the holiness and usefulness of His people. We will consider:—

II.—*The opposite issues of these two conditions.*—

"To be carnally minded is *death*; but to be spiritually minded is *life*."

and *peace*." It will thus be seen that the opposite issues exactly correspond with the opposite conditions: they stand related to each other as cause and effect.

1.—*To be carnally minded is death.*—

This is the essential nature as well as the final issue of the carnal mind. It is terrible to contemplate the carnally minded as already in the region of separation and death. It is not a state analagous to death, or simply tending to it, but it is *death*. Moral and spiritual death. Not a temporary paralysis of the natural powers of the soul, but a complete separation of the soul from God, the only possible source of its life. There may be no lack of sensual life and activity in body or mind, while the soul is in a state of utter insensibility and dead to all spiritual influence and reality. Just as in physical death there is no response to the sweetest voice, the gentlest touch or most affectionate appeal; so, in spiritual death there is no response to the Gospel call or the sweetest influence of the Divine Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The present death of the carnal mind is prophetic of its eternal future. "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." And we may truly say: 'this is death eternal, *not to know thee*, the only true God and thy soul-saving grace in Jesus Christ.' "For to be carnally minded is death."

2.—*To be spiritually minded is life and peace.*—

There is a life which is "life indeed." All life is precious and worth living in proportion as it is vigorous and robust. So in the spiritual mind there is the health-giving flow of a positive and abounding delight in God. Moreover, "Ye are partakers of the Divine nature"—the very identical life of God flowing through the human soul, giving it life, strength, vigour, and the bloom of immortal youth. But to be spiritual minded is "peace" as well as life.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." The spiritual mind finds a holy calm, and complete satisfaction in the Divine nature, and there is the Divinest harmony in all the activities of the life. This is not a peace that may be represented by the vessel at anchor, but by that which heads wind and wave and rides calmly and safely o'er the roughest sea. It is not the peace of the stagnant pool, but the majestic calm of the flowing river. It is a peace which the world does not possess, which it cannot give and which, thank God, it cannot take away.

Reviews.

The Transformation of Hawaii. How 50 years of Mission work gave a Christian nation to the world. Told for young people. By Belle M. Brain, author of *Fuel for Missionary Fires*. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, London and Edinburgh. A beautiful book in every respect. Its get-up, illustrations, and contents. The description of the triumphs of the Gospel over superstition and heathenism is well told, and will profit and stimulate all who are in true heart with Missionary work.

Jesus is God. Lectures demonstrating the Divinity of our Lord. By Frederick C. Spurr, Missioner of the Baptist Union. A. H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row. The object of the writer is to enable the doubting to acquire certainty, to create a more robust speech about our Lord amongst Christian people, and to convince the desirous of the Divinity of Jesus that what they reject is the supreme truth. The work comprises eight lectures, and the writer has set himself to the Defence of the Gospel.

Religious Tract Society's Serials. October *Boy's Own Paper* is the last of the current volume, and contains the index. *The Child's Companion* (enlarged series) and *Little Dots* are charming for the little ones. *Friendly Greetings*, the *Cottager and Artisan*, and *Light in the Home*, will always have an influence for good in the homes of the people. The *Sunday at Home* has a most interesting article by M. E. Beck, entitled, "Titus Coan," and musings for Sunday mornings, by Dr. Barnet, are very helpful. The illustrated description of Glasgow, by W. S. Gordon, will be of interest to our friends of the North.

The Treasury of Religious Thought. E. B. Treat, New York, and Treasury Publishing Company, 175, Fleet Street. The magazine for ministers. It is always good. October number contains a likeness and sermon, "The Practice of God's Presence," by J. H. Barrows, D.D., and outlines of

sermons and is copiously illustrated.

Cassell and Co. The *Quiver* is full of brightness. "Pictures and Good Matter," "Work and Play in Crutch Land" will be read with sympathetic interest. Also "Jesus Singing," by Rev. David Burns, is very excellent. This part contains the index. *Great Thoughts*, A. W. Hall, 28 to 32, Hutton Street, Whitefriars, is a real crowd of literary gems. November commences a new volume. *Helping Words* and *Prize Reciter* to hand. The *Bible Society Monthly Reporter* and *Bible Gleanings*. Also *London City Mission Magazine*, and *In His Name*, are representative Societies of which we pray may God speed them.

Anemo et Fide, and *Giving and Getting*, by Rev. S. Chadwick, are valuable booklets on the subject of giving to the Lord and his cause. Copies may be obtained gratis on application by letter to Anemo et Fide, c/o of Walter C. Atkinson, Chartered Accountant, 18, Park Row, Leeds.

Part 22 of the *Autobiography of C. H. Spurgeon*. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. To those who are taking this work in parts, we have no doubt the chief interest will centre on the "Memoirs of My Father," by Pastor Charles Spurgeon. The plates of the "Twin Sons" at the ages of 7 and 9 will have pleasant interest. 533 *Metropoli an Tabernacle Pulpit*. Part 533 with sermons by C. H. Spurgeon, and exposition of Scripture with each sermon.

Our Magazines. The *Baptist* has a well written article on the "Trial at Rennes," and "The Forces of Antichrist." The *Sword and Trowel* leads off with a sermon on the "Dew of Blessing," preached by C. H. Spurgeon 43 years ago. The *Irish Baptist Magazine* is full of life—one of the best of the penny magazines. *Life and Light* is 8 page tract full of Gospel, and well fitted for general circulation. R. E. Sears, Lavender Gardens, Clapham Common.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

DERBY.—On Monday last the Rev. W. F. Harris took public farewell of the Trinity Church, on his removal to Rushden, Northamptonshire, and he was the recipient of several presentations.

DEVON: BRADNINCH.—Rev. Benj. E. Horlick, M.A., has accepted a call to the pastorate of this church.

INVITATIONS.—Mr. Bass Anderton, of Manchester College, to Bradley-street Church, Wrexham, Brymbo and Holt; Rev. J. Chapham, of Markyate-street, Dunstable, to Mil-lom, Cumberland; Rev. Ellis James Jones to Engedi, Carnarvon; Rev. H. J. Harris, Blackwood, to Chepstow and Castleton.

SWANSEA: GORSE-LANE.—The pastor of the above church, Rev. E. Palgrave Davy, has been offered and accepted the position of deputation secretary to the Regions Beyond Society.

SURBITON, OAKLANDS.—Rev. Wm. Baster has been requested by his friends to reconsider his decision, and to retain the pastorate of this church.

WREXHAM.—Mr. Bass Anderton, of Manchester College, has received an invitation to undertake the pastoral charge of the churches at Wrexham (Bradley-street), Brymbo and Holt.

COVENTRY.—Mr. James Rogers, A.T.S., of Bangor College, has accepted an invitation to become assistant to Rev. W. E. Bloomfield at Queen's-road Church, Coventry, during the next twelve months.

GOLCAR, SUNNY BANK.—Rev. James Evans (Millgate) has accepted a call to the church at Sunny Bank, Golcar.

GILLINGHAM.—Rev. John George Scott, of Dartmouth, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the chapel here, vacant through the death of the Rev. T. Hayden.

Rev. T. M. Rees, who has for the past three years been in charge of Salem Welsh Chapel, Barry Dock, has resigned the pastorate and accepted the post of missionary for Holyhead Harbour.

Mr. A. T. Matthews, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of Kensington Church, Brecon.

Rev. A. W. Oakley, who is leaving West Bromwich, was unable to preach last Sunday through indisposition. At a church meeting the desire was expressed that he would reconsider his resignation, but he replied that he felt rest to be absolutely necessary.

Rev. W. Burnett, formerly of Brasted, Kent, has accepted the pastorate at Eythorne, Dover.

Rev. J. F. Porteous, of Doncaster, has accepted the pastorate of Primrose-hill Church, Huddersfield.

Rev. J. Dupee, having improved in health, is likely shortly to resume his ministry at Potter's Bar.

The Rev. F. C. M. Buck, Sheffield, has been elected minister of Brewery-street Church, Chesterfield.

The Rev. J. Rhys Davies, Swansea, commenced his duties as pastor of the Tabernacle, Southport.

The Rev. A. Waugh, late of Pastors' College, London, has taken up the pastorate of Abbey-road Church, Belvedere, of which he was student-pastor.

Rev. H. J. Harris, of Blackwood, has accepted the pastorate of Chepstow and Castleton Churches.

GIPSY-ROAD, NORWOOD.—Rev. W. J. Avery (for seven years co-pastor with Dr. Clifford, and for fifteen years assistant secretary of the Baptist Union), has commenced his ministry.

SWANSEA, YORK-PLACE.—Rev. D. Burwyn Davies preached his farewell sermon on the 24th ult.

HENRIETTA-STREET, W.C. — On Sunday evening Rev. G. Curtis preached his farewell sermon here. A young man was baptized at the close of the service.

Pastor S. J. Jones, of East London Tabernacle, has given notice of closing his ministry at the end of this year.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. J. G. Wells has been recognised as pastor of Henley Church.

Rev. T. Woodhouse, late of Stourbridge, has been recognised as pastor of West-street Church, Rochdale; Dr. McLaren took part.

The Rev. Rowland D. Lloyd has been recognised in connection with his new pastorate at Bootle Church, Stanley-road, Liverpool.

Mr. T. W. Chance, B.A., of Cardiff College, has been recognised as pastor of High-street Church, Merthyr.

Mr. B. E. Williams has been ordained to the pastorate at Llanwrtyd

Wells. Revs. J. Rowlands, D.D., and T. Idwal Jones took part.

Recognition services of Mr. J. E. Joynes, (Pastors College, were held at Hornsey Rise on Sunday, Sept. 10th, when Principal McCaig, B.A., LL.D., delivered the charge to pastor and people.

Rev. W. Morgan, late of Alexandra-road, Newport, has been recognised as pastor of Llangibby Chapel, Mon.

Rev. E. Price has been recognised as pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, Graham-street, Birmingham.

The recognition of Mr. Jas. Smith as assistant pastor took place at Queen's-road, Wimbledon, on Wednesday, September 20th. The pastor (Rev. Charles Ingram) presided.

BAPTIST UNION ANNUAL MEETING.

The Baptist Union Meetings, held at Leeds this year, were of a most enthusiastic and stirring character, and well calculated to inspire Baptist Christians to a reconsecration of themselves to the Master's work, and for the advancement of the Lord's kingdom. Our readers will have found profit in reading the full reports, for which we are indebted to the Editors of the *Baptist* and the *Baptist Times*. We are thankful for these helps to refresh the memory and to be a lasting record of our stimulating meetings. We believe the ministers, officers and members of our churches returned to their work with the increased desire and determination to help by prayer and work and earnest heart consecration the Foreign Missions, the 20th Century Fund, and all the worthy objects for which our Union is

formed. Our space is too limited to give even a summary of the Gospel sermons, addresses and proceedings of these spiritual meetings.

NEW CHAPELS,

The church recently erected at Great Clowes-street, Broughton, was opened last week. The cost of the work has been over £3,000. The building is Gothic in character, and the sitting accommodation provides for 600. The foundation-stone was laid in July of last year by the Rev. Dr. McLaren. The opening ceremony was performed by Mr. A. Hailwood, a member of the Salford Borough Council.

DEVONPORT, PEMBROKE. As a result of the proceedings last week in connection with the re-opening of the chapel, which has been renovated at a cost of nearly £1,000, the fund will benefit by about £70.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—On Monday last tenders were accepted for the works required in the erection of a new Baptist Sunday-school on land adjoining the chapel in Industrial-road. The school is designed to accommodate over 300 scholars. The chapel is also to be altered to the extent of making room for eighty more sittings. The cost will be about £700. J. Fox, pastor.

MARLOWES.—After having been closed for about two months for repairs and improvements, this church was re-opened on Wednesday. About £300 is still required to be raised to defray the entire cost of the scheme.

A suitable site has been purchased in the Narborough-road, Leicester, for a new chapel projected by the Leicester Baptist Church Extension Committee, to be built at a cost of £7,000. It is to be named 'The Robert Hall Memorial Chapel.' It

is arranged that Harvey-lane Chapel under modified arrangements, shall be an integral part of the scheme, but that the appointment of minister and officers for the united work shall be settled by those forming the enlarged church.

Rev. Chas. Williams preached on Sunday evening to his own congregation 'On Fifty Years in the Ministry of the Gospel of Christ.' His text was the publican's appeal to God for mercy, the text which, he said, formed the basis of his first discourse.

Dr. Maclaren, speaking at the Union meeting last week, said nothing was more comic, and yet more pathetic than to see Archbishops sniffing up and down the centuries to find out a stray whiff of incense, and judging that would settle the matter.

BUCKLAND NEWTON.—Anniversary and reopening services were held on Sunday and Monday last week, when sermons were preached by Pastor B. S. Morris (Sherborne).

A great demonstration in connection with the Twentieth Century Fund will be held in the City Temple, London, towards the close of the month. Rev. Dr. Clifford will preside, and the other speakers will be Revs. J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., G. Hay Morgan, B.Sc., and J. H. Shakespeare, M.A. Madam Kate Cove will sing special solos.

PEMBROKE DOCK.—Master Willie Powell (the boy preacher) preached in Bush-street Chapel on Sunday and Monday last, in connection with the twenty-third anniversary of Rev. R. C. Roberts as pastor of the church. Never in the history of this church and scarcely in the history of the town, has there been such enthusiastic and appreciative crowds. The chapel was taxed to its utmost capacity long before the time announced for commencing each service, and hundreds failed to gain admission. Multitudes who came from curiosity returned from the services in astonishing admiration.

BAPTISMS.

Aberystwyth, Bethel—September 24, Fifteen, by J. A. Morris.
Ashley—The first baptismal service here took place on Sunday evening, September 24, when eight candidates were baptized by Ernest Edgington (pastor).
Brixham—October 1, Ten, by G. Woodvine Ball.
Builth, Brecon—September 29, Five, by Arthur G. Jones, Ph. D.
Burslem, Staffs—September 18, Two, by R. A. Burrows.
Beaufort, Mon. Bethany—September 17, One, by A. Tovey.
Cardiff, Hope—September 24, One, by T. W. Medhurst.
Dundee, Ward-road—September 17, Three, by David Clark.
Derby, Melbourne—September 20, Four, by A. H. Coombs.
Diss, Norfolk—September 24, One, by James Easter.
Dundee, Ward-road—September 17, Three, by David Clark.
Dundee, Maxwelltown—October 1, Four, by John Dick.
Glasgow, Cambridge-street—September 20, Two; September 24, Three, by Edward Last.
Halifax, Pellon-lane—September 24, Three, by F. Slater.
Heywood—September 24, Five, by D. T. Patterson.
Hartlepool—September 24, One, by C. W. Vaughan.
Horsham—September 10, Five, by C. H. Clapp.
Howey, Llandrindod Wells—October 1, Two, by F. Jones.
Liverpool, Waterloo—September 20, Two September 24, Two, by T. Adamson.
Llanfachraeth, Anglesea—September 14, One; September 24, Five, in the River Alaw, by D. P. Bevan.
Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle—September 17, Three, by A. E. Greening.
Liverpool, Tue Brook—September 17, One, by J. C. Elder.
Leamington, Spa—September 24, Two, by A. Phillips.
Merthyr, Tydfil—Morlais Chapel—Sep. 10, by E. Aubrey.
Maidenhead, Marlow-road—September 17, Three, by R. R. Williams.
Nelson, Lancs, Carr-road—September 16, Seven, by A. S. Hollinshead.
Nantymoel, Glam—September 17, Three, by Rev. O. Jones (for the pastor).
Nelson, Lancashire, Carr-road—Sept. 17, Seven, by A. S. Hollinshead.
Oxford—Two (one his daughter) by Alfred Hewlett.
Sheffield, Cemetery-road—September 20, One; September 24, Two, by E. Carrington.
Swindon Tabernacle—September 24, Sixteen, by W. Llewellyn Williams.
Tonbridge, September 24, One, by James H. Blake.

Uffculme and Prescott, Devon—Sept. 24, Five, by W. Gillard.
West Hartlepool—September 24, Seven, by Alfred W. Curwood.
West Kow, near Mildenhall, Suffolk—Sep. 7, Two, in the River Lark, by Charles J. Fowler.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Willesden Green, N.W.—September 24, Five, by William J. Sears.
Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle, E.—Sep. 24, Five, by A. Tildsley.
Wood Green—September 24, Three, by W. Winston Haines.
Lee, High-road—September 20, Three, by F. G. French.
Leytonstone—September 18, at Major Baptist Church (kindly lent for the occasion), Twelve, belonging to Leytonstone-road Baptist Church, by Graham Scroggie.
 At North Curry, Taunton, Seven, by Rev. W. Price. At Ascot Chapel, on Sunday, Three, by Rev. J. Tinsley. At Friarlane Church, Leicester, on Sunday, Four, by Rev. John Evans. At Lower Sloane-street Chapel, Chelsea, Ten, on Sunday, by Rev. J. Spence, F.R.A.S.
 At Ilderton-road, South Bermondsey, T. E. Howe has baptized two persons, making 150 baptized since the new chapel was opened about three years ago.

IRELAND.

Athlone—September 12, One, by J. W. Freeman.
Belfast, Shankill-road—August, Three; September, Four, by S. J. Reid.
Five-mile-hill—August, One; September, One, by A. Jardine.

"Vengeance Is Mine!"

Alas, my brothers! O'er thy tragic fate,
 A nation seems to travail, watch and wait
 In agony, with quivering bated breath,
 To learn the mystery of thy cruel death.

And yet we humbly drink the cup of woe,
 And lowly bow to God's divine decree,
 Kneeling in sackcloth; for we surely know
 That he will solve this mystery of the sea.

If treachery, and not the Hand divine,
 Brought swift destruction in Havana's bay,
 We hear a voice from Heaven—"Vengeance
 is mine!"
 And then, in thunder tones, "I will repay!"

Can we not calmly lay our sacred cause
 Within His hands, so true, so just, so strong?
 Feeling, thro' all our bitter pain and woe,
 This truth, "Vengeance—it doth to God
 belong."

The Jeer of Sarcasm and the Retort of Piety.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Then David returned to bless his household. And Michal, the daughter of Saul, came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself! And David said unto Michal, It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel; therefore will I play before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than thus, and will be base in my own sight; and of the maid-servants which thou hast spoken of, of them shall I be had in honour."—2 Samuel vi. 20—22.

YOU will remember the remarkable passage of Sacred History; how David sought on one occasion to bring up the ark of God from Kirjath-jearim to Jerusalem; but neglecting God's law, they put the ark upon a cart, instead of carrying it upon the shoulders of the Levites; and as one mistake very soon leads to another, when the oxen stumbled, Uzzah put forth his hand to steady the ark, and prevent its falling, and God smote him there for his error, and he died. It was an awful moment. The pulse of that vast assembly beating high with solemn festivity, receives a sudden check—all are hushed in one instant. Dulness and terror seize the minds of all. The ark is carried into a private house adjoining, the residence of that eminent servant of God, Obed-edom, and there it tarried for the space of three months. David at last recovered his spirits, and a second time having carefully read over God's law concerning the removal of the ark, he went down to the house of Obed-edom to carry it away. The priests this time lift up the ark upon their shoulders by means of the golden staves which passed through golden rings. Finding that they were not smitten, but that they lived, and were able to carry the ark, David paused and offered seven bullocks, and seven rams as a sacrifice to God. Then, putting off his royal robe, laying aside his crown, he dressed himself like a priest, put on a linen ephod in order that he might have ease in the exercise which he meant to take; and so, in the midst of all the people, like the poorest and meanest of them, he went before the ark, and playing with his harp, he danced before the Lord with all his might. While he was so doing he passed by his own house, and Michal his wife, looking out, thought it was a strange thing to see the king wearing so paltry a robe as a linen ephod. She had rather see him arrayed in some goodly Babylonish garment of fine linen; or she desired to see him clothed with his usual garments, and she despised him in her heart, and when he came in, the first word she

uttered was a taunt—"How glorious was the king of Israel to-day!" then she exaggerated what he did; her spleen found vent in sarcasm; she made it out that he had behaved worse than he could have done. He had simply divested himself of his robes, and acted like the rest of the people in playing before God. She accused him of immodesty; this was, of course, but a pitiful satire, he having in all things acted blamelessly, though humbly, like the rest of the people. His reply to her was with unusual tartness. His answer was, "It was before the Lord which chose me before thy father, and before all his house." Thus significantly, and as it were ominously did he remind her of her pedigree. And because she had slighted her husband when he had acted in God's service according to the dictates of his heart, the Lord struck her with a curse—which wiped out the last expiring hope of her family pride—she went childless to the day of her death.

Well now, this picture is designed to teach us some wholesome lesson. You remember that old saying of ours—"We should expect some danger nigh, when we receive too much delight." When I see David dancing, I am quite sure there will be a darkening of his heart ere long. How happy he looked! His whole countenance radiant with joy! Methinks I hear him shouting loudest of that crowd, "Sing unto the Lord, sing psalms unto him; sing unto him; sing unto him; call ye on his holy name"; and then awaking all the strings of his heart to ecstasy, he sings again, "Sing unto the Lord; come sing unto him: sing psalms unto his name." His spirits were all heated: he was in a flow of heavenly joy. Ah! David, there is a sting for you somewhere. Now there is a calm, but there is a tempest rising.

"More the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests rolling over-head."

This joy is on the threshold of a grief. He blesses the people. After he has ceased from his worship of God, he distributes to every man a flagon of wine and a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and they all eat and are merry before their God; and now David says, "I have blessed the people; I have made them all glad; I will go into my house, and I will give them a blessing there." But he is met on the threshold by his own wife, and she in the most sarcastic manner sneers at him. Poor David is angry, heart-broken, and sad. His joy is scattered to the winds for awhile; though he puts her off with a rebuke, doubtless the irony went to his soul; the joy of that day was sorely marred.

"A Christian man is seldom long at ease,
When one trouble's gone, another doth him seize."

We may truly say, when we are at the top of a mountain we are not far from the bottom of a valley. When we are riding on the top of one wave it is not long before we shall be in the trough of another. Up hill and down hill is the way to heaven. Chequered must be our path. Golden shades are interwoven with a black ground. We shall have joy, but we must have trial.

I am going to discourse a little, first, about *David's trouble*; secondly, *the vindication of his conduct*, and thirdly, *his noble resolution*: and my main purpose will be to stir you all up, if you are ever subject to a trial like his, to *make his resolve and ground it upon his reason*.

I. First, DAVID'S TROUBLE. His trouble was peculiar. It came from a quarter where he ought least to have expected it. "Oh," saith old master Frampton, "Joab smote Abner *under* his fifth rib; there is many a man that has been smitten *in* his rib too." Saith another, "It is a strange stratagem of Satan to break a man's head with his own bones, and yet many a man hath encountered such rough usage. They that have been the chief joy of our hearts have often been the means of causing us the most grievous pain." Has it not been to many a Christian woman that her husband has been her greatest enemy in religion, and many a Christian man has found the partner of his own bosom the hardest obstacle in the road to heaven? I will just give you some pictures—they will suit some of you now present. A man of God has been up to the Lord's house. There was some great work going on; he helped that work: but when he went home, as soon as he entered the door, Michal, Saul's daughter, was there, and she said, "You are mad, you are, you are crazy; you don't know what to do with your money; you give it away to this and to that; and you leave your children beggars. You are a fool," said she. The man put up with it and bore it patiently, though it entered into his very heart, and he turned away sorely troubled. There was another,—a woman this time. She went up to the house of her Master's brethren, and they made merry there, and there was joy in that place. Her heart was carried away with elevated emotions, and on her road home there was a bliss unspeakable in her soul. As soon as she entered the door the question was asked, "What brings you home so late?—why didn't you stop out all night? You look very happy. I dare say you have been among those canting hypocrites, haven't you?" She said nothing; brooked it patiently; but the dart had gone into her heart, and she felt it sorely that when she served her God with a good conscience, it should be thrown in her teeth as if she had done wrong. There is many a young man that dances before God with all his might when he has heard about the joyous things of the covenant of grace. He has forgotten all his cares and all his troubles, and he goes back, and perhaps this time it is his own brother, who when they retire to rest begins to ridicule him. "Where have you been to-day? I dare say you have been hearing So-and-so. What good can he do you? What has he got to tell you?" and there is a laugh. You are called a "fool." It is supposed that no man in his senses will be a Christian; to think about eternal things is the highest mark of folly. For one short hour to turn one's thoughts away from this poor earth and muse upon things eternal is the mark of madness! Now, we judge the madness lies on the other side. As we weigh the levities of this life and the realities of the life to come in the scales of judgment, the madness is found in the extreme on the other hand with the despisers, and not with ourselves. It could not be expected that they who serve sin should love those that serve righteousness. Oil and water will not mix; fire and flood will never lie to sleep in the same cradle; and it cannot be expected that that man-child, the church of God, shall have peace and be happy in the same house with that old giant the church of Satan—the synagogue of the devil. There must be wars and fightings, there must be opposition and conflicts, while there are two natures in the world and two sorts of men.

This, then, was the trial David had to endure. And I want you to notice how peculiarly sharp this trial must have been. Natural affections are so interwoven with a thousand ligaments that they cannot be easily broken; but they are delicate as the finest nerves, and can never be injured without causing the most dolorous sensation. Surely David must remember that Michal was the wife of his youth, and there was gladness in his heart on the day he espoused her, and after all, she had been a good wife to him in many respects. Such reflections would make her alienation from him all the harder to bear. "Oh," he might have said, "she preserved my life once at the risk of her own, when I lay sick in bed, and her father, Saul, had said, 'Bring him in the bed even as he is, that I may slay him.' Did she not let me down the wall in a basket and then lay an image in the bed, and stuff the pillow with goat's hair, and deceive her father that so I might escape? Ah," said he, "there was love in that woman's bosom." It is true he might call to recollection that in his worst times she had forgotten him, but now she had come back to him, and David sincerely loved her; for you recollect that when Abner wanted to make peace with David, his stipulation was, "Except thou bring Michal unto me, I will not see thy face," so that he had a thorough affection for her, and she had done him good. Yet the delight of his heart is become the foe of his spirit. She it is who now laughs at him for what he had done with a pure desire to serve God and with a holy joy in doing it. Ay, that is the unkindest cut of all; that goes to the very quick of a man, when the one he loves and the one who is worth all his love, notwithstanding throws in his teeth his zeal for Christ. Ah! brethren, it is a happy thing when we are enabled to rejoice together in our family relationships; when husband and wife help each other on the path to heaven. There can be no happier position than that of the Christian man who finds, in every holy wish he has for God, a helper; who finds that often she outstrips him; that when he would do something she suggests, something more; when he would serve his Master there is a hint given that more yet might be done, and no obstacle put in the way, but every assistance rendered. Happy is that man and blessed is he. He has received a treasure from God, the like of which could not be bought for diamonds, and much fine gold could not be exchanged for it. But when it is the other way, then it is a sore trial indeed. Perhaps, though a careful, cautious, prudent, and excellent worldly woman, she cannot see with you in the things which you love in the kingdom of God, and when you have done something which in the excess of your zeal seems to be but little, she thinks it inordinate and extravagant. "Oh," says she, "do you go and mix with these people? Does king David go and wear a linen ephod like a peasant? Do you go and sit down with that rabble? You can stand up for your dignity—put 'esquire' after your name, and yet walk in the street with any beggar that likes to call himself a Christian." So she will be sarcastic and shoot words like arrows at that man in such a way that every one of them may cause a wound. And now let me say here, that this is more frequently done by the husband against the wife, and more frequently still by the two fellow-apprentices or workmen against one another. It is a curious thing that when men are going to hell there is no one to stop them. "Make way, make way; open the toll bars there; stand

clear, do not let there be a dog in his path! Make way for him!" Is not that the cry of the world? But here comes a man who wants to go to heaven. "Block his path up; throw stones in the way; block it up, and make it as difficult as ever it can be!" Ay, and good people too; good people not knowing what they are doing—they are employed by Satan to impede our path to heaven. Ah, brothers and sisters, this is a sore trial, but know that your afflictions are not strange or unusual; the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world.

II. I shall now turn away from the consideration of the trouble, to look at holy David as he meets and encounters it. We have had David's trial; now we will have DAVID'S JUSTIFICATION. What did David say in extenuation of what he had done? He said, "It was before the Lord, which chose me before thy father, and before all his house, and appointed me ruler over the people, over Israel, therefore will I play before the Lord." David's justification of his acts was that God had chosen him before her father Saul. "Now," says David, "inasmuch as by special love and divine favour I was lifted up from the common people, and made a king, I will stoop down to the common people once again, and I will praise my God as the people do, robed in their vestments, dancing as they dance, and playing on the harp even as the rest of the joyous crowd are doing." Gratitude was the keynote of his worship. Let the worldly say of the Christian when he is acting true to his Master, "You are enthusiastic," our reply is, "Yes, we are; we may be considered enthusiastic if you judge us by ordinary rules, but we are not so to be judged; we consider that we have been loved with special love; that God has been pleased to forgive us our sins, to accept us of his sovereign grace, and give us the privileges of his children."

"Loved by our God, for him again
With love intense we burn;
Chosen of him ere time began,
We choose him in return."

We do not expect ordinary men to do for God what the Christian would. "No," saith he,

"Love I much, I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace"

If he gives more to the cause of God than other men think of giving, still it seems very little to him, for he says—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Michal may say we have acted madly; she would act the same if she felt as we feel. Men of the world may say we act extravagantly, and go beyond the rule of prudence; they would go beyond the rule of prudence too if they had been partakers of like love, and received like favour. The man who feels himself to have been chosen of God from before the foundation of the world, who has a solid conviction that his sins are all blotted out, that he is accepted in the Beloved,

that his heaven is secure. I say there is nothing extravagant for that man to do. He will go and be a missionary to the heathen, cross the seas with his life in his hands, and live in the midst of a heathen population. Men say, "What for? He can gain but a miserable pittance to sustain life, after giving up the most flowery prospects; he must be mad." Mad no doubt you may account him, if you judge as Michal judged, but if you consider that God has chosen him, and loved him with a special love, it is but reasonable that such a man is ready to sacrifice himself for Christ. Take another example. Let me cull a picture from the memoir of one in years gone by. He preaches in a church in Glasgow; he is just inducted into the church, preferment lies open before him, he may speedily be made a bishop if he likes, he seeks it not. Without mitre or benefice he takes to Kennington-common and Moorfields, goes to every stump and hedge in the country, so that he is Rural Dean of all the commons everywhere, and Canon Residentiary nowhere. He is pelted with rotten eggs; he finds one time that his forehead has been laid open in the midst of the sermon, while he has been laying men's hearts open. Why does he do it? Men say he is fanatical. What did Whitfield need to do this for? What did John Wesley need to go all over the country for? Why there is the Rev. Mr. So and-so, with his fourteen livings, and never preaches at all—good man he is. "Oh," say the world, "and he makes a good thing of it, depend upon it." That is a common saying, "He makes a good thing of it." And when he died, he did make a good thing of it, for he silenced the tongue of slander, leaving nothing but an imperishable reputation behind. When Mr. Wesley was labouring abundantly, they said, "He is a rich man;" and taxed him for his plate very heavily. He said, "You may take my plate at any rate if you like, for all I have is two silver spoons; I have one in London and one in York, and by the grace of God, I shall never have any more as long as there are poor people about." But the people said, "Depend upon it, they are making a good thing of it; why cannot they be still as other people?" The only reason why they could not, was just this: that God had chosen them before the rest of mankind; they felt that they were special objects of divine favour, and they knew their calling: it was not only to make them blessed, but to make them a blessing. They could not rest before they did it: they could dance like David before the ark, degrading the clerical character; they could bring down the fine dignity of the parson, to stand like a mountebank before the shows of Moorfields; they could come down on stage boards to preach the gospel; they were not ashamed to be like David, shamelessly uncovering themselves like lewd fellows, in the eyes of the handmaidens of their servants: they thought all this disgrace was honour, and all this shame was glory; and they bore it all, for their justification was found in the fact that they believed God had chosen them; and therefore they chose to suffer for Christ's sake, rather than reign without Christ.

And now, brothers and sisters, I say this to you; if you think God has chosen you, and yet do not feel that He has done great things for you, or holds any strong claims upon your gratitude, then shun the cross. If you have never had much forgiven, get over the style, and go down the green lane into Bye-path meadow, it is comfortable walking, go down there. If you do not owe much to the Lord Jesus Christ,

shirk his service, go up in the corner there when the trumpet plays, and tell Michal you are very sorry you have displeased her. Say, "I will never do the like again, trust me; I am sorry you do not like it; I hope you will now forgive me; but as I hold religion to be a thing to please everyone as well as myself, I will never dance before the ark again." Do that now if you are under no very great obligation to the Father of spirits, and have never tasted the distinguishing love of God to your souls. But oh, my dear brethren, there are some of you ready to start up from your seats, and say, "Well I am not that man?" and assuredly, as your pastor, I can look on some of you that have had much forgiven. Not long ago you were up to the throat in drunkenness; you could blaspheme God. Not very long ago perhaps you carried on dishonesty, and never entered the house of God. Some of you were frivolous, gay, careless, despisers of God, without hope, without Christ, strangers to the commonwealth of Israel. Well, and what brought you here now? Why, sovereign grace has done it; you would not have been here if you had been left to yourselves. Now the shutters are up; that shop which used to be open all day Sunday is closed. Now the pipe and the beer, or dissipations more refined, that used to occupy the whole of the Sunday afternoon, with five or six jolly companions, are put away, and there is the Bible and there is prayer now, and now the oath is not heard as before. I suppose you set this change of character down to sovereign grace, and you are ready to sing with all of us:—

" Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God."

Then the mercy you have received is a complete justification for anything that you may do in God's service, any ecstasy that you may feel when you are worshipping him, and any excess of liberality you may display when you are engaged in pressing on to the kingdom of your Lord and Master. If the Church could once feel this, what an influence it would exert? I have often gone on my knees before God to thank him for the wondrous things I have seen done by some of the Christians now present. In service they have gone beyond anything I could have asked. I should think that they would have considered me unreasonable if I had requested it. They have done it without request. At the risk of everything they have served their Master, and not only spent all that they could spare, but have even spared what they could ill afford to spare for the service of Jesus. Such brethren doubtless meet their reward, and if any should say of them, "It is ridiculous, it is absurd, they are carried away with fanatical zeal," I put this answer in their mouths, "Yes, I should be ridiculous, I should be absurd, if I owed no more to God than you; but he has loved me so that I cannot love him enough, much less love him too much; he has loved me at such a rate that I cannot do too much for him; in fact I feel I cannot do half enough." You being special characters you have given to God special service, and God bless you for it; yea, he doth bless you in it. Such was David's justification.

III. Not less worthy of our notice was his RESOLUTION, of which I

now come briefly to speak. What did he say? Did he draw back and play the craven, bend his back to the lash of rebuke, and give up the extravagancies of his devotion? No. He said, and said frankly, "I will yet be more vile than thus, and I will be base in mine own sight," and so forth. Now God grant your resolution may be the same. Whenever the world reproaches you, say, "Well, I thank you for that word, I will strive to deserve it better; if I have incurred your displeasure by my consistency, I will be more consistent, and you shall be more displeased, if you will. If it be a vile thing to serve Christ, I will serve him more than I have ever done, and be viler still." It is said by an old writer, that in the olden times men used to take care of their houses, but now the houses take care of the men; that they used to eat off oaken porringers, but then they were oaken men; but now they are willow men, can bend anyhow; they are earthenware men, which can be dashed to pieces. Scarcely in politics, in business, or in religion have you got a man, You see a lot of things which are called men, who turn the way the wind blows; a number of preachers that turn north, south, east and west, just according as the times shall dictate, and their circumstances and the hope of gain shall drift them. I pray God to send a few men with what the American calls "grit" in them: men who when they know a thing to be right will not turn away, or turn aside, or stop; men who will persevere all the more because there are difficulties to meet or foes to encounter; who stand all the more true to their Master because they are opposed; and so, the more they are trodden upon, the more mighty will they become in the cause of truth against error. Resolve, brothers and sisters, when you are in any sort of persecution, to face it with a full countenance. Like a nettle is the persecutor; touch it gently and it will sting you, but grasp it, and it hurts you not. Lay hold of those who oppose you, not with rough vengeance, but with the strong grip of quiet decision, and you have won the day. Stand up for every solitary grain of truth; contend for it as for your life. Remember your forefathers, not merely your Christian forefathers, but those who are your progenitors in the faith as Baptists. Remember those who of old were cast out of the Christian Church with contempt, because they would not bend to the errors of their times. Think of the snows of the Alps, and call to mind the Waldenses, and the Albigenses, your great forerunners. Think again, of the Lollards the disciples of Wickliffe; think of your brethren in Germany, who, not many centuries ago, nay, but a century ago, were sewn up in sacks, had their hands chopped off, and bled and died—a glorious list of martyrs. Your whole pedigree, from the beginning to the end, is stained with blood. From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven has been made to suffer the violence of men; and *you!* will you yield? Shall these soft times, these gentle ages, take away your pristine valour—make you the craven sons of heroic fathers? No, if you are not called to the sufferings of a martyr, yet bear the spirit of a martyr. If you cannot burn as he did in the flesh, burn as he did in the spirit. Never, I entreat of you, grow faint in your course, but bring more of the love of your hearts into the service of your lives. Never yield one tittle of the truth which God has committed to you. If the father be turned against the child, and the child

against the father, weep over it and mourn it, If the husband be turned against the wife, and the wife against the husband, take care that it is not through your own fault; but if it be for Christ's sake, bear it joyfully, bear it with transport and delight; you are highly honoured. You cannot wear the ruby crown of martyrdom and fire—that blazing diadem, but you have got at least a stray jewel out of it; thank God for it, and never shrink, never blush to suffer for his name's sake; and give to every laughing Michal the answer, "If this be vile, I purpose to be viler still; if this be shameful, I will be more shameful; if this excite your derision, ye shall laugh louder than ever; your opportunities for making fun of me shall never be wanting, till your disposition to ridicule shall be changed." Oh, that is a glorious way of dealing with adversaries. If a lion is roaring at you, look at him and smile, and he will leave off roaring by-and-bye. When some big dog comes out to bark at you, keep quiet, it is marvellous how easily he is tamed. I was once staying in the north of Scotland, where there was a ferocious dog chained up. He came out and I patted him, and he jumped up with his fore feet upon me; I caressed him and he seemed particularly fond of me. The master came out, "Come away, my dear sir," said he, "That dog will rend you to pieces." But I did not know it, and when I passed by he seemed to know I was not at all afraid of him, so he didn't meddle with me. In like manner, Christians, be not terrified at your adversaries. They may growl, or they may snarl, but do not you shrink back with fear; it will make them bark the more. Take as little notice of them as possible. Ah! poor things, you can well say, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Just leave them all alone, and if they must know the reason tell them what David told Michal—God has chosen you to shew forth his praise. I daresay you may be insane enough in their eyes. A good friend of mine, when he was told he was mad, said, "Well if I am mad you ought to be very patient with me, for fear I should grow worse. If I am mad now, perhaps I might grow wild. So be gentle with me." Tell the people who take needless offence, they must try to teach you better; if you have gone so far astray they ought to lead you back again. By degrees they will have done with this raillery, and begin to respect you. If there is one in a family that is looked up to most of all, it is usually that one which all the family abused at one time. He has borne the brunt of opposition; he has held his ground; and he has won the palm of consistency. Give way an inch and you will have to give way an ell. Yield a single yard and your enemy will drive you out. Stand right still, calmly, quietly, with the determination that you can die, but you cannot fly; that you could suffer anything, but you could not deny your Master, and your victory is won. Never give an angry word or look; do not imitate Peter in that respect; the best of men are only to be followed as far as they are like their Master. "When you are reviled, revile not again." But suffer patiently all that is said, but when you suffer do not yield. Remember the motto of the old martyrs; do you know it? On some of the old martyr books you will see the picture of an anvil, and you might ask "What does that mean?" It was a common saying of Calvin, "The gospel is an anvil that has broken many a hammer, and be thou the anvil. The hammer will break and the anvil stand fast; Remember this—"He that

endureth to the end shall be saved." Now, I think I hear some Christians say, "This sermon is not applicable to me." Well-brother, I am glad it is not. I am glad if God has put you in such a gracious position of providence. But, oh, it is applicable to many, very many; I say to you then, pray for such, mention those who are in bonds as being bound with them. When you are in prayer and have to thank God that you are a child of pious parents, who so far from opposing you, have done all they could to help you, be very thankful for it, as a privilege to be prized, because so many lack it. It is a happy thing for some of you flowers that you grow in a conservatory where the air is so very warm and so very mild, but there are some who have to be outside in the frost; pray for these. When you think of the sheep in the fold, take care that you think of those out in the wilderness exposed to the snowstorm coming on, perhaps buried in a hollow and ready to expire. Think of them. You may suppose there is very little suffering for Christ now. I speak what I know—there is a vast deal of suffering still. I do not mean burning, I do not mean hanging; I do not mean persecution by law; it is a sort of slow martyrdom. I can tell you how it is effected. Everything a young man does is thrown in his teeth. Things harmless and indifferent in themselves, are twisted into accusation that he does wrong; if he speaks, his words are brought up against him; if he is silent it is worse. Whatever he does is misrepresented, and from morning to night there is the taunt always ready. Everything that can be said against his minister is generally used, because the world knows when they find fault with the minister, it stings the people, if they are a loving people, to the quick; and there are insinuations thrown out against the minister for his motives, and there are all things said about God's people too; one says the minister is a "yea-nay" preacher; another says he is too high in doctrine; one will accuse him of being sanctimonious; another will charge him with laxness. Ah, brethren, you need not fear; you can bear witness for the truth whatever is said; you must bear with the slanderer and *forbear*. If they throw aught in your teeth, still stand up for your Lord Jesus. Don't yield a single inch, and the day shall come when you shall have honour even in the eyes of those who in the world once laughed at you and put you to open shame.

Before closing, let me just say a word or two more generally to this whole congregation. There are three sorts of people upon which my text looks with a dark and appalling frown. First, there are those whose lips are ever quick to curl, whose countenance is ever prompt to sneer, whose tongues are ever ready with a jest profane when *the service of God* crosses their path. I only say to you beware lest that come upon you—"As he loved cursing, so let it come upon him: as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him." Secondly, there are those who up to a certain point favour the worship of God, and the services of the church. But there comes a season of extraordinary service, a revival that demands uncommon energy; and almost before they are themselves aware of it, the repugnance of their hearts finds some strong and unkindly expression. Now let me point *you* to Saul's daughter, and remind you how in one hour *she* proved her, pedigree, identified herself with a family which the Lord had rejected

and sealed her own irrevocable doom. Then, thirdly, there is the professor of religion, who with David's trial is awaiting David's constancy. Have I sown the seed of gospel truth broadcast among you so often and hath none fallen in stony places? You may have heard the word, and anon with joy received it; and you may have "dured awhile, though you have no root in yourselves." But let me ask you, when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, are you offended? does it prove a stumbling-block to you? If so, your case is deplorable. Do you parry off the first breath of ridicule with flippant tongue? Did I hear that you said the other day, "Oh, I don't profess anything; I only just go into that chapel now and then to hear the preacher; he rather takes my fancy." Ah! young man, let your conscience witness that you are shrinking back unworthily. You may only dissemble a little at first, but if you are coward enough to dissemble, you may ere long prove infidel enough to apostatise. Brethren and sisters in the Lord, "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel, in nothing terrified by your adversaries." "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in his name, but also to suffer for his sake. Amen."

"An Afflicted and Poor People."

ZEPHANIAH III. 12.

POOR and afflicted, Lord are Thine,
 Among the great unfit to shine:
 But though the world may think it strange,
 They would not with the world exchange.

Poor and afflicted, 'tis their lot,
 They know it, and they murmur not;
 'Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their Master deign'd to choose.

Poor and afflicted, yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their Glorious King;
 Through sufferings perfect now He reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

Poor and afflicted, but ere long
 They join the bright celestial throng;
 Their sufferings then will reach a close,
 And Heaven afford them sweet repose.

And while they walk the thorny way,
 They oft are heard to sigh and say,
 Dear Saviour come, oh, quickly come,
 And take Thy mourning pilgrims home!

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

By Crooked Paths.

By REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, of Worthing.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ROB, IT’S MY FATHER!”

EVENTS must march rapidly now, for my story must end. I cannot stay to tell you the details of Rob’s weary search for Ida Swanson’s father. Through nearly every city of the continent he followed the clues that indicated the wanderings of the violinist he sought. And when he found him, he was indeed the scapegrace son of Sir Arthur Swanson. Neither can I relate to you, as I should like to do, how by grace and tact and patience, the younger man won the older from his worse than Bohemian ways, and set him longing to lead a better life. It is all too long a tale. Robert Meredith often despaired of achieving his self-set task. More than once Mr. Swanson broke away from the young man’s vigilant care; and then the search had to begin over again. But at last the corner in the long lane of earnest endeavour was turned, and the upward course toward a better, purer life began.

When Robert Meredith finally returned to London, Mr. Swanson remained in Paris, devoting himself to his beloved violin. He was a thorough master of the instrument, and he determined that he would win for himself fame before

he returned to his father’s roof. Meanwhile Rob was to keep the secret of his whereabouts.

Back the young man went to the dreary routine of his hospital work. And yet the grey sky of his life had its bright patches. There were, of course, occasional visits to Westbray Hall; and sometimes Sir Arthur and Ida would spend a few days with the Merediths. And then there were evenings, and often Sundays too, devoted to helping George Varley in his work among the poor and outcast in Whitechapel.

And so the months of summer glided away and winter came on apace; and Rob was looking forward to the return of Mr. Swanson.

One evening at the beginning of winter, when the Swansons were the guests of his mother, Rob surprised them all by saying at the breakfast table,

“Mother, can we have dinner an hour earlier to-night? I have bought tickets for a recital at St. James’s Hall this evening, and I want us all to go.”

“A man I heard in Paris is making his *debut* before a London audience,” he continued in answer to the questions with which he

was being assailed. "He is a perfect master of the violin, and I know you will be delighted with him."

"Are we always bound to attend the first appearances of every strolling player that comes along?" asked Mrs. Meredith across the table.

"Is he French?" put in Irene curtly, "for if he is, I don't want to hear him. I never knew a Frenchman yet who was more than ordinary at anything!"

Sir Arthur, who had been busy looking over the programme Rob had handed him, glanced up in astonishment at this sweeping assertion.

"He bears an English name, Miss Meredith," he said. "'Mr. Henry Arthur' is surely as little suggestive of a Frenchman as a name can be. It seems strange," he continued, turning to Rob, "that an Englishman, and such a noted violinist as you say he is, should be unknown in his own country. However, I suppose he is a young man who has been studying in Paris."

"I should certainly like to hear him," Ida Swanson said, after a little further talk about the subject.

"Yes, I think we should like to go to-night, Mrs. Meredith, if it can be arranged conveniently." And this remark of the baronet's settled the matter.

St. James's Hall was by no means empty when the Meredith party took their places in the stalls. Indeed, for the first appearance of a new name it was a good audience that assembled. Lovers of music were there, and many of the great throng who are always hungering for that which is fresh and novel.

Robert Meredith, as he sat beside the girl he loved, had con-

siderable misgivings as to the wisdom of the plan arranged by Mr. Swanson. He trembled lest the suddenness of the recognition might prove too much for both the baronet and Miss Swanson. One thing comforted him. The violinist had assured him, that the fifteen years he had been away from England had so changed him that he was sure his father, and certainly his daughter, who was but a child when he went away, would not be likely to recognise in the *debutant* the one their hearts desired. And so it proved, for when he stepped on to the platform and made his bow to his audience, no sign of recognition escaped either Sir Arthur or Miss Swanson.

Rob was quite relieved when Ida, after looking through her opera glasses at the tall handsome man standing before her, turned and said,

"He is not a young man, Rob. I thought he would be quite a youth." And there was perhaps a tone of disappointment in her remark.

Then the bow was lifted and the music of the man's soul was poured forth. Every one in that critical audience, as they listened to the wonderful strains, felt that they were in the presence of a master musician.

Towards the end of the programme there was an impromptu, and the audience who had grown more and more enthusiastic as the different pieces were rendered, hailed the violinist as he entered for this last effort with tremendous applause. For a moment the player stood, pale almost to death, his eyes resting upon his child before him. Then, amid a silence that was appalling, made the strange announcement—

"I wish my dear violin to tell you the history of a wasted life," and then forgetting himself and his audience, he played as a man inspired. His instrument seemed to speak. Its music told of the wild recklessness of his youth, and then the merry notes suggested marriage, followed very quickly by wailing tones that spoke of death and sorrow. Then the wild strange music broke forth again, interwoven with which there were snatches of the music of many lands. The years spent in dissipation and wandering was the suggestion of the player. Presently with tender feeling and wonderful pathos that seemed to breathe a prayer for forgiveness, the music ceased.

The audience was spell-bound. Many were in tears; and for a minute there was perfect silence. Then the tumult broke out; but above all the storm of applause, there rose the cry of the old baronet as standing in his place he stretched out his hand towards the player,

"My boy! My boy! Thank God."

"Oh, Rob, he's my father!" and Ida Swanson rushed forward to throw herself into the arms of the man who was hastening toward them.

There were not a few in that fashionable audience who knew something of the meaning of that strange scene, for they were acquainted with the secret sorrow of Sir Arthur Swanson's life; and those who did not know guessed at it; and the applause echoed again and again through the Hall.

But the old man and the young girl, lifted up their hearts in secret thanksgiving to God, for the prodigal had returned again to his father's home.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOME OF HIS HEART.

ONE bright summer's morning, some two years later, a large crowd of people might have been seen pressing into a handsome and commodious Baptist Church in a certain popular South-coast town. Many of those who are pouring in at the open doors are the regular members of the congregation; but many more are evidently strangers, some of whom show unmistakeable signs that this is the first service they have attended in a Nonconformist place of worship. They have come this morning because a man whose literary fame is world-wide is the announced preacher. Outside on the notice-board his name is proclaimed in flaming capitals, "Mr. George Varley, M.A." The name of the brilliant essayist will always draw a crowd, for he stands out a prominent figure in the front rank of writers. But what, perhaps, lends additional interest to his public appearance just now is the fact that the long series of realistic sketches of East-end life, over which thousands of readers have cried and laughed, as they read them in one of the best weeklies, have, within the last few weeks, been issued in book-form with the acknowledgment of their authorship made public for the first time.

There are many in his audience who also know the preacher to be one of the many splendidly self-sacrificing Christian workers who devote themselves to the dire need of the poverty-stricken districts of East London; and for this they esteem him as much as if not more than, for his celebrity as a writer.

It is very rarely that George Varley can be drawn away from his beloved work, yet sometimes

he manages to spare time for a day or two with his friends, Dr. Robert Meredith and his wife, who have come to live in this beautiful town by the sea; and whenever he does spend a Sunday with them, he is generally prevailed upon to take a service at the church where his friends attend.

It is a simple discourse that he delivers, but one that is marked by great spiritual power. "The sympathy of Christ" is the preacher's theme,—a subject that appeals to the many troubled and burdened hearts in his audience; and all are impressed by the thrilling earnestness of the speaker.

When the service is over, Mrs. Meredith lingers awhile talking to some of the ladies of the congregation, for she is a leader in all the good work of the church, while her husband does her bidding in marching off with his friend.

"By the way, George, I haven't had time to tell you that Mr. Winter is staying at the Grand," Rob begins as soon as they get clear of the dispersing congregation.

"Indeed. I didn't know they were back from the Cape yet," says the other with surprise and evident interest.

"They got back last week; and came down here on Friday," Rob explained. "They intend taking a house for the rest of the summer if the place suits Mr. Winter. He hasn't come back much better for his sea trip. I am afraid he will never be other than an invalid, needing the greatest care and attention."

"Miss Winter is with her father, I suppose?" It was half a question and half an assertion.

"She hardly ever leaves him. They have a nurse; but Miss Winter is devoted to her father," Rob says with emphasis. "Ida and I called upon them yesterday and when I mentioned that we expected you in the course of the day, Mr. Winter expressed the hope that you would go and see them before you went back."

"I will certainly do so," was all Varley said.

"What a fine woman Cecilia Winter is, George," continued the doctor, enthusiastically. "I little thought when I saw her first, less than three years ago, that she would develop such a beautiful character."

"Rob, old man, what cannot the grace of God do!" the other said reverently.

"Ay, that's it. It's the love of Christ that has transformed Cecilia Winter."

For a few moments they walked on in silence, and then Varley asked rather suddenly,

"What's the latest from home, Rob? I haven't been able to get over to Clapham for several weeks."

"Had a letter from the mother yesterday, and in it she complains that she has not seen you since Irene's wedding. Oh, they're all right. The bride and bridegroom came back from the Court last week. I little thought Irene would have married Petworth, good fellow though he is. I remember teasing sis about him one night,—the very night you ought to have come to dinner and didn't. How she did flare up! I thought then that you would have had my sister, George," and Rob looks into his friend's face to see if he can read there the solution to a matter he has not been able to understand.

"It was not to be, Rob," is all the answer he gets. But behind it there is the memory of a time when the speaker had avowed his love to Rob's sister, and had had his proposal refused. "I am glad she is happy," he adds, and no more is said until they have passed into the young doctor's handsome house.

Over the dinner-table (Dr. Meredith dines early on Sundays, for he and his wife are both engaged in Christian work in the afternoons), there is pleasant talk about one thing and another, the principal subject being, however, the service for the Lord in which they are severally interested.

"Has Mr. Swanson told you that he has been down helping me in some concerts for the people, Ida?" Varley asks. For long enough he has been so much like a brother to Mrs. Meredith, that she joins with her husband in calling him "George," while he addresses her by her Christian name.

"I haven't heard from father for a week. He and grandpa have gone off to Scotland together, and they have been too lazy to write I suppose. I shall hear on Tuesday. Father never fails to write on Sunday for post on Monday morning. I am glad he has been down to help you in your work, George. I know he is very interested in it; and I think it is interesting him in Christ. I long to see him more than a reformed man; I long to know that he is changed in heart," and Mrs. Meredith's eyes filled with tears.

"And I am sure your prayers will be answered. I had a little talk with him, and I am confident he is seeking after light." Varley says this, and then adds, turning to Rob, "I think I will go along

with you to your sand-service, Rob, and help you for a half-hour or so, and then slip off to the Grand and see the Winters."

And so it is settled.

When George Varley is ushered into the handsome sitting-room of the hotel where Mr. Winter and his daughter are staying, he is greeted cordially by Miss Winter.

"It is very kind of you to call, Mr. Varley. I am sorry my father should be out. Nurse has just taken him along the parade in his chair. I hope you will be able to await his return. He is wishing to see you, and will be disappointed if he finds that you have been, and gone again, while he is out."

"Oh, certainly I will wait, if I am not interfering with your work," for Varley noticed that the table at which she had been sitting was littered with papers.

"If you will excuse me for just a moment, Mr. Varley, I will finish this letter I was writing. One of the class I used to have in Chelsea, is in sore trouble, and I want her to have this to-morrow if possible," and Miss Winter turned to the writing-table again.

The young man drew his chair up to the open window overlooking the sea. Not far away there was the large concourse of people gathered around Robert Meredith's preaching stand; and ever and again the voice of the preacher came floating in through the casement. Once, as the silence in the room lengthened, he glanced across at the writer, and saw that on her cheeks tears were glistening. He turned away wondering. How strange to see this girl weeping for another's sorrow; and she who had written in scorn of Jesus, now writing of Him as the great rest-giver, to some friendless shop-girl. For he

knew that this was what she was doing. It had come to his knowledge that she devoted herself to the helping of lonely girls in the great Babylon. By letter, written with a gracious charm all own, she communicated with them, counselling and advising in a hundred and one little matters; and with it all there was an earnest effort to lead them to the Saviour.

Presently her task was finished, and as she packed up her writing materials, she said, shyly,

"Mr. Varley, I have for months been wanting to thank you for thwarting the publication—"

"Miss Winter, I beg of you, do not refer to that incident," interrupted Varley.

"But I must this once at any rate, Mr. Varley. At the time, I was angry with you, and for long after I could not see you without the old feeling returning. But now, I am more grateful than I can express. And I am glad to say that my father is also thankful."

"I am as glad as you, Miss Winter, that you have been spared the pain which the publication of your book would have brought to you now. But I cannot look back upon my angry denunciation of it with any pleasure. I have learnt since then that right things may be dealt with very often in a wrong spirit."

"That is true; but I think your anger that morning was a righteous sort," she said smiling. "At all events I am thankful to God that He led my father to submit the MS. to your judgment."

Then the talk turned upon the Christian work in which Varley was engaged. This was not the first time these two had had such a talk. Before Mr. Winter's health

had so completely broken down, they had been very much associated in holy service, and from this fully consecrated woman, Varley had received much help. Miss Winter entered into all his plans with great interest.

"I hope you will allow me to contribute something to this new work, Mr. Varley. It is a great joy to me and my father, that though we cannot do very much to help in the service of the poor, we are able to assist in one way."

Through the open window near which they were sitting came the sound of singing. The sand-service was over; it was the closing hymn that was being sung.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated Lord to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

The two listened quietly to the sound of the many voices; and as the song went on they unconsciously joined in the singing.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

"God has taught you to mean that when you sing it, Miss Winter," Varley said when they came to this verse. "It is a blessed lesson to learn: to look upon all that we have as belonging to Him. To hoard up wealth for the sake of dying rich, giving only as much as we are obliged to give, is to lose the greatest joy money is designed to give us."

"I wish I could do more for the dear Master. You and Dr. and Mrs. Meredith are so busy in His service, while I can do so little for Him!"

"You are doing noble service for Him, Miss Winter. Hundreds of young girls are blessing God for the sunshine you have brought into their hearts and lives."

Miss Winter made no reply. She looked out on the crowd dispersing from the service for a moment, and then away across the sea with its golden, shimmering pathway of light, until her eyes caught the intense blue of the clear summer sky.

George Varley leaned forward

until his hand touched hers. Her look returned to him; and as their eyes met, each seemed to read the other's heart.

"Cecilia, do you love me as I love you? Can you love me enough to give yourself to me, and be my comrade in the blessed service of the Master?" was all the man said.

"We will love and work together George," was her simple reply.

THE END.

Love and Obedience.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

"If ye love Me, keep My commandments.—JOHN xiv. 15.

THIS word *if* is not to be interpreted as expressive of any doubt in the Saviour's mind relative to the disciples' love to Him. It implies more particularly the *condition* of love. The same word is employed by Christ with reference to coming events which He was absolutely certain would transpire. For instance, He says, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." He refers in that passage to His being lifted up on the cross. No one would suppose for a moment that Christ had the least shadow of a doubt of His being crucified. He came into the world for the express purpose of dying the death of the cross to atone for the sins of humanity. But His being lifted up from the earth was to be the condition of His drawing all men unto Him. Again, in the third verse of this chapter, He says, "And *if* I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself." *If* I go. Was there any doubt of His leaving the world? Was Christ in any way uncertain of His departure? No, for in the preceding verse he says, "I go to prepare a place for you." But His going to the cross and the grave and His returning to the Father were the condition of His preparing a place for them, and of His coming again to receive them unto Himself. He could not come again unless He first of all went away from them. So with regard to the words of our text, "*If* ye love Me." Christ had not the least doubt of their love to Him. He was confident that His little band of eleven disciples, notwithstanding all their shortcomings, loved Him intensely with a love stronger than death, and would in course of time lay down their lives for His sake. The words may be rendered, "Seeing that ye love Me, shew it by keeping my commandments." We have here, first, the motive which should prompt us to obey Christ—love to Him; and, second, the proof or test of it—keep my commandments.

I.

The motive which should actuate us to obey Christ—love to Him.

It is not difficult to conceive of obedience where there is no love. A soldier or a sailor may obey his superior officer from compulsion. A slave may attend to the injunctions of his cruel master from fear of the lash. A well-paid servant may obey his employer without having the least love to him. There is, however, a vast difference between a mere hireling, who discharges his duties simply for the sake of what he receives, and one who is actuated by love to his master and service. The former goes about his work in a cold, perfunctory manner, having no particular interest in anything except his wages. The other again is prompted by love to his master, and his supreme object is to please him. Now the only service which is accepted by Christ is the service of love. What think you prompted His disciples to leave all and to follow Him? What constrained Saul of Tarsus to give up everything for Christ, to undergo persecution, and sacrifice privileges and honour which were of incalculable worth to every Jew? It was nothing less than his ardent, unquenchable love to Christ, or as he states it, "The love of Christ constraineth me." This is to be the one grand principle of our religion. The one which is to rule our lives and actions. Any service we render that is not actuated by this principle is unacceptable to God. Work that is not prompted by love to Christ is forced, burdensome, and painful—painful to the worker himself and to others. Love makes all labour light. Think of that devoted mother with her sick child. How unwearied is she in her devotion to him! How ungrudgingly does she deny herself of rest, watching through the long hours of the night the object of her affection. Nothing but her profound love could have induced her to act thus. A gentleman one day noticed a little girl carrying a big boy in her arms, apparently far too much for her strength, and, out of tender consideration towards her, remarked to her, "That boy is too heavy for you to carry." "Oh, no," she at once replied, "he is not heavy, he is my brother." The fact of his being her brother removed all consciousness of heaviness from her. True love will never complain of the hardness and difficulties of the work it undertakes. It never expatiates on the sacrifices and self-denials it makes. It fixes no limit to its services. This is especially true in relation to our love to Christ. Now there is no need of advancing any argument in proof of the fact that Christ deserves and demands our supreme love, but it may be profitable to enquire as to the considerations which should induce us to love Christ with all the powers we possess; to love Him more than our most endearing earthly relative, yea, to love Him more than our own lives.

I. That which He is in Himself. There is His beautiful character, His unsullied life. Now, with regard to some men, there is that unlovableness about them rendering it difficult, if not impossible to cherish, any affection for them. Their manner is so cold and repulsive, and their lives void of all beauty and attraction. Christ, however, is represented as the most lovable of all beings.

One of our poets says:—

"If the whole world my Saviour knew,
Sure the whole world would love Him too."

He is esteemed by His people as "the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether Lovely One." During His sojourn here on earth even little children were attracted to Him, and the poor and distressed approached Him without fear or dread.

2. There is also the consideration of that which He has done for us. Think of His wonderful love in the great sacrifice He made to redeem us from eternal death. "We love Him," says John, "because He first loved us." Can we think of Gethsemane, of Calvary, and of the grave, and not be filled with the intensest love to Him? Oh! our love to Him should be the highest, deepest, most comprehensive, and most ardent possible. This then is to be the principle to prompt us in our obedience to all the commands of Christ—love to Him.

II.

The proof or test of this love, "Keep My commandments." Obedience is the best proof of our love to Christ. Love without obedience is simply mockery. The most enthusiastic declaration of love is nothing unless it manifest itself in actions. What would you think of a child asserting with all the powers of speech at his command his great love to his mother, and yet pay no heed to her instructions. Our love to Christ must be shown by our obedience to Him. He is our King. Shall we be loyal or disloyal to Him? He is our Legislator. Shall we set at naught His laws or obey them? That depends on the condition of our hearts towards Him. If we love Him supremely we will obey Him.

1. This obedience must be *willing* obedience. Compulsory yielding to the commands of Christ is out of harmony with His spirit and teaching. Christ gave Himself voluntarily for us, and we must give ourselves voluntarily to His service.

2. It must also be *practical* obedience, "Keep my commandments." True religion is of necessity practical. Knowledge is of little value unless it be put in practice. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." The commands of Christ must not only be known but obeyed.

3. It is *personal* obedience. It cannot be done by proxy. Parents cannot obey for their children, nor the children for the parents, as every one must give an account of himself to God, so every one ere he can be saved must himself believe on Christ, and obey Him.

4. And, lastly, this obedience must be universal. "Keep My commandments," says Christ. "Which of them?" you ask. All of them. "Ye are my friends." He asserts, "if ye do *whatsoever* I command you." It is not our prerogative to speak of some of them as essential, and others as non-essential. We are not appointed judges on these questions. *Whatsoever* He saith unto us, we are to do. "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments, and His commandments are not grievous." So our love to Christ is to be the motive, and our obedience the test, "If ye love me, keep My commandments."

Spurs from Spurgeon.

“ Selected by T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.”

MIND YOU KEEP THAT BELL GOING.”

CHURCH Members strive together in your prayers, that God may bless you. Pray that you and your children may be added to the Church of Christ, and may live to see others added too. Do not neglect your prayer meetings. Christmas Evans gives us a good idea about prayer. He says, “ Prayer is the rope in the belfry ; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven ”—and so it is. **MIND YOU KEEP THAT BELL GOING.** Pull it often at home, and come up to the prayer meetings, and keep on pulling it, and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and it is ringing before the throne of God, who will give answers of peace according to your faith. May your faith be large and plentiful, and so will the answers be !

* * *

“ THE BRETHREN ” AT CORINTH.

The members of the Church at Corinth abounded in gifts, and, therefore, they thought it meet for each one to speak to edification. They had *no pastoral oversight whatever* ; acting in this respect like certain “ BRETHREN ” whom we know nowadays. The result, however, was very deplorable. They do not appear to have been able even to conduct the **LORD’S SUPPER** without the most disorderly proceedings. Church discipline was utterly forgotten or neglected ; and it seems as if the two Epistles to the Corinthians are given to us *as beacons against that form of worship*, seeing that it produces such mischievous and sad results. It is a very bad state of things when we meet for worship and separate without any improvement, or, like these Corinthians, “ come together, not for the better, but for the worse.”

* * *

“ GET RID OF THE OLD PASTOR.”

Ingratitude is common towards soul-winners. How often a minister has brought sinners to Christ, and fed the flock in his early days ! but when the old man grows feeble they want to get rid of him, and try a new broom which will sweep cleaner. “ Poor old gentleman, he is quite out of date ! ” they say, and so they get rid of him, as gipsies turn an old horse out on the common to feed or starve, they care not which. If anybody expects gratitude, I would remind them of the benediction, “ Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed.” Even our Master did not get praise from *nine* of the ten lepers be cleansed ; therefore, do not wonder if you bless others, *and others do not bless you*, if they do not thank you personally, nor join in church fellowship with you.

"GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHICH LOVE THY LAW."—Ps. cxix. 165.

What a charming verse is this! It deals not with those who *perfectly keep* the law, for where should such men be found? but with those who "LOVE" it, whose hearts and hands are made to square with all its precepts and demands. These men are ever striving with all their hearts to *walk in obedience* to the law, and though they are often persecuted they have "PEACE," yea, "GREAT PEACE"; for they have learned the secret of the reconciling BLOOD, they have felt the power of the comforting SPIRIT, and they stand before the FATHER as men accepted. The LORD has given them to feel HIS PEACE, which passeth all understanding. They have many troubles, and are likely to be persecuted by the proud, but their usual condition is that of deep calm—a "PEACE" too "GREAT" for this *little* world to break. "AND NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM," or, *shall really injure them*. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." It must needs be that offences come, but these lovers of the law are PEACEMAKERS, and so they neither give nor take offence. That "PEACE" which is founded upon conformity to God's will is a living and lasting one, worth writing of with enthusiasm, as the Psalmist here does.—FROM "THE TREASURY OF DAVID." Vol. vi.

* * *

"JESUS HAS THE KEYS OF DEATH."

Our Lord has the keys of death, and this will be a joyful fact to us when our last hours arrive. If we say to Him, "Master, whither am I going?" He answers, "I have the key of death and the spirit world." Will we not reply, "We feel quite confident to go wherever Thou wilt lead us, O Lord?" We shall then pursue His track in His company. Our bodies shall descend into what men call a charnel-house, though it is really the unrobing-room of saints, the vestibule of heaven, the wardrobe of our dress, where it shall be cleansed and perfected. We have a fit spiritual array for the interval, but we expect that our bodies shall rise again in the likeness of "the Lord from heaven." What gainers we shall be when we shall take up the robes we laid aside, and find them so gloriously changed, and made fit for us to wear even in the presence of our Lord! So, if the worst fear that crosses you should be realized, and you should literally die at your Lord's feet, there is no cause for dread, for no enemy can do you harm, since the Divine right hand is pledged to deliver you to the end. Let us give the Well-Beloved the most devout and fervent praise as we now partake of this regal festival—"the Lord's Supper." The King sitteth at His table, let our spikenard give forth its sweetest smell.

"Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts,
Thy present smile a heaven imparts;
Oh, lift the veil, if veil there be,
Let every saint Thy beauties see."

Reviews.

Good Words, 1899, date of publication November 8th, 1899. Edited by the very Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. Also *The Sunday Magazine* for 1899. Isbister & Co., 15 and 16 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. Of the former volume we need but call attention to the ability and editorial skill of Dr. Macleod. Both volumes are a rich repository of most precious things. The indexes are perfect keys to stores of most profitable reading, and the engravings and beautiful binding suggest that they would form valuable Christmas or New Year's presents.

The Christian Pictorial, a religious illustrated weekly, edited by the Rev. David Davies. Alexander and Shephard, Furnival Street, Holborn. The thirteenth half-yearly volume, March to August, 1899. We have from the first volume always had pleasure in saying approving words of this interesting work. It is brimful of facts—abounds in history and biography, is a record of the chief passing events of the year, and contains pictures on nearly every page. The editor has done his work with a skill and resource which must have won the thanks of his multitude of readers.

Glorious Themes for Saints and Sinners, by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

This volume will brighten many a sick chamber and fill the soul of many an aged pilgrim with music. It is printed in large clear type that will not weary the eyes of the feeble, and its pages truly provides many portions for saints and sinners. It

begins with words to the unsaved, and proclaims salvation for the aged, and closes with good testimony for the Master.

Gospel Extracts, from C. H. Spurgeon, by the same publisher. It is very full of carefully selected gems from Mr. Spurgeon's voluminous works. They are instructive and helpful, and this precious little book is published at one shilling only.

Part 23 of *C. H. Spurgeon's Auto-Biography* enters on the description of Mr. Spurgeon's later literary work. The *Sword and Trowel*, John Plowman, &c., 8th October, part 534 of the *Metropolitan Pulpit* contains five of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and expositions of Scripture with each sermon.

The Story of the Religious Tract Society for One Hundred Years, by Samuel G. Green, D.D. The Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row. The history of the Religious Society for the last hundred years would be sadly incomplete without this worthy record. The work has been put into competent hands, who could do it so well as Dr. Green. His office and connection with the Society so many years has enabled him to give us the history of one of the most useful of our Societies in the past, and up to the present hour, commenced at the suggestion of the Rev. Rowland Hill in the vestry of Surrey Chapel, May 8th, 1799, and confirmed the following morning at seven o'clock breakfast at St. Paul's Coffee House. We hope our readers will have the privilege of perusing these valuable pages.

Old Paths for a New Century, or Foundation Truths of the Church of God. In twenty-nine articles of faith. By a servant of Jesus Christ. W. S. Martin, 50, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus. This servant of Jesus Christ is a faithful witness for the Master and His Gospel. He is on the old lines. We have read it with quiet religious joy. We have heard of many new things, but after examination and years of testing we decide that the old is infinitely better than the new. The first twenty-two of these articles are worthy to be written in letters of gold. As we read we exclaim "ask for the good old way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your soul."

The Story of the Man Who fought the Giants The Children's Life of Luther. By W. Stanley Martin. Also *At the Sign of the Pelican*, a tale of the Reformation in France. By Brida Walker. Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row. In this age of open and veiled Romanism and Ritualism, Christian parents will be doing the right thing to place these two stirring books in the hands of their children. Published with illustrations at one shilling each.

Life Problems. By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster-buildings.

Mr. Morgan is a thoughtful writer and deals very tellingly with Life Problems. This shilling volume has six chapters—"Self Environment," "Heredity," "Spiritual Antagonism," "Influence and Destiny."

The Pilot's Warning and other Readings, being the *Herald of Mercy* annual. Morgan and Scott.

A pretty book, well illustrated, and containing good interesting matter for every home.

Religious Tract Society's Publications.—*Leisure Hour*, amongst other valu-

able contents, has one on "Betting," with many contributors; also a serial story, "The Alabaster Box," by Sir Walter Besant. The *Sunday at Home* has an article by G. Holden Pike, on "Every Day Jewish Life in London," also "Dawn of Light in Central Africa," illustrated by Albert B. Lloyd. The *Girl's Own Paper* has entered on its 21st year. The November number gives two fine coloured plates. The *Boy's Own Paper* for November is the first part of a new volume, and contains two coloured plates, and is altogether a charming number for our boys. *Friendly Greetings* will do good wherever circulated and read. Its coloured picture of "Nazareth" is very nice. Our two old friends the *Cottage and Artisan and Light in the Home* so different in style but always good. The *Child's Companion* enlarged series and *Our Little Dots* are incomparable—even the old folk like to have a look at them.

Great Thoughts. New volume commencing November. Cases for binding former volumes and also indexes may be had at a cheap rate, and will be impossible to open a part in volume without finding reading and literature which will help every one. *Helping Words*, among other worthy gems, has one by R. P. B. Power, M.A. On hand.

To hand the *Bible Society's Reporter*, and the *Gleanings*, the *London City Mission Magazine*, and *In His Name*, the magazine of the R.S.W. Shaftesbury Society. They have our sincere prayers. We call our readers' attention to the removal of offices of the Ragged School Union. The future will be at 32, John-street, Bedford-row. We have a deep interest in the London City Mission, and the work of the Shaftesbury Society. *God speed them*

We have only space for a word of appreciation of this month's *Baptist Magazine* and the *Sword and Trowel*.

THE
BAPTIST YEAR-BOOK
AND
ALMANACK FOR 1899.

CONSISTING OF
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METROPOLITAN CHAPEL DIRECTORY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF DECEASED MINISTERS, AND OTHER DENOMINATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE.

TOGETHER WITH
THE USUAL ALMANACK INFORMATION.

London :
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1. Sun. Speak unto the children of Israel, that they Go Forward. Exod. xiv. 15.

'Forward! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices join'd;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind.
 Forward, ever forward,
 Clad in armour bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.'

Forward!

From bondage to freedom. Rom. viii. 15.

2. M. Forward!

Overcoming difficulties. 1 John v. 4.

3. Tu. Forward!

Remembering past mercies. Ps. lxxix. 1.

4. W. Forward!

Watching for God's guidance. Ps. xxxii. 8.

5. T. Forward!

Assured of success. Exod. xiv. 14.

6. F. Forward!

Receiving continual help. Isa. xli. 10.

7. S. Forward!

Deliverance promised. Ps. l. 15.

8. Sun. Fear not, I am with thee, and will bless thee. Gen. xxvi. 24.

'Fear not that He will e'er forsake
 Or leave His work undone;
 He's faithful to His promises,
 And faithful to His Son.'

9. M. Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Isa. xli. 10.

If God be for us, who can be against us?
 Rom. viii. 31.

10. Tu. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God.

'Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear.'

11. W. I will strengthen thee.

I can do all things through Christ which
 strengtheneth me. Phil. iv. 13.

12. T. Yea, I will help thee.

Ebenezer: hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
 1 Sam. vii. 12.

13. F. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.

No man is able to pluck them out of My
 Father's hand. John x. 29.

14. S. Fear not, for I have redeemed thee.

I have called thee by thy name; thou art
 Mine. Isa. xliii. 1.

15. Sun. The Sabbath was made for man. Mark iv. 27.

'Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.'

16. M. Believe ye that I am ABLE to do this? Matt. ix. 28.

All things are possible to him that believeth.
 Mark ix. 23.

17. Tu. ABLE to succour them that are tempted. Heb. ii. 18.

Will not suffer you to be tempted above
 that ye are able. 1 Cor. x. 13.

18. W. ABLE to make you stand. Rom. xiv. 4.

'Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued.'

19. T. ABLE to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Jude 24.

Holy and unblameable and unreprouceable in
 His sight. Col. i. 22.

20. F. ABLE to make all grace abound toward you. 2 Cor. ix. 8.

All grace; always; all-sufficiency in all
 things.

21. S. ABLE to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Eph. iii. 20.

'My soul, ask what thou wilt:
 Thou canst not be denied.'

22. Sun. Unto Thee shall the vow be performed. Ps. lxxv. 1.

'Hail to the Sabbath-day,
 The day Divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven!'

23. M. Now are we the sons of God. 1 John iii. 2.

Christianity is not a theory, but a RELATIONSHIP.

24. Tu. Born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. John 1, 13.

SONS BY BIRTH.

25. W. Thou shalt call Me, My father, and shalt not turn away from Me. Jer. iii. 19.

SONS BY CONFESSION.

26. T. Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Rom. viii. 15.

SONS BY ADOPTION.

27. F. As many as received Him, to them gave He the right (marg.) to become the sons of God. John 1, 12.

SONS BY RECEPTION.

28. S. Come out . . . be ye separate, saith the Lord; . . . and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

SONS BY SEPARATION.

29. Sun. New things do I declare. Isa. xliii. 9.

'New time, new favour, and new joys,
 Do a new song require;
 Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.'

30. M. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. 2 Cor. v. 17.

REGENERATION.

31. Tu. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

LOVE.

February.

1. **W.** They shall speak with new tongues. Mark xvi. 17.

POWER.

2. **T.** He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Ps. xl. 3.

JOY.

3. **F.** As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby. 1 Pet. ii. 2.

NEW FOOD: THE SCRIPTURES.

4. **S.** I will write upon him My new name. Rev. iii. 12.

NEW PRIVILEGE.

5. **Sun.** The Lord's mercies are new every morning. Lam. iii. 23.

'New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.'

6. **M.** I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah. Heb. viii. 8.

NEW RELATIONSHIP. See verses 9, 10.

7. **Tu.** A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another. John xiii. 34.

NEW LAW OF LIFE.

8. **W.** Behold, I will do a new thing; . . . I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. Isa. xliii. 19.

A NEW WAY, and guidance therein; for Jehovah asks, Shall ye not know it?

9. **T.** Trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months . . . the fruit for meat; . . . the leaf . . . for medicine. Ezek. xlvii. 12.

NEW MEAT AND NEW MEDICINE.

10. **F.** And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. Rev. xxi. 1.

A NEW HOME.

11. **S.** Behold, I make all things new. Rev. xxi. 5.

Note.—The 'NEW SONG' occurs eight times oftener in Scripture than any other new thing concerning the 'new man,' as if to teach us that the Lord's people ought to be a singing people.

12. **Sun.** The King is near of kin to us. 2 Sam. xiv. 42.

'So near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves His son,
Such is His love for me.'

13. **M.** OUR FATHER, which art in Heaven. Matt. vi. 9.

My Father, and your Father. John xx. 17.
Like as a Father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Ps. ciii. 13.

14. **Tu.** The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are THE CHILDREN OF GOD. Rom. viii. 16.

Beloved, now are we the SONS OF GOD. 1 John iii. 1.

15. **W.** A BROTHER is born for adversity. Prov. xvii. 17.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a BROTHER. xviii. 24.

16. **T.** He is not ashamed to call them BRETHREN. Heb. ii. 11.

Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My BROTHER, and SISTER and mother. Matt. xii. 50.

17. **F.** The King shall be his FRIEND. Prov. xxii. 11.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his FRIENDS. . . . I have called you FRIENDS. John xv. 13-15.

18. **S.** Thy Maker is thy HUSBAND, the Lord of Hosts is His name. Isa. liv. 5.

His WIFE hath made herself ready. Rev. xix. 7.

19. **Sun.** We are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand. Ps. xc. 7.

Lost. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way. Isa. liiii. 6.

'Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.'

20. **M.** Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I, even I, will both search My sheep and seek them out. Ezek. xxxiv. 11.

FOUND. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness. Deut. xxxii. 10.

21. **Tu.** When He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing. Luke xv. 5.

REJOICED OVER. He will rejoice over thee with joy . . . with singing. Zeph. iii. 17.

22. **W.** Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

MARKED. I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Gal. vi. 17.

23. **T.** I will feed My flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. Ezek. xxxiv. 15.

CARED FOR. He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd. Isa. xl. 11.

I shall not want. Ps. xxiii. 1.

24. **F.** Thou leddest Thy people like a flock. Ps. lxxvii. 20.

GUIDED. He made His own people to go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock. Ps. lxxviii. 52.

25. **S.** And afterward receive me to glory. Ps. lxxiii. 24.

SAFELY FOLDED. He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them. Rev. vii. 15 (R.V.).

26. **Sun.** This is the day the Lord hath made. Ps. cxviii. 24.

'Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above
To nations yet unborn.'

27. **M.** Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. xvi. 7.

What we seem to be is of infinitely less importance than what we really are.

28. **Tu.** At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you. John xv. 20.

'Ye in Me': PEACE. See Rom. viii. 1.
'I in you': POWER. See Phil. iv. 13.

1. W. Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works. Jas. ii. 18.

'Workless faith God never regards;
 Faithless work God never rewards.'

2. T. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Phil. iv. 6, 7.

3. F. Three conditions for the peace of God (Phil. iv. 6, 7):

Carefulness for nothing;
 Prayerfulness for everything;
 Thankfulness for anything.

4. S. If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John viii. 36.

Freed from the condemning power of the law (Rom. vii. 6); from the dominion of sin (Rom. vi. 14); and from the conquering power of death (1 Cor. xv. 57).

5. Sun. We would see Jesus. John xii. 21.

'We would see Jesus, when earnestly pleading
 With sinners, His message of grace to receive;
 Would point to the Lamb, ever tenderly leading
 The sin-laden soul to the rest he is needing,
 And given to those who believe.'

6. M. When Simon Peter saw it [the miraculous draught of fishes], he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord. Luke v. 8.

A sight of Jesus gives Conviction of sin.

7. Tu. Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else. Isa. xlv. 22.

A sight of Jesus gives Salvation.

8. W. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. John xx. 20.

A sight of Jesus gives Joy.

9. T. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. John i. 29.

A sight of Jesus gives Power for testimony.

10. F. And he [the blind man] looked up, and said, I see men as trees walking. After that Jesus put His hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up; and he was restored, and saw every man clearly. Mark viii. 24, 25.

A sight of Jesus gives Clearer vision.

11. S. They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day. John i. 39.

A sight of Jesus gives a Desire to abide with Him.

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

'Blessed are the eyes that see Him;
 Blessed the ears that hear His voice;
 Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
 And in Him alone rejoice.'

13. M. Blessed be God . . . who hath blessed us. Eph. i. 3.

In this chapter we find a list of 'all spiritual blessings' bestowed upon us.

14. Tu. Chosen in Him. Verse 4.
 See also 2 Thess. ii. 13.

15. W. Predestinated unto the adoption of children. Verse 5.
 Rom. viii. 15, 29.

16. T. Accepted in the Beloved. Verse 6.
 Ezek. xlvi. 27.

17. F. Have redemption through His blood. Verse 7.

Titus ii. 14; 1 Pet. i. 18; Rev. v. 9.

18. S. Forgiveness of sins. Verse 7.
 1 John i. 9; Isa. xxxiii. 24; Col. i. 14.

19. Sun. He has made known to us the mystery of His will. Verse 9.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our daily life a psalm
 Of glory to Thy name.'

20. M. We have obtained an inheritance. Verse 11.

1 Pet. i. 4; Acts xx. 32.

21. Tu. We are sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise. Verse 13.

2 Cor. i. 22; Eph. iv. 30.

22. W. Having such blessings, what fulness is there in Paul's prayer! Verses 16-19.

23. T. This God is our God for ever and ever. Ps. xlviii. 14.

All-powerful, All-wise, and Eternal.

24. F. This God is our God:
 The God of Peace. Phil. iv. 9.

25. S. This God is our God:
 The God of Patience. Rom. xv. 5.

26. Sun. This God is our God:
 The God of Love. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

'This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as large as His power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.'

27. M. This God is our God:
 The God of Consolation. Rom. xv. 5.

28. Tu. This God is our God:
 The God of all Comfort. 2 Cor. i. 3.

29. W. This God is our God:
 The God of Hope. Rom. xv. 13.

30. T. This God is our God:
 The God of all Grace. 1 Pet. v. 10.

31. F. This God is our God:
 The God of glory. Acts vii. 12.
 He will be our Guide even unto death.
 Psa. xlviii. 14.

'We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come.'

1. S. Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins. Matt. i. 21.

'Though some should sneer, and some should blame,
 I'll go with all my guilt and shame;
 I'll go to Him, because His name
 Is JESUS.'

2. Sun. The Lord is my Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.
 Isa. xl. 11; John x. 11-14.

'The Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside?'

3. M. I shall not want.
 Ps. lxxxiv. 11; xxxiv. 22; xxxvii. 18, 19.

4. Tu. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures (margin, 'pastures of tender grass').
 The best: 'tender grass'; and enough to satisfy: 'maketh me to lie down.'

5. W. He leadeth me beside the still waters (margin, 'waters of quietness').
 Both rest and refreshment He provides.

6. T. He restoreth my soul.
 Ruth iv. 15; Isa. lviii. 12.

7. F. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.
 Isa. xlviii. 17; John x. 3.

8. S. For His Name's sake.
 1 Sam. xii. 22; Ps. cvi. 8.

9. Sun. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

'When darkness comes, and death is near,
 I feel my Shepherd's rod;
 And so I quite forget my fear,
 And lean upon my God.'

10. M. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
 Note the beautifully graceful and suggestive transition from the third person to the second. No longer 'He' and 'His,' but 'Thou' and 'Thy.'

11. Tu. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.
 Ps. lxxviii. 25-28.

12. W. Thou anointest my head with oil.
 Ps. xlv. 7; lxxxix. 20; xcii. 10.

13. T. My cup runneth over.
 Ps. xxxi. 19; xxxiv. 8; ciii. 1-5.

14. F. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.
 Ps. c. 5; ciii. 17; cviii. 1.

15. S. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.
 Ps. xxvii. 4; lxxxiv. 10.

16. Sun. CHRIST OUR LIFE. Col. iii. 4.
 Note.—These are nouns in apposition, *who* is being inserted by the translators.
 He is the SOURCE of our life. Eph. ii. 1.

'Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Wilt now receive me as I am!
 My sinful self to Thee I give;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.'

17. M. Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. Gal. ii. 20.

He is the SUBSTANCE of our life.

18. Tu. I am the Living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever. John vi. 51.

He is the SUSTENANCE of our life.

19. W. He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Heb. xiii. 5.

He is the SOLACE of our life.

20. T. For to me to live is Christ. Phil. i. 13.
 He is the OBJECT of our life.

21. F. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. ii. 5.

He is the EXEMPLAR of our life.

22. S. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. Col. iii. 4.

He is the CROWN of our life.

23. Sun. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it. Gen. ii. 3.

'This is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours His own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.'

24. M. God . . . hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace. 2 Thess. ii. 16.

The hope of the Gospel is a GOOD hope.

25. Tu. Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Tit. ii. 13.

The hope of the Gospel is a BLESSED hope.

26. W. Whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end. Heb. iii. 6.

The hope of the Gospel is a JOYFUL hope.

27. T. By two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Heb. vi. 18.

The hope of the Gospel is a SURE hope.

28. F. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. 1 Pet. i. 3.

The hope of the Gospel is a LIVING hope.

29. S. For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? Rom. viii. 24.

The hope of the Gospel is a SAVING hope.

30. Sun. Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure. 1 John iii. 3.

The hope of the Gospel is a PURIFYING hope.

'A hope so much Divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.'

1. M. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. 2 Cor. iv. 16.

DAILY LIVING.

2. Tu. I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. 1 Cor. xv. 31.

DAILY DYING (SELF).

3. W. Give us this day our daily bread. Matt. vi. 11.

DAILY FOOD.

4. T. He did eat bread continually before him (the King) all the days of his life. 2 Kings xxv. 30.

DAILY ALLOWANCE FROM THE KING.

5. F. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day. Isa. xxvii. 3.

DAILY PRESERVATION.

6. S. It was the king's commandment concerning them (the sons of Asaph), that a certain portion should be for the singers, due for every day. Neh. xi. 23.

DAILY PORTION.

7. Sun. The king appointed them a daily provision. Dan. i. 5.

'Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest
In pastures large and fair;
But better is the weekly feast
Provided by Thy care.'

8. M. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits. Ps. lxxviii. 19.

DAILY BENEFITS.

9. Tu. Prayer also shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall He be praised. Ps. lxxii. 15.

DAILY PRAISE.

10. W. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates. Prov. viii. 34.

DAILY WATCHING.

11. T. These (the Bereans) were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so. Acts xvii. 11.

DAILY SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

12. F. If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me. Luke ix. 23.

DAILY CROSS-BEARING.

13. S. So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows. Ps. lxi. 8.

DAILY VOWS.

14. Sun. And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ. Acts v. 42.

DAILY TESTIMONY.

'So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our words and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all Divine.'

15. M. Exhort one another daily, while it is called To-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Heb. iii. 13.

DAILY EXHORTATION.

16. Tu. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart. Acts ii. 46.

DAILY UNITY.

17. W. Night and day praying exceedingly that we might see your face, and might perfect that which is lacking in your faith. 1 Thess. iii. 10.

DAILY PRAYING.

18. T. And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved. Acts. ii. 47.

DAILY INCREASE.

19. F. So he (David) left there before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, Asaph and his brethren, to minister before the ark continually, as every day's work required. 1 Chron. xvi. 37.

DAILY DUTY.

20. S. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever. Ps. cxlv. 2.

DAILY PSALM.

21. Sun. Without FAITH it is impossible to please God. Heb. xi. 6.

'Faith, 'tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.'

22. M. By FAITH we are justified.
A man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law. Rom. iii. 28.

23. Tu. By FAITH we are made the children of God.

For we are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 26.

24. W. By FAITH we live.
The just shall live by faith. Rom. i. 17.

25. T. By FAITH we stand.
Not for that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy; for by faith ye stand. 2 Cor. i. 24.

26. F. By FAITH we walk.
For we walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. v. 7.

27. S. By FAITH we fight.
Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. vi. 12.

28. Sun. By FAITH we overcome.
This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. 1 John v. 4.

'Faith is the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.'

29. M. By FAITH we are sanctified.
That they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me. Acts xxvi. 18.

30. Tu. By FAITH we have access into the grace of God.

We have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Rom. v. 2.

31. W. By FAITH the heart is purified.
And God . . . put no difference between us (Peter and other Apostles) and them (the Gentiles), purifying their hearts by faith.

THE GOSPEL OF YOUR SALVATION. Eph. i. 13.

1. **T**HE only true God. John xvii. 3.
HE God of all grace. 1 Pet. v. 10.
HE only wise God our Saviour. Jude 25.
O! every one that thirsteth, come. Isa. lv. 1.
HEAR, and your soul shall live. Isa. lv. 3.
HAVE faith in God. Mark xi. 22.
3. **E**XCEPT a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. John iii. 3.
VERY good gift is from above. Jas. i. 17.
VEN Eternal Life. 1 John ii. 25.
4. **G**OD is LOVE. 1 John iv. 16.
GOD . . . is rich in mercy. Eph. ii. 4.
GOD . . . hath reconciled us to Himself. 2 Cor. v. 18.
5. **O**NE thing is needful. Luke x. 42.
OBTAIN salvation. 1 Thess. v. 9.
ONLY believe. Mark v. 36.
6. **S**ALVATION is of the Lord. Jonah ii. 9.
SALVATION which is in Christ Jesus. 2 Tim. ii. 10.
SURELY His salvation is nigh them that fear Him. Psa. lxxxv. 9.
7. **P**RACE through the blood of His cross. Col. 1. 20.
PRACE with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. v. 1.
PERFECTED for ever. Heb. x. 14.
8. **E**TERNAL Redemption. Heb. ix. 12.
EXCEEDING great and precious promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.
ETERNAL glory. 2 Tim. ii. 10.
9. **F**ORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. Luke v. 12.
LOOK unto Me and be ye saved. Isa. xiv. 22.
LORD, I believe. John ix. 38.
10. **O**UGHT not Christ to have suffered? Luke xxiv. 26.
ONCE suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust. 1 Pet. iii. 18.
PREFERRED Himself without spot to God. Heb. ix. 14.
11. **F**ULL of grace and truth. John i. 14.
FREELY ye have received, freely give. Matt. x. 8.
FOLLOW thou Me. John xxi. 22.
12. **Y**OU hath He quickened. Eph. ii. 1.
OUR life is hid with Christ in God. Col. iii. 3.
YIELD yourselves unto God. Rom. vi. 13.
13. **O**LD things are passed away. 2 Cor. v. 17.
OPEN Thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise. Ps. ii. 15.
H, how great is Thy goodness! Ps. xxxi. 19.
14. **U**NTO them that look for Him shall He appear. Heb. ix. 28.
UNTO you therefore which believe He is precious. 1 Pet. ii. 7.
UNSEARCHABLE riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.
15. **R**EDEEMED with the precious blood of Christ. 1 Pet. i. 19.
RESIST the devil, and he will flee from you. Jas. iv. 7.

16. **S**IN shall not have dominion over you. Rom. vi. 14.
SEARCH the Scriptures. John v. 39.
HE that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. Heb. xii. 25.
17. **A**CCEPTED in the Beloved. Eph. i. 6.
ALTOGETHER lovely. Cant. v. 16.
ASK, and ye shall receive. John xvi. 24.
18. **L**ET your light so shine before men. Matt. v. 16.
LOOKING unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2.
LET no man beguile you of your reward. Col. ii. 18.
19. **V**AIN is the help of man. Ps. lx. 11.
VICTORY through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.
VESSELS of mercy. Rom. ix. 23.
20. **A**CCORDING to His mercy He saved us. Tit. iii. 5.
ABRAHAM believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Rom. iv. 3.
ACCORDING to your faith be it unto you. Matt. iv. 29.
21. **W**HUS saith the Lord. Exod. iv. 22.
WHY sins are forgiven. Luke vii. 48.
WHY faith hath saved thee: go in peace. Luke vii. 50.
22. **I**F Christ be not raised, ye are yet in your sins. 1 Cor. xv. 17.
IKNOW that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.
IKNOW whom I have believed. 2 Tim. i. 12.
23. **F**O H, taste and see that the Lord is good. Ps. xxxiv. 8.
FO H, magnify the Lord with me. Ps. xxxiv. 8.
OCUPY till I come. Luke xix. 13.
24. **S**O weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. Isa. liv. 17.
SEITHER shall any man pluck them out of My hand. John x. 28.
SOW, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. Jude 24, 25.
25. **Sun.** Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. Rev. xxii. 17.
Our warrant for coming to Christ.
We are permitted to come.
26. **M.** Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28.
We are invited to come.
27. **Tu.** Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. 2 Cor. v. 20.
We are entreated to come.
28. **W.** This is His commandment that we should believe on the name of His Son, Jesus Christ. 1 John iii. 23.
We are commanded to come.
29. **T.** God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16.
We are assured of salvation if we come.
30. **F.** He that believeth not shall be damned. John iii. 18.
The sinner who does not come will be lost for

1. S. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. Ps. cxxv. 1.

Trust, therefore, in the Lord *always, altogether, and for all things.*

2. Sun. The glorious GOSPEL of the blessed God, 1 Tim. i. 11.

It proclaims: *Pardon for the guilty.* Acts xxvi. 18.

'Here's pardon for transgressions past:
 It matters not how black their cast;
 And, oh, my soul! with wonder view—
 For sins to come here's pardon too.'

3. M. And came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh. Eph. ii. 17.

Peace for the troubled one.

4. Tu. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. Rom. v. 6. *Strength for the strengthless.*

5. W. (God hath) put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Acts xv. 9.

Purity for the defiled.

6. T. A certain man made a great supper and bade many. Luke xiv. 16, 23.

Plenty for the needy.

7. F. Be careful for nothing. . . . I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. Phil. iv. 6-11.

Pleasure for the dissatisfied.

8. S. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Gal. v. 22, 23.

Productiveness of the Spirit.

9. Sun. I sat down under HIS SHADOW with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste. Cant. ii. 8.

'The King Himself comes near,
 And feasts His saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.'

10. M. Hide me under the SHADOW of Thy wings. Ps. xvii. 8.

THE PLACE OF PROTECTION.

11. Tu. The children of men put their trust under the SHADOW of Thy wings. Ps. xxxvi. 7.

THE PLACE OF CONFIDENCE.

12. W. In the SHADOW of Thy wings will I make my refuge. Ps. lvii. 1.

THE PLACE OF REFUGE.

13. T. In the SHADOW of Thy wings will I rejoice. Ps. lxxiii. 7.

THE PLACE OF REJOICING.

14. F. The SHADOW of the Almighty. Ps. cxi. 1.

THE PLACE OF POWER.

15. S. A SHADOW in the daytime from the heat. Isa. iv. 6.

THE PLACE OF SHELTER.

16. Sun. THE SHADOW of a great rock in a weary land. Isa. xxxii. 2.

THE PLACE OF REST.

'Under Thy shadow, what joy to rest!
 Under Thy shadow when toil opprest;
 Under Thy shadow, supremely blest,
 O Rock in a weary land!'

17. M. In the SHADOW of His hand hath He hid us. Isa. xlix. 2.

THE PLACE OF SECURITY.

18. Tu. I have covered thee in the SHADOW of Mine hand. Isa. li. 16.

THE PLACE OF COVERING.

19. W. And . . . Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word. Luke x. 39.

THE PLACE FOR TEACHING.

20. T. 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. 32.

THE PLACE FOR COMFORT.

21. F. And one of them (the lepers) fell down on His face at HIS FEET, giving Him thanks. Luke xvii. 16.

THE PLACE FOR WORSHIP.

22. S. 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. Matt. xv. 30.

THE PLACE FOR HEALING.

23. Sun. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His FEET behind Him, weeping . . . and anointed them with the ointment. Luke vii. 37, 38.

THE PLACE FOR PARDON.

'At His feet, oh, blessed spot!
 His love it changeth not;
 And I sit me down and rest
 At the feet of Jesus.'

24. M. A certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of Jesus, and came and fell at His FEET. Mark vii. 25.

THE PLACE FOR CLEANSING.

25. Tu. Then they went out to see what was done, and came to Jesus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at THE FEET of JESUS, clothed, and in His right mind. Luke viii. 35.

THE PLACE FOR REST.

26. W. I will make the place of my feet glorious. Isa. lx. 13.

At His feet is the place of blessing,
 Under His feet the place of judgment.
 1 Cor. xv. 25.

27. T. And Jesus spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Luke xviii. 1.

Prayer, the unfailing resort—'always.'

28. F. Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. Phil. iv. 6.

Pray over 'everything.'

29. S. I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men. 1 Tim. ii. 1.

Pray for 'all men.' Make no exception.

30. Sun. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Ps. cxxvi. 5.

'Now, the sowing and the weeping,
 Working hard, and waiting long;
 Afterward, the golden reaping,
 Harvest-home and grateful song.'

31. M. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Ps. cxxvi. 6.

Precious promise! He who 'GOETH FORTH' returns; he who WEPED NOW rejoices; he went forth with SEED: he returns with SHEAVES.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTINGS.
 1st d. 18th d. 25th d. 2nd d. 14th d. 26th d.
 4.25 4.43 5.4 7.46 7.23 6.58

August.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 N.M., 7th d., 11.48 m. F.Q., 14th d., 11.54 m.
 F.M., 21st d., 4.45 m. L.Q., 28th d., 11.57 a.

1. Tu. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease. Gen. viii. 22.

'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear' these messages from the harvest-field.
 Harvest-time proclaims GOD'S FAITHFULNESS.

2. W. Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; . . . the valleys are covered over with corn. Ps. lxxv. 11-13.

Harvest-time tells of GOD'S GOODNESS.

3. T. They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest. Isa. lx. 3.

Harvest-time is a TIME OF JOY.

4. F. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into My barn. Matt. xiii. 20.

Harvest-time is a TESTING TIME.

5. S. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. vi. 7.

In kind, quality, and quantity, we reap AS WE SOW.

Jacob sowed deceit, and reaped deceit. His sons sold Joseph into bondage, and they and theirs became slaves for 400 years.

6. Sun. The harvest truly is plentiful, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest. Matt. ix. 37, 38.

Harvest-time is a time FOR PRAYER AND WORK.

'As labourers in Thy vineyard,
 Send us out, Christ, to be
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee.'

7. M. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. Jer. viii. 20.

Harvest-time speaks loudly to THE UNSAVED.

8. Tu. We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Heb. iv. 15.

HIS HEART sympathizes.

9. W. My son, give Me thine heart. Prov. xxiii. 26.

OUR HEART yielded.

10. T. Mine arm also shall strengthen him. Ps. lxxxix. 21.

HIS ARM strengthening.

11. F. Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved? Cant. viii. 5.

OUR ARM leaning.

12. S. His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me. Cant. ii. 6.

HIS HANDS encircling.

13. Sun. Son, go work to-day in My vineyard. Matt. xxi. 28.

OUR HANDS toiling.

'Work, for the night is coming;
 Work, through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labour;
 Rest comes sure and soon.'

14. M. I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with Mine eye. Ps. xxxii. 8.

HIS EYE guiding.

15. Tu. Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith. Heb. xii. 2.

OUR EYE looking.

16. W. I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with Me. Isa. lxiii. 3.

HIS FEET trampling.

17. T. Jesus said, Follow Me. Matt. viii. 22.

OUR FEET following.

18. F. He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. 1 John ii. 2.

HIS LIPS pleading.

19. S. Let me hear Thy voice; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely. Cant. ii. 14.

OUR LIPS also pleading.

20. Sun. Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him. Mal. iii. 16.

'I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
 Yet art Thou oft with me;
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
 As where I meet with Thee.'

21. M. Take unto you the whole armour of God . . . having your loins girt about with truth. Eph. vi. 14.

GIRDLE of Truth. 2 Cor. xiii. 8.

22. Tu. And having on the breastplate of righteousness. Eph. vi. 14.

BREASTPLATE. Phil. iii. 9.

23. W. And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. Eph. vi. 15.

SANDALS. Isa. lvi. 7.

24. T. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. Eph. vi. 16.

SHIELD. 1 John v. 4.

25. F. And take the helmet of salvation. Eph. vi. 17.

HELMET. Ps. xxvii. 1.

26. S. And the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Eph. vi. 17.

SWORD. Heb. iv. 12.

27. Sun. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit. Eph. vi. 18.

'Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.'

28. M. He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. God shall send forth His mercy and His truth. Ps. lvii. 3.

All contingencies provided for: 'HE SHALL SEND.'

29. Tu. Bow Thy heavens, O Lord, and come down. Ps. cxliv. 5.

The highest sources available: He shall send 'FROM HEAVEN.'

30. W. Be merciful unto me, O God; for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me. Mine enemies would daily swallow me up, for they be many that fight against me, O Thou most High. Ps. lvi. 1, 2.

The worst foes will be eventually overcome.

31. T. O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him. Ps. lxi. 7.

Victory by the holiest means. God shall send forth 'HIS MERCY AND HIS TRUTH.'

1. F. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. ii. 5.

The aim and ideal of the Christian is to be like Christ.

2. S. After that [the supper] He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. John xiii. 5.

HUMBLE.

3. Sun. And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when the evening was come, He was there alone. Matt. xiv. 23.

PRAYERFUL.

'Gold mountains and the midnight air
 Without the fervour of Thy prayer;
 The desert Thy temptation knew,
 Thy conflict and Thy victory too.'

4. M. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men. Matt. xxiii. 13.

COURAGEOUS.

5. Tu. Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes, and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed Him. Matt. xx. 34.

COMPASSIONATE.

6. W. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Luke xxiii. 34.

FORGIVING SPIRIT.

7. T. And Jesus took the children up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. Mark x. 16.

FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.

8. F. He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. 1 John ii. 2.

LOVE FOR ALL MEN.

9. S. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am MEEK and LOWLY IN HEART. Matt. xi. 29.

10. Sun. Christ is all and in all. Col. iii. 11.

'Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art—
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In war my peace, in loss my gain;
 My joy beneath the worldling's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.'

11. M. And Jesus said, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger. John vi. 35.

BREAD OF LIFE.

12. Tu. He that believeth on Me shall never thirst. John vi. 35.

WATER OF LIFE.

13. W. For with Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light. Ps. xxxiii. 9.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

14. T. I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John viii. 12.

LIGHT OF LIFE.

15. F. I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. John xiv. 6.

WAY OF LIFE.

16. S. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. John i. 1, 14.

WORD OF LIFE.

17. Sun. The Prince of Life, whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses. Acts iii. 15.

'To-day He rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints His triumph spread,
 And all His wonders tell.'

18. M. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Isa. liii. 3.

19. Tu. And they all forsook Him and fled. Mark xiv. 50.

Have we ever done so?

20. W. Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus to put Him to death, but found none. Matt. xxvi. 59, 60.

So, in all centuries since, men have sought evidence against the Saviour, but have failed.

21. T. At the last came two false witnesses, and said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days. Matt. xxvi. 60, 61.

Fraudulent adulteration is 'false witness.'

22. F. And the High Priest arose, and said unto Him, Answerest Thou nothing? What is it which these witness against Thee? But Jesus held His peace. Matt. xxvi. 62, 63.

His life and doctrine a sufficient reply.

23. S. Pilate therefore saith unto Him, Art Thou a King, then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. John xviii. 37.

When our word is challenged, we may be silent; but when God's Word is assailed, be bold to speak.

24. Sun. JUDAS ATTESTED HIS INNOCENCE, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. Matt. xxvii. 4.

'But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood;
 While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
 And did resist to blood.'

25. M. PILATE ATTESTED HIS INNOCENCE: I find no fault in this Man. Luke xxiii. 4.

26. Tu. PILATE'S WIFE ATTESTED HIS INNOCENCE: Have thou nothing to do with that just Man. Matt. xxvii. 19.

27. W. HEROD ATTESTED HIS INNOCENCE: Behold I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this Man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him. Luke xxiii. 14.

28. T. THE DYING THIEF ATTESTED HIS INNOCENCE: This Man hath done nothing amiss. Luke xxiii. 41.

29. F. THE CENTURION ATTESTED HIS INNOCENCE: Certainly this was a righteous Man. Luke xxiii. 47.

30. S. Yet ALL CONDEMNED HIM to be guilty of death. Mark xiv. 64.

He suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

1. **Sun.** Blessed is the man . . . that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil. Isa. lvi. 2.

'In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

2. **M.** Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbour as thyself. Luke x. 27.

Here we have the Ten Commandments summarized.

3. **Tu.** Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Exod. xx. 3.

Supreme love to God precludes 'other gods.'

4. **W.** Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Exod. xx. iv.

Love resents every attempt to represent its object in bird, beast, or serpent.

5. **T.** Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Exod. xx. 7.

Love never thus dishonours God.

6. **F.** Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Exod. xx. 8.

Love makes us reverence the 'Lord's Day.'

7. **S.** Honour thy father and thy mother. Exod. xx. 12.

Love makes home happy.

8. **Sun.** Thou shalt not kill. Exod. xx. 13.

Love can never kill.

'Love is the sweetest bait that blows;
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.'

9. **M.** Thou shalt not commit adultery. Exod. xx. 14.

Lust, not love, breaks this commandment.

10. **Tu.** Thou shalt not steal. Exod. xx. 15.

Love will give, but never steal.

11. **W.** Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. Exod. xx. 16.

Love silences the voice of slander.

12. **T.** Thou shalt not covet. Exod. xx. 17.

Love has no covetous eyes for his neighbour's possessions.

13. **F.** And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go towards the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza, which is desert. Acts viii. 26.

There may be good work for us in unlikely places.

14. **S.** Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near and join thyself to this chariot. Acts viii. 29.

The soul-winner has inward direction, and follows it.

15. **Sun.** And Philip ran thither to him [the Ethiopian]. Acts viii. 30.

Castle goes when Christ comes.

'Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.'

16. **M.** Understandest thou what thou readeest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. Acts viii. 30, 31.

Mysteries are revealed to the meek in spirit.

17. **Tu.** And the eunuch . . . said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this, of himself, or of some other man? Acts viii. 34.

Better confess ignorance in humility, than conceal it through pride.

18. **W.** Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scripture. Acts viii. 35.

All may not proclaim Christ to thousands, but each may speak to one hungry soul in the desert.

19. **T.** And preached unto him Jesus. Acts viii. 35.

Jesus is the beginning and end of all true preaching.

20. **F.** And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing. Acts viii. 39.

Time and space are nothing to God.

21. **S.** And Philip was found at Azotus; and passing through, he preached in all the cities till he came to Caesarea. Acts viii. 40.

The true preacher says with Wesley, 'The world is my parish,' be it desert or city.

22. **Sun.** A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

'Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
Sweet day of joy and praise!'

23. **M.** And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran [Haran signifies *Called*]. Gen. xxviii. 10.

From our greatest trials spring our choicest blessings.

24. **Tu.** And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night. . . . And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. Gen. xxviii. 11, 12.

Wherever we are, we may keep open intercourse with Heaven.

25. **W.** And behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. Gen. xxviii. 12.

If the angels come down with mercies, we should send them back with praises.

26. **T.** And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, . . . in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. Gen. xxviii. 13, 14.

God is the source of all blessings.

27. **F.** And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. Gen. xxviii. 15.

They are safe whom God protects, whoever pursues them.

28. **S.** And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. Gen. xxviii. 16.

When God reveals His special presence, we ought to meet Him with humble reverence.

29. **Sun.** This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. Gen. xxviii. 17.

'Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.'

30. **M.** By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. Heb. xi. 8.

Abraham was called to leave his people.

31. **Tu.** By faith Moses . . . refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. Heb. xi. 24, 25.

Moses was called to join his people.

1. **W.** A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. Luke xv. 11, 12.

Wanted his own way instead of his father's.

2. **T.** And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country. Luke xv. 13.

Heart gone, he follows.

3. **F.** And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. Luke xv. 14.

Got all the world could give, and found himself in want.

4. **S.** And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. Luke xv. 15.

Exchanged service of his father for the enemy.

5. **Sun.** And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! Luke xv. 17.

'O prodigal brother, come home!
 Why longer in wretchedness roam?
 You are lonely and lost,
 You are driven and tost:
 O prodigal brother, come home!

6. **M.** I will arise and go to my father. Luke xv. 18.

He had to come to himself before he came to the father.

7. **Tu.** Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee. Luke xv. 18.

His will took him away, his want brought him back.

8. **W.** And am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. Luke xv. 19.

Went out an heir, glad to return a beggar.

9. **T.** But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him. Verse 20.

EYES OF MERCY.

10. **F.** And had compassion.

BOWELS OF MERCY.

11. **S.** And ran.

FEET OF MERCY.

12. **Sun.** And fell on his neck.

ARMS OF MERCY.

'His father saw him coming back;
 He saw, he ran, he smiled;
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child!

13. **M.** And kissed him.

LIPS OF MERCY.

14. **Tu.** And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned. Verse 21.

KISS FIRST, CONFESSION NEXT.

15. **W.** But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. Verse 22.

DEEDS OF MERCY.

16. **T.** For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. Verse 24.

WORDS OF MERCY.

All mercy! God 'delighteth in mercy.'

17. **F.** I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Acts xxvii. 25.

Faith 'laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It shall be done!'

18. **S.** Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved. Verse 31.

God's way must be our way.

19. **Sun.** Be of good cheer, for I believe God. Verse 25.

Good cheer can only come from a good man.

'When amid the gloom of night
 Storms arise and perils fright,
 Let Thy voice our hearts delight;
 Gracious Saviour, hear.'

20. **M.** He took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Verse 35.

Example is the most effective preaching.

21. **Tu.** And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder-bands, and hoised up the mainsail to the wind, and made toward shore. Verse 40.

No promise of God is an excuse for lack of effort on our part.

22. **W.** And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners. . . . But the Centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose. Verses 42, 43.

Perils bring out our meanness or our nobleness of character.

23. **T.** Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. Verse 44.

The wreck of temporal things may become the very means of our salvation.

24. **F.** And so it came to pass. Verse 44.

God fulfils all His promises to the letter.

25. **S.** They escaped all safe to land. Verse 44.

Happy they who reach heaven, though they lose all in the attempt.

26. **Sun.** The rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord. Exod. xvi. 23.

'Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to weary minds;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.'

27. **M.** Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church. . . . and because he saw it pleased the Jews. Acts xii. 1, 3.

Bad men care more to please men than God.

28. **Tu.** He proceeded further to take Peter also. Verse 3.

Those who seek to please men are an easy prey to Satan.

29. **W.** Peter therefore was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him. Verse 5.

The nearest way to all success is by the Throne.

30. **T.** And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains. Verse 6.

God sets a limit to the wickedness of men.

1. **F.** And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison. Verse 7. There is no difficulty that God cannot meet.

2. **S.** And he smote Petar on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. Verse 7.

God holds all forces and all beings under His control.

3. **Sun.** And the angel said unto him . . . Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. Verse 8.

'Come, follow on! for the morning is breaking,
 Come where thy brethren are pleading for thee;
 Prison and danger and fetters forsaking;
 O sing thou praise! for the Lord sets thee free!'

4. **M.** And he went out and followed him. Verse 9.

When the angel of the Lord comes to deliver, follow him.

5. **Tu.** When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate . . . which opened unto them of his own accord . . . and forthwith the angel departed from him. Verse 10.

Extraordinary dealings continue no longer than necessary.

6. **W.** Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod. Verse 11.

Man's extremity, God's opportunity.

7. **T.** He came to the house of Mary . . . where many were gathered together praying. Verse 12.

If there be a knot you cannot untie, cut it with prayer.

8. **F.** And when she [Rhoda] knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. . . . It is his angel. Verse 14, 15.

Marvel at the way God answers prayer, but never at the fact.

9. **S.** And he departed, and went into another place. Verse 17.

That God gives marvellous deliverance is no reason why we should not exercise prudence.

10. **Sun.** And Jesus spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint. Luke xviii. 1.

'Pray on, and grow not weary,
 Though dawning may delay;
 Though night seem long and dreary,
 Expect the coming day.'

11. **M.** And He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others. Luke xviii. 9.

Those who know themselves never despise others.

12. **Tu.** The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are. Luke xviii. 11.

A prayer without penitence is a bird without wings.

13. **W.** Extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. Verse 11.

Go to the temple to pray, not to pass judgment.

14. **T.** I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. Verse 12.

By all means give a tenth, but don't brag about it.

15. **F.** And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. Verse 13.

Better reckon sins than recount supposed virtues.

16. **S.** I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other. Verse 14.

You can see God as a Saviour when you see yourself as a sinner.

17. **Sun.** For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Verse 14.

If we justify ourselves [verse 9], God condemns us.

'Goodness I have none to plead;
 Sinfulness in all I see;
 I can only bring my need:
 "God be merciful to me!"'

18. **M.** Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein. Verse 17.

He who exalts himself is not worthy to be exalted.

19. **Tu.** Ask, and it shall be given you. Luke xi. 9.

Ask—Boldly, Largely, Intelligently, Submissively.

20. **W.** Seek, and ye shall find. Verse 9.

Seek—Diligently, Persistently, Personally, Humbly.

21. **T.** Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Verse 9.

Knock—Patiently, Earnestly, Expectantly.

22. **F.** And Mary brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger. Luke ii. 7.

The world's first gift to Jesus was a manger: its last a cross.

23. **S.** There was no room for them in the inn. Verse 7.

When ambitious for a high place, remember the Master's cradle.

24. **Sun.** And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. Verse 8.

'Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant light.'

25. **M.** Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Luke ii. 10.

Gladness is the keynote of the Gospel.

26. **Tu.** For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Verse 11.

The coming of Christ is the greatest event in history.

27. **W.** And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God. Verse 13.

Those who proclaim Jesus rank with the angels of God.

28. **T.** Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. Verse 14.

God can get no higher glory than comes to Him through the work of Christ.

29. **F.** The unsearchable riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.

The riches of His GOODNESS. Rom. ii. 4.

30. **S.** We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. Eph. i. 7.

The riches of His GRACE 'unsearchable.'

31. **Sun.** That He would grant you according to the riches of His glory. Eph. iii. 16.

The riches of His GLORY 'unsearchable.'

'Ere the new year halls our vision,
 Ere its veil is drawn aside,
 We would thank thee for thy mission,—
 OLD YEAR, GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT!'

BAPTIST CHAPELS IN AND AROUND LONDON.

Times of Service :—Lord's Day, Morning at 11, Evening at 6.30.

Acton	W. A. Davis, 44, Burlington Gardens, Acton.
Acton Lane	W. Archer, 33, Varden Street, Commercial Road, E.
Addlestone	H. Bayley, Oakside, Addlestone.
Alle Street, Little, Whitechapel	
" Great, Zoar Chapel	E. Ashdown, 43, Endwell Road, Brockley, S.E.
Alperton, Sudbury	A. J. W. Back, 4, Clifton Villas, Wembley.
Arthur Street, Bagnigge Wells Road	W. J. Love, 33, Osborne Terrace, Clapham Road.
Balham, Ramsden Road	T. Greenwood, 182, Bedford Hill, S.W.
Barking, Linton Road	H. Trueman, 47, Cambridge Road.
Barnes, W.	C. H. Homer, 56, Cleveland Gardens, Barnes.
Barnet, High	P. J. Smart, Hadley, near Barnet.
Barnet, New	A. E. Jones, Warwick Road, New Barnet.
Battersea, York Road	W. Hamilton, 7, Louvaine Road, New Wandsworth.
" Surrey Laue	P. Howard, 68, Carpenter Road, S.W.
Battersea Park	W. Stott, 11, Chataworth Road, West Norwood, S.E.
Battle Bridge, Belle Isle	J. Benson, 57, Hilldrop Road, N.
Bayswater, Westbourne Grove	G. Freeman.
" Westbourne Park	J. Clifford, D.D., 50, St. Quintin's Avenue, North Kensington.
" Bosworth Road	J. Heap, 6, Summerfield Avenue, North Kensington, N.W.
" Ladbroke Grove	J. F. Shearer, 22, Oxford Gardens, North Kensington.
" Talbot Tabernacle	F. H. White, 164, Westbourne Terrace, W.
Beckenham, Elm Road	R. S. Fleming, M.A., 5, Manor Road, Beckenham.
Bedfont	J. E. Johnson, 9, Winifred Road, Manor Park.
Belvedere, Bexley Road	A. C. Chambers, Kenilworth, Belvedere.
Berkeley Road, Primrose Hill	E. P. Wright, 149, Adelaide Road.
Bermondsey, Ilderton Road	T. E. Howe, 54, Billington Road, New Cross Road, S.E.
Bethnal Green, Norton Street	J. Clark, 198, Victoria Park Road.
Bethnal Green Road	W. H. Smith, 116, Forest Road, Dalston.
Bexley	A. H. Pounds, 7, High Street, Bexley.
Bexley Heath	G. W. Figg.
Bexley, New	G. Smith, Tintern Lodge, New Bexley.
Blackheath, Dacre Park	J. H. Lynn, 10, Gilmore Road, Lewisham, S.E.
Bloomsbury Chapel	B. J. Gibbon, 68, Oakley Square, W.
Borough—	
Borough Road	E. P. Connor.
Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley Street	O. S. Dolbey, 16, Templer Street, Camberwell.
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.	T. Spurgeon, 87, Knatchbull Road, Camberwell. Pastor,
TEL.	C. B. Sawdey, 97, Angell Road, Brixton.
Bermondsey, Lynton Road	B. T. Dale, 78, Storks Road, Bermondsey.
" Abbey Street	A. V. G. Chandler, 38, Grosvenor Road, Rotherhithe.
" Spa Road	A. Steele.
" Drummond Road	H. A. Burleigh, 147, Hubert Terrace, Rotherhithe.
Bow, East London Tabernacle	S. J. Jones, Kent House, Bow Road, E.
" Empson Street	
" Bow Road, TH.	F. H. King, 10, Harley Street, Bow, E.
" Botolph Road	W. H. Lee, 65, Romford Road, E.
" Blackthorne Street	T. J. Hazzard, 52, Addington Road, Bow, E.
Brentford, Park Chapel	T. G. Pollard, Avenue Road, Brentford.
" North Road	R. Mutimer, 1, Boston Park Road, Brentford.
" Ealing Road	R. Baily, Boston Road.
Brixton, Stockwell Road	C. Cornwall, 50, Crawshay Road, S.E.
" New Park Road	W. Pettman, 95, Tierney Road, Streatham.
" Harold Street, North Brixton	J. Creer, 30, Holland Road.
" Barrington Road	F. G. Wheeler, 46, Arodene Road, Brixton Hill.
" Wynne Road	Z. T. Downen, D.D., 22, Burton Road, Brixton, S.W.
" Raleigh Park, S.W.	
Brixton Hill	C. H. Sheen, 103, Cornwall Road, Brixton.
Bromley-by-Bow	
Bromley College Slip	
Bromley Common	W. Holyoak, 74, Bromley Common, Kent.
Bromley, Park Road	R. Silvey, 34, Giebe Road, Bromley.
Brompton, Onslow Chapel	J. Garden, 24, Elmstowe Road, Parsons' Green.
Bromdesbury	C. W. Vick, 2, Dyne Road, N.W.
Bushey	H. T. Spufford, Fair View, Grove Road, Watford.
Camberwell, Denmark Place	W. R. Skerry, 177, The Grove, Camberwell, S.E.
" Dugdale Street	J. Waite, 25, St. Thomas Road, Fulham, S.W.
" Cottage Green	J. Smith, 43, Fotheringham Road, Enfield.
" Mansion House Square	G. W. Linnecar, 56, Hockford Road, S.W.
" New Road	

Camden Road, Upper Holloway	G. Hawker, 27, Anson Road, Tufnell Park.
Camden Town High Schools	
Camden Town, Pratt Street	
Castle Street, Oxford Street (Welsh)	R. E. Williams, 103, Park Street, W.
Caterham Valley	A. E. Fisher.
Catford Hill	J. N. Vanstone, 12, Vancouver Road, Catford.
Chadwell Heath	G. Broad, Heath Cottage, Chadwell Heath.
" Street, St. John's Street Road	E. Mitchell, 25, Calabria Place, Highbury.
Chelsea, Lower Sloane Street	J. Spence, 27, Walpole Street, Chelsea, S. W.
Chiswick, Annandale Road	A. G. Egerton, 15, Homefield, Chiswick.
Clapham, Grafton Square	T. Hanger, 9, Liston Road, Clapham.
" Corland Road	H. Dadswell, 26, Manor Street.
" Solon Road	J. Douglas, M.A., 48, Lambert Road, Brixton Hill, S.
" Bedford Road	W. Waite, 404, Leytonstone Road.
" Junction, Meyrick Road	R. E. Sears, 49, Battersea Rise.
Clapton, The Downs	J. Mursell, 96, Downs, Clapton.
Chatsworth Road, Clapton	W. Moxham, 27, Powerscroft Road, Clapton Park.
Commercial Road	J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial Road, E.
Cranford	
Crayford	T. F. Waddell, Laburnum Villa, Dartford.
Crouch Hill, Hornsey Road	E. Smart, 92, Tollington Road, N.
Croydon, Brighton Road	H. G. Milledge, The Manse, Chelsham Road, South Croydon.
" West	J. A. Spurgeon, D.D., 88, White Horse Road, Croydon.
" Craham Road	A. J. Reid, 23, Selsdon Road, South Croydon.
" Derby Road	E. Becher.
" Windmill Road	
" Tamworth Road	E. Wilmshurst, 9, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath.
Dalston, Queen's Road	R. M. Snelgrove, 67, Evering Road, Stoke Newington.
" Junction, rd.	R. O. Johns, 12, Queensdown Road, Hackney Downs.
Dartford	C. S. Johnson.
Deptford, New Cross Road	T. Jones, 67, Endwell Road, Brockley.
" Bush Road	H. E. Inman, 151, Upland Road, East Dulwich.
" Octavius Street	D. Honour, 18, Shardcloes Road, New Cross, S.E.
Devonshire Square, Kingsland Road	G. P. McKay, 33, Northwell Road, Stoke Newington.
Dulwich, Lordship Rise	E. A. Tydeman.
" Amott Road	G. W. Beale, 76, Friern Road, East Dulwich.
" East, Barry Road	S. Pilling, 100, The Rye, Peckham.
Ealing Dean	W. L. Gibbs, 113, The Grove, Ealing, W.
" Haven Green	Evan Thomas, Mount Avenue, Ealing.
East Ham	B. Sloan, 16, Cowper Road, East Ham.
East India Road, Pekin Street	F. C. Holden, 42, Walwood Street, Burdett Road, E.
Edmonton, Lower	D. Russell, Lower Edmonton.
Eldon Street, Finsbury (Welsh)	
" Seventh Day Church	W. G. Daland.
Eltham	
Enfield	G. W. White, "Arlesdene," London Road, Enfield.
" Highway	A. W. Welsh, Putney Road, Enfield.
Erith	J. E. Martin, The Manse, Erith.
Esher	F. G. Head, St. Anthony, Esher.
Feltham	W. Avis, Station Road, Chertsey.
Finchley, North End	A. B. Middleditch, Melita Villa, East Finchley.
" East End	J. J. Bristow, Durham Road, East Finchley.
" Station Road	G. Flower, 30, Clifton Road, Peckham.
Foot's Cray	
Forest Gate, Woodgrange Place	J. H. French, 110, Osborne Road, Forest Gate.
" Dames Road	
Forest Hill	J. C. Foster, 37, Westbourne Road, Forest Hill.
Fulham, Dawes Road	J. H. Grant.
" Lillie Road	H. D. Sandell, 26, Fortuan Road, Upper Holloway.
Fulham Road, Drayton Gardens	A. Branden, 101, Beaufort Street, Chelsea.
Goswell Road, Charles Street	P. Gast, 12, Nool Street, Islington.
Gower Street, Euston Square, rd.	Supplies.
Greenwich, Lower Woolwich Road	W. E. Wells, Mycenæ Road, Blackheath.
" Lewisham Road	G. Wearham, 8, Lanier Road, Lewisham.
" South Street	C. Spurgeon, Dartmouth Row, Blackheath.
" Devonshire Road	J. Jarvis, 19, Blackheath Road.
Gunnersbury	
Hackney, Mare Street	T. Mayhew.
" Oval	J. Hillman, 51, St. Thomas Road, South Hackney.
Hackney Road, Shoreditch Tabernacle	W. Cuff, Amesbury House, Lordship Road, N.
Hammersmith, West End	F. G. Benskin, B.A., 10, Leysfield Road, Shepherd's Bush.
Hampstead, Heath Street	W. Brock, 16, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead.
" New End	Supplies.

Hampstead, Child's Hill, Granville Road ...	J. S. Poulton, Fernleigh, Finchley Road.
Hampton Wick	G. B. Lowden, Lyndhurst, Hanwell.
Hanwell (Union)	G. T. Edgley, 121, Wightman Road, Harringay, N.
Harringay, Duckett Road	W. F. Edgerton, The Manse.
Harlington	B. Thomas, 15, St. Alban's Road, Harlesden.
Harlesden, Acton Lane	W. Dyson, West Street, Harrow.
Harrow, Byron Hill	J. G. Wells, Woodside, Wealdston.
Harrow, Wealdston	F. E. Cassey, Hillingdon.
Hayes	S. A. McCracken, Hendon.
Hendon	F. W. Westley, 10, Algernon Road.
West	G. W. Curtis, 41, Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road.
Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square ...	F. Carter, Water Lane, Brixton, S.W.
Herne Hill	A. G. Short, 37, Gubyon Avenue.
Winterbrook Road	W. Stevenson, 33, Sotheby Road, Highbury Park, N.
Highbury Hill	A. F. Riley, 47, Whitehall Park, N.
Highgate, Archway Road	J. H. Barnard, North Hill, Highgate.
Southwood Lane	J. Stephens, M.A., 119, Dartmouth, Park Hill, N.W.
Highgate Hill Road	J. E. Hazeltine, 55, St. Paul's Road, Canonbury.
Hill Street, Park Road, N.W.	H. Thomas, 25, Percy Circus, King's Cross Road.
Holborn, Kingsgate Street	J. R. Wood, 56, St. John's Park, Holloway, N.
Holloway, Upper	
Tollington Park	
Elthorne Road	
Homerton, Row	S. T. Belcher, Fibre Works, Millwall, E.
Honor Oak Hill	M. Cumming, 3, Overhill Road, East Dulwich.
Hornsey Park	
Ferne Park	C. Brown, 25, Ridge Road, Hornsey, N.
Rise	R. D. Darby, 17, Cressida Road, Upper Holloway, N.
Hounslow	
Providence Chapel	J. E. Barnes, Bell Road, Hounslow.
Hoxton, Newton Street	J. T. Bootle, 83, Oldfield Road, E.
Ilford	J. Parker, M.A., Richmond Road, Ilford, E.
Islington, Highbury Place	P. Reynolds, 1, Ardilaun Road, N.
Cross Street	F. A. Jones, 23, Douglas Road, Canonbury.
Baxter Road	A. H. Savage, 1, Fairholt Road, Stoke Newington.
James Street, St. Luke's	W. H. Chilman, 4, James Street, St. Luke's.
John Street, Bedford Row	F. S. W. Nicholson (Vestry of Chapel).
John Street, Edgware Road, Trinity ...	
John Street	W. T. Russell, Manor Place.
Kennington, Regent Church, Ethelred St.	D. Henderson, Rosslyn, West Hill Road, Wandsworth.
Kensal Rise, Chamberlain Wood Road ...	T. Maycock, 1, Rainham Road, Kensal Rise.
Kenington, West Shepherd's Bush Road ...	G. W. Pope, Roseford Gardens, Shepherd's Bush.
Kentish Town, Basset Street	M. H. Wilkin, Sydney House, Hampstead, N.W.
Keppel Street, Russell Square	H. T. Chilvers, 30, Baker Street, Clerkenwell.
Kilburn, Canterbury Road	H. R. Murray, 2, Plympton Avenue, Brondesbury, N.W.
Kilburn Vale	W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, E.C.
King's Cross Road, Vernon Square	D. H. Moore, 96, Hemingford Road, N.
Kingston, Providence	
Kingston-on-Thames	G. Wright, 18, Gibbon Road, Kingston.
Surbiton Hill	W. Baster, Southboro' Road, Surbiton.
Lambeth, Upton Chapel	W. Williams, Lansdowne Road, South Lambeth, S.W.
Langham Place, Regent Street	J. Adams, 68, Lissou Grove, W.
Leyton, Viarage Road	G. T. Bailey, Florence Villas, Grange Park Road, Leyton.
Grange Park Road	H. E. Bond, Church Road, Leyton.
Lee, Bromley Road	J. W. Davies, Burnt Ash, Lee.
High Road	F. G. French, 2, Quenton Road, Blackheath.
Lessness Heath, Kent	
Lewisham, College Park	
Leytonstone	J. Bradford, Ivy Bank, Leytonstone.
Cann Hall Road	H. T. Gower, 50, Carnarvon Road, Stratford.
Little Wild Street	W. Wheatley, 1, Ampton Street, Regent's Square.
Loughton	J. A. Jones, Camelot, Loughton.
Malden, New	S. H. Moore, Cambridge House, Malden.
Manor Park, White Post Lane	C. Pummell.
Salisbury Road	J. J. Nelson, 43, Clarence Road, Manor Park.
Millwall	J. Davis, Mellish Street.
Mintern Street, Dorchester Hall	W. Crowhurst, 23, Balmes Terrace, De Beauvoir Town.
Mitcham, Upper Green	
Moulsey, East	J. C. Dalrymple.
New Cross, Brockley Road	J. Lewis, 52, Manor Road, Brockley, S.E.
New North Road, Wilton Square	M. E. Green, Chapel House.
Norbiton Tabernacle	
Norwood, Weston Hill	S. A. Tipple, Hamlet Road, Upper Norwood.
Gipsy Road	
Chatsworth Road	A. G. Brown, Idmlston Road, West Norwood.
West, Auckland Hill	J. Patterson, "Idmlsdale," Tennison Road, S.E.

Notting Hill Gate, Kensington Place	...	H. C. Bond, Church Street, Leyton.
Old Kent Road, Mazs Pond Chapel	...	D. Walker, 120, Avondale Square, Old Kent Road.
Paddington, Church Street	...	J. Tucker, 12, Fulham Place, Paddington.
" St. Peter's Park	...	J. M. Cox, 108, Shirland Road, W.
" Praed Street	...	J. Briggs, 23, Honiton Road, Kilburn.
" Station Road, Kensal Rise	...	A. Bridge, 89, Ashburn Road, W.
Peckham, Edith Road	...	C. P. Sawday, 36, Kitto Road, Nunhead.
" Park Road	...	F. James, 16, Cicely Road, Peckham.
" James' Grove	...	G. S. Read, 14, Fordyce Hill, Lewisham, S.E.
" Heaton Road	...	
" Rye Lane	...	W. J. Ewing, M.A., Grove Park, Camberwell.
" Gordon Road	...	
" The Tabernacle	...	H. J. Knight, 57, Frescoe Road, Nunhead.
" Central Hall	...	F. M. Smith, 3, Friern Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.
Peckham Road	...	E. Roberts, 34, Camden Grove, Peckham.
Peckham Rye, Barry Road	...	
Penge, Maple Road	...	J. W. Boud, 28, Jasmine Grove, Anerley, S.E.
Pimlico, Westbourne Street	...	
Pinner	...	J. S. Bruce, 17, Adolphus Road, Finsbury Park.
Plaistow, Barking Road	...	R. R. Clifford, 14, Plaskit Road, Plaistow.
Plumstead, Park Road	...	J. W. Cole, 44, Macoma Road, Plumstead.
" Conduit Road	...	H. J. Martin, 129, Eglington Road, Plumstead.
" Station Road	...	J. Seeley, 48, Griffin Road, Plumstead.
Ponder's End	...	C. Hewitt, 14, Fairfield Road.
Poplar, Cotton Street	...	
" High Street, Bethel	...	H. F. Noyes, 8, Grove Villas, E.
Potter's Bar	...	J. Dupee, Laurel Villa, Southgate Road.
Putney, Werter Road	...	S. H. Wilkinson, St. Peter's, Oakhill Road, Putney.
" (Union)	...	R. A. Redford, M.A., Forest House, Putney, S.W.
Regent's Park	...	E. G. Gange, 43, Chapter Road, Willesden Green.
Richmond, Duke Street	...	E. Matthews, 29, Selwyne Avenue.
" Parkshot	...	
Romford	...	J. M. Steven, London Road, Romford.
Shepherd's Bush, Uxbridge Road	...	F. B. Monti, 17, Newburgh Road, Acton, W.
" Avenue-road (Union)	...	W. B. Neatby, M.A., 89, Conningham Road, Shepherd's Bush.
Shooter's Hill Road	...	W. L. Mackenzie, The Manse, Hervey Road, Blackheath.
Shouldham Street, Bryanston Square	...	
Sidcup	...	G. Simmons, Granville Road, Sidcup.
Silvertown	...	
Slough	...	Theo. Cousins, Pastors' College.
Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue	...	J. Box, 10, Knatchbull Road, Camberwell.
Southgate, Old	...	W. Joyces, Mountain Ash, Limes Avenue, New Southgate, N.
" New	...	
Southall	...	T. G. Williams, 22, The Grove, Ealing.
St. John's Wood, Abbey Road	...	H. E. Stone, 14, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.
Stepney, Wellesley Street	...	J. Parnell, 7, Trigon Road, Clapham Road.
Stockwell	...	Arthur Mursell, "Kintors," The Chase, Clapham Common.
Stoke Newington, Bouverie Road	...	W. Mitchell, 48, Bouverie Road.
" Wordsworth Road	...	T. Squire, 51, Cowper Road, Stoke Newington.
Stratford, Carpenter Road	...	F. S. Passmore, 26, Deanery Road.
" Grove	...	W. H. Stephens, Havelock Terrace, Stratford.
" Gurney Road	...	E. Marsh, 5, Janson Road, Stratford.
" Major Road	...	W. Knight, Chaplin.
Streatham, Lewin Road	...	J. Ewen, Tankerville Road, Streatham.
" Hambro Road	...	
Stroud Green, Hall Road	...	W. C. Rhys, 55, Crouch Hill.
Sutton, Surrey	...	G. Turner, Kilmedy, Sutton.
Teddington	...	R. J. Williams, Ellington Villas, Teddington.
" Clarence Road	...	
Thornton Heath, Beulah	...	T. Lardner, 85, The Chase, Clapham.
Tottenham, High Road	...	W. W. Sidney, Chapel House, Tottenham.
" West Green Hall	...	T. Wheatley, 7, Vernon Road.
" West Green Road	...	
" Philip Lane	...	J. P. Gibbons, 80, St. George's Road, Leyton.
" South	...	J. Edmonds, 4, Bedford Road, Tottenham.
Twickenham	...	S. Jones, Trafalgar Road, Twickenham.
" St. Margaret's	...	J. Durden, 1, Flodden Villas, Twickenham.
Upper Tooting, Nottingham Road	...	H. Oakley, 22, Dusely Road, Balham.
Lower Tooting	...	G. H. Rumsey, Park Road, Merton.
Uxbridge	...	W. J. Chambers, College House, Hayes.
Vauxhall, Upper Kennington Lane	...	
Victoria Park, Grove Road	...	W. Thomas, 5, Cawley Road, South Hackney.
Waltham Abbey	...	G. H. Kilbay, The Manse, Paradise Row.
" (Ebenezer)	...	W. E. Palmer, 16, Sewardstone Road.

Waltham Cross	T. Douglas, 24, Coleridge Road.
Walthamstow, Major Road	R. H. Eastty.
" Erskine Road	W. Hetherington, 5, Addison Road, E.
" Wood Street	W. Murray, 2, Clarendon Road, Walthamstow.
" Boundary Road	A. Dobson, 24, Coleridge Road.
" Higham Hill	E. T. Davis, Crescent Road, Sidcup.
Walworth, East Street	R. A. Elvey, Bushey Hill Road, Camberwell, S. E.
" Arthur Street	W. J. Mills, 13, Grosvenor Park, S. E.
" Road, TH.	W. Townsend, 25, Rose Hill Road.
Wandsworth, East Hill	J. Felmingham, 31, Keildon Road, Wandsworth.
" Northcote Road	E. Henderson, 21, Victoria Road, Clapham, S. W.
" Road	W. J. Styles, Melrose Road.
" West Hill	A. J. Payne, 9, Agincourt Villas, Earlsfield Road, S. W.
" Chatham Road	C. B. Warren, The Green, West Drayton.
" Earlsfield	J. W. Humphrey, 142, Plasket Road, Upton Park.
West Drayton	J. Wilkinson, Upton Lane, Forest Gate.
West Ham Lane	G. Davies, 164, Grosvenor Road, Westminster.
West Ham Park, East Road	J. Otham, Senr., 36, Riversdale Road, Highbury.
Westminster, Romney Street	W. J. Sears, 88, High Road, Willesden.
Whitechapel, Commercial Street	C. Inghem, "Arnewood," Griffith's Rd., South Wimbledon.
Willesden Green	G. H. Morgan, 58, Woodberry Grove, Finsbury Park.
Wimbledon	W. W. Haines, 19, Park Avenue, Wood Green.
Woodberry Down	F. D. Robbins, Marlborough Road.
Woodford, George Lane	E. White, 16, Delafield Road, Charlton, S. E.
Wood Green	W. H. Rose, 4, Shaftesbury Hill, Plumstead.
" Park Ridings	J. Wilson, Montague House, Lower Road, Charlton.
Woolwich, High Street	
" Queen Street	
" Anglesea Road	
" Beresford Street	

* * In the event of changes of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Attleborough, J. Wilkins, Wendover	Croydon, H. J. Milledge, Gamlingay		Croydon, H. J. Milledge, Gamlingay		
Anglesea, Llaniwrog, J. Jones, Warrington	Cornwall Road, Cardiff, W. Harries, Maesteg		Cornwall Road, Cardiff, W. Harries, Maesteg		
Atherstone, A. Nightingale, College, Manchester	Coggeshall, C. S. Rose, Pastors' College		Coggeshall, C. S. Rose, Pastors' College		
Brixham, G. W. Ball, Salcombe	Chatteris, J. Knight, Pastors' College		Chatteris, J. Knight, Pastors' College		
Bridlington Quay, H. Frank Griffin, Cambridge	Caersws, Rhys Davies, Bargoed		Caersws, Rhys Davies, Bargoed		
Bournemouth, Alex Corbet, Greenock	Clydebank, Glasgow, W. H. Millard, Wick		Clydebank, Glasgow, W. H. Millard, Wick		
Bow Tabernacle, Sydney Jones, Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool	Derby, G. Howard James, Nottingham		Derby, G. Howard James, Nottingham		
Bridgend, H. Neander Richards, Abercwmby	Dowlais, J. D. Hughes, Tylorstown		Dowlais, J. D. Hughes, Tylorstown		
Belfast, Hugh Gunn, Coatbridge	Dulwich, E. A. Tydeman, Foots Cray		Dulwich, E. A. Tydeman, Foots Cray		
Budleigh Salterton, A. O. Shaw, Frithelstock	Daws Road, Fulham, J. H. Grant, Coalville		Daws Road, Fulham, J. H. Grant, Coalville		
Blackburn, A. J. D. Farrar, Regent's Park College	Exeter, C. H. Marsack Day, Bridport		Exeter, C. H. Marsack Day, Bridport		
Birmingham, Ashton Park, J. L. Near, March	East Molesey, Kingston-on-Thames, J. C. Dalrymple, Pinchbeck		East Molesey, Kingston-on-Thames, J. C. Dalrymple, Pinchbeck		
Brecon, Henry Jones, Bangor College	Folkestone, J. C. Carlile, John Street, Edgware Road		Folkestone, J. C. Carlile, John Street, Edgware Road		
Builth, A. G. Jones, Saen	Farnworth, W. Jenkins, Buckley		Farnworth, W. Jenkins, Buckley		
Bournemouth, G. D. Hooper, Luton	Fife, J. Young, Lochee Bog		Fife, J. Young, Lochee Bog		
Bridport, W. B. Haynes, Camberwell	Greenock, Matthew Millar, Scottish Theological College		Greenock, Matthew Millar, Scottish Theological College		
Bristol Road, Birmingham, W. J. Hunter, Whyte's Causeway	Goodwick, Pembroke, G. James, Bridgend		Goodwick, Pembroke, G. James, Bridgend		
Buckley, nr. Chester, Owen Tidman, Aberyschan	Grimsby, H. Spendelow, Dartford		Grimsby, H. Spendelow, Dartford		
Banbury, S. Jones, Kensington Chapel, Brecon	Grantown-on-Spey, R. Hay, Pastors' College		Grantown-on-Spey, R. Hay, Pastors' College		
Birmingham, Victoria Church, Horace H. Hyett, Bristol College	Herne Bay, Kent, John S. Geale, Brighton		Herne Bay, Kent, John S. Geale, Brighton		
Bradford, Arthur J. Harding, Rawdon College	Horsham, C. H. Clapp, Pastors' College		Horsham, C. H. Clapp, Pastors' College		
Bradford-on-Avon, J. Hicklin, Southminster	Hawick, J. W. Kemp, Kelsø		Hawick, J. W. Kemp, Kelsø		
Bromley Tabernacle, A. Tildsley, Rosscendale Valley	Holyhead, J. R. Evens, Llwynhendry		Holyhead, J. R. Evens, Llwynhendry		
Brentwood, J. Davis, Cullingworth	Huddersfield, J. H. Robinson, Lea Mount Chapel, Halifax		Huddersfield, J. H. Robinson, Lea Mount Chapel, Halifax		
Clayton, James Horn, Redcar	Holywell, Owen M. Owen, Pastors' College		Holywell, Owen M. Owen, Pastors' College		
Chatham, F. E. Blackaby, Stow-on-the-Wold	Kirkby Muxloe, J. C. Forth, Carley Street, Leicester		Kirkby Muxloe, J. C. Forth, Carley Street, Leicester		
Clapton, James Mursell, Derby	Lassemouth, Alexander Bremner, Elgin		Lassemouth, Alexander Bremner, Elgin		
Cambridge, Charles Joseph, Portsmouth	Leighton Buzzard, R. E. Chettleborough, South Croydon		Leighton Buzzard, R. E. Chettleborough, South Croydon		
Conesborough, R. Martin, College, Nottingham	Longford, near Coventry, G. Buckley, Sutton-in-the-Elms		Longford, near Coventry, G. Buckley, Sutton-in-the-Elms		
Cambridge, Samuel Lindsay, Burray Oakney					
Cardiff, R. Lloyd, Castletown					
Cardiff, Splott Road, Douglas Brown, Herne Bay					

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Llanberis,	Clutybonte and Sardin Churches,	
	H. Edwards, Llanerchymedd	
Louth,	G. H. Bennett, Bourne	
Leicester,	Carley Street, G. W. Bevan, Calcutta	
Llanfachraeth Church,	Anglesea, J. Jones, Warrington	
Llanfair, Anglesea,	J. J. Jones, Bangor College	
Middlesbrough,	J. E. Barton, Gloucester	
Mountsorrell,	W. J. Tomkins, Rushden	
Marlow Road,	Maidenhead, R. Walker, Poole	
Montgomery,	C. P. Thomas, Aberystwith College	
Maesyberllan,	Brecon, Henry Jones, North Wales College	
Mount Pleasant,	Maesycwmmmer, Ambrose Lewis, Cardiff College	
Marlborough,	W. S. Wyle, Stogursey	
Melbourne, near Derby,	A. H. Combes, Wiltoughby and Broughton	
Merioneth,	W. G. Owen, Llifon Corris	
Norfolk, Upwell,	F. H. Richardson, Regent's Park College	
Newcastle-on-Tyne,	A. E. Owen Jones, Whitchurch	
Nottingham,	J. Gay, Hebden Bridge	
Orpington,	G. W. J. Fearn	
Old Basford,	E. P. Thorpe, Manchester	
Paisley,	Walter Mursell, Blackburn	
Pwllheli,	Idwal Jones, Llanelly	
Pontypridd,	H. G. James, America	
Pontnewynydd,	Mozmouth, D. Davis, Cardiff College	
Queen's Road Church,	Coventry, W. H. Spinks, Bristol College	
Ryde,	F. W. Walter, Leeds	
Ruabon,	Howell Williams, North Wales College	
Ripley,	W. Evans, Nottingham College	
Radstock, Bath,	J. E. D. Beresford, Stapleton, Bristol	
Stratford,	W. Knight Chaplin, Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle	

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Stockton,	W. L. Tweedie, Cork	
Southampton,	East Street, G. W. Brooker, Leigh Church, Bolton	
Salcombe,	W. S. Wyle, Burton Chapel, Stogursey	
Salisbury,	A. J. Edwards, English Church, Bloemfontein	
Southwark,	Poole Connor, Aldershot	
Stow-on-the-Wold,	W. G. Butt, Regent's Park College	
Saffron Walden,	John Young, Barnsley	
Scapgoat Hill Church,	Golcar, S. J. Robins, Blakeney	
Station Hill,	Chippenham, Charles Thomas, Deer Park, Tenby	
Tottenham,	John Edmonds, Tabernacle, Grimsby	
Turret Green,	Ipswich, Joseph Gott, Midland College, Nottingham	
Tewkesbury,	H. J. Preece, Maidenhead	
Treherbert English Church,	J. Lloyd Williams, Glasbury-on-Wye	Iney
Terphil,	W. Saunders, Jerusalem Church, Rhym-Todmorton, J. W. Walker, Rawdon College	
Tredegar,	Monmouth, L. H. Lewis, Cardiff	
Treorkey,	Rhondda Valley, W. M. Jones, Barking	
Union Chapel,	Amphill, C. V. Pike, Harley College	
Wellington,	E. Harden, Rawdon College	
Winford,	A. E. Jones, Bristol	
Westbourne Grove Church,	George Freeman, New Southgate	
Woolwich,	W. H. Rose, Providence Church, Reading	
Wraysbury,	C. T. Byford, Harmondsworth	
Wrexham,	W. O. Williams, Aberystwith College	
Whitstable-on-Sea,	W. Osborne, Chatham	
Wrexham,	Rhondda Church, J. W. Humphrey, Llanwtydd	
Woking,	W. Baldwin, Regent's Park College	
Waterloo,	Liverpool, T. Adamson, Kegworth	
Wick,	John Elder, Ebenezer Church, Glasgow	

NEW CHAPELS.

Bledfa, Tenbury	Booksbridge, Somerset	Llangefin	Overseal
Birchcliffe	Cambridge	Moss, Wrexham	Ponkey, Ruabon
Barry Dock	Corris	Merthyr Tydvil	Rayleigh
Butterleigh, Devon	Guildford	Manchester	Rudditch
Bexhill-on-Sea	Golcar	Northampton, Monk's Park	Seddincoote
Brighton, Preston Park	Halesowen	Ossett	South Norwood
Blackpool	King's Heath	Oadby	Senghenydd, Glamorgan
Bargoed, English Church	Littlemore, Pudsey		
	Lowestoft		

COLLEGES.

BRISTOL.—Founded 1770. President, Rev. J. Henderson, B.A.; Secretary, Rev. R. Glover, D.D.; Treasurer, E. Robinson, Esq. Number of Students, twenty-four.

BRIGHTON GROVE (Manchester) BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.—Founded June, 1866. President and Tutor, Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A.; Assistant Theological Tutor, Rev. F. Overand; Treasurer, William D. Shaw, Esq. Number of Students, twenty.

RAWDON (near Leeds).—Founded at Bradford, 1804; removed to Rawdon, 1859. President, Rev. T. V. Tymms, D.D.; Treasurers, Sir John Barron, Bart., and W. Town, Esq., Leeds. Classical Tutor, Rev. W. Medley, M.A. Secretary, Rev. C. W. D. Skemp, Bradford. Number of Theological Students, twenty-nine.

REGENT'S PARK.—Founded 1810. President, Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.; Classical Tutors, Rev. E. Medley, B.A., and Rev. S. W. Green, M.A.; Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.B.; Secretary, Rev. W. W. Siday. Number of Students, thirty-two.

CARDIFF.—President, Rev. W. Edwards, D.D., B.A. Founded 1807; Cardiff. Treasurer, W. Edwards; Secretary, Rev. D. B. Jones; Classical Tutor, Rev. Joseph Davies, B.A. Students, twenty-five.

ABEYSTWITH.—Founded 1839. Secretary, Rev. B. Thomas; Treasurer, J. Rowlands. Revs. J. A. Morris, D.D., and T. Williams, M.A., tutors. Students, fourteen. The College Term begins on the Third Wednesday in October, and ends on the Second Wednesday in August.

MIDLAND.—President, Rev. T. W. Davies, B.A.—Instituted in 1797, Nottingham; removed to Chilwell, 1861; removed to Nottingham, 1883. Hon. Secretaries, Rev. W. Evans, and Rev. R. Silby. Present number of Students, fourteen.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—Instituted at Camberwell, 1855; removed to the Tabernacle, 1861; and to College Buildings, Temple Street, Southwark, 1874. President, Rev. T. Spurgeon; Tutors, Professors A. McCaig, B.A., LL.D., Principal; W. Hackney, M.A.; and W. H. Gausson, M.A., LL.D.; Tutors of Evening Classes, Mr. S. Johnson and Mr. T. F. Bowers, B.A.; Secretary, Mr. E. H. Bartlett. Present number of Students, sixty-six. Students in the Evening Classes, 120. Amount required annually, £6,000.

BANGOR, OR NORTH WALES.—Instituted at Llangollen, 1862. President, Rev. S. Morris, M.A.; Classical Tutor, Rev. S. Morris, M.A.; Secretary, Rev. J. Griffiths. Present number of Students, twenty-two.

SCOTLAND.—THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, GLASGOW. Instituted 1894, in place of the Theological Hall of the Baptist Union of Scotland, which was instituted in 1869. The new College is in no way connected with the Baptist Union of Scotland. President, Prof. J. Coats, M.D.; Vice-Presidents, Mr. H. Bowser, Mr. J. Nimmo, Mr. Bailie Walcot, Mr. J. Wilson; Treasurer, Mr. G. W. Elmslie; Joint Secretaries, Mr. A. Nimmo, M.A.; and Mr. C. H. Bowser; Treasurer, Mr. G. W. Elmslie; Principal, Mr. A. Bury, M.A., T.C.D.; Mathematical Tutor, Mr. S. Willis.

IRELAND.—ROCKEFELLER HOUSE, HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN. Training Institute. Instituted 1892. Present number of students, 8. President, Rev. H. D. Brown, M.A.; Secretary, Mr. T. R. Warner; Principal, Mr. A. Bury, M.A., T.C.D.; Mathematical Tutor, Mr. J. H. Lemon, B.A.

EAST LONDON INSTITUTE FOR HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS, HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, E.—Hon. General Director, H. Gratton Guinness, D.D., F.R.S. Hon. London Director, Dr. Harry Guinness. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. H. Gratton Guinness. Established 1872. A Missionary College and Training Home where volunteers for Foreign Missionary Service receive special instruction and practical preparation for the work. The Country Branch of the Institute is Hulme Cliff College, Curbar, Derbyshire, and the students spend some part of the time while in training in residence here. The Institution is as Catholic as it is possible. The students are received from all the evangelical sections of the Church. There is also in connection with the Institute a Women's Branch (Doric Lodge, Bow Road) and a Nurses' Training Home (Bromley Hall, Bromley), as well as other departments.

HARLEY COLLEGE.—Principal, Rev. Silas Mead, M.A., LL.B.; Tutors, Rev. Jas. Douglas, M.A., and C. C. Brown, Esq., B.A.

CLIFF COLLEGE.—Rev. J. F. T. Hallowes, M.A., F. W. Schofield, Esq.

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY. Founded 1792.—Treasurer, W. R. Rickett, Esq.; Hon. Sec., Dr. E. B. Underhill; Secretary, A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.R.C.S.; Association Secretary, Rev. J. B. Myers, Mission House, Fumival Street, Holborn.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. President, F. J. Marnham, Esq.; Treasurer, Dr. Percy Lush; Secretary, Rev. R. Wright Hay, 19, Fumival Street, Holborn.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY has for its object: "To aid in printing and circulating those translations of the Holy Scriptures from which the British and Foreign Bible Society has withdrawn its assistance, on the ground that the words relating to the ordinance of Baptism have been translated by terms signifying immersion; and further, to aid in producing and circulating other versions of the Word of God, similarly faithful and complete." Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.; Secretary, Rev. W. Hill, 19, Fumival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY was formed to disseminate the truths of the Gospel by means of small treatises or tracts, in accordance with the subscribers' views, as Calvinists and Strict Communion Baptists. Treasurer, H. M. Wilkin; Secretary, Mr. J. H. Dolamore; Editor, Rev. J. Stuart, Depot, 16, Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, E.C.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR SCOTLAND. (Chiefly for the Highlands and Islands.)—Formed 1816. Object: "The dissemination of the Gospel of Christ in Scotland." Hon. Treasurer, W. O. Gibb, 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh; Secretary, P. Waugh, Esq.; Collector, H. W. Hunter, Lasswade, Edinburgh. The General Committee consists of members of churches in the principal towns of Scotland. Twenty Missionaries are supported, in whole or in part, by this Society.

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.—President, Rev. John Box; Treasurer, Walter Abbott, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, Rev. E. Marsh, Stratford.

NEW STRICT BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, formed to carry on the work in Southern India.—President, Mr. Philip Reynolds; Treasurer, Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 33, Queen Elizabeth's Walk, Lordship Park, London, N.; Hon. Secretaries, Mr. S. Gray, 15, Gladstone Terrace, Brighton, and Mr. G. W. Clark, 74, Nunhead Grove, London, S.E.

ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Treasurer, Mrs. Underhill; Hon. Cash Secretary, Miss A. G. Angus.

BAPTIST UNION.—The objects of this body are said to be: To extend brotherly love and union among those Baptist Ministers and Churches who agree in the sentiments usually denominated evangelical; to promote unity of exertion in whatever may best serve the cause of Christ in general, and the interests of the Baptist denomination in particular; to obtain statistical information relative to the Baptist churches and institutions throughout the world; to prepare annual Reports of its proceedings and of the state of the Denomination. It fully recognises that "every separate church has within itself the power and authority to exercise all ecclesiastical discipline, rule, and government, and to put into execution all the laws of Christ necessary to its own edification." The pastor of every church connected with the Union is a representative ex-officio, and every church is entitled to appoint as representatives two of its members. Every Association of Baptist Churches connected with the Union is entitled to appoint two representatives. Churches, Associations, and Ministers are admitted on written application. Secretary, Rev. J. K. Shakespeare, M.A., 19, Furnival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND assists by gifts, or loans without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Baptist Chapels. Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Howard, 19, Furnival Street, E.C. Treasurer, Mr. W. Payne; Offices, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn; Hon. Solicitor, S. Watson, Esq.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—This fund was established in connection with the commemoration of 1662, of the Ejected Ministers of 1662, to assist in paying for the Baptist Chapels of the Principality. Treasurer, D. Davis, Esq., 3, Glebeland, Merthyr Tydvil; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Philips, Buryport, R.S.O., Carmarthen; with 24 Committeemen selected from all parts of the Principality.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. E. Henderson; Secretary, Rev. William Vick, 2, Dyne Road, Bromptonbury. The object of this association is the extension of the Denomination in the Metropolis and its suburbs, the Committee having pledged themselves to build a Chapel every year.

METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. T. Spurgeon; Vice-president, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, D.D.; Treasurer, C. F. Allison, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. S. Wigney; Depot, College Buildings, Temple Street, Southwark. Object: The increased circulation of religious and healthy literature, blended with personal evangelistic effort by means of Christian Colporteurs. £25 weekly required for the General Fund. Expenditure annually about £7,000.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.—Object: To promote the unity, edification, and prosperity of these Churches; and to devise and employ means for extending the cause of God in London and its suburbs. President, Rev. T. Jones. Secretary, Mr. John Box, Soho Baptist Chapel.

HOME COUNTIES BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—Moderator, Rev. C. Inghem; Secretary, Rev. E. W. Tarbox.

THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST FUND is for the Relief of Ministers and Churches, the education of Ministers, and the presentation of books to Students and Ministers. Treasurers, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., and J. J. Smith, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. R. Grace, 160, The Grove, Camberwell, S.E.

IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—Founded 1814 as the Baptist Irish Society. Chairman, Rev. Hugh D. Brown, M.A., Oakland, Rathgar, Dublin; Treasurer, Mr. H. A. Gribbon, Holme Lea, Coleraine; Secretary, Mr. T. R. Warner, Rockefeller House, Harcourt Street, Dublin.

GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION.—Committee for the distribution of Funds sent out from Great Britain. Treasurer for Great Britain, Mr. M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W.; Hon. Sec., W. Onekin, Sunny Bank, Lincoln.

WARD'S TRUST.—John Ward, LL.D., Professor in Gresham College in 1754, left £1,200 Bank Stock for the education of two young men for the ministry at a Scotch University, preference being given to Baptists. Trustees, Rev. Dr. Angus, Regent's Park College, J. J. Smith, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., Furnival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—President, Alderman White, Esq.; Treasurer, H. Wood, J.P. This Association was formed to utilize to the greatest advantage the Total Abstinence power existing in the churches of the Denomination. Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Sears.

BAPTIST BOARD OF MINISTERS.—(London), 19, Furnival Street, E.C. President, Rev. W. Charlesworth; Hon. Secretaries, Rev. J. H. Cooke and E. T. Davis. Meetings last Tuesday Evening in the month from October until May.

GENERAL SOCIETIES,

IN WHICH BAPTISTS ARE MORE OR LESS INTERESTED.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Asylum, Westmoreland Place, Peckham. Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazelton, 83, Finsbury Pavement; Treasurers, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street, W. J. Parks, Esq., 10, The Chase, Clapham Common.

APPRENTICESHIP SOCIETY.—Formed 1829. Secretary, Mr. J. Marchant; office, Memorial Hall, Farrington Street.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS AND SOLDIERS' FRIENDS SOCIETY.—Object: "To spread a saving knowledge of Christ amongst our soldiers, without denominationalism." President, General Right Hon. Viscount Wolsley, K.P.; Treasurer, V. G. M. Holt, Esq., Whitehall Place; Secretary, Colonel Phillips, 112, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, Reedham, Purley, Surrey.—Instituted 1844. Treasurer, C. O. Bonsor, Esq., M.P.; Secretary, Mr. J. R. Edwards; office, 35, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, 146, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.—For the circulation of the Scriptures without note or comment. President, Right Hon. The Earl of Harrowby; Treasurer, Joseph Gurney Barclay, Esq.; Secretaries, Rev. John Sharpe, M.A., and J. Gordon Watt, M.A.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, SAILORS' INSTITUTION.—Mercer's Street, Shadwell, E. Established 1818. Treasurer, Sir J. Dimsdale; Secretary, Rev. E. W. Matthews. 150 agents in 97 home and foreign parts.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.—Norman School, Borough Road. Formed 1808. Treasurer, J. G. Barclay, Esq.; Secretary, A. Bourne, 9, Central School, Borough Road, S.E.

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES, Blackheath, S.E.—Established 1842. Treasurer, Mr. E. Unwin; Head Master, Rev. W. B. Hayward, M.A.

INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES, Walthamstow Hall.—Minute Hon. Sec., Mrs. Pye-Smith; Treasurer, S. Scott, Esq., Dulwich.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.—Clerk to the Trustees, A. Armour, Esq., Liverpool.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, HENDON.—Treasurer, T. A. Herbert, B.A., LL.B.; Acting Secretary, H. J. Tucker, The School.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock Hill.—Instituted 1785. Secretary, A. C. P. Coote, Esq., M.A., 73, Cheapside.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.—Formed 1799. Treasurer, E. Rawlings, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, the Rev. Canon Fleming; Secretaries, Rev. Lewis Borrett White, D.D., and Rev. Dr. Green.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand.—Formed 1844. Holiday Homes Fund. Poor Children's Aid Society. Ragged Church and Chapel Union. President, Marquis of Northampton; Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan; Secretary Mr. J. Kirk.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 56, Old Bailey, and 57, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—Formed 1803. Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. C. Waters, J. Edmunds, and W. H. Groser, B.Sc.

SPURGEON'S (MRS. C. H.) BOOK FUND.—By means of this Fund Mrs. Spurgeon distributes grants of Mr. Spurgeon's, and other useful works, to ministers whose incomes are too small to admit of their purchasing books. Communications to Mrs. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, and to her all applications for books should be addressed.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR FATHERLESS BOYS AND GIRLS, Clapham Road, London, S.W.—Trustees and Committee of Management, Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, Chas. Spurgeon, Thos. Spurgeon, T. H. Olney, C. F. Allison, W. Higgs, J. Hall, J. E. Passmore, W. Mills, F. Thompson, S. R. Pearce; Master, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth; Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds. Fatherless boys and girls between the ages of six and ten are received, irrespective of creed and locality, but sons of Baptist Ministers are considered especially by the Trustees. Applications, giving full particulars, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1818. Treasurer, P. Cadby, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. P. G. Scorey, Billingshurst, Sussex.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITIOUS WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1738. Treasurer, W. Edwards, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. R. Grace.

MONTHLY TRACT SOCIETY, 181, Queen Victoria Street, Blackfriars.—Secretary, Mr. J. E. Mackenzie.

TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY, 25, New Oxford Street.—Secretary, Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.; Hon. Secretary, H. C. Nisbet, Esq.

BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS.—Formed 1842. Secretary, Rev. J. Dunlop; offices at 96, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

RECENT DEATHS.

REV. HENRY BONNER, pastor of Hamstead Road Church, Birmingham, died on Thursday, March 9, after being taken ill in the train while returning from Leicester. Mr. Bonner settled in Birmingham about fifteen years ago. For a time he was co-pastor with the late Dr. Samuel Cox, of Nottingham, having been previously for a short time at Rotherham, whither he went as a student from Rawdon College. 'His early religious associations,' writes a correspondent, 'were rigidly Calvinistic. In later life his doctrinal views broadened. His preaching was always thoughtful and practical, though studiously simple in style. He was a man of singular devoutness. In public worship he made considerable use of a liturgy he had himself compiled. Though reserved, his quiet power was felt beyond his own church, and the city of Birmingham will be all the poorer for his removal. On more than one occasion he was invited to render assistance at the anniversary meetings of the denomination, but, feeling himself unfitted for such prominent service, he preferred to continue uninterruptedly his labours amongst his own people. He was a little more than fifty years of age.'

REV. WILLIAM TURNER, recently of Bedford, has passed away. He was compelled through increasing weakness to resign his charge at Bedford about twelve months ago, and he has just entered into his rest. He became a student of Rawdon College in the year 1864, and passed with credit through the full course of five years. Being characterized by an extraordinary command of language and an earnest manner, he soon began to be appreciated as a preacher. His first charge was at Malton, Yorkshire. Here he won all hearts by his genial frankness, and gained the confidence of all by his earnestness of purpose. It was soon seen by those who knew him that his abilities qualified him to occupy a larger sphere, and he received an invitation from the friends at Bedford. He was ever ready to render help outside his own proper sphere, either in the pulpit or on the platform, and

there is some reason to think that his strenuous labours among the smaller churches of Bedfordshire overtaxed his strength. He was deeply interested in public questions, and though he did not often speak on a political platform, he was always desirous that the government of the Empire should proceed on righteous lines.

REV. HENRY JOHN BETTS died at The Elms, Thurmaston, near Leicester, in his seventy-fourth year. He commenced his ministerial career in 1847, and has held pastorates at Trinity Chapel, Bedford; at Manchester, where he succeeded Rev. Arthur Murrell; Grange Road Church, Darlington; and Rye Hill, Newcastle. For the last seven years he has resided at Thurmaston, where he became secretary of the continuation classes under the County Council. His last sermon was preached a few weeks since at Carey Hall, Leicester. A funeral service was conducted on Monday by Rev. James Thew at Union Church, Belgrave, Leicester.

REV. CHARLES AYLIFFE, for twenty-eight years pastor of St. Mary Street Church, Newport, died at Cardiff on Thursday, September 11, at the age of fifty-two. The church is mainly composed of members of the working-class, and Mr. Ayliffe, considering that the people were not in a position to wholly support a minister, carried on his trade as a bookbinder. He interested himself greatly in rescue and social work with gratifying results. At his 'silver wedding,' as pastor, he was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold. For many years he was chairman of the Visiting Committee of the Board of Guardians, he was a past-president of the Newport and County Temperance Society, and was president, at the time of his death, of Monmouthshire English Baptist Association. He leaves a widow and two grown-up sons. The funeral took place at Newport cemetery on Tuesday. The procession to the grave was a remarkable one, including not only representatives of all the Nonconformist churches, but members of the Church of England, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Jews' Synagogue.

REV. W. COOMES, of Aylesbury, for fourteen years the pastor of Princes Risborough Church, has died at the age of sixty-nine. Previous to his pastorate at Risborough he was minister at Kingstanley. He was one of the earliest of Mr. Spurgeon's students, having left the Pastors' College in 1860. He was at one time president, and for some years secretary, of Bucks Association. The funeral took place at Risborough. Revs. J. Edwards, J. H. Markham, J. Yorke, W. Dorey, L. G. Carter, and J. Wilkins took part in the service.

REV. JAMES DEARNO, who for twenty-eight years was pastor of Bethesda Church, Crowfield, has died at Needham Market at the age of sixty-nine, after nine years' suffering from an acute form of nervousness.

REV. WILLIAM TULLOCH died at his residence at Milngavie, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, on Saturday, May 2. He was once a very prominent figure in the Baptist denomination of Scotland. He was, the *Christian Leader* thinks, quite the peer of the men who, like Christopher Anderson, Dr. Inns, Jonathan Watson, Dr. James Paterson, and Dr. Culross, have by their high character, striking personality, and able, earnest, and self-denying labours, contributed largely to the position in which the denomination now finds itself. He was, perhaps, best known by his work in connection with the church founded by James Haldane, and which worshipped in Greenside Place, Edinburgh. The church with which Mr. Tulloch threw in his lot migrated to the South Side, and settled in a building in Duncan Street, which had been originally erected for a Baptist church, but which was then vacated by the United Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of the well-known Rev. James Robertson, brother of the more famous Robertson of Irvine. Mr. Tulloch also laboured in Elgin and Dundee, doing excellent work in both places. He was a most able and impressive preacher. He was in his seventy-eighth year.

REV. H. C. LEONARD, M.A., died at Clifton, in his sixty-third year. He entered the Baptist ministry forty years ago as pastor of the church at Boxmoor, in Hertfordshire. He afterwards held pastorates at Bournemouth, Penzance, and Bowdon. Owing to ill-health, especially in later years, his ministerial career was much broken. Mr. Leonard has been a great student, he had fine literary instincts, and frequently served his denomination with his pen. At one time he acted on the committees of the Baptist Missionary Society, Baptist Union and Regent's Park College, in the last of which he had been a student. He took an active part in founding the society for augmenting ministers' salaries, and in other ways rendered good service to the Baptist community. He was the son of the late Mr. Robert M. Leonard, J.P., of Bristol. The funeral took place in Arno's Vale Cemetery on Tuesday, the service being conducted by Revs. H. Arnold Thomas, M.A., and S. Pearson, M.A., of Manchester. There was a large gathering at the grave.

A telegraphic despatch has been received from India at the Mission House reporting the death, through smallpox, of Rev. A. B. Wilkinson, of Russel Khonda, Orissa. It was only in the autumn of last year that he returned to India after furlough to resume his work among the Khonds. The Baptist Missionary Society have by his death lost the services of a devoted and able representative.

REV. EDWARD PARKER, D.D., President of the Brighton Grove College, Manchester, died at the age of sixty-seven. Not only is a great loss sustained by the Strict Communion section of the Baptist denomination, with which he was more closely identified, but by the community generally, his high Christian character and his genial spirit commanding wide respect and esteem. As a preacher Dr. Parker was ever welcome in the churches of Yorkshire and Lancashire. As a theologian he might be described as a 'moderate Calvinist.' His earnest and clear presentation of the fundamental truths of the Gospel was highly appreciated. He began his ministry in 1857 at Milne's Bridge, removing to Farsley, near Leeds, two years later, where he remained until he succeeded Rev. Henry Dowson in the Principalship of the Manchester College, now twenty years ago. Many old students scattered in all parts of the country and the world will hear of the death of their beloved tutor with sincere sorrow. For a considerable period Dr. Parker acted as secretary of the Baptist Tract and Book Society. He was an honorary member of the Baptist Missionary Society and of the Council of the Baptist Union, a past member of the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, and had the offer some years ago of the chairmanship of the Baptist Union of Great Britain, but was obliged to decline it on the ground of ill-health. More recently he made a tour of America, lecturing and preaching, and was warmly received by the American churches.

On August 31 REV. JOHN EYRES, of Southsea, entered into rest at the advanced age of ninety-four. He was born in the year 1804, at Westbury Leigh, Wilts. In early life he went to London, and was brought to decision for God under the ministry of Rev. James Upton. He afterwards became a useful member of the church, and being desirous of devoting his talents and opportunities wholly to the service of God, he entered the Baptist College at Bristol, where he received his training for the ministry. He successfully filled pastorates in Gloucestershire, Suffolk, and Sussex, and in the year 1869 retired, and settled in Southsea, where he engaged in much active service for the churches in the locality, until incapacitated by advancing years. The last public work he undertook was the chaplaincy at the Kingston Cemetery, which post he held for ten years. He was not only a Biblical scholar, but his teachings ever enforced the supremacy of Christ and the Divine work of the Holy Spirit.

REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, minister of Salem Church, St. Clears, Carmarthenshire, has died at the age of forty-eight after a protracted illness. At the funeral, Revs. D. C. Davies, D. Morris, and J. Davies officiated. Several other ministers were present.

REV. JOSEPH PYWELL, who was for about forty years the highly respected, esteemed, and beloved pastor of the Greek Street Baptist Chapel, Stockport. For some weeks Mr. Pywell has been in declining health, and his death took place as the result of a general breaking up of the system, owing to his advanced age (eighty-five years) and the very active life he had led. He resigned the pastorate a year or two ago, and the kind feeling which existed between him and the congregation prompted the latter to inaugurate a superannuation fund for him. Mr. John Cooper was the secretary, and Mr. George Meanley the treasurer, and Mr. Pywell enjoyed the benefits of the fund up to his death. Up to very recently he regularly attended the chapel, and his zeal and enthusiasm in everything appertaining to the Baptist cause was unbounded. For about forty years he was secretary of the Stockport Ministerial Association, which numbers amongst its members ministers who are now in all parts of the kingdom. He leaves a son (Mr. Arthur Pywell, of Tasmania) and two daughters (Mrs. Brindley, wife of Mr. William Brindley, of Lowfield Road, and Mrs. Benjafield, wife of Dr. Benjafield, of Hobart Town, Tasmania) to mourn the loss of a beloved parent. After his retirement Mr. Pywell resided with Mr. and Mrs. Brindley, of Lowfield Road, and his death occurred at that residence. Mrs. Pywell, wife of the deceased gentleman, died in December, 1894, at an advanced age.

Intelligence has been received of the death of REV. GEORGE R. HENDERSON, who went from England in 1842, four years after the Emancipation Act came into force. He has been recognised as one of 'the fathers of the mission.' First in St. Elizabeth, next in St. James's, and then in Trelawney, he has been abundant in labours for more than fifty years. He was the first missionary of the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society, and his services to the Jamaica Baptist Union have been most faithful. Two of his sons are ministers, a third is a medical missionary in Burma, another has recently gone to the Zambesi district in the same capacity, whilst two daughters are the wives of ministers. The Christians in Jamaica will long remember 'Father Henderson' with feelings of affectionate and grateful esteem.

REV. SAMSON JONES, the pastor of Libanus Church, Treforest. He was attacked with a paralytic seizure whilst walking at Pontypridd. He was driven home in a cab and expired. Mr. Samson Jones was a preacher of considerable originality. He had held the pastorate of Libanus for nine years. After his collegiate training at Llangollen he was ordained at Staytittle, Montgomeryshire, and a few years afterwards accepted a call for an important church at Wilkesbarre, Penn.

We regret to announce the death of the REV. DANIEL JONES, minister of Llwydcoed Chapel. Mr. Jones, who had been for many years minister at Llwydcoed, was highly esteemed throughout the neighbourhood.

MR. W. E. THOMSETT was born at Dover January 15, 1821. Some years afterwards he was removed to Providence near West Drayton, where he resided for awhile with his parents, and attended the Baptist cause meeting in Angel Lane, Hayes. He was baptized at the age of eighteen. As regards his call by grace, or to the ministry, he was often wont to tell us 'that had not God begun with him, he would never have begun with God, as He had arranged and managed all without him having any hand in the work,' so that in the heaviest trials he dare not reason, but rather look up, saying, 'Blessed Master, Thou knowest all things, that I love Thee, and "all things do work together for good to those who love God"; then these bitter afflictions must be working for my good. I leave it with Thee.' Thus his mind was kept and stayed upon God. In 1848 Mr. Thomsett was accepted as a missionary in connection with the London City Mission, being then a member of Mr. George Wyard's, at Soho. He married in May, 1849. Although unable to state where he commenced his first pastorate, suffice it to say two friends, now honourable members at Salem, Richmond, were baptized by Mr. Thomsett forty years since, when he was pastor at Guyhurn, Cambridgeshire. He came to Reading 1873, and was pastor of the Church worshipping at Providence Baptist Chapel six years. At the New Year's meeting, 1880, Mr. J. S. Anderson presented him with a portrait album bound in Russian leather, with a gold-lettered label inside, also a purse of money. On Saturday, March 5, he left for Egham, where he preached on Sabbath Day, the 6th. The services were much enjoyed. After this he became very unwell, and on Monday morning, having a cough, was advised to return home to Reading; but being anxious to fulfil his promise to stay a few days with his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sidwell, at Feltham, he went on with the idea at the end of the week to leave them and proceed to Richmond, and there preach on Sabbath Day, the 13th, according to previous arrangement. 'Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps,' for God had determined to take him home to be with Jesus, where he longed to be. He reached Feltham, but in the evening was taken very ill. He passed away on the Sunday. His remains were interred at the Reading cemetery.

REV. J. B. WISE, the first pastor of Mount Ephraim Church, Margate, who laboured there for some years, and retired owing to ill-health, has died at the age of sixty-four.

REV. J. C. EVANS, of Ripley, died on Thursday, November 3, from congestion of the lungs, after a short illness. He was in his twenty-eighth year. Born at Caio, South Wales, he was trained at Midland College, Nottingham, and settled at Ripley in July last, his ordination taking place on October 2. He was already greatly liked in the district. He was an indefatigable student, and a

very thoughtful preacher. In May of the present year Mr. Evans was invited to the pastorate of the Ripley Church, in succession to Rev. S. S. Allsop. The invitation was duly accepted, and on August 14 last he commenced his ministry. The ordination took place on October 3, and our dear brother was only permitted to minister to his flock for two Sundays after that happy event. In the course of his address that evening Mr. Evans spoke of the high ideals he had formed, and of the intense hopefulness with which he began his ministry, but, alas! those ideals will never be realized in this world. He has been transferred to the higher service of heaven. He has gone

‘To join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again.’

The interment took place at the native home of the deceased.

DR. WILLIAM UNDERWOOD, who was for some years Principal of Chilwell Theological College, Nottingham, but who has lately been residing with his sister at Burton-on-Trent, was on Tuesday morning, November 15, found dead in his bedroom, having fallen on the floor while dressing. He was eighty-six years old.

We regret to announce the sudden decease of MR. J. CURTIS, pastor of the Zoar Church, Hounslow. The late Mr. Curtis resided at Hanwell, where he was well known and respected, and at the time of his decease was Chairman of Hanwell District Council, and a member for Hanwell on the Brentford Union Board of Guardians. The deceased had been a member of both authorities for many years, and was uniformly respected by his colleagues. After ministering to churches in various parts of the country, the late Mr. Curtis twenty years ago became pastor to the Hounslow Zoar Baptist Community, where his earnest preaching, uprightness of character, and gentleness of demeanour, gained for him the love and esteem of all members of the community, and among these his death is to-day mourned as that of a close and dear friend. In his Hanwell home the late Mr. Curtis also held a high place in the regard of all with whom he was associated. After being elected a member of the Hanwell District Council, and after being chosen as a representative for the district on the Brentford Board of Guardians, he was elected Chairman of the Hanwell body, and by virtue of his office became a Justice of the Peace, whilst at the Board of Guardians he held many responsible offices. In the secular, as in the spiritual sphere, he carried out all his duties with a thoroughness and singleness of purpose that commanded respect from all, and voice was given to this esteem in the tributes bestowed at the weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians on Wednesday, and at the assemblage of the magistrates at the Brentford Town Hall, at the Petty Sessions on Thursday. Further proof of the general goodwill was afforded when the remains of the deceased were interred at Hanwell Cemetery. Large crowds assembled along the approaches to and at the burial-ground, and it was plain to be seen that the demonstration was one of local popular sorrow for the loss of an esteemed townsman and public representative. Various churches at Hanwell, Brentford, and other places were represented, and the Zoar Baptists of Hounslow by the four deacons, Messrs. A. Jeffs, R. Denly, G. Eaton, and Rose. The Board of Guardians were represented by Mr. W. Stephens, the clerk, the Rev. T. O’Sullivan, the Roman Catholic Priest of Hounslow, and others, and the Hanwell District Council and Brentford Bench of Magistrates were also represented.

PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

The Baptist. One Penny. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.
The Freeman. One Penny. Veale, Chifferiel & Co., 37, Cursitor Street.

ANNUAL.

Baptist Handbook. Two Shillings. Veale, Chifferiel & Co., 37, Cursitor Street.
Almanack. Twopence. Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet Street.
Fear-Book. One Penny. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Baptist Magazine. Sixpence. Alexander & Shephard.
Messenger. One Penny. E. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.
Sword and Trowel. Threepence. Passmore & Alabaster.
Church and Household. One Penny. Marlborough & Co.
Barthen Vessel. Twopence. Banks, Raquet Court, Fleet Street.
Missionary Herald. One Penny. Alexander & Shephard.
Juvenile Missionary Herald. One Halfpenny. Alexander & Shephard.
Baptist Monthly. One Penny. A. H. Stockwell, 17, Paternoster Row.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, born May 24, 1819, succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837, married February 10, 1840, to the late Francis Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. *Issue*.—1. Princess Victoria Adelaide (Princess Frederick William of Prussia), born November 21, 1840 (married January 25, 1868).—2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841 (married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, March 10, 1863).—3. Princess Alice Maud Mary (Princess of Hesse Darmstadt), born April 25, 1843 (married July 1, 1862. Died December 14, 1878).—4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6, 1844 (married Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, January 23, 1874).—5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846 (married to Prince Christian of Augustenburg, July 5, 1866).—6. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848 (married John, Marquis of Lorne, March 21, 1871).—7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850 (married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, March 13, 1879).—8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853 (married April 27, 1882. Died March 28, 1884).—9. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, born April 14, 1857 (married Prince Henry of Battenberg, July 23, 1885).

George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the Queen, born March 26, 1819.

George Frederick Alexandra, Duke of Cumberland, cousin to the Queen, born May 27, 1819.

Princess Augusta Carolina of Cambridge (Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), born July 19, 1822.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

Rates of Postage—

To and from all parts of the United Kingdom, for prepaid letters not exceeding

4 oz.....	1d.	8 oz.....	2d.	12 oz.....	3d.
6 oz.....	1½d.	10 oz.....	2½d.	14 oz.....	3½d.
16 oz..... 4d.					

And so on, an additional halfpenny for every two ounces.

An Inland Letter must not exceed two feet in length, or one foot in width or depth.

Inland Book Post.—The Book-post rate is One Halfpenny for every 2 oz. or fraction of 2 oz. A Book Packet may contain not only books, paper, or other substance in ordinary use for writing or printing, whether plain or written or printed upon (to the exclusion of any written letter or communication of the nature of a letter), photographs, when not on glass or in frames containing glass or any like substance, and anything usually appertaining to such articles in the way of binding or mounting, or necessary for their safe transmission by post, but also *circulars* when these are wholly or in great part printed, engraved, or lithographed.

Every Book Packet must be posted, either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of the contents being easily withdrawn for examination; otherwise it will be treated as a letter.

Any Book Packet which may be found to contain a letter or communication of the nature of a letter, not being a circular letter or not wholly printed, or any enclosure sealed or in any way closed against inspection, or any other enclosure not allowed by the regulations of the Book Post, will be treated as a letter, and charged with double the deficiency of the letter postage.

A packet posted wholly unpaid will be charged with double the Book Postage; and if posted partially prepaid with double the deficiency.

No Book Packet may exceed 5 lb. in weight, or one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, and six inches in depth.

Post Cards.—Post Cards, available for transmission between places in the United Kingdom only bearing an impressed halfpenny stamp, can be obtained at all Post Offices, at the rate of 7d. per doz. A thicker card is also issued at 8d. per doz. Reply Post Cards can be obtained at the rate of 1s. 2d. per doz., and a thicker card at 1s. 4d. The Reply Cards are not sold in sheets like the single cards. Private Post Cards, size not less than 3½ by 2½ inches, bearing a halfpenny adhesive stamp, can now be sent through the Post.

Postage on Inland Registered Newspapers.—*Prepaid Rates.*—For each Registered Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, One Halfpenny; but a packet containing two or more Registered Newspapers is not chargeable with a higher rate of postage than would be chargeable on a Book Packet of the same weight, viz., One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs. or fraction of 2 ozs.

Unpaid Rates.—A Newspaper posted unpaid, or a packet of Newspapers posted either unpaid, or insufficiently paid, will be treated as an unpaid, or insufficiently paid Book Packet of the same weight.

The postage must be prepaid either by an adhesive stamp, or by the use of a stamped wrapper. Every Newspaper or packet of Newspapers must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of easy removal for examination; if this rule be infringed the Newspaper or packet will be treated as a letter.

No Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, may contain any enclosure except the supplement or supplements belonging to it. If it contain any other, it will be charged as a letter.

No packet of Newspapers may exceed 14 lbs. in weight, or two feet in length by one foot in width or depth.

Inland Parcel Post.—For an Inland Parcel the rates (to be prepaid in ordinary postage stamps) are, when not exceeding in weight 1 lb., 3d.; 2 lbs., 4d.; 3 lbs., 6d.; 4 lbs., 6d.

Maximum length, 3 ft. 6 in.; maximum length and girth combined, 6 ft.

Examples: A parcel measuring 3 ft. 6 in. in its longest dimension may measure as much as 2 ft. 6 in. in girth, that is, around its thickest part. Or, a shorter parcel may be thicker: for example, if measuring no more than 3 ft. in length, it may measure as much as 3 ft. in girth.

STAMP DUTIES, ETC.

RECEIPTS.—For sums of £2 or upwards..... 1d.

Persons receiving the money are compellable to pay the duty.

For every delivery order for goods of the value of 40s. and upwards, lying in dock, wharf, or warehouse, 1d. Dock Warrant, 3d.

DRAFT BILLS, ETC.—*Draft*, or *Order*, for the payment of any sum of money to the bearer or to order, or demand, including banker's cheques..... 1d.

Inland Bill, *Draft*, or *Order*, payable otherwise than on demand—

		£	£	s.	d.			£	£	s.	d.	
Not exceeding.....		5	0	0	1	Exceeding	£500	and not exceeding	750	0	7	
£25,	and not exceeding	10	0	0	2		750	"	1,000	0	10	
10,	"	25	0	0	3		1,000	"	1,500	0	15	
25,	"	50	0	0	6		1,500	"	2,000	1	0	
50,	"	75	0	0	9		2,000	"	3,000	1	10	
75,	"	100	0	1	0	3,000	"	4,000	2	0		
and 1s. for every £100 up to £500.							For every additional £1,000.....		0			10

HOUSE DUTY.—Inhabited houses of the value of £20 or upwards.....9d. in the £. If occupied as a farmhouse by a tenant or farm servant, or for purposes of business, 6d.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK REGULATIONS.

1. Open every day, Sunday excepted.—2. Even shillings to any amount, from one shilling upwards, may be put in; but no more than £50 in a year, nor more than £200 altogether.—3. No charge made for depositors' books, except when lost, then 1s. will be charged for replacing.—4. Interest $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., i.e., 4d. per pound per month, direct Government security.—5. Friendly and Charity Societies and Penny Banks may deposit to any amount.—6. Other savings banks (not being post-office savings Banks) may be required to transfer accounts to this post-office savings bank.—7. This post-office savings bank may be required to transfer accounts to other savings banks, which are not post-office savings banks.—8. Persons opening an account at one bank may take their books and make deposits at any other post-office savings banks, or withdraw deposits.—9. No charge made for the postage of correspondence with the chief savings bank at the London post-office.—10. All or any part of the amount deposited can be withdrawn in a few days after application.—11. Provision is made for deposits by trustees, minors, and married women.—Officers of the post-office are strictly prohibited against disclosing the name of any depositor, or any amount paid in or taken out.